PUBLISHER'S BINDING
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Special Issue

ARTHUR GODFREY
and his friends

Pictures, Story: Big Town
Special Feature: Ethel and Albert
Bonus Novel: Big Sister
Contest: Nora Drake
Claim new beauty for your own
with your *first cake* of Camay!

A Ring for Christmas!
Mike played Santa at the Stork Club
— with an engagement ring for
lovely Alice. A Camay complexion
has such winning ways! Alice says:
"Camay is the only beauty soap for
me. That creamy Camay lather is
so-o-o gentle!"

Wedding Bells in the Fall!
Golfing at White Sulphur Springs
on their honeymoon, Mike caddied
and Alice scored—with her glori-
ous Camay complexion! She says:
"I won a softer, smoother skin with
my very *first cake* of Camay. And
you can, too!"

When your skin is soft and smooth, romance is at your
beck and call! And you can win lovelier skin—with your
very *first cake* of Camay! Just change to regular care—and use
Camay and Camay alone. Let no lesser soap touch your
skin. Your complexion will be fresher and clearer—actually
younger-looking—with your *first cake* of Camay!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than
Camay? Camay is so *mild*. It caresses your cheek with
its gentle, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever
quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. No wonder
Camay is called "The Soap of Beautiful Women"—it
can bring you new beauty with your very *first cake*!
Snubbed ... definitely and deliberately ...

by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. Daisy wasn’t accustomed to such treatment; once she met a man, she usually managed to hold him because she was not only a pretty girl, but a witty and wise one as well. What had she said or done to antagonize him as they danced the night before? In vain she sought an explanation.

It can happen to you...any time

No matter what other charms you have, they’re likely to be forgotten if you’re guilty of halitosis* (unpleasant breath). And, don’t forget, halitosis* may be absent one time and present the next—without your realizing it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful, extra-careful precaution against offending? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it refreshes and sweetens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours usually. So, don’t trust makeshifts... trust Listerine Antiseptic before every date.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Now try Stoptette—the deodorant that changed a nation’s habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stoptette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stoptette... hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!
2 sizes: 2½ oz $1.25; 1 oz 60¢. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Jules Montener, Inc., Chicago

Stoptette
THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT
© 1950 J.M. INC.
MADE BY A REVOLUTIONARY NEW LATEX PROCESS, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE DISPELS BODY HEAT, SLIMS YOU IN COOL COMFORT.

NOW! The newest Playtex Girdle is the most talked about in the U. S. A.!

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

This is the amazing figure-slimming girdle that is causing such a stir all over America . . . the girdle acclaimed by designers as perfect for slender summer styles . . . the girdle that’s cheered by women from coast to coast.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, PLAYTEX Pink-Ice dispels body heat . . . slims you in cool comfort. It’s the only girdle you can wear under your swim suit, pat dry, wear immediately under your street clothes.

Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX Pink-Ice melts away inches at waist, hips and thighs with a natural, all-way action stretch. It gives complete freedom of action—fits with second-skin smoothness. And it’s absolutely invisible—even under the scantiest bathing suit.

Today, discover the wonderful things Pink-Ice can do for your summer figure—see how you can wear it all day, under all your clothes, and forget you have it on.

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLLES . . .$3.95 to $4.95
In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLLES . . .$3.50 to $3.95
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.
Marian Young, WOR's women's commentator Martha Deane, was born a long way from the metropolitan radio microphone that has become her trademark and a newspaper career that took her into Germany's Reichstag and a speaker's dais shared with Mrs. Roosevelt.

Star Lake, New York, is Marian's home town. After working her way through St. Lawrence University, she taught eight grades of a country school for a year to save enough money to come to New York City.

In 1930, jobs were almost as scarce as the hens' teeth you always hear about but never see, but Marian was lucky. She joined the NEA service of the Scripps Howard Syndicate—as a telephone operator. Just when she was beginning to despair of ever getting closer to editors than their extension numbers, one recognized her ambition and made her her assistant. In 1934 Marian was named Woman's Editor and her globe trotting began.

For the seven years before she came to WOR in 1941, New York, Hollywood and Europe were her beat. In 1935 she was assigned to report on German labor camps for women and she got the first and only interview Magda Goebbels ever granted to a reporter. She was the only woman present in the German parliament when Hitler announced his troops had invaded the Rhineland.

Back in America, she continued her syndicated column on subjects of interest to women and the New York Newspaper Woman's Club awarded her first prize for this in their 1938 competition.

More and more, however, Marian was becoming convinced that American women wanted to hear from generals and statesmen as well as beauticians and designers. When she became WOR's Martha Deane, Marian brought these world leaders and world beaters to her microphone.

When a home life is added to Marian's daily routine, it's a wonder the cook doesn't find herself in the soup. Up at 6:15 in her Plandome, Long Island, home, she breakfasts with her nine-year-old twins, William Boling Taylor, Jr., and Marian Nicole. With her husband, an advertising executive, she catches the 7:40 train and starts her office day at 8:30. A staff of four assistants help her, but the job of keeping up to date on politics, art, foreign affairs, entertainment and the rest is her own.
Coming Next Month

Recipe for relaxation on a sultry day: one hammock strung in the shade of leafy trees, one pitcher of cooling drinks nearby and one copy of Radio Mirror. Lacking the hammock and the trees, you can still find pleasure with Radio Mirror, whether you improvise with a fan and easy chair, or a blanket on the beach. One thing you can be certain of, however, is that the August Radio Mirror will take your mind off any heat wave. Its contents have been designed for delightful reading and there's a lineup of big name features well worth waiting for: a Come and Visit to the home of Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, who still live as romantically as they did in the early days of their marriage. You won't want to miss seeing the color pictures of Gene, who is radio's Amazing Mr. Malone, and his amazing, redheaded wife. While in a visiting mood, you can also drop in on the Elko, Nevada ranch of Bing Crosby. Here Bing and his boys live life as casually as any of the hands who help them run it—in fact, the boy's pitch in and do as much duty as any hired man. It's a refreshing, down-to-earth story, with pictures, of a refreshing and down-to-earth family. Equally down-to-earth is the story of Walter Kiernan and his slightly unorthodox but nevertheless sound ideas on women. It's a one man view but you'll probably agree that the world would be a lot better if more men shared it.

As a steady reader of Radio Mirror, you've certainly been aware of the exciting new features that have been incorporated into the magazine's format. Next month's issue will bring another one, the Home Page, featuring your favorite daytime serial characters giving tips on how they keep house. Watch for this new feature in next month's Radio Mirror, on sale Wednesday, July 12.

Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!

In August, Crosby and his boys rough it on their Nevada ranch.

Pepsodent removes FILM—helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.
By TOMMY BARTLETT

Tommy Bartlett emcees
Welcome Travelers M-F,
10 A.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor is Procter and Gamble.

Mrs. Stephen Loomis—recommended for the Carnegie medal for her rescue of three drowning boys—visited Wel-

TRAVELER OF THE

Bear Creek was opening up! The late winter thaw had started the Minnesota stream swirling its way two miles past Rochester. Five little overall-clad farm boys all under twelve rushed to view the spectacle. There it was... sure enough. An old metal boat lay abandoned on the shore; the little explorers pushed it into the flooded creek and climbed in.

The shaky craft hit a whirlpool and capsized near a barbed wire fence jutting out of the bitter cold water— just a stone's throw from a rushing gorge that threatened sudden death for the five. Thrown into the water, one of the boys dog-paddled his way ashore, then hand-over-hand crawled along the rickety fencing to save another of his companions.

Neck-deep in the icy creek the other three struggled wildly for survival.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Stephen Loomis, mother of one of the youngsters, was quietly working outdoors shoveling snow from her walk, blissfully unaware of the tragic scene taking place in the valley behind her home.

Then she heard screams from somewhere near the highway—faint screams, but her mother's intuition told her they were serious distress calls made by little boys. Instantly she rushed from the yard listening intently for the direction of the cries.

Mrs. Loomis rushed to the water side where she found the three survivors hysterical, their chins barely above the flow. Unhesitatingly she waded in, calling constantly to the youngsters... reassuring them, attempting by her consoling manner to quiet them so they might save their energy. Unable to carry the boys back to shore against the heavy current, she grabbed a fence post and reached for the first boy in line.

Neck deep now, herself, she clung desperately to the post while supporting the boy's unconscious form—holding her head above the biting waves. For more than an hour, numb from the cold, she shouted instructions and encour-
Welcome Travelers during the Chicago trip, which was awarded to her by station KROC, Rochester, Minnesota.

agement to the other two, who, at her command, had managed to grip the barbed wire and keep afloat. And she prayed.

Finally help came. Two Rochester policemen and firemen waded into the heavy current to bring out the three half-frozen children and the heroic Mrs. Loomis.

When I interviewed Mrs. Loomis on Welcome Travelers in the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman she told her story modestly, concluding that "God answered my prayers . . ."

Station KROC of Rochester awarded Mrs. Loomis the Chicago trip, where we happily introduced her to the nation. Our heroine has been recommended for the Carnegie medal for her act of heroism.

Take another bow, Mrs. Stephen Loomis, Box 292, Rochester, Minnesota, whom Welcome Travelers proudly acclaims as its Traveler of the Month. You are the kind of heroic woman who has made America great—courageous women who, unmindful of danger, risked their lives to save others.

Don't look now...

So this is the Cocoanut Grove where Hollywood stars gather every night! Wonderful to be here, isn't it? And there's June Allyson! As we pass her table let's sneak a look. She won't care. She knows that admiring glances measure a star's success. And she knows that the Woodbury Powder she wears (in flattering Natural) plays a big part in her loveliness!

June is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey*. A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish you've ever known! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

* IN HOLLYWOOD STARS CHOSE WOODBURY POWDER 6 to 1
RADIO'S OWN LIFE

By LLEWELLYN

1932: It was a black year for everything except radio. The country founded deeper and deeper into depression. There were 12,000,000 unemployed. "Hoover-villes," the pathetic shelters built of flattened oil drums, tar paper and kindling wood, were a reminder to those with jobs that it would be wise to take a salary cut without argument. The Bonus Army marched on Washington to plead for immediate payment of money Congress had voted to pay veterans in 1945. These desperate people went about getting relief in the wrong way, but the fact that U.S. troops drove them from Capitol grounds is something few of us like to remember.

The slacks fad started for two reasons. Women as well as men were now migrant workers, and the newly arrived Marlene Dietrich was wearing her trousers outside of the studio as a publicity stunt following her appearance in them in "The Blue Angel." Remember her throaty singing of "Falling in Love Again" to Emil Jannings? Other big song hits of the year were the appropriate "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?" and the haunting "Night and Day," which was endlessly on the radio.

Research into the mystery of the air went on. Pro-

If you remember Show Boat, you'll remember that it was Charles Winninger who piloted its talented cargo.

Fred Waring brought his Pennsylvanians to the air in '33 Here with Rosemary and Priscilla of the singing Lane sisters.
professor Auguste Piccard rose in a balloon ten miles over Switzerland to explore the stratosphere, and described the trip by short wave to America on his return. William Beebe broadcast as he was lowered 2,200 feet into the ocean off Bermuda.

Radio had to battle three new bids for the public interest this year. Theater managers, alarmed at the way free entertainment on the air was cutting into attendance, invented a new bait: the double bill. Then came Bank Night and Screeno. Soon people were shopping around for shows that offered free dishes, groceries, a chance at a new car, two shows for the price of one—as well as a place to keep warm.

Gambling took a heavy toll of listeners. Speakeasies, hard pressed by the part-time bootlegger, put roulette wheels in the back room. Slot machines popped up all over the place. Everybody knew they were heavily rigged in favor of the house, but still, it was more alluring to take a chance on winning a jackpot than just sit home.

The third challenge, and it was enormous, was a boom in sports. Reduced orders put many factories on a five-day week, and thousands of people used the long week-end for skiing, a sport practically unknown in this country before 1930. Indoor baseball suddenly became soft ball. Thousands more idle young people found free diversion through amateur teams, and night ball games became a rage.

The election brought the listeners back, and the words “the forgotten man” came into the language. Franklin Delano Roosevelt’s campaign song was “Happy Days Are Here Again” (published in 1929 of all inappropriate years). He flew to the convention to accept his nomination in person—the first time a candidate had done so—and promised “A New Deal” on the radio—the first use of the slogan.

Big business shuddered toward a standstill. Banks began to close. Only on radio were things hopeful. It was offering so much magnificent new talent that it is hard to know where to start the list. Let’s begin with a worried man, Jack Benny. He was a vaudeville headliner, but the two-a-day was folding so fast it wasn’t funny even to a top star. One evening the columnist, Ed Sullivan, who had just started a radio show, asked him to be a guest star.

“I don’t know anything about (Continued on page 18)
"We made a real discovery the very first time we used Toni Creme Shampoo," say lovely All-American twins Eleanor and Jeanne Fulstone of Smith Valley, Nevada. "Our hair was so luxuriously soft...as if we washed it in rain water. And that delightful softness made it so much easier to manage."

You, too, will discover Soft Water Shampooing... the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo! Even in hardest water you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with all its natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

**TONI CREME SHAMPOO**
- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Don't hide your figure faults under a beach umbrella. If you're displeased with what your mirror tells you is true, do something about it right now.

Take a tip from TV's talented Marguerite Piazza. She watches her waistline just as carefully as she does her voice. You'd probably never guess that the singing star of WNBT's Saturday Night Revue, ever spends a minute bending and rolling. Her slim, pretty figure looks naturally perfect. But, as Marguerite will tell you, she owes it all to a daily routine.

For "waistline whittling," Marguerite suggests a simple but effective exercise. Stand with your feet apart. Keep your knees straight and your head and shoulders high. Then, bend forward, swinging your arms between your legs.

Marguerite feels exercise takes concentration and serious thought. Whether you set aside a special amount of time each day, or include exercises in your housework, be sure that you are doing those that are beneficial for your particular figure.

With bathing suits getting briefer and briefer, you'll want to pay added attention to your thighs and legs. Here's an exercise to help. First, lie down on the floor, arms by your sides, and legs stretched out in front of you. Then, raise your legs, being careful not to bend your knees. Try this at least a half dozen times. Another you might like to do is the old dependable bicycle exercise. Bend your knees and move your legs up and down, as if you were actually riding a bicycle. Keep the small of your back and your shoulders on the floor, so that they get the...
With all eyes on you, you'll want to be sure your figure is beachworthy.

Marguerite, who watches her waistline as carefully as her voice, says, "Exercise requires concentration."

The entire bulk of your weight.

Since almost everybody is thinking about the beach these days, and singer Marguerite is no exception, she thought she'd like to share some of her tanning and make-up habits.

Marguerite firmly believes that sun tan lotion doesn't have to be poured on the body in great quantity to be effective. After all, it's the lotion next to the skin that does the work. She applies the lotion carefully and smoothly, so that it not only protects, but it adds a fresh, clean glow to the skin as well.

The star's make-up includes lipstick, eyebrow pencil and waterproof mascara. She also uses an eyelash curler after she comes out of the water.

Summertime offers you the opportunity to get out into the open and enjoy yourself. You will, too, if you look your loveliest!

BY DORRY ELLIS
NOW! Dental Science Shows That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay
According to Reports in Authoritative Dental Literature!

2 years' research at 5 great universities—case histories of hundreds of people who used Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—shows the Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known today! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not
Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even one new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already starred. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

ALWAYS USE COLGATE TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

BIG ECONOMY SIZE 59¢

WHEN A GIRL

Additional marriage contest prizes: Evans handbag, Evans lighter.

Here are the additional prizes which will be awarded in the Happy Marriage contest as announced in the June Radio Mirror: below are the names of the beauty products in the treasure chest to be awarded to the girl not yet married; above is the Evans pocket lighter to be awarded to the five next-best set of rules from unmarried women; also above is the Evans handbag, to be awarded to the woman married one to five years.

April Showers Dusting Powder
April Showers Eau de Toilet
April Showers Perfume
April Showers Talcum Powder
Blue Cross Cuticle Shaper
Blue Water Perfume
Breath Perfume
Breath Shampoo
Camay Soap
Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder
Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick
Conti Castile Shampoo
Cutex Nail Polish
Cuticura Soap & Ointment
Djer-Kiss Cologne
Djer-Kiss Sachet
Djer-Kiss Talcum
Dial Deodorant Soap
Drane Shampoo
Early American Old Spice Treasure Chest
Evening In Paris Perfume
Eye Gene Drops
Max Factor "New Worlds of Beauty" Kit
Five-Day Deodorant Pads
Flame-Glo Lipstick
Freezone Corn Remover
Fresh Deodorant Soap
Hair Shampoo
Head Shampoo
Head Spray Deodorant
Helene Curtis Creme Shampoo
Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Eq
Hinda Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream
Edna Wallace Hopper Homogenized Face Cream
Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack
Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo
Richard Hudnut Home Permanent
Irresistible Flaconette
Irresistible Lipstick
Irresistible Perfume
Ivory Bar Soap
Jergens Lotion
Kleenex
Listerine Antiseptic
Listerine Toothpaste
Martha Lorraine Lipstick Brush
Lux Creme Shampoo
Lux Soap
Marchands Golden Hair Wash
Mavis Talcum
Maybelline Eye Make-up
Nair Depilatory
Neat Cream Hair Remover
Nestle Coloring
Noxzema Medicated Cream
Nu-Nails Artificial Fingernails
Pichler Compact
Pond's Angel Face
Prell Shampoo
Princess Pat Liquid Liptone Kit
Pro-phylactic Toothbrush
Pro-phylactic Toothbrush
Rimmel French Mascara
Anatole Robbins Prismatic Makeup Kit
Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder
Dr. Scholl's Pedicreme
Dr. Scholl's Super Soft Zino-Pads
Shanta Beauty Cream Shampoo
Shulton Shampoo
Sirox Tissues
Sofskin Creme
Softol Manicurettes Set
Stillman Preparations
Stove
Tanage Shoulder Bag Set
Tip Top Curlers
Trushty Hand Lotion
House of Westmore Cosmetics
Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream
Woodbury "Dream Stuff"
Woodbury Dry Skin Cream
Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream
Woodbury Powder
Yoder's Deodorant
Z.B.T. Powder

When a Girl Marries, with Mary Jane Higby as Joan Davis, is heard Mon.-Fri., 5:00 P.M. EDT, NBC.
The problem of R.M., fifteen years old, which appeared in March Radio Mirror, was that her mother, a woman with not-to-good a reputation, wanted her to quit school. R.M. wants to finish her education, be a teacher. Myrtle E. Hall, Madera, California, sent in, in the opinion of the editors, the most helpful answer. To her has gone our check for $25.00.

Radio Mirror will pay twenty-five dollars for the best answer to this month's problem letter which follows:

Dear Joan:

I am a mother of four children, of whom three girls married early because of (Continued on page 25)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay $25 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another $25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than July 28. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 305 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.
MILO at the MIKE

During the war, Boulton made many special broadcasts. This one, in 1944 from Washington, D. C., was with Britain's Lord Halifax.

When Milo Boulton (Bargin' Around with Boulton, WPAT) emceed We the People, he interviewed celebrities like the late soprano Grace Moore.

It took Milo Boulton—he's the man who greets the people on WPAT's Bargin' Around with Boulton (M-F, 11 A.M. EDT) eight years to travel from Denver to Broadway. Determined to be an actor, Boulton boarded a New York bound train, but, while waiting between trains in Chicago, he met a former friend-turned-actor's agent, and ended up with a contract to play in stock for forty weeks. During the next seven years, he played leads in various stock companies, which always led him farther away from his original destination.

The emcee of Bargin' Around with Boulton was born in Covington, Ohio. When he was five, his parents moved to Denver, where Boulton was graduated from the University of Colorado. Then came a succession of diverse jobs; but his most exciting job was as a dirt-track racer. After three or four near crackups, however, Boulton decided to go to New York to become an actor. His first Broadway break was in "Petrified Forest," and when that show took to the road, Boulton went along with it.

When he returned to New York in 1936, Boulton deserted the stage to make radio his permanent career and soon he was appearing in many of the airwaves' biggest shows. He got his first emcee job on Adventures in Photography, and, since his initial interview with Guy Lombardo, who was then more interested in camera rolls than ocean rolls, Boulton has introduced some 3,000 guests to radio audiences.

Following his "Photography" assignment, Boulton toured the country as emcee of Defense for America. During the thirty-six weeks the show was heard, Boulton broadcast from every major war plant in the U. S., interviewing industrial leaders, scientists, inventors and skilled workmen in every field of endeavor. This provided a good background for his five-and-a-half years as emcee of We the People and his present Bargin' Around with Boulton stint from Paterson's WPAT.
By JOHNNY DESMOND

(Starting in his home town, Detroit, on a children's hour program, Johnny Desmond has built his career on such steps as forming a vocal quartet for Bob Crosby, playing straight dramatic roles on radio shows, singing with the Glenn Miller Army band and making a series of terrific phonograph records. In addition to his regular chores on the Breakfast Club, Johnny is still turning out hit discs for MGM.)

Even though it may be an admission of some sort of instability, I'm afraid I'll have to confess that my favorite records are an ever-changing group of discs. I'm the kind of person who buys a record and plays it over and over again until it is literally worn out. It's also true, however, that several of my pet platters have maintained their position on my list for a long, long time.

At present, my favorites include Helen Forrest's "It Was So Good While It Lasted" and Peggy Lee's "It's A Good Day." One is new and the other not so new—see? Both girls, though, are great!

I don't think I'll ever stop liking that fabulous Crosby-Mercer disc, "Mr. Meadowlark." Nor can I see what could possibly top the George Shearing Quintet recording, "Nothing But D. Best." Again, it's an old one and a new one.

Kathryn Grayson's singing on "Jealousy" was, for me, absolutely wonderful—and who could dislike a record so unusual as Frank Sinatra's "Mule Train"?

One of the finest girl vocalists I've ever heard is Fran Warren, and a perfect example of her ability is the recording of "Homework," the lovely Irving Berlin song. And believe it or not, I'm a Hank Williams fan too. His "Love Me Back Blue" holds a permanent place in my record collection.

Also on my favorite list are Blue Barron's big hit, "Cruising Down The River." An all-time favorite is Keenan Wynn's kid album, "The Bear That Wasn't." Listen to that set of discs and I'm sure you'll fall in love with it and Keenan.

Don't "just wash" your hair

Condition it with NEW DRENE SHAMPOO

The sure way to natural sheen—natural softness

It's starting a whole new trend in hair-beauty care... this wonderful New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action! For New Drene does more than "just wash" your hair! It actually conditions as it cleanses... conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

Your hair is so beautifully clean and soft... so responsive to your hands. See how curls fall softly into place... how they last and last. You'll see all this the very first time you try New Drene—the only shampoo with this Conditioning Action!

1. Now Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen... yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
2. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
3. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes loose dandruff from hair and scalp!
4. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!
PHILADELPHIA RESTITIGITATOR

WFIL's Joe Novenson is an announcer in the best radio tradition. Possessed of a mellow baritone voice, he is equally at home with a newscast, a commercial, or a celebrity interview.

Joe's radio career began at the most famous starting gate in the business. He was an NBC studio guide in Radio City. Among his coworkers there were Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., the current Broadway producer; Murdock Pemberton, current radio producer and son of Brock Pemberton; and Dave Garroway, the easy-going gentleman who has relaxed himself into television fame.

While a studio guide, Joe studied voice with Solon Albert in New York City and eventually he joined Ben Yost's Varsity Eight singers and toured the country. Later he served as singing emcee on the S. S. Argentina and went on a South American concert tour.

Joe returned to New York just long enough to hold a few short conversations and then headed for North Carolina to join the announcing staff of WAIR. A native Philadelphian, Joe came back home and joined WFIL in 1940. Shortly after Pearl Harbor he enlisted in the Air Corps and as a first lieutenant navigator he spent four years in the ETO.

After the war Joe returned to announcing on WFIL. From time to time he has been starred in his own show, singing under the name Barry Robert.

Joe is married to the former Louise Dudley and, with three-year-old daughter Joyce, they live in suburban Drexel Hill. He's an amateur magician in his spare time and, in addition to pulling rabbits out of hats, he keeps goldfish in the living room.

Radio has complicated the social life of the Novensons—Joe works the night shift—but it has taken away one of the most vexing problems of many a host. When Joe says goodnight to the people there are no lingering guests in the doorway—he's signing the station off the air.

Three-year-old Joyce Novenson loves to hear her daddy on the air, but as yet she has shown no inclination towards becoming a radio actress.
Cool, Fragrant Freshness

Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder
Keeps you dainty all over with a "fragrance men love"!

Spring-morning freshness, and fragrance, too—no matter how hot the day! A wonderful dream come true, thanks to satin-soft Cashmere Bouquet Talc! It thirstily absorbs any excess moisture left on your body after the bath, provides a silky-smooth sheath of protection for those many little "chafeable" spots. Yes, for day long daintiness . . . every day, twice a day . . . sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!

Only 25¢ and 39¢

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet
Salon Luxury in a
Home Shampoo

It's the real egg* that makes the magic in this luxury shampoo... the very same smooth liquid creme used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon to make hair more manageable, tangle-free, easier to do, and permanents ‘take’ better. Whisks in and out like a dream, removes loose dandruff, leaves hair extra lustrous because it's clean, clean, clean! Try, this gentler, kinder, luxury shampoo today. Wonderfully good for children’s hair, good for the whole family!

$1.00; economy size $1.75

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
ENRICHED CREME Shampoo with egg

Radio's Own Life Story


Reassured, Benny consented and introduced himself with the immortal line, “This is Jack Benny talking. Now there will be a brief pause for everybody to say ‘Who cares?’” Practically everyone in the country did. He was an immediate hit, and was sponsored by Canada Dry. By 1934, the big event of Sunday night was his bland greeting, “Jell-O again,” and his kidding of the six delicious flavors. Before this, the sponsors and their products had been treated with the reverence accorded royalty, and listeners put up with deadly serious sales talks as a necessary bore. Benny changed all that. Jell-O turned up in gags all through his show, instead of just fore and aft of the program. Far from resenting this, people roared with laughter when Mary Livingston worked strawberry, raspberry, cherry, orange, lemon and lime into one of her deadpan poems, or Eddie Anderson (the gravel-voiced Rochester) mentioned them.

Benny also started the vogue for the blisteringly personal attack when his cast got laughs with remarks about his toupee, his stinginess and his violin playing which is better than most people know. At thirteen, he was playing his fiddle in Waukegan's leading dance orchestra. In 1911, when he was seventeen years old, he changed his name from Benjamin Kubelsky to Benny K. Benny and went into vaudeville teamed with a pianist. His famous feud with Fred Allen started when a mere babe whipped off “The Bee” on Allen’s show and earned the compliment, “Only eight and you can do that piece? Benny ought to be ashamed of himself.” The enjoyable battle was on.

Benny employs a big staff of brilliant gag writers, and also works himself on his routines, but he makes a joke of that, too. Once when Allen, who writes most of his material himself, launched a scintillating attack on Benny at a party, Benny at last flung back, “You couldn’t talk to me like that and get away with it—if my writers were here.”

The fascinating traffic through Allen's Alley started this year and everybody began to say, "Well, as I live and breathe!" and “Hello—oh!” after Portland joined the show in 1934. Fred Allen was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1894. As a small boy he worked in the Boston Public Library, and his fate was determined when he opened a book on juggling instead of putting it away on the shelves. He began to enter amateur contests, though he was dreadful. One night a disgusted master of ceremonies scornfully inquired, "Where are you learning to juggle?" "I'm taking a correspondence course in bagging smashing," young Allen cracked back, and found that he had arrived as a comedian. His real name is John Florence Sullivan, a name he changed early and most wisely since the great heavyweight of the same name was in his heyday.

Speaking of names, those in his wife's family deserve a moment of silent awe. Portland was named after the Oregon town in which she was born. One of her sisters was christened Dr. Frederick Hoffa—yes, complete with Dr. on her birth certificate. Then there are Lebanon, Peril and Lastone—the last
The glorious Mrs. Nussbaum (Minerva Pious) was discovered by Allen and joined the show in 1933. She, in turn, discovered Kenny Delmar, who, though born in Boston, reached fame as the bombastic southerner, Senator Claghorn.

"Oh, there you go again, George," and "Now, Gracie!" were new cries in 1933, also a gift from vaudeville. Grace Ethel Cecile Rosalie Allen was born in show business. Her father was a song and dance man on tour in San Francisco when the great event happened in 1906. "When I was born in San Francisco I was so surprised I didn't speak for a year and a half," is the way Gracie puts it. Burns, born Nathan Birnbaum in 1896 in New York, had to break in under his own power. He didn't make the grade until he was ten, when he joined Gus Edwards's show.

At the beginning of their act, George was the one who got all the laughs, but they soon switched. On the air, Gracie's search for her brother was a national runaround in 1933. They bounced in and out of dozens of other NBC programs during the hunt, and life was made miserable for Gracie's real brother, a San Francisco accountant.

Though they were married in 1936, Burns and Allen were not cast as a married couple on the air until 1942 when Gracie's confused goodwill became even funnier.

Sample: "I'm glad you're not a singer, George. Look what happened to poor Caruso—thirty years on a desert island!"

"You've got the wrong man, Gracie..."

"Oh, no, George! You're the one for me!"

A lovely year that brought them also Ed Wynn as The Fire Chief. His lisping screams of "Soooo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o" and of "Tonight it's going to be different," his zany gags and memorable inventions, such as the bell-less alarm clock for the people who don't want to be awakened, mesmerized listeners. When he offered little red fire hats free, three million people stormed Texaco stations to get them.

Al Jolson, who had been all over the air as a guest whenever he wasn't making movies, went on for Chevrolet and added another bright chapter to the success story of Asa Yoelson, born in 1886 in what was then St. Petersburg, Russia. His father was a cantor who came to this country when Al was a boy, and Al was trained to follow in his father's footsteps. Had he done so, he would have been the seventh cantor in direct line in his family. Show business called him early, however. He ran away with a circus, and when the manager sent him home on account of his youth, he found a job as a singing waiter. That led to vaudeville, musical comedy, and eventually to Larry Parks playing "The Jolson Story" on the screen which opened the door for Al's comeback in 1947.

In 1932 Jack Pearl, the incomparable Baron Marxhausen, began asking "Vouche, Shari-lee?" and spinning his inspired lies. Bert Lahr was saying "Thome fun, eh kid?" and the sound of Olsen and Johnson slapping each other was loud in the land. Mildred Bailey left the Old Gold Hour to become The Rockin' Chair Lady. Here was another case of a beautiful voice coming from a very big girl. She weighed one hundred and ninety pounds and was singing with a Fanchon and Marco stage unit in Los Angeles when her brother, Al...
Prove the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

And—

New tests by leading skin specialists

Price of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Cashmere Bouquet — In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

Now—at the lowest price in history!

Flinker, one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, introduced her to his boss who promptly signed her.

Ethel Shurta, who was to marry the band leader, George Olsen, was a big hit on the Canada Dry program. Irene Beasley, whose lovely voice had been heard since 1929, was nominated for the title of radio's "It" girl. Lawrence Tibeett started with The Voice of Firestone and was a busy man, singing at the Metropolitan and making "The Rogue Song" backed up by the better known film stars, Laurel and Hardy. John Charles Thomas was on CBS' Five Star Theatre. The air was bursting with exciting new talent.

Charles Winninger was starting as skipper of Show Boat. A whole chapter could be written about the music and the personalities of this great show, one of the best that ever sailed the air waves. Remember Muriel Wilson as Mary Lou, Annette Henshaw as Annette, Molasses and January (Malone and Padgett who were also known as Pic and Pat) not to mention Lanny Ross? Launcelot Patrick Ross, mercifully nicknamed Lanny by his track coach at Yale, came by his musical talent properly. His mother was accompanist for the ballerina, Anna Pavlova, on one of her tours. She started her son's piano lessons when he was a baby, though he was not intended for a musical career. It is little known that Lanny holds law degrees from Yale and Columbia. He worked his way through two years at the latter university by singing on the air. Then he decided that there was more profit in broadcasting than in briefs, and never practised as an attorney.

The True Story series was developing an extremely effective technique new to the air. A narrator set the stage in the first person with a few words such as, "My name is such-and-such, and I will never forget the day when..." Then his voice faded out and actors took over—a form that Orson Welles was to use very extensively in his Mercury Theatre shows later. The series, sponsored by True Story Magazine, was heard over both NBC and CBS, and was extremely popular. Through the years, it featured many important names. In 1935, A. L. Alexander's True Story Court of Human Relations introduced another telling new form to the air. A jury of prominent legal and medical men listened to the problems of real people and gave advice on the air, the first of the big "let us straighten out your life" shows.

Of similar appeal to worried people, though of a different format, was The Voice of Experience. Marion Taylor wanted to be a doctor, and earned his way through medical school as an organist. His chosen profession and his hobby were taken from him when a motor accident seriously injured both hands, and he became a social worker. His own personal disaster and what he saw of the seamy side of life in his job gave him a warm personal sympathy for those in trouble. He started broadcasting in Spokane in 1922, and introduced The Voice of Experience in 1929 on one station, WOR, in New York. He got ten thousand letters asking for advice in the first week! After his show went nationwide in 1932, he sold eight million little booklets as well as publishing eight full-length books relating to courage and self-help in the following five years.

Smilin' Ed McConnell, who began on WSB in Atlanta in 1922, went on the CBS network this year as The Singing Philosopher. (Continued on page 78)
POETRY

MY LODGERS
I have a home for lonely things,
Like—wishful songs that no one sings.
For shy, sweet smiles rebuffed by frowns,
And silent sighs from laughing clowns.
For all the tears that little boys
Shed over lost, beloved toys.
For broken dreams that went astray,
And broken loves that lost their way.
Where is this home, you ask of me?
My heart is—lonely, too, you see!
—Kit C. Morris

DESPAIR
You are the dream
I dreamed too late,
the love for which
I could not wait.
How can I reconcile
my fate?
—Sue Boyd

THE ARBOREAL FEMININE
I think that I shall never see
A girl who isn’t like a tree:—
She leaves her childhood with a zest
To fill the hopeful cedar chest.
She spruces up and puts a curl
And pines to be a popular girl.
Then comes the day the knot is tied
And she’s at last a budding bride.
But like the rest sometime or other,
She’ll pack a trunk and go to mother,
Complaining he won’t buy her things.
Like firs and sparkling diamond rings.
But daughter’s bark is worse than bite,
She hurries home meek and contrite.
A girl is like a tree—it’s true,
I won’t deny the fact, wood you?
—Gwen C. Meza

VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS
Let us have no more—no more!
Bravery, it has been said,
Is a trait they’re noted for.
In the kingdom of the dead.
—Faye Chilcote Walker

ONLY ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

1. Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
2. Banishes odor instantly.
3. The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.
4. Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.
5. Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
6. New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or hardens in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
7. Double your money back if you aren’t satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you’ve ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

Don’t trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants.
Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

New ODO-RO-NO CREAM
The deodorant without a doubt
GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS
for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N.Y. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in Radio Mirror.
Moderator Hank Weaver interviews singer Lena Horne, who appeared on ABC's Hollywood Byline to answer questions tossed at her by Hollywood reporters.

Another Crosby heard from: Ten-year-old Cathy sang on Uncle Bing's CBS show. Bob has his own program on Sunday at 10:30 P.M. EDT, over NBC.
A little over five years ago, Eddy Arnold was just another country boy who liked to fool around with a guitar and sing. Now, while living a typical suburban life in Madison, Tennessee, Eddy is one of the highest paid performers in the country. He has a network radio show, records for RCA Victor, makes movies for Monogram, does a series of personal appearances each year and operates a farm stocked with fine “Tennessee walking horses.”

Reared on a farm near Henderson, Tennessee, Eddy had only nine years of formal schooling—seven of them in the one-room, one-teacher variety of schoolhouse. His dad was an old-time fiddler who encouraged the younger Arnold to practice on his battered old guitar. From local country dances, Eddy headed for the town of Jackson and his first job on a radio station when he was only eighteen. That led to his recording contract just about four years ago.

In 1941, he married Sally Gayheart. They have a little daughter and live in a modern, eight-room house. The farm is a few miles outside of Madison.

Although Eddy had recorded a number of songs before RCA Victor issued record number 20-1948, that was Eddy’s lucky number. One side of that disc was “That’s How Much I Love You,” the song that is said to mark the turning point in the Arnold career. Since then, Eddy has remained the pace-setter in his field of music. And the biggest money-earner, too.

Every one knows that rhumba rhythms came to us from South and Latin America, but few realize that it’s the American rhumba bands that are so popular in South America. Noro Morales, for example, was contracted to appear in Caracas, Venezuela, for $3,000 a night. But, this time the public didn’t want Noro to play the usual rhumba numbers—they demanded be bop! It seems that that’s the “thing” down there.

Lots of news coming from the Hollywood front these days concerns music and recording artists. Sarah Vaughan has completed two musical shorts for Universal to be released in the Fall. Tony Martin and Mrs. (Cyd Charisse) Martin are said to be expecting a youngster—the Roy Rogerses, too. Dennis Day is working on his first film in six years. It's tentatively titled “I'll Get By” and also stars June Haver, Gloria DeHaven and Harry James. Ezio Pinza is slated to play the role of the king in the MGM flicker, “Mr. Imperium.” Lana Turner will co-star. Jack Smith is taking boxing lessons in preparation for his role in the “Marcel Cerdan Story.”

In response to many inquiries, it’s Monica Lewis who’s the voice in the “Chiquita Banana” singing commercials. Monica now records for the MGM label—and under her rightful moniker.
Back in 1939 Kenneth Gill, a young plastering firm executive, with singing as a hobby, taught voice to several young men in Buffalo's Downtown YMCA. Gradually other visitors at the "Y" joined the group and after a year of rehearsals the YMCA Male Chorus was formed. Today the Angelus Singers are the best known non-professional chorus between New York and Chicago.

The first name change came when the chorus began broadcasting on the Angelus Hour. Shortly thereafter, when the draft went into effect, Director Gill turned to the ladies. The results were so successful that now the twenty-eight-voice chorus includes twelve girls.

The Angelus Singers currently are featured on the Angelus Hour on WBEN, Buffalo, every Sunday at 1 P.M. One of the original members of the chorus—Alvin Kraatz—is president of Karts Dairy, sponsors of the series.

This unique chorus shuns the name "choir" because it sings everything from "corn" to opera and includes occasional hymns. The twenty-eight-voice chorus is backed by the Angelus Chorale of eighty people. From this Chorale comes the material from which replacements are made. All the singers are non-professional and their expenses are paid through money received from the broadcast series and concerts. The Singers and the Chorale rehearse at the YMCA which underwrites part of the expenses for music and wardrobes. The Singers give one big concert yearly to cover other expenses.

Mr. Gill, who has long since given up plastering to devote his full time to music, is still a member of the firm of C. H. Gill and Sons, founded by his grandfather. He also is head of the music department of Nichols School, chorus director at the New York State Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences and a music critic for Buffalo newspapers. He also directs other singing groups.

New members of the group are selected on the basis of voice, personality and size. Because of the extensive changes of costume in the wardrobe (the men have four interchangeable outfits and the girls have eight changes) one understudy may step into a "regular's" place if the costume fits!

During the past year, the Angelus Singers have appeared with the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra more times than any other individual or group. They have sung at professional football games in Buffalo Civic Stadium; have given concerts in practically all suburbs of Buffalo and Niagara Falls and have sung at the Chautauqua Institution. Their summer tours have taken them from Ohio to New York State as far east as the Hudson River. Their extensive library covers twelve hundred arrangements—sacred music, opera, concert favorites and the very latest popular music.
When a Girl Marries
(Continued from page 13)

todependonhismotherforourliving.
Iamdivorcedfromhimandamnow
marriedtoafinem—aneXtragood
man!Butmytwelve-year-oldsonisa
problem.Heislargeforhisage,wants
toquitschoolwithonlyaneighth-
gradeeducation.Ihavetriedtoexplain
aboutthisfuturebutmakenohead-
way—he’sinclineto followinhis
father’s footsteps.Heanysomeboys
hisageandolderhadbeensmokingfor
sometimebeforeIcaughtupwith
them.
However,heisgoodtohistep-
fatherandme;hehelpsaround
thehouseandstaysbymeifI’msickor
feelingbad,willwaitonmehandand
foot.Henevermisseskissinghiste-
dadandmeyoungnightandgivingus
awarmhug.Sonachildwiththisdis-
positionshouldnotbeletdown,doyou
think?WhatcanIdotohimright?
Mrs. F. T.

Dear Joan:
IhaveaproblemIwouldlikevery
muchtohaveyourreaders’opinionon.
Aboutthreeyearswegoadopted
alittlegirljustoneyearold.Needless
tosay,welovethedearly.Inthepast
yearherownsisterhasbeensoyed
bysomepeopleweknow.Wecan’t
keepfromseeingthemquiteoften.
OurlittleMariehasaskedoftenfor
asisterplaywith.Thishurts sobad
whenIknowhersisterisonear.
Neitherchildrememberstheother.
Kayhasaskedhernewmamaisome
timethesheeightsawherbabysister
whichisMarie.Kay’sparentsareshape
in doubtasweshoulddo.
Shouldwettellthenowandlet
themplaytogetherwhiletheareaiclet,
orshouldwepreventtheknowledge
fromthemjustletthembefriends.
Willtheyholditagainstusthentheyare
older,forinacityofabouttwentys
thousand,theyarealmostcertain
to find out. Please help me.
Mrs. G. E.

Dear Mrs. G. E.:
AsfarasIcansee,youhaveanoproblem.Aspenoughyouknow,then
bestauthoritiestheadoptionofchil-
drenstronglyurgethoseparents
tottellthechildthatisadopted.Letting
yourchildknowthatshedaisadopted,
thatyoutookherintoyourhomebe-
causeyouwantedher,that,amongall
thechildrenyoumighthavechosen,
youchoseher,havingsavedyouand
thechildmanyspollswhiletheyear
andwillkeepthechildfrom
seriousconflictashegrowsolder.
Onceyoufacethefact—thatyou
mustforhergoodandyoursletther—
yourproblemisnotaproblematall,
butabliss—howsplendidthatthe
twosistersneednotbeseparated,that
theywillnotlaterlearn,asaread
adopted childrenhave,thattheir
brothers or sisters are somewhere in
the world, but they do not know where!

The deeper you cleanse...
The prettier you look!

Your skin actually looks younger after cleansing with Woodbury
Cold Cream! You'll discover your complexion is prettier than
you knew.

For Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper! It contains
Penaten—the amazing new penetrating agent that actually
goedeepertotheporeopenings. That means Woodbury's
wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of
grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths
more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your
skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl freshness
again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to $1.39 plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream
penetrates deeper
because it contains
Penaten

DID YOU
EVER GET A LAST MINUTE
TURN DOWN?
(SEE PAGE 79)
Paid Notice
ELIZABETH TAYLOR as she plays opposite DON TAYLOR in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "FATHER OF THE BRIDE"

"I'm a Lux Girl"
says ELIZABETH TAYLOR

A bride of dreamlike loveliness—that's Elizabeth Taylor in her latest picture. Notice the radiant beauty of her complexion—it's a Lux Complexity, given the gentlest, most cherishing care with Hollywood's own beauty soap.

"My Lux Soap facials with ACTIVE lather give my skin new loveliness—so quickly!" says Elizabeth. In recent tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Try this beautifying care! You'll love the generous bath size Lux Toilet Soap, too—so fragrant—so luxurious!

HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:

1. Here's the Active-lather beauty facial screen stars never neglect: Smooth the creamy Lux Soap lather in well—
2. It's such rich, abundant lather, even in the hardest water. Just rinse with warm water, then splash on cold—
3. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Marvelous—how soft and smooth your skin feels now—how fresh it looks!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Each year the Kuklapolitans get into quite a tizzy over vacation plans. This time, Kukla appointed Fran chairman of the committee and she called a meeting at which, after a little refined wrangling, everything was worked out. First, Buelah Witch extended an invitation to everyone to attend the convention of her alma mater, Witch Normal. Touring Europe was the thing Madame Ooglepuss assured them. Colonel Cracky pointed out that their public clamored for them on the summer opera circuit. Ollie reminded them that Ezio Pinza was to leave "South Pacific" and that he was Mr. Pinza's logical successor. Cecil Bill didn't care where he went—as long as it was fishing. Kuke thought it would be wonderful if they'd visit the television stations—all fifty-eight!—on which Kukla, Fran and Ollie are heard. Mercedes insisted on going to Hollywood, Fletcher Rabbit suggested they join him in an educational tour behind scenes at the Post Office Department. Then Ollie remembered that his mother expected them all at Dragon Retreat. That, Fran proposed, would be a fine way to spend the first two weeks, relaxing and watching TV—because, you know, the big antenna, the only one in the world that will bring in all television stations at once, is located there.

Everyone agreed, so there remained just two things to do: Kukla was chosen to invite Burr Tillstrom to join them; Ollie was appointed to write a letter from Dragon Retreat, telling all about their vacation, for the August Radio Mirror Magazine.
It's Always Fine On
THE FOURTH OF JULY

BY JANET BROWN
DAUGHTER OF YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

It's always fine on the fourth of July, Whether it's wet, or whether it's dry. Whether it's raining, or whether the sun Is shining on everything that's being done.

It's always fine on the fourth of July, For this is the day in years gone by When we declared, after lots of strife, That we would live our own way of life.

It's always fine on the fourth of July, A day when nobody can deny We're proud to be the people we are, True to our faith, and true to each star That shines on the red and the white and the blue Of the flag, which we do special honor to... The Stars And Stripes! And that is why, It's always fine on the fourth of July.

Ellen Brown and her children, Janey and Mark, help Anthony Loring put up the flag. The poem on this page was written for Radio Mirror by Ellen's daughter Janey.
When you've had a particularly hard afternoon with Junior, trouble with the refrigerator, a cake that won't rise and/or any one of the other million things that can go wrong in a home, there are seven little words a husband—yours or mine—can say that guarantees a whale of an argument.

It starts when the wife announces, "Dinner will be a little late."

Husband frowns. Everything is neat and orderly in his home—but for the moment he doesn't remember that this order was accomplished by his wife. Junior is scrubbed and clean, but he doesn't remember that this is due to Mother's efforts. Dinner is on the stove, but he doesn't remember that the housewife-mother-cook put it there. The salad vegetables are in the crisper, but he doesn't remember the housewife-mother-cook-purchasing agent bought these. No, husband looks very unhappy.

It is then that he utters those seven fatal words, "What have you been doing all day?"

This is the straw that breaks his wife's back, the spark that lights the fuse. And after the bomb explodes and the dust settles, he may be either a far wiser and better husband or hopelessly angry.

In the normal living of a normal couple there are daily incidents that rock the domestic ship. No matter who is at fault, one of two things result: the couple quarrels or they bicker.

Quarrels are bad. They are to marriage what wars are to nations. Quarrels, like wars, end up in violence and destruction, wrecking domestic happiness with recriminations and emotional outbursts. No matter how slight and silly the outward reason for the quarrel—whether caused by leaving the cap off the toothpaste tube or showing up late for a date—you can be sure there is a more serious underlying cause, a basic problem in the marriage.

Bickering, on the other hand, is an airing of difference of opinion that clears the air and leaves no permanent scars. As Ethel would say, "Bickering is a brisk exchange of ideas. When something upsets Albert and me, we don't raise our voices but only bicker about it, sticking to the subject and getting at the why's and wherefores. When we've exhausted the problem, we understand ourselves a lot better."

In the six years that Ethel and Albert have been on ABC, Ethel has had a lot of mail—and so have I. (It doesn't matter whether the envelope is addressed to the woman who plays Ethel, or to the writer of the show—we're both me!) All the mail is gratifying, and apparently most married couples have the same trivial household problems to solve (Continued on page 96)
In character: as Ethel Arbuckle, Peggy plays opposite Alan Bunce, the ever-loving Albert.

WON'T HURT YOUR MARRIAGE

Ethel and Albert is heard on Monday evenings at 8:00 EDT on American Broadcasting Company stations.
It's a healthy way to settle differences says the girl whose marital experience—both on and off the air—qualifies her as an expert on the subject

By

PEG LYNCH

WON'T HURT YOUR MARRIAGE

Ethel and Albert is heard on Monday evenings at 8:00 EDT on American Broadcasting Company stations.
This month's daytime serial problem—question is one which arises in varying degrees—and with varying degrees of argument to accompany it—in almost every home. There's something in nearly all of us that makes us want to offer our advice and assistance to others. Sometimes those who try to help are spoken of as Good Samaritans—and sometimes as meddlers, or as "do-gooders."

But it's true that in a great many cases a person who can view the problem at hand in a calm and cool manner, look at it from all sides unhampered by prejudice or emotional involvement, can offer a way out which the person under stress can't—or won't—see for himself.

If the motive of the one who offers advice and help is selfless—as Nora Drake's is—the advice is usually sound, and the person advised can profit by it. Under those circumstances it's the Good Samaritan who sometimes gets in trouble, and finds herself at odds with those who do not understand the reason behind her helpfulness.

Each month, Radio Mirror puts before its reader-listeners a problem which confronts a daytime serial favorite of theirs. This month's problem is the one which is causing difficulties between Nora Drake and Charles Dobbs, the man she loves—the man who loves her and yet feels that she is prone to meddle into affairs which are not strictly her business. Nora's efforts to help Tom Morley are widening a rift between Nora and Charles. And for the same reason, although from a different point of view, her championship of Tom has weakened the warm bond of friendship between Nora and her roommate, Suzanne Turrie, who is in love with Tom.

Now Nora must decide—should she continue to give aid to Tom, although this puts her own happiness in jeopardy? Perhaps you, or someone in your family or among your friends, have faced a similar problem. Can you, from your experience, advise Nora? Listen to This Is Nora Drake on CBS each day; refresh your memory with the brief recounting of Nora's story which you will find on the following pages. Then answer this question: Should You Help Others—Even If You Hurt Yourself?

Radio Mirror Will Pay $50.00 for the Most Interesting Letters

This is Nora Drake is heard each Monday through Friday at 2:30 P.M. EDT, on CBS stations, sponsored by the Toni Company
What price noble sacrifice?
Nora Drake faces this universal problem. Can you, from your own experience, offer her counsel?

Charles Dobbs, in love with Nora Drake, resents the time she spends helping others. Here, as Charles looks on, are Nora and Suzanne Turrie.
Should you help others—
even if you hurt yourself?

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Radio Mirror will pay $50.00 for the most interesting letters.

Turn the page for details of Nora Drake's problem.
Nora Drake's deep-rooted altruism stems from her childhood—spent in surroundings of need and want. Where those around her, when she was very young, competed keenly, with self-preservation the uppermost thing in their minds, Nora found contentment, an answer to the many lacks in her life, helping others.

Now, happy in her nursing career at Page Memorial Hospital, Nora has carried over into her adult life that deep sympathetic insight into the problems of others—an insight that can be both a blessing and a curse. Her unswerving belief in people is a steady- ing factor that has saved many a trying situation. But it has also made her vulnerable to exploitation by schemers. And her good efforts have sometimes been misconstrued as an intrusion.

There's nothing of the sanctimonious Pollyanna about Nora—her sense of humor is as warm as her heart. But her rare understanding of people and of their troubles sometimes brings her into a controversy in the uncomfortable role of mediator.

Most important in Nora's life at the present are three people. First, Charles Dobbs, whom she loves and who loves her. Second, Suzanne Turrie, Nora's friend and roommate—a French pianist, grateful for Nora's assistance to her when she first came, a war-bewildered refugee, to this country. Third is Tom Morley, whom Nora feels obligated to aid.

Charles Dobbs, an attorney, is defending his brother, who has been accused of forgery by Tom Morley. Nora is deeply concerned over the effect that the trial may have on impressionable young Tom, who is somewhat unstable. When Tom's father, a racketeer, was killed, Nora promised the dying man she would look after his son, and during the trial she feels more keenly than ever her responsibility toward Tom. She feels that Charles' grueling cross-examina- tion might have serious, permanent effects on him. Charles is incensed at Nora's suggestion that he treat Tom gently, and insists, logically, on defending his brother to the limit of his abilities. He is at a loss to understand how Nora can champion Tom, whom Charles believes to be exactly like his racketeer father, and he's inclined to interpret Nora's sympathy toward Tom as an indication that her love for him, Charles, has weakened.

Suzanne, too, is involved in this, for she is in love with Tom Morley. At first, Tom sneered at Nora's efforts in his behalf, but her sincerity so impressed him that he found himself first admiring her, and at last falling in love with her. Suzanne, seeing Tom's infatuation for Nora, misconstrues Nora's desire to help, so Suzanne, too, has become alienated.

Although Nora doesn't suspect the intensity of Tom's feelings toward her, she does know that her efforts for him have caused friction with Suzanne, and, most important of all, she knows that Tom is becoming a major obstacle to the smooth course of Charles Dobbs' love for her.

There is another side to the problem, too—a side which affects Nora's career. Dr. Jenson is about to start a new clinic for mental cases and has asked Nora's assistance. But her free time is so involved in helping Tom, and others, that she cannot do the necessary studying to fit herself for contributions to this new clinic.

But can she abandon Tom Morley, confused, bitter, friendless? Or should she continue to help him, knowing that her professional life is in jeopardy and—much more important to a woman—that her happiness is at stake? Should she continue to help him, although she hurts herself?
some call them meddlers! What do you think?

Here Are the Names of Those Who Wrote the Best Letters of Advice to Chichi of Life Can Be Beautiful, Answering the Problem Which Appeared in March.

In March Radio Mirror, reader-listeners were told in brief the story of Chichi and of the three men in her life—Doug Norman, Toby Nelson and Barry Markham—and asked which of these Chichi really loves. Radio Mirror Editors have chosen the best answers; checks have been sent as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. Edward Seigel, Wheat Ridge, Colorado, for the following letter:

Eliminate Barry because Chichi will always feel alien to his wealthy background. True love cannot exist where the heart constantly withdraws itself... Eliminate Doug, too; pity, disguised as love, resulted in their engagement, and Doug’s gradual retreat strengthened the illusion—a typical feminine reaction, this grasping for the unattainable.... Chichi’s love for Toby is root-deep because of their past—that insecure past which will always be a factor in her love because it is indelibly imprinted on her soul. Unrealizing, Chichi tries to disguise her love because of its association with pain—but it’s there, deep in her heart!

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters, sent to: June Harris, New Albany, Indiana; Mrs. Harold Lawrence, Port Clinton, Ohio; Mrs. Walter Sambor, Industry, Illinois; June Gregg, Bainbridge, Ohio; Mrs. V. L. Burns, Oakland, Calif.

Radio Mirror will purchase readers’ best answers to the question: “Should you help others—even if you hurt yourself?” To writer of the best answer, $25.00; to writers of the five next-best answers, $5.00 each.

On these pages you will learn more about Nora Drake, her friends and the important problems that she faces.

Ever since she can remember, Nora has felt she must do whatever she can to help those who are in trouble. Sometimes, in doing so, she makes trouble for herself—as, at the present time, her efforts to aid Tom Morley have resulted in misunderstanding between Nora and Charles, and also between Nora and Suzanne. Sometimes, too, demands on her time made by her efforts to assist others result in Nora’s devoting less time to her own career.

Should you help others—even if you hurt yourself? What do you think? State your reasons in a letter of no more than 100 words; address Nora Drake, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter—basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem—and will purchase it for $25.00 for publication in the October issue. They will choose five next-best letters, purchase them for $5.00 each. Opinions of the editors will be final; no letters will be returned. Letters must be postmarked no later than midnight, July 1, 1950. The coupon below should accompany your letter:

NAME

STREET OR BOX

CITY ZONE STATE
Arthur Godfrey and his ukulele are seen on Tues. and Fri. at 7:45 P.M. EDT on CBS-TV.
Combining a ukulele with video and his varied gifts, Arthur sets out to instruct his public in the art of coaxing a tune from four strings. Here’s how he learned—and here’s how you can learn

One fine spring night in 1924, a red-headed young fellow, with a banjo comprising the bulk of his luggage, turned up in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. Soon word got around town, “That Godfrey boy’s back!”

He’d been gone quite a while, Arthur had—ever since that time he’d told his high school teacher, Miss Twigg, “I’d like to go out and see the world, even if it’s only through a porthole!” Hasbrouck Heights hadn’t changed much. It was still the sleepy town where Arthur had come, with his parents, when he was two years old, back in 1905. Still the same town where, as a child, he’d played in the big Teterboro swamps nearby. Where, at eleven, he’d delivered for Ehler’s Grocery during the summer, to help out at home. Where he’d had other jobs, too: driving Schaeffer’s bakery wagon—and “exercising” the Schaeffer horse by riding it hell-for-leather down the main street, bareback, past the house of whichever local girl he wanted to impress at the moment—and delivering for John Ferrari’s Sweet Shoppe. (Today, Ferrari remembers: “Arthur was a fine lad. If he earned a two-bit tip, I happen to know that he turned it straight over to his mother. And when she could let him keep a nickel of it for ice cream, he’d come into my place the happiest youngster alive!”).

No, Hasbrouck Heights hadn’t changed—it still didn’t offer much in the way of an opportunity for a young fellow who wanted to get somewhere in the world—even if he wasn’t quite sure, just yet, where “somewhere” was. But quite a bit happened to Arthur since he’d left. He’d begun by getting a job as an office boy. When that didn’t turn out the way he’d expected, he washed dishes for a while. There’d been a brief stint of coal-mining which ended up with a cough and doctor’s orders to get a job above ground; an even briefer stint as a lumberjack—he was so young and thin that he couldn’t lift the axe! Then tries at being a farm hand, a typist, a tire-finisher at a rubber plant, among other things.

At last Arthur had taken a deep breath and looked at the situation squarely. He was drifting. At fourteen, he was drifting toward being a lifetime drifter, perhaps. Something had to be done. He needed, he realized, more education than the two years of high school behind him, if he were going to get anywhere.

At that time there were Navy recruiting posters all over, telling the advantages—some others besides seeing the world—of joining up. Arthur had gone to a recruiting office in Cleveland in May of 1920 and signed up for a two-year hitch, and at the end of the first, he’d resigned for a second two.

Now he was back home to see the family—but not for long. He’d learned a lot in the Navy, and he was anxious to get out in the world once more, put some of what he’d learned into practice.

What he didn’t know was this: one of the important things he’d learned while in the Navy had not a thing to do with seamanship, but was going to stand him in good stead later on. Arthur had learned to play the banjo. And, at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, he’d learned to play the ukulele, too—from a real Hawaiian boy who was also stationed there.

Right then, though, the banjo and the ukulele seemed more for pleasure than profit. A fellow has to work—for more things than the money to buy food and shelter. A fellow has to work for self-respect, the respect of others, that necessary feeling of pride in accomplishment. In search of all those things, Arthur left Hasbrouck Heights again and headed for Detroit and the miracles of mass production, the amazing feats of the assembly line. Five dollars a day, they were paying, he’d (Continued on page 85)

TURN THE PAGE TO READ HOW YOU CAN WIN A UKULELE

SPECIAL SECTION on ARTHUR GODFREY and his FRIENDS →
Here's how to begin to PLAY the Ukulele as ARTHUR GODFREY does

First, pronounce the name of the instrument the way the Hawaiians do—call it ookelele, not youkelele!

On this page are some charts which show you how to hold the ukulele, what the various parts of the instrument are called, and diagrams of the three basic chords which will make it possible for you to accompany any simple song. You can strum with your fingers, but a felt pick may be easier for you, at least at first—hold it between thumb and fingers, as below, and play lightly with up and down strokes across the strings. The strokes are made with index finger, held limp. Use your fingernail for the down stroke and the cushion of the finger for the upstroke.

If you're just starting out, Arthur advises, you might find it best not to invest in a too-expensive ukulele at the start. Later, if you're sure you like to play, you can buy a more costly one if you want to. Always be sure your instrument is tuned before you begin. And don't try to learn too much at once—take it easy! Of course, you'll want a book of instructions. Arthur Godfrey is planning one for you—listen to his twice weekly hi-V TV program for more information.

THE UKULELE AND ITS PARTS

Tuning Keys
Frets
Nut
Position Marks
Neck and Fingerboard
Pick or Strum
Sound Hole
Bridge

HOW TO HOLD THE UKULELE

D Chord
Third finger here, and strike all four strings.

G Chord
1st finger here
Second finger here
Strike all four strings.

A 7th Chord
1st finger
2nd finger
3rd finger
Here's how YOU can win a UKULELE like Arthur Godfrey's

Radio Mirror offers its reader-listeners a chance to win a genuine Islander Ukulele, made by Paramount Distributors—the same ukulele Arthur Godfrey uses on his ukulele-lesson TV show. Here's how:

1. Finish the sentence on the coupon below, "I'd like to learn to play the ukulele like Arthur Godfrey because—" in twenty-five words or less. Use the coupon below. Be sure to fill in your name and address.

2. Mail to Ukulele, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 10, 1950. Winners will be announced in a fall issue of Radio Mirror, after Arthur Godfrey has returned to the air.

3. The editors of Radio Mirror will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Entries will be judged on basis of originality, sincerity and interest.

4. Writers of each of the twenty-five most interesting letters will be awarded a genuine Islander Ukulele, manufactured by Paramount Distributors, plus a case of hi-V Concentrated Orange Juice, made by the sponsors of Arthur Godfrey's twice weekly hi-V TV ukulele-lesson program, heard on CBS-TV at 7:45 P.M., EDT.

I'D LIKE TO LEARN TO PLAY THE UKULELE LIKE ARTHUR GODFREY BECAUSE

__________________________________________

__________________________________________

__________________________________________

__________________________________________

__________________________________________

NAME___________________________

STREET OR BOX_____________________

CITY___________________________ZONE____STATE__________________
On top, hitting bottom, good times and bad, hard times—but never the easy way, because Arthur Godfrey's not the kind who takes easily to taking life easy!


2. Arthur’s the big brother in the sailor suit. Smaller Godfreys are Charles at left, and Robert. By now family had moved to Hasbrouck Hts.

6. Here's Arthur—complete with white shoes and “ice cream pants”—when he took a brief fling at baton-wielding, back in 1934. The place was the Club Michel in Washington, D. C., and the pretty featured vocalist with the band was named Ernestine Gardner.

Today's Godfrey can be heard on these CBS shows: M-F, 10:15 A.M. EDT, sponsored by Chesterfield, Glass Wax, Wildroot, Pillsbury Mills, Nabisco (radio); Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Lipton's tea and soups (radio, TV); Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, sponsor—Chesterfield (TV); T-Fri., 7:45 P.M. EDT, sponsored by hi-V Orange Concentrate (TV).
To tell of Arthur Godfrey's life—a complicated, heart-warming, many-adventured story—it's necessary, as Alice in Wonderland was told was the proper story-telling method, to begin at the beginning and go straight through to the end. Otherwise you're sure to leave out some important incident, some major clue to the various elements that have gone into the making of a man who is known and loved and respected—and watched and listened to!—by some forty million people through the length and breadth of the land.

Several times before, Radio Mirror has told that story in words—the whole of it and some of the highlights of it. Here the story of Arthur Godfrey is brought to reader-listeners in pictures—not in its entirety by any means, but some of the important sides of a delightful man's fascinating life and times.
9. A confirmed believer in commuting by air, Arthur is his own pilot, manages between-broadcast junkets with leisure that any other form of travel wouldn't allow.

10. Arthur met and married Mary Bourke when she was a secretary in a Washington radio station. After a while along came Mike—two months old when this was taken.

11. Television watching is a favorite indoor sport at the Godfrey farm, as in any other home. Mike is nine, Pat's seven. There's also another Godfrey son, Dick.
AN AMERICAN’S PLEDGE

Godfrey says: “I don't care if a man's skin is white, black, yellow; his faith Protestant, Jewish, Mohammendan—all I want is for him to be a man!” Will you join his fight against prejudice?

Arthur Godfrey once told an interviewer who'd asked him how it felt to be famous, “I don't believe I'll ever feel a really deep satisfaction until, along with fame or whatever you want to call it, I have power, too!” Then, seeing the surprise and shock on the other's face, he went on, “If I've been successful, it's because somehow I have a talent for making each listener feel as though I'm talking to him personally. I'm able to persuade them to buy some article or gadget to make life a little more enjoyable. But I'll agree that I have achieved something worthwhile only when I have leisure enough, power enough, to influence people on something more important—persuade people to take a stand against all this bigotry, this intolerance and race hatred in our way of life. Why can't they realize it's tearing our country apart?”

If he could, Arthur Godfrey would visit each of you in your own home to talk it over with you—to hear you voice your willingness to join him in this great fight. The editors of this magazine agree with him, and they know that many of you who listen agree too, would like to do your part. Here is a way for you to tell Arthur that you'd like to—that you will—fight with him against intolerance and prejudice. Read the pledge below. Search your heart. Then if you can honestly sign your name to it, do so. Get others to sign it, too. Send it to the address given so that you can be counted among those who are fighting for a free world for all mankind.

But remember this: signing your name, getting others to sign—those things are not enough. You have to believe what you have promised. You have to do what you have promised. That's the only way to make your voice for freedom heard.

I WILL judge my fellow man not by his race, religion or color, but by his heart—his goodness or badness as a human being. I will not be afraid to speak my mind to those I hear using hate-words, prejudice-words, in condemning another. I will do my best to fight against intolerance and injustice: by seeing that my children are brought up in the knowledge that all men are brothers; by defending, in word and deed, those who are unjustly treated; by refusing to vote into public office or office in any club or organization to which I belong, any person who is intolerant or prejudiced; by working, as is every citizen's right and duty, to make this country of ours a place where all may live as equals.

SIGNED ______________________ ADDRESS ______________________

Mail signed pledge to Freedom, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Godfrey's man at the mike finds that there's a lot more to the job than meets the ear.

When Tony Marvin says that the Godfrey show is ad lib in the strictest sense of the phrase, he's thinking about the times when he finds himself right in the middle of whatever impromptu moment Arthur dreams up. Once when Tony was called on to sing, as he is from time to time, Arthur stopped him at the microphone and said:

"Wait a minute, Tony. Listen to this first."

Arthur then read aloud from Josephine Lowman's beauty column about how good it is for one's circulation and how it will help people to stay young and attractive if they stand on their heads every morning for a few minutes, singing the chorus of a song.

"Now you do that!" said Arthur to Tony.

Tony did. With his head on the floor, his shoulders resting against the top of the huge display box on the stage, Tony somehow got through one chorus of "Old Man River" in that position.

"I finally got rightside up with the reddest face you ever saw," said Tony. "And then Arthur told me how beautiful and healthy I'd be, and what terrific circulation I'd have."

That's typical of the sort of thing that can and often does happen on the Godfrey show without preparation or warning. But occasionally Tony manages to throw something at Arthur without any warning, too.

Once on their TV show, Forrest Tucker, the Western movie star, was the guest and they rehearsed a skit in which Tony was to be Chief Yellow Belly, an Indian rebel. As Yellow Belly, Tony was supposed to come in about half way through the skit in his Indian (Continued on page 104)
Archie and his wife Kitty live in a Manhattan apartment with an Irish setter mother and daughter team—Terry and Penny.

Musical director, that is, and according to all who know, one of the best there is

...
With quiet dignity, Godfrey’s male quartet demonstrates a lesson in human relationships that can benefit everyone, everywhere.

**MARTIN KARL**: is not at all nonplussed when Godfrey, without warning, calls on him to sing alone. Like his fellow Mariners, Martin’s vocal background extends back to his salad days. By the time Martin, who was born twenty-nine years ago in Stanberry, Missouri, had graduated from high school in Chicago, he had four scholarships to choose from. Martin’s family had moved there from Stanberry and he had attended the Lindblom High School, which stressed art and music. While (Continued on page 75)

**JAMES LEWIS**: The Mariners have found that Tony Marvin isn’t the only one on the Godfrey show who is asked to do things on the spur of the moment. Oftentimes Arthur will make members of his quartet sing individually. The last time this happened, when Bill Lawrence was ill, Godfrey said: “Well, we’ve had the Mariners on this program for ages. I think this would be a good time to audition them. O.K. boys, let’s hear you one at a time.” But for someone like James (Continued on page 75)

**THOMAS LOCKARD**: When Thomas Lockard met the other members of what eventually became the Mariners Quartet, he was a cook at the Manhattan Beach Coast Guard Station. At recreation time, Tom used to take part in the musical activities at the base. But the happy combination of cook-musician was never allowed to develop, for once morale officers heard the Lockard voice, Tom was snapped up to sing in the quartet at musical programs put on by the Coast Guard. Thus a singer was (Continued on page 76)

**NATHANIEL DICKERSON**: It’s just by sheer lack of coincidence that Nathaniel Dickerson didn’t meet up with his fellow Mariners sooner. Although not a member of the original Coast Guard group, Nathaniel did a stint as a U.S.O. entertainer, and he very likely could have met the Mariners in one city or another at bond rallies, or at Navy bases. Nathaniel didn’t actually meet them though until Mariner James Lewis came to see him about auditioning for the quartet. (Continued on page 76)
mention their names in SHEBOYGAN

And you can tell them where they’re at, for the girls who are known as the Chordettes are a credit to anybody’s home town

DOTTIE SCHWARTZ: It’s difficult to imagine blonde, blue-eyed Dottie Schwartz as a hard-slugging third baseman on a semi-pro softball team. It’s even more difficult to imagine her making melodies in a minstrel show. But it was in her brother’s Sambo Dixieland Minstrels that Dottie, at the age of twelve, made her professional singing debut. For seven years after that, she donned greasepaint and bandana, something she might still be doing if it hadn’t been for a telephone call from her friend (Continued on page 83)

JINNY OSBORN: Pretty Jinny is the girl who can take most of the credit for organizing the Chordettes. It was her restlessness on a Sunday afternoon in Sheboygan that led to a telephone call, an invitation and, eventually, the quartet. Sunday afternoons in a small city like Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where everybody likes to relax after the week’s work, the morning’s sermon and the heavy midday meal, can be just a trifle tedious to anyone so lively as Jinny. The call she made was to Dottie Schwartz. (Cont’d on page 84)

JANET ERLET: A woman who can sing bass is a rare woman indeed, a fact which probably accounts for the dearth of women barbershop quartets. Fortunately, one existed in Sheboygan, Wisconsin: Janet Erlet. Janet was not among those present on that drowsy Sunday afternoon at Virginia Osborn’s when the idea for the Chordettes was conceived. But her sister was and it was she who supplied the answer to Jinny’s exasperated, “If only we had a bass!” Tall, poised Janet (Continued on page 83)

CAROL HAGEDORN: Singing in a barbershop quartet is nothing new to Carol. Way back in junior high school, she supplied the “baritone” harmony just as she does today on two of the most widely seen and heard programs on radio and TV. Like the other Chordettes, Carol’s first interest in singing started at home and just naturally developed from there. Completing a course in music at the Columbia Radio School in Chicago, Carol returned to Sheboygan not quite certain what she (Continued on page 84)
How to act like an executive and still keep ulcers away. Robert says feet on desk help.
Q is for CURIOSITY

Arthur Godfrey’s alter ego

(Robert Q. Lewis by any other name)

says that his middle initial stands for exactly nothing. But there’s where the gentleman is wrong!

by Frances Kish

For the record, Robert Q. Lewis has no middle name. He decided, one day six years ago, to stick in that Q and see if people would be curious about it. They were. Now he’s stuck with it.

Somewhere in every conversation with strangers the question comes up, “Why the Q?” The answer varies from time to time, his favorite being “Quackpot.” It’s as good a reason as any you’ll get from him.

He isn’t, of course. A quackpot, that is. He’s a smart young fellow (twenty-nine last April 5) with a hairline receding ever so slightly as if trying to make good the saying that grass doesn’t grow on a busy street. He knows exactly where he’s going and he has all his wits about him.

His wit, too. The easy, relaxed sort, not the lay-'em-in-the-aisles socko humor, as you already know if you've heard him on the big Thursday night television program, The Show Goes On, repeated on radio Friday night. Or replacing Godfrey on any of that redhead's radio and television shows (he's taking some of them again this summer).

He doesn’t try to imitate Godfrey’s special kind of hijinks, either. Never did, even when in 1947 he was lured over to CBS from another network to be the Old Master’s summer replacement. (Continued on page 99)
They’re just like their Dad, David and Ricky are. And Harriet’s caught that special something, too, from long association. As for Ozzie, anything the rest of us can do, Ozzie can do better—and with less fuss and fanfare. A family of whizzes, the Nelsons, headed by Ozzie. The wizards of Oz!

Take Ozzie himself, that collegiate-looking star of The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet. Watch him as a family man, as a celebrity. Watch him on the air, at home, eating in a drive-in restaurant, cheering at football games, moving like greased lightning on a tennis court. Watch him guzzling soda with great delight, at an ice cream parlor. See him at the dinner table. On the band stand.

See him—and admire. Admire his way with his lovely wife, Harriet Hilliard, with his two strictly chip-off-the-old-block sons, with the actors who perform in his radio series. Watch and admire, because everyone else does. The wizardry of Oz is a matter of
Doing things well just comes naturally
to the younger Nelsons. And no wonder,

for with parents like Ozzie and Harriet,

how could they possibly do anything else?

By WILLIAM TUSHER

record, not simply of opinion.

Hollywood agent Maurice Morton once heard a man
scuff at a project contemplated by Ozzie.

"Listen," Morton advised the doubting Thomas in
a fatherly tone, "if Ozzie Nelson made up his mind to
run for president of the United States, I wouldn't vote
against him. Because it wouldn't do any good."

Ozzie's is a wizardry that has made the Nelson
family an enduring part of modern American enter-
tainment—the most believable of all radio's average
families. And the Nelsons romp through a real life
startlingly parallel to their on-the-air one.

And there lies the essence of his talent. For the
Nelsons are not the average American family in fact.
They are, instead, what the average American family
would like to be. There aren't enough Ozzie Nelsons
to go around to make his home life either typical or
commonplace, because his unusual personality per-
vades the Nelson home with exciting effect at all times.

Ozzie Nelson is that movieland paradox—a sane man
in a town famous for breeding mad genius. He's never
ruffled, never fatigued, never wanting, never bored.
And, most significantly, he never indulges in the eccen-
tricities to which genius is universally conceded license.

He dresses quietly—in good taste—affecting neither
bow ties, temperament nor untucked shirts that look
as if they were fashioned from gaudy upholstery yard-
age. His family life reflects his infectious zest for liv-
ing, his highly developed intellect, his equally well-
developed sense of humor, his well-rounded interests,
an uncommonly logical thinking apparatus and an un-
questionable gift for organizing.

Inevitably, much of Ozzie's wit, wizardry and ver-
satility have rubbed off on the two Nelson kids, David
Ozzie, thirteen, and Eric Hilliard, nine. They are shin-
ing tributes to their famous parents—totally unaf-
fected, unimpressed, irrepressible youngsters.

It was not for nothing that (Continued on page101)
The gay, comfortable, easy-to-keep Allen living room is always ready for entertaining, is never off-bounds for the children.

Caroline, the maid, takes care of the endless detail department. She gets breakfast for the children, Fran takes them to school.

The floor's the best place for a chess game — ask anyone who knows. The green cotton rugs go to the laundry once a month.

When you pay your first visit to Big Town's famous girl reporter, Lorelei, and to Dusty, the photographer's assistant on the same program—who turn out to be, in private life, Mr. and Mrs. Casey Allen—your first impression is that you've never met so delightful a pair of baby sitters!

As you ring the bell of their apartment, you wonder if their home will be done in sophisticated modern style, or in sophisticated traditional—it certainly will be one or the other to match the urbane careers of these outstandingly successful young actors. What you do find immediately drives any such ideas out of your mind, never to return.

The door is opened by a very tall, strikingly handsome man with his white shirt sleeves rolled casually to the elbows. That's Casey. He is nonchalantly carrying a little blonde girl of three on his shoulder. There are modern paintings on the walls of the big foyer, but the articles that catch (Continued on page 94)
a HOME made for CHILDREN

The children's hour finds Casey obliging Kim and Kerry with a reading from one of their favorite storybooks. Fran stays around to hear, too.
July brings with it a couple of holidays other than the day of American Independence, St. Swithin’s day, for instance, falls on the fifteenth. If it rains on the good saint’s day, so they say, it will also rain some part of every single day for forty, count ’em, thereafter. And what do you know—the old Farmer’s Almanac predicts wet weather on the fifteenth. Well, one man’s meat, you know—forty days of showers ought to make the water-shortage areas heave a sigh of relief, so we can’t complain too much . . . Here’s something else to think about: now that July’s here, and now that we’ve finally managed to remember to date things 1950—the year’s half gone!

********

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to Jim, a 12-year-old guest): Who tied your necktie?
Jim: My Dad.
Linkletter: When?
Jim: Two weeks ago—I don’t untie it, ’cause it’s easier to slip it over my head. Can I tell a joke?
Linkletter: You’ve already told one—but tell another.
Jim: Okay—what’s the difference between a teen-age girl and the pastor of a church?
Linkletter: I’ll go along with you—what is the difference?
Jim: The pastor says Amen; the girl says Ah. Men!

********

IT HAPPENED IN—

753, B.C.—Legendary date for the founding of Rome by Romulus, on the seven hills that had been occupied for centuries by Sabines, shepherders . . . 613, B.C.—Nineveh, capital of Assyria, destroyed by the Babylonians . . . 44, B.C.—Julius Caesar assassinated in the Senate, in Rome; his will made his nephew, Gaius Octavian, his successor . . . 449, A.D.—Anglo-Saxons began to migrate from the European continent to Britain, entering at Dover . . . 1000—Leif Erickson’s Norsemen reached Vinland, “land of the grapevines”—variously identified, since, as Labrador, the coast of New England, and Martha’s Vineyard . . . 1513—Juan Ponce De Leon, who’d been with Columbus on one of his voyages, discovered and named Florida; same year, Balboa looked down on the Pacific Ocean from the vantage point of his “peak in Darien” . . . 1692—The delusion of witchcraft was running riot in Salem, Massachusetts; nineteen women were hanged . . . 1835—Fire in New York City (December 16, 17) destroyed 674 buildings . . .
AND SOME-SENSE

READERS OWN VERSE—OR BETTER DEPARTMENT

MODERN MIRACLES

In our refrigerator cold,
If we should find a little mold,
The food is spoiled—a total waste—
We throw it out with greatest haste.
While research workers guard like gold
Their specimens of cultured mold,
From which evolve the "wonder drugs"
That kill infinitesimal bugs!

—Margaret Lutz Smith
Waynesville, Ohio

* * *

François Fenelon, born 1651, said it (and it's as true now as then!): "The more you say, the less people remember!"

* * *

IF YOU'RE A SUNDAY SLEEPY-HEAD—

Don't go to church in Deadville, Alabama.
You might drop off, and you can't sleep through services there—there's a law against it!

READERS' OWN VERSE—OR BETTER DEPARTMENT

PEEK OBJECTIVE

When I receive a greeting card,
No other course suffices
Except to peek upon the back
To find out what the price is.

—Philip Lazarus
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

GOING TO THE DOGS DEPARTMENT

"Dog Days" begin in July—the time when, according to an old—and entirely untrue—superstition, dogs run mad in the streets. To offset that calumny, let's pay tribute to our four-footed friends—by passing the word around about a club with a very exclusive membership—no humans allowed. The club has branches in all the forty-eight states, and for its "dues" of $15.50 a year offers canine members a great deal of attention, including twenty-four-hour medical service the year around, and a foolproof lost and found system based on hidden tattoos. The club was founded by Captain H. Graham Conmar, of Brentwood, California, who reports that the organization "is going to the dogs—we've lost money steadily the past three years, but it's been a lot of fun." Oh, yes—the name of the organization? Strangely enough, "The Dog Club!"

* * *

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to guest, six years old, who's very pudgy): "What do you like to do best?"
Boy: "I like to get skinny instead of fat."
Linkletter: "What does your Daddy do?"
Boy: (with a long, deep sigh of frustration and resignation): "Daddy works at a bakery!"

* * *

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, BORN 1564, SAID IT:

That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

Much Ado About Nothing
Act IV, Scene 1

ANSWERS TO QUICK QUIZ

1. Missouri
2. Montana
3. New Mexico

(1) The capital of Missouri is (a) Independence (b) Jefferson City (c) Kansas City . . . (2) In what state did Custer's Last Stand take place: (a) Idaho (b) North Dakota (c) Montana . . . The 48th state to be admitted to the union was: (a) Arkansas (b) New Mexico (c) Arizona.
Let's Eat OUTDOORS

My family is one that heeds the call of outdoors at every opportunity. Sometimes we pack our gear, hop into the car and drive off into the country. But more often we set up a grill in our own backyard and rough it in style. Then eating becomes an adventure! My "best beau" dons his chef's cap and takes full charge. And I must say he does very well.

Many times as the delicious odors drift by neighbors' noses, we end up with a bring-your-own barbecue party. They come over one by one, offering meat or salad or dessert. We all enjoy these informal get-togethers so much. And, of course, it makes cleaning up easier and more fun. I don't hesitate about placing a pan directly over a fire anymore. Steel wool soap pads do a fast job of removing the black film that collects on the outside.

The backyard barbecue has one great advantage. So much of the preparation can be done in the kitchen. The actual cooking can be done in the cool outside. The house then is kept cool and fresh for the night.

SAVORY THICK HAMBURGERS
Makes 4 servings
Combine very lightly:
1 lb. ground beef
salt and pepper to taste
garlic powder

Divide meat into portions. Shape into patties, handling as little as possible. Place on grill. Cook until done, turning occasionally. Serve on hot buttered buns with a thick slice of Bermuda onion and a slice of tomato on top or serve with Hamburger Sauce.

HAMBURGER SAUCE
Makes 1 cup sauce
Cook in a skillet over low heat until soft:
4 tablespoons fat
2 medium onions, sliced thin
1 small green pepper, chopped

Add:
1/2 cup chopped celery
2 (8 oz.) cans tomato sauce
salt and pepper to taste

Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until thickened. Use 1 tablespoon on each hamburger bun.

SOUR CREAM POTATO SALAD
Makes 4-6 servings
Combine:
1/2 cup sour cream
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon chopped chives
2 slices bacon, diced and fried

Add to:
3 cups cold cooked potatoes, diced

Mix only enough to moisten.

BARBECUED FRANKFURTERS
Makes 4 servings
Cook over low heat until soft:
6 tablespoons fat
2 onions, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped

Add:
2 (8 oz.) cans tomato sauce
3 frankfurters

Continue cooking 10 minutes longer stirring occasionally. This can be cooked in your kitchen or in a pan right on your grill.

SHISH KEBAB
Makes 6 servings
Trim fat and bone from:
2 lbs. lamb leg or shoulder

Cut into 1" cubes:
meat
onion
tomato

Combine:
2 tablespoons lemon juice

(Continued on page 77)
The old minister, Mr. Carfrae, welcomes the new one, Gavin Dishart, tells of bad times in Thrums.

Joe Cruickshanks and Rob Dow hide in the woods to sound a warning horn when soldiers are near.

Babbie meets the little minister by chance and tricks him into blowing the mighty warning blast.

Translated to TV, Mr. Barrie’s beloved novel loses none of its original charm.

If ever you sat curled up with a copy of James M. Barrie’s The Little Minister, sighing over his romance with Babbie, the bewitching gypsy, you had a chance to watch it brought to life recently when Ford Theatre did a one-hour adaptation over CBS-TV. Here was the serious young divine, played beautifully by Tom Drake of the movies, struggling with a love his congregation frowned upon, only to learn at last that the girl he wouldn’t give up was in reality a titled lady. As Babbie, the gypsy girl, who is eventually revealed as Lady Barbara Rintoul, Frances Reid gave a delightfully vibrant performance. Ably acted, and directed with a fresh, deft touch by Marc Daniels, the TV adaptation of the Barrie love story was a tender delight to the eye and heart.

Ford Theatre is telecast on alternate Fridays at 9:00 P.M. EDT on CBS-TV. Sponsored by the Ford Motor Company.
Babbie's secret is out. The minister faces Lady Barbara, her father Lord Rintoul, and her fiancé Captain Halliwell, discovers he has fallen in love with a great lady instead of a gypsy. "I won't marry anyone but him," she insists.

The elders find the poetry the minister has written to Babbie. "Her boy am I," they snort!

The key to the manse is withheld from Gavin and Babbie, restored when they discover she is titled.
Rehearsals continue on-stage, but here in the orchestra attention centers on Ken Murray, giving last briefing to guest-star Johnny Weissmuller. Recognize Jack Mulhall of the movies down front.

Miriam Hopkins tests banter with Ken, who gets thru rehearsal with a minimum of aspirin.

What goes into a four star video production?
Hard work and headaches—and plenty of fun

It may be your dinnertime, but on the Ken Murray Show it's just late Saturday afternoon and time for dress rehearsal for the evening show. Somebody yells "Quiet," somebody else echoes it, and off in the rear of the orchestra a third "Quiet" shatters the silence. You smile indulgently at the vagaries of television, but you realize this is serious business and concentration is essential. The big boss and emcee of the show, Ken Murray, seems to be everywhere at once, excited but good-humored. Oswald, whose real name is Tony Labriola, goes through his dialogue with Ken. Darla Hood does a number with The Enchanters, former choir group. One of the quartette is Bob Decker, her husband. Guest stars do their skits, commercials get fitted in, the music rises and falls, comes to a close. Another big musical-variety is ready for the network.
Watch those camera angles and lights, and check that sound. It's dress rehearsal, and last chance to polish.

The fellows who work backstage are as important as any you see. Scene and prop shifts are timed to seconds.

Choreographer Virginia Johnson helps a dance team put those final touches on the big finale of their act.

The fellow on whose shoulders the whole show rests, Ken Murray, talks it over with conductor David Broekman.

Darla Hood, graduate of "Our Gang" comedies, and Tony Labriola, known as Oswald, grin approval of a scene.

A gag to amuse fellow actors. The lady, of course, is wax. The man, that much-alive singing comic Joe Wong.

The Ken Murray show is telecast on alternate Saturdays at 8:00 P.M. EDT, on CBS-TV. Sponsored by Budweiser Beer.
Sleuth every night and
twice on Fridays! That's the
present career of Ralph Bellamy of
CBS-TV's Man Against Crime

Maybe you think you're busy. Well, then, consider Ralph Bellamy, an actor you've seen in many movies, on the stage and on TV. Six nights and two matinees a week he dominates the stage of the Hudson Theatre in New York as the star of "Detective Story," playing Detective McLeod with a realism made possible only by long, intensive study of police methods, in preparation for the role. Every Friday night the theater curtain is held twenty minutes while Bellamy races across town from CBS television studios after completing a half-hour broadcast of Man Against Crime, in which he stars as Detective Mike Barnett. Program is heard Fridays, 8:30 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV network, and is sponsored by Camel Cigarettes.
2. TV rehearsals start two hours before his Saturday matinee. First readings are without props. With director Paul Nickell, Bellamy discusses dialogue, scenes, helps tighten lines and situations.

3. Day of rest? Just Sunday at the Bellamys'. Mrs. B cues Ralph while he concentrates on memorizing lines and blocks out action for detective Mike Barnett's next adventure in crime solution.

5. Barnett on the air! By this time the cast on the opposite page (Duley Jordan, Bellamy, Betty Furness, Maurice Burke, cued by assistant producer Spafford) have rehearsed total of twenty-four hours.

6. Completing the circuit. No longer Mike Barnett, not yet made up as Detective McLeod, Bellamy himself strides past the delayed curtain sign at the theater. But it's Friday, time for another TV script.
Big Sister, with Grace Matthews as Ruth Wayne, is heard at 1:00 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri. over CBS. Sponsored by Ivory Soap.
Dr. Kenneth Morgan came, a while ago, to Glen Falls. A sensitive, nervous, heartbroken man, he was seeking refuge from a life which had hurt him deeply, seeking an occupation which would keep him from thinking about himself. He found that refuge with Dr. Reed Bannister and Dr. John Wayne, at Health Centre in Glen Falls. And, more important, he found himself again—became once more the doctor and the man he was meant to be—through the kindness, understanding and wisdom of Ruth Wayne, Big Sister. Here, for the first time in fiction form, Radio Mirror presents Dr. Morgan's own story of his search for peace of mind, peace of heart.

Every now and then, when I get a minute, I pull up and say to myself—Well, Morgan, how goes it? Think you'll ever grow up and quit being the guy with the broken torch, the only fellow in the world who ever made a mistake about a woman?

And the answer to that is—Sure! I'm not worried any more. I know how to avoid making that mistake again. Just avoid women.

The funny thing is, I'm not really as adolescent as all that. I'm known in some places as a pretty bright guy—even a pretty good doctor. Reed Bannister seems to think so, and maybe even John Wayne, who didn't like me much at first, is changing his mind. And not only that—I'm even conscious that there are plenty of women in the world it might be worthwhile to be on speaking terms with. Ruth Wayne, John's wife, for instance—that's an understatement for what I've learned about her strength and honesty give her a general Class A rating for character. And there are others. My common sense tells me so. There must be; the world goes on and nobody yet has murdered all the women in it. So maybe, in time, I'll get more normal about the whole thing... I may get so some day I don't even remember that there's such a woman as Carol Dana in the world.

Wait a minute—what have I said! There isn't any such woman already! There's a slim, long-legged, white-skinned, black-haired creature called Mrs. Luther Blaine. But that's no woman. Not if, by woman, you mean a decent, honorable human being with a soul and a heart and a capacity for loving. Mrs. Luther hasn't been blessed with a thimble-full of any of those. She's just an effigy of a woman—a puppet who moves around when certain strings are pulled. I never did find out just how to work those strings. I knew there was one that was very important—one you pulled by saying over and over, "Carol, you're so lovely, so lovely, so lovely." You get a dandy response to that—a slight, compassionate smile that looked like all the tenderness in the world, and one of those looks from the corners of her eyes.

But more important even than that string was the one I never did get to at all—the one that reacts to the words, "Carol, dear, here's a necklace of matched pearls—a mink stole—a check for twenty thousand." How could I say that? It would have been a bad joke, coming from me, a young doctor just starting out. But coming from Luther Blaine, with his little fat body and his big fat advertising-agency salary, it was no joke. You never saw a puppet move as fast as Carol did when Luther twitched that string.

I can't hold it against myself that I didn't see the light right from the beginning. Who was thinking about money, back in New York in the days when I first met Carol? The men who'd been in the war were concentrating on making up for lost time, building the good life, having fun. Oh, granted, that takes some money, but most of us had managed to save that much out of our service salaries. And the girls I knew gave me the impression that they all felt the same way—they wanted to enjoy life a while before the post-war world maybe turned out to be kind of a dull place after all.

Anyway, inasmuch as (Continued on page 86)

The end of a love affair, no matter how devastating, is not necessarily the end of life. Ken found this out, but it took two different women to help him do it
AUNT JENNY

Aunt Jenny's most recent story is about twenty-five-year-old Jean Barker, whose romantic dreams about life prevent her from facing it as it really is. Jean cannot find the right young man. The ones who want her, like Gus, are never quite good enough—and the others are usually married. Jean misunderstands the friendly interest of her attractive boss, Larry Emory, and is brought rudely to earth when he tells her sharply that he is a happily married man, and that she is making a fool of herself. It's a hard blow, and Jean suffers over it. But fortunately, it changes her viewpoint on Gus, and saves her from making a tragic mistake.

BACKSTAGE

Rupert Barlow's plan to go to Bermuda at the same time as Mary Noble is upset when the illness of Larry Jr. keeps Mary at home. Julia Dixon, Barlow's secretary, goes instead—glad of the chance to have Barlow to herself. During Barlow's absence, mysterious Claudia Vincent settles herself at his estate, and when he returns makes the violent accusation that he swindled and caused the death of her mother, and owes her, Claudia, some reparation for this. But Claudia is attracted by Larry Noble. Barlow, realizing this, senses that it may prove useful to him in the subtle campaign which he is still waging to break up the happy marriage of Mary and Larry?

BRIGHTER DAY

Of all places for Liz Dennis, quiet, shy young minister's daughter, to find herself... Hollywood! It happens when Grayling Dennis submits pictures of all his sisters to a Hollywood contest—and Althea wins. Fortunately the oldest Dennis daughter, Marcia, lives in Hollywood with her husband, Ben Batterbury, accountant at the great Acme Pictures studios. So it's safe for Althea to trot to the Coast to break her story for a movie career. And Liz, more flustered than she'll admit, goes along. Liz may well be excited... for there's a very interesting relationship waiting for her when she meets Nathan Eldridge, the dynamic young producing genius of Acme.

DAVID HARUM

David Harum has become worried lately over the affairs of Lorraine Simmons, a major depositor with the Homerville Bank of which David is president. Lorraine's niece, Kate, in love with Bud Carson, is being pursued by charming Richard Langdon, a distant relative of the Simmons family. Richard has elements in his personality about which Kate knows nothing. Though Kate does not realize that Richard's aim is her money, she is troubled by something about him. She has a recurring dream of death. Her dream comes horribly true when Richard himself is murdered. David starts an investigation—and succeeds in exposing the killer.

BIG SISTER

The crafty millionaire, Parker, obsessed with the desire to revenge himself on Ruth Wayne, whose distrust of him he fully appreciates, has now arranged the perfect plan to cause suffering and even tragedy in Ruth's family. Ruth's brother Neddie, on the verge of financial ruin, and Hope, Neddie's wife, who wants only to help her husband, accept help from Parker because he makes what appears to be an advantageous proposition. Though Ruth warns them against involvement with Parker, Neddie and Hope cannot understand why she is so suspicious—nor will they until the sadistic Parker, having coaxed them into his power, springs the waiting trap.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

David Farrell, star reporter on the New York Daily Eagle, is assigned to cover the murder of a circus acrobat who is found dead near Madison Square Garden, where the circus performs when it is in New York City. David's investigations break the case, leading police to the fantastic, but true solution... and they have another very important result. During his examination of the body, he had a chance to make certain that the man had been shot with a "zip-gun," and the publicity which he and his paper gave to this circumstance helped arouse both the authorities and the citizens of the city to the hidden danger of these home-made weapons.

DAYTIME DIARY
Here's your Radio Mirror guide to daytime drama—information on plot, characters, time and station:

**GUIDING LIGHT**
Charlotte Brandon, recovering from a mental and physical breakdown, faces a new problem as her husband Ray, believing he has failed her in a crucial time, tells her it will be best for her if he goes away. Meanwhile Meta Bauer White, mother of little Chuckle, who was once the adopted child of the Brandons, but who has not made a fatal error in marrying millionaire Ted White, Chuckle's father. Her family, already upset by the intriguing of Benka, young Bill Bauer's wife, is further upset by a cable from Meta, saying she is returning with Chuckle, but without Ted! The return of Chuckle to Selby Flats has a strange, unexpected effect.

Ray Brandon heard on CBS 1:45 P.M. EDT

Julie Paterno and her husband, Michael once had splendid plans for their marriage. Julie still doesn't fully understand how those plans can have failed so completely ... but the fact does remain that she knows now that for happiness she will have to look elsewhere. Fortunately, Julie has a job which she loves—supervisor of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House. As guide, friend and proxy-mother to the lovable group of children which Hilltop shelters, Julie can still find stimulation and satisfaction. But she is a young, attractive woman ... a fact of which Hilltop's visiting doctor, Dr. Jeff Browning, is very much aware.

Julie heard on CBS 5:15 P.M. EDT

**LORENZO JONES**
Lorenzo, the mechanic who would rather be an inventor, is well on his way with plans for his "escalator oven" when real tragedy strikes. The plans are stolen, and his prized workshop burns down. This really plunges Lorenzo into a hole, for when he tries to get a loan from the local bank he is turned down. But he is unbowed, Lorenzo decides to turn his experiences to advantage, and write a mystery story involving a bank robbery. He has fun working out the details of the robbery. But what in the world will happen to Lorenzo now—now that the bank has really been robbed by the exact method which he created in his story? Who took advantage of Lorenzo's plan?

Sandy Matson heard on NBC 4:30 P.M. EDT

**HILLTOP HOUSE**
Julie Paterno and her husband, Michael once had splendid plans for their marriage. Julie still doesn't fully understand how those plans can have failed so completely ... but the fact does remain that she knows now that for happiness she will have to look elsewhere. Fortunately, Julie has a job which she loves—supervisor of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House. As guide, friend and proxy-mother to the lovable group of children which Hilltop shelters, Julie can still find stimulation and satisfaction. But she is a young, attractive woman ... a fact of which Hilltop's visiting doctor, Dr. Jeff Browning, is very much aware.

Evey Fitz heard on CBS 1:15 P.M. EDT

**MA PERKINS**
Shuffle Shoher, Ma's dearest, oldest companion, is in terrible danger. Ma's conserving cousin, Ed Hammacher, is determined to oust Shuffle from his confidential job at Ma's lumber yard and take it over himself. In spite of Ma's loyal defense of Shuffle, the war of nerves conducted by Ed and his son Sylvester begins to take effect, particularly when the Hammachers learn that once, long ago, Shuffle was in some kind of serious trouble. Eventually, after a scene, Shuffle does quit. He goes to Middleboro to run Mr. Boswell's lumber yard there, leaving town together with Marietta, the girl Sylvester deserted. Has Ed really succeeded in ruining Shuffle's life?

Vernon Dutell heard on CBS 3 P.M. EDT

**NONA FROM NOWHERE**
Just as beautiful Nona Brady was embarking on a movie career, her beloved foster father, Pat Brady, was jailed on a charge of having murdered producer Emery Monac. To help Daddy Pat prove his innocence, Nona temporarily puts aside all thought of her career and tries to help Pat's lawyer, the eminent Ward Trevor, build a case in Pat's defense. The weight of circumstantial evidence against Pat is overwhelming until Nona discovers a record of a conversation which has an important bearing on the case. But before she can get this evidence to Ward Trevor, the records are switched and the one that can save Pat disappears. Can Ward prove Pat's innocence?

Kerry Donovan heard on NBC 5:30 P.M. EDT

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL**
Chi Chi Conrad, Papa David's protegee, has no lack of courage, but this time even she wonders if she was wise to become companion to rich Victoria Vandenbush. Not only are Miss Victoria's nephew Paul and his wife Christy impatient to get their hands on her money—now the situation is complicated by ingratiating Jim Swanson. The very fact that Jim is alive has already caused plenty of trouble, for he was missing long enough to be declared legally dead, and for his "widow," Alice Swanson, to marry Chi Chi's friend Douglas Norman. Then suddenly, Jim returned. It's obvious he wants money. Can he get it from Victoria Vandenbush?

Toby Nelson heard on NBC 3 P.M. EDT

**RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS**
OUR GAL SUNDAY

Tragedy struck at Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthopie, when their son Dicky was hit by a car which immediately drove off. Now that it seems certain Dicky will die, Lord Henry has turned his attention to finding out who drove the hit-run car. Sunday tricks a man named Tippy Rogers into admitting that the car was being driven by him. With him at the time was platinum-haired Gale Kenyon, sister of Norma Kenyon, the fiancée of Sir Malcolm Spencer. When Norma learns about Gale, she insists on an immediate wedding, hoping that as Sir Malcolm’s wife she can help Gale avoid the scandal sure to follow Rogers’ confession.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY

It’s very unusual for Ivy Trent, Carter’s wealthy, domineering mother, to find herself balked, but her secretary, Ginny Taylor, is doing it now. About to consent to becoming Mrs. Trent’s heir by signing adoption papers, Ginny learns that the recent coldness toward her of young pilot Jerry Feldman is due not to his falling out of love but to his reluctance to deprive her of Mrs. Trent’s fortune. Instantly Ginny halts the adoption proceedings. But meanwhile Ed Hoyt’s pathetic faith that somewhere in South America she will find her missing husband, Andy, has taken her and Jerry down there on a trip that he is sure can only end in disappointment.

PERRY MASON

As Allyn Whitlock goes on trial for the murder of blackmail artist Wilfred Palmer, her powerful boy friend, Walter Badt, marshall’s his underworld kingdom to help her. But Walter’s attention is divided by trouble within his rank—difficulty created by his lieutenant, Mac, and the trade in marijuana cigarettes which Mac cannot bring himself to give up. Walter has ordered it curtailed because it has become too dangerous. Is this the “business” in which Audrey Beekman’s husband, Ed, is suddenly making more money than ever before? And if Audrey can prove her suspicions, will she take the information to Perry Mason?

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Just as Walter Manning seemed at last to be getting back on his professional feet, as managing editor of Ralph Staley’s newspaper, all of Parkerstown becomes an armed camp over the accusation of workmen in Staley’s lumber mill that, because insufficient health precautions were taken, several of them have contracted serious lead poisoning. Since no lawyer in town will take the workmen’s case, it looks as though Portia, a brilliant lawyer, may give up her retirement temporarily to conduct their fight. This news to her marriage to Walter — already threatened by the fact that Walter’s brother, Christopher, is secretly in love with Portia!

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

When the courts awarded custody of her son, Skippy, to her divorced husband, Dwight Kramer, Carol Kramer would have lost hope if she and her fiancé, Miles Nelson, were not certain that Dwight won the suit with evidence faked by his lawyer, Arnold Kirk. Miles, who is running for governor, promises to go after this evidence, which consists of some dictaphone records, as soon as his campaign ends. But while he is away on a tour, Carolyn learns of Dwight’s plan to move to Chicago with Skippy, and makes a desperate attempt to get the records herself. She is caught by Kirk, who cleverly uses the incident to block her character still further.

ROAD OF LIFE

Dr. Jim Brent, anxious to put behind him the disturbing events of the recent past, throws himself into his experimental work at Wheelock Hospital in Merrimac, Pa., into the care of his motherless daughter, Janey, and into a new interest in a lovely young girl named Jocelyn McLeod, who has recently come to Merrimac to stay with the Overtons. Jim’s interest, at first professional, for Jocelyn is suffering from a peculiar disease, turns rapidly personal — and then he realizes there is little hope of her recovery. Beginning a fight to save Jocelyn’s life, Jim is puzzled by the hostility of Reid Overton toward this defenseless girl.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Almost on the eve of her marriage to Giff Whitney, Helen is horrified when a woman named Betty Mallory suddenly appears in Hollywood and names Giff as her missing husband, father of her little daughter. When Giff is strangely unable to deny to her face the woman’s accusation, Helen miserably drops all marriage plans and tries to continue her exciting job as a top gown designer at the new Jeff Braddy Motion Picture Studio. Betty Mallory’s claim appears well-supported, but Helen is wise not to lose hope — for Cynthia Swanson is mixed up somewhere in the situation. And where is Cynthia? Helen is, trouble is sure to appear for Helen.

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Just as Walter Manning seemed at last to be getting back on his professional feet, as managing editor of Ralph Staley’s newspaper, all of Parkerstown becomes an armed camp over the accusation of workmen in Staley’s lumber mill that, because insufficient health precautions were taken, several of them have contracted serious lead poisoning. Since no lawyer in town will take the workmen’s case, it looks as though Portia, a brilliant lawyer, may give up her retirement temporarily to conduct their fight. This news to her marriage to Walter — already threatened by the fact that Walter’s brother, Christopher, is secretly in love with Portia!

ROSEMARY

Will the day come when Rosemary, wife of Bill Roberts, will actually regret the wonderful job that seemed such an opportunity for Bill? The job that brought them to New York? When Rosemary goes back to Springdale to visit her family, Bill becomes friendly with exciting Blanche Weatherby, his boss’s divorcée daughter. Blanche, Bill tells himself, is lonesome, poor girl — but he realizes in his heart that her pursuit of him is not due entirely to loneliness, and what is worse, he knows he likes it. What happens when Blanche learns that Bill and Blanche are being seen here and there around town?

DAYTIME DIARY—
SECOND MRS. BURTON

In Europe with her husband Stan and their daughter Wendy on what pretends to be a business trip, Terry Burton does not know that the true purpose of their trip is a secret mission Stan has undertaken for the government. Stan, in hourly agony because he knows now that foreign agents are on his trail who will spare neither him nor his family, is suspicious even of the breezy Miss Davis, a writer of textbooks whom Terry meets while waiting in a post-office line. Learning that Miss Davis is broke, Terry hires her to act as baby-sitter for Wendy. Is the talkative American merely what she seems to be—or is there basis for Stan's watchfulness? 

STELLA DALLAS

The girl who called herself Iris Devin, and passed herself off as Minnie Grady's niece, has been unmasked—much to Stella's relief, for she never liked or trusted her. Jenny, the young girl befriended by Stella and her daughter Laurel, is the true Iris Devin. Now on unusual drama of hate and a strange loyalty come into Stella's life, when what was Miss Lenox's sister-in-law of Laurel's mother-in-law, aristocratic Mrs. Grosvenor. Stella, sensing at once that there has been a tragedy in Mrs. Lenox's past, is astonished when she learns the truth. And when Mrs. Lenox's daughter Marla falls in love, the situation is further complicated.

WENDY WARREN

The death of Dorothy Chaffee, officially listed as suicide, might have passed as such forever except for one thing—to newspaperwoman Wendy Warren, her friend Dorothy, shortly before her death, confided on incident which threw a peculiar light on the activities of Peter Wotton, Dorothy's boss, with whom she was hopelessly in love. Wendy and her managing editor, Don Smith, with the help of Rusty Doyle, begin a campaign which gives them proof that Wotton is engaged in illegal drug traffic—and that Dorothy, learning this, died. After Wotton's confession, Wendy and Don dedicate themselves to eradicating the menace of drugs.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

Joan Davis, still in the hospital with a bullet wound in her spine, is supposed to be on the way to recovery. Her husband Harry is elated, not knowing what Joan and her doctors know—that she may never walk again. A dangerous operation is her only hope. Harry is not told the nature of the operation, which is fortunate—because she will never recover. Tragically, the child Joan is expecting is stillborn as a result of the shock of the operation. Joan and Harry have been through many trying times together. Always before, their great mutual love has brought them triumphantly through. Will it give them the strength they need now?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Young Tom Morley, his whole mind shaken by the proof which Charles Dobbs and Nora have given him of his dead father's dishonest character, is finally accepted as a patient by the psychiatrist, Dr. Seargeant, whose legal affairs Charles' firm is handling. But apparently the doctor himself is in trouble, for to mysterious, lovely Vivian Jarrett, he turns over all the money he can lay hands on. Meanwhile, Charles presses Nora to marry him at once—and Nora unexpectedly hesitates. Is Charles becoming too money-hungry? And who is writing Nora the strange, compelling love letters which she has begun to receive...unsigned?

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

Ever since Dr. Jerry Malone went to New York to work, and came under the influence of Lucia Standish, his life has been confused. Not only does his marriage to Anne seem definitely to have broken up, but he has lost the love of their daughter, Jill. He finds this out when he makes a quick trip to Three Oaks to bring Jill back to New York for an exciting visit—and Jill refuses to go, or even to see him. Returning with Lucia, Jerry's eyes begin to open to Lucia's fanatical drive to dominate his life when she tells him she took it upon herself to tell Anne that he wanted a divorce! Is Jerry at last beginning to see that wealthy Lucia intends to own him?

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Madame Sophie, the French peasant woman who has made herself one of New York's most renowned and exclusive designers, is used to facing down angry people—for she has a passion for trying to set right the lives of others and this, strangely, very often makes them angry. But seldom has she faced such fury as John Bancroft's when he learns that his headstrong daughter, Wendy, has eloped with the man he forbade her to see, Stephen Brent. Despite Madame Sophie's horrified efforts to prevent him, Bancroft notifies the police to pick up the couple for car-stealing. Wendy is wounded when they attempt to outrage the police.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Louise Hancock, an old friend of Ellen's, now the wife of Alex Simpson, is made the pawn in a dangerous game which her brother-in-law's fiancée, Madeleine Harper, is playing to win Alex. Madeleine convinces Alex that Louise has always been in love with Dr. Anthony Loring, the man to whom Ellen is engaged and whom she plans to marry as soon as circumstances permit. Anthony, says Madeleine, arranged the marriage between Louise and Alex to rid himself of Louise. Alex, exercising his power over both Louise and Anthony, insists that Louise divorce him and marry Anthony or else he, Alex, will see that Anthony loses his appointment at the hospital.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

69
Dear Reader-Listener:

A new research system has been set up in order to insure there being more up-to-the-minute information in Inside Radio than ever before. This new system will enable time, program and station changes to be made as late as the tenth of the month before Radio Mirror goes on the newsstands. Some changes, of course, will be received too late to include but on the whole you'll find the Inside Radio listing a precise guide to what's on the dial.

The Editors.

J. ANTHONY SMYTHE.—a bachelor, he has played Father Bourgh in One Man's Family (MP-7 P.M. EDT, NBC) for the past eighteen years.
**TUESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Margaret Arlen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Red Foley &amp; Co.</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>Miltas Goos A Shopping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>It's a Mystery Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Nancy</td>
<td>Bob Crosby</td>
<td>12:00 Carol Douglas</td>
<td>Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>Harry Harvey</td>
<td>1:00 Vincent Lopez</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine</td>
<td>1:15 Dr. Nancy Craig</td>
<td>George Hicks</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Art Van Damme</td>
<td>Checkerdome Jamboree</td>
<td>Checkerdome Jamboree</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Queen As a Flash</td>
<td>Grand Slam</td>
<td>Grand Slam</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
<td>Bob Manes</td>
<td>Nona From Nowhere</td>
<td>3:00 Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Dave Garway</td>
<td>Old Time Radio</td>
<td>Old Time Radio</td>
<td>3:15 Robert Murray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
<td>Beautiful Life</td>
<td>Beautiful Life</td>
<td>3:30 Pepper Young</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>David Harum</td>
<td>Vanity Fair</td>
<td>Vanity Fair</td>
<td>3:45 Strike It Rich</td>
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</tbody>
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**AFRTERNOON PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Echoes From the Tropics</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>George Hicks</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Art Van Damme</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Game of the Day</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Light of the World</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>Bob Poole</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>Queen For a Day</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Read of Life</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>Pepper Young</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>Right to Happiness</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
<td>Lorenzo Jones</td>
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<td>4:45</td>
<td>Young Widdler Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
<td>Pertus Oakes Life</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bob Warren</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Glen McCarthy</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Sketches In Melody</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Irving Field's Trio</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Richard Harkness</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Cavalcade of America</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Starlight Concert</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Bob Hope Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>King's Men</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Big Town</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>People Are Funny</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**WILLIAM WATERMAN—Mr. MERRYWEATHER in NBC's Halls of Ivy (Wed. 8 P.M. EDT) started out to be an engineer but throughout high school dabbled in dramatics. In his spare time he sang on the air with a church choir. At college, outside activities interfered with his studies. When it was suggested he quit school, he agreed. Since then he has been so busy in radio he has had only one ten-day vacation in nine years.**
SATURDAY

A.M. NBC MBS ABC CBS

9:00 Mind Your Manners Local Programs No School Today This Is New York
9:15 Coffee in Washington
9:30
9:45

10:00 Fred Waring Show Local Programs Galen Drake
10:15 Mary Lee Taylor Helen Hall Garden Gate
10:30
10:45

11:00 Lasalle Joe Franklin's Records and Rehearsals
11:15 Stamp Club Let's Pretend
11:30 Archie Andrews Joe Franklin's Records and Rehearsals

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 News Man on the Farm 101 Ranch Boys Theatre of Today
12:15 Public Affair Joseph McQuillen American Farmer Grand Central Station
12:30 Luncheon With Louis Dance Music Juneau Hour Stars Over Hollywood Give and Take
12:45 National Farm Home Joseph McCaffrey Vanderbilt Valley Barn Dance
1:00 Summer Show Jerry & Sky Kids Navy Hour
1:15
1:20
1:30
1:45

2:00 Recovery Story Game of the Day* Let's Go To The Opera* Get More Out of Life
2:15 Singing Men Bands For Bands
2:30 Pioneers of Music Dance Orchestra
3:00
3:15
3:30

4:00 Living, 1850 Dann on Discs Recorded Music Racing News
4:15 Marinette at the Meadowbrook Concert Band
4:30 Voices and Events in Cross Section U. S. A.
5:00 Summer Show True or False Radio Harris Music
5:30 Hollywood Gossip Tea and Trumpets Club Time
6:00
6:15
6:45

EVENING PROGRAMS

8:00 Bob Warren Music Albert Warner News
8:15 Religion in the News
8:30 Summer Concert Al Hefler Preston Sellers
8:45
9:00 Joe DiMaggio Hawaii Calls Summer Show
9:15
9:30
9:45

10:00 Judy Canova Theatre of the Air Sing It Again
10:15
10:30 Grand Ole Opry

* Heard in southern west-central states

TELEVISION HIGHLIGHTS

Here, spotlighted for you, are some of the most popular and entertaining network shows on television. Eastern daylight savings time is given in all cases and you may merely have to make a time adjustment if you live in a different time zone. However, many city stations broadcast transcribed films of the original telecast—so play safe and check your local TV station for the correct time.

SUNDAY

5:00 P.M. Super Circus 7:30 P.M. This is Show Business
5:30 P.M. Hoppalang Cassidy 8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town
7:00 P.M. Whiteman's Revue 9:00 P.M. Philco Playhouse
7:30 P.M. Aldrich Family 10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time

MONDAY

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody 8:30 P.M. Godfrey Talent Scouts
7:00 P.M. Captain Video 9:00 P.M. Lights Out
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie 9:00 P.M. Candid Camera
8:00 P.M. Silver Theater 9:30 P.M. The Goldbergs
8:00 P.M. Television Theater 9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery
11:00 P.M. Studio One

TUESDAY

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody 9:30 P.M. Fireside Theatre
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie 10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour
8:00 P.M. Milton Berle

WEDNESDAY

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody 9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie 10:00 P.M. Break the Bank
8:00 P.M. Arthur Godfrey 10:00 P.M. Boxing

THURSDAY

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody 9:00 P.M. Kay Kyser
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie 9:00 P.M. Merck Amsterdam
7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger 9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show
8:00 P.M. Stop the Music 9:30 P.M. Wayne King
8:30 P.M. Inside U.S.A. 10:00 P.M. Martin Kane
10:00 P.M. Roller Derby

FRIDAY

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody 8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie 9:00 P.M. Bonny Maid Varieties
8:00 P.M. Mama 9:30 P.M. Big Sister
10:00 P.M. Calavasde of Sports

SATURDAY

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test 9:00 P.M. Calavasde of Stars
8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show 9:00 P.M. Ed Wynn Show

FRANK LUTHER — specialist in children's programs and records, whose NBC show is heard Sat. at 8:30 A.M. EDT, was born on a Kansas cattle ranch in 1907. A pianist since he was five, Frank worked the Chautauqua circuit as a singer and pianist when he was only thirteen. He later toured with Will Rogers in the principal cities of the U.S. In seven years he made 2000 records and aired more than 1800 network shows.
A vacation is a must." That's what Carol Lane, travel director for the Shell Oil Company, told us when she visited my family and me as a Family Counselor.

Carol, who has recently completed an extensive tour of the United States perusing vacation spots, feels that any time is vacation time. As an example, Carol pointed out that in New England, you can enjoy all four seasons. "Some people," she said, "like to be on hand to watch nature make its annual debut, and enjoy the spring air, while others want to take it easy and see the leaves turn in the fall. One important advantage in traveling off season," Carol added, "is that you miss the crowds, and oftentimes it's cheaper."

"When you think of Florida," Carol remarked, "the first thing that comes to mind is the winter season. But you can have a lot of fun in Florida in the summer, too, have the same things to do, and do them a whole lot cheaper."

"From my own experience," Carol said, "I've found that more and more Americans are becoming interested in the sensible rather than the fashionable thing to do."

I asked Carol what she thought a family should do if they find it impossible to get away for a one or two week vacation, and she told us that it's not only important, but possible for everyone to take a vacation—even if it's a short one. "Inasmuch as it's becoming a common practice for firms to shut down from Fridays to Monday, this gives us weekends all around the calendar for short automobile trips."

I was interested to know that the Shell Oil Company had developed an idea which they call the tourette. The tourette calls for taking a road map that shows all historical and unusual points of interest, and drawing a 200-mile circle on it, with your own home town in the center. Then proceed to make up a series of trips that will take in as many of these spots as possible within the circle.

As Carol emphasized, "Don't worry about seeing everything on one trip, because you know you can go back again. These trips can be taken at any time of the year, and what is so much fun about them is that you'll discover places you never knew existed right in your own back yard."

"Any time is vacation time," travel director Carol Lane told Terry and her CBS listeners.
MARTIN KARL
(Continued from page 46)
there he sang in musicals, the A Capella Choir, and studied with a voice teacher. This culminated in his winning the All Chicago Vocal Contest. Martin chose a general school scholarship—to Morgan Park Junior College in Chicago, where he stayed for six months before he had to quit and go to work. While working during the day as a shipping clerk and demonstrator for a handicraft company, Martin sang with an opera company in Chicago at night.
By 1942, Martin had married Alma Bedrit, a mezzo soprano with the Opera Company. In September of that year, he enlisted in the Coast Guard and was sent to Manhattan Beach for boot training. He sang in some of the Coast Guard musical functions and in the Coast Guard chorus until the Mariners were formed.
Martin and his wife live in Beechhurst, Queens, with their three children, Karl Martin, Robin and Alming Ann. Karl, who likes tennis when he has time for sports (which isn’t often), still studies regularly and has a repertoire of fifteen grand operas. His wife, who also studies music, plans to resume her career when the children are older.
The Karls’ recreation is musical, too—they attend most of the serious musical functions and as a hobby collect old operatic scores and histories. Martin is building a library of books on opera.
Having achieved his ambition of making a living as a professional singer, Martin hopes some day to do concerts and, possibly, an operatic lead.

JAMES LEWIS
(Continued from page 46)
Lewis, who’s been performing in public since the age of three, being called on to sing suddenly is no situation at which to bat an eyelash.
Born in Birmingham, Alabama, thirty-one years ago, James began singing in kiddie revues at the above-mentioned tender age. While in high school, he was leader of the orchestra as well as singer with it. James continued his musical interests at Talladega College and graduated from there in 1938 with a degree in sociology, a subject he took in preparation for a law career.
James came to New York in the summer of ’38 to get a job before starting law school. Dishwashing jobs were the best he could do until he auditioned for and finally got a job in “The Hot Mikado” (chorus). Forgetting his law, he continued studying voice and in 1940 organized a quartet, “The Sophisti-chords.” When they broke up, James soloed for CBS and they signed him as a staff singer. In 1942, he enlisted in the Coast Guard, was stationed in Manhattan Beach, where he met the Mariners.
James and his wife, Janice Brooks, whom he married in November, 1948, live in a Manhattan apartment. James is a golfer when he has the time, and his more passive hobby is collecting records, especially very old classical recordings.
He hopes his future is with the Mariners—he likes them and he likes working with Godfrey. Maybe someday he’ll go back to solo work, but right now he’s too happy.

“How does she do it?"

“Doesn’t matter how many times a day I need it,
Mother always has a ‘change’ ready... I don’t know how she does it!”

Your Mother’s a smart woman, Baby. She washes your diapers with Improved Fels-Naptha Soap. You can thank Fels-Naptha for getting all your things so clean and sweet it makes you feel good, just to put ’em on. And there’s so much EXTRA washing help in Fels-Naptha, it’s easy to have fresh clothes ready whenever you need them.

Mother — Remember This:
ONLY IMPROVED FELS-NAPTHA GIVES YOU THESE THREE WASHING ADVANTAGES:
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2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. Finer ‘Sunshine’ ingredients that get white things whiter than new — and make washable colors radiantly bright.

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City, Zone & State

SAVE MORE. Enclose payment with this coupon and we will pay all postage. Some examination and return privilege; refund guaranteed.

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TOM LOCKARD

(Continued from page 46)

developed at the expense of a cook. Singing, however, seems to be the career for which Tom was destined. Born in Baltimore, brought up in Brooklyn, Tom went to college in California at Pasadena, and UCLA, where he majored in music. He had to leave school temporarily and take a job as shipping clerk for a mail order plant, and it was then that he started studying at night. Later on, when he went back to UCLA, Tom worked as an extra for MGM and sometimes did small parts with the Los Angeles Opera Company.

In 1941, Tom left college and enlisted in the Coast Guard. After boot training he was sent to Manhattan Beach in New York, where the Mariners met.

The Mariners, incidentally, got their first chance job—6-NBC. They did a sustaining show on Saturday nights for ten weeks and then transferred to CBS for a summer show. CBS liked them well enough to sign them to a staff contract. Their first assignment was the Arthurd Godfrey show in 1947.

Tom is a good friend of Tony Marvin, announcer on the Godfrey show. They both live on Long Island, and Tom, in Merrick, Tony in Amityville. And both are married to girls named Dorothea. Tom's Dorothea is a girl he had gone to school with at Pasadena and since their two children are Marlayna, five and Paula, one-and-a-half.

Tom goes in for gardening, but likes swimming more. And he's still studying voice, learning a complete opera and concert repertoire. Eventually, he hopes to become a solo artist.

NAT DICKERSON

(Continued from page 46)

The time was February, 1947, and Nathaniel was playing the geologist in "Finian's Rainbow," and Nathaniel sang "Hand Me Down My Silver Trumpet, Gabriel" and because it got him the job, he considers it his lucky song. Born twenty-nine years ago in Waycross, Georgia, Nathaniel's family moved to Philadelphia and he went to public schools there. After high school Nathaniel hit New York and tried for a scholarship at Juilliard—which he didn't get. Jobs at Macy's were easier to get, and while working there he saved enough money to enter Juilliard as a student.

After Juilliard, Nathaniel, in 1940, went to Fisk University in Tennessee, and it was with the Fisk Jubilee singers that he toured the U.S.O. circuit. Back in Philadelphia, Nathaniel won a Marian Anderson Scholarship. 1946 was the year he auditioned for "Finian's Rainbow," and the following year he was tapped for the Mariner's.

Nathaniel married Gabriele Johnson of Philadelphia in June, 1946. They live in Englewood, New Jersey, with their two-year-old daughter, Natalie Ellen. Nathanial is very proud of the garden around their new home—and that, of course, means he had a big part in bringing about its attractiveness. Other Dickerson interests include woodshop work and building furniture.

Like the rest of the Mariners, Nathaniel studies voice regularly. And even though he made his concert debut in Little Carnegie Hall, Nathaniel hopes—will always be able to stay with the Mariners—and on the Godfrey show.
**Let’s Eat Outdoors**

*(Continued from page 57)*

1/2 cup white wine  
1 cup olive oil  
oregano, pepper  
1 small onion, sliced

Let meat and vegetables stand in wine mixture several hours. Thread alternately on long skewers. Cook on grill turning frequently until done.

**PICNIC BEAN CASSEROLE**

Makes 6-8 servings.

Combine in a greased casserole:

- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon ketchup
- 1 (15 oz.) can baked beans

Pat down gently. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F) 30 minutes.

**CUCUMBER SALAD**

Makes 6 servings

Peel and slice thin:  
6 cucumbers

Arrange in layers in a mixing bowl. Sprinkle salt between layers. Let stand in refrigerator several hours. Then drain and press out excess liquid. Rinse if too salty. Drain well.

Combine:

- 1/2 cup finely chopped parsley
- 1 onion, sliced thin
- 1 clove garlic, mashed
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup wine vinegar
- salt and pepper to taste

Pour over cucumbers. Mix well. Chill.

**CHOCOLATE CRISPS**

Makes about 4 dozen cookies

Measure and sift together:

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

Melt over hot water:

- 3 squares (3 ounces) unsweetened chocolate

Work with a spoon until soft:

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar

Beat together until light and fluffy. Add:

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Stir in cooled chocolate and beat until well blended. Stir in sifted dry ingredients. Chill dough until firm enough to handle. Roll out a little at a time, 1/8" thick, on lightly floured board. Cut with a scalloped 3" cookie cutter. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 8-10 minutes.

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**NOTICE**

Best Rosemary letters in answer to the problem, What Sacrifices Should A Woman Make For Her Husband’s Career?, which appeared in the April issue, will be published in the August, 1950, Radio Mirror.

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**ARE YOU IN THE KNOW?**

**Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven’t met?**

- ☐ Check with your hostess  
- ☐ Give him the deep freeze  
- ☐ Defrost

He didn’t happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you’re a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it’s correct to talk with any guest. Even if you haven’t met officially. You can talk back to your calendar, too (when it taunts you with “outline” qualms.) For Kotex has flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines. And your new Kotex Wonderform belt is non-curling, non-twisting. Made with DuPont nylon elastic: washes and dries fast!

**What helps, if you’ve that “lobster” look?**

- ☐ Antiseptic lotion  
- ☐ Tinted makeup base  
- ☐ A flame-colored formal

You got yourself barbecued just before the big dance! And with white marks left by your swim-suit straps and bracelet. Next time, take your sunning sensibly. Meantime, ease the holl with antiseptic lotion; plus a tinted makeup base, to cover up. (The first two answers above are right.) On “difficult” days, likewise, you’ll be comfortable. You see, Kotex gives downy softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!

**Which neckline’s best for your figure?**

- ☐ Halter  
- ☐ Camisole  
- ☐ “Little Boy”

Could be you’re the buxom type? Or maybe a build-up is what your figure lacks. No matter. Choose a “Little Boy” neckline and lament no more. It’s the ideal camouflage for either figure fault. And for solving “certain” problems, why not let Kotex be your choice? Try all 3 absorbencies: you’ll find Regular, Junior or Super just suited to you. And the extra protection you get with that special, safety center of Kotex helps belittle “accident” misgivings.

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

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
the
NEW SHAPE
is the
NEWS

The new-shape sweater-top dress is news because there's an element of surprise to it. The little knitted top, worn with a day-length skirt, is shaped as dramatically as an evening gown... both front and back cut very low. That's imaginative designing!

The new-shape Modess box is news because it, too, is a triumph of imaginative designing. Cleverly shaped to resemble many other kinds of boxes. Wrapped, it might be bath salts, note paper, candy... no one would guess Modess. Another tactful feature... the new box is pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store.

Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box... pre-wrapped!

Radio's Own Life Story
(Continued from page 20)

In 1944, he began inventing personalities—such characters as Froggy the Gremlin on The Buster Brown Gang and today wields such influence with the younger set that when he read a letter from a sick child who was afraid she wouldn't get a birthday card, three hundred thousand more poured in.

In March, 1932, radio was mobilized to aid in the search for Charles Lindbergh's baby son, and for appeals to the kidnapper to break his ominous silence. The air was full of every detail of the news, and the whole nation listened to the flash bulletins in shocked sympathy.

Boake Carter was a news commentator in Philadelphia when the story broke. He reached quick national fame because of his caustic criticism of the way the case was handled.

Boake Carter's severe comments took him to the big time, sponsored by Philco, and his clipped British accents were heard nationwide until his death in 1947. His frankness drew a large following, but he infuriated the Army and Navy by telling them how to run themselves though no one had asked him. He was relentlessly anti-New Deal. When war came to Europe, he was violently anti-British. He was so vehemently anti-Labor that for a while Philco was picketed by labor representatives because it sponsored him.

The important thing about all of this was not so much what Carter had to say but the fact that, though he enraged those who disagreed with him, and they were in high places, nobody stopped him. Air was free to all for opinion within the bounds of decency, and still is.

If you didn't like Boake Carter, you could turn on something else, like the series of enchanting lectures by Dr. Hendrick Willem Van Loon which developed into the WEVD University of the Air; or an unknown actor named Orson Welles in The Shadow; or Eleanor Roosevelt in her first sponsored series. All who remember her rather painfully slow delivery of those days, her the all the more for the dignity and authority of her broadcasts and United Nations speeches of today, as well as for the very large sums she has made for charity by her own efforts.

On the West Coast, One Man's Family was beginning its lengthy run. Carlton Morse, NBC writer and producer in San Francisco, was taking note of the increasingly desperate doings in daytime serials and mysteries, and thinking that maybe people would like a change from all that blood and thunder. His answer was the Barbour family, a set of nice people who never met any murderers. The only things that happened to them was a normal amount of graduations, picnics, marriages, births and deaths. What novelty! People loved it, still do.

In 1928 a newspaper man in Kansas City, Goodman Ace, started reading his column on a local station. In 1931 he went to Chicago, and in 1932, he and his wife, Jane, leaped off nationwide from New York as The Easy Aces. He became a firm friend of Jack Benny's after a brisk exchange by mail. Ace had sent some jokes to the comedian. Benny liked them and sent a note with the check, "Your little gags got a lot of laughs. If you have any more funny material, send it along." Ace replied...
crisply, "Your little check got a lot of laughs. If you have any more funny material, airmail it."

In Detroit, the cry, "Hi, Yo, Silver, away!" was sounding on the enchanted air. When George W. Trendle, president of the Michigan Radio Network of eight stations thought up a nice little program for children, he had no idea that he was thinking up practically an entire new industry. Today, Lone Ranger, Inc. produces not only radio and TV shows, but a comic strip (started in 1939) and gets a royalty on puzzles, guns, badges, masks, suits and other gadgets that sell in the millions. Not to mention movies.

The man who plays the Lone Ranger is one of radio's great stars, but, so far as publicity is concerned, that mask stays on firmly at all times and his personal life is shrouded in mystery. As a matter of fact, there have been four different gentlemen behind that mask. The original Ranger was played by a Mr. Deeds whose first name is lost to history. After six broadcasts, George Stenius took over. He was followed by Brace Beemar who became a production executive and was replaced by Earle Grazer, who rode the program to fame. When he was killed in an automobile accident in 1941, the news was kept as quiet as possible in fear that the shock would be too much for the children who loved the show, as indeed it would have been. Beemar quietly put on the mask again and has been playing the part ever since.

These shows were evidence of a brand new trend. There was such marked response to drama, human interest and comedy that Radio Guide (a weekly that started this year but is no longer printed) came out with the coverline "Are Crooners Doomed?"

Shades of Sinatra, fifteen years old in high school in Hoboken! Not to mention Perry Como or the Velvet Fog, all far, far in our future.

1933: Petting had become necking. The Century of Progress Fair opened in Chicago and Sally Rand and her fan dance became famous. Anthony Adverse was published, a record-selling 1224 pages that set the book business on its ear. The best selling non-fiction was Life Begins at Forty. Jigsaw puzzles became a craze. A new kind of publication, comic books, was invading the newsstands. On December 5 the Twenty-first Amendment repealed prohibition. In the movies, Mae West swiveled her hips, oiled a feature player, Cary Grant, and bit off the line that was to take the nation by storm. "Whyn't yuh cum-mup 'n see me sometime, tall, dark 'n handsome?" A chain letter fever broke out—a chance for those now really rocking under the depression to dream of money. Technocracy, another evidence of the same longing, filled the papers. There were 15,000,000 unemployed. More banks were closed.

The new president took over a terrified, collapsing country on the verge of panic. His inaugural speech went out over an international hook-up, and the nation steadied when it heard those words quoted so many times since, "All we have to fear is fear itself."

On March 12 there was something new in radio and in government. It was the first Fireside Chat. The president spoke clearly and simply about the bank "holiday" and told exactly how banks were going to be opened. The fourth Fireside Chat, on October 22,
was a report of progress. There was a lot of it, the most important being emergency help for the farmer facing bankruptcy, and NRA with its clear permission to management and labor to bargain collectively.

All of this went out over the radio to the biggest listening audience in the history of broadcasting. (What is little realized is that President Roosevelt did not “take over” radio. President Hoover made ninety-five radio speeches during his term of office, only nine less than FDR made in his first term). However, radio took on new stature. Suddenly the government no longer seemed detached, walled away in distant Wash-

ington, unapproachable by the “for-
gotten man.” With lightened hearts everybody spun the dial to new shows, and there were plenty of them.

There was the dazzling Kraft Music Hall, for instance, an hour long program featuring Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson, Helen Jepson and Lou Holtz. Through the years it was to present a stunning run of talent: The Pickens Sisters, Bing Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey’s orchestra, Victor Borge, Oscar Levant among the many, not forgetting the in-
collaborable Bob Burns who was one of its stars before he became its master of ceremonies in 1936.

Even more fantastic is the fact that Fred Waring had a hard time stum-

bling on the air, though by 1933 his Pennsylvanians were a wildly acclaimed dance band. They had been staddled in “Syncopation,” first musical film, with great success, but still nobody roused to sign them for radio. Waring did thirty-two auditions trying to crash the air, and no takers. Finally, Old Gold decided to take a chance on his highly distinctive style (“Collegiate, collegiate, we are collegiate”) and suddenly he was the rage of the year. People couldn’t get enough of him on the air or in his many movie house dates. His boys jumped up and down, put on absurd hats, flashed signs, changed coats and in addition he had Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla Lane as vocalists. (Re-

member the girls who went on to Holly-

wood to do “Three Daughters?”)

In Chicago, Don Ameche was working up fast. He had studied law at Mar-

quettge, Georgetown and Wisconsin Wash-

verbs, but college dramatics had him into stock, a vaudeville tour with Texas Guinan and then radio. In 1933, he was the matinee idol of Chicago, playing in four daytime serials. (Inclu-

ding the trail-blazing Betty and Bob, which talked of divorce and another woman, and in which a child died. This changed the whole atmosphere of the daytime serial, and after that came office-

wife dramas, mistaken identity, amnesia and many other plot devices which took these dramas out of the doldrums.)

Chicago was also enjoying the start of one of the oldest and most famous of the early morning shows, Don McNeil’s Breakfast Club. There had been other programs designed to take the curse off waking up but this program became quickly the darling of its fasci-

nating guests, from Blackstone the Magician to General Doolittle.

The National Barn Dance had been heard on Chicago’s WLS since 1924 and this year it took the NBC net-

work with its happy jigs.

Late in the year a new voice was heard all over the nation. It was Walter Winchell, biting off at his inhuman speed, “Good— evening— Mr. and Mrs.— America—and— all— the— ships— at— sea— let’s— go— to— PRESS!” and signing off with a typical Winchellian pun,— with lo-
tions of love,” for Prescot!

His rise to fame is quite a story. He was born in a poor sector of New York in 1897. When he was thirteen, he went to work as a singing usher. Fellow workmen were Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. What a trio! It was not long before all three were signed for vaudeville by Gus Edwards, who picked up the other promising stage material of the three in their first tryout! Winchell’s first coined word was “Newsense.” He used it as title on a couple of typewritten pages of gossip that he pinned on the bulletin board of each theater he played in when he returned to vaudeville after serving in the Navy in World War I. This led to his first column of Broadway gossip. He made his first broadcast in 1930, but not until this year did he begin to intersperse opinions on national affairs with inconsequential exclusives about who was middle-asing and who was expecting a bundle from Heaven. It is impossible to underestimate this man’s impact on our current decade, though, like all forceful characters, his listeners are hotly divided for and against him. There are those who think he ought to be president. There is a much smaller group that disagrees with some emotion and wakes an intolerable impulse of checking up on his “exclusives” that do not come off. What no one can fail to respect is his organization of the Damon Runyon Collec-

tor and which has raised over three million dollars to date, every penny of which has gone to research, with not a dime spent for administra-

A great achievement.
Jimmy Fidler, who rounds out the Sunday night trio of Winchell and Parsons in the immensely interesting gossip department, went on this year, too. He started as an actor after winning a screen test in a movie magazine contest. In 1920 he began writing for the Hollywood News, became a press agent and found his real vocation when pressed into service as a pinch-hitter on the old Hollywood on the Air series.

In the east, Jimmy Durante was grinding out "Inka Dinka Doo." George Givot, born in Russia and reared in Omaha, became the Greek Ambassador of Good Will and proprietor of the "Acropolis Number Seven." Ken Murray made his first air appearance, later went to Hollywood and staged "The Blackouts," which led to his own TV show in 1941. Larry Parks was heard in "Mignon" with the Metropolitan opera, and after that it seemed as if she were always singing the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" somewhere on the air. Wardden Lewis B. Lawes started his absorbing Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing which he continued until 1939. Dr. Fu Manchu began his derring-do adventures. Dr. William Lyon Phelps, known as "America's most beloved professor" after his many years at Yale, began a series of air lectures. The University of Chicago Round Table, on the air since 1931, took to the NBC network.

Until this year—1933—radio had depended on the press almost entirely for the gathering of news. There were few exceptions, notably the reports of Frederick William Wire and other Washington airmen, and some eye-witness accounts of sports events. For the main body of news the networks had an arrangement with the great wire services, AP, UP and INS, for use of their material, with the firm understanding that it was not to be broadcast until after newspapers were out. Independent stations didn’t bother to buy these services, and newspapers were setting up cries of "piracy!" This was a pretty accurate description, as a matter of fact. In 1932, the thing came to an open fight when someone made a mistake. The news that FDR was elected was broadcast as soon as the flash came over the wire-service tickers. By the time the papers were on the street the news was cold. The press was furious. The wire services slammed down and for a while there was practically no timely news on the air.

Then Paul White, news director of CBS, formed the first radio news bureau. With only ten full-time reporters he undertook to cover the whole world. The press snickered in its sleeve. It stopped laughing, however, when White signed up several hundred part-time reporters all over the country and began to give newspapers a run for their money. At NBC A. A. Schecter, news director, was spending a fortune on long distance calls, but his staff was managing to get good hot news for Lowell Thomas’s broadcasts which were becoming very popular. The fight came to an end in 1935 when press and radio worked out an agreement for interchange of facilities.

The public, however, was much more concerned with the lighter side—such as the happy comedy of Phil Baker, who had bought a second-hand accordion when he was ten, and began his career when he was fourteen. He ran away from home in New York and won first prize in an amateur contest in Boston. Fifty cents! He was on his way, to for—

MODERN MOTHERS NOW OPENLY TELL THEIR DAUGHTERS THESE Intimate Physical Facts

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues

Isn’t it much easier and safer for a daughter to learn about hygiene (internal cleanliness) from her mother than to rely on 'half-truths' and misinformation whispered among girl friends?

For this reason, a modern mother must keep up to date and be able to tell her daughter to always use ZONITE® in her fountain syringe for health, charm, after her periods, and especially to follow this hygienic practice when she's married. She must make her daughter realize there's an offensive odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

And isn’t it reassuring for a daughter to know: no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE®?

A Modern Miracle!
Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE®’s remarkable deodorizing, germ-killing action.

Developed by a famous surgeon and scientist, the ZONITE® principle was the first in the world that was powerful enough yet positively non-irritating, non-poisonous. You can use ZONITE® as directed as often as you wish without injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE® deodorizes not just 'masking' as many products do. Instead, ZONITE® actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. Use ZONITE® and be sure you won't offend, ZONITE® has such a soothing, refreshing effect and promptly relieves any itching and irritation if present. ZONITE® gives daily external protection, too. Available at any drug counter.

FREE! NEW!
(For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-70, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.)*

Name______
Address______
City_________State_________

*Offer good only in the U.S.
tune! In 1917 he teamed in vaudeville with Ben Bernie, and went on to make the word "stooge" famous. Beetle (the man in the box) was Sid Silvers. Bottle was Henry P. McNaughton, now on the panel of It Pays to be Ignorant. In 1941, Baker thought up something that was to start a craze that is still roaring. It was Take It or Leave It, featuring the sixty-four dollar question.

In 1933, Jack Armstrong, "the all-American boy," began to have his adventures in such number that no one is surprised that he still has not graduated from Hudson High. The giveaway on this show was a fine thing called the Hikometer, and the commercial was the deathless:

Wern't you TRY Wheaties,  
The best breakfast food in the land?  
Once you TRY Wheaties  
You'll never use another brand.  
They're crispy and crunchy the whole year through,  
The kiddies never tire of them and neither will you—  
So won't you TRY Wheaties, the best breakfast food in the land!

"Call for Phillip Mor-ris" rang out for the first time this year. What few people know is that Johnny is a real little guy, not a recording. His name is Johnny Roventini. He lives in Brook-

GEORGE: "I've never seen your hair so curly."
GRACIE: "It should be. I had two permanents."
GEORGE: "Why two?"
GRACIE: "When they finished the first, I was only halfway through the magazine I was reading."
—CBS' Burns and Allen Show

lyn with his mother and father, who are average size as are his sister and two brothers. Johnny is three feet, eleven, and weighs fifty-nine pounds. He was working as a real bell-hop in the Hotel New Yorker when Milton Biow, head of the agency that handles Phillip Morris advertising, noticed him and gave him an audition by asking him to page a "friend." For the next five minutes little Johnny roved the hotel shouting "Call for Mr. Morris," and hitting that true B-Flat now so well known. That was the end of working for fifteen dollars a week and tips. He now has a lifetime contract that brings him twenty thousand dollars a year.

In November, seventeen years ago, a handsome new monthly took the stands, Radio Mirror. Its editor was Belle Landesman. Mary Margaret McBride, a newspaper woman who was to make a great success on the air in 1934, was a regular contributor. So was Jerry Wald, now a prominent Hollywood producer, Herbert Cruikshank, and Bill Vallee, Rudy's younger brother. Radio Mirror's biggest feature story of that year was a series by Thomas Cowan, great announcer since the start of WJZ, who was writing his memories of the quaint old days of radio! Ah, there, Thomas!

"I Love a Catholic"

One of the outstanding stories of the year, revealing a Protestant girl's problems with religion and love.

What would you do?

Read it in July TRUE STORY at your newsstand now!

and a dozen other heart-stirring stories, including

Poison Pen—a dramatic story of intrigue

I Wanted to be an Actress—how a teenager learns what a stage career really means.

You Are Always With Me—the tender story of a love that was stronger than death.

I Chose the Hard Way—the dramatic story of a girl who went home after a prison term.

PLUS

a complete Home Service Section featuring stories and photos on fashions, beauty, decorating, homemaking and a special article on saving money around the home, with 64 ideas to help you do it.

Next Month

The start of Mutual. The case of Father Coughlin. Major Bowes invents the Amateur Hour. Bob Hope and Fibber McGee and Molly arrive.

Get True Story today at your newsstand
DOTTIE SCHWARTZ
(Continued from page 47)

Virginia Osborn. The outcome of that telephone call was the formation of the Chordettes. And the outcome of the Chordettes, three years later, was a chance to audition for Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. Once past that hurdle, they took top honors on the September 26, 1949 program and won a permanent spot as members of the Godfrey cast.

That any of this could happen must still be something of a surprise to this quiet young girl who hasn't "gone New York," who still wears sweaters and skirts as often as she'd wear them in Sheboygan and who has secret hopes of getting back to Wisconsin some day. Though this desire to return home is still a vague one with Dottie—she's having much too much fun in the meantime—you feel that she really means it. You feel that for her the tempestuous life of the big city can only be a temporary arrangement. New York has its compensations for Dottie though. After those long stints on the road, she thinks it's wonderful to be settled in one place.

But even though the strain of shunting back and forth between engagements has been eliminated, the Chordettes' schedule is no less strenuous. When they are not rehearsing for the morning show or for the Wednesday evening TV show, there are fittings, dancing lessons and song conferences.

Sometimes, like the proverbial busman, Dottie spends her holidays in Jersey City juke joints, listening to other barbershop quartets and seeing old friends from the road days. Those old friends, you can be sure, are always happy to see this member of the most famous women's barbershop quartet in the land.

JANET ERLET
(Continued from page 47)

is more mature than the rest of the Chordettes, but she takes no under-my-wing attitude. Instead, there's a kind of pleasant bantering among the girls, plus the true camaraderie which is so necessary to any team.

Janet, Sheboygan born and bred, began singing as a child. She had appeared with local bands before the Chordettes were formed and always was interested in music and drama, but her ambitions weren't fired until the Chordettes were formed. Janet, who seems to have taken the quartet's success in stride, likes to tell tales about their pre-Godfrey days. Her favorite is the mixed-up wardrobe incident. The girls were scheduled for an appearance at a Chicago night club. Their new suits and formals had been packed in Sheboygan and, presumably, shipped on the same train they were taking.

"You can imagine our faces when we opened the suitcases and found four suit jackets, NO suit skirts, four evening skirts, NO evening jackets!"

"Of course, it all worked out—we quickly telegraphed home for our other bags. But, you know, we never did find out who was responsible—I guess each one of us suspected herself!"

Janet's another girl who takes bus men's holidays—listening to other barbershop quartets and swapping stories with friends from the old days. She golfs, bowls and would rather eat steak than anything else. And she has to eat plenty of it to keep that indispensable "base" in condition!
JINNY O'SBORN
(Continued from page 47)

"Come on over," she suggested, "and ask Carol to come along too." As an afterthought, she added: "And bring your music.

The number of afterthoughts that have paid off are uncounted, but in the case of the Chordettes, Jinny's was one that lifted the girls from a parlor in Sheboygan to radio and TV spots with Godfrey. Between the two extremes lies the typical trek of singer appearances, unpaid, at local functions; appearances, ill-paid, at local night clubs; and then the road, where the girls shifted back and forth across the nation in a series of one-night and one-week stands.

Jinny, like the others, has been singing almost as long as she can remember. She's the "toast" of the quartet and owes her training in that part to her Dad. He was a traveling salesman who also liked to sing. Unlike most traveling salesmen, he took along the family while covering his territory. To while away the time on the road, Mr. O'sborn taught his wife and daughter how to harmonize. Jinny's interest in music developed from there and when she went to Frances Shimer College in Mt. Carroll, Ill., she chose it as her major subject. It's still her major interest, for singing in the quartet takes precedence over everything else in her life. Most of her activities are geared toward developing into a better singer; dancing and bowling account for any time she doesn't have a recreation. But despite a certain single-mindedness of purpose, Jinny seems to enjoy every minute of what life is now offering her — and that seems a fair enough reward for the girl who started something.

CAROL HAGEDORN
(Continued from page 47)

would do with such training. Going along with Dottie Schwartz to Jinny's house one Sunday afternoon resolved that problem, and when the Chordettes made their first public appearance in a Sheboygan Barber Shop parade, Carol was convinced that there could be few more pleasant ways of earning a living.

Carol is a tall, self-contained girl whose enormous brown eyes have earned her the charmingly appropriate nickname "Eyes." She and the other girls have been taking a ribbing about their "Dutch accents" but now wiser, they can give as good as they get, having discovered that New Yorkese has as many foibles as Sheboyganese.

Realistic in her views, Carol accepts the fact that no one is perfect, but thinks that the ideal man is one who has a good sense of humor. What does one baritone think of another, especially one on the same program? "He's a nice kid and an awful lot of fun," Carol will tell you when discussing Bill Lawrence. And all the Chordettes have an especially high regard for Janette Davis and the Mariners, who temporarily gave up one of their spots so that the girls could go on the show while waiting for their current project.

Outwardly, the girls are less impressed with New York than one might expect, but the truth is that they have been too busy to explore and enjoy it. Carol, for one, is convinced that the stories about New York's being a cold town are mythical. But then, anyone as charming as she will find a warm reception, no matter where she goes.

BISSELL SWEEPERS
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 have you Heard?

June nights are made for spooning and man-in-the-mooning, but morning hours mean dishes and dusting — and time out for the GREAT EIGHT! Yes, ma'am, that's what you hear on your local ABC station — EIGHT GREAT SHOWS full of exciting entertainment to make the housework fly. Fresh as a June bud is our favorite man-in-the-morning, DON McNEILL, the lad who makes "THE BREAKFAST CLUB" (sponsored by Swift, General Mills and Philco, 9-10 AM, EDT) a cheerful way to start every weekday. DON and THE BREAKFAST CLUB GANG skip around the breakfast table with the greatest of ease . . . all of which pleases the gals who like a merry program pickup in the morning.

For real life drama, Sterling Drug's "MY TRUE STORY" rates as a great treat with millions of listeners. Every Monday through Friday at 10 AM, EDT, "MY TRUE STORY" presents complete stories, absorbing tales that form the fabric of our lives and times. At 10:30 AM, EDT, America's favorite homemaker, BETTY CROCKER, gives food, fashion and decorating hints on her famous "BETTY'S MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." BETTY is always sure to have tips that make housekeeping lighter and brighter. General Mills sponsors the "THE CROCKER MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." Another high-light of the EIGHT GREAT ABC programming is Serutan's VICTOR LINDELAUR heard every day at 10:45 AM, EDT, giving expert advice and comment on nutrition and good living through good health.

The modern miss enjoys ABC's "MODERN ROMANCES" at 11 AM, EDT. This half-hour of romance combines all the features of dramatic heart-throbs, suspense and thrills. AUNT JEMIMA's boy, BILL CULLEN, comes around with "QUIET AS A FLASH" at 11:30 AM, EDT, with questions and prizes and cash . . . a breezy audience-participation show that's a real honey. At high noon, EDT, OH-JOHNNY OLSEN says "LADIES BE SEATED" for music, fun, and audience and listener fricte (for Philip Morris Cigarettes) . . . and at 12:25 PM, EDT, lovely CAROL DOUGLAS makes "BEAUTY AND FASHIONS" a daily five-minute twin delight for the Toni Company.

Yes, ma'am, any day in June (or July or any month) tune to your local home-listening Company station and hear marvelous morning shows . . . the kind of wonderful entertainment and variety that rate as the GREAT EIGHT!
Arthur Godfrey Starts Something
(Continued from page 37)

heard. Maybe more. So he got a job in the roaring, dirty factory of the biggest auto body works at the time—and stuck it out as long as he could.

After that, he drifted again for a while—all the way from dishwasher right up to super salesman, with a suite of rooms at Detroit's Book Cadillac hotel—where, not long before, he'd been manicuring vegetables in the kitchen! Then Arthur bought himself that last word in cars, a Stutz Bearcat, and lived—for a while—off the fat of the land. He was selling cemetery lots, and all was well until he met an even better salesman, who asked if Arthur wouldn't like to buy a piece of an act—a vaudeville team of man and wife with a few gypsy musicians and a couple of tumblers. Arthur found, when he left the place, that he'd bought the whole kit and kaboodle, including an elegant rhinestone backdrop, for—by strange coincidence—every cent he had.

Arthur remembered his banjo. He'd found, on that visit to Hasbrouck Heights, that a good-looking guy plunking away, singing sentimental songs in a voice like a love-sick tenor bullfrog, cut a very romantic figure indeed. He got out the banjo, used it in the vaudeville act. Through bookings on a minor circuit, through rookings by theatre managers, until he found himself stranded somewhere in Wyoming, with a pawn ticket instead of a banjo!

He went on to Hollywood, but Hollywood wasn't having any. So he began to bum his way East again. It was in Chicago that Arthur met an old Navy buddy, and their reunion made Arthur long for the sea again. So he joined up—Coast Guard, this time.

In 1927, Arthur graduated from the Coast Guard's Radio Material School. Graduation, as it always is, was something to celebrate, and Arthur did—by buying a new banjo, getting on an amateur show on WPR, Baltimore. The manager of the radio station said three things to him, "Your singing isn't half bad," and "Your speaking voice is terrific," and "Would you like a job as staff announcer?"

It was a hard decision to make. The Coast Guard meant security. But on the other hand . . . well, he took the job. Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist with a bird seed and a pet shop sponsor.

Soon there were other shows: Red Godfrey's Melodians, Morning Air Mail. When a rival Baltimore station began carrying Amos and Andy, WPR turned the time over to Arthur, told him to go ahead, build up an audience.

Arthur used the time to give ukulele lessons over the air. Apparently lots of people wanted to learn to play, because Arthur did build an audience. And the rest, as they say, is history—right up to the present moment, when Arthur is once more teaching listeners, and TV viewers, to play the ukulele.

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Don't run this risk! Don't let neglect create a "dual personality"...another you, full of doubts, misgivings and inhibitions! Don't let that other you destroy your love!

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And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Come Off On Anything

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**Makes the Sweetest Kiss Because It Leaves No Mark on Him**

Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to your lips alone and one make-up usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feel Marvelous on Your Lips . . .
...they stay delightfully soft and smooth.

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New York has some of the most beautiful girls in the world cluttering up its streets, I managed to have quite a bit of this fun I've been talking about. Then one night, at a party, I found Carol.

Sitting on a studio couch, with her wonderful legs sort of folded under her, she was the most—oh, I'm no poet. I can't do it, but it's what that's all. Her hair, which was short and dark, was like silk, and her skin glimmered and her eyes sparkled.

She kept rolling over at her, and yet I didn't move. I was either reluctant . . . or scared. Instinct? No, not instinct. Believe me, I heard no little bells ringing for "Danger—keep off." I was just scared because I couldn't remember ever feeling like this before.

I finally stood up, and moved my way over to where she was sitting. If there weren't others around, I didn't notice. I was too busy concentrating on this major effort I planned to make— the effort of speaking to her. I said politely, "You look awfully healthy."

She looked up at me for a second without speaking, and then her mouth twitched. "Do I understand by this that you would like to hold my hand so that you may cross a road?"

"Madame! You insult—you underestimate me!" I swayed a little, and decided it would be better to sit down and try to explain myself clearly. "Can't you tell by looking at me," I said re-proachfully, "that I am a man with much bigger ideas than that? Besides I go around all day holding hands and feeling pulses. I'm a doctor."

"Oh," said Carol, "Then naturally . . ." "Naturally," I agreed. For this seemed at the time like a very momentous conversation.

It was momentous, in a sense. It was the last time I had to bother drinking to have fun at a party or anywhere else. From then on I was always able to get that all's-right-with-the-world sensation.

Ah, but, you may say, that's all very well, but what about her? Did she get that feeling too when she was with you? Yes, you may well ask, and I'm prepared to answer. She did.

When you get to that stage, you begin to make plans. You can't help yourself, the urge to spend the rest of your lives together is too strong. Now that I think about it, it was Carol who was the cautious one. "Let's not rush ourselves, Ken," she'd say, looking worried. We haven't known each other long enough . . . we don't want to start all this talk about getting married, not yet—"

"Don't we?" I'd say, and then she would glance up and the brown would disappear from her eyes to warn me as naturally as if being out of them was just a temporary accident.

Plans. Whether I'd go into practice and make a million bucks or go into research and become the eminent Dr. Morgan. Sometimes, even whether it might not be wiser to leave New York, start out in some town in Texas, and tell her a lot about Reed—that's Dr. Reed Bannister—who I'd met in the Army and liked so much.

"He makes out pretty well in this town of his, Glen Falls," I told Carol. "Maybe in a small town you do get a chance to do bigger things. You have to be more of an all-around guy than you can be in New York, where it's all compartmentalized, everybody just turning his own particular wheel. Bannister's a pretty vital guy. I bet he accomplishes a lot more on Main Street than I ever do on Park Avenue—"

Carol propped her round little chin on her hand, and stared at me. "Ah," she said sweetly, "I see you've already arrived on Park Avenue. Wonderful what talking can accomplish, isn't it? Let's have more."

"Yes, let's, but not right now," I said, reaching for her hand. "Let's talk some other time . . .

And then, with a crash, suddenly, everything was different—overnight. Different—colored with the menace of Luther Blaine. That Blaine should have been a menace at all was simply ludicrous. He was just a man, rather pugly, with a heavy-chinned face and bothered little eyes, and I'd say he could have done with a blood pressure check. He was around forty, and very give year. The only important thing about Luther was the paycheck he got from one of the biggest ad agencies in New York.

Oh—sorry. The other important thing. He wanted Carol.

That didn't mean a thing in my life. At a rough guess, I'd estimate that two-thirds of the men Carol passed walking down Madison Avenue at lunchtime turned around to get a second look. So it didn't bother me a bit when Blaine began to call Carol up and hound her for dates. Not at all. I told me.

It didn't take long. An annual salary that runs in five figures makes a pretty effective bludgeon against a guy who doesn't even know if he's going to have to hustle next year.

I had a professor once who got a big kick out of telling us that doctors never had nervous breakdowns from anything but overwork. "Brother," I used to think, "I can those days after Carol went up in smoke and square-cut emeralds, "what you don't know about doctors!"

But all the same I didn't have a nervous breakdown, exactly. I guess what saved me is that I moved so fast.

What's more, I had a destination. I hadn't figured it out, but desperation had piled it out of the hat for me. I was going to Glen Falls, Reed Bannister's town.

Reed's talk about the town had stuck in my mind. And I liked Reed. We used to talk about how it might be to work together. Reed liked me. He thought I was a good research man, a good doctor—and he liked me because. And just kind of important for me to be around somebody who really liked me.

Glen Falls was just about what I expected. I checked in at the hotel and went for a walk; the more I saw, the more I liked it.

I went down and looked at the Health Center. I felt pleased and proud that Reed had pulled it off—Reed and his friend Dr. Wayne, about whom he'd...
told me quite a bit. I began to hope that they'd find something there for me to do.

It's been said before that people in trouble are the most selfish people in the world. I can see now how tiptled I was in myself, to really take in what a surprise it would be to Reed to open the door and find me on the step. All I can say, when I think back to it, is, "What a nerve I had!"

Reed, thank God, didn't seem to think so. He was swelled. So was Valerie, his wife, whom I hadn't met before. They welcomed me and put me into the house, fed and wined me, insisted I check out of the hotel and become their guest. And Reed had said there was certainly work for me at the Centre!

I discovered something about myself during the next few weeks. I was honestly glad to have been accepted in Glen Falls by Reed, and for his encouragement and Valerie's that made me hope I might make this my settling-down place. And yet there was something wrong with me—I'd become cautious, exactly like a mongrel who'd been kicked. I'd been mistreated, and now, where there were people involved, I circled warily around, sniffing, to be sure I wasn't going to get kicked again. That's how I happened to antagonize John Wayne so much at the beginning. I rather liked him, too—but I acted like a high school kid with a chip on my shoulder, couldn't seem to stop myself, and kept baiting John till it was a wonder he didn't tell Reed to throw me out on my ear.

Maybe John never would have come to understand me, nor I him, if it hadn't been for his wife. Now that I know her better I've got an idea that everybody who knows John Wayne is just a little different from the way they'd be if they didn't happen to know her.

I ought to write with it a capital P—Person. I knew she was one the first time I saw her, when she came to the Centre one day to pick John up for lunch.

She gave me her hand with a warm smile, "Dr. Morgan. I'm so glad you're going to be with us. I've got so much about you from Dr. Bannister."

"And from Dr. Wayne, no doubt?"

"He has spoken of you."

I laughed, "I can imagine," I said nastily. That's how it was with me then—even when I wanted to be pleasant and human with somebody the words came out all twisted and I ended up being nasty. It was as though some inner devil kept prompting me: Remember, scratch first or you'll get scratched; look out for yourself!

Mrs. Wayne said casually, "Now that I've met you, I can understand some of the things John has said."

It was a real struggle, but for once I said what I wanted to say, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Wayne. Sometimes when I open my mouth even I don't know what's coming out. I deserve what you said. Can we start all over again from the shaking-hands part?"

She put her hand in mine and laughed slightly as I squeezed it a bit.

FATHER: "Now I want an explanation and I want the truth."

DEXTER: "Which do you want? You can't have both."

—CBS' Meet Corliss Archer

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too hard. "No, you misunderstand me, Dr. Morgan. It's just that John said you seemed to be under some kind of strain. I thought when I saw you that he was right."

For an instant I went stiff with resentment, then I relaxed. Not even to Reed had I made any mention of what had driven me to Glen Falls. I'd let him think it was just a decision to leave the big city. I'd known that my best chance for peace of mind was to forget the details of what had happened.

But facing Ruth Wayne, I realized that if I weren't careful another impulse was going to fight its way to the top. The impulse to break down and talk, tell somebody all about it. And if ever I did that, I'd surely be lost. Once I fell apart I'd never in the world be able to get myself together again, and then and there I'd have started at Ruth in silence, thinking, "If I ever did tell anybody, it would be you." And on the heels of that, wondering why I had thought it. I had only just met the woman, and maybe she wasn't even going to like me!

I guess she liked me all right. Gradually I sensed that it was getting harder to pick those childish little run-ins with John, and it wasn't so much because I had better control as because he was getting smoother, harder to stir up. It must be, I told myself, because Ruth had told him to let me run my course. There had been a kind of promise that day, when she said goodbye and went off for her lunch with John, a promise of friendship and interest on which I knew I could rely.

How did I make all this out from just the brief contact I had with her? It's not so hard to say. When anyone looked at me for a half-second too long I made a quick mental estimate of how he was looking at me, what he was probably thinking about me. No doubt about it, Dr. Ken Morgan was the dead center of a private little world in those days. Considering what had happened to me, I needed some time to pull myself together, granted. But those private little worlds can become private little hells if you don't catch yourself in time and kick yourself back out into the real world.

I might not have managed to do it if circumstances hadn't ganged up on me. I'm glad it all happened; the shock probably cleared up a lot of things that were wrong with my personality.

It was Ruth Wayne who rang the first warning. She called up one day and when I said, "Just a minute; I'll get you transferred to John," she interrupted with "No—no, it's you I want to speak with. I'm a bit puzzled about something."

"Hope I can help."

"Well... look here. Do you know somebody named Caroline?"

"Why, no." I said. Then suddenly my heart flumped. Caroline? What's happened? Why are you asking me?"

"Maybe not Caroline," Ruth said worriedly. "Carol—something. Twice now it's happened. We've had these long-distance calls from New York and when I've answered, this girl's voice comes on asking to speak to somebody. I know it sounds funny, but the first time she was either crying or had a bad cold and I just could not make out whom she was asking for. She muttered, "Oh, never mind, never mind"—just like that—and rang off! But the second time the same thing happened.

The call came through, and the same girl said 'Hello'. Then she said could she speak to the Doctor, and when I said Dr. Wayne was out she said—I think she said—"No, no, Dr. Morgan." I explained that you didn't live there, and she asked for Dr. Bannister, so I had to tell her he didn't live there either. She seemed excited and upset; I kept wishing I could help her."

"I wet my dry lips. "What then?"

"Well, I asked if it was an emergency, and she said no, it was just—this is where she began to sound peculiar again. I believe she said Caroline, but it could have been any name that begins like that."

"Or Carol," I said.

"Yes, or Carol." There was a pause. "Then you do know who it was."

"Yes, I know," I put my free hand to my forehead and took it away wet with sweat. "Or rather, I did know, once." There was a line from a poem running through my mind all of a sudden, and without thinking, I began to murmur it aloud. "...But that was long ago, and in another country..."

Ruth's voice came to me over the wire, finishing the quotation, "...And besides, the wench is dead," I see, I see quite a bit more than I did, now."

"Then you see why you must tell her I've died or gone away or something, if she should call again?" It was now terribly urgent to make Ruth see this. I had no emotional reserve to spend; I knew I was scraping the bottom already. Carol mustn't find me. "Do me the world's biggest favor—tell her to go chase herself if she calls again? I

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I found my voice—very dry and expressionless, but it served to talk with. "Not so far," I said. "It's not such a bad trip. And if you rush you can just make the five-fifteen express that goes straight back to New York."

"Ken," she said, "you're like stone!" I really believed she'd been going to say, "What's happened to you?"

With a discouraged gesture, she turned from me and went to one of the windows, and stood looking out while she talked. "I see you won't ask me anything. I have to do it all myself. I know I must be punished..." She took a deep, sobbing breath. "I can't stand it, Ken. From the first day, I knew... I won't be Luther's wife. It's you, Ken— you— I love you."

I asked conversationally, "How much did that coat of yours set Luther back?"

"Plenty," she said, and faced me, grimly. "It's cashmere, very expensive. And I've got a mink coat and a sable cape and a couple of little emeralds and things to go with them. Go ahead, rub my nose in it! I tell you I know I was wrong! I was scared. Ken, can't you understand? You knew how scared I was!"

"Did it?" For the first time she caught me off guard. "I knew! Knew what? You never told me much—except how madly you loved me." I tried to remember. She had sketched in her background for me growing up in a small Southern town, coming to the city, hoping to get on the stage... I shook my head.

"Oh, I told you. Maybe not so much in words. Her head lowered, and she plucked absentlv at the windowframe. "But that terrible fear of going back to poverty—why, it was in my bones, in everything I did and said. I thought you knew me so well, it didn't need words."

"Ah, there it is," I shook my head reprovingly. "Would you believe it, my dear, I made that same mistake? I too thought I knew you so well..." I picked up the coat which she had slipped from her shoulders, and held it out to her. "Remember, as you go out into the diamond-paved streets of New York, how wrong you can be about things like that. And tell Luther I hope he hasn't been too worried. I never did trust that blood pressure of his."

"Okay," Carol said. She shrugged into the coat without any offer of help from me, and went to the door. There she paused, and said without turning, "But please get this. I'm not going back to Luther. I made a terrible mistake and I've stopped making it. I won't be his wife. If you don't love me any more, I guess I'll have to take it. But I don't believe you."

Intensiry crept into her voice. "You do love me still, I know it. You're just afraid, or punishing me. Oh, please, Ken, please, think what you're doing to both of us!" She flashed me one beseeching look, and went out.

My knees, which had held me up pretty well till then, suddenly gave. I sank into a chair and stayed there, thinking chaotically, until the room lost itself around me in the early winter darkness. All I was conscious of was her name, and a terrible, mad desire to

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dinner in the hotel dining-room, together with three other couples, all elderly. I remember there was a potted palm beside our table. I remember many things—how her hand felt in mine, how she looked at me, as though I were some kind of miracle like Halley's comet, as though I had blown her eyes shone...I remember all that.

But the practical things, I remember them too. We decided that everything must be done quickly, cleanly. She had left Blaine a note, but had said nothing specific in it except that she was coming to look for me. Her trail had been of the most nebulous kind—just a memory of Glen Falls and the man I'd spoken of in connection with it, Reed Bannister. For the first time I learned that when she had found the Bannister number and called, that first time, she'd been told to try the Wayne house for him. It must have been the cleaning woman Valerie sometimes had in for special jobs. Anyway, that was how the Waynes got into the picture. "You'll love Ruth when you know her," I told Carol. "Not that I really know her yet myself, but she's the kind whose worthwhileness you can't mistake.

"Would you say that about me?"

Carol asked wistfully.

I covered her hand with mine. "Let's get back to Blaine," I said. "Do you think it'll be too much for you, going back and telling him, tomorrow? You'll be knocked out after two long trips so close together. Maybe you'd better rest here before you take it on—or do you want me to go with you? I will—"

Carol turned her hand in mine. I felt how cold it suddenly became. "No—better get it over with. I don't want the poor guy to suffer. He's—he's been good to me, Ken."

I gave her a sober look. "I know what it means to lose you."

"Oh, Ken," she said. "Ken..."

The next morning I put her on the early train and then, not knowing what to do with the wild elation that was running through all my veins, I thought of Ruth Wayne. John, I knew, had early duty at the hospital, and if Ruth should be alone, I could talk to her. I'd have a different story to tell now, with a different voice. I'd wanted to tell her about it, get her reaction. I walked from the station and went up the path to the white clapboard house with the chimney in it, the plum trees rang.

Ruth herself answered. "Ken—Dr. Morgan! How nice. Please come in."

I dropped my hat and coat on the chair she indicated, and went after her into the sunny, many-windowed living room.

I said exuberantly, "I've come to have
that talk with you. You know, the talk that’s not about poetry.”

She regarded me with penetration behind her smile. “You look as if something nice had happened.”

“Everything’s happened. Nice, you call it? Wonderful!” And then I told her the story of Carol and me.

When I had finished, she gave a little sigh and looked down at her hands. “I’m so glad,” she murmured. “I’ve worried about you. So have we all—Reed and John and Valerie. We knew the Ken Morgan we’d been seeing wasn’t the real Ken. We hoped you’d come out of it… You know,” she went on, “you’re lucky, in a way. Later on you’ll know that there really are no happy endings in living. And no happy beginnings. There are just happy times, mixed in with the other times. I don’t mean the time to come won’t be wonderful. I hope it will, with all my heart—but you’ll see one day that it didn’t really begin now, as you think. It’s a natural development of everything that’s gone before. But it is fun to sort of close one book, and turn to the first clean page of another, in your own mind…”

She glanced up and smiled. “Sermon over. Now tell me—what happens when Carol gets back?”

Well—I hadn’t thought.” I hesitated, wondering. She ought not go back to the hotel; it was so depressing. But she had to live somewhere, while things were getting arranged—the divorce, and everything. I said thoughtfully, “I ought to look around for a room for her, I guess. Some place she can be comfortable and at home.” I looked questioningly at Ruth, already firmly convinced that she was the person to turn to with practical problems as well as the other kind. She nodded.

“Yes, that’s what I meant. Let me call my friend Mary Winters. She has a place just outside town. She lets a room every now and then. I think it’s empty just now—wait, I’ll call.” She went out and I heard the click of the phone, and then a few moments of murmured talk to which I didn’t listen. I wasn’t worried. I walked around the room, whistling. I knew it would work out; everything would.

“It’s all right,” Ruth said, coming back. “I’ll drive you out there now if you like, and you can see if you like it. Mary’s a natural-born homemaker.”

She was right. I thought Mary Winters’ house and the room she showed me were perfect.

I liked Mary Winters too, a thin-faced, graceful woman—not much more than a girl, really, but with an air of resignation, of patient acceptance of sorrow, that made her seem much older than I’m sure she was. Ruth had told me that she’d lost her husband in the war, and later on, another man whom she had come to love had tragically died. From the mountain-top of my own happiness I smiled at her, wishing I could raise her—raise the whole world—to the same kind of joy. But I couldn’t. I just arranged for the room for Carol, and then Ruth and I drove off.

Ruth drove in silence for a while, then, as if having made up her mind, she spoke again. “Ken—if I’m talking out of turn, forgive me. I’m speaking as a friend, and they’re not always tactful. It’s just—I just want to say—to warn…” She shook her head impatiently. “Counting chickens, that’s all. Be careful about counting them before they’re hatched, will you?” Don’t rush on even in your own mind, mak-
So was Mail pulled. I realized I had told Mrs. Malloy to go and was almost certain that she had been in the dining room. I nodded. "I do know what you mean. You know—now, when I'm sitting on top of the world, I feel as if I might fall off any minute! As if I were walking on the edge of a cliff, and I'm afraid the chickens are going to hatch from them! I know just what you mean. And yet—"

I waved my hand in the air, and grinned. "I had laughed together, and before she let me out at the Bannister's door she made me promise to bring Carol for dinner the very day she got back from New York. Wednesday, that would be.

**Wednesday.** At the Centre, the faces of doctors and nurses and patients seemed running together; I was too flustered back and too busy listening for my name to be called for the phone to be sure all the time which was which. I knew I said impatiently to Mrs. Malloy, "Bandage, please!"

When it was poor Mrs. Malloy who was the patient, with her swollen ankle right in my hand, and the young probationer standing beside me had broken all rules. But these were small matters, for I was a man with a phone call to wait for. And then, suddenly, there it was. They were paging me through the P.A. system. Carol, back as she'd promised.

She was phoning from the station, so I told her about the room I'd taken, and how to get back to the Winters place, and apologized for not being able to meet her. "My hours are up at four today, though, and I'll change and come straight out," I told her. "We can have lunch together.

She hesitated. "Oh—well, as long as it can't be till four, maybe it would be better if I got some rest?" She laughed nervously. I answered, "Yes, if I could sleep for weeks. I'll go out there and try to sleep this afternoon and then I'll be—" she broke off, and I said, "What? What did you say, Carol?"

"I was going to say, I feel like a dragnet right now.

"Poor kid. Go ahead. Mrs. Winters will let you be. She's not a gobby type. I see you at lunch.

"I'll see you," she echoed.

There was a little drum inside me all the rest of the day, beating out a sprightly, happy tattoo—Carol's back, Carol's back, Carol's back. It was only then that I let myself admit how frightened I'd been that she'd never be back at all.

I gave her a little time. When I got home from the Centre I brushed and polished myself up as if I were still in the Army. I pined around in front of the mirror, carefully examining my bloodstream. I had done my best to rid myself of those bad habits, and—well, at least fifteen minutes. I didn't look bad at all. Almost good enough for Carol. Then I couldn't stand it any longer. I ran for the door, leaped it to the last step, and ran all the way down the lane to the Winters place. I was out of breath when Mary Winters opened the door and let me in.

"Mrs. Blaine's in there," she told me, nodding toward the parlor. A grave, almost compassionate look went across her face, and I made myself wonder if she was hurt by the news, by it, or had been happy. Maybe she wasn't happy, but she could look a little happy for us; couldn't she? I knew that Ruth must have told her a little about us.

Then Carol came to the door and said faintly, "Oh, Ken—it's you! I was going to put my arms around her, but she held out both hands so I took them instead.

``I remember Mrs. Winters had gone into her dining room. I pulled Carol to me and kissed her quickly. "It's a little hurt when she put both hands on my chest and pushed me away. Then suddenly I felt it. I sensed it. Something was wrong."

``You have to let me ask any questions. I just stared down at her, waiting, seeing the fear and strain that were written all over her. Then she said, scarcely moving her lips, 'Luther's here.'"

``Here? You mean in Glen Falls?"

``Here," she said impatiently. "Here, here—in that room over there." She pointed toward a door with multiplying. He followed me, Ken. He wouldn't listen, wouldn't let me—then I said I had to come back to talk to you, and I got away. And this afternoon, after I got here—he took the next train. And found me, I don't know how." She was distraught with nervousness, afraid to look at my face to see how I was taking it.

"Well, it couldn't be better," I said grimly. Without giving myself a minute's time for hesitation, I strode to the door and flung it open. "Come on in, Blaine. Let's get this over with."

Slowly, but with a firm and dignified tread, Luther Blaine came in. He was as I remembered him—heavy-set and dashing, and I don't think I was surprised. He had been a little pathetically affected about being away. He was still look ing daffy, and sober-looking. But there was a certain pathetic dignity about the man, and all at once I realized I didn't want to hurt either one of them. Blaine did. I stopped looking and feeling belligerent, and asked him how he was.

"I'm well enough," he said gravely. "Has Carol told you yet?"

"Well, how's it going? A lot to talk about, I guess. I've hardly had—"

Abruptly then I realized what he had asked me. I looked from him to Carol and back. "Luther, Blaine?" I said.

Hysterically, Carol's voice stabbed the room. "I told you, Luther, I made you swear you'd let me go. Go away, let me tell him—go away, go away!"

She began to cry. "He just moved toward her. As if she'd been a stranger, I shook her violently, and the sobbing subsided. She waited, trembling. "You told me you'd let me go. Go away. I'm waiting. What goes here anyway? Have you told Luther you're going to divorce him and marry me?"

**"I've no use, Ken. I'm going back to you. Luther. I . . . when I left you I really . . . well, I went back. I told him I loved you. I tried to convince him. But he convinced me. He can't get on without you!"**

"I can't have you, Luther. You're too selfish. You'll blurt out and go on. But Luther . . ."

"I'm not that much of a milksop, Morgan. A lot of a quiet, but it held a cutting edge that shut Carol up. I love Carol, yes, as she knows. Deeply. The truth is I understand her better than she does herself. She wouldn't be happy! You're too alike in temperament. She needs someone like me, someone to balance her . . . she'll always have the steadiness she needs."

"I was sitting in the parlor when I was in desperate trouble, when I lost my job, Carol could still bring her troubles to me and be helped—"

"You mean it, cut in. If you lost your job? That big fat juicy deal?"

"Didn't Carol tell you? For a brief
moment Blaine's eyes met mine, and there was a strange sort of pity in them.
"There was a big shake-up, you know how agencies are, and for a couple of
weeks in there I didn't know whether I was coming or going. Then—while
Carol was away visiting you—something else turned up. Something juicier,
as you term it, than ever. So we shall be quite all right."
Carol didn't say anything. What could she say? There it was, and I was reading
it because there wasn't any place else to look. I moved my lips painfully,
like a deaf mute learning to talk.
"Luther lost his job, and all of a sudden you couldn't be Luther's wife. You
loved me, Ken Morgan. You went to tell Luther so, and Luther had another
job. All of a sudden you could be Luther's wife again. You didn't love me."
Carol began to cry. "It's not that simple, that brutal. Luther needs me, he
always has . . . She came toward me, but I put up my hand.
"For pity's sake, don't touch me," I said. As if I had struck her, her head
jerked back. For a savage instant I wished that I had struck her . . .
then all feeling faded away. I looked at her, and there was nothing. Nothing at all.
As I went toward the door, I said to Blaine, "I owe you an apology. I'm the
biggest fool in the world not to have known what that you said is true. You
do know her. Boy, how you know her."
Blaine looked at me cynically. "That's life," he said. "Oh, love, if you prefer.
I can cope with it, you see."
"You can have it," I told him, and
gently, closed the door behind me.
As I took my coat and hat from the
chair in the hall, I saw that Mary
Winters had come to the door of the
dining room and was watching me. She
didn't say anything, and neither did I.
Then I found there was something I
wanted to say. I went back to
Mary Winters, a little mad, as I stood
there in her hallway, quoting poetry.
"... 'and besides', " I said quietly,
"the wrench is dead. And she won't
rest in peace. Pity, isn't it?"
Then, feeling her sorrowful eyes on
me, I opened the door and went out.

HUSBAND AND WIFE STATEMENTS
(Janette Davis—Bill Lawrence)

A check for twenty-five dollars has been sent to each of the two
persons who, in the opinion of the editors, wrote the best statements
for the Janette Davis and Bill Law-
rence husband-wife feature, which
appeared in the March issue. Their
statements are published below:

I think I would make Janette Davis a
good husband because I, too, have worked
since I was fourteen. I'm a lazy, stubborn,
dominating cuss who'd be mighty proud of
a beautiful, talented, successful career
wife! Frankness, cooperation, interde-
pendence are the best parts of ideal marriage,
too. We would be companions not com-
petitors—I'm not in show business!
Jack Waller—Chicago, I11.

I think I would make Bill Lawrence a
good wife because he has the same big
ideals about love and marriage that I
have—a fellow who wants a wife, not a
career girl, to spend the rest of her life
trying to make him happy, to understand
and share his interests and who offers
friendship as well as love.

Terry David—New York, N. Y.

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Come and Visit a Home Made for Children

(Continued from page 53)

...your eye first are a baby buggy and a tricycle. As you enter the living room, a slender young woman is settling a sturdy little boy of a year and a half in a swing. That's Fran, who waves you to a seat on a davenport between a pink cloth rabbit and a toy train.

"I hope you don't mind children," she says. "When we took this place, we腾 the dining room to a play room and when young Kim was expected it was obvious that landlords would welcome two children as a guarantee that the parents would be quiet, sober tenants."

After months of search, Casey had developed a habit of murmuring, "Vacant apartment?" every five minutes to friends and strangers alike. Eventually this paid off. A fellow member at her club heard them. In a matter of seconds, they had locked the telephone. In a matter of minutes they were on their way to see the place. Its location was wonderful—only a block from lovely Riverside Drive Park where the child could run around grass. It was in a handsome building and the space was right—six rooms. "Don't they realize that a little girl and a tiny baby make much less noise than adults?"

The apartment itself was a dreary studio. The ankles of the tenants had lived there for twenty years and had left behind them great branching arms of old-fashioned electric light fixtures. The paint was a depressing brown of withers. Practical. There were one large, formal, French doors between dining room, living room and foyer. Two of the three bedrooms were quite small, the playroom and kitchen. The other rooms were so big that the Allens' furniture would not half fill them. Just the same, Fran and Casey stood in the middle of this gloomy gruel and said, "It only seems to be so because the landlord had no objection to children, and thought the place was heaven without the second look they signed the lease. Ten days later, the place was transformed.

...The tension was so great that Fran found herself sitting on the edge of her chair. No wonder Kerry's eyes were popping out of her head with excitement by the time the story was finished.

"This is going to be hard for you," said Fran later. "But let's face it. You've got to hold yourself in and read real dull stuff!"

When the Allens were first married, they had a comfortable three-room apartment in Greenwich Village. When Kim was born, they moved to Brooklyn. Kim was expected it was obvious that landlords would welcome two children as a guarantee that the parents would be quiet, sober tenants. The Allens' furniture would not half fill them. Just the same, Fran and Casey stood in the middle of this gloomy gruel and said, "It only seems to be so because the landlord had no objection to children, and thought the place was heaven without the second look they signed the lease. Ten days later, the place was transformed.

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Off came all of the wall lights. Off came all of the French doors—no use to complicate life for toddlers. Living room and dining room were painted the same shade of soft greyed green, cheerful and restful at the same time. The big downy couch was slip-covered in floral—nothing was stained, nothing was expensive. The furniture was made of solid wood, strong and sturdy, so that little shoes cannot possibly hurt. With the fabric that little shoes cannot possibly hurt. With the fabric...
I ran had always been aimed at an acting career from childhood. Casey took a longer way around. His father is a distinguished Minneapolis doctor, and it was taken for granted that Casey would follow in his footsteps. While studying pre-med at the University of Minnesota, his success in mathematics led to an offer to do a series of plays with a semi-professional group. As he says, "With that, I was gone—all I wanted was the stage." Instead of going back to college, he joined the Pasadena Community Theatre Drama School. By the time the war started, he was instructing in the school and acting, directing and producing in the main theatre as well.

Curiously enough, though their trails crossed for several years, Fran and Casey did not meet until Casey came out of service and decided to take a radio in New York his career. And a fantastic fact is that, when they did meet, each took a rather vague view of the other. Fran claimed that Casey did not even see her on the morning they were introduced, and admits that she did not give him another thought until later that afternoon.

It was Dana Drews who changed all that. Dana was the guest star of a broadcast that had brought the three together that morning for rehearsal. Fran playing the feminine lead and Casey being the assistant director. Dana and Casey had been friends in Hollywood, and Dana and Fran had mutual friends. When rehearsal was over all three went to separate ways. Dana was snowed under with interviews about his new film, but he made a date with Casey for the late afternoon. It was a tentative date, and Casey almost didn't go. He was detained at the office. He was trying to move to a new apartment, and he had a dinner engagement. At the last minute, he decided to stop by the appointed restaurant for just five minutes. When he arrived he found Fran and several others from the studio there. Suddenly, moving to the new apartment on that late afternoon seemed extremely unimportant. There was too much to talk about. He had studied music very extensively—Fran had a collection of two thousand records. He knew people on both coasts—so did Fran. He had a lot of ideas about radio—so did Fran. He never did keep his dinner date.

But there aren't many missed dates in the Allens' lives these days. "Not with two built-in alarm clocks in the house," says Casey.

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and the same minor disagreements, for the majority of letters say, in effect, "you have been eavesdropping at our house."

But occasionally someone writes that she's acquired a little something extra from listening to the daily life of Ethel and Albert Arbuckle. A young girl who works in a bank wrote, "Dear Peg Lynch—I once thought I'd never get married. My parents used to throw words back and forth so much that I thought, if this is marriage, I want no part of it. I know now that if Ethel and Albert can disagree so often and yet be in love, I must have the wrong slant on married life."

That letter was unexpected, for you know the program has never pretended to solve listeners' problems. But in getting a peek at the goings-on of a fairly average couple, this girl got closer to reality. She is learning that bickering can be healthy, not necessarily a sign of frustration and hatred.

After all, if two mature adults agreed on everything, they would most likely be very stupid, very dull—and very bored!

And let's face it, sometimes differences can't be resolved. If a man wants to see the fights and his wife prefers a movie, neither one will be happy with the compromise. But their happiness in being together and in love is bigger. If there are too many differences in taste, opinion and temperament, they may separate. But if there were so much difference between two persons, it's doubtful that they should have married in the first place. No, I believe that much discontent in marriage results from the way couples go about settling their peeves.

A quarrel solves nothing, because it is purely emotional with no discussion and statement of facts. Sometimes quarrels end with physical violence. Usually there is only the violence of spirit and the death of love. Hatred becomes a disease. The couple may share the same home, table and bed but at the best they are only strangers.

But bickering back and forth won't hurt your marriage. Done the right way you will learn more about each other and perhaps have a little fun at the same time. My good-natured husband—whose very Norwegian name is Odd Knut Ronning—and I bicker once in a while. Who doesn't?

One Sunday morning we decided to have Welsh rarebit for lunch. Odd went off to a delicatessen with specific instructions to buy yellow cheese. He came back with the Sunday papers and Cheddar.

"I told you to get yellow cheese, dear," I reminded him. He looked up from the papers. "The clerk told me Cheddar is better for rarebit."

"Who," I asked—and it seemed a reasonable question—"does the cooking around here, the delicatessen clerk or me?"

Odd gave me one of those women-can-be-so-difficult-over-nothing looks then went a step too far. "Don't worry," he told me, "I'm going to make the rarebit. You sit down and read the papers."

"It's retreated peacefully behind the comics—but not for long. After fifteen minutes of rattling and banging, Odd poked his head out of the kitchen and said plaintively, "You might help me with something."

I gave him a look of wounded surprise. "I thought I wasn't supposed to do anything. I thought I was just supposed to sit here and read the papers."

But I got up and went out to the kitchen.

"Get the curry powder, please," he requested. "And a spoon. And I need some beer for the rarebit. Hand me that pan, will you?" Pause. Then, "Don't worry—remember, I'm doing all the actual work."

So he did the "actual work"—which consisted of standing by the stove and stirring—while I dashed madly back and forth trotting out supplies and handing him utensils.

"I hope it's right for you to want to help," he said, as I cut up cheese at his direction, "but remember, it's my cooking that will make this an outstanding dish!"

It was outstanding, all right. When you use Cheddar instead of yellow cheese, you get something that doesn't even look like rarebit, let alone taste like it. The cheese gathers itself together into curiously lumpy instead of blending smoothly into rich thickness.

But did I cry, raise my voice? Did Odd swear, sulk or beat me? Of course not. We laughed, and it's now one of those family stories that couples who get along beautifully together love to tell on themselves.

Neither Odd nor I are native New Yorkers. Odd is a Norwegian, and I was raised in Kasson, a small town near Rochester, Minnesota. My father died when I was quite young; then mother and I lived with my grandmother. Until I married, I don't believe that I had ever drawn on my home life for the stories of the Arbuckles. But I do think the reading I was encouraged to do by my studying writing and dramatics at the University of Minnesota. That took me

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into radio, where Ethel and Albert were mothered into existence.

One of my jobs was supposedly as a continuity writer at Station KATE in Albert Lea, Minnesota. I arrived there during a blizzard and was immediately told that beginning the next day I had to do a daily half-hour program for women.

After only two days of getting bored talking about fashions and vegetables, I began to write in skits for Ethel and Albert. No matter what station I worked for afterwards, the Arbucks stayed with me. In 1944, I took them up to New York for auditions.

I was jobless for a couple of months, but very lucky. Lucky to get an apartment in Manhattan’s Gramercy Park, and lucky to get a contract from ABC in such short time. I didn’t bank on luck though. There was a rather practical streak in me that I’ve learned from mother. “Save a little, spend a little,” is one of her axioms, fortified by a rule about never being in debt.

It was right after the war that I first heard of my future husband. Mother had renewed her correspondence with relatives in Norway. One of them wrote about a young Odd Knut Bonning, who was coming to the States to study.

I envisioned Odd as about nineteen years old, scholarly, and probably quite stiff and formal in a European way. My attempt at clairvoyance was almost a hundred per cent inaccurate.

The first time he called, Mother whispered to me, “He isn’t at all what we expected.”

I nodded agreement but added, to myself, “He’s better.”

Odd is blond and blue-eyed. Like all the other husbands, his was handsome. I’ve known other men as well-mannered and pleasant—but some of them have shown a peculiar dislike for women who manage a career, and others have had a stubborn streak. Stubbornness leads more often to quarrels than bickering.

But Odd had a wonderful sense of humor, and with it, he was quiet and easy going. And he was not an adolescent, but a fully fledged man. I had forgotten that Norwegians, too, had their education interrupted by the war. Odd was after his Masters in chemistry which he applies as an engineer in the paper and pulp industry. During the war he had served in the Norwegian underground against the Nazis until he was sent to a concentration camp.

“You have a pair of walking shoes?” Odd asked on his first visit.

I nodded.

“Let’s go for a walk,” he suggested, then explained, “Walking dates are a Norwegian custom.”

After our first date, I saw Odd frequently. Although the School of Forestry is in Syracuse, he made many weekend trips to New York City. We did a lot of talking and walking. I’ve always kept myself in good condition for talking, but I’ve had the taxi habit for many years. I suppose I looked forward to his proposal, for the day I expected it to come I put away my walking shoes—but not for long. My husband still likes his exercise. Walking isn’t just a Norwegian courting custom.

After our wedding, August 12, 1948, we had a month’s honeymoon in Europe. Our first big chance for an emotional quarrel occurred in Paris. Odd and I had gone to Cook’s office where I was expecting a letter. The guard at Cook’s wouldn’t let us through the door, although I could see any number of tourists inside. Our conversation with the French guard was a bit awkward, inasmuch as Odd understands the Frenchmen but doesn’t speak French. I speak a little French but can’t understand Frenchmen.

In French, I asked, “Why can’t we go inside?”

He answered in French and in English, Odd told me, “He says hours are from noon to two and we’re late.”

I said to the guard, “But there are other people inside.”

The guard spoke to Odd and Odd translated, “He says he cannot break the rules.”

We continued this maddening exchange for about five minutes while the guard’s head shifted from Odd to me and back again like a spectator at a tennis match.

My frustration was simmering and about to boil over. Neither my husband nor the guard made any sense. Suddenly, Odd grabbed my arm and propelled me rapidly down the street. We walked two blocks in silence, while I fought to keep from bawling with fury, and then at last I burst out with, “It is absolutely ridiculous making us come back later! When there were people inside getting their mail!”

Odd said, very quietly, “But the man was absolutely right, you know. Rules are rules.”

I stopped dead and glared at him. I was so mad I was speechless. That my own husband should take sides with that idiotic guard against me!

But I no sooner opened my mouth to treat Odd to a lengthy discussion of my opinion of him—than I burst out laughing instead. And so another family joke was added to the list. To this day, whenever I start to flare up over something that doesn’t really matter, after all, Odd says, “Remember the Cook’s man in Paris!”

Back in the United States, Odd continued his studies. We saw each other only on weekends, when I went to Syracuse or he came to New York. My apartment, being limited in size, has been furnished with method rather
than madness. It has to be both home and office for me, and we have only three-and-a-half rooms. The living room is large—about twenty-two by eighteen feet, with a fourteen-foot ceiling and long French windows opening on a narrow balcony. Visitors are sometimes disappoited to find that it isn't done up in sleek modern, but I like to think that the decorating motif is composed of equal parts of comfort and necessity.

The walls and ceiling are gray. The carpeting and two love seats which flank the fireplace are green. On the walls are French prints—bought in New York. Then there's a studio couch with a gay red cover, a dining table that seats four or, by raising some ingenious flaps, seats ten. And there is my spinet piano, where I relax for half an hour each day.

My bedroom is divided smack in half by sectional bookcases. On one side, a bed and chest of drawers and a closet—containing, by unanimous vote of my mother and my husband, simple, tailored suits. Beginning with the foot of the bed, the room suddenly becomes an office. Here are my file cabinets, reference books, a table and typewriter. A window, scientifically located by chance, throws light over my right shoulder. On the walls are pictures of friends and the five men who have played my radio husband. (Richard Widmark, now a Hollywood star, was one of the first. Alan Bunce, the present Albert, I think is the best man we've ever had in the part. With a wife and three children of his own, he brings a wonderful understanding to the part.)

Odd, who has lived most of his life in Norway, likes Ethel and Albert, and so do his Norwegian friends. It proves, I think, that domestic life is about the same anywhere, with the same underlying humor and love. I found this true when I spent last summer in Norway. Odd had to return last spring, for he had only a student's visa.

During the three months I was in Norway, the friends I made had the same family interests you see in Americans. Mothers and fathers are concerned with their children's education and progress. And although they are a bit more formal than Americans (they wouldn't think of calling each other by first names at the first meeting) they are every bit as friendly. In Skien, a town of fifteen thousand people south of Oslo, where Odd worked, the people were very familiar with American music and humor and books. Every one of the six bookstores carried American magazines.

At the end of those three months, Odd had to wait in Norway for his immigration visa while I came back to the States. If we hadn't already decided to make our home in the United States, I would have thought twice about making my ship. But now that we are together again, for all time, we can at last begin to live the normal life of a husband, wife, and children for a permanent home and family.

I'm sure we'll have our share of bickering. That won't matter—but quarrels do scare me. They are a kind of auto cronic bing, as inhuman as a dog fight.

Not often in the life of Ethel and Albert do they ever come close to a quarrel. Like our current program, little Suzie had cut her finger, the grocer had failed to deliver some things for a special dinner, a Sunday school teacher and furnace repairman had called. Ethel had to iron a table cloth at the last minute, get the house tidied for guests. And when Albert walked in he asked, "Well, my gosh, what have you been doing all day?"

Ethel felt her breath quicken, and said, "I just dare you to repeat that."

"Women should organize things just like a business," Albert advised inno cently. "Why, if you didn't have a sense of organization, she wouldn't last a minute at the office."

A husband comparing a secretary to his wife is as dangerous as a fire putting out fire with gasoline. Naturally, Ethel exploded, crying, "Maybe you'd like your secretary to organize your house and plan your meals!"

She ran upstairs sobbing. "You probably would like it if they say a wife is always the last to know."

Now maybe, just maybe, this sounded funny coming over the air. I doubt it. For this was the beginning of a serious quarrel. For a moment, they had forgotten all that their marriage meant. Albert had made a stupid remark. Ethel, tired and irritable, reacted only too easily. She realized how irrational they were, both softened up and began to solve their immediate problems like adults.

Ethel and Albert continue to bicker. And it's as good for them as it is for every married couple. That's why I say bickering won't hurt your marriage, not if you can laugh about it later. Only danger—there is no laughter in them.

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Hear the inside facts taken from actual police files. These are the kinds of cases the police as they hunt vicious criminals, when you tune in to this exciting radio program, „True Detective Mysteries."

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- 3:30 PM, Mountain Daylight Time
- 2:30 PM, Pacific Daylight Time

ON 485 MUTUAL STATIONS COAST-TO-COAST

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Q Is for Curiosity
(Continued from page 48)

“I may be brash, but I’m not that brash,” he explains his lack of attempt at imitation. He’s just himself, sometimes gabby, sometimes subdued, sometimes completely zany, but always original. (That Q, for instance.)

Right here seems like a good place to quote one of Mr. Lewis’ more serious observations, and he’s full of these too.

“Staying home is the success of a guy in television is determined by how much he can be himself before the cameras, qualified of course by what kind of guy he is in the first place.

Which brings us to the kind of guy Bob Lewis is in the first place.

Studio vital statistics say he’s five feet ten, weighs one-hundred and sixty six pounds, has dark hair and eyes—but they give no hint of the enormous nervous energy under control or the dogged one-track mind and determined concentration he brings to every job. They give him bachelor status, but it’s Bob himself who tells you that he wants to get “more background” for his work before he takes on family responsibility. (There was a photo on his dresser of a mighty pretty girl, said picture being carefully removed by Bob just before Radio Mirror’s cameraman went into action.)

Bachelor quarters are set up in a quiet hotel in New York’s mid-fifties, hardly half a channel away from the CBS studios. TBS are two big rooms, a tiny kitchenette (cherry with cherry red paint), and a terrace that scans the skyline to the west and north, allowing a glimpse easterly across the river to Long Island. Furnishings are half-Lewis and half-hotel and add up to a rather handsome whole.

Dry, sensitive skin? Now, enjoy a “peaches and cream complex” and rich in lother . . . a beauty soap. A de luxe soapy bath treat!

If dealer cannot supply you, send 50c and dealer’s name for 3 coins of either kind. Sayon in Dept. 171, St. Louis 0.

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Sell Christmas Cards!
It’s easy! Just show FOUR big NAME-PRINTED cards in Chemine in box at $5 for $3. Make up a list on Honor 3 Indiana Ave., EXCLUSIVE SECRET PAL, RAYO.

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Sell America’s only $1.00 gift wrap assortment containing 36 full size squares of Christmas tree-matching personalized penncils. Santa looking with name printed, Christmas tree-matching personalized picture. Children’s birth- day, party invitations, cards for business, invitations, the red coated rubber unit. One Party Free. Write for Free Sample.

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I need to SAMPLE SUITS!
Pay No Money — Send No Money!
It’s easy! You plan it, we make it up to 300 men’s suits, 150 women’s suits, 200 boys’ suits. We can’t resist the outstanding style, quality trade and price of the sample, made-to-measure suits. You need only one suit to prove it. You send us your size and style, your name and address, any changes you wish. You receive your suits, three or four suits, as the case may be, with your name stamped on each, and samples, styles for men, women, boys. Send only 6c for booklet.

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A LITTLE MORE
Color...
A LOT MORE
Romance!

Sayman Soaps
Pure, all vegetable soap . . . quick acting pore cleanser. You feel like the "Ingles" all day. Get Sayman Dept. w/isiffs.

Sayman Joins Assortments containing-

Pure red d portfolios
PAY EASY for

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FOUR full

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it

for

big

HAIR

SUITS!

Gifts for

ALL.

The

dealers

block-printed

in squares

combining

lume, brown and dark red,

very smart against chocolate brown

walls. The same fabric covers the
dadoport. The carpet is tan, and

there are big comfortable chairs in

rough textured fabrics, a square light wood coffee table, and plenty of lamps. A mural, painted by the wall and

Guaini on another hold their own

against three bathing beauties of

the early 1900’s on a third wall. These

are framed posters from Bob’s

collection of depression-era, comics,

andGaunier’s earlier work. Guaini’s

a demon collector—of old playbills,

harmonicas, totem poles of all sizes,
cameras, records—you name it! The

apartment closets overflow, the rest repose at the senior Lewis’ manse.

The bedroom doubles as an office, so a small green settee becomes his bed at night. Walls are dark green, with lighter green carpet and sunny yellow drapes. A big flattop desk in the corner has two rows of bookshelves facing the room, and a businesslike swivel chair turned to the other side. There’s an upholstered chair slip-covered in a green, black and yellow bamboo design, chaise de drawers, French provincial and wall and, and a framed playbill for the Actors’ Fund of America Annual Benefit at the Century Theatre, March 1, 1918, listing some of the greatest names of the day.

The desk overflows with correspondence, bits of memoranda, love letters, souvenirs, two telephones. There’s an extension of the in the other room—a "too lazy to walk from one room to the other," Dynamoe Lewis explains it! You’d never know now, peering past

Marchand’s
"MAKE-UP" HAIR RINSE
2 Rinses 10¢ 6 Rinses 25¢
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TOOTHACHE?
For Quick Relief
Ask your Druggist for

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FOOTAGE

Happy Is The Day
When Backache
Goes Away . . . .

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, ex- cessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passages may result from minor bladder irritations due to cold, dizziness or dietary indiscretions.

If you don’t want to, try Doan’s Pills, a mild diuretic. Used success- fully by millions for over 50 years. While these symptoms may often otherwise occur, it’s amazing how many times Doan’s give happy relief—help the 75 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan’s Pills today!
those horn-rimmed specs into serious brown eyes, that he spent a large part of his childhood sitting in back of the drummer in vaudeville house drinking in Dutch comedians, Pat and Mike jokes, tap routines and songs that always rhymed June with moon. Lewis Senior was a frustrated thespian whose career on the boards had begun and ended with college dramatics before law practice swallowed him up. Therefore, every Saturday afternoon he and little Bobbie sat in front-row seats in vaudeville houses, breathing down the drummer’s neck, while Bobbie absorbed that peculiar vaudeville beat that he thinks is like no other in music. “It’s something special,” he tells you. “Jolson has it in his singing,” and maybe that’s why I’m so crazy about him.”

The next influence in Bob’s life were the kiddie radio programs. It seems he was sent to Sunday School, but he detoured to the Hope and Hartard program, where he shone as a boy soprano. Movie star Paul Douglas was then an emcee on the show and nine-year-old Bobbie was doing just fine until his mother met the Sunday School teacher one morning. Teacher reported that she hadn’t seen Bobbie for weeks and weeks, and what about the postcards of inquiry the mother was mailing to the house? That question was answered, regretfully, by little Bobbie himself who had been waylaying the postman and tearing up the mail.

By the time he appeared on a children’s shoe program on which Paul Barron was the pianist, and Paul had told Bobbie’s parents he would like to coach a youngsters who showed such promise, mother and father Lewis gave up and in.

By the time he started college he had decided to be a radio announcer, and after his sophomore year at the University of Michigan he worked for a small local station, getting paid only in experience. During junior year with military service just around the corner, he left school to get a backlog of commercial radio experience, just in case he survived the war and wanted a job later. He wrote to stations all over the country, got two offers, took the one at WTRY in Troy, N. Y., because it was nearest his home city of New York.

The following year the Army took over, and the air force, then the army, and finally the navy. During this time he was stationed in New York, and an urgent flier for a new band in the Air Force, but a combination of illnesses, among them two bouts with pneumonia, interrupted his military career, and a medical discharge sent him out into the ranks of the civilian unemployed.

He finally landed an announcing job at WNEW, New York, took over their early morning record program, complained bitterly on the air when he hadn’t had time for his morning coffee (listeners always had it sent in after that) frequently told his audience to get back under the covers and get a good night’s sleep, and who cares if the boss doesn’t like it?

Maybe bosses didn’t, but listeners did, especially some of the high brass at NBC, who offered him a later, shorter show with more money. One day over there he needed to see a Vice President, but couldn’t get past the secretary. The thing went on for days and, finally, he did a satire on the air about seeing an NBC VP. Listeners applauded it, so on a particularly lazy morning a few weeks later he repeated the satire. That time the VP happened to be tuned in. Bob got fired the same day.

There he was, at twenty-four, jobless, a has-been on radio. At last he got a disc jockey show at WHN (now WMGM), went right on being irreverent towards VP’s, commercials, and bosses who expected people to be at their desks on rainy mornings when it was hard to get up. The CBS high brass caught some of those shows and invited him over to do his complaining from their microphones.

At CBS he began to get all over the dial. He replaced the vacationing Godfrey, knew he was really accepted when letters began to come in saying he was almost as good as Godfrey. Sometimes he did a late stint into which he brought the scrubwoman who cleaned up after everyone had left. His first TV show was in 1948, when he subbed again for Godfrey.

His hour-long program, The Show Goes On, was the idea of Lester Gottlieb, who produces it, but Bob couldn’t be prouder of the work they’re doing if it was all his from start to finish. He tells the expert way the staff goes about matching talent to buyers’ specifications, how few flat refusal of acts there have been on the show (only two at this writing). Some seventy-five per cent of the twenty-four-hour option have been pick-up, and many shows have sold out all the acts.

In addition to being paid for appearing on the show, and besides the im-

petuos of микрофоны, the talent receives many other offers from stage, movies and nightclubs. Bob feels sure many of the stars of a few years hence will owe their success to being seen on The Show Goes On. It fits right in with his ambition to give more and more of his time to discovering and developing young talent.
The Wizards of Oz (Continued from page 51)

Ozzie was welterweight champion of Rutgers, a member of the Rutgers swimming and lacrosse teams, and varsity quarterback. Out of these experiences, his children receive continuing dividends — philosophical as well as athletic.

Ozzie has done more than teach David and Ricky football, swimming and boxing. The latter so well that David had difficulty finding a boy his own age who will put on the gloves with him. Ozzie has taught them to relate the lessons of these sports — and good sportsmanship — to daily living. Further, he has used moral stories drawn from years of athletic participation as touchstones for a way of life.

The Nelsons are at all times very much aware of the thin line between their home life and their radio life. Ricky’s pants got stuck on a nail one afternoon while he was climbing the back fence. When David noticed his brother’s predicament, his only comment was: “Uh, uh — I bet this gets in next week’s script.”

For the simple reason, no doubt, that that’s just what they are, the kids behave like seasoned troupers. Ricky has become such a confident little performer that when Ozzie took a laugh line from him and gave it to David because it seemed better suited to the older boy, Ricky shrugged: “That’s okay. I’ll get a laugh anyway.”

He happened to be right. Ricky has an unfolding magic with studio audiences. He has grown up to breathe to con- vince the spectators.

Ricky complained once, “My part isn’t big enough this week,” but he was quickly pacified when Harriet — whose beauty is matched only by her good sense—gently explained, “It isn’t how big the part is. It’s how well you do.”

Neither David nor Ricky is inclined to whitewash everything Ozzie does, much as they worship their father. They are perhaps the show’s sharpest critics. As Ozzie has discovered to his obvious delight.

When the kids aren’t turning on their dad, they think nothing of turning on each other.

Ozzie didn’t like the way David read a line in rehearsal, and told him, “Try it again, David, and take the gum out of your mouth.”

David complained, but Ricky, who was an interested onlooker, shook his head. “You sounded better with the gum in your mouth, David,” was his verdict.

Occasionally, Ozzie’s love of athletics has strange repercussions in the Nelson household. Harriet, whose hobby is designing her own clothes, cuts patterns and stores patterns from fashion magazines, and takes them on her closet door to catalogue her ideas.

Ricky, by the same token, has a bulletin board on which he posts pinups of sports stars. When he discovered the magazine clippings on his mother’s closet door, he thought she was pur- suing the same hobby as he, although not very well. He was very careless of it for her—he disposed of all her designs, and in their place put up pictures of baseball players.

Not only in their criticism but in enterprises of their own initiative the boys constantly have at heart the best
interests of the show. They got a bright idea one day while playing with Bing Crosby's boys. They asked Lindsay Crosby how he would like to appear on Oizzie's show. Lindsay asked his father's permission—and the result was radio history. Not only Lindsay, but Bing, has entirely relied upon The Adventures of Oizzie and Harriet. Oizzie decided that would be a good night to try out David and Ricky playing themselves. The kids have been at it since Christmas—a delight of themselves, their parents and the listening audiences.

Both of them receive a weekly allowance of one hundred cents each. To get only fifty cents, but Harriet just doubled his salary. When the boys borrow from any member of the household, they must repay out of their allowance. When David and Ricky got a yen for surplus green stuff last summer, he earned two dollars a week by dusting both family cars daily, and washing them on Saturday. In week one, respect, those boys are not acting when they portray average kids. Oizzie and Harriet combine parental wizardry to make sure that those of us who are those kids make them behave like pampered brats. Their ten-year contract with the American Broadcasting Company is bolstered with clauses permitting the youngsters to withdraw from the cast anytime they might be so inclined, although this happens to be as remote a likelihood as anybody could imagine. In the early planning stage, David did just what he did, grow up, replied seriously. "I suppose Ricky and I will continue the show just like Mother and Dad, and then our children will take over."

Also guaranteed in the ABC pact is a substantial salary for David and Ricky—money stashed away in a trust fund which they will not be able to touch until they reach twenty-one. One day Oizzie proudly showed David his bank balance. "At least you can take a look at it," Oizzie laughed. "It's your return for working."

Although it represented a handsome figure, David was unimpressed. "Fifty cents in cash means an awful lot more than it did," put Harriet sympathetically.

"It sure does, Mom," David agreed. David and Ricky are trained at every turn to give everything to and to get the most out of life. This involves a certain amount of discipline, but most of the time any parental pressure is superfluous.

Family conferences and a barber shop quartet are underlying factors of the harmony in the Nelson home. Nobody tries to impress another. When an issue is thrashed out, it is done in a discussion in which all four participate with equal rights.

Compromise rules all questions. No decision is made. The situation is discussed and a compromise destination—without the full acquaintance of all concerned. This makes for a lot of talk, but also for an atmosphere that is adaptable.

The normalcy in a household inhabited by a wizard and this third-arising whizz is a feat of domestic balance to be marveled at. Even a wizard's harried life has its hours of relative calm. Given a vacation destination—without the full acquaintance of all concerned. This makes for a lot of talk, but also for an atmosphere that is adaptable. The normalcy in a household inhabited by a wizard and his three disarming whizzes is a feat of domestic balance to be marveled at. Even a wizard's harried life has its hours of relative calm. Given a vacation destination—without the full acquaintance of all concerned. This makes for a lot of talk, but also for an atmosphere that is adaptable.
in such geographically divergent spots as Earl Carroll's Hollywood Restaurant and the Cleveland Arcade and in such hit Broadway shows as "Best Foot Forward" and "Meet the People."

Coming to CBS in September, 1943, Arsch arranged and conducted music for a variety of programs until the time when he took over for the head. It was through Janette Davis that Archie got his chance with Godfrey.

Janette is also responsible for dubbing Archie, Sy Schaeffer the trombonist and Johnny Mince the clarinet player, the Chesterfield D’Punk! times happens on the Godfrey A.M. show, the little Godfrey is called on to perform outside of their respective ballets. This particular morning, Arthur suggested to Janette that SyJohnny pool their vocal talents (if any). The result was what Janette called "The Cherry Sisters" — a comic, seemingly style enough to have gone on records in such hits as the "Too Fat Polka," "Heap Big Smoke" and "Slap Her Down Again!"

Most of the moments on the Godfrey shows are on the lighter side, but Archie likes to remind people that there is a serious streak in Arthur which manifests itself from time to time and always with tremendous sincerity.

As an example of this, Archie tells about the time shortly after Christmas when he booked out at the audience and asked if there were any girl present who would care to sing in her place. He was as much surprised as anyone when a plumpish matron of about fifty-five volunteered. He was even more surprised when she announced that she had her music with her. It was "Le Cantique du Noel."

"Well," said Arthur, "you get together with Archie on that and we’ll hear from you later."

As Archie tells it, "It was the most wonderful thing. We were all crying and when she finished singing there was no applause. But Arthur was magni
cent. He said, "You know, that’s America. Your next door neighbor comes in and you do it to her and your privilege to hear. Then he turned to the woman and said: ‘Madam, you sang that song with the utmost sincerity.’

"Of course, that made everybody feel like two cents. It certainly made me feel I had no right to criticize.

"And you know," said Archie, "in a sense, Arthur was right. Nobody has the right to criticize anybody for any deficiency. That has stuck with me ever since."

But Archie, you feel, has an innate sympathy for human beings and seeks no lessons on the subject from anybody.

Archie and his wife Kitty live in a Manhattan apartment with their Irish setters, Terry and Penny. Recently Archie decided that he needed some relaxation from his rigorous schedule and more exercise—than having Terry and Penny afforded. He joined the local athletic club for its chief attraction, a swimming pool. But he still hasn't been able to get all the different water shortages in the New York area has left all pools drier than any reservoir is ever likely to be. So Archie walks the dogs for exercise and listens to other people's music for relaxation.
costume, a shirt decorated with beads, a feather head-dress, sandals and other such redskin paraphernalia. But when the curtain went up, he came on with no shirt at all—on his bare chest and middle he had painted “Yellow Belly,” Arthur, of course, howled.

In addition to his acting, he was especially grateful to Godfrey for making him a definite personality on the show instead of just an announcer. And even since that first summer, he has continued to grow. Today, once a mediocrity, student Godfrey has made him somewhat of a comedian, too—with quiz kid shadings. Whenever a question comes up about something scientific, Tony usually comes off the wrong way.

—Arthur will say: “Well, we’ll just ask Tony about this.”

Then he gets Tony to go into a long-winded, detailed account about whatever it is, all the while interrupting with humorous side remarks.

“Tired of sounding like a poor man’s Erasmus?”

But Arthur loves it. And the public seems to, too, especially when Arthur asks Tony something like this:

“What is ST-37, Tony?”

Even though Godfrey says that Tony will always have one on his mind, ten or twelve will do, he’s usually satisfied with the answers Tony gives him. Fortunately, Tony has one of those minds that has retained most of the stuff he ever studied and learned.

That learning began back in the public schools of New York City where Tony was born thirty-six years ago. After Tony graduated from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn he went on to St. John’s College. He graduated from there in 1932.

He was to be a doctor. While he was at St. John’s he worked as an usher in the Paramount Theatre from six to midnight, and on weekends. This schedule easily could have played havoc with his studies, but Tony solved the problem before it could do him any harm. While the picture was on and all the customers presumably in their seats, Tony would go into the one-room study. Luckily for Tony, the manager of the theatre never knew or cared, and after Tony had graduated from St. John’s and was a medical student at the Long Island College of Medicine, he stayed on at the Paramount to help pay his tuition.

But for two years at medical school, Tony had to quit and devote all his time to earning money. Tony didn’t quit his job at the Paramount. Tony always loved the theatre and anything to do with the show world. In high school and college, he had belonged to the Glee Club and had gone in for dramatics as an after activity. He decided to stay on at the Paramount full time, but he didn’t limit himself to mere ushering. He went to the Student Manager there, learned everything from the basic construction of a theatre right through to how to put on full productions. When the show was finished, Tony would do the Promotion, the follow-up promotion. Tony was with the Paramount Publicix Chain until 1935 when things went badly with Paramount. Tony and a lot of other people were let go.

In 1935 jobs weren’t easily come by. At that time, his steady girl was Dorothea Wiener whom he met three years before when both were counselors at a children’s summer camp in Pennsylvania. Dorothea attended Cornell University and played the piano excellently. She was an active student, but she was definitely a Tony-tal student. Though Tony didn’t have enough money to become a husband, but Dorothea had an uncle who owned a chain of gas stations in New York City. Dorothea was in.

One day a big, black Cadillac, driven by a distinguished looking man, came in. The man wanted his car washed. It was a new, flame red Cadillac, and Tony’s first run. An the car being washed. Impressed with Tony’s exceptionally low, full speaking voice, he asked him what he, a young, good looking fellow, was doing in a gas station. Had he ever sung at all? Tony managed to answer yes, that in college he

sang in the Glee Club and school shows.

Bressler, impressed with Tony, told him that he’d like him to meet his uncle, the Mr. Hahn who owned the Hahn Chocolate Co. Hahn was a patron of the arts and he liked to sponsor young people of talent. Bressler then asked Tony if he could get away from the car washing stations and see him. He did.

Tony could, of course, so in the new clean Cadillac and in his unclean overall’s, Tony traveled with Bressler to the Hahn’s. While they drove, Tony’s speaking voice, too. He arranged for his cousin, Mme. Elizabeth Major, one of the most famous and best vocal teachers, to hear Tony sing. And Mme. Major, was also impressed. In fact, she was so enthusiastic about Tony’s voice that Hahn and Bressler right then and there arranged for Tony to study with her for five days a week. And they would pay for the lessons.

Six months later the Opera Guild auditioned singers in their regular show. By that time Tony had finished his studies and singing lessons. In particular, they were looking for someone to play the lead, which was a bass part. Tony got that part. From there he went into “White Horse Inn,” a highly successful Broadway musical.

Tony could afford to be a husband by this time. After “White Horse Inn” closed, Tony and Dorothea were married—on June 6, 1937. The Marvin’s lasted a while, they had a daughter, Sandi, then just arrived in Saratoga on their honeymoon when Tony got a wire instructing him to rush right back. The reason: he was wanted to sing in a show on the radio, which was just starting, the Jones Beach Opera Company. Tony thought it would be a good thing so after only a few weeks that he rushed back. But then he found that the Jones Beach Opera Company had fallen through before he had a chance to begin.

As the job was working, making the rounds of the New York radio stations after he had been in a comedy which flopped out of town. He auditioned for a job at WNYC and got it. He had been a radio announcer and he was hired on by WNYC—his old station—for a job that he had left. He got permission to go through the place, the receptionist insisted that he fill out a form. It’s for the dramatic group auditions.

Tony, unable to convince her that he wasn’t there for the dramatic group auditions, filled out the forms and ended up reading a script. A friend from Tony’s, Cott, the head of the group, Cott, who is now one of the top men at WNBC, hired Tony on the spot as narrator for the group and also as a director who worked for WNYC was good enough to persuade John S. Young, who was chief announcer for the World’s Fair, to give him an offer in that capacity. It included more money and a contract, so Tony left WNYC and worked for Young at the Fair. While meeting many celebrities and handling many important broadcasts, he’s always had this feeling that radio was for him—for good.

He made another important contact at the Fair—John Reed King. King introduced Tony to Jerry Maulby, head of network operations for CBS. Tony auditioned for Maulby and the head of the CBS news department, Sufficiently impressed, they offered Tony a lot as a staff announcer.

As a staff man, Tony did everything from daytime serials to symphonies and in 1946, when the Arthur Godfrey morning show was sustaining, Tony was assigned to it. It was on only three times a week then and Tony did this show along with all the others assigned to him. The new show was one that was commercial, Tony stayed with it. He also does the Godfrey TV show, Wednesdays; Talent Scouts on Mondays.

Tony loves to work with Godfrey and Bressler. And in his style, he’s never been a cut above. “Arthur has taught me so much,” says Tony, “especially how to be at ease on the air. And most of all, how to be natural and myself while working. I guess one could never do as a straight announcer.”

The Marvins live in Amityville, Long Island with their little girl, Lynda, just arrived in Saratoga on their honeymoon when Tony got a wire instructing him to rush right back. The reason: he was wanted to sing in a show on the radio, which was just starting, the Jones Beach Opera Company. Tony thought it would be a good thing so after only a few weeks that he rushed back. But then he found that the Jones Beach
Which Twin has the Toni?

Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent — feels as soft as naturally curly hair

Now — any day and any time — for only one dollar you can get a wave that's caressably soft — like naturally curly hair... and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's Secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni Home Permanent gives you this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results — again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine. So whether you are buying your first Toni Home Permanent or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a $20 permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair.

Today, ask for Toni Home Permanent. Jean, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you, get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

"I'm not a twin, but since I tried Toni, no other permanent will do for me," says Mrs. Myron Albertson of Los Angeles.

"Toni works wonders for my baby-fine hair. Never frizzes it... always gives me a soft, natural-looking wave."

NEW! TONI MIDGET SPIN CURLERS

For perfect neckline curls for easier — far faster!

Wonderful for new, short hair styles. Wind wispy ends closer to the head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget SPIN Curlers and Toni Creme Shampoo. $1.50 value... ONLY $1.33
New!...Mennen Baby Magic

the sensational all-purpose baby skin care
that checks diaper odor.... checks diaper rash

In the Unbreakable Squeeze Bottle—the new, luxuriously fragrant, liquefied cream that soothes, smooths, and beautifies baby’s skin.
Use all over baby’s body after bath and on diaper region at every change.
Makes everyone say, “Sweetest baby I’ve ever seen!”
Only Mennen Baby Magic contains new miracle ingredient—gentle “Purateen”.
More sanitary, easier to use... in the Unbreakable Safety-Squeeze Bottle.

P.S. You’ll love it for your skin, too!
PERKINS

Are a Family Problem?

Vacation Letter from
BENSON, FRAN and OLLIE

BING CROSBY
Exclusive Color Pictures!
and sons at their ranch home
Bathe your way to beauty with mild Camay and the daily Camay Beauty Bath! Use the big, economical "Beauty-Bath" cake of Camay, and give all your skin the finest kind of complexion care. Camay's lather is so quick and creamy, and it's gentle as a caress. Why, you'll rise from your bath lovelier from head to toes—touched with a perfume no other soap has ever quite captured—the flattering fragrance of Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women!

Camay means mildness to me!

PLUNGE INTO A CAMAY BEAUTY BATH TODAY!

Bath-Size Camay for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!
Your mouth and breath are more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don’t risk halfway dental care. Rely on doubly-effective Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

Naturally, you’d like to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth. And you will have, if you do what dentists advise: fight not only tooth decay but gum troubles, too.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums both.

For no other dentifrice has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly protective, doubly-effective care.

So be sure of double protection—keep your whole mouth “Ipana wholesome.” Ipana’s wholesome flavor is refreshing, too—you’ll enjoy it. Get Ipana today.

"I have lots of confidence in Ipana...it’s made by Bristol-Myers," says Miss Pat Barnard of Great Neck, N.Y.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums both. It’s another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums
Po-Po! there goes perspiration.

Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic battle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette...hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!

2 sizes: 2½ oz. $1.25; 1 oz. 60c. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago.

StoPette
THE ORIGINAL SPRAY DEODORANT.

AUGUST, 1950

Radio Mirror

Vol. 34, No. 3

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The No. 1 catch of the town, hers for a whole evening on their first big date. She dreams this is to be the beginning of a real romance. But how wrong can a girl be? What an awful awakening she's in for! Because, once he gets her back on her own doorstep, he'll never darken it again... and she won't know why.* It could happen to any girl... even to you if you're careless about one little matter.*

How's your breath today?

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending others, needlessly. Halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is the fault unpardonable. It may be absent one day and present the next... without your realizing it. That's the insidious thing about it.

Play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when you want to be at your best. It's the extra-careful precaution against offending that fastidious people never omit.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours, usually. Popular people, attractive people consider it almost a passport to popularity.

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

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
DeLong bob pins

stronger grip—won’t slip out

You don’t need a flair for hair styling
to set this newest hair fashion. It’s
a breeze with De Long bob pins.
Alluring, natural curls last longer,
for De Long’s grip holds hair tighter.
Take the blue De Long card home today.

How to set the "U" Bob—styled by Mr. Larry,
eminent New York hairdresser…
Set top hair in two rows, turning
first row toward face, next row
away from face. (Work with
even strands.) Pin two vertical
rows at left temple, the first row
toward face, second away.
Make circlets across the back to
right ear, in two clockwise rows.
Do right temple like left. To
comb out—brush hair up briskly,
then down into a soft halo.

Summer has a way of getting under
your skin. Complain as you may
about the broiling sun, and the
high temperatures, it’s hard to resist
the call of the outdoors.
If you’re in a state of despair, be-
cause you can’t keep your make-up
on your face, here’s some advice from
a girl who has to.
Pretty Patti Painter is someone you
haven’t met yet. But, one day soon
you’ll be seeing her on your TV
screen. At the moment she is busy
at CBS acting as a model for color
television experiments. Patti can’t
afford to have anything less than a
perfect make-up, no matter what the
thermometer reading.
Whether she’s out on a date, or at
rehearsals, Patti treats herself to a
minute “facial” at least three or four
times a day. She carries a jar of
cleansing pads right in her purse,
and whips them out whenever she
feels the need. These pads, moistened
with a skin-cleanser and freshener,
remove make-up, as well as any par-
ticles of dust which have settled on
her skin. All she has to do is reaply
her make-up, and she is all set.
As far as your make-up is concerned, Patti suggests that you keep it light. Should you like a foundation base before you apply your rouge and powder, buy a summerweight base. A heavy application of make-up is inclined to clog the pores, and before you know it you'll be faced with a blackhead condition. If you have an oily skin, it is a good idea to use an astringent lotion before you make up. You may have a problem with your lipstick, if you are using one with an oily base. Choose a lipstick that has long-lasting qualities. You won't have to worry about it smudging and spoiling your appearance, as it so often does.

Patti doesn't neglect her eyes in the hot weather, either. She wears a waterproof mascara, and just a touch of eye shadow. Of course, her brows always get a going over with an eyebrow pencil.

Patti has an exceptionally fair skin, and because of her color television work, she can't get tanned or sunburned. However, if you are addicted to the sun, keep a close watch on your skin, and as it begins to tan, increase the color tone of your foundation base and powder. Make as careful a match as possible. Even though your skin is tanning, it still needs make-up, for that smooth, beautiful finish.

The heat may be on, but if you present a cool front to the weather, you'll have nothing to worry about. Don't wait until the sun has melted your resistance and damaged your make-up. Have as many facials a day as you feel are necessary. Admiring eyes will tell you the “time out” was well spent.

—no shrinkage, no waste.
WASHINGTON thinks it has the nation's busiest sportscaster in young Bob Wolff, and here's the reason why.

On any given day this summer a Bob Wolff fan can tune Bob in at 1:55 P.M. and not hear him say good-bye until after eleven at night. And every moment he spends on the air is sponsored. Beginning with a re-creation of an out-of-town baseball game at 1:55—which sometimes lasts until 6, Bob goes on WWDC with a fifteen minute sports review, then races out to Griffith Stadium to record a quarter-hour interview show with the players which is aired on WWDC fifteen minutes prior to game time. Next comes a fifteen minute live television interview show from the field immediately before game time (WTTG). After that, Bob rushes up to the radio and television booth to telecast the first three innings of the Washington Senators' games (WTTG), moves over to the radio mike to broadcast the middle three (WWDC), shifts back to TV for the last three innings, and then conducts another fifteen-minute post-game interview show on television (WTTG).

By the time that show is over Wolff should be gasping for breath, clawing at his throat, and looking for the earliest train to Atlantic City, but the man who never stops talking (when he's sponsored), never stops working, either. Besides the strenuous daily schedule above, he manages to prepare a weekly cut-in for the Mutual Broadcasting System (Saturdays, 4:30), write a lengthy sports column for the Washington Sunday Star, edit and distribute the Bob Wolff score book, speak at various luncheons and public functions, answer his voluminous correspondence, and play centerfield for the WWDC softball team (current batting average: .420—subject to change without notice).

Not subject to change are many of Bob's loyal sponsors who have capitalized on his effervescent sales ability. Accounts such as Chesterfield, Valley Forge Beer, and a Washington firm, George's Radio and Television Company, have been Wolff sponsors for three years running. And newcomers this summer include Motorola, a local Pontiac distributor—Arcade-Pontiac, and a local clothier, Regal Clothing Company.

To his family—his pretty young wife, Jane, and twenty-month-old son, Bobby, Jr.—Bob Sr. must be nothing more than a figure hurrying madly out of the front door of their apartment, holding his hat, and rehearsing his cues in front of the startled neighbors he bumps into in the hall. Indeed, Bob's hectic schedule has made him virtually a Third Man in his family life: Bobby Jr. readily recognizes his father on the television screen and cries, "Daddy," but to the strange and rarely-seen figure which is Bob in person, Junior—sensing a triangle—pointedly says nothing.

If things keep popping for Bob as they have in the last few years, it may be quite a spell before his son ever does get to know him well. For the ex-Phi Beta Kappa at Duke University is already perched on the top rung of the local ladder, and he has his best foot forward.
Top American designers say there's only one girdle for 'round-the-clock wear with all Summer clothes...even under swim suits!

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Never before have designers chosen one girdle as the answer to all of Summer's slimmer clothes. Never before has there been a girdle you could wear under your bathing suit — then pat completely dry with a towel and wear again immediately.

PINK-ICE looks, feels, fits and acts like a second skin, moulds your figure with comfort and freedom. It hasn't a single seam, stitch or bone — it's invisible under briefest bathing suit, the most clinging dress. And it washes in seconds, dries with a touch of the towel.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE dispels body heat... slims you in cool comfort. Light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, PINK-ICE actually "breathes" with you.

In SLIM shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRLIES $3.95 to $4.95
In SLIM silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRLIES... $3.50 to $3.95
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large. Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION, Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.
Gene Brook is a very practical man and, like a lot of other people, he doesn’t believe in fortune-tellers. But... shortly before he became engaged to Myra Singerman, she lunched at a Buffalo tearoom where a gypsy read tea-leaves. The gypsy told Myra: “You’ll marry a radio man or journalist.” Not only did Myra marry a “radio man”—she became the mother of a “radio girl.”

Gene is one of Buffalo’s best-known radio figures, even though he is rarely heard on the air. He is the producer and script-writer of Breakfast at Laube’s Old Spain on WBEN every morning from 9:15 to 10. He also writes the nightly show, Orchid Week-End at the Statler and he was the elf “Grumbles” in the Visit to Santa Claus on WBEN-TV last Christmas.

The “radio girl” in the Brook family is Donna, five and a half, who was one of the precocious panel of Half Pints on the recently completed WBEN-TV series. The Brooks also have a son—Jimmy, three and one-half, who “wants to get on television, too.”

Words, words, words. As far back as he can remember, Gene has been a prolific letter writer and has ground out literally millions of radio words. He started writing in grade school and during his high school days he was on the school paper and took part in amateur theatricals.

At Ohio State he did features, sports, and every other type of story for the University paper. For two years he took the feminine lead in the productions of the Scarlet Mask, the University’s dramatic association. He also broadcast regularly over the campus radio station, WOSU, Columbus.

He was graduated at twenty in 1941 and was then too young for the draft. When he did become of age he was rejected for the army three times because of ulcers (acquired at eighteen).

Gene first wrote seriously in 1941, doing a comedy script for a Buffalo station. Throughout the war he had very little extra time for writing but taught play production at the YWCA at night. In fact, he still teaches the same three nights a week at the Buffalo Jewish Center.

A few months after WBEN-TV went on the air, Gene began writing a television series for cartoonist Stu Hample and did commercial scripts for another TV show. A chance lunchroom engagement with WBEN officials launched Gene into radio seriously, early in 1949. For Breakfast at Laube’s Old Spain, he estimates that he penned more than 3000 pages of script and more than 750,000 words during the program’s first year and he has been known to write as many as forty pages of script in one day.

His heroes are those two other prolific comedy writers, S. J. Perelman and James Thurber. One of his greatest treasures is a personal letter from Bea Lillic, who airmailed him words of praise after he submitted a comedy script to her. If he has any words of advice to young writers (like himself) they are merely repetitions of the old adage: “The best way to write is to apply the seat of the pants to the seat of a chair—and write.”
Collector's Corner

BY DOROTHY SHAY

Although I've actually earned the title "Park Avenue Hill-billy" by singing the sophisticated Western songs, I'm really an avid devotee of music in general—as my favorites will show:

1. Bing Crosby's "Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy." His devil-may-care personality comes through perfectly in this arrangement.

2. Bing Crosby's "White Christmas"—a moving interpretation of a beautiful song.

3. Herb Jeffries' "Swamp Girl." This disc creates a tremendous mood, and is delivered faultlessly by a great voice.

4. Pearl Bailey's version of "Tired." Miss Bailey is as much an actress as a singer, and you can almost see her singing as you listen.

5. An awe-inspiring composition, and an interpretation that gives you a lift every time you hear it, is Gordon Jenkins' "Manhattan Towers."

6. David Rose's "Holiday For Strings." Here is a brilliant arrangement and a note-perfect interpretation by some great musicians.


8. Glenn Miller's "In The Mood." Everything just perfect on this—the wonderful Miller brass, a stand-out arrangement, a toe-tapping beat.

9. Kay Starr's "Lonesomest Gal In Town." Miss Starr's interpretive rendition of this sensuous song makes you want to hear it over and over.

10. Artie Shaw's "All The Things You Are," is Shaw at his all-time greatest. Great musicians, great arrangement, great rhythm, all on one disc.

Do Your Dates "Fizzle Out"?

SEE PAGE 81

Paid Notice

Which Twin has the Toni?

Priscilla and Patricia Emery of San Francisco. The Toni Twin says: "Before I had a Toni, I couldn't imagine a permanent without frizz. But my Toni wave has been soft as silk and naturally-looking from the very first day!" Can you guess which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair

When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What is Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni Home Permanent has this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 93 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni 10 times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair.

So whether it's your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that's natural look. Priscilla, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

ONLY TONI HAS SPIN CURLERS

twice as easy—twice as fast

No rubber bands! Grip, spin, lock with a finger flick! Get regular size or Midget SPIN Curlers in combination with Toni Home Permanent.
Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay! 

According to Reports in Authoritative Dental Literature! 

2 years' research at 5 great universities—case histories of hundreds of people who used Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—shows the Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known today! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history! 

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results! 

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even one new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

"Bravery" has a new name, as far as I'm concerned—the name of Johnny Collins. You've probably never heard of Johnny, and neither had I until I met him and his lovely wife, Mary Virginia, at our NBC microphone in the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman. The couple were from Ashland, Illinois, a town near Springfield, and they were traveling with Johnny's parents. 


A rather surprising answer in any event, but completely surprising from Johnny—who had come up to the microphone in a wheelchair!

"This is my first day with my new pair of legs," Johnny explained, "and I'm not used to 'em enough to give the shoes a workout yet. But I'll be breaking them in before the end of the week. I'm already getting handy with the hook.

He told his story matter-of-factly, even cheerfully. Five months before, he had lost both legs and his right arm in a corn-picker accident. No matter how casually he spoke of that accident, nobody who heard him could help thinking of what must have been a terrible scene. "I could describe it," Johnny told me, "but I won't. Only three people in the world know about it, and as far as I'm concerned, that's how it's going to stay." 

"You've developed a wonderfully cheery attitude," I told him, "but weren't you terribly depressed when you first learned that you'd lost your legs and an arm?"

"I was never depressed for one minute," he told me. "I knew I was going to be all right. I knew I was going to live and that things were going to work out. Things couldn't help working out with a girl like Ginzy around."

"How did you feel about it at first, Mrs. Collins?" I asked.

"How could I feel?" she countered. "With Johnny acting so cheerful, I'd have been ashamed to act any other way."
"She was with me at the hospital the whole time," Johnny said, giving her arm a squeeze. "She never gave me a chance to feel sorry for myself and she never once let me see how worried she was. We understand each other pretty well."

I noticed the service emblem in his lapel. Yes, he'd been in the Marine Corps. Where? The Pacific theater. That was all he said about it—and it wasn't until later that I found out, from a fellow townsman, that Johnny's served at Iwo Jima.

Johnny's a firmly knit, athletic type and not even months in the hospital had erased the outdoor look from his face.

Knowing that he was a farmer, I asked him how in the world he kept his farm going after the accident.

Johnny told me a wonderful, heart-warming story of good neighbors. A hundred and fifty men had come in from nearby farms, bringing tractors, corn pickers—everything needed to complete the harvest. Their wives had brought food and had taken over the Collins kitchen. "They were swell," Johnny said, and better than words, his eyes told just how grateful he was to those neighbors of his.

Johnny spoke with enthusiasm about his hobby, too. "I'm a state high school official in football, basketball, baseball and track," he said, "and I'm sure looking forward to officiating again." He considered, "I'll be all right everywhere except on the basketball court. That game will be too fast for me now."

When I asked about the future, Johnny told me about his plans. Farming, he said practically, would be too rugged. At twenty-six, he felt that he might be a nice old to be starting college—but that was exactly what he'd made up his mind to do, with Ginzy's help.

"I want to become a certified public accountant," he explained, "and I know I'll be able to make it."

I knew it, too, and so did everyone else in the College Inn—including a couple of old friends who were our guests, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien of Hollywood.

Pat wasn't ashamed of the tears in his eyes when he talked to Johnny and Ginzy. "Your spirit's the kind that has made this the greatest country in the world," he said. "God bless you, Johnny. I'm a better man for having met you."

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced... held... kissed. Perhaps tonight. Be sure you're always lovely to love, sweet... alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant.

Test FRESH against any deodorant—see which stops perspiration, prevents odor better! FRESH is creamier, more luxurious and really effective!

Are you always Lovely to Love?

See for yourself how really effective FRESH is! Make this simple test.

Put your present deodorant under one arm. Put FRESH under the other arm. See which stops perspiration, prevents odor better.

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle to sensitive skin.
Phil Spitalny and the All-Girl Orchestra, twenty-nine reasons why his show, formed in 1934, was known as the Hour of Charm.

Part VIII: No longer a quaking, experimental medium, radio marks its coming of age by presenting more and more original, top-grade talent.

1934: The Dionne quintuplets were born. Dillinger, first man to be declared a "public enemy," was shot as he came out of a gangster movie, and there were new names suddenly famous on the air: J. Edgar Hoover and G-Men. A baby named Shirley Temple played a role in "Little Miss Marker." Overnight, every little girl in the country had to have a permanent wave and tap-dancing lessons. Another unknown, Donald Duck, made history in a brief supporting part in Mickey Mouse's "The Orphan's Benefit."

Max Baer became heavyweight champion by a knock-out after eleven rounds with Primo Carnera. Everybody was trying to learn an exotic new dance, the rhumba. The candid camera craze was in full swing. Suddenly not only planes, but cars and trains were...
streamlined. So were pens, pencils, lamps, radio sets and other objects that seldom needed to cut the breeze. The biggest song hit of the year was "The Object of My Affections," though "You're the Top" was setting a new style of lyric writing.

The outstanding event of the year was the formation of a new national network, Mutual Broadcasting Company. Its beginning is not so dramatic as the start of NBC and CBS because no one sat down and said, "Let's start a new network and give the big boys a run for their money." As a matter of fact, no one had the huge Mutual system in mind when four powerful independent stations made a sensible business deal. They were WOR, New York; WGN, Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati; and WXYZ, Detroit (though the latter went to NBC the following year). Each had programs of strictly local appeal, but each was also producing some very expensive programs of wide interest. They arranged a four-outlet chain for their best attractions, thus cutting expenses and expanding profits. Sponsors who could not buy time they wanted on NBC and CBS were attracted. Then other independent stations asked to join. By the end of the first year, Mutual had eighteen stations. In 1936, they signed the thirteen stations of the Colonial Network in New England and the ten stations operated by Don Lee in California, Oregon and Washington—the oldest regional network in the country. That was the beginning.

Ten years later Mutual had two hundred and forty stations. Today it has the (Continued on page 18)
Don't "JUST WASH" your hair

Condition it with NEW DRENE SHAMPOO

The sure way to natural sheen—natural softness

It's starting a new trend in shampooing... this wonderful New Drene with Conditioning Action! For New Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair! It actually conditions as it cleanses... conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

Your hair is so marvelously clean and soft... so easy to manage... so responsive to your hands. Only New Drene has this Conditioning Action. Get some today!

1. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
2. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
3. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

NEW DRENE NOW WITH Conditioning Action!

When a Girl Marries, heard M-F at 5 P.M. EDT

By
JOAN DAVIS

The writer of the best answer to the problem of R. M., which appeared in the April issue of Radio Mirror, was Jean Wheeler of Buffalo, N. Y., to whom Radio Mirror's check for $25.00 has been sent. The problem, you'll remember, was that of R. M., a widower, who wondered whether he should tell his daughter that she is adopted and that the woman he now loves and wants to marry—and to whom his daughter objects—is actually the girl's real mother. Here is Miss Wheeler's answer to the problem:

Dear Mr. R. M.:
I think you and your wife made a mistake by letting your adopted daughter believe you were her natural parents. Even if she had not been told who her real mother was, it would have been much easier now to explain the true situation to her. Using deception is seldom the kindest way.
I wish you had stated in your letter why the child had been let out for adoption. But inasmuch as you wish to marry her mother, I assume that she is a responsible person and at the time did what she considered best for her little girl.
If I were you I would tell your daughter that she was adopted, and do it in as kind a way as possible. Try to make her understand that you and your wife loved her so you really considered her your own. That you now realize she should have been told, but early in her life you considered her too young to understand, and instead of it becoming easier as she grew older, somehow it became more difficult. That the real reason you avoided disclosing the truth was you feared it would make her unhappy. Tell her that her own mother loved her dearly and had only the welfare of her child at
heart. She unselfishly gave up having her own dear baby with her because you and your wife could provide advantages which otherwise would be impossible.

It might not be advisable to disclose at once who her mother is, that is unless she asks. When she does request this information, by all means tell her the truth.

(Continued on page 16)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay $25 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another $25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than July 31. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Pepsodent removes FILM—helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

* Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.
But under no circumstances should you sacrifice your own happiness. Marry the woman you love even if your daughter remains obdurate. However, give her a chance to become her normal self again. Wait a few months so she can recover from the emotional shock and have time to talk things over and get straightened out.

And here is a letter which I have chosen to answer this month, because of its general interest:

Dear Joan:

I have been a widow for twenty-six years, my children are married and away from home, but I took a little grandson to raise when he was born, after his father and my daughter separated.

The boy whom I love as my own is now fifteen years old and a very good boy, but he is my problem, too. I have found a friend, a man about my age, who is lonely as I am for the companionship of someone his own age, and we wish to get married. But I want Dennis to be happy, and when he asked me where he would live after I got married, I told him with me, but he was not pleased and said he wanted to go to live with his mother, who is to remarry again, and has an idolized twelve-year-old son who might make Dennis seem left out of things.

Dennis used to be a happy boy full of wit and fun; now he is silent and moody. I would not make him unhappy for anything, not for all that a marriage would give me, so here is the question I would ask you to answer for me.

Will Dennis be unhappy and his life spoiled if I make this marriage, or will he become adjusted to the new life with me and a man who will love him?

E. B.

Dear E. B.:

I think the initial steps in solving your problem lie in the direction of the man you are going to marry. What is he like? And what is his attitude toward Dennis? Have you made any effort to get this man and your grandson really to know each other? Does he like Dennis, want to know him better? Does he like the idea of having Dennis living with you after you are married? Will he be a companion to Dennis, help fill the place of the father the boy hasn’t known? Will he be a good influence on Dennis—that is, is he a temperate man, with a kindly disposition? Has he ever had children around him, so he can be said to have an understanding of youngsters and their ways?

If you can answer these questions, I think your problem is half-solved. The other half lies in biding your time until your grandson and your prospective husband get acquainted. Don’t rush. And be sure that Dennis realizes, while you’re waiting, that you love him as much as ever, want him to be with you as much as you ever did. Realizes, in other words, that he will be losing none of the love and companionship that he has known with you, but will be gaining, rather than losing, when you marry.

Now, here is this month’s problem letter, which I ask the help of you readers in answering:

Dear Joan Davis:

My sister died when I was eighteen, leaving a three-year-old orphan daughter, Iris, whom I promised to look after. My mother being dead, I took care of Iris in Father’s stead. I loved her like a sister, and still do. When I was twenty-three and she eight, I met and married Jess. He owns a ranch in an isolated area and loves it with all his heart, as does Jesse, our nine-year-old son, and Joy, our daughter, age four.

Iris stayed with Dad till his death three years ago, when she came to make her home with us. I loved having her with me again, and was happy when Jess would invite her to ride out on the ranch with him, as I knew it was a lonely life for a young girl.

Though we have been happily married for ten years, Jess recently confided to me that Iris, now eighteen, is going to have his child. She adores him, but he says he still loves me. He is miserable but says he will do anything to right the wrong he has done Iris and me. He says he will give up the ranch and go away with Iris and marry her when I do. If I forgive him, he will provide for her and the child somewhere else where she will have a chance at a new, and perhaps better, life. He claims it is the result of a moment’s madness, when her youth and sweetness temporarily overpowered his usual uprightness.

I know it would break his heart to have to give up the ranch. And little Jesse would be inconsolable if deprived of his father and the ranch he also loves.

I feel that I am extremely negligent in letting this happen and my heart bleeds for my little niece, but I had implicit trust in my husband. Whatever we do I must see only heartache for her. What shall I do?

Mrs. J. B.

NOTICE:

Ted Malone’s Between the Book-covers column has been discontinued. Please direct all poems to Poetry, 205 E. 42 St., N.Y. 17, N.Y. For further details see page 75.
YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE OR TYPE OF SKIN!

NOT JUST A PROMISE...
but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that in just 14 days a new method of cleansing with Palmolive Soap...using nothing but Palmolive...brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:
1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time...as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.
It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here's proof it works!
In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.

You, Too, May Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!
• Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
• Less oiliness!
• Added softness, smoothness even for dry skin!
• Complexions clearer, more radiant!
• Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

You, Too, May Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!
Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1. Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable...first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2. Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3. Leaves hair fragrant clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world’s leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo.
on a bet, he auditioned for an announcing job, triumphantly won it and then, to everybody’s surprise, took it.

“Nothing like seeing a gap through,” said his friends, roaring with laughter at what they considered a humorous caper on the part of their dignified investment counsellor. A year later Gallup left the Exchange forever to devote his full time to radio.

Joe Cook was the spark-plug of The Colgate House Party, which had a novel format for a variety show. Action took place in an imaginary country estate called “Sleepless Hollow” where the “Servants” were forever cutting loose and entertaining the guests. Donald Novis was featured and so was Frances Langford, a top radio personality since 1930. Few people know that she was once a soprano. When she was sixteen she had a severe throat inflammation and out came her tonsils. Three weeks later, when she could sing again, she astonished her friends almost as much as she surprised herself with a brand new voice—a sultry, compelling contralto. This brought her an engagement on a Tampa station. Rudy Vallee heard her, put her on as a guest, and at seventeen she was well on her way. From Sleepless Hollow she was to go to Hollywood, become a star in films and appear in a great new show that was getting started in 1934—Louella Parsons’ Hollywood Hotel.

Miss Parsons did her first series in 1931. She shared fifteen minutes with Raymond Paige’s orchestra, and did a five-minute interview with a star. In 1932 she did the first “preview” on the air, presenting Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall in a scene from their new movie, “Riptide.” This was an important development because studios were then most reluctant to allow their new shows on the air, and were permitting Lux Theatre to use only quite old pictures. Out of these experimental broadcasts grew Hollywood Hotel, immensely popular for the next four years. It was a studio show and its “Orchid Room” was entirely imaginary, but to this day eager tourists rove Hollywood trying to find it.

Dick Powell, then a singing star in film musicals, was its master of ceremonies and soloist. Raymond Paige, Ann Jamison, Igor Gorin and Frances Langford were featured and just about every top star in town was booked for a guest appearance. The dazzling array of talent that Miss Parsons turned out focused attention sharply on the West Coast, and was one of the reasons the networks were to set up program departments in Hollywood shortly.

Radio was growing up fast. Congress took note of its rapidly expanding influence with the Communications Act of 1934. It imposed some long needed new rulings, many are too technical to be of interest here, but two clauses were to have far-reaching effect. One banned lotteries and was to threaten give-away shows on two occasions, the latest in 1949. The other was the clear statement that Congress was not giving the newly appointed Federal Communications Commission power to censor the air, but it did give that board the power to renew licenses of stations on a record of public service. This enormous power was granted in order to give authority to the rulings of the FCC and was intended to encourage radio as a

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**Life Story**

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

New tests by leading skin specialists PROVE the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this “fragrance men love”.

**Cashmere Bouquet**

—in a New Bath Size
Cake, Too!

Now—At the Lowest Price In History!
Maybe you've dreamed of being cast adrift on a magic tropical island. You'll find yourself deep in the sultry enchantment of this dream when you wear "Tropic Dream," an exciting, tawny shade of "Dream Stuff" for any girl who wants to look like a Sun Goddess!

"Dream Stuff" is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one brand new make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. And it can't spill in your purse! One of four dreamy shades, for every skin type.

WOODBURY Dream Stuff

...an exciting summer-tan shade glowing with the magic of the tropics!
IS OUR FACE RED?

Dear Editor:
In the May Information Booth, you published a picture of a man you call Michael Raffetto, who plays Paul in One Man's Family. You're wrong. The photograph is of J. Anthony Smythe, who is Father Barbour on the same program. Pontiac, Mich. Mrs. S. L. N.

We apologize and thank all of you who wrote in to point out the error. Here's the real Michael (or Paul). For more about him, see page 72.

REQUEST GRANTED

Dear Editor:
I'd like to see a picture of Kay Armen, the singer on the Bob Crosby Show. Afton, Mo. Mrs. K. B.

Kay and the Bob Crosby Show are heard Sundays at 10:30 P.M., EDT on NBC.

TRIPLE THREAT

Dear Editor:
Does Berry Kroeger, who sometimes plays in the movies and on TV, take the part of Sam in Young Dr. Malone? Where was he born and is he married? Methuen, Mass. V. H.

Bachelor Berry Kroeger, who does play Sam, was born in San Antonio, Texas.

COUNT'S CONFIDANTE

Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of Parley Baer, who plays Rene, the Count's friend and servant, in the Count of Monte Cristo. How can I get in touch with him? Hamburg, N. Y. Mrs. E. D. H.

You can write to him in care of station KHJ, Los Angeles, Calif.

PRIVATE EYE

Dear Editor:
Would you please publish a picture of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons. New Madrid, Mo. G. M.

Pictured above is Bennett Kilpack, who plays Mr. Keen. For more photographs and a story about "The Tracer of Missing Persons," see RADIO MIRROR, June '49.
Bandleader Erskine Hawkins recently spoke out on the subject of dance bands and teenagers. While that, in itself, is of little news value, his thoughts on the subject were sufficiently important to be echoed by everyone associated with the music and dance industries. Decrying the parental aversion toward allowing their children to attend local dances, the famous baton-wielder blamed the music business itself for the situation. He claimed that the bebop and progressive jazz styles are not danceable and that these styles have confused parents who are now averse to letting their youngsters attend dances at local ballrooms. Appealing to the country's bandleaders, Hawkins asked for a revival of good dance music. He also said that it is the duty of the music industry to prove that attending local ballrooms is a healthful outlet for youthful energy. "Such places as the Savoy, Roseland, Trianon, Palladium, Arcadia, and Steel Pier ballrooms," said the maestro, "have become famous because they have zealously guarded their hard-won reputations of being clean, comfortable dance halls where people who like to dance can come and do just that." As an example of Mr. Hawkins' advice to the industry, his own band was selected to play at the annual Parent-Teachers Association dance in Farrell, Pennsylvania.

Some good advice was recently handed out by Antal Dorati, the well-known symphonic conductor, when he reminded those who "fear" classical music that "a vast knowledge of the intricate facts and figures of music and composers is not at all necessary to the enjoyment of music." The only thing Mr. Dorati believes it is necessary to bring to a concert is "an open mind."

The somewhat unusual piano-playing style used by TV and record star Al Morgan was developed when Al discovered that the public was paying little or no attention to his orthodox method of playing. One day he started to flop his hands up and down the keyboard in order to attract attention. When the people started to notice the new style, Al decided to stay...
Radio, TV and recording artist Sammy Kaye is puzzled by the new game Ten Yen shown him by restaurateur Lum Fong.

with it—but, at first, he could land his hands correctly only in the E Flat positions! It took plenty of serious practice before Al perfected the technique for all keys. Incidentally, Al Morgan is said to be able to play and sing any one of about 10,000 different songs—at the drop of a request from a paying customer.

It is possible, according to Capitol Records, that Margaret Whiting may yet realize her ambition to star in a Broadway musical. Johnny Mercer is hard at work in his California home writing both the book and the songs for a musical comedy and it was Johnny who first gave Maggie her big break in radio and recording work. The interesting title proposed for the musical is "30—26—36" and Mercer says it signifies the male's constant search for the perfect female figure.

After almost a year, Juanita Hall's fine recording of the catchy "Love's a Precious Thing" is finally getting the play it deserves and her recent waxing of "Love Can Hurt You," written in conjunction with poet Langston Hughes, should prove to be one of the season's big hits. These records, plus a series of broadcasts on New York's WNEW and various night club appearances, have introduced her to a wider audience since "South Pacific" tickets are still as hard to get as ever.

Vaughn Monroe has added another Lockheed plane to his "stable" of aircraft used for flying his entourage around the country. . . . When Tex Beneke's band opened at the Hotel Statler in New York he made his date a salute to the late Glenn Miller, who was a favorite at that hotel when it was known as the Pennsylvania. Tex and the boys brought out the original Miller music stands and used them during their stay in New York . . . The Deep River Boys were so popular on that recent tour of Europe that they're already set for another twenty-two weeks of singing on the continent . . . Andre Previn, a pianist, who has been writing film scores, has turned down another movie offer.  (Continued on page 25)
“Good morning mother, dad, sister and brother... It's your old friend Phil. "Cook" is the tee-off for Phil Cook's entertaining batch-of-capers heard over WCBS daily except Sunday at 8:15 A.M.

Now, in his twenty-eighth year of radio, Phil is a one-man show. He reports the latest news in song, accompanying himself on the ukulele, and he tells "what's cookin'" in local events of the day. He also plays request numbers and pulls gags which he admits are "corny, but fun to dig up" and he carries on animated conversations with puppet characters he has created himself—among them, Sleepy, the slow-motion taxi-man, and Mr. Peck, the hen-pecked postman.

As a composer, Phil wrote three successful Broadway musicals, the first of which "Molly Darling," starred the famous actor-dancer Jack Donohue and ran for three years.

Phil admits he more or less "stumbled into radio." He says, "My real love is painting. When I was a child my fondest ambition was to paint magazine covers and it still is." Last year, when he stopped at the subway arcade art shop at Forty-Second Street and Sixth Avenue to order a frame for a painting of his, the proprietor was so impressed that he asked Phil for more of his oils to display in the window. Shortly after, the same pictures were exhibited at Colbee's Restaurant, affair headquarters for CBS personnel.

Prior to radio, Phil was an art director at an advertising agency where he had started as an office boy. His first venture in commercial art came easy—he took twelve of his paintings to Collier's and ten were selected for the magazine's cover.

"Which," says Phil, "provided a second honeymoon for my wife and me in Paris." (The Cooks have two daughters, Sally, sixteen, and Philis, twenty.) The family is extremely proud of their Far Hills, New Jersey, home—a rambling affair with a lively brook running right through the middle, separating it into two parts which are connected by a bridge. Thoughtfully, Phil built a conservatory from which his guests can fish for trout. Other animal life includes chickens, hogs, cows and a French poodle, "Colonel."

A few years ago, Phil considered retiring from radio to devote his time to illustrating but fans' clamor gave him a case of radioitis, so-o... he's back at WCBS.
THE MOST EFFECTIVE DEODORANT YOU'VE EVER USED!

Only New ODO-RO-NO Cream gives you all these advantages:

1. Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
2. Banishes odor instantly.
3. The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.
4. Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.
5. Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
6. New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or cakes in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
7. Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

New ODO-RO-NO CREAM

The deodorant without a doubt

GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.
WTOP engineer Frank Somers, L, newsmen Joe Wershba and assistant Kim Gregory smile with relief after their harrowing flight.

"THAT KID, HAMBURGER"

News editor Joe Wershba, currently assigned to "City Desk" on station WTOP in Washington, D.C., can and does cover any assignment in the capital city from sex offenses to the weather. Although unsuccessful in its original purpose, one of Joe's biggest assignments since joining the CBS news staff in 1944, turned out to be quite a hair-raiser. Joe was to fly over the North Pole and make a series of broadcasts surveying U.S. defenses in the Arctic region, climaxed by a broadcast from directly over the North Pole.

All went well until they boarded the "Blizzard Wizard," one of the Army's B-29's, and headed for the North Pole. Three and a half hours from the pole, fire broke out in the plane. For fifteen minutes it was a question of life, death or crash-landing on the Polar ice-cap. However, the excellent training of the B-29 crew paid off. Things were brought under control and the plane's crew, the radio engineer, and the two newsmen (their hair standing on end), survived.

Since joining WTOP in December, 1948, Joe has placed special emphasis on the use of tape recorders in reporting the news. He has run the gamut in his interviews, questioning the man in the street as well as officials and professional people. He makes good use of these tapes on the daily five-minute local news program, Washington City Desk, heard on WTOP at 6:40 P.M.

Joe, who has been working as a reporter since 1937, feels he's still more of a writer than a broadcaster, but he was amply rewarded during the presidential broadcast of 1948 when CBS bossman, William Paley, called up and said, "That kid Hamburger is good—keep him on." Hamburger being, in Mr. Paley's mind, easier to pronounce than Wershba.
Coming Next Month

September's Radio Mirror is crammed to the covers with so many exciting features that it's difficult to determine which one should be mentioned first. A safe guess is the story on Dinah Shore. Dinah, who will share next month's cover with her daughter Melissa, tells about her bout with the dread disease, polio. Look for this story—it's too important to miss. The September spotlight is on another girl singer—Jo Stafford. Songstress Stafford will tell you about how it pays to be lazy—yes, lazy! What do you suppose she means by that?

Anyone interested in men—and that means just about everyone, at least every woman—will be interested to read what television's Eloise McElhone has to say about them. Eloise's opinion of the male species is, well, slightly devastating—see for yourself. And just so it can't be said that Radio Mirror doesn't believe there are two sides to every question, you'll find a feature on women by Tom Moore. But the title is fair enough—"I Love Ladies." Look for it in the September issue.

Added attractions: Kukla's vacation letter with news about Fran, Ollie and all the other Kuklapolitans; a special offer from Johnny and Penny Olsen; and the chance to win a television set. You'll find all this in the September issue, on sale August 11.

Are you always lovely to love?

See page 11

Paid Notice

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

For a lovelier wave in every way, use Richard Hudnut for your next home permanent. Its gentler, more penetrating creme waving lotion is faster acting, yet actually leaves hair springier, stronger...less apt to break,* than most other home permanent wave lotions. No frizzy ends, more natural sheen, more natural-looking curls. Use with any plastic curlers you prefer!

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
NEW IMPROVED
Home Permanent

with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Hear the Walter Winchell Program, ABC Network, Sunday Nights
Amazing!...This Waxtex Dispenser Box!

1. As You Buy It! Ready to Use!
2. Flip of Your Thumb... Paper at Your Finger tips!
3. Pull down... Tear up... ZIP!.. It's off!
4. Ready Again... Paper at Your Finger tips!

ROLL JUST CAN'T PULL OR FALL OUT!

and in this Amazing Dispenser Box--
125 feet of excellent quality waxed paper—pressure-waxed WAXTEX—heavy, strong, transparent and protective...

Look for the familiar Orange and Brown WAXTEX Dispenser Box in your food store today!

A PRODUCT OF MARATHON CORPORATION
Protective Packaging FOR AMERICA'S FINEST FOODS
Greetings, Television Friends:

Well, we're here. Anyway, some of us are.

Dragon Retreat, as I've explained to you on the air, is a big, rambling old house set on a high plateau in the Green Mountains. One of my ancestors built it when my family fled from Boston and environs during "the late unpleasantness" when dragons and witches were somewhat unpopular there. Now that we're socially acceptable again, my folks have turned the place into a resort.

You ought to see it. The mountain (topped by the big antenna which brings in every television station in the country) rises sharply at the back. (Continued on page 80)
My father, Warren Hull, doesn't act like a father at all. He's more like a brother and, if you'll pardon a pun, that's the consensus of the Hull family. In my sixteen years I can't remember any time that he's ordered or forced any of his sons to do anything.

“But when you do a job,” he advises, “put everything you have into it.”

That's always been Dad's philosophy and it's easy to understand why he gets so much satisfaction out of Strike It Rich when he tells contestants, “If you try hard enough, you can strike it rich.” The words are a little different, but they say the same thing Dad believes and practices. And everyone who listens to the show knows that it is one of the few programs where something tangible is done for people in real need. It takes a master of ceremonies with a heart and real interest in people—and that's Dad. My two brothers will go along with me on that.

There are four Hulls in our white, stucco house in Scarsdale and the whole deal is strictly male. Mother and Dad are (Continued on page 92)

Participants on Strike It Rich don't mind telling its emcee all their secrets. “I guess that's because he's sympathetic,” says his son.
When a fellow in this family needs a friend, he never has to go very far.

By PAUL HULL

Proud father Warren Hull doesn't mind showing off his three attractive sons: John, who works in television; George, seated left with ukulele, and Paul, who tells story of this all-male household.

Warren Hull emcees Strike It Rich, Mon.-Fri. 4:00 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co. The Warren Hull Show is seen Monday at 11 P.M., EDT, WCBS-TV. Sponsored by Doubleday. Warren Hull also emcees Talent Parade televieved Saturdays at 7:30 P.M., EDT, WOR-TV, in cooperation with Skouras Theaters.
When it comes to a choice between relations who are in the wrong and old, trusted friends who are in the right, where do your loyalties belong?

The daytime serial problem-question this month is one which may have arisen in your own family. It concerns a decision difficult to make—a decision between, on the one hand, an old and trusted friend and, on the other, persons bound to you by ties of blood relationship. In a case of this sort there are bound to be many factors to be taken into consideration—factors determined by the particular circumstances of each separate case.

It's also true that when a problem arises which concerns those near and dear to us, kindly outsiders, sometimes perfect strangers, are able to advise and help us, for they are not influenced by affections and family ties which may sometimes blind us to the true nature of the problem.

Ma Perkins faces, at the present time, a number of decisions difficult to make, all of them concerned with a choice of loyalties; all of them, in essence, concerned with the truth or lack of truth in the old adage which says that "Blood is thicker than water." Perhaps you can help Ma in making up her mind, reaching the right decision.

Each month, Radio Mirror puts before its reader-listeners a problem confronting a daytime serial favorite of theirs, like the one confronting Ma Perkins. She is torn between conflicting loyalties—loyalty on the one hand to Shuffle Shober, her trusted friend of so many years' standing, and, on the other hand, to the Hammachers. They are cousins of Pa Perkins—Bonita and her husband Ed and their son, Sylvester—whom Ma has not seen or heard of in many years. But she feels a moving sense of affection and kinship for the Hammachers, because of their relationship to Ma's beloved husband, for the deeply-revered memory of Pa Perkins is an ever-present part of Ma's daily life.

Listen to Ma Perkins on CBS; refresh your memory of her story by reading the brief account on the following pages. Then answer this question: "Who comes first—family or friends?"
Ma looks to Shuffle as the Hammachers—Bonita, Ed and their son, Sylvester—wait anxiously.
When it comes to a choice between relations who are in the wrong and old, trusted friends who are in the right, where do your loyalties belong?

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Listen to Ma Perkins on CBS; refresh your memory of her story by reading the brief account on the following pages. Then answer this question: "Who comes first—family or friends?"
Not long ago, Ma Perkins received an unexpected letter. It was from Cousin Bonita Hammacher who was, Ma explained, Pa Perkins' second cousin. It had been a number of years since any of the Perkinses heard from the Hammachers. At the time of a previous letter they had been homesteading in Alaska. Now they were back; of course Ma, with her usual warm hospitality asked Cousin Bonita and Ed, her husband, for a visit.

The Hammachers, it developed, had had considerable trouble. Now they had taken their life savings and were looking for a business to buy so they could settle down in some nice town—like Rushville Center.

Ma felt very close to Cousin Bonita—she looked so much like Pa, and Ma remembered, too, that Pa had always been very fond of Bonita. Of course the memory of Pa Perkins is very precious to Ma. It wasn't hard for her to take Bonita and Ed—and Sylvester, their son who soon joined them—to her heart. Very soon, Ma had what seemed to be a wonderful idea—why not teach Ed and Sylvester the lumber business?

If Fay, Evey and Willy had some doubts about the Hammachers, they didn't express them to Ma—how could they hurt her by disparaging Pa's relatives? Fay and Evey introduced Cousin Bonita to everyone; Willy and Shuffle Shober, Ma's oldest friend and her assistant at the lumber yard, got Ed initiated into their lodges.

Privately, Cousin Ed and his son, Sylvester, were doing some intensive thinking. They recognized the Perkins Lumber Yard as a solid, prosperous business—and decided that they should take it over! Of course it would have to be accomplished by slow stages, but once agreed on the project Cousin Ed, with the help of his son, went to work.

Their first step was to undermine Shuffle, who had been Ma's trusted friend and co-worker for so long. Ed wisely realized that he couldn't manage this with Ma, so he began to undermine Shuffle with Shuffle himself—hints about his getting too old, being soon replaced. And, at one stage, by openly raking up Shuffle Shober's "old trouble"—the fact that Shuffle had once been accused of a crime, although he was quite innocent. Ma set Ed and his son right on that score at once, but the damage was done. As they all realized, once memories are reawakened, it's hard to quiet them again.

It wasn't, Ma felt sure, malice on the part of Ed and Sylvester, but simply innocent misunderstanding of the true facts. Good-hearted Ma, who could not, herself, ever intentionally harm anyone, always finds it hard to believe that others—and especially others related to Pa!—are not as good-intentioned as she.

Shuffle is very dear to Ma. As she said of him that night after Ed and Sylvester had let out the secret of Shuffle's once having been in trouble, "Pa said 't ain't right an innocent man should be persecuted, and Pa gave Shuffle a regular job. And the years have gone on . . . Evey getting married, Pa passing on, Fay getting married, losing her husband, us losing our boy John—but in all those years, who's been at my side? Who's been the best, the sweetest, the dearest, the most unselfish, the most wonderful person—to me, to my children, to my grandchildren? I won't stand for one word getting out about Shuffle's oldtime trouble!"

But no matter how dear to Ma Shuffle is, the memory of Pa Perkins is dearer, of course. And Cousin Bonita and her family are somehow like a part of Pa. They're blood kin. She found it impossible to believe them wrong in any way. Thoughtless, perhaps, but no worse.
Radio Mirror will purchase readers’ best answers to the question: “Who Comes First When Help Is Needed—Family or Friends?” To the writer of the best answer, $25.00; the five next-best answers, $5.00 each.

On these pages you will learn more of the story of Ma Perkins and her family and friends, and the present situation in Rushville Center.

Ever since Ma Perkins can remember, she’s felt a great compassion for her friends and her family, a moving need to be of service wherever and whenever she can. Now, she is faced with a hard choice. Once again there is an opportunity for her to help, but she must choose whether she will help Shuffle Shofer, her faithful, trusted old friend, or help Bonita Hammacher—Pa Perkins’ cousin—and her family, her husband Ed and their son Sylvester, to whom she owes a duty. Ma feels that if she helps Shuffle she will hurt them, and vice versa.

Considering the question in a general sense, what do you think? Is it true that “blood is thicker than water,” that one owes one’s first loyalty to relatives rather than to friends—no matter how close the friends may be? “Who comes first when help is needed—family or friends?” State your reasons in a letter of no more than 100 words; address Ma Perkins, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Radio Mirror editors will choose the best letter, basing the choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will choose the five next-best letters, purchase them for $5.00 each. Opinions of the editors will be final; no letters will be returned. Letters must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 1, 1950. The coupon below should accompany your letter.

NAME _____________________________

STREET ___________________________

CITY ___________________________ ZONE __________

STATE __________________________

However, it soon was apparent that the lumber yard was not big enough for both Ed and Shuffle, in view of Ed’s constant conflict with Shuffle. Must Ma take sides, then—and what side could she take? Against her dear friend Shuffle? Or against Ed and Bonita, which was almost like taking sides against Pa! She faces the question which many women have faced—where does her first loyalty lie, with friend or relative?

In April Radio Mirror, reader-listeners were told in brief the story of Rosemary and the problem she is facing due to her husband’s change in jobs and their attendant change in circumstances and way of life. The editors have chosen the best answers from those sent in; checks for those letters have been sent as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Helen Huston Boileau, Covina Highlands, California, for her letter:

Your compromises need only be surface readjustments, not abandonment of basic principles. The ability to make harmonious readjustment reflects strength. Mere abandonment of ideals is weakness, lack of moral courage. Your character and background preclude the possibility of completely changing standards and having any happiness yourself or giving Bill any. Bill loves you for being you. The glamor of this new life will not, eventually, prove more important to him than his happy relationship with you. His love will be strengthened by the respect he will have for your ability to “fit in” and yet maintain your standards.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH for the five next-best letters to—Tex Ann Aldridge, Duncan, Oklahoma; Mrs. A. F. Arnold, Saunterstown, Rhode Island; Mrs. T. L. Stalker, Flint, Mich.; Mrs. Harold W. Throp, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Mrs. E. B. Covill, New Bedford, Mass.

Evey—another daughter is worried about Shuffle.

Willy Fitz—Evey’s husband, Shuffle’s friend.
Meet the MacRAYMONDS

Unscramble that name—you'll have Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. And you'll also have as happy a marriage and as nice a couple as you've ever seen!

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Every Sunday evening over ABC, Gene Raymond stars in a breath-catching mystery drama entitled The Amazing Mr. Malone. What happens to Mr. Malone, and what he does about it, is truly—as advertised—amazing.

But even more fabulous and interesting is the life of The Amazing Mr. Raymond, whose charm cannot be exaggerated, whose experiences have been fascinating, whose talents are too great to be fully explored by one man (although he tries, in a relaxed sort of way), and whose accomplishments, although extensive at this time, threaten to increase to the point where he will need twenty or thirty lines to be adequately explained to the readers of Who's Who.

Gene is inclined to think that his life reached full throttle about thirteen years ago, when he married Jeanette MacDonald on June 16, 1937 in Wilshire Methodist Church in Los Angeles. Theirs was one of the great romances of the film colony. Both were world famous, both were handsome, gifted, and popular. Their circle of friends was large, and so was their collection of pets.

Gene had bought a dream house, English Tudor of architecture, in the hills of Bel Air, and into this he moved his bride, her six dogs and his own watch-hound which had been a birthday gift from Jeanette. One of his immediate discoveries was that he was always about five dogs distant from his own fireplace.

This was not his only defeat by the animal kingdom. One of the reasons Gene had bought the property he selected was that a-stable had already been erected at the lower end of the estate. True, it was only a one-horse stable, and Gene wanted to double it in size to take care of his own mount.
Meet the MacRAYMONDS

Gene did some remodeling; he made the stable into a study, the guest house, a music studio. But typewriters and pianos have returned to the main house—the MacRaymonds don't like solitude.

and an American saddle horse he had bought to surprise Jeanette. He ordered the work to start at once.

A difficulty developed: the only way to transport the necessary cement, lumber, and other building materials from the service entrance to the stable area, nearly half a mile distant (down a hill), was by hand. Union regulations allotted one man, at twelve dollars per day, to this task. Gene broke a bottle of liniment over a section of manger as it passed on a wheelbarrow and christened his new horse boudoir “Raymond’s Folly.”

The worst was yet to come, and it was an unpredictable worst at that. During their courtship days, Gene and Jeanette had spent many hours together cantering along bridle trails, pausing to let their horses rest, and then continuing over the rolling hills of California’s coastal uplands. Naturally, they anticipated many hours of roving the byways on horseback after their marriage.

Fruit from trees in your own backyard, and large daily doses of sunshine and fresh air—two arguments that weigh in favor of California living.
The remodeling of stable and guest house—and the moving of materials and furnishings—was even more of a problem than it sounds. Here's the hill down (and up) which all those materials, all that furniture, had to travel.

For Jeanette’s birthday on June 18, two days after the wedding, Gene coaxed his wife down to the stables to inspect a snow white mare he had bought for her. His own black horse was occupying the adjoining stall, and together the pair represented perfection in horse flesh.

Thereafter, the sight of a beautiful red-haired woman wearing the traditional black derby, white stock, white vest, black coat and full black sidesaddle skirt, riding a milk white horse in the company of a blond man in black riding clothes on a black horse enchanted the eye of many a tourist.

Somehow Jeanette always managed to stifle her sneezing until she was out of sight of the tourist. At first she thought the paroxysms were caused by some shrub along the trail, but a doctor chuckled this notion away. “You’ve developed an allergy to horses,” he said. “Better keep away from them or you may actually impair your resonance chambers.”

Jeanette having been unhorsed, Gene sold the mounts, the saddles, briddles, fancy bits, cockades, curry combs and brushes, and had the stables scrubbed and fumigated. “Raymond’s Folly” became the “Storage Stables” and a dazzling array of trunks, old Christmas decorations, extra flower baskets and vases, masked ball costumes in garment bags, and just plain junk found its way from the back door of the house, along a descending path still informally bordered by wisps of hay.

While Gene had been preparing a home for his bride, he foresaw the need for a music room separate from the main house. He knew it would be desirable for them to get beyond the reach of the telephone and the business of a house being kept so that Jeanette could rehearse in peace and Gene could be about his composing. (Three of his most successful songs are “Will You,” “Let Me Always Sing,” and “Release.”)

On the estate grounds (Continued on page 89)
"We live," folk-singer Dolph Hewitt will tell you, when inviting you to drop in, "just west of town a piece."

The town referred to being Chicago, he might well mean one of the fashionable suburbs. But he doesn't. His further directions make the situation clear. "You cross a bridge," he finishes, "and turn left at the first trailer camp. Ours is the last trailer at the top of the hill. There's a white picket fence around it. Ruthie and I will be glad to see you."

And it's quite true, as you'd find out if you took Dolph up on his invitation. The Hewitts do live in a trailer. The reason for wanting to be out of town a piece is Chuck, their three-year-old son—a city apartment's no place to bring up a boy, they believe. And the reason for the trailer itself is simply that the Hewitts don't think of living in terms of fourteen-rooms-plus-swimming-pool. They're a nice young couple, just getting started in life, and a trailer seems to be an ideal solution to the problem of finding, in the midst of housing shortages, a place in the country where they could bring Chuck up the way they want to.

Yes, it's small, the trailer. But it's also compact, efficiently planned, easy to housekeep—this last no small matter to take into consideration if you want, as Ruth does, to spend as much time with your son as possible. And yes, it's a little crowded sometimes, especially when it comes to closet (Continued on page 96)
Although Chuck actually sleeps on the lower level, the top-deck bunk holds great charm for him. It's there that he does his "reading" of his favorite picture books. Chuck looks like both his parents, has Ruth's coloring and Dolph's expressions and wide, appealing grin.

Biggest housekeeping headache: finding space for Dolph's costumes in too-small, too-few closets.

Ruth's the best cook in the world, both her men-folks say. Since marriage Dolph's gained weight.

Dolph Hewitt is heard on National Barn Dance, 7:30 to midnight Chicago time, Saturdays, parts of which are heard on the ABC Network as well; also on WLS, Chicago, Mon.-Fri. at 7:30 A.M. CDT, sponsored by the Holly Sales Company.
"Dear Mama Mia: Tomorrow is gonna be one of the most important days of my life—I'm going to take the test for my first citizenship papers. Already I look more American. Is hard to explain exactly how I feel, Mama."

Life With Luigi is the story of the everyday experiences of Luigi Basco, an Italian immigrant who has come to—and loves—America, land of equal opportunity for all who are willing, as he is, to work for it. Luigi is a new kind of comedy-program character. You laugh with him, not at him, as you listen to his struggles to learn the new language, the customs so different from those of his native country.

Cy Howard, responsible for My Friend Irma, is "father" of Luigi, too. J. Carrol Naish, long known to movie-goers for his character roles, plays "the little immigrant" with warm understanding.

Life With Luigi, with J. Carrol Naish in the title role, is heard every Tuesday night at 9 P.M., EDT, over CBS stations, sponsored by Wrigley's Spearmint Gum.
for Luigi—no longer an immigrant, but a working partner in these United States!

2. Pasquale, Luigi's countryman and neighbor, agrees to witness the event—with, as always, daughter Rosa uppermost in his mind.

3. Angry that Luigi doesn't want to marry Rosa, Pasquale writes to citizenship court judge offering a bribe, signing Luigi's name!

4. Blissfully unaware of the fateful letter, Luigi goes calling on the judge, takes a pineapple—not as a bribe, but a respectful gift.

6. Triumphant, Pasquale once more offers Rosa's hand, for through marriage to her Luigi can become a citizen—sort of a citizen-in-law!

7. Miss Spaulding hurries to the rescue, explains Pasquale's skullduggery to the judge, who hastily calls Luigi back to the courtroom.

8. Luigi's life-long ambition is fulfilled—he gets his first citizenship papers. And no one ever worked harder, deserved them more.
THE ADOPTION RACKET
As Dick Powell, private citizen, I have adopted a child and know that an adopted youngster can make a home the happiest place on earth, provided the child is brought into the home through proper channels. As Richard Diamond, a private detective who typifies the criminal investigators who fight corruption, I know that a most shocking racket exists today in the blackmarket of babies. Each year it is estimated over 30,000 helpless infants are brought into homes through improper channels. They are sold "under the counter" like smuggled narcotics or disposed of in the secrecy of back rooms. For up to two thousand dollars a baby will be handed over in the waiting room of a railroad station with no questions of the new parents!

This shameful practice exists in almost every state and major city in the country. It is unbelievable that a baby should fall into the hands of unscrupulous men and women who are nothing more than wholesalers in humanity, but it happens almost every day.

This is how it happened to Bettyjane Corrining:

Anyone watching Bettyjane get off the train in Miami saw only a pale, pretty blonde in her early twenties. No casual observer guessed at the anxiety that had brought her fifteen hundred miles from home. And for a moment, Bettyjane forgot as she blinked at the brilliant sunshine filling the clean streets, the gaily dressed vacationers walking under the palm trees. Then a woman walked by with an infant in her arms. Bettyjane was jolted back into reality.

She, too, would be a mother soon but without the pride and blessings that usually come with childbirth. Her baby would be fatherless and that had led her to escape the friends in her hometown, in the hope she would be lost among the thousands of strangers in the resort city.

"Miami has become a mecca for unwed mothers from all parts of the country, who feel they can easily lose themselves there," said Assistant District Attorney Ernest Mitler, of New York. And he knows, for Manhattan police learned of at least thirty-five babies shipped into the big city from Miami to be sold to the highest bidder.

And it was to Miami that Bettyjane went for she had no family to turn to. Bettyjane had been raised in an orphanage where she missed the love and security of a real home. When she left the orphanage, she became a successful sales clerk but her dream was to have a husband and children in a real home of her own. She found a man and loved well but not too wisely. When Bettyjane became pregnant, her fiancé wasn't quite ready for marriage. He suggested an abortion. Bettyjane refused. Panic-stricken, she listened to a friend suggest going to Miami to have the baby and come back with no one knowing the difference.

"I can always get a job there," Bettyjane told herself. "Besides I have my life savings."

But Bettyjane's three hundred dollars didn't go far in Miami. She had paid thirty dollars a month for her room up north. In the resort city, she found herself lucky to get a room at forty dollars a week. Soon it became impossible to hide her pregnancy. She lost her job in a millinery store.

Her boss said abruptly, "You'd better take good care of yourself for that baby's sake."

But he didn't tell her what she could do for money. Desperately, she spent the next few days looking for work, feeling critical eyes flick over her body. On the third day, with only a hundred dollars left, she stopped in a sandwich shop to ask for a cashier's job.

"I'm sorry but we had someone a bit different in mind," she was told.

She felt the strange dizziness come over her again and walked over to the service counter. She didn't even look at the waitress until she found a glass of milk in front of her instead of the coffee she'd ordered. Then Bettyjane looked up into the eyes of the waitress.

"Milk is better for you," the woman said.

As Bettyjane sipped the milk, the waitress began wiping the counter and asked, "Things pretty tough, kid?"

Bettyjane nodded.

The waitress pulled a pencil and paper out of her pocket and walked away. When she came back, she slipped a note across the counter to Bettyjane.

"Go see this woman," she said. "She's helped a lot of other girls in your fix."

Outside Bettyjane looked at the paper. Written on it was the name of a Mrs. Windsor, and an address. Bettyjane took a bus to the (Continued on page 93)
August—in which month come the dog days, probably called that because they're so doggone hot. (Sorry; I apologize to everyone, including dogs—of whom some of my best friends are . . .) It'll be a run-of-the-mill August, according to the Old Farmer's Almanac, with the usual thunder showers sandwiched in between plenty of hot, dry days. . . . "Watch for shooting stars from the 9th through the 11th," says the same source—must tell the kids about that. . . . This month there's the usual number of commemorating this-or-that days (like, for instance, the 29th, which is the anniversary—I don't know which one—of the beheading of John the Baptist) but for me, August is chiefly memorable for corn on the cob. Now there's a food fit for kings, princes, and working guys like you and me; I could—and will—eat it every day as long as it's in season. The best way, of course, is to snatch it off the stalks, run at top speed into the house, tear off the husks like a house afire, and pop the lovely cobs into the pot while the kernels are tender and oozing with milk. Cook it just long enough so it's get-your-teeth-into-able, spread with butter, sprinkle with salt—well, pepper too, if your fancy leans that way—and you've got a subject for a lyric poem if I could only write one. And about that butter—my wife has a trick with that worth mentioning. Melted butter's the thing, but if you put it in a dish or a bowl it takes buckets of butter and a lot gets wasted which, at these prices, is nothing to take lightly. Try Lois's way: pour the melted butter into an ordinary drinking glass, about half-way full, and dunk the corn in that—every kernel buttered, and no waste. Ah, me!

**THOREAU SAID IT:**
"You cannot kill time without injuring eternity."

**If You're a Soup-lover—**
Don't get caught making that delightfully noise known as "slurping" if you live in New Jersey—there's a law against it there!

**IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—**
*Linkletter (to five-year-old boy):* You look like a cowboy today. Did you punch any cows?
*Boy:* Nope.
*Linkletter:* What would they say if you did punch a cow?
*Boy:* Ouch!

**IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—**
*Linkletter (to small boy):* Do you know who Pancho Villa was?
*Small Boy:* I think he rode with the Cisco Kid. . .

**READERS' OWN VERSE—**
*Lines To A Thirsty Child*
It's fine, indeed, my infant daughter,
To have a healthy thirst for water,
But why must yours, my little gem,
Assert itself at two A.M.?
—Richard Wheeler
and Some-Sense

IT'S A LAW—

If you cling to the belief that the automobile will never replace the horse, head for Boston, Massachusetts, on your travels. By law, all Boston hotels must supply accommodations for horses as well as for their riders. How about a double room, sir?

A LITTLE LEARNING—

On Becoming A Citizen of The United States: In general, a person can't become a citizen unless he's been lawfully admitted to the United States and intends to make it his permanent residence. The first step toward citizenship is to make a "declaration of intention" at the office of the clerk of any naturalization court. This may be made at any time after arrival in the country. After the declaration of intention, five years must elapse before you can apply for final papers—five continuous years of residence in this country, that is, and six months in the state where application for final papers is made. Everyone who files for naturalization must sign the petition in his own handwriting, if physically able to write: must be a person of good moral character, "attached to the principles of the Constitution and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the United States," and have a knowledge and understanding of our form of government and the fundamental principles of the Constitution.

FUN AND GAMES—

Here's a game for a crowd which requires no equipment—except, perhaps, a good pair of lungs and a sociable disposition. It's called "Sardines" and if you'll stick with me you'll find out why. Sardines is a variation of Hide and Seek, with a touch of Forfeits thrown in. One more suggestion—choose a cool day or evening for this—and we're on our way. At a signal the people, and the more of them the better, the game works out, disperse to find hiding places. But there's strategy in not hiding too soon, because the purpose of the game is to find a spot in which another person is hidden, and join him in the hiding place. The more hiders per hiding place, the better. The last one left over at the end of the game—the one, that is, who's found no other hiders with whom to hide—must pay a forfeit. This is a good summer game, one of those sillies that call for a minimum of brain work and a maximum of foolish fun, which is a good recipe for any hot weather activity.

STOP AND THINK DEPARTMENT—

There's a great deal said about women drivers, especially concerning the incompetence of same. And the saying has been done largely by the all-knowing male of the species. As is usually true of "they say" rumors, this one, too, is wrong. Here's something for the men to chew on for a while: of the drivers in fatal automobile accidents last year, 35,660, or 93.6 per cent, were men; in non-fatal accidents, 1,462,480, or 90.5 per cent, were men. Thar', lady, are some statistics to wave in your husband's face next time he has a few choice remarks to make about women behind the wheel.
Make a Pretty SANDWICH

By NANCY CRAIG • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR
Heard at 1:15 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

S luggish appetites wake up when I serve a sandwich meal. As a family we are sandwich hounds! We love anything between two slices of bread—even sliced banana sprinkled with lemon juice!

When I plan sandwich meals I always try to follow the rules of good nutrition. It is as important to provide the necessary requirements in light summer menus as it is when serving heartier meals. So we always have some cold, some hot food for balance. We find soup relaxing and easy to digest. I serve it right along with the sandwich. If we have a hot sandwich, then the soup is chilled. For a pleasing blend of flavors, I combine two soups such as tomato and bouillon or asparagus and cream of celery.

I feel adventurous when preparing sandwich fillings. It's lots of fun to try new tricks. Perhaps a sauce like the Puffy Sauce. Or a glamorous sandwich loaf like the Tuna and Egg loaf. The Home-Made Deviled Ham is a wonderful chance to use various seasonings and combinations of flavors. It is now one of our favorites.

TUNA AND EGG LOAF

| 1 loaf unsliced bread | 1 can (7 oz.) tuna fish |
| 4 eggs, hard cooked     | ¼ small onion, grated |
| ½ cup stuffed olives,   | 1 can condensed cream of |
| chopped                  | mushroom soup         |

Mayonnaise

4 tablespoons milk

Melted butter

Trim crusts from all sides of bread. Cut lengthwise into three strips. Chop the hardcooked, eggs. Mix with olives and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Spread on one strip of bread. Place next lengthwise strip of bread over egg mixture. Flake tuna fish and add onion and four tablespoons of mushroom soup undiluted. Spread on second strip and cover with last strip of bread. Brush with melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 20 minutes. Cut crosswise in 1½" slices. Heat remaining mushroom soup with 4 tablespoons milk. Pour some over top of each slice. Serve with watercress and cranberry jelly. Makes 6 servings.

HOME MADE DEVILED HAM

3 cups cooked ham or 1 tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce
2 cans (12 oz.) pressed ham ½ cup nuts, chopped
1 egg, beaten 1 tablespoon catsup
1 tablespoon chili sauce 1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon chili sauce 1 dill pickle, chopped

Chop ham very fine or run it through a meat grinder twice. Add beaten egg and blend well. Add all other ingredients. Mix until blended. Place in a split, buttered frankfurter roll. Serve with hot canned asparagus tips. Makes 6-8 servings.

PUFFY CHICKEN SANDWICH

Trim the crusts from two slices of bread. Spread lightly with butter or margarine. Top with slices of cooked chicken. Cover meat with Puffy Sauce. Place under broiler for 2 minutes, until browned. Serve with cauliflowerettes dipped in Snappy Cream Cheese Sauce and corn-on-the-cob.

PUFFY SAUCE

3 eggs, separated ½ cup mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks and mayonnaise together until light. Add salt to egg whites. Beat until stiff but not dry. Fold egg yolk mixture gently into egg whites. Heap on top of chicken sandwich.

SNAPPY CREAM CHEESE SAUCE

1 (3 oz.) package cream 1 teaspoon grated onion cheese Chili sauce
2 teaspoons horseradish

Work cream cheese with spoon until soft. Add horseradish, onion and enough chili sauce to make a medium thick sauce for dipping.

(Continued on page 87)

New forms for an old favorite: treat your family to the sandwich. It's delicious and nutritious, an ideal all year 'round food.
Creating a real home atmosphere for the children is our goal. Here are some of the ways Mrs. Dolben and I do it.

Deep summer brings special problems to Hilltop. It is lovely here, and peaceful. The house is surrounded by flowers, greenery and happy children. But as in any house where children stay home in summer, August brings the old-fussy question . . . "Julie, what can I do now?" Meaning, of course, what shall I play with now. Children need guided play, especially near the end of vacation. Some of this play can have a useful purpose. So in the play hours we try to direct their activities to their good, and ours!

On making ship's corners

This is a good opportunity to show Shirley and Johnny how to make a smooth bed. They've been after Hannah and me to show them how to make "those ship's corners." A clean, comfortable bed is necessary for full rest and relaxation for everyone, especially for children because their days are so full of activity and excitement. Now to start bedding should be aired. Spread it over two chairs by an open window. It should air for at least an hour. Do this before breakfast. Now here are the important steps to follow in making ship's corners or mitered corners.

1) Spread the mattress pad smooth. Place the lower sheet with the rough sides of the hem down and the middle fold in the center of bed.
2) Tuck the sheet well under the head of the mattress. Lift the edge of the sheet with the left hand to form a triangle. With the right hand tuck in the bottom edge. Drop the triangle. Tuck in firmly making "ship's corners." Miter all four corners. Full sheet smooth and tuck sides in.
3) Place the top sheet with middle fold in the center of the bed. Allow enough sheet at the head of the bed to fold over the blanket edge for protection. Leave enough to tuck in at the foot.
4) Place blankets high enough so that they will cover the shoulders. Tuck in at foot of bed. Lift edges of top sheet and blankets together to form a triangle. Tuck in bottom edges of triangle. Drop the triangle. This is a half-mitered corner. It is firm enough not to slip out and it gives a neat, finished look.
5) The spread is the final touch. Place it on top of the blankets and let the sides fall evenly, covering the blanket edge.

Plays the thing

Pixie, our aspiring young writer, was a bit of a problem for a while. All she wanted to do was stay in her room day after day and write! I don't like to discourage her from this because she may blossom into a professional writer, but children do need to get out and play. Of course, she felt much too old to play with the little children for any length of time. So Dolbie and I put our heads together and came up with the idea of croquet. Pixie enjoys the game because to play it well she must master it. She challenges the other children to play against her. She now has reached a nice balance between work and play. Hilltop is full of child activity. The older boys are at Scout Camp but those that stay here go swimming or hiking with the neighborhood children. We've set up an outdoor shower for the youngsters to run in and out of. And the cookie cutters they use make beautiful sand or mud cookies.

Wax magic

The care of floors could be a great problem at Hilltop with so many children walking in and out all day. But cleaning floors and waxing them can be a "fun" thing. First the floor is washed with warm mild soapsuds. We use a mop and wring it almost dry. Then we rinse with a mop wrung out of clear warm water. Starting at this point, our children watch the floor, waiting for it to be absolutely dry. And now fun begins. We spread liquid wax in a thin film. Hannah does this on her knees! She says "Too much wax smears and makes the floor slippery." Then comes another half hour of waiting for the wax to dry. During this period the children draw lots to see who will be the lucky ones this month. When they are chosen, they wrap their feet in soft clean rags. This is treated like
**Let's eat outdoors**

Barbecues are enjoyed by all of us. The menu is simple: barbecued frankfurters, chicken or hamburgers, tomatoes (from Maryann's garden) or other raw vegetable, rolls, cookies, milk and pop for the children. Hannah is sending you her famous recipe for barbecue sauce.

**BARBECUE SAUCE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1⁄4 cup butter or margarine</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 clove garlic, minced</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 large onion, chopped</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon salt</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon dry mustard</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>11⁄2 cups water</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon paprika</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11⁄2 teaspoons</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Worcestershire sauce</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>11⁄2 tablespoons</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>horseradish</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2 tablespoons</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vinegar</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 (8 oz.) cans tomato sauce</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Combine butter, garlic and onion in a saucepan. Cook slowly 5 minutes. Add all other ingredients. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Brush on meat frequently while broiling or grilling. Heat remainder and serve separately. Makes 4 cups sauce.

**We're making them ourselves**

Hilltop looks so gay with its inexpensive plastic draperies. But they'll have to come down soon to make way for fall and winter draperies. I must tell Hannah to wipe them off with a damp cloth, fold them and store them away for next year. We've been able to keep the house looking fresh by making over old draperies to fit different rooms. But we're going to need new ones for the living room, and Dolbie says we can make them ourselves. I saw some inexpensive acetate rayon fabric that would be just right for our room. And with that new self-pleating tape, it'll be simple to make the draperies right here at Hilltop House.
When Radio Mirror made arrangements with Bing Crosby to photograph Bing and his sons at their Elko, Nevada, ranch—where, during out-of-school season, Bing's four sons work for and with their father—Hymie Fink, Radio Mirror's Hollywood staff photographer, was given the assignment. Here's Hymie's diary of his trip to Elko, on which he took the pictures on these pages and on the cover—exclusive pictures, for color photographs of the Crosby family at the Elko ranch have never before been printed!

Say Hello to the Crosbys

Pages from a photographer's notes: assigned to cover the Crosbys.

Center of operations: bungalow serves for eating, sleeping, recreation.
Thursday—Arrived at Elko about eight P.M., and went to the Commercial Hotel. Clerk said that Bing had been in about four in the afternoon, on his way home from a hunting trip. Looked very tired, the clerk said, and went straight on out to the ranch. I called the ranch, was told Bing had gone to bed, dead tired, and that I should call him tomorrow morning at eight if he hadn’t called me earlier. Pretty beat myself, so I took a quick look around town, followed Der Bingle’s good example and hit the hay.

Friday—Called Bing at eight. He answered the phone himself, sounded mighty pleasant when I told him who I was. Said, “Tell me just what it is you want to get, and when, and we’ll fix it up.” I explained what pictures we wanted. Bing: “Okay—but the boys are working at near-by ranches and will have to be rounded up. They leave here at seven A.M. and when they come home at night they’re too tired for pictures or anything else. They eat their supper and go right to bed. Tell you what—you (Continued on page 82)
Say Hello to the Crosbys at the CPR

Pages from a photographer's notes: assigned to cover the Crosbys

Hymie Fink finds a lot more to record than meets the camera's eye

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The Bing Crosby Show is heard Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Chesterfield.
Bing Crosby is also heard M-F 10 A.M. EDT, CBS, sponsored by Minute Maid Orange Juice.
A man must have a hobby and Walter's is fixing clocks. And he hardly ever leaves out any parts.

"Did you ever notice that a boy's parents never ask the girl he's going with what her intentions are?" asks Walter Kiernan, ABC commentator. "Well, the parents should—for behind every successful man stands a good wife!"

And Walter knows what he's talking about. During twenty-seven years as a working reporter, he's observed successful men in every kind of business and profession. He has studied intimately heads of governments and leaders of industry, bakers and bankers, even cops and robbers.

"An ideal marriage," he tells you, "is not a division of responsibilities between husband and wife, but a real active partnership in which both have equal say and vote in all matters, domestic or business."

Walter, a tall, husky man in his forties, doesn't have to go far to give you an example of an ideal wife. He points to his own wife, Helen, (Continued on page 104)
Backyard barbecue and the whole family turns out. Chief chef Walter makes sure the steak is seasoned right.

Walter Kierman is heard on One Man's Opinion, M.-F. at 3:25 P.M. EDT, ABC, sponsored by Philip Morris; on Cliche Quiz, Wed. 8:30 P.M. EDT, ABC; and on WJZ M.-F. at 6:30 A.M. to 7 A.M. and from 7:15 A.M. to 7:55 A.M. EDT.
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"In an age when women are blamed for everything, Walter Kiernan speaks up and says:

"They'd do a good job of running things—if it weren't for men!"

By
CATHERINE CLELLAND

Walter and Helen think times like these with David, Dick and Jerry are the best part of having children.
Young Bobby Benson, owner of the B-Bar-B Ranch in the heart of the Big Bend country, Texas.
and the Floating Ghosts

This is the kind of story with an ageless kind of appeal. It's for you, it's for your husband. And it's for your children, too—especially when they want a "read aloud"

It was a dark night in the Big Bend country of Texas. Along the Mexican border, the Rio Grande writhed invisibly as clouds crossed the pale curve of moon, making the moon blink on and off like a huge lamp. Only the lights in the B-Bar-B ranch were constant. And in the living room of the ranch house, Bobby Benson, the young ranch owner, leaned against the window anxiously searching the range. His foreman, Tex Mason, sat at a table cleaning his six shooter.

"I'm getting worried!" Bobby said suddenly.

Tex got up and walked over to the window. The broad-shouldered foreman looked down at the slim, dark-haired boy.

"What's got into you, Bobby?" he asked. "I've never seen you like this before."

Bobby looked away. He was ashamed to tell Tex what was really on his mind. He knew Tex just laughed when anyone talked about ghosts.

"Well, partly, Tex," Bobby said. "I'm wondering why Windy isn't back yet."

"Did Windy go somewhere?"

"He went up to the haunted house alone."

"I can hardly believe he'd go up there during the day," Tex grinned, "but at night!"

Bobby turned to the window again. Tex frowned as he saw the anxiety on Bobby's face.

"Now look here, Bobby, you know there's nothing much up there but spiders and rats."

"I'm having my doubts lately," Bobby admitted. "'Course the boys are kidding Windy so much about those floating ghosts he's seen in the sky, he just had to go."

Everyone on the ranch knew about Windy's floating ghosts. Twice during the past week he'd seen them but no one else had been there to witness them. And Windy Wales was dependable. He had his joke occasionally, but if he were joking this time, he had everyone else fooled for sure.

Bobby pressed his face to the window again, his hands cupped over his eyes. "Golly," he said and turned quickly. "I think that's Windy coming back now. I'm going out to see."

He ran out the door and crossed the yard to the corral. The moon was out of the clouds now and across the murky range he saw the horse and its rider. There was no mistaking the gallop of Windy's mare, Mabel. But right then both man and horse were moving with the speed of a cannon ball. Windy galloped right up to the corral and flung himself off Mabel.

"I heard them this time, Bobby," he cried breathlessly. "I knew there was ghosts there."

"What did they look like?"

Windy wiped off his forehead and dropped to a log. Bobby crouched down beside him.

"I didn't (Continued on page 83)
Amsterdam and family—composed of lovely Kay and a small cowboy they sometimes call Schnuckle—at home. Very much at home indeed!

Morey's a man of many accomplishments—not the least, typing of professional quality.
Five minutes after you walk in his front door, you begin to wonder if you are visiting one or two Morey Amsterdams. After ten minutes, you entertain the suspicion the man is triplets. After fifteen minutes, you just settle down to watching the parade of Amsterdams go by.

In that parade, you see the Amsterdam who is known to every doorman, head waiter and cab driver in town as an inveterate night-clubber—and you also see the Amsterdam who neither smokes nor drinks, and whose favorite hobby is developing his own snapshots in a home-made darkroom.

You will meet the Amsterdam who wrote "Rum and Coca Cola" and "Why, Oh Why, Did I Ever Leave Wyoming?", who also plays classical music on his cello like an angel—and who can type one of his own gag-packed scripts as fast and as accurately as a professional stenographer.

You will hear stories about the Amsterdam whose hair was worn in long, silky curls until he was six (his mother has them framed in a shadow box to this day)—and the Amsterdam who was nearly killed by gangsters when he was sixteen.

But let's start at the beginning and pay a call on all these fellows called Morey Amsterdam whose wise-cracks tumble over each other at torrential speed whenever he gets near a microphone or stage or television camera.

Your first surprise may come when you ring his bell, because the door of the smart New York apartment may be opened by The Lone Ranger! The Lone Ranger will (Continued on page 93)
My twin sister, June, is really ten minutes older than I am but she never holds it over me so she can be boss. She has a very nice disposition and we get along wonderful and share everything. Her full name is June Doris Keegan and mine is Joan Diane, but at home they call us Junie and Joanie.

There are five girls in our family, and no boys. Dorothy is twenty-three, Kathleen is fourteen, and Alice is ten. Our thirteenth birthday—June's and mine—is July 24.

June is the only one in our family in show business. Paul Whiteman, whose two shows she sings on, tried to get me to go on the TV Teen Club program over the ABC television network from our city, Philadelphia, every Saturday night. It's on station WFIL-TV. June sings on the program every week, winter and summer, and every other week she's on Mr. Whiteman's big Sunday night show from New York, the Paul Whiteman Revue, except when it's off the air for the summer.

Well, on the Teen Club, I danced this time and June sang, and they kept switching the television cameras from June to me, so I think some people thought it was June on the screen all the time. I was very excited about it, and it was fun, but-I don't think I'd like to go on again. I have my own ideas of what I want to do, and even since I was quite young I have wanted to be a nurse.

You can see that, for twins, June and I are quite different. We look different, too. June has the prettiest long, light brown curls with a sort of gold light in them, and my hair is shorter, much darker, and not as curly. June's eyes are lighter blue than mine, but my lashes and eyebrows are darker. I'm a full three inches taller than she is, because she hasn't grown much for three years. My mother says my oldest sister was like that, and then she suddenly shot right up, and she thinks June will be the same way.

When we were still the same height we dressed alike. We don't all the time now because it's hard to find things that fit us both. I like longer dresses and June wears hers short. She still likes low-heeled Mary Janes and I'm always borrowing Kathleen's shoes because they (Continued on page 86)
It's fun to be a twin.
Take it from someone who knows
—like TV Teen Club's
June Keegan, for instance. You
might even take it from
her twin Joan. She really knows

by Joan Keegan

TWOSOME

At the Robert Morris School in Philadelphia, June studies the three R's—and music. Here with teacher Miss Wolaniuk.

Though too young for real beaux, Joan and June don't totally ignore the boys—nor vice-versa! Comics also rate with them.
Being married to a Mr. Fix-It, who is a perfectionist about everything he does, has its good points—and I must confess, some trying ones. For instance, when I hang a picture I judge the height, and space on each side, drive in my nail, and it's done. But not Alan. Oh, no. He gets out a tape line and with all the precision of an engineer calculates the distance to the fraction of an inch, carefully marking the spot before he touches a nail or hammer. By the time he's through with any little job, there are enough tools and equipment strewn around to build us another house.

One of my husband's most cherished possessions is a home mechanic's handbook, which he consults frequently as he goes about his fix-it chores. I suppose his love for constructing and repairing things started when, as a little boy, he went to a manual arts class in Vancouver, Canada. His mother says he was always bringing things home to her, which frequently fell apart upon use, although I believe she still has a few of them that she prizes.

In spite of being a professional comedian, Alan goes about every job he does in dead seriousness, whether it's his television show or his "home work." His weekly half-hour CBS program, the Alan Young Show, requires rehearsals all day Monday and Tuesday, and sometimes a third day when he wants to get in some extra work on a scene. He keeps regular (Continued on page 88)

Though you'd never suspect it from watching him on TV, Gini's husband is as adept with a hammer as he is with hilarity

By MRS. ALAN YOUNG

The Alan Young Show is televised Thursdays, 9:00 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV. Sponsored by the Esso Company.
So nice to come home to—that's what Alan Young thinks of his family. Here he is with Gini and the youngest Young, Cameron Angus, who delayed coming into the world long enough to be born on his father's birthday—November 19.
**Blues by Bargy**

Jeanne Bargy made her television debut a year ago last January, and her Blues by Bargy program has now converted a lot of longhair listeners to her indigo music. Maybe it's because she sings it so sweet and low and seductive, and you can really sit back and relax to her brand of blues.

She's the daughter of Roy Bargy, of radio orchestra fame, and was born in Chicago. When she was thirteen she went on a children's program in Toledo and by the time she was sixteen she had a Voice of the Blues program of her own. At New York University she majored in music. After college she did night-club work and entertained servicemen. In between times she was always composing serious music and trying her hand at fiction, and there's a suitcase full of both—all unpublished—to prove it. She can't hide her light under a suitcase for too long, her friends report.

Although she's Miss Bargy professionally, she's actually an attractive Mrs. who keeps her private life apart from her job. She teaches music too, her favorite pupil being an eighty-year-old man who wanted something to do and loved to practice!

---

**Lopez Speaking**

Since the early 1920's folks have been tuning in to a smooth dance orchestra introduced by the quiet announcement, "Lopez Speaking." These words, and his rippling piano signature, "Nola," are the Vincent Lopez trade-marks. Two years ago he went into television with a daily early evening show from the DuMont studios and later, a Saturday night show from the Hotel Taft, from which he has broadcast dance music for a decade over NBC.

Lopez' other interests concern astrology and numerology. Betty Hutton and Deanna Durbin are among the stars whose names he changed just before they hit their stride to success. He predicted some important World War II happenings, he now predicts a war with Russia next year and a world-shaking conflict with Oriental countries in 1977 (but let's not worry about that one yet). He predicts that the moon will be explored by television cameras, carried by rocket planes which will circle it and return.

Since Lopez is on television, children recognize him on the street, tell him they like to watch his fast-moving fingers on the piano. Adults are interested in his astrological references, write in to ask his birthday. It's December 30; the sign is Capricorn.

---

Mood indigo is her trade-mark, but she's a longhair at heart. Sat. 7:15-7:30 EDT CBS-TV.

Lopez and friend Amos. Lopez TV shows are on DuMont evenings Mon., Thurs. 7:30; Fri. 7:45; Sat. 8—EDT.
Mystery Chef

Now that he's switched from radio to television, it's doubtful that the Mystery Chef can conceal his identity much longer. A businessman (advertising and soap) who once made cooking only his hobby, he has kept his secret well.

Necessity started his cooking career when he came here from England as a young man and had to make his food money stretch. When he married a girl who couldn't cook, he kept on, and taught her. After a while his recipes and methods began to make him famous and he turned his hobby into a popular radio program. He still works in a business suit, without an apron, to show watchers how easy and un-messy cooking can be if done methodically.

When a viewer writes that she had "such wonderful luck" with something he demonstrated on television, he's tempted to retort, "You might just as well say you added two and two and had wonderful luck getting four. Cooking is really a science, not just luck."

The Mystery Chef lives in New York, commutes to Philadelphia every week to telecast for his sponsor, Philco.

Co-Emcees

How Helpfully Yours started is as amazing and amusing as anything dreamed up for the show itself. If you live in the Hollywood and Los Angeles area you know it's an hour-long program you see twice a week over KFI-TV. You know it's sponsored by the Broadway Department Stores, and that its popular co-emcees are pretty Norma Gilchrist and glib-tongued Bill Leyden.

You may not know that the two young fellows who own and produce the program decided to go into television because they shared an apartment and were looking for ways to keep on paying rent, not just this year, but the next and the next. Budd Grossman had a master's degree in journalism, had been a salesman, even a weather man! Arnold Mills knew merchandising, had managed movie houses and boasted some minor New York stage experience.

They worked out a program, but knew so little about television that they invested seventy-five cents in a book that could give them a few pointers. After struggling to learn a thing or two more, assembling a cast, and selling the show, they finally found themselves deep in TV, and getting more expert with every program. Now they're in to stay.
Even in California, people notice Spring. Even in Selby Flats. Nobody could help noticing... even Trudy Bauer couldn't help noticing. It gave her a headache.

No, that wasn't fair—to blame her headache on the little breeze that sneaked in through the office windows and danced across her hands as they lay on the typewriter. Or on the fact that Martha Howard had brought in little bouquets of violets for everybody this morning. Or on anything except—eyestrain. "Yes, that's convenient," she thought. "Eyestrain." With a smile that was just a little wry, she began to type again.
Trudy knew that miracles rarely occur. What she had yet to find out was that with a little effort, almost anything can be made to happen—even love.

But her mind, usually so well disciplined, was rebellious this afternoon. Like the breeze, it slipped here and there, freeing itself from the controls she had been tying so tightly around it, dancing over many things that only made her headache worse. She'd been a fool to make that lunch date with Martha, a bigger fool to keep it. She'd never liked the girl. But—when they left and got married, and you didn't see them for a while, you somehow forgot whether you had or hadn't liked them... they fell automatically into the status of old friends, and automatically when they called up or came in you were glad to see them and went to lunch with them at Feininger's, just like the old days.

She might have known that Martha had about as much interest in her, Trudy Bauer, as she had in one of the office files. Martha with her too-tight blue suit, her too-bright hair, her wristful of bangles clanking as she ate—no, she wasn't interested in Trudy. She wasn't subtle about it, either; almost before they sat down she was demanding all the details of Meta's wedding.

"I saw the pictures when they left for Europe," she twittered excitedly. "Your sister's just magnetic, Trudy, magnetic. Beautiful. And it's like a fairy tale, really it is—marrying Ted White. So much money! You must be so excited!"

Trudy's silence hadn't stopped her. In self-defense, Trudy began to talk, to try to wrest the conversation over to some track that wasn't quite so bothersome as Meta. Even talking about Mama was better. In fact that was the only thing Martha said that sounded sincere... the few words she said about Mama's death, and how sorry she'd been to hear; how much she liked and remembered Mama from the time she'd gone to the Bauers' for dinner (Continued on page 97)
AUNT JENNY

Small as the town of Littleton is, observant Aunt Jenny finds in it plenty of material for the revealing human stories she tells listeners every weekday. She begins a new story every five or six days, and in recent weeks has handled, dramatically and suspensefully, many important problems of living. Among them are conflict of a too-loving brother who protects a sister unworthy of his self-sacrifice; the crucial situation between a philandering husband and a wife who remains loyal; and the strange drama of a man who becomes jealous of his own stepchild, and to his dismay finds himself competing with the child for the affection of his wife.

Aunt Jenny
heard on CBS 12:15 P.M. EDT

BRIGHTER DAY

Althea Dennis has gained her heart’s desire—a chance to become a movie actress. But Althea’s big chance has its effect on more lives than hers alone. Her quiet older sister, Elizabeth, accompanying Althea to Hollywood, is astonished when the dynamic young producer Nathan Eldridge starts “rushing” her. Finding Nathan the most delightful of companions, Liz isn’t immediately aware that his attachment to her is getting talked about in film circles. But glamorous Renee Cimetti, the star Eldridge was supposed to marry, is more than aware enough for both of them. In her own way she begins to work on the situation—and her way may wreck Althea’s career.

Bruce Bigby
heard on CBS 2:45 P.M. EDT

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Directly and indirectly, wealthy Rupert Barlow continues to make trouble for Mary and Larry Noble. Claudia Vincent, who claims that Barlow stole her mother’s fortune, takes possession of her Long Island estate while he is away. On his return Barlow forces her out, and Larry Noble sympathetically offers the woman the hospitality of his own home. Normally Mary too is the kindest and most helpful of people, but in Claudia’s case her hospitality is somewhat strained because Claudia has become romantically interested in Larry. Is Mary right in fearing that if Claudia should remain in the Noble home there cannot help being many complications?

Mary Noble
heard on NBC 4 P.M. EDT

DAVID HARUM

The Simmons family’s money has been the cause of a tragedy which David Harum, though he feared it was going to happen, was unable to prevent. Young Richard Langdon is murdered. Though his murder actually enables Kate Simmons, the niece of Lorraine, to marry the man she really loves, nobody in Homeville can rest easy until a trick cleverly engineered by David succeeds in bringing Langdon’s murderer into the open. David is also able to show that in spite of the charming, attentive personality which Langdon had displayed to Kate, in reality there had been much about his private life that would not have borne close investigation.

David Harum
heard on NBC 11:45 A.M. EDT

BIG SISTER

The figure of Parker, the millionaire whom Ruth Wayne has always feared and hated, now hangs like an evil threat over her young brother Neddle and his wife Hope. Even Hope now realizes that Parker’s large cash advances to Neddle—help in purchasing a new garage business, money for clothes, the outright present of a flashy new car—do not stem from a disinterested desire to help the young Evanses. Parker wants something; but neither Ruth nor Hope can be sure what he wants, and so cannot convince Neddle that he is running into grave danger by continuing to accept Parker’s help. When Parker shows his hand—what will be in it for Neddle and Hope?

Valerie
heard on CBS 1 P.M. EDT

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

The politics and intrigue that go on in the offices of a famous magazine complicate things for star reporter David Farrell, when his paper, the New York Daily Eagle, assigns him to cover the murder of the magazine’s eminent publisher. David calls this case “the Case of the Man who Expected Murder” because he soon discovers that the dead publisher left a note saying that he might be murdered and naming three people who could be guilty. Even with the help of his sharp-eyed wife Sally, David has a difficult time in this investigation, for he is blocked by the publisher’s ambitious daughter, her husband, and the publisher’s assistant—who may be the cleverest of all.

Sally
heard on NBC 5:45 P.M. EDT

DAYTIME DIARY—
Here's your guide to good listening on the daytime drama circuit—plot, character, time, station information

GUIDING LIGHT

Meta Bauer White finds herself desperately fighting for her six-year-old son Chuckie in the most ironical situation of her life. She married Ted White in order to give their son Chuckie a legitimate name and background, only to learn that Ted's ideas of child-raising are so far from hers that Chuckie is changing from a lively, outgoing little boy to an over-mature, nervous, cold-mannered child who no longer seems like hers. Ted refuses to modify his ideas to allow some of the things Meta considers essential—such as religious training—and eventually forces Meta to formulate a desperate plan—a plan which is bound to result in tragedy.

HILLTOP HOUSE

With shocking suddenness, Michael Paterno dies after an automobile accident. His loss is made slightly easier for his wife Julie because their marriage had been under strain for the past few months. Her big new job as supervisor of Hilltop, the orphanage, had roused Mike to jealousy which was spoiling their relationship. Julie throws herself into her job, which becomes complicated when Dr. Jeff Browning asks her to take care of an unknown child who was left at his office. When the child recovers from the effects of shock, Julie realizes there is some connection here with Dr. Browning's past, for the child's mother was Dr. Browning's former wife.

JUST PLAIN BILL

Carl Bennett, the gangster who has set a deadly trap for Bill Davidson, is himself killed, together with his wife, and Bill escapes. But Deborah Walsh now needs Bill's help, for the discovery that the dead Bennett, a criminal, was her real father, has had a very unsettling effect on the young girl's mind. Though she knows that young Nicholas Webster, a Chicago socialist, is in love with her, Deborah tries to break with him to keep him from learning who her father was. With Bill's encouragement Nicholas continues to try to see Deborah, though the opposition of his wealthy and prominent father may involve Bill Davidson in unpleasant complications.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Alice Swanson, wife of Douglas Norman, is now a bigamist—for her husband Jim, declared legally dead after a long disappearance, suddenly reappears. Jim proceeds to ingratiate himself with Chichi Conrad's wealthy employer, Victoria Van- denbush. He finds an eager ally in Christine, wife of Victoria's nephew Paul, who is so anxious to get her hands on Victoria's money that she will join in any kind of scheme. But when the crisis comes, it is Christine who is found dead. Will Victoria recover from the shock soon enough to tell what she knows? And will the young inspector Craig Roberts bring both the case and his interest in Chichi to a successful end?

LORENZO JONES

Lorenzo Jones, who would rather be an inventor than a mechanic, has so far had nothing but trouble from his inventing. This time the trouble is serious—for when Lorenzo, in a mystery novel he writes, sets forth an ingenious plan for robbing a bank, somebody puts the plan into action and uses it to rob the bank in Lorenzo's own home town! Naturally to the police it looks very much as if Lorenzo himself must have done it, and he is jailed. Belle furiously turns detective, Lorenzo's manuscript is recovered, and with it enough evidence to put the guilt where it belongs. But a new crisis is already on its way—with Lorenzo's new invention.

MA PERKINS

Ma is heartbroken over the strange turn that has come in the relationship between herself and her dearest, oldest friend, Shuffie Shober. Long Ma's assistant at the lumber yard, Shuffie has left town and gone to Mr. Boswell's yard in Middleboro because he is unable to get along with Ma's cousin, Ed, and Bonita Hammacher and their son Sylvester. A newcomer to Rushville Center, Ed succeeded in uneartling some old trouble of Shuffie's and in a quiet way spreading it around town. But the true story behind Shuffie's leaving town may not come out for a long, long time because he will do anything to avoid bringing trouble upon Ma Perkins.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Beautiful Nona Brady can now resume her film career. Her foster father Pat Brady has been acquitted of the murder of producer Emery Monaco. But there are many people in Hollywood who may find it to their interests to see that Nona's career is not a success. Errol Dunbar claims to have a great interest in the Brady family, but there is a shifter something about him that makes Pat Brady wonder. There is also Viola Vance, famous veteran actress who has been hired to coach Nona for her part in a new Palladium Films production, and who is destined to have a grave effect on the lives of Nona and Pat Brady and Vernon Dutell, producer who loves Nona.
OUR GAL SUNDAY

Kevin Bromfield, brilliant young lawyer whose friendship with the Brinthrops began some time ago, comes to Fairbrooke to help clear Sunday of suspicion in the death of Tony Rogers. When Sunday's innocence is established, Kevin becomes involved as administrator of the will of Wilfred Gordon, whose widow married Howard Crail, a fortune hunter. When Crail learns that Wilfred Gordon's money is left to his daughter Morcia, he turns his attentions to the young girl. But Morcia has fallen in love with Kevin Bromfield. Will she be quick to see that the young lawyer is in love with Sunday? And what will happen when Henry realizes Kevin's feelings?

Sunday
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M. EDT

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Mrs. Ivy Trent, mother of Carter, Pepper Young's brother-in-law, would have left a fortune to her secretary, Ginny Taylor, if Ginny had given up Jerry Feldman. But to Ginny, Jerry means much more than a fortune. She is waiting now for him to return from the South American flight on which he is piloting Edie Bagg's watchful-effort to find her husband, Andy, missing after a plane crash. Edie insisted on going down to see a stranger, recently rescued from the jungle, who might have some clue to Andy's fate. This man himself may be Andy, though Jerry has told her that her hope is without foundation, for the man is years older than Andy.

Mother Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EDT

PERRY MASON

Allyn Whitlock, murderer of blackmailer Wilfred Palmer, is given a short manslaughter term as the result of wires effectively pulled by her sinister, influential boy friend, Walter Bodt. Bodt is having his own troubles as his erstwhile lieutenant, Mac, takes over the city's marijuana distribution against Bodt's orders. War is just what the police and Perry Mason may need to lead them to the center of the marijuana menace. Mason, meanwhile, is working on it from another angle—the angle provided by young Kay Clement, who became an accidental victim of the drug and is now anxious to help fight it. Will Kay endanger her own life as she helps Mason?

Perry Mason
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M. EDT

PORTIA FACES LIFE

The mill workers who are suing Walter Manning's boss, Ralph Staley, for criminal negligence cannot_until Portia persuades her friend Murray Lathrop to take their case. Lathrop, however, is severely injured in an accident, and Portia tells Walter that it is his situation_in spite of his objections—in which he is, in the end, and until Portia undertakes a private investigation, and learns that Portia is right in believing Staley guilty. This proof of his judgment is poor is a serious blow to Walter's self-confidence.

Walter Manning
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M. EDT

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Carolyn Kramer faces the permanent loss of her son Skippy when the dishonest lawyer, Arnold Kirk, employed by her divorced husband Dwight Kramer, succeeds in building a faked case which persuades the court to grant custody of Skippy to Dwight and his new wife, the former Constance Wakefield, once Carolyn's fiancé, Miles Nelson, is too preoccupied with his campaign for the governorship that he cannot give full attention to Carolyn's desperate efforts to get Skippy back. It is her old suitor Dick Campbell who helps Carolyn when she tries—and fails—to get evidence of Kirk's treachery. In doing so she damages Miles's political chances.

Dwight Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EDT

ROAD OF LIFE

Knowing that his only hope for happiness lies in putting behind him the events of the past months which culminated in proof that his wife was dead, Dr. Jim Brent plunged into his work at Wheelock Hospital in Merrimac, Pa. Young Jocelyn McLeod, a newcomer to town, succeeds in arousing Jim's interest in other emotions to which Jim cannot put a name, when he learns that she is suffering from a malady which appears to be quite incurable. Turning his attention to helping Jocelyn, Jim cannot understand the strange attitude shown by Conrad Overton toward Jocelyn, since the girl is apparently a family friend. Is it hatred Overton shows or fear?

Dr. Jim Brent
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EDT

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Just as Helen Trent and lawyer Gil Whitney are making final plans for their wedding, Cynthia Swanson returns to Hollywood with a woman named Betty Mallory and a little girl, Mollie Lou. To Helen's horror, Betty claims to be Gil's wife, saying Mollie Lou is his child. Postponing the wedding, Helen waits to make sure these two are with proof that Betty is lying, and meanwhile tries to calm herself by concentrating on her new job as top gown designer for Jeff Brady's studio. But gradually Helen's hope begins to fade, for Gil apparently cannot prove Betty is lying; and a final blow falls when he makes a will leaving all his property to Betty.

Agatha Anthony
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M. EDT

ROSEMARY

Back in New York from her visit home, Rosemary runs right into the middle of the situation that involves her husband Bill with Blanche Weatherby, glamorous divorcée daughter of his boss. Rosemary's hard-boiled, good-hearted neighbor Blondie knows that Bill has lied to Rosemary about Blanche —knows too that Bill and Blanche spent a lot of time together while Rosemary was out of town—but feels it best to keep Rosemary from finding out. In Blondie's experience, nothing comes out and goes, and the less a wife knows about them the better. Will this be Rosemary's philosophy when she realizes that Blanche and Bill are greatly attracted to one another?

Mother Dawson
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EDT

DAYTIME DIARY—
SECOND MRS. BURTON

Terry Burton finally learns that the so-called business trip which took her and her husband Stan abroad is in reality a mission on behalf of the government. He explains Stan's friendship with Cedric Dulumen, an experienced secret service worker whose help is vital in Stan's assignment. With horror, Terry learns one day that the Dulumen with whom Stan is off is an impostor—the real Cedric Dulumen himself comes to see her and explains the deception. He knows where Stan has been lured, but will he and Terry get there in time to save Stan Burton and the elderly scientist, Dr. Wolfram Steinbach, whom Stan was sent to Europe to find?

STELLA DALLAS

Eva Lenox and her daughter Marla, relatives of the Grosvenor family, are the center of a strange situation in which Stella Dallas becomes increasingly involved. An air of mystery hangs over the past of Mrs. Lenox, and is deepened by the periodic visits which she insists on making to her old house in Boston. Meanwhile, Ted Lamont, a new guest at the boarding house run by Stella's good friend Minnie Grady, seems destined to play a large part in the lives of Stella and the Lenoxes. Will it complicate or simplify the situation that he has fallen in love with Andy Conroy? What will Stella Dallas learn about the mysterious past life of Mrs. Lenox?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

The tragic accident from which Joan Davis barely escaped with her life has left her completely paralyzed from the waist down. Her two children, Hope and Sammy, waiting impatiently for their mother to come home from the hospital, are puzzled when the whole house is revised, fitted up with ramps and other aids, to make it easy for Joan to get about. Mr. Harry, refusing to lose hope although the verdict of great specialists is that Joan will never walk again, borrows $5000 from his brother to try and make it easier for his wife. Are Joan and Harry justified in continuing to hope? He is grimly determined that Joan must recover.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Nora's receipt of an anonymous love letter becomes a storm center in many lives. Tom Morley suddenly confesses that he loves her, and blindly refuses to accept her analysis that he is turning to her with the affection he never had the opportunity to give to his dead mother. But Tom continues his talks with the psychiatrist Dr. Seagart, and after one such talk persuades Suzanne, who still loves him, to run off and marry him. Suzanne consents. Meanwhile, Seargent, on the basis of certain expectations, has committed himself to a large contribution to the new Mental Hygiene Clinic. It is a horrible shock to him to learn from lawyer Charles Dobbs that the estate he inherited is worthless.

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Madame Sophie, the famous dress designer, thought she could stop worrying about her young friends Jim and Thelma Carlton when they patched up their broken marriage. But then Madame Sophie and lawyer Paul Tracy learn that Mrs. Carlton, Jim's mother, is not prepared to give up her son without a fight. When Thelma goes to a psychiatrist for mental help, Paul decides to step in, knowing that if there is anything wrong with Thelma—which he refuses to believe—Mrs. Carlton is probably responsible. Meanwhile, pretty Mickey Smith wonders wistfully if, even with Madame Sophie's help, she can ever get Paul Tracy to understand and reciprocate her feeling for him.

SECOND MRS. BURTON

Has Wendy's boss, the brilliant managing editor Don Smith, bitten off more than he can chew in buying a controlling interest in the newspaper from Mary McKenna? Further changes in the paper made by Don, Mary insists he find the money to buy her out completely or she will ruin him, and Don has no choice but to borrow more money from the fascinating Mrs. Clement, who is not at all averse to backing Don, in whom she has become much more interested. As far as Wendy knows, this interest is merely friendly, but Aunt Dorrie is beginning to wonder. Has Wendy brought Don and Mrs. Clement together only to lose the man she loves to the glamorous widow?

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

At last Dr. Jerry Malone begins to see the truth behind wealthy Lucia Standish's gracious mask. Though the expenses of Dr. Browne's mental breakdown are paid for by Lucia herself, Jerry suspects that she was responsible for it in the first place with her incessant goading of the mild, elderly doctor whom Jerry respects so much. Meanwhile in Three Oaks, Anne, Jerry's estranged wife, has given Sam Williams some reason to hope that their friendship may lead to marriage. But his son Gene, also in love with Anne, becomes a problem when he uses Crystal Gates, who is attracted to him, as a trouble-making factor in the situation between his father, Anne and himself.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Ellen Brown and her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, are caught up in an emotional tangle when wealthy Alex Simpson is killed in a mysterious fall and his wife Louise comes into his estate—which includes a big interest in the Health Center Hospital, where Anthony is on staff. Since Louise has always wanted Anthony, her influential position at the hospital may mean trouble now for Ellen. Also, Madeleine Harper, Louise's sister-in-law, has aggravated the situation by pressing upon Ellen some letters written by Louise to Anthony. Greatly upset, Ellen wonders if serious troubles lie ahead for herself and the man she loves—and what she can do about it.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS
**INSIDE RADIO**

All Times Below are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct Central Daylight Time Subtract One Hour

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**FRANK LOVEJOY**—Lucky Stone in NBC's Nightbeat (Mon. 10 P.M. EDT) graduated from a character actor (Sgt. Mingo in "Home of the Brave") to a leading man in one picture ("East of Java"). Before facing the cameras, Frank was well-known to New York radio fans and theater-goers. Married in 1940, he has a daughter and a son.

**MICHAEL RAFFETTO**—Paul in One Man's Family (NBC, M-F, 7 P.M. EDT) got his law degree, then promptly began acting. He's been doing so ever since.
Joe Forte—Horowitz on CBS’ Life with Luigi (Tues., 9 P.M. EDT, currently on summer hiatus) left home at thirteen to join a medicine show. When only a tot, he used to make miniature theaters out of cigar boxes, using a pebble to represent the central character—himself. Married for thirty years, he has one son, Richard.

**TUESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>Southern Shindig</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>Missus Goes A Shopping*</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cerdic Foster ugly With Music</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindtbr</td>
<td>Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Art Van Damme Quintet</td>
<td>Art Baker's Note- book</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey</td>
<td>Our Gang Sunday</td>
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<tr>
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<td>We Love And Learn</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>Echoes From the Tropics Homeowners</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
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<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Ladies Be Seated</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez</td>
<td>Cerdic Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerd Hood Jamboree</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Big Sister Miss Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light</td>
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<td>Vincent Lopez</td>
<td>Cerdic Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerd Hood Jamboree</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Big Sister Miss Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light</td>
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<td>Vincent Lopez</td>
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<td>Big Sister Miss Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>Irving Field's Troo</td>
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<td>Richard Hardness</td>
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<td>Who Said That?</td>
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<td>A Life In Your Hands</td>
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<td>A Life In Your Hands</td>
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**HERB BUTTERFIELD—who plays Dr. Clarence Welman on Halls of Ivy (Wed., 3 P.M. EDT, NBC) has been in all phases of show business. Before arriving in Hollywood in 1946, he had spent ten years on almost every day and night time show in Chicago. In his spare time, Herb enjoys gardening at his home in the San Fernando Valley.**
GRACE MATTHEWS—Canadian-born heroine of CBS' Big Sister (M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, NBC) toured Europe after graduation from the U. of Toronto. In 1940, she received three awards as Canada's leading radio actress and, in 1947, less than a year after arriving in New York with actor-husband Court Benson, she got her present role.
LOVERS’ QUARREL

She said . . . and he said . . .

And oh, they made it plain

That each was through.

Would never do

A “twosome” thing again.

She cried . . . then he tried

To comfort her despair—

In doing this

He stole a kiss—

The quarrel ended there.

—Helen Howland Prommel

MY PERFECT DAY

We walked the lonely prairie roads today

And watched the sunrise catch at globes of dow.

We saw it throw a sparkling golden lei

Upon the quiet fields. Our rendezvous

Embraced a pond whose willow shadows fell.

We talked of hills and rain and poetry . . .

And time became enchanted in our spell.

The moon rose high . . . a disk of sorcery,

And long over pressed the earth. You took my hand . . .

We walked the silver road back home . . . somehow

This day will live each shining, silver strand

I’ll pigeon-hole within my heart, and now

Bewitching firelight and the certain proof

That happiness lives here beneath our roof.

—Ruby Dohr Boorman

GLOWING FIRES

What words are left us now that Keats is dead.

His lyric joys were strung with beads of gold.

By such bright gleam St. Agnes’ Eve was told,

Through timeless paths his pale young knight was led.

He moulded beauty high upon an urn

While his own spirit measured distant wings,

At dark his nightingale forever sings,

And in our hearts his glowing fires burn.

—Plowden Kernan

BREAKDOWN

It makes no difference how strong the toy is

How large or complex it may be.

Its wear depends upon how strong the boy is—

And/or his curiosity!

—S. H. Dewhurst

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POETRY

JEFF CLARK—popular singing star of NBC’s Hit Parade (Sat., 9 P.M. EDT) has become a top favorite in less than two years—he got his first break when he won Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scout show award in 1948. Born in New Castle, Pennsylvania, Jeff attended Westminster College, where he edited the school magazine.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers.

Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in Radio Mirror.
Part-Time PAYCHECK

Placement director Brennan told Terry how she finds temporary jobs for women of all ages.

"Would you like to get a temporary job?" That's the question Marie Brennan, director of training and placement service for Dictaphone Corporation, asked when she visited us as a Family Counselor.

Marie has found from her experience that many women want to supplement their family income a bit, or would like to buy a luxury item or have extra time on their hands. At any rate, there are many temporary jobs available—the reason being that in the winter there are many employees out ill and in the summer there are very often replacement jobs.

When I asked Marie if it was hard for women to go about getting jobs after not having worked for quite a few years, she explained: "Many of the women who come in to see me are women who have been out of the business world for many years. If they know typing, it doesn't take long to brush up and gain speed, and we can teach them to use a Dictaphone Machine in approximately ten days. She continued by saying: "I've seen women who haven't worked for as long as fifteen or twenty years get back into the swing of things in a matter of a few weeks. It really is quite remarkable."

I was interested to know just how important Marie felt a secretarial background is for a woman. She stressed the fact that a woman may unexpectedly find herself a widow, her husband may lose his job, or any number of things. "That's why it's extremely important to have some kind of skill, no matter what. You can use it to fall back on in case of emergency."

In the last two years Marie has placed several thousand women—many in temporary jobs. In addition, she's organized what she calls a "Temporary Club." The membership includes some extremely interesting women. One's a writer of detective stories and magazine articles, who does temporary office work on the side. Another is an actress who does secretarial work between theater jobs. Last year she trained and found jobs for eleven blind girls who now have Seeing-Eye dogs to escort them to work.

A few suggestions Marie gave to women looking for jobs were: Wear a suit with a fresh blouse and don't go overboard with makeup. Employers also prefer women in high or medium heels, and a hat "is essential."

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P.M. EDT on CBS. Sponsor is General Foods.

By TERRY BURTON • RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING
The news of the engagement of adorably pretty Joan Delany to tall, athletic Daniel Gerard Spaeth is giving New York's younger set a gay flurry of excitement and parties. Theirs will be a formal church wedding, with five charming bridesmaids, and Joan a beautiful, beautiful bride.

You know you will love Joan the first minute you see her! Her face tells you so! Her happy eyes, her endearing smile, her luminous, petal-smooth complexion, send you a lovely picture of Joan's delightful inner self—let you see that she is someone extra sweet!

She's Engaged!

Lovely Joan Delany—Friends of Joan say her complexion looks as luscious as peaches and cream. Joan says, "I never miss my Pond's creamings."

She's Lovely!

"The prettier you look, the happier you feel..." Joan says

It makes a world of difference to you—when people like your looks. And Joan thinks having clear, soft skin is terribly important. "I find Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely wonderful to get my skin super clean and soft," she says.

You, too, will find this a magic treatment—use it every night as Joan does—mornings, too. This is the way:

- **Hot Stimulation**—a quick hot water splash.
- **Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face to soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off—clean.
- **Cream Rinse**—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
- **Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

See how this simple Pond's care makes your skin soft and fresh as petals!

It is not vanity to help your face look lovely. It gives you an air of happy confidence that glows out from the real you within, attracts people to you—on sight!
Radio’s Own Life Story

(Continued from page 19)

cultural force. It had just the opposite effect in some cases, however, because it made station operators think twice about giving time to any unpopular opinion on the topic for fear of losing their license for a while. “When in doubt—don’t” became an unwritten law, though this, too, was changed later.

Alexander Woollcott, the memorable Town Crier sponsored by Cream of Wheat in 1934 and his program was a sensation. He had been on New York radio in such series as The Early Bookworm and a celebrated New York country listened, enchanted, to his polished, intricate, wandering, absorbing sentences and rode his hobbies with it. If free air, collecting spectacles for people who could not afford them, they mails were jammed with them. When he went “quietly mad” about an obscure little book that no one was buying, there was nothing quiet about the result. James Hilton’s Goodby, Mr. Chips zoomed into the best seller list.

As long as there is radio, Woollcott will be remembered as a great show personality—and for the way he met his death. On an evening in January, 1934, he was doing a round table discussion over CBS. Suddenly he lay back in his chair and there came a heart attack, but he made no move to withdraw. Instead he scribbled, “I am sick,” and motioned the other speakers to carry on without him. Against his wishes, one of them assisted him to the anteroom where he summoned strength to gasp, “Never mind me. Go back to it.” At midnight the radio carried news of the death of the Town Crier who had been faithful in his last moments to the truoper’s credo, “The Show Must Go On.”

1935: More radical legislation was passed than in any other one year in our history, and radio added dozens of men to Washington staffs. There was the Social Security Act and The National Labor Relations Act (more often known as the Wagner Act) which replaced NRA, recently declared unconstitutional. A new FBI came in, providing work instead of unemployment. Though many of them entertained the firm belief that some Share-the-Wealth plan was just around the corner. Radio was played over sixty to be paid $200 every month with the provision that the money be put into circulation within the next thirty days. Upton Sinclair came close to being elected governor on his EPIC ticket (End Poverty in California).

Leading all the rest as a radio spellbinder was Senator Huey Long and his Share-the-Wealth Clubs. He had a notoriety project was to make “every man a king” by giving everybody $5,000 a year, no matter who. Long had used the line on the campaign of 1928 to brilliant political effect and his sensational career would have been impossible without a microphone. He used to tell how he went over two thousand letters a day from hopefuls who wanted a chance on the air. The number Murray Hill 8-9933 was the major hook. And every person who body knew the Major’s rhyme about the wheel of fortune: Round and round she goes; Where she stops, God only knows.

Bowes conducted the Amateur Hour until his death in 1946.

Vox Pop, another show featuring non-professionals, came to national attention. It was sponsored by the Magazine. Ideas were on human interest stories rather than people who wanted to break into show business. Parks Johnson had local success in Houston, when he led to a network spot as summer replacement for Joe Penner. After that,

Johnson and his wife, Louise, roved the whole country looking for remarkable real life stories to feature. Vox Pop was picked in giving presents instead of pay. The stories will be sensational compared to the terrific awards that were to become the fashion later on the give-away shows, but they strongly support imagination. Delight in voices was genuine when the surprised guest said, “How did you ever find out that was just what I wanted?” Then when he received some such unlikely gift as an Angora goat or a flag pole. The Johnsons knew because they spent endless hours querying friends and family in addition to the phone.

Bob Hope did not find “Thanks for the Memory” as his theme song until after his first movie, The Big Broadcast of 1938,” but it will be hard to find anyone who does not say that today in gratitude for the flood of fun he has brought to the air, not to mention the million miles he traveled during the war to do camp shows.

Hope’s first air series started in 1935, sponsored by Pepsodent, and right away he began featuring wonderful talent, such as Donald O’Connor, Frances Langford, Vera Vague, Skinny Ennis, Brenda and Cobina among many others. Lever Brothers bought Pepsodent in 1937 and Hope went along, so now he plugged soap for listeners by explaining, “Easy, folks—either we sell it this way or I have to spend Saturdays in Thirtys’s window scrubbing dishes and I’d rather not.”

“Let’s get no extraordinary claims for our soap—but what do you care? We take it for granted you are reasonably clean to start with.”

His ace cards at current events keep the nation laughing because of their amiable wry sting. Even the dismayed GOP had to laugh when he summed up the results of the 1948 election with: “I guess the only way a Republican can get into the White House is to marry Margaret Truman.” FDR roared at one of his nutcracker jokes when he cracked. “The reason Roosevelt and Churchill met in the Atlantic was to figure out where they could fight the war and still keep Eleanor out of the crossfire.”

Hope travelled close to a million miles during the war, driving himself to exhaustion, giving shows wherever there were men to listen. These activities brought him many medals and awards, and the title “Number One Soldier in Gressepaint.”

1945 was the year a new term, disc jockey, was to be widely heard because of the arrival on the air of one man, Martin Block, on a small New York station. Before his time, stations had been definitely aloofetic where records were played. The only stylish thing to fill empty spots was the gusty music of a studio organ. Block changed all that by installing a 10,000 watt M-100 dollar-a-week announcing job at WNEW, Block approached manager Bernice Judis with the absurd idea of doing a program called the Magic Ballroom. Instead of apologizing for playing canned music, he announced each platter with all of the rah-tah-tah a show featuring live musicians rated.

Then he had another piece of luck. WNEW was giving very extensive cov-
Marion and Jim Jordan had anything but an instantaneous success. They met when Jim was seventeen and Marion was sixteen, at choir practice in Peoria, Illinois. It was love at first sight. They were married in 1918. Five days later Private Jim Jordan went off to war. Marion taught piano for a living until he came back and then Jim struggled as an insurance salesman. They added to their income by singing and dancing at club affairs and tank-town vaudeville engagements even after their daughter, Kathryn, was born in 1920.

The arrival of Jim, Jr., in 1923 ended their tours, and the young father went to work as a dry goods clerk.

Life was not much fun until they took a dare. They had been listening to a radio show with a critical air. "We could do a better job of singing than anyone on that program," said the restive drygoods clerk.

"Ten dollars says you can't prove it to the station," said his brother.

Without more ado, the Jordans went to the station, demanded an audition, and were signed for an appearance. A chance came to play in one of the earliest of the daytime dramas, "The Smith Family." In 1931 they met Don Quinn, cartoonist turned radio writer, and began to do his serial Smithout. They have been an inseparable business trio ever since. In 1933 Fibber McGee and Molly moved into 79 Wistful Vista and the Jordans have never again had to worry about the rent on their own home. Hal Peary created the Great Gildersleeve as one of their visitors, and played it on the show until 1941 when he starred in his own program.

Popeye took the air, sponsored by Wheatena. His super-human strength was now attributed to that breakfast food and his battle cry, "I yam what I yam!" became the slogan of the country that was echoing his fighting spirit and pulling out of the depression.

The makers of Improved Fels-Naptha Soap believe that any housekeeper will understand the plain facts about whiteness and cleanliness, stated below:

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Improved Fels-Naptha Soap BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
In front of us, at the foot of a shady green lawn, there's a spring-fed lake, clear blue, leading down to a stream. We start at the beginning, our anticipation isn't going quite the way we planned. As we left the studio after our last show, Fran told Burr Tillstrom and Kukla I wasn't sure I wanted to fly with Buelah. You know what she did to me last year. We ended up in California.

B. T. nodded. "How will it be if we use the selection wagon? I'll drive." Bueah took it hard. "It isn't fair to hold that against me. I'm flying a new broom now—an enclosed cabin, jet-propelled job fully-equipped with radar, sonar and all the latest devices.

Kukla offered a compromise. "Buelah, you fly the baggage—since we're setting up for separate vacations at the end of two weeks, we'll have so much it'll crowd us."

Mercedes let out a wild yell. "Na!"

Kukla thought a moment. "She's just trying to get to Hollywood. Let her go along."

Right on time, Bueah and Mercedes took off. Back in our dressing rooms, we both got sidetracked. "We'll go out U.S. 112 to Detroit, see the folks at WWJ, then go on to WSPD in Toledo. From there we'll probably head for WHAM in Rochester and take them from there."

Fran drew her finger in a straight line across the map from Chicago to Toledo. "If you want to portrait, there's the place to do it. It's a long paddle up Lake Michigan, down Lake Huron."

Fletcher's ears twitched. "Why Frances, I think that's a dandy idea. Especially with the Chicago River to the Union Station and portage out from there."

"Send us postcards," Fran begged. "Keep in touch, after they left, I worry about them."

We had another worry, too, we found out. Madame Ooglepuss insisted on taking the convertible, claiming that all stage, screen and radio stuff must go that way and it was time television people, too, made a good impression. B.T. was doubtful. "On one condition—you'll have to follow us all the way."

And a glorious road it was, too, up to the point where the Colonel horns-wagged us into taking the scenic route. Near Portage the convertible had long since broken out, the Colonel and Madame lifting their voices in song. In the station wagon, things weren't so merry. At a stop a fresh breeze started, B.T. pulled up even with the convertible and shouted, "What's the big idea? We're headed for Rochester."

"This little one's smooth as butter,” an excusable subterfuge, I assure you. "Ophelia and I heard a super-secret report that the Chautauqua program was unusually good this year, and the place is full of talent scouts."

Kukla, Fran and Ollie
(Continued from page 29)

I could have been mistaken, but I thought I saw a tear in Madame Ooglepuss' off-eye. Mournfully she said, "Oh, dear, we didn't realize."

The temptation to see old friends, familiar scenes, was too great...

Kukla came to her rescue. "I'll work out of Indiana. You spend a few days at Chautauqua and I'll call at TV stations."

B.T. agreed and we backtracked. We had a wonderful time with the television crews, but we were a little tired as we rolled north, taking our secret route to Dragon Retreat. Mercedes was the first to greet us. She waved, "Na—you fooled me!"

Fran took her hand, was smug. Before she could exult too much, however, my folks hurried through the door and we fell on each other's necks. My mother was thinner and she'd had her hair cut stylishly. We all agreed they'd found it in a nearby summer theater.

We've been just loafering until now, when I sat down to write you this letter, and Kukla went after the mail. "I haven't heard a whisper of a new postcard. "Ollie," he said, "it's the strangest thing. Here's the first message from Cecil Bill and Fletcher.

"We've just arrived in the city. We're very narrow this point. And it's postmarked Peoria—that's not on the Great Lakes!

Tuesday

Fran is out picking wild strawberries, Bueah is sitting on the verandah swapping stories with my father. Mercedes is on the dock, throwing stones to scare the fish. "Living the Great Ooglepuss and Madame Ooglepuss have gone to rehearsal.

Everything was peaceful, Kuke just came with the mail. There's another card from Fletcher. It reads, "Have just sighted antenna. Native identifies it as KSD-TV. Will visit."

I looked at Kuke. "Gosh, KSD is in St. Louis. We're in Springfield, not the Lakes. What are we going to do?"

Kukla was firm. "We'll keep it to ourselves. Let's not spoil everybody's vacation. I'll send the folks at KSD to send them back."

Wednesday

This morning, at the breakfast table, my father looked up from his newspaper and said, funny one:

"Is Mark Twain's Ghost Walking the River?"

Kuke swallowed hard and looked off into the middle distance. By great force of will I refrained from gulping the sugar bowl. Father read on: "Mississippi River boat captains, by tradition living on imagination and short on veracity, are spinning a new yarn today which might well come from the pages of Tom Sawyer. They tell of seeing a strange vessel move up the stream, apparently under its own power. They insist they could not detect passengers."

I said to Kuke, "I think this is a good day for the Colonel's Trail."

We took a long walk. While we were walking, we planned our annual pageant, entitled, "The History of Dragon-on-the North American Continent."

We also thought it wise to hide under a rock today's postcard. It's postmarked Burlington, Iowa, and reads, "Decided to skip TV station visit. Lots of islands."
Thursday
This morning B.T. said, "I wonder why we don't hear from Fletcher and Cecil Bill?"
After breakfast, Kukla and I called everyone into the living room to give out the parts for the pageant. Madame Oglepuss and Colonel Crackly begged off, claiming they had to go to the barn theater. Their show is tonight.
I have twelve parts in the pageant.
Friday
I am the only one up, so far. Everything happened last night...
We'd just returned from the barn theater and were telling the Colonel and Madame how terrific they were.

My mother was fixing cocoa with marshmallows in it when the phone rang. She answered, then turned to us. "It's long distance. Davenport, Iowa. I don't know any Ernie Sanders..."
B.T. leaped up. "I'll take it. He's manager of WOC-TV."
B.T. was struggling with the old wall phone. "Operator, it's so faint—please, you people on the party line, hang up so I can hear."
There was a long wait while he listened. Finally, he said, "Thanks, Ernie. Thanks a lot. We'll decide what to do and call you back."
B.T. told us: "I might have known we couldn't have a normal vacation. Sanders says this afternoon people began calling in reports of a small canoe circling Credit Island. One man had field glasses, but after a single look he got so scared he dropped them in the water. He phoned WOC to insist the canoe was paddled by midgets from Mars who must have fallen out of a flying saucer."
"I know what's coming," Fran put in. "I hope they're all right."
"Sure they are," B.T. told her. "They're sleeping like babies, Ernie just scooped them up, shouted to the crowd it was driftwood caught in the current, and told the boys to hide under a canvas. He waited until dark to sneak them into the station."
Buelah Witch jumped up. "I'll take charge. With my new jet-propelled broomstick I'll have them back in a jiffy." She zoomed out the door.
B.T. said, "I suppose that's best. But what happened to the postcards they claim they wrote, I wonder?"
So I'm kind of in the doghouse. But I expect the pageant will restore my jovial spirits. I now have nineteen parts.
Saturday
Well, they're back. Buelah had no more than landed on the lawn when we all flocked out. "What on earth happened to you?" Fran asked.
Cecil Bill let loose with a long tattoo of tooles.
Fletcher looked a little sheepish. "Maybe we'd have had better luck if I'd asked the man what direction to take, instead of letting Cecil Bill do it."
Madame started, "Of all things—" but my mother sort of got between her and our wandering boys. In her silkiest voice, Olivia said, "You've had quite a time, but we mustn't let it spoil your vacation. There's lots to do, Oliver, do you have their parts ready?"
Gosh, I guess I'll have to give them two of mine. I've got twenty-three, now. And I'm going to be so busy with rehearsals, I'll have to leave it to Kukla to tell you how it all came out. So watch for his letter next month in RADIO AND TELEVISION Mirror.
Love and kisses,
Ollie.
get a car to bring you up here tomorrow about 11:30 in the morning. I'll make arrangements to get the boys in from the other ranches, and I'll be here. How's that?”

I told him it would be fine. “Get a driver to bring you who knows the way,” Bing warned, “or you'll get lost. What do we wear?”

“What you always wear around the ranch, working,” I told him, and suggested that I get there a little ahead of time to look around, get set up and so on. We left it at that, and I went out to find a driver who knew where the ranches are. (When Bing spoke of the boys working on near-by places, he didn't mean they were helping out the neighbors. He was talking about the other Crosby ranches—Bing owns five in the same vicinity.) Hired a car and a driver—one who was willing to wait around up at the ranch and bring me back when I was through.

Saturday—Left Elko at 8:30 in the morning, because the driver said the road was in bad condition and driving was slow. It's a hundred thirty-four miles to the ranch, round trip—including a beauty of a detour where the road's being repaired.

In the main house, my heart was not here, distance means nothing. Bing, I discovered, has seven ranches—five of them in this area, aggregating more than twenty-five thousand acres. The boys were working on one of the ranches about twenty miles away—all except Lindsay, the youngest, that is. He does chores around the house and grounds at the home ranch. Bing really I get my pictures after to the main ranch about eleven. It's five miles off the road. What a hideout! No wonder that Bing, who never was much of a glad-hander anyway, loves this country! Who wouldn't?

Bing and the boys had a unit until Jack Eacret, the ranch foreman, was away, too—in town buying supplies—but Doris, his wife, was there to meet me. A redhead, and a woman, Doris Eacret. She runs the house. While we were waiting for the Crosbys to get in from work, Mrs. Eacret showed me around the pleasant, unpretentious ranch house. The main house is a group of small buildings, with the living room, den, dining room and kitchen, with a three-room wing in the back consisting of Bing's bedroom, dressing room and bath. Between this section of the house and the den is a bedroom with built-in double bunks, where the boys sleep. Around the main house is a group of small barns and several barns and a cook house and mess hall.

At 11:50 the cook rang a big bell—and I had never been before off a fire engine—and right then Bing and the kids arrived. They were starved, wanted to know if it was okay to put off pictures until after lunch. Breakfast was a long time back for me, too, so I made no objections.

“If you want anything to eat,” Bing advised me, “you'd better put your camera away and sit down here, because when those four wolves of mine get going there's nothing left!”

Lunch—well, mid-day dinner, really, as it has to be in the guys who've been working their heads off since early morning—consisted of a huge platter of cold roast beef, another, just as big, of tripe served on toast, a bowl of fresh-cooked potatoes with plenty of butter and parsley, big pitchers of milk at intervals down the table, bread and butter, pickles and jam and all that. For dessert there was fresh homemade berry pie with ice cream to top it off.

But not too hungry to remember their manners, at that, the way some kids are—they waited until their father and Mrs. Eacret and I had been served before going to work on it.

I asked the boys how they liked working on the ranch, and their answers left no doubt in my mind, believe me! As far as the kids are concerned, living in Hollywood and going to school doesn't hold a candle to Elko, in spite of the fact that they do regular ranch hands' work, and for regular ranch hands' wages. The kids wear levis and cotton plaid shirts, or no shirts at all, to work in, and they're brown and healthy-looking, the way you'd want your kids to be, ideally. (So's Bing, for that matter.) For picture-taking the boys wore Sunday clothes—levis and brand-clean shirts!

Bing explained that Jack Eacret, the foreman, is the boss at the ranch. Bing usually rides during the day, tours the places where the boys are working. Bing rates tops with his help—he leads the ordinary life of a rancher, saddles his own horse and rides it down, asks no favors and expects none. He's obviously tops with the boys, too. Talk at lunch concerned the work they were doing, the crop they were getting in, and baseball. Not a word about radio. Not a word about movies. They'd left those things behind, back in Hollywood.

I was having a swell time. It was Saturday, and the boys had changed into those clean shirts as a special concession. Bing explained, while I was shooting, that they were cutting and stacking hay. The boys work as a unit with the other ranch hands—if they aren't on the job, no one works, because they pull together as a team. When hay is being cut, stacked and cured, there's no stopping until the job's done, as a rain during this operation can cause considerable loss. This was why the picture taking had to be done at the noon hour so the boys could get back on the job. Bing, too, had to get back, so I started on the return trek.

Bing's got a beautiful place there, nothing pretentious about it, but a swell situation and just what you'd expect in a working ranch, not a fancy showplace. Other than about three houses, there's nothing as far as the eye can see in the whole surroundings except a lot of jack rabbits, so I had plenty of time on my hands to think about the ranch. Wish I had one like it.

Last not least, don't forget to mention the wonderfully friendly people in Elko and the full account of my stay there as reported in the Elko Free Press! I came near to applying for a job. I hated to leave, believe me, a life like that—it's real living!
Bobby Benson

(Continued from page 57)

stop to look,” Windy said. “It was just a question of who would git here fust, me or Mabel.”

Tex and Harka, the Indian, came up behind them. Windy turned to Tex and said, “Don’t you reckon we oughta look around there tomorrow?”

“Afraid we’ll have to put off any picnics for a couple of days, Windy,” Tex said. “Too much work to do.”

“Guess Tex just don’t believe me,” Windy said. “No one does.”

“Tex just doesn’t believe in ghosts,” Bobby reminded him.

Windy put one hand on Bobby’s arm and said, “Wish I didn’t either—but I been seein’ too much the past couple days. Jist yesterdy night I was sittin’ here talkin’ and right over there—” His arm suddenly tightened on Bobby’s arm and he gasped, “Look, Bobby.”

Bobby saw it in the distant sky over the haunted house. He jumped to his feet and ran toward the house.

“Tex! Tex, come out here,” he called. “Look, now, Tex, look over the haunted house.”

“I don’t see anything,” Tex said.

“Durned if it ain’t gone again,” Windy said disgustedly. “But I got a witness this time, the boss himself.”

“That’s right,” Bobby said. “I saw it.”

Tex studied them both, then asked, “What did it look like this time?”

“Same as always,” Windy told him.

“Just a white thing that floated down to the haunted house. They always go down and never come up. Mebbe they’re havin’ a ghost convention.”

“Sounds like it could be a parachute,” Tex said.

Bobby shook his head. “We’d of heard an airplane, and anyway it was so dark that even a parachute wouldn’t show up like that. Besides why would they keep dropping at the same place?”

“Well, there’s no sense in investigating after it’s over,” Tex said. “I’ll tell Harka we’re going up there in the morning.”

Windy sighed, “Suits me. I got no handkerin’ to go back there tonight.”

The next morning it was hard for Bobby to remember that just last night they had been talking about ghosts and even now they might be riding into danger. Bobby patted his horse’s neck. Then he straightened up as Tex pulled the roan to a stop and turned to Harka.

“Think we should all go in together?”

Harka’s eyes twinkled as he spoke, “Ghosts not afraid of men. Men afraid of ghosts.”

Tex grinned and they walked their horses through the gully. The house was a ramshackle adobe hut that hadn’t been used in years—and looked it.

“No sense in all of us going in,” Tex said, “Only bring out more snakes.” So Tex and Harka went together into the shack, their feet kicking up dust.

“Reckon I’ll scout around the ravine in back,” Windy told Bobby. “Once found a cute bullfrog there.” He walked to the rear of the house and dropped over the side of the bank.

Alone, Bobby looked through the trees, over the glint of the river to the Mexican side. He saw several men riding the bank and recognized the Mexican patrol. Bobby wondered if there had been trouble again with smugglers. Then he heard a shout behind him.

“Come ‘round here,” the voice called.

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83
urgently and Bobby realized it was Windy, calling from down in the ravine. As Bobby ran toward him, he heard Harka and Tex moving inside the shack. "Bobby" called, as he clapped his foot to rock down the ravine until he saw Windy, bent over, staring down at something sprawled on the dust, the body of a man! "You shouldn't come here," Windy said, when he saw who it was. Harka looked at the man stretched on the rocks. No doubt about it, he was dead. Tex came running up, took one look and cried, "This man, it's Chad Jedson, the deputy sheriff!"

"Look at his eyes," Windy whispered. "Looks like he was scared to death. That's the way a man would look if he saw a spirit!"

"Or anything he didn't expect," Tex added.

Frowning, he said to Harka, "See if you can find anything up there."

Harka climbed quickly up the side of the ravine to the spot from which Chad Jedson had fallen. "Don't see any bullet holes," Windy said, looking down again.

"No, but there's that gash on the side of his head."

"Coulda got that when he fell, backing away from a spirit."

"Or before he got pushed off the rocks."

Bobby observed that Jedson's gun was still in his holster. If he'd been up against a dangerous man, he'd surely have pulled it.


They clambered back to the high ground. Harka was waiting by the horses.

"Others here last night," he told Tex. "Footprints behind from."

"Those were the voices you heard last night, Windy," Tex said. "They were real men."

"Mebbe," Windy said and Bobby wondered if Windy, too, was thinking of that gun untouched in Chad's holster.

"Let's get back to the ranch and phone the sheriff," Tex said. "Harka can wait till we come."

It was late afternoon when Bobby saw the whirl of dust racing down the road—one horse and rider. As he came up to the ranch house, almost by signal Tex and Windy were on hand. But it wasn't the sheriff.

The man had ridden his horse hard, but he didn't dismount. He leaned forward in the saddle.

"Reckon you know me," he said.

"You're Pete Jedson," Windy offered.

"Chad's brother."

The man looked suspiciously from one face to the other, then turned to Bobby.

"Hear you're the owner," he said. "Do you take my orders?"

Bobby nodded. "Tex." Pete shifted in his saddle and stared down at Tex.

"It's like this, Mason," he said. "The Sheriff had to be off into the mountains suddenly and he deputized me to look into my brother's killin'."

Jedson touched his gun and there was a warning in his voice.

"Here's a way and a half, you'll like it, if you'll let me look after you," he said. "Keep away from that 'doe' shack 'til I tell you different. D'ya understand?"

"I only make promises I intend to keep," Tex said quietly. "And I'm not promising you anything."

Jedson stared down at Tex, a threat in his eyes. Then, with a shrug, dug his heels into his horse's sides and took off.

"That one's just as crooked as his brother was straight," Windy said, as he disappeared over the rise.

Tex didn't answer.

"What we goin' to do?" Bobby asked him.

"Soon as Harka gets back we'll make plans to go up there tonight and scout around."

"Can't I go?"

"Better not, Bobby," he said. "Too many of us might scare them off. We don't want that."

This sitting on the porch, Bobby said thoughtfully, "Seems to me Tex and Harka are walking into a trap. From the way that Pete Jedson looked at Tex, he was wondering him to come up there tonight."

"Man's got a right to act funny when his brother's killed," Windy said. "Even a mean one like Pete."

"Wish we could do something."

"Better sit tight," Windy cautioned. The telephone rang in the ranch house.

Bobby recognized the Sheriff's voice the moment he picked up the phone.

"What did Tex find out about Chad's death, Bobby?"

Bobby told him what had happened, and then about Pete's visit.

"Pete Jedson said I deputized him? Why, he just asked if he couldn't go out and look around. I told him to tell Tex I had to go into the mountains and that Tex was in charge 'til I got back."

Bobby dropped the phone and ran out on the porch.

"Windy, that was the Sheriff. Pete Jedson is lying. He wasn't deputized at all!"

"We better warn Tex and Harka," Windy said slowly, getting to his feet. It wasn't more than a few minutes before they were on their way, but it seemed like hours to Bobby.

They slowed to a walk as they got near the end of the river trail. Windy walked till Bobby pulled along side him.

"I figger we better leave the horses out here," he said, "and walk the rest of the way to the haunted house."

Suddenly, from the Mexican side of the river, a white shot up in a wide arc over the river. Then it began to fall, quickly at first, then more slowly, as if something were holding it up.

"That's it!" Windy gasped. "The ghost!"

The white object dropped to the ground in the hundred yards beyond the haunted house.

It was a white, shiny box, a third the size of a man, with a small parachute dragging on the ground.

"That's right," Bobby said. It was a parachute. He pulled away from Windy, ran toward the package.

A man leapt from behind the tree. He stroked the white, in a tackle, and Bobby felt Windy come crashing over them. Bobby thrashed out.

"Stop it, Bobby," the attacker said.

"That's right, Bobby," Windy said.

"Golly," Bobby said.

"Get behind those rocks quick," Tex ordered. "It's a trap."

As they watched, a roared split the air and the white shot off flame sprang up from the clearing. Dirt and stones showered over them.

"What was that?" Windy gasped.

"Dynamite," Tex said.

The air was full of dust and the smell of burnt powder. Peering cautiously over the boulder, they saw a hole in the middle of the clearing big enough to hold a truck.

"Tex, the Sheriff called," Bobby re-
WHY, OH WHY, DIDN'T I READ THIS
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Teen Club Twosome

(Continued from page 60)

June likes to cook, in fact we both do. We take cooking in school and one of the first things we learned was how to make plain sponge cake. Then we try the things we come by ourselves. Sometimes they turn out good, sometimes not so good.

I eat more than June does. I mean, where June will eat Clark Gable and June Allyson for our favorite actress, but neither of us is such a fan as Kathleen. She keeps movie scrapbooks and knows all about the stars.

June and I are great record fans, especially jitterbug stuff. We like "Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy," Perry Como is our favorite man singer, and Doris Day our favorite girl. We own all our records together and when it isn't vacation we bring the girls to our house after school sometimes and jitterbug. All the kids in our family have always got together to sing and dance, and sometimes we almost run my mother out of the house with our noise. But I guess she's used to it by now. Only I've picked up a lot of the cowboy sounds and the cowboy and gangster pictures.

Our very best girl friends are the Russell twins. Their names are Barbara and Beatrice, and they live right next to us. They're twelve, and look exactly alike, but we can tell them apart. June and I think it would be fun to be identical twins like they are.

At school, some of the kids sometimes think I'm June, even if we don't look exactly alike when we're together. They say we talk alike. Sometimes they ask me for my autograph, and then I know they have me mixed up with June. I'm extremely proud of June and of her success, so I don't mind.

Even though June is on television now she still keeps up her part of things. She likes to sew and do the mending. I prefer sweeping and dusting and doing dishes and work like that around the kitchen. We share a bedroom and we each make our own clothes. June is neater than I am, and she's a slower dresser because she cares more about the effect than I do. She always looks so nice when she gets dressed up.

The only time we ever argue is about socks. Sometimes June thinks I have hers, and sometimes I think she has mine, but we don't ever really quarrel. And if anyone says anything to June takes my part, and so do I for her.

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Tune in "My True Story"

American Broadcasting Stations
FRENCH-TOASTED HAM AND CHEESE

Combine:
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
Place a slice of American cheese or Swiss cheese and a slice of boiled ham between two slices of bread. Dip each sandwich in egg-milk mixture. Fry in small amount of fat until browned, turning to brown on both sides.

MUSHROOM TOASTWICH

Place in skillet:
1 tablespoon fat
4 slices boiled ham
Cook 5 minutes or until ham is well heated.

Combine in a saucepan:
½ cup thick sour cream
2 (8 oz.) cans mushrooms, drained
Heat 5 minutes.

Toast: 8 slices bread
Spread each slice with prepared mustard. Cover 4 slices of toast with a slice of ham. Top with second slice of toast. Pour hot sour cream and mushroom mixture over each sandwich. Serve. Makes 4 sandwiches.

SAUSAGEBURGERS

Combine in skillet:
2 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons green pepper, chopped
3 tablespoons onion, chopped
Cook over low heat until green pepper is soft.

Combine:
8 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Add to onion and green pepper mixture. Scramble over low heat until eggs are firm.

Shape into 8 patties:
1 pound sausage meat
Fry over low heat 15 minutes or until done.

Split and toast:
8 buns
Serve open faced on dinner plate with sausage patty on one half and egg mixture on the other. Makes 8 servings.

CORNED BEEF SPECIAL


Are you as lovely as you can be?
See page 11
My Mr. Fix-It
(Continued from page 62)

office hours at CBS headquarters, from ten until six, working with his writers, doing some writing of his own (mostly comedy), planning his programs and tending to all the business connected with the show.

It's over the week-end that my help-mate gets out the paint and turpentine, the screwdriver and the wrench, and goes to work on the plumbing, the furniture, and even the roof. In fact, he has fallen off the roof twice, but I have to admit that he did a good job on our television aerial. We couldn't seem to get a clear picture until he went to work on it.

We have a six-room western type farmhouse in North Hollywood, only one-story, so he didn't really fall far enough to hurt himself. Besides, he was smart enough to pick the low side for his tumbles!

Absolutely nothing stumps Alan or deters him. He'll take a crack at any job, no matter how little he may know about it. I guess his least successful experience was the time he decided to open a pipeline in the kitchen that connected with the drain, which had become clogged. He worked like fury to get the top off, and finally I persuaded him to give up and call a plumber. Angry with himself at being licked by a minor mechanical problem, he was even more chagrined when the plumber appeared, gave the top a couple of turns the other way, and left, whistling, after five minutes, the job completed and four dollars richer than when he came.

The time he decided to paint the whole house, starting with the laundry, is another subject that we now speak about only in hushed whispers and when the master isn't present.

Alan had read that a roller would put the paint on faster and better, so he went to work. From the outset I could see that the biggest part of my job would be to clean up the mess he made.

The harder he worked, the more the marks of the roller showed, and after the first coat was smeared on I suggested we go out on the badminton court for a workout and let an expert take over the painting. We didn't get to badminton that day, however, because it took the rest of the afternoon to clean the paint out of Alan's hair. It turned out exactly like one of the situation comedy skits in one of Alan's shows—probably more of them are based on his own experiences than you, or I for that matter, know.

But don't think this experience cured him of fancying himself a painter. At the drop of a brush he'll go at it again.

That means a job for me too, cleaning up after him. He starts out neat, but somehow or other he ends up in a frenzy of paraphernalia and mess. It's probably because he concentrates on the end and pays little attention to the means.

Among his successes is a lovely arrangement of sconces and shadow frames he did for one of the living room walls. They're much admired by our friends and I really brag about my Mr. Fix-It Husband when those are mentioned.

Alan brags a little about me, too, when he shows people the nursery I fixed up for Cameron Angus, our little boy. He was born last November 19, not only on his father's birthday but at the very same hour in which Alan had entered the world twenty-nine years before. (Angus is Alan's real name.) Cammy was due before the 19th, but we think now he was stubbornly timing his entrance, to follow in his dad's footsteps.

Alan was away on tour some months before the baby came, and I decided to make his office at home into a nursery. My mother was visiting me, so she helped. I had some wood cornices made and then I covered them with padding and quilted chintz and did the same with a wood bench and two chests. Then I made the bassinet. When Alan came home I thought he might mind my taking his office, but he was so delighted with the way everything was turning out that he never said a word, even though I had stored away his whole collection of scripts.

Alan and I generally stay home most evenings, except the night of his show. I usually watch the program from out front and then we have dinner afterward at the Derby. Saturday mornings Alan is apt to get up singing and whistling, even gayer than on other days, and pretty soon I'll see him rummaging around in his tool chest. I know the sign, love, Mr. Fix-It is getting ready to make some "improvements" in the place, and I'd better get my rags and scouring power ready to follow him up!

A Criminal is on the loose!

$1000.00 REWARD for information leading to his arrest.

Hear all about it on "True Detective Mysteries" this Sunday afternoon on your Mutual Broadcasting System station.

Hear an exciting case taken from actual police records. Get the details about the weekly offer of $1000.00 reward.

Tune in
"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"
Every Sunday Afternoon on Mutual Stations
stood a second small building which had been used by the previous owners as a guest house. Into it, the enthusiastic Mr. Raymond moved twin grand pianos. Somewhat later a recorder-radio-phonograph combination was added and, during the frantic days of 1938, 1940, and 1941, Gene recorded many of the radio speeches of President Roosevelt, Prime Ministers Chamberlain and Winston Churchill. The music room was a great success, not only with the MacRaymonds (as their friends were beginning to call them) but with those friends and a circle of relatives—who stopped calling on the telephone, and simply appeared, instead, at the door of the music room to demand private concerts.

This happy state of things was short-lived. Gene was one of the first of the Hollywood contingent to earn the uniform of the Air Force; after he had gone, Jeanette found the music room too lonely, too inclined to echo with memories, to use. She loaned the recorder unit to the U.S.O. for use in an Army camp (incidentally the priceless pre-war and early-wartime recordings were in the cabinet when it went on loan-out, but they didn’t return when the cabinet did). She put dust covers over the pianos. The music room, too, began to collect the odds and ends of life as it changed.

When Gene came home at war’s end, having served as a Captain in the 97th Bombardment Group under General Ira Eaker, and having won his majority before being honorably discharged, he decided he wanted to write. “The thing to do,” he announced with his customary energy, “is to renovate the stables. I’ll be able to write down there where I’ll have quiet, isolation, and every necessary item of equipment. This is going to be great.”

So the stored items were moved into the music room, and the grand pianos were sold. The stables were painted inside and out. Appropriate furniture was moved—on hand truck—down the garden path and into the stables, until the stables were resplendent with a desk, a typewriter on a movable stand, file cabinets, reams of yellow and white typewriting paper, and a stock of carbon and typewriter ribbons. With a bottle of ink, the amazing Mr. Raymond christened his new retreat “Fable’s Stables.”

The gregarious Mr. Raymond had trouble, from the first day, remaining in his hideaway. If Jeanette were around the house, he would think of things he needed to discuss with her, and if she were away, he was afraid she might telephone and he would miss the call.

In the evening, he developed a habit of lugging his typewriter back up the garden path, and up a long flight of stairs to his second floor study. There Jeanette would read while Gene pounded the keys. He could pause to read a particularly deft paragraph to her, and she could interrupt with an anecdote about her day’s work. It was a fine arrangement. “Fable’s Stables” fell into disuse. After many months, the office equipment was moved from the stables to the guest house where the MacRaymonds’ secretary now does the family bookkeeping, answers fan mail, and attends to the details of running two careers.

Meet the MacRaymonds

(Continued from page 39)

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**Veto Gives You Double Protection**

*Against Underarm Odor and Perspiration!*

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Colgate guarantees it! Used daily, Veto protects against underarm odor night and day, safeguards your daintiness from bath to bath.

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"Quilted" for safety

Next time try Fibs

(intestinal sanitary protection)

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DO YOU WONDER
or ARE YOU HEP'
the extra advantages of
INTIMATE FEMININE
HYGIENE?

This Greaseless Suppository
Gives Hours of Continuous Medication!

Young wives are simply gleeeful about
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for hours. And Zonitors are positively
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They come twelve in a package and
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What Zonitors Do...
Zonitors are so easily inserted, and
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for hours. They help guard against infection and kill every germ
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immediately kill every reachable
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Be sure to use Zonitors—the new,
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*Offer good only in U. S.

The stables are now filled with old
garment bags and Christmas tree decora-
tions.

Gene loves to tell the story on himself.
Unlike some actors, writers, composers,
and motion picture producers
(all of which he is) Gene has never be-
come impressed with himself. His fa-
vorite story is one in which he comes off
second or third best, not so much be-
cause he is a merry Andrew, as it is
he loves to laugh, but he is so gentle
that he can laugh at no one except himself.

As might be suspected, because of
Gene’s genuine liking for human be-
ings, he is a delightful host. The Mac-
Raymonds parties are famous in Holly-
wood—so famous that a bid to one is probably the most coveted honor in town.

Usually the parties are sit-down din-
ers for eight or ten. In the case of a
larger guest list, the dinners are given
in the cozy taproom which Gene, per-
sonally, plans and decorates
of which he supervised. Across one
wall of the room is a massive stone
fireplace, and along the opposite wall,
in a recess, is the bar. The flagstoned
floors are sanded smooth. The mul-
lioned windows are hung with draperies of hennaed monkscloth (just about
the shade of Jeanette’s naturally red
hair), and high on the shelves which
encircle the room is the MacRaymond
collection of mugs of every type.

This is a room which inspires com-
radehip and engenders brilliant con-
versation. Guests linger long at dinner,
then wander almost reluctantly into
the softly-lit and gracious drawing
room which is dominated by the grand
piano.

On one recent occasion the MacRay-
mond guest list included Jose Iturbi,
Lauritz Melchior, Bidu Sayao, and Gen-
eral Ita Eaker.

One of the great rules observed by
professional entertainers is that no one
shall ever be asked, when he is a guest,
to entertain. To do so would be like
inviting an accountant to be your dinner
guest, then asking him to compute your
income tax, or wining and dining
your doctor and then asking him to
remove your appendix in lieu of play-
ing cards.

There is one exception to the rule:
when every guest in a room is an artist,
it is only natural that artistic discussion
will ensue. “I love that aria that starts”... “But that is not quite the
way... it’s more like this”... “Aren’t
you confusing that aria with a little
poplarar number that goes”...

Suddenly Jose Iturbi is... on the piano,
illustrating his point. Once launched,
he plays the entire selection. Melchior,
recognizing one of his favorites— into

which Senor Iturbi has segued—begins
to sing. He motions to Miss Sayao; he
beckons to Jeanette.

There sit the non-singing guests, pop-
eyed with delight to be the audience
for nine million dollars’ worth of talent
singing and playing its collective heads
off for the fun of it.

On other evenings, when the guests are
not particularly musical, the Mac-
Raymonds lead their friends into wild
variations of what Hollywood calls “The
Game” and which you knew in your
younger days as “Charades.”

Gen and Jeanette, instead of acting
out book titles, epitaphs, current events,
and the names of songs, like to select two team captains and ask them
to draw enough clues for their team-
mates to guess the puzzle. Afterward,
Gene saves the drawings. One master-
piece is Jack Benny’s character (No. 2
pencil) clue to the book title, “Diary
of a Chambermaid.” Another is Nelson
Eddy’s “El Canton de Seville.”

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Eddy are fre-
quent guests at the MacRaymonds’, and
Nelson’s life appears to be inextricably
tangled with Gene’s. When Nelson first
came to Hollywood, he had already
achieved fame on the concert stage, but
he was unknown to picture audiences,
hence to autograph hounds.

Wherever he went, he was greeted as
“Mr. Raymond” when he was asked for
an autograph. A humorous man, he
oblied by signing, “Sincerely, Gene
Raymond.” Yet, after his first picture
was released, he was as famous as Gene
Raymond, so the confusion increased.
Whenever Gene was approached, the
 greetings was likely to be, “May I have
your autograph, Mr. Eddy?”

At parties, Gene and Nelson ex-
changed sly statistics. Nelson would
say, “This week I was asked for twenty-
three Raymonds, twenty-seven Eddys!”
And Gene would reply, dead-pans,
“Strange. This week I was asked for
twenty-three Eddys, but thirty-seven
Raymonds.”

Gene grew accustomed to having
strange women stop him on the street
and ask him if he would sing at a
church social come next Michaelmas,
and Nelson got a great kick out of being
told that the beautiful red-
haired Jeanette MacDonald, was any
man’s dream of a sweetheart. At that
time, Nelson wasn’t married. Inclu-
ding it, it wasn’t high how many people
in these enlightened United States still
think, according to the fan mail written
both to Nelson and Jeanette, that Miss
MacDonald is Mrs. Eddy in private life.

Lately Mrs. Eddy is quite as in-
volved in the confusion as the other
tree members who make up two
couples. When she is traveling with

Listen to Glamorous Singing Star
Janette Davis
on "Arthur Godfrey Time"
Weekday Mornings—CBS Stations
and "Arthur Godfrey & His Friends"
Wednesday Night—CBS-TV

For a gorgeous full-page color portrait of Janette
and Arthur Godfrey, get the current issue of True
Story Magazine now on newstands.
Nelson, she expects to be called “Jeanette” quite often and she answers to that name as readily as she does to her own, which is Ann.

One of the treasures in the MacRaymond household is the bronze head which Nelson sculptured of Jeanette when they were singing their way through such smash hits as "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," "Sweethearts," and "Maytime." The study occupies a place of honor in the library opposite a bronze of Lincoln.

For years Gene collected "Lincolniana" and read everything he could find about the gaunt Emancipator; this was one of his first hobbies. Another hobby is now and has always been the dreaming up of quaint gifts. Shortly before he and Jeanette were married, he decided to give her an alarm clock. The idea was entwined around some nonsense about her being on time for their early-morning horseback rides.

Naturally, Gene couldn't content himself with the usual alarm. He spent weeks finding a clock-maker who would build a combination clock and music box, the chime to sing the melody of "You're All I Need." The completed timepiece was worth a small fortune and was a gift fit for a queen.

The queen loved it; she said so again and again, and she played the alarm until it threatened to sicken both Jeanette and Gene of "their" love song. However, she finally confessed that a problem existed: she cannot bear to have to listen to the ticking of a clock. From that day to this the clock has occupied a place of honor in the magnificent breakfast in the MacRaymond drawing room—but it does not run and it chimes only for guests who inquire about it.

Another of Gene's ideas met with supreme success. He collected a complete set of still pictures made on the set of every motion picture in which Jeanette has worked, and had the stills bound in dark green leather, one motion picture recorded in each volume.

In telling of this resourceful and lavish gift, Jeanette says, "That's an amazing person. I've never known anyone as genuinely thoughtful, as even-tempered, as much fun to be around, as he is. Maybe I'm prejudiced.

But he is. The Amazing Mr. Raymond.

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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.
divorced and Mother now lives in California. Last summer Dad bought a car for my brothers and me so we could drive out to see her. The Four Musketeers, as we sometimes call ourselves, start with Dad, then John, who is the oldest, and not getting a foot in television business; George, who is just out of high school (but his girl friend sees more of him than we do), and last, but not least, there is Paul. That's me.

My earliest memory of Dad is that he always took care of the monkeys. Unfortunately for both of us, my bedroom was infested by imaginary monkeys. I couldn't cross the petticoat to my bed but what they'd tickle the bottom of my feet. As I recall, Dad would throw me over his shoulder with my feet toward the ceiling so those monkeys couldn't get at me. After that he would tell me a poem and if I had been good, he would throw in some additional entertainment. He might play the trumpet or sing or dramatize some lines from a movie or tell me about some of the famous people he'd interviewed. And Dad's done it all. He acted and sung in many Broadway plays plus thirty-six movies, emceed top radio programs and even played a trumpet professionally.

"He's got more talent than one man can find use for in a lifetime," John once observed. "You're going to have a tough time of it, Paul.

My brother means that it won't be easy to live up to my ambition—which is merely to follow in Dad's footsteps. It would be hard to fill his shoes but I'll keep up with him. But I'm trying. I'm pretty proud about being a member of the track team and having a lead in this high school production of Robin Hood this year. At sixteen, Dad, too, was on his school's track team and also in the school operetta in Lockport, N. Y.

Dad's family were musical. They had a quartet within the family and everyone played some musical instrument. In fact, one summer Dad and his sister sang duets on a Lockport radio station. After one year in business school at New York University, Dad decided to enroll at the Conservatory of Music School to study voice. It was there, two years later, that John Charles Thomas heard Dad.

"Warren, you should be singing professionally now," Mr. Thomas told him. And that was all Dad needed.

He made a beeline for Broadway and walked into a chorus job with the Shuberts. Then he was an understudy in several shows but, in a short enough time, has principal roles in such famous musicals as "My Maryland," "Rain or Shine," and "Follow That Dream." And he blossomed until I got over it. I didn't come into the picture until 1934. Dad was on some big radio shows but before I was one year old we were in California where he went to work for Warner Brothers.

My brothers and I had a lot of good friends out in Hollywood. We played with Dennis Morgan's kids and Sonny Johnson, Al's son, and got along well. One thing that the stuff you hear about Hollywood being phony is nonsense. All the boys I knew were as regular as my friends in Scarsdale.

Dad quit movies before we moved to Scarsdale and worked as co-emcee on Vox Pop for seven years, until the program went off the air in 1948.

I've heard and watched Dad talk to people on Strike It Rich many times. It always astounds me the way he can get men and women to tell the intimate things about themselves and yet in the end, you have only respect for them. Of course, Dad is in the business he knows something. There are things Dad does that you can't learn; you either have a real interest and sympathy for a stranger or you just don't.

"You have to be able to look any man in the face," Dad will tell us. "You can't live with yourself peacefully, if you can't live honestly with others."

As I said before, our household is all male. You might think things would get into quite a mess, lacking the feminine touch but it doesn't. We all chip in, and we have the help of our good friend Jim Harvey, who is a combination housekeeper and cook. But most evenings we do meals ourselves. We run to the beach together during the summer and take hikes through the woods all year round. All of us were in the Boy Scouts but Dad has taught us more than a little about cooking. Among the four of us, we have invented quite a few special dishes. One of our favorites is spaghetti which is made up of a combination of spaghetti and chili.

"When you find a girl that wants to marry you, Dad counsels, "try that first, so she can have a fair chance at changing her mind.""

Dad isn't always prodding us. If he hears me slur a note wrong when I'm singing, he will offer some advice—but usually musical instrument. Dads are asking for help. He's quick to lend us a tie or an extra dollar when we overrun our allowance but, on the other hand, we take care of our clothes ourselves, and Dad makes a thing of earning spending money.

The Governor, as I like to call Dad when I'm teasing, has a great deal of respect for women and has in his subtle way taught us a complete set of rules in etiquette and courtesy.

In writing this I've had to refer to Warren Hull as "Stud," so it hasn't been easy to express the exact feeling of friendliness that exists among the four of us. Sure, when I was bitten by a mad dog, he rushed me to a doctor then stayed there waiting for the doctor and my chin to heal before he would leave. Sure, once in a while he has to build a fire under us when we sometimes get a little lazy in our school work, but in spite of the head of the house responsibilities that he can't— and doesn't try to—avoid, we always see Dad as the older brother. There has never been the feeling that he was too old or dignified for us to be frank with. When there are chores around the house, he strips off his jacket and pitches in with the rest of us.

It won't be easy for me to follow in Warren Hull's footsteps. It wouldn't be easy— except for one thing: Warren Hull's my father, and he'll be around to show me the way.

---

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Wonderful Yodora does not merely mask, but stops perspiration odor. Effective for full 24-hour protection.

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Kind to skin, chemically safe for clothes, it's the perfect cream deodorant...You'll adore Yodora!

McKesson & Robbins
Bridgeport, Conn.

My Father, Warren Hull
(Continued from page 30)
street address in the outskirts of the city. She found the number on a large, stucco house, set off by itself. Uncertainly she rang the doorbell.

A gray-haired, plump woman answered the door.

"Does Mrs. Windsor live here?" Bettyjane asked. "I'm looking for work."

"I'm Mrs. Windsor," the woman said.

There was a shred of appraisal in the middle-aged woman's eyes as she quickly took in the desperation in Bettyjane's eyes, her conspicuous pregnancy. "But Mrs. Windsor's voice was kindly when she spoke.

"Come in, my dear."

Over a glass of lemonade, Bettyjane told about her need for a job. Before long Mrs. Windsor knew practically everything about Bettyjane.

"Can you get me a job?" Bettyjane asked eagerly.

"No," the woman said. "But you've found a friend. I can help you. You see, I conduct a private agency to place children in foster homes."

She went on to explain there were many childless couples who were willing to pay for a baby.

"You could live in my home until the baby comes," the woman said graciously, "and I know of a good doctor. Or do you already have one?"

Bettyjane, ashamed to admit she didn't have one, said, "No one special."

"Then it's all settled. You'll move in this evening."

During the six weeks she stayed with Mr. Windsor, Bettyjane was treated well. Her room was airy and comfortable. Mrs. Windsor took her regularly to the doctor.

Bettyjane's gratitude was boundless and more than once she said, "I'll pay you back some day."

"Don't worry about it," was the standard reply. "I want to help you."

Bettyjane went to a Hospital in February and on the second night gave birth to a little girl. The next morning her heart filled with joy when she saw her baby for the first time. On the tenth day Mrs. Windsor called in a cab and took the mother and child home.

They were barely home when Mrs. Windsor said, "They'll pick up the child tonight."

"Who?"

"The people who are adopting her."

Bettyjane remembered the talk about foster parents the first day but had thought this had meant only a temporary home for a child, not adoption. And she had grown to love her own child more than she thought possible.

"I've decided to keep my baby," she said quickly.

The gentleness was gone from Mrs. Windsor's face as she picked a sheet of paper off the table. The young mother looked at an itemized list of expenses. For a second Bettyjane thought the bookkeeper was a better bookkeeper than a hostess. The total bill was five hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"I thought you'd give me in out of kindness," Bettyjane began.

"I can't pay these bills out of kindness. I'm not a wealthy woman," Mrs. Windsor said, then continued softly, "But I've found a nice, well-to-do couple with good social position for the baby. They are willing to give six hundred dollars, which means you will have about seventy-five dollars left over to help you get started again."

---

**Adoption Racket**

(Continued from page 45)
Bettyjane was in a daze as Mrs. Windsor reminded her that she was without any means of support and was already indebted. All of this was true and Bettyjane gave in.

That was the last time Bettyjane ever saw her baby. She didn’t meet the new parents but on her way back North she tried to console herself with the vision of her infant being cared for by fine, kindly people. But even that wasn’t true. Mrs. Windsor had no idea where the baby was going but she knew her parents in the “baby blackmarket” would get far more than six hundred dollars. Most likely fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. And what the parents would be like, would be anyone’s guess. There is record of an ex-convict, addicted to narcotics whose middle-aged wife bought a baby in the hopes that it would be a stabilizing influence on her husband. Another man bought a baby for a similar reason—his wife didn’t have enough to do; when he came home, she was usually drunk.

Many other couples have bought a child with the best of intentions only to be terribly hurt. The assembly line distributors of babies does not check the mental capacity and physical condition of babies and some foster parents dealing with marketeers have nourished babies that were morons or cripples or diseased with syphilis.

---

MARY: Jack, aren’t you gonna bring your show to Waukegan?

JACK: Mary, I was born in Waukegan, how can you follow that?

—The Jack Benny Program

But none of these are the real victims, neither the mother who must give up her flesh and blood nor the foster parents who are disappointed. The real victim is a human being who cannot voice his feelings for he speaks with only his heart. He is the infant in arms who stands in the marketplace. Placed in a home not properly investigated, his entire life may be distorted. And at the present time about two-thirds of the placements are made in the black market.

How can we eliminate the baby market?

Most people don’t realize that only a few states in the union have laws prohibiting the sale and purchase of infants. While most states require the same of adoption agencies. And, of course, only a few states require an investigation of the prospective parents and a decent lapse of time after birth to determine the baby’s physical and mental fitness. Only through the enactment and enforcement of proper laws can we protect the $5,000 or more babies that are placed in foster homes each year. The proper placement of babies is as important to the security of our country for in the near future it may mean the difference between peace and chaos. The price of a baby cannot be reckoned in dollars, only in happiness.

---

Lips That Tempt
His Kisses . . . .

at last you’ve found it!
the richer, smoother, longer
lipstick that really stays
color-bright! It’s “stay-on”ed”...
won’t smear or blur.
Use it for
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EDITOR’S NOTE: The names Bettyjane Corrining and Mrs. Windsor, used in the foregoing stories, are not real names but are fictional; and any resemblance to real persons is wholly accidental and unintentional.
be masked, naturally. His trusty six-shooter will be in his hand and his sombrero will be worn at the approved rakish angle, but you will be astonished to note that, in person, The Lone Ranger is something under four feet tall and also answerable to the name of "Schnuckle." This will be Gregory, seven years old.

The Lone Ranger's father is a chunky, black-haired, blue-eyed man, who manages to look taller than his five feet, six and a half inches.

Mrs. Amsterdam is the former professional model, Kay Patrick, so beautiful that she still is in demand by commercial photographers though she gave up her career when she married in 1941, because "Just keeping up with Morey keeps me busy." 

Morey was born thirty-six years ago in Chicago and was christened Maurice, a name he dropped in favor of his nickname. His father, Max Amsterdam, was first violinist for the Chicago Opera. While Morey was still a baby, his father joined the San Francisco Symphony, so Morey and his two brothers grew up in the west.

With his usual lightning speed, young Morey had raced through high school and entered the University of California when he was fourteen. His brother had a vaudeville act, and when one of the troupe got sick, Morey was allowed to substitute. That fall, his brother joined an act and Morey returned to college, but his heart was no longer in his books. He wanted to go on the stage. His sympathetic family shipped him to Chicago where relatives could keep an eye on him.

By the time he was seventeen, Morey was in demand as master-of-ceremonies for stage shows and supper-clubs in cities like Chicago and Detroit. He made his radio debut in 1930 in Hollywood, first as a featured comic and then as star of his own show.

Later Morey joined Al Pearce's Radio Gang and stayed with that for the next five years. Theater and night club work all over the country followed, and then he went back to Hollywood to write comedy for MGM in Good News program and also to put on his own radio show. For USO camp show tours, he swung around Uncle Sam's circuit for two years, playing in the C.B.I. theater.

"I kept busy," says Morey, "but nothing much happened. I looked over the field and decided I couldn't be the littlest or the biggest guy in show business, so I'd better the busiest."

His own club The Playgoers, in a basement in midtown New York, started because the energetic Mr. Amsterdam wasn't working for about twenty minutes every twenty-four hours. This made him nervous so Morey became The Playgoers' floor show. He sang, cracked jokes, told stories, played the piano.

The place stayed jammed to the doors and won the inexhaustible Morey a whole new set of admirers.

Now of course, a tremendously enlarged audience is saying the same thing when they see the Morey Amsterdam show on the Du Mont TV network.

The secret of his success?

"Taking things easy," says Morey, "and not wasting time in worry. I learned early that nothing is ever all wrong. Even a clock that stops is still right twice a day."
Come and Visit the Hewitts
(Continued from page 41)

Our only real problem is clothes closets," Ruth will tell you. "We have three aforesaid, and when Dolph gets another Western costume, I don't know where we'll put it. Dolph believes that with Western outfits, the more the better, since they are a part of his stock in trade. And considering that he's an important part of ABC's National Barn Dance, that he has daily shows on WLS as well, that he does a number of guest appearances on radio stations and local entertainments and dances around Chicago, his attitude toward those beloved clothes of his seems justified."

The following is an important part of the Hewitts' household, for it is the answer to keeping Dolph's wardrobe under control and Chuck's up to date. When an outfit of the older variety is out of usefulness, Ruth promptly transforms it into a suit for the younger one.

Sewing takes time—but thanks to Ruth's efficient schedule she manages very well.

The schedule swings into action at five A.M. when Ruth gets up to make breakfast. Dolph's morning show on WLS begins at seven-thirty, so decks are cleared for Ruth's household chores early each day. The daily cleaning is easily done, thanks to the trailer's compact appliances.

After a round of bed-making and dusting—and a quick sidings up of the neat kitchen, Ruth's free to sew, to cook, or to play with Chuck.

Sewing is one of her major accomplishments and her favorite thing, she boasts, that can be turned out in a full-sized kitchen that she can't make in her pint-sized one. She's an experimenter, too. "I've whipped up a lot of试验s," she says. One day Ruth found herself without enough apples for a full-sized one, so she added raisins, half-and-half. It was such a success that Dolph has now switched allegiance to the Ruth-style pie instead. Barbecued ribs are a household favorite, too.

One look at Chuck with his mother's strawberry-blonde coloring and his dad's infectious grin, is proof enough that a trailer kitchen is adequate for a healthy diet, provided the stove is a good one. For Dolph, just he's gained thirty pounds since he and Ruth were married, five years ago.

Those five years have been happy ones for Ruth and Dolph. And though Ruth and her sister Mary Jane had been a well-known singing duo, the Johnson Sisters, Ruth willingly gave it all up. As Ruth says, "Dolph and I knew that two female careers were too much for one family."

That's still the dominating sentiment with the young Hewitts. Ruth adds—an amiable one—"I'm just thankful that some day, when Chuck's older, she would like to return to radio. "Just so I can work with Dolph." She makes it plain, that however such plans are pushed ahead of the trailer family, things must come first, such as building a house.

Says Dolph, "We don't know where it's going to be yet, but we do know that it must be portable, and have plenty of ground around it. It won't be elaborate. Ruth and I are sort of like the songs we sing. We'll let other people put on the dog if they want to while we stick to the hillbilly ways. We've found out the important thing is just being together."
Here's how to take the worry out of child care

It's not a simple job to raise a healthy, happy baby. When baby is cranky and irritable you fret and worry—and then you can't help giving him advice, available at all times, you know what to do and you eliminate worry.

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For instance, the famous masked man of justice, THE LONE RANGER, with Silver and Tonto, come cross-country for "cool" and listen to the galloping Galahad, THE LONE RANGER is a real hero to young and old, and his dramatic exploits provide enough excitement to keep you tingle-cool. General Mills sponsors THE LONE RANGER in his chills-and-thrills adventures via your local ABC station.

On Tuesday and Thursday the 7:30 PM (EDT) ABC "cool-off" spot is held down by COUNTER-SPY. Headed by DAVID HARDING is chief of this fast-paced, anti-crime series. As head-man of the Counter-Spies HARDING heads into danger at the drop of a hat. COUNTER-SPY, earned the award for outstanding public service, and when you hear him, you, too, will agree that it's a wonderful program . . . a real thrill to all who listen. Pepsi-Cola spots this twin bill of "hit-the-spot" broadcasting.

Terrific TED MACK and the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR make a PM (EDT) on Thursdays a choice time for ABC tuners. Every week talented tyros try their wings and step up to the "mike" with star-dust in their eyes and hope in their hearts. These amateurs are the stars of tomorrow, and it's quite a thrill being "in" on the discovery of talents that one day will be spotlighted to fame and fortune in the "big time." The one, the only, the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, is happily sponsored by Old Gold Cigarettes.

I'm mad-about-MONTGOMERY! The romantic ROBERT of stage and screen fame, now lens of his brilliant mind and abilities to a great ABC program every Thursday at 9:45 PM (EDT) following the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY SPEAKING is a program that makes you sit up and take notice, because this MONTGOMERY-man knows the score right down the line. You keep up with the morning when you turn to ROBERT MONTGOMERY Thursday nights on your local ABC station. Get the best in broadcasting commentary with ROBERT MONTGOMERY SPEAKING for Lee Hays.

Joan Lansing (advertisement)
her looks." Trudy thought wonderfully. "She's all sharpened up and twirly. I wouldn't be surprised if she was on her way to another City Hall also tonight."

"Um," Trudy pressed her lips together and exclaimed. "I saw the new color. I like it. But let me tell you—it's not enough! Trudy, we've got to do something about you. You have the figure, and there's nothing wrong with your style."

"Thanks," Trudy said drily. "Oh, you know what I mean. Or do you? Tonight when I told you I'd had my hair done, you sounded just like a man—just like Bill does sometimes. He never knows just what it is, he just sort of senses there's a change and he either likes it or he doesn't—and that's how you were, Trudy. I don't know another girl who wouldn't have realized that I had my hair cut a completely different way!"

"WELL, that right," Trudy said. "So I didn't notice. Honestly, Bertha, I haven't got the faintest idea what you're getting at." She really was confused by Bertha's harangue, but not altogether as confused as she made herself sound. She had a vague idea what her sister-in-law was talking about, and if her suspicion proved right she wanted to get even. It was just that you knew the intimacy of the kitchen as quickly as possible. Or did she? It would be no trouble to cut Bertha short, if she really wanted to. Did she in some corner of her mind want Bertha to go on and say what she evidently was bursting to say? "Very silly," Trudy told herself sharply. "You go on with this conversation and you'll end up talking about men. About Ross. And there's nothing to talk about. It's over." Bertha had scored out the sink and stood rolling down her sleeves. "I'll put it another way, then," she said stubbornly. "It's springtime, Trudy. You noticed? Well, then, you've got to get yourself a boy friend and start having some fun. Every girl's entitled to that!"

"Here we go!" Trudy thought. "I knew I should have gotten out of here."

"I know you think I'm not very bright, Trudy," the girl said. "But you're standards I'm not. But there are some things I know about. Like your sister Meta. She knew it's not enough to be good-looking and nice and agreeable. She knew enough to work over herself and give herself that—you know, that plus. So what happens? She takes her good looks, makes herself into a raving beauty, gets herself a rich husband—" and pretty soon an expensive divorce."

"Don't be silly, Meta's not divorcing Ted White as fast as all that. What makes you think—well, anyway, that's not what we're talking about. What I'm saying is that granted, Meta's kind of beautiful. Look at me. Am I beautiful? Not me. I'm too short. So I pick out my clothes very carefully, not to look too droopy or too fussy. My mouth is too small—so I take a little trouble every morning, my lipstick should fill it out for me. My eyes are pretty good, so I put a little mascara on here and there, just a touch—and what happens? Everybody looks at my eyes!"

"But you didn't get a rich husband."

"No, but what made Bill see me in the first place was that I knew how to fix myself up with that extra something—and Trudy, I'm telling you, it works!"

Trudy sighed. She sat down on a corner of the kitchen table, folded her arms, and gazed sternly at Bertha.

"What brought all this on? You've been talking to somebody, Bertha! You're not just pulling this out of thin air."

Bertha met her eyes. "No, I'm not. I'll be frank, because I want you to know I'm your friend, Trudy. I'm thinking of your own good."

"I—my friend Carolyn, you know the one, is in the Selby Flats Hospital having a baby, and I went over to see her today. And I—I saw that cute Doctor Ross Boling, and Carolyn said . . . ."

Bertha's voice went on, but carried no meaning to Trudy's brain. I knew it! she was thinking bitterly. I wanted her to talk about him, that's why I let her keep me here! How much of a fool could a girl be? She hadn't seen him in months, not since right after Mama died. He hadn't called or anything. But all at once she was filled with the need to say his name, to talk about him. The question came out with a shamed eagerness. "How is he?"

"Who? Oh! Oh, so you are interested! Well, let me tell you, Trudy Bauer—"

"And let me tell you, Bertha, that all I asked was how Dr. Boling is! It's natural. He's—an old friend."

"An old boy friend," Bertha amended. "Carolyn was saying how he never seems to talk about girls or go out much, and what I want to say to you, Trudy, is I think it's a crime, a nice fellow like that—and here you are, as nice as you can be—and all because of that sister of yours, Meta!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, if you say so! When Carolyn tells me, which I didn't really know be—"

---

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JOHNNY OLSEN, M.C.

For details of "The Kindly Heart" contest, read TRUE ROMANCE magazine now at newsstands!
Trudy said fiercely, "Bertha, for heaven's sake, shut up!" and escaped into the hall that separated the kitchen from the rest of the house. She was full of an urge to get away by herself. Out was the only place she could go.

While walked for a long time before her tumbling thoughts began to settle into some kind of order. That Bertha! Did everyone have to go poking into things, leaving you not a single corner in which you could hide with the griefs and regrets that you were sort of ashamed of?

But still she remembered Ross . . . quiet, serious, sensitive--so much what she wanted!

Now, walking alone on a spring night, Trudy almost felt Ross beside her and automatically she began to walk slowly, and they had walked together in the past.

But what had started so sweetly in that past was over. Meta had come home, and for Mama's sake . . . Mama, who was dying . . . even Trudy had been glad. Then Mama had died, and Trudy had known the truth, that her sister's homecoming had functioned in her life as a plague, murdering the fragile tendrils that had begun to wind Ross and Trudy together. Meta hadn't intended destruction; she was too preoccupied with her own troubles to notice what her presence was doing to Ross. But Mama, before she died, had seen; and Trudy, bitterly, had seen; and finally Ross himself believed he was in love with Meta.

Bertha had been right. If Meta hadn't come home, made her brief, destructive pause in the Bauer household before becoming Ted White's wife, then possibly Ross might have grown to love Trudy. The beginning had been there.

She straightened and looked around. She had come a long way. Two miles or more from home! No wonder her legs were trembling with tiredness.

She waited a minute until she felt steadier. Then she began to walk again. Somewhere down one of these streets was a drug store. If she could find it now she'd have a cup of coffee, and then go home.

After two more blocks, the drug store's light flashed from the next corner. Gratefully Trudy went in and found a stool at the counter, and ordered black coffee. Only then, as she sat watching the bright-eyed teenagers clustered about the magazine...
racks, did it occur to her to wonder why she was so tired. Normally a two-
mile walk was nothing. But—she put her hand to her forehead and it came away damp. She felt funny. Her
hand, she saw with a slight shock, was shaking.

She gulped down the coffee. Her
tummy felt funny, too. A large, lumbo-
ery boil brushed by her, and in the
faint breeze created by his passage
Trudy shivered. She put a cold hand
to a hot check and thought suddenly,"Home—I've got to go home." As she slid off the stool, the clerk handed her
her check, and looked at her sharply.
"Say, lady, you're not sick, are you?
Wont an attack come after you?

Trudy shook her head, shoved money
at him and headed for the door. A taxi
—if she could find a cab now and get
home, into bed... there! There was one. Thank goodness.

By the time they pulled up before the
Bauer house, Trudy's teeth were
chattering in earnest. "Whatever it is
I've got to see him. I've thought
after taking some. Couldn't stand be-
ing sick with Bertha around, she'd
smother the life out of me."

As it turned out, she had to stand for
Bertha's ministrations. In the morn-
ing she found she didn't care to lift
her head from the pillow. She felt very
ill, and her insides were so shaky that
when Bertha tapped on the door and
came in the effort of talking made
her feel violently ill. "Don't feel
well," she mumbled.

"I should think not!" Bertha said.
"You look green as anything." She
put a cool hand on Trudy's forehead
and pressed her hand. "No fever, by
the way—your pillow's soaking. My
heavens, Trudy! Is your throat sore? Have
you got a pain anywhere?"

"Grogging, I don't know. Be all
right in a little while."

To her own surprise, she didn't even
want Bertha to go away. The knowledge
that her sister-in-law would like noth-
ing better than to make a fuss cuv-
and was comforting. She watched from
halfshut eyes as Bertha moved busily
around the room, and didn't listen to
her stream of chatter till she caught
the word "doctor."

"No doctor, Bertha—not that sick.
Just rest a while..."

It was, however, Bertha's day to hold
all the cards, and she spent it for a while,
but when she woke she knew that
Bertha was right. Whether it was Ross
or just anybody, maybe she'd best let
Bertha call a doctor. She remembered
the headach of the night before, and
the spell of chills that had overtaken her
while she was walking. Maybe she
did have a virus infection... Ross—a
doctor work at home, too? Should she
try to call out when Bertha came in.

"Now I will call, whether you like it
or not," she said. "I'm going to call
Dr. Boling."

Opening Trudy's dresser drawer,
Bertha took out the hairbrush and
comb, face powder, tissues and rouge.
She put these on the night table and
said briskly, "Now where's the new
lipstick?"

"Good old Bertha," Trudy thought.
"Maybe she's right. Maybe... see
Ross... now Meta's gone..."

Her thoughts trailed off. She was
dimly conscious of being pushed around
a bit, and once of being seemed to
heave a sigh. But she and Bertha had
submitted because it was too much trouble
to do anything else. Fever, I suppose,
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REDOSES! Theobald, TRIAL silent
"Once."

But you're right. I've been saying and thinking the craziest things all day.

Bending down over his bag, Ross was smiling. "We'll fix that. Unless you like the feeling—I can give you a nice shock!" Trudy laughed, "I'll trade if there's anything you want to get off your chest." They laughed, and Ross pulled up a chair and sat down, pulling a stethoscope to his neck. "Now tell me throat? No. Headache? Since when?"

"Last night. I thought I had invented one as an excuse to get out of being sociable, and all of a sudden it was a real one. A liar's punishment."

Ross looked at her for a silent moment. Then he said, "How about your sides?" Upset.

"Shake?" Trudy agreed. They went on down a brief list of questions, to almost all of which, to Trudy's relief, she was able to give an honest "yes."

With all those symptoms he'd have to believe was enough for a doctor! While he did his quick check of her heart and lungs and took her temperature, Trudy indulged in the luxury of seeing him, taking it carefully each detail to see if it was as she remembered it. After all there was very little other place for her to turn her eyes with a thermometer stuck in the face. That Hazely she watched the stiff, light lashes hide his eyes as he checked the thermometer he had drawn from her mouth. It didn't matter what happened, it had happened. It was nice just being with him.

He put his instruments away and looked at her thoughtfully. "You've had it," he said. "There's nothing much wrong with you now, but I think you've fought off a virus infection.""Fought it off?" Trudy said irritated. "I've been sick with whatever it is. What can you mean, fought it off?"

Ross laughed. "The real thing lasts about five days, more or less. When a person with a terrific constitution like yours catches it, the fever often lasts just about twenty-four hours, and then everything's over. So we say you've fought it off. But you may get it again." If I do I'll call another doctor. You're not enough." "Please do," Ross said. "I'd rather come back to see you as—just a friend." somehow the atmosphere had changed. The gaiety for which Trudy had been drag-ratting herself slipped out of reach and instead a too-familiar tenseness crept over her. Ross, however, showed no such anxiety. She had, after all, been with him, really? You said before you didn't want to—to be sociable. Aren't you happy these days?"

"No. I am. Are you?"

"No," said Ross. He looked away, and suddenly the room held more than just the two of them. The image of Meta
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who has earned his high regard in twenty-six years of marriage with her easy temper, resourcefulness and love.

Walter believes woman is man's equal and deserves a full vote in every matter that concerns a couple. He has always discussed business matters with Helen. His success story is that of a husband and wife who have shared equally in responsibility and decisions, happiness and pain.

Walter, son of a mechanic, was the baby of eight children. His mother died when he was very young and he began to look out for himself and his younger brothers and sisters. This early insecurity, he believes, is probably the reason he's usually doing more than one job at a time. Ever since he has three outside jobs in addition to his network shows, he writes a syndicated column and broadcasts a local wake-up program.

"I was led to Helen and my first job was as a reporter because I can't resist a bargain," he recalls.

An acquaintance had a set of drums that was selling cheap, Walter bought them and through friendship with a member of the musician's union, almost overnight became a drummer.

"You know how everyone has a hidden desire to beat drums," Walter observed. "Well, at one dance the business manager of the town newspaper asked to play."

Walter gave him the drumsticks but stood by, talking about his ambition to be a reporter. Before the evening was over Walter had been promised a job. His first beat was the police station. First day at the station he met Helen, a tall, pretty blonde with a smile that began to haunt him. Helen was secretary to the chief of police.

They don't remember when they actually met, but within four months they were holding hands as they window-shopped at furniture stores. Less than a year later they were married.

"From what I've experienced, I believe the first year of marriage is the most difficult," Walter says. "But we made a pact that we would keep us in line."

They learned quickly that worse than a marriage is the strained silence that follows a disagreement. So they simply agreed that they would never go to sleep, regardless of what happened, until they said goodnight. If nothing, Walter thinks they quarreled less than most couples but he remembers one night after an argument when both were particularly stubborn. For hours they lay awake in bed, neither speaking till dawn, when Helen said, "Well, goodnight—and good morning."

Helen gave up her job after they were married. Walter thinks that if she had had a separate career, their marriage would have been more difficult. He thinks that most husbands with career wives have a big problem, especially if the wife outshines the man.

Walter announces that a man stands a good wife, "He repeats then adds, "But the minute she goes around and stands in front of him, look out!"

If Helen were to have a career, he would want it to be something they could work on as a team. He respects her ability and judgment. Throughout their marriage, Walter several times has had to go out and in order to get a job that would have greater appeal to him. Each time he and Helen thoroughly discussed the step.

The last difficult decision they made was in 1944. He had been away from home most of four months reporting Wendell Willkie's presidential campaign for International News Service. Back in New York, he and Walter O'Keefe began work on an idea for a radio program. Suddenly ABC asked Kiernan to go on the air by himself.

"He'd have to give up my job, take leave of absence," he told Helen, "and I really don't know anything about radio."

"Do you think you can do it?" Helen asked.

"Well, I'd like to try."

"Helen is sympathetic but assertive," Walter explains. "But when she gets behind her, she is there one hundred percent."

He needed her in 1930. At that time he was carrying five different jobs and had all of their savings invested in a weekly newspaper he edited. He was making one hundred and fifty dollars a week. Then in less than a week he lost all five jobs—and the newspaper folded! He frantically looked for something—anything—to do, and the best he could find was work with a wire service at twenty-five dollars a week. At the end of the first week a gossip called and asked if he could find was work with a wire service at twenty-five dollars a week. At the end of the first week a gossip called and asked if he could find anything. Walter, thinking it would pay well, the paper went. With a heavy heart, he dropped the pay envelope on the kitchen table. Helen calmly counted out the money, then lashed out at Walter. He told her she had been too soft to him. Helen calmly counted out the money, then lashed out at him. He told her she had been too soft to him. She turned her back and her shoulders began to tremble.

Walter was puzzled. He hadn't expected her to break down. "Don't cry," he said. "It's not that bad." He put a comforting arm around her, and discovered that she was grinning from ear to ear. She was laughing.

"I began to laugh too," Walter recalls. "I knew for certain then that our happiness was a direct result of of how much money we had."

It's easy to trace the prosperity of the Kiernans. Their first child, David, was born in a hospital in a Lincoln; the second, Dick, in a Chevrolet; and their third, Jerry, was born at home.

David and Dick are at Holy Cross. Dave appears to be following in his father's footsteps. Last summer, he was an announcer at WNH in New Haven. Back at school in the fall, he immediately reported for the campus station. The first Walter heard of his son's achievement was when Dick sent him a clipping from the school paper. The Kiernans have followed a very simple rule in raising the children: they just let them grow. Their companionship is always available to, but never forced on, the boys. Walter considers that the main problem. And of the boys asks him to catch ball or go to a game, Walter drops whatever he is doing and goes along; otherwise he doesn't even consider it.

"Too many parents neglect their kids when they're young because they think it doesn't matter but any time they want me I'm always there."

Raising three young boys is no small chore, and frequently Helen has had the job all to herself. Walter's assignments took him away from home for days or months at a time. On Helen felt lonely. And it wasn't always easy for the Kiernans to have emergency operations almost as regularly as birthdays.

But when they lived in Long Island, Walter called Helen around midnight to say he wouldn't be coming home.

"Too many reports that we are TV newscasts," he explained, "and only half-finished. I may as well stay over at a hotel."

"That's all right," Helen said. "But be sure to call me at eight tomorrow morning."

Walter was recording his voice on the sound track of the newscasts. He was too tired and to busy to think twice about her appointment when he left for the studio the next morning, he learned that David had had an emergency operation.

"Why didn't you tell me last night?" he asked.

"You couldn't have done anything," Helen replied. "And it would have interfered with your work."

The Kiernans now live in a handsome new house in Milford, a suburb of New Haven.

And Walter has a suggestion about our troubled world that fears war, chaos and annihilation. "Women think more clearly than men—they go right to the heart of a problem," Walter told you. "Trouble with men is that they are ruled by the three Ps: pride, passion and passion. We'd be in better shape if the world were in the hands of women," he says. "Women don't run with the pack like men. They keep their eye on essentials—peace, security, happiness."

You get the feeling he is thinking of Helen as he says this. Then he smiles and with typical Kiernan humor adds, "Women would do a good job running the world—if they weren't for men."

---

**One Man's Opinion**

*(Continued from page 54)*

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**The Life of a Glorious Woman Reporter!**

Listen to "Wendy Warren and the News"

Monday through Friday CBS Stations

Check Paper for Time

Read the news of women today in "Woman's World"

reported by Wendy Warren each month in TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine now at newsstands.
The new-shape "sheath plus"
makes news . . . so cleverly! Designed to attract
by being as contradictory as Woman herself!
First . . . the severest, plainest,
sheath of a dress. Then, over it, an
intricately draped apron, to lend softness
and a romantic air. That's design
with a plan behind it!
The new-shape Modess box,
too, carries out a clever plan . . .
so discreetly! Because it's the
keep-a-secret box! Wrapped, it resembles
a box of stationery . . . or facial tissues . . .
so many things! No one will guess
you're carrying Modess!
Another thoughtful Modess feature . . .
the boxes are now tactfully pre-wrapped before
they even reach your store! Regular, Super, and
Junior Modess sizes.

Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!
Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking **CAMELS**

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days.

"**QUEEN OF SONG**

**FRAN WARREN**

"My career depends on my voice. Thanks to the 30-Day Mildness Test, I've found the cigarette that agrees with my throat—mild, flavorful Camels!"

**MAKE A NOTE...REMEMBER YOUR THROAT!**

**SECRETARY Agnes Doyle:** "I use my voice day in, day out. I made the 30-Day Test and found that cool, mild Camels agree with my throat!"

**NEWSCASTER G. Hayes:** "An announcer can't take chances on throat irritation. So, for mildness, I pick Camel! And I like Camel flavor!"

**INFORMATION CLERK Jean Gammon:** "I have to think of my throat. The 30-Day Test proved to me how mild Camels are!"

**YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU—**

T for Throat, T for Taste, Smoke Camels 30 days! See how mild and good-tasting a cigarette can be!

---

**Fran Warren**

Crowned "Queen of Song" by the American Academy of Entertainment of New York, pretty Fran Warren rates high among the nation's most popular radio and recording vocalists. Her velvety voice has put over many of the best-selling records of the year.

**Start your own 30-Day Camel MILDNESS test today!**
WIN
A TELEVISION SET!
15 PRIZES—SEE PAGE 32

Dinah Shore and Melissa

Can You Help Young Dr. Malone Solve His Marriage Problem?

10 Television Features

Special Homemakers' Section—Nancy Craig, Penny Olsen
Look lovelier with Solitair

Yours in seconds—a flawless, poreless-looking complexion! Solitair goes on easier, quicker. Its soft, smooth loveliness clings longer—without retouching. Introductory compact only 29c. Larger sizes, 60¢—1.00. No finer quality at any price!

You'll find new, exciting loveliness in this different, feather-weight cake make-up. Solitair creates flawless complexion beauty—quickly. Goes on easily without streaking. Takes only seconds to apply! Hides each little blemish—yet never looks artificial or “mask-like.” Stays fresh and lovely hour after hour without retouching. It’s a complete make-up combining creamy foundation and “wind-blown” powder.

Solitair cake make-up

Seven glamorous complexion-flattering shades

Contains Lanolin

SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! Protects against dryness. Only clinically tested make-up which leading skin specialists confirm WILL NOT CLOG PORES! Safe to use!

New beauty for your lips!

*FASHION-POINT LIPSTICK

Try Solitair “Fashion-Point”—first and only lipstick with the point actually curved to fit the lips! Applies creamy-smooth color evenly—quicker. 39¢ and 1.00.

*U. S. Pat. No 2162584
Three is Company... Four's a Nuisance

The moonlight... the whisper of the sea... the fire's after-glow... and the new man in your life, yours for the evening! Could there be any more romantic set-up? Yet Lily had been having a rough time of it from the start. Everybody... Bill in particular... seemed to be politely trying to avoid her. It was a case of three being company and four a nuisance—and she was the nuisance! The reason* for this neglect she would be the last to suspect. It can happen to any girl—even you—but quick! And without your knowing why.

How's your breath today?

No matter what your good points, they can be quickly forgotten when you have *halitosis (unpleasant breath). It can turn a winsome miss into a wallflower, and change ardor to indifference... just like that! And the insidious thing about halitosis is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, delightful, extra-careful precaution against offending? So many attractive people, popular people, make Listerine Antiseptic a “must” night and morning, and especially before any business or social engagement.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours, usually. When you want to be at your best, don’t trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic.

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

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri
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On the Cover: Dinah Shore and Melissa—Color Portrait by John Meihle Mother and daughter dresses by Cole of California

P. 50—Cheeses, courtesy of Charles & Co. Bon Voyage Shop, New York City

Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette...hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!

2 sizes: 2½ oz. $1.25; 1 oz. 60c. All cosmetic counters everywhere.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago

Stopette

THE ORIGINAL

SPRAY DEODORANT

© 1950 J.M. INC.
Here's the girdle that leading fashion designers praise for every season, every occasion, every time of day!

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

PINK-ICE washes in ten seconds, dries with a towel, ready to wear again immediately. Made of tree-grown liquid latex, PINK-ICE moulds your figure comfortably, whether you’re sitting, standing or walking. In panty, panty with garter, and garter girdle styles at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

In SLIM, shiny tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES, $3.50 to $3.95
In SLIM, shimmering Pink Tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . $3.95 to $4.95

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

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N. Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.
have a "party hair-do" all day long

with Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do. Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully—keep hair-dos lovely—easy to open—hold better. There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use Gayla HOLD-BOB than all other bobby pins combined

Mindy Carson enhances her natural beauty by a simple hair-do and a minimum of make-up.

Mindy Carson wants to be herself! “Whenever I dress or apply make-up,” says Mindy, “I look in the mirror and ask myself if I am making the most of my type.”

And, no wonder! Ever since she started her NBC radio show, Mindy Carson Sings, everybody has tried to talk her into changing her natural appeal to a more glamorous one.

Mindy has flatly refused. “I just can’t do it,” she explains, “why, it wouldn’t be me.”

One good look at Mindy reveals she is right. Her soft, natural beauty is highlighted by her simple hair-do and subtle make-up application. Mindy has proven that it doesn’t pay to copy another woman’s type. Study your own face and figure, and then concentrate on the make-up and clothing that are best for you.

When Mindy was a little girl, her mother emphasized the importance of a smooth, immaculate-looking skin, and she’s never forgotten it. Mindy knows that make-up can’t take the place of basic cleanliness. In fact, she cleanses her face at least three times a day. Mindy has also learned that heavy, exaggerated make-up is fine for the stage or special evening wear, but it’s taboo for daily living. She uses a make-up base, powder, rouge and lipstick in careful moderation.

As for Mindy’s hair, she likes it short. “I’m just not the type for lots of curls around my face. I was a short hair enthusiast long before it was accepted as the fashion, because I knew the style was right for me.”

Mindy washes and curls her own hair, too. She can’t stand that “just set” look.
To emphasize her pretty mouth, Mindy brushes on her lipstick.

The pretty singer’s eyes get special attention every day. In addition to a very light application of mascara and eyebrow pencil, she carries a small eyebrow brush to use throughout the day. She never has to worry about straggly brows spoiling her appearance.

Since Mindy is a mere five foot three inches, she is extremely careful to choose clothes that are designed for the small figure. Because she feels she is a tailored type, most of Mindy’s clothes have straight, simple lines.

She believes that every woman should always try to include some extracurricular out-of-doors activity in her schedule. Her favorite pastime is golfing, and she heads for the links whenever she can.

Mindy Carson makes the most of her type whether at work or play. Learn to know yourself, and you can, too!

BY DORRY ELLIS
from
BASEBALL
to
BANDSTAND

Ex-sportscaster Ted Husing, now a disc jockey for WMGM, and Benny Goodman (r.) examine an early gramophone from Columbia Records' museum in Bridgeport, Conn.

The first big name in another field to become a disc jockey, Ted Husing started a nation-wide trend—and he is one of the few who survived it. His WMGM Bandstand program, now in its fourth year, is notable among disc jockey programs for its no-guest appearances policy. Timing is meticulous; emphasis is on good music. Husing's consistent plugging of the oldtime jazz beat is one of the major factors in the spread of the current Dixieland craze in the east.

Though the greater part of his time is now devoted to the Bandstand (Monday through Saturday from 10 A.M. to Noon and from 5 to 6:30 P.M.), Husing still takes on occasional major sports assignments. This year, he covered both boxing and football. For the first president of the Sports Broadcasters Association, sportscasting is too much a part of Husing's life for him to desert it completely.

Christened Edward Britt Husing after his father's favorite fighter, he was nicknamed Ted by a childhood sweetheart. He attended Stuyvesant High, Pace Institute and Columbia Extension, all in New York City, participated in all major sports and was a member of the all-State football and soccer teams.

After a stint as payroll clerk with a New York corporation, he left home to hitch-hike all over the United States. Having learned to fly with the Students Army Training Corp during World War I, he worked as a pilot with Aero-Marine Airways, but was transferred to Miami after a crack-up. Lonesome for the bright lights, he returned as a "flying cop" with the N.Y.C. Police Department. An outside loop and he was looking for another job. Next he was drawn to Florida during a land boom. When it collapsed, he returned to New York.

He won an announcing audition at WJZ in 1924 over 619 applicants because, he says: "I could talk longer and louder than any of the other boys." In 1927, he joined CBS as a sports announcer, a post he retained there until he began his WMGM stint in 1946. It was Husing's CBS broadcast of the burial of war-ace and polar-flier Floyd Bennett at Arlington Cemetery that gave the brand-new station its first boost and saved it from floundering.

With his wife, Iris, and his five-year-old son, Duke, Ted lives in a four-story house in Gramercy Park, which he and his wife remodeled themselves.

The Husing Bandstand, heard Mon.-Sat. at 10 A.M. and again at 5 P.M., features a "no guests, just good music" policy.
Coming Next Month

Everyone knows who this is. You'll know him better when you read the surprise story in October's issue.

So much has been written about Arthur Godfrey that you may very well wonder if there is anything more to be known about him. The editors of Radio Mirror wondered, too. But what they found out convinced them otherwise—it'll convince you, too. What it is is a surprise—you'll have to wait until next month to find out. It's well worth waiting for, though, so look for it, together with pictures of Arthur, in the October's Radio Mirror which goes on the newstands Friday, September 8. It might be a good idea to reserve your copy now, for you won't want to miss the other exciting features scheduled for next month's issue. You'll find a tender story by Morton Downey's mother. It's called "My Two Generations of Downey Children," and there are color pictures to go with it. There are color pictures of Gene Autry, too, together with a story about him. Radio Mirror also has sent its photographer to Marie Wilson's home and he came back with delightful pictures of Marie, her husband, her dog, her family. You surely won't want to miss seeing these.

Next month marks the debut of another new feature in the pages of Radio Mirror, the daytime serial fashion page. There, in color, will be the new fall styles as worn by Joan Alexander, who portrays Della Street in Perry Mason. This new feature will carry information about where you can buy these fashions.

Your old friends will be on hand in October, too—Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense, Daytime Diary, the Bonus Novel, another chapter of Radio's Own Life Story and the Inside Radio listings. Look for the October Radio Mirror on the newstands, Friday, September 8. Happy reading!

Don't look now...

Esther Williams, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor Musical "PAGAN LOVE SONG"

You're at Malibu Beach, near Hollywood, when your eyes stumble on a beauty to rival Esther Williams! It is Esther Williams with Ben Gage! Lucky her head is turned. You can see she's as beautiful as Technicolor insists. Pst, Esther knows you're staring! Her complexion is glowingly groomed with Coquette, exciting new golden rached shade of satiny Woodbury Powder.

there's

Esther Williams

Esther is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey.* A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish. No "powdery look!" Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 8 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

Are YOU a "ONE-TIME" Date?

SEE PAGE 79

Paid Notice
People brought their problems, mostly marital, to the Good Will Hour; John J. Anthony tried his best to solve them.

Part IX: High, low or middle brow, the medium had something for everyone as it reached more and more people each year.

1936: Everybody was saying “Knock-knock, who’s there?” The word “pixilated” came in with the two wonderful zany old girls in Gary Cooper’s “Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.” Trailers began to crowd the highways. Gone with the Wind was published and jumped to the best seller list. There was big news on the radio. The C.I.O. split away from the A.F. of L. The newly-formed United Automobile Workers started a new thing, the sit-down strike in a forty-four day demonstration. H. V. Kaltenborn covered the Civil War in Spain, and went so near the front lines that the crackle of machine guns was heard behind his words. Hitler marched into the Rhineland, and the largest radio audience ever assembled to that date tuned in to an international broadcast that started with the portentous BONG of Big Ben in London. It was Edward VIII’s farewell to the Empire. In every quarter of the globe, streets were deserted and telephones were silent as the whole world waited by the radio. Who does not remember the high solemn drama:

“At last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have found it impossible . . . to discharge my duties as King as I should wish without the help and support of the woman I love . . . and now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all. God save the King!”

Roosevelt, already nicknamed “that man,” was re-elected by a landslide over Governor Landon of Kansas, sweeping all but two states, and the new wisecrack was, “As Maine goes—so goes Vermont.” Radio took another vast step forward when the opening of the joint session of Congress was called at the unprecedented hour of nine p.m. so the nation could hear the President’s report.

This was the year that a
Toscanini's baton has guided the NBC Symphony since 1937. It was the first orchestra created expressly for radio.

The dazzling intellects displayed on Information, Please belonged to Clifton Fadiman, John Kieran, F. P. Adams.

OWN LIFE STORY

Remember the "invasion from Mars?" This is the man who commanded it—Orson Welles, the then boy wonder.

As real to their admirers as anyone made of flesh and blood are Edgar Bergen's creations, Charlie and Mortimer.

By LLEWELLYN MILLER
You can't beat food as a topic of conversation. That's why Meet the Millers is one of the most popular local programs on WBEN-TV—especially among the station staff. The Millers provoke comment in many ways in addition to the mouth-watering manner in which they prepare anything from a tossed salad to stuffed squash.

Should you happen to be in the lobby of Hotel Statler in Buffalo and chance to see a pleasant couple laden with a roast of lamb and vegetables on a platter, don't think they're heading for a picnic. They are William and Mildred Meeker Miller on their way to the eighteenth floor to present their twice-weekly afternoon program.

There probably is no couple in local television anywhere with more story material than the Millers. When Thanksgiving Day rolls around soon, chances are that many of the Miller fans will be eating one of the turkeys raised by them, even though there is little mention of their fabulous industry on television. The Meeker-Miller turkey farm at Colden, near Buffalo, is the largest in Western New York. This year they are raising 7000 of the gobbles. Bill was president of the New York State Turkey Growers Association for 1944-1948.

But don't let this high-sounding title frighten you. Bill and Mildred aren't new to show business. Bill was a Broadway dancer and Mildred his accompanist. They made frequent radio and TV appearances last winter before starting a noncommercial series with only a hot-plate for preparing foods.

They had one sustaining program when the Iroquois Gas Corporation took over sponsorship of the show and surrounded the Millers with the most modern of ranges, refrigerators and other accessories. The corporation even ran a gas line up eighteen stories to the studio for the food demonstrations. Another eighteen-story story: After the telecast, a dishwasher from the Statler kitchen picks up all dishes used in preparation or display and more than 8,000 of their recipes are distributed weekly by their sponsor.

For health and show-business, the Millers have traveled from Texas to California to New York City, cooking in all climes and under all conditions, since their marriage in 1935. For health reasons, Bill forsook the song-and-dance stuff in 1941 to settle down in Hayes Hollow Road, Town of Colden, for peace and quiet.

They love to cook and their enthusiasm permeates their program. "We want to make people so enthusiastic about preparing food that they'll create their own recipes or improve on ours," says Mr. Miller.
One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a $20* permanent. Can you tell—

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?

Look closely! Compare the shining softness ... the live, long-lasting "spring" ... the lovely natural look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Not even experts can find any difference between the $1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft—is actually guaranteed to be as beautiful and last as long — as a $20 wave (*including shampoo and set.) Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There's no frizz! Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tinted, Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Nancy Fletcher's (at left.) You can be sure of this — for only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to all types of hair. Try a Toni — you'll love it!

Toni alone, of all home permanents — looks so natural, feels so soft!
That's why more women choose Toni than all other home permanents combined.

Here's the reason! Toni contains an exclusive blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs ... only $1

with SPIN curlers $2.29

ARE YOU lovely... OR LONELY?
SEE PAGE 19
ONLY NEW
ODO-RO-NO
CREAM GIVES YOU
ALL THESE
ADVANTAGES!

1 Stops perspiration quickly—safely.
2 Banishes odor instantly.
3 The only cream deodorant that guarantees 24-hour protection.
4 Never irritates normal skin—use it daily—even right after shaving.
5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
6 New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets caked or gritty as ordinary deodorants often do.
7 Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, N. Y.

Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

NEW
ODO-RO-NO
CREAM

The deodorant without a doubt

GUARANTEED
FULL 24-HOUR
PROTECTION!

More cream for your money.
New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

In the May issue of Radio Mirror, this column printed the problem of Mrs. H. L., who asked advice on whether or not to sell her home. Of all those who sent sound and useful advice to Mrs. L., the letter of Ila Merle Norris, of Lubbock, Texas, has been chosen as the best and Mrs. Norris's check for $25.00 has been sent to Mrs. Norris, whose letter appears on page 15.

Joyce will write next month's problem letter. What is your answer to it? Your letter may win $25.00.

Dear Miss Davis:

Today is my thirty-ninth birthday and this may be the answer to the greatest need for advice which I have ever experienced in my life; I have no immediate family to advise me.

My husband—seventeen years older than I—divorced me five years ago and took custody of my three children. At the time he felt that he had "outgrown" me, as he had become very wealthy and I believe the egotism which was always part of him was the real reason for the divorce. At least, he never found any other whom he deemed worthy of sharing his life.

At no time since the divorce has he contributed in any way to my support. I was left to work out my own salvation. I did not find the going easy. My children were, and always will be the ruling interest in my life.

Now, my former husband has met with business reverses and his health is very poor; he is in real need, both financially and physically. He has asked me to return to the small town where he lives and work as housekeeper for the children and himself. I know there will be no monetary recompense for me, for despite his troubles he remains; basically the same. I fear I would be misunderstood in the town, possibly ostracized, and such might be detrimental to the children. I have very little money and am bewildered but not licked.

G. M.

Now here are other letters which, because of their general interest, I have chosen to answer this month.

Dear Joan:

Although I enjoyed keeping company with the opposite sex I never thought of marriage. I worked hard and saved my money. I lived with my mother so before going overseas when I was twenty-eight, I bought a home. Mother said she knew I would come back and when I met the "right" girl I would have a home to bring my bride to.

I did—I met her overseas. At first everything seemed O.K. on the surface. But soon Mother began expressing Delina. I can't imagine. She is sweet, thoughtful, and an expert housewife.

Then Junior was born. She resented him even more. We are now expecting our second child. Delina is no longer the carefree girl I brought home. She doesn't complain, but she is sad. The doctor said her mood isn't good in her condition. But I can see why. Everything she does Mother would do different.

Am I a man or mouse, you ask. Well, my mother spent a fortune to bring me back to health when I was a boy. Others gave up but not Mom; she watched over me day and night. I am torn between two loves. We were going to get an apartment. Mother was sick over it and said she would move. My sister offered her a home. Then she said I wanted to get rid of her because I no longer needed her. I really can't afford to keep up two homes. Mother isn't young any more. I can't put her out.

I hope you can help me. I thought war was h—, but this mental anguish is even worse. Sometimes I wish I hadn't come back. Please help me.

W. R.

Dear W. R.:

I think that you must discount your mother's care of you, when you were ill as a child, more than you seem to. You must remember that any mother who has normal feeling for her child will do everything in her power and means to keep that child alive. Not just your
mother—any mother. Your wife, for instance, should your child fall ill, would undoubtedly act in the same way. I'm sure your mother did not consider it a burden, nor her duty, but a joy to help you. Bearing in mind that she acted only as any normal woman would, I think you will be able to view your problem with a less prejudiced eye.

I don't know enough of your financial situation to be able to advise you in exact terms. But I do strongly urge that you break the group now living together into two units, however you manage it. Remember that this is your married life, and your wife's, and that the coming years are the best ones you'll have together—the early

(Continued on page 15)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay $25
to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another $25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than August 25. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The name of the winner will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!

Pepsodent removes FILM—helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is caused by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone’s teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE CONTAINS IRIUM

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irrium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

on NBC, is sponsored by Swansdown and Calomet.
Life on their forty-acre Pennsylvania farm provides more than enough conversational fodder for the eleven programs aired each week by WFIL's Mary and Howard Jones.

Thornton Wilder, in his well-remembered play, "Our Town," included a homey scene in which Dr. Gibbs, the husband, confessed to his wife after years of marriage that his chief fear at the outset had been that they would one day run out of conversation. So far, WFIL's Mary and Howard Jones have not encountered that problem, and between them they find conversation for eleven radio programs each week—a total of six hours and forty-five minutes on the air.

As "Farmer Jones," Howard conducts a half-hour farm news program on Philadelphia's WFIL Monday through Saturday at 6:00 A.M., and Mary is always on hand to lend vocal assistance. The show is aired from their forty-acre farm near Niantic, Pennsylvania, about fifty miles from central Philadelphia.

Mary presents her own program of comment and interviews from the WFIL studios Monday through Friday from 1:30 to 2:15 P.M. On these broadcasts, Howard is a far-from-silent partner, sharing microphone duties with his talented wife.

What do they find to talk about? Well, for one thing, their life on the farm—and their daily mail indicates that the listeners love it. But one of the principal reasons for their popularity is their guest-interview schedule, which includes personalities ranging from foreign diplomats to any man on the street who has an interesting story to tell. Topics vary from world politics to the care and feeding of domestic animals.

Both Mary and Howard are in constant demand as speakers, but they manage to spend enough time at home to enjoy the rustic life of their Pennsylvania surroundings. Together they have remodeled and redecorated a number of Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouses, one of which serves as their present home. Their other hobbies include gardening and the raising of livestock.

Too many cooks? Not in the Jones family, where cooperation is the byword. They share air shows, too.
years of marriage, the joy of raising your children. You have a right to happiness in those years, and peace, and a pleasant life. So does your wife. Your mother had those years—and no woman has the right to live them twice, at the price of the happiness of others.

Dear Joan:
I am a widow, age fifty-two, and all my children are grown and married except one. She is getting married in June. My problem is this: All of the children are married to men earning average salaries. They have children of their own. They seem to think that, as I will be left alone, I should rent out my home and take turns living with each one. (I've four.) All my life I've devoted to my kiddies and now at last, I can have a life of my own. It will be hard to earn my own way but I can do it. Somehow I feel that I don't want to live as they suggest. They tell me it's the only way and it would help out as they could have a few free evenings at no cost for a baby-sitter. I've always said no house is large enough for two families and I think it best to try to live alone in my own home. I don't feel as if I owe my children anything now. What do you advise?

Mrs. E. M.

Dear Mrs. E. M.:
Hurray for you! Considering the very large number of letters which come to me asking for help on the "mother-in-law problem" this one of yours is doubly welcome. My dear, make any sacrifices necessary to maintain your freedom—you'll be doing yourself a favor, and doing your children one, too. There's very seldom room under one roof, as you say, for a mother and an in-law, although she may be the very nicest in-law in the world!

And here is the best answer to the May problem.

Dear Mrs. H. L.:
I am in sympathy with your husband's views. I admire him for wanting a home of his own, and I would not want to put money into a home I felt belonged to someone else.

I don't think it would be necessary to sell the home you have now. You could live in it until your new home is completed. Then you could rent it and let the rent pay for it. I am sure your husband would not object to this as it would be the children's property. You could deposit the rent money to be used for their education after the debt on the house had been cleared.

As for giving up things, there are many things in life more important than hardships—courage, pride and self-respect. And if a few burdens come your way, just say, "I am going to endure this, so my husband can keep his self-respect, without which he wouldn't be worth loving."

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

(Continued from page 13)
Soft Water Shampooing
Even in Hardest Water

"We found the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo the first time we used it," say lovely twins Marcelle and Jeanne Pastoret of Long Island, N. Y. "Our hair was so delightfully soft... as if we washed it in rain water. And that marvelous softness makes it lots easier to manage, too."

You, too, will discover Soft Water Shampooing... the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo! Even in hardest water you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with all its gleaming natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

TONI CREME SHAMPOO

- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look locelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights

Enriched with Lanolin

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

ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

Dear Editor:
Whatever became of that wonderful program, Against the Storm? I thought it was the best serial on the air. Would you please publish a picture of the girl who played Siri?
Pittsburgh, Pa. Mrs. C. M. C.

Against the Storm, which won the coveted Peabody Radio Award, has long been waging an uphill fight to stay on the air. It was last heard October 21, 1949. Joan Tompkins played Siri.

AWARD WINNER

Dear Editor:
I am a constant listener to The Right to Happiness and I would like to know who plays the part of Miles Nelson. Is he heard on any other program?
Carrington, N. D. Miss G. M.

It's John Larkin, who was voted "favorite daytime actor" in the Radio Mirror Awards for 1949, who plays Miles Nelson. Mr. Larkin also is heard in the title role of Perry Mason.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me who plays Reed Bannister in Big Sister and who owns the voice that sounds so much like Arnold Moss? He is heard quite often on Grand Central Station.
Dayton, Ore. Mrs. L. E. S.

Reed Bannister is played by Ian Martin and the man who sounds so similar to Arnold Moss on Grand Central Station is none other than Mr. Moss himself.

TALL ORDER

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me who took the part of Phil in Aunt Jenny and who plays Tom Morley in This Is Nora Drake and Jerry Malone on Young Doctor Malone? I also would like to know how I can get the copy of Radio Mirror which had an article and pictures of Hilltop House.
Dallas, Tex. L. S.

It's a tall order, but here's the information you want. Phil was played by Bill Quinn; Bob Readick is heard as Tom and Sandy Becker is Jerry. For the August '50 issue with the Hilltop House feature, write to Back Issue Department, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Smooth Lip Loveliness that Lasts!

Cashmere Bouquet

Lipstick

8 fashionable shades that go on, stay on, without smearing!

Smoothly, evenly does it with exciting Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick—never a fear of a rub or smear! So clinging, creamy, caressing, your lips take on a new look... an alive look... one that says, plain as day, “I dare you”! And of course no other lipstick, at any price, betters Cashmere Bouquet’s range of fashionable reds. Get Cashmere Bouquet today, and then, try to go back to your previous brand. Yes, you’re sentenced for life... but you’ll love it!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

In smart new Swivel Case

Only 25¢

Face Powder; Hand Lotion; All-Purpose Cream or Talc—make sure it’s Cashmere Bouquet!
Radio's Own Life Story

vaudeville ventriloquist, Edgar Bergen, took his dummy to the Lambs' Club one
evening to put on a show for his fellow actors, never dreaming that the date
was to change his whole life. Before
this it had never occurred to anyone
that a ventriloquist had a future in
radio. What would be the point if you
couldn't see the dummy? It would just
sound like two actors talking, wouldn't
it? What would be different about that?
Rudy Vallee was in the audience, and
he had another idea. Six months after
playing a guest spot for Vallee, Bergen
had his own air show and he and
Charlie McCarthy were on their way
to Hollywood fame as well.

Edgar was born in Chicago, Illinois,
in 1903. His father was a Swedish
immigrant who ran a dairy farm in
Decatur. When he was eleven, young
Edgar spent a quarter, earned helping
around the farm, for Herman's Wizard
Manual and made life miserable for his
family by impersonating all kinds of
little men who weren't there. A sketch
that he drew in a high school history
book was used as a model by a Chicago
whittler, Theodore Mack, who carved
Charlie's head for thirty-five dollars.
Charlie was so successful in helping
Bergen earn his way through pre-
medical courses at Northwestern Uni-
versity that his master abandoned the
idea of graduating and went into Chau-
tauqua instead.

They were just another routine act,
getting none too many bookings, until
Charlie began to cut up one night
when the future looked black and
he had nothing to lose. It was their
last show at the Chez Paree in Chi-
cago. The manager had not renewed
their contract, and they did not have
another. The few late customers
were frankly indifferent until Charlie,
made reckless by their uncertain pros-
pects, reared back and sneered at his
partner. "Who ever told you you were
funny?"

Bergen attempted to quiet him, but
Charlie refused to shut up. "You better
go back to the farm," he snapped. "I'll
get by, but you're all through, brother,
all through." He followed this attack
with some pointed personal remarks
about the audience. The more imperti-
nent Charlie became, the better people
liked it. The talk died down, the laugh-
ter built up. The manager came rush-
ing around to extend the engagement,
and a new star was born.

This was the year, too, that Fanny
Bruce made her big hit with Baby
Snooks on the air and everybody went
around saying "Ruh-why, daddy?" for
a long time. Herb Shriner was getting
his start as Harmonica Herb on a barn
dance program, Hoosier Hop, in Fort
Wayne, Indiana. He was seventeen
years old and had a long way to go
before he was chosen "the most
promising young star of tomorrow" in
1949. Phil Harris, already famous as a
dance band leader, joined Jack Benny's
show. So did Kenny Baker, after win-
ing Eddie Duchin's Texaco Talent
Contest. Bob Burns was signed for the
Kraft Music Hall, starring Bing Crosby,
and stayed until he started his own
Arkansas Traveler in 1941, adding
many wonderful new characters to the
colony of the air.

Robin Burns was born in Van
Buren, Arkansas, in 1896. At six years
he was playing (Continued on page 70)
"Does a Working Wife Cheat Her Family?"

Portia Manning, heroine of Portia Faces Life, bearded M-F 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC, sponsored by General Foods.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Portia Manning, Portia Faces Life, in May's daytime serial problem.

In May Radio Mirror, reader listeners were told in brief the story of Portia Manning, of Portia Faces Life, and were asked the question: "Does A Working Wife Cheat Her Family?" Radio Mirror editors have chosen the best answers from the letters and checks have been sent as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to: Mrs. Merle H. Mock, Guthrie, Oklahoma, for the following letter:

A woman like Portia, who works outside the home in order to protect that home, cheats her family of nothing but poverty and tragedy. Especially so if there is a Miss Daisy for a housekeeper. Our pioneer mothers often left their children to work in the fields—to further the family welfare.

A wife and mother who works only to escape domesticity does cheat her family. Even more important, she cheats herself. By evading the twenty-four-hour-a-day job of moulding her children's characters and personalities, she cheats herself of a priceless reward—a lifetime of memories.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

Mrs. Walter Ackerman
Chicago, Illinois

Miss Bertha Newhoff
Versailles, Kentucky

Mrs. Grace Crowe
New Orleans, Louisiana

Mrs. Helen M. Burnham
New Britain, Connecticut

Mrs. C. B. Gillespie
Valley Falls, Kansas

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . .

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—set which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.
By BOB POOLE

The Bob Poole Show is heard M-F at 11:15 A.M. and again at 3 P.M. EDT on MBS stations including WLEW, Erie, Pennsylvania; WHK, Cleveland, Ohio.

There were twelve Page sisters who grew up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, which makes it quite obvious that Patti Page could never be called “spoiled”—no matter what happens on her theater and night club dates. Fact is, Patti’s first job on a radio station was as staff artist—the pen and pencil kind—even though she had auditioned for the job as staff vocalist. And, as is often the case in show business, it was only when the regular girl singer quit that Patti got her big chance.

However, none of the people who had faith in Patti’s ability have ever been disappointed. She moved from the local station through the regular channels in working toward the top in popular singing. Her moves included singing with a touring dance band, a spot on Don McNeill’s “Breakfast Club,” her own show on CBS and one on ABC. While in Chicago, Mercury Records spotted Patti as the right kind of girl singer for a company seeking to build its own name artists. Mercury’s success with Frankie Laine and Vic Damone was enough to convince Patti. And Patti’s success on her first few records was enough to convince Mercury.

Most recently, Patti was teamed with Frankie Laine on a series of record dates and a lengthy run at New York’s Paramount Theater. But the eleven Page sisters still in Tulsa are convinced that this is only the beginning.

* * *

Columbia Records has arranged for the dancing set to get their toe-tapping tunes in the exact sequence that they are played by the big bands appearing in
Wax-spinners Stewart Connell, Red Rowe, Red Harper, Hank Penny, Lloyd House inspect hat presented to Columbia Records' Western artist Bob Wills at a party given for him and his Texas Playboys by local (California) disc jockeys.

ballrooms. Called the "Dance Date" series, the new group of long-playing records, which feature Tony Pastor, Xavier Cugat, Les Brown and Hal McIntyre, consist of four danceable tunes on each side of a platter. Just as in the ballroom, most songs are instrumentally performed, with no interruption between numbers. A polished floor and a good imagination does the rest.

What may well have been the longest and most expensive three-way telephone conversation recently took place with Paris, New York and Seattle as the originating points. And nothing was decided after all the palaver! It happened when a Parisian theater owner tried to get the Ink Spots to appear at his show places. The quartet, at the time, was in the State of Washington, their manager was in New York and the theater-owner in his office on the Champs Elysee. Even at this late date, it's not certain whether the foursome will be able to squeeze in the proposed appearances.

The newest addition to America's disc jockeys is Chief Traynor Halftown, a full-blooded Seneca Indian. The Chief replaced Bosh Pritchard on WDAS, Philadelphia. Bosh is also a professional football player with the Philadelphia Eagles. This is the Chief's first assignment as a platter-spinner, but he's been a singer and entertainer on Buffalo, New York, York and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, radio stations. The Chief, by the way, is actually the head man of the Seneca tribe on the Cornplanter Reservation in Pennsylvania.

Pretty songstress Jane Froman makes even an ordinary dressing room look like something in a movie.
LIFE OF THE PARTY

I f a radio man is known by the companies he keeps on his sponsor list, WXKW's Bill Hickok belongs to the electronic elite. The zaniest performer this side of Betty Hutton, with the most entertaining sense of nonsense since Lewis Carroll, he's sold solid to such impressive advertisers as Ford, Borden, and Mennen. His friendliness, sincerity, personality and fine singing voice have attracted to his show one of the two top early-morning platter-chatter audiences in the area in two years.

One excited little girl, a thirteen-year-old polio victim, put it this way: "Gosh, Bill Hickok talked to me on the radio last night. He talked right to me. Told me to keep my chin up and played a song just for me."

The twenty-six-year-old disc jockey was born in Andover, Massachusetts, and the down-East flavor is still apparent in his broad "a" and rabid addiction to the Red Sox. After school at Phillips Academy and a short sentence in a five-and-dime as a floor walker, the Air Forces took him to the South Pacific as an aerial photo tophographer, but his own mobile map put him in Special Services. When his superiors saw him keeping his buddies in non-scheduled stitches, they transferred him to the morale and entertainment unit.

After the war "Hicky" landed a job at WHAI in Greenfield, Massachusetts. An NBC Recording Division representative named Addison Amor heard him singing over a popular dance record and was sufficiently impressed to wangle him a job in New York recording—only suddenly Mr. Petrillo banned the making of records. So Bill went to work for WCOP in Boston, then WCON, Atlanta, and, finally Albany's WXKW, where he does three early morning stints between 6:00 and 8:55 A.M. and another in the evening from 6:00-6:30 P.M.

You never know what's coming next on a Hickok show, but neither does he. Impulsively he'll throw away the commercial script and say, "Wait a minute, folks. I'll show you how good this dog food is. I'll eat some myself," proceed to open the can then and there, spoon a mouthful of the stuff, and eat it with mouth-watering relish. Or he'll announce, "I've got just one thing to say to you today about Dobler Beer. It's the beer that made Milwaukee jealous."

He makes all the noises an inventive set of vocal chords can devise. In a metallic basso-profundus he says he's "Freddie, the friendly Ford fender." Or he may offer "little known facts about little known facts" or hold an insane conversation with his "little people," characters produced by playing a 33\(\frac{1}{2}\) rpm recording at 78 rpm; or he'll cajole his mythical dog, Hooper.

The hundreds of letters Bill's fans write him every week, surprisingly literate, prove that he's a family institution from Poughkeepsie to Plattsburg. His is not a solely teen-age audience: many of these letters tell how whole family groups like to listen together and many a businessman has become a Hickok fan.

One morning Bill was commiserating publicly with his 6:00-6:45 A.M. listeners for having to rise and shine so early. On the spur of the moment he organized "The Earliers' Club" and invited his fans to join. He promised to send them membership cards inscribed with the club motto, "United we stand; divided we oversleep." A few weeks later his membership list was 2,500 names long and he had enrolled factories, stores, fire departments, and post-offices. Applications for membership are still pouring in from practically every city, town, and hamlet between the Canadian border and the Catskills.

Ask Bill to explain his popularity, and he'll say: "I dunno. Guess I just hold 'em in the hollow of my head." That's Hickok—not a straight line in his conversation. But the gag's wrong. There's far from a void in Willy's head. He's as smart as they come in the Mike-and-tomalt trade. He has to be in order to be the life of the party every time he hits the air.
Collector's Corner

By SAMMY KAYE

(Sammy Kaye came close to becoming a civil engineer, but that profession’s loss was music’s gain. Today, Sammy is one of America’s top bandleaders. On radio, his Sunday Serenade on ABC has gained quite a following, and so did his “So You Want To Lead A Band” feature.)

In my many years of record collecting, I have accumulated discs which pleased me greatly at the time of purchase, but many of them were “mood” purchases and no longer rate. The ones I have listed here are sure to remain lifelong favorites of mine.

1.—“Marie” by Tommy Dorsey. Bunny Berrigan does a trumpet solo on this one that will be hard for anyone to top.

2.—“Cry Of The Wild Goose” by Frankie Laine—perfection in musical arrangement and singing.

3.—“Begin The Beguine” by Artie Shaw—another perfect musical arrangement which justified Shaw’s claim to fame.

4.—“Shine” by Louis Armstrong. Anything Louis does is a favorite of mine.

5.—“Boo Hoo” by Guy Lombardo. This Lombardo disc exemplifies the sweet style so important in the dance band field.

6.—“Prisoner of Love” by Perry Como. Como is good on practically everything, but this one, in my opinion, is his best.

7.—“White Christmas” by Bing Crosby. This combination has made a great song an institution.

8.—“Waltzes of Victor Herbert” by Paul Lavalle. Herbert’s many fine waltzes are at their “Sunday best.”

9.—“My Hero” by Ralph Flanagan. Ralph, who is a former arranger with my band, is easily one of the best in the country as indicated by this wonderful waxing.

10.—“In The Mood” by Glenn Miller. I like most recordings by the late Glenn Miller. This, in particular, is indicative of his fine band.

“This mud-pack was no beauty treatment!”

says IRENE DUNNE, co-starring with FRED MACMURRAY in RKO’s “COME SHARE MY LOVE”

We spent 5 hours rehearsing and retaking this scene in “Come Share My Love.” The cold, wet mud left my hands taut and rough...

A dust storm sandpapered my hands and face...

But Jergens Lotion kept my skin smooth and soft...

So it was lovely in close-ups with Fred MacMurray.

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

Prove it with this simple test described above...

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

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax)
TRAVELER OF THE

Hugh Herbert and emcee Tommy Bartlett share Gladys Meyer's delight as she holds the puppy given to her by Welcome Travelers to replace her lost pet.

Little Gladys Meyer lives on a farm near Richmond, Illinois, a small town right on the Wisconsin border. Anyone who saw her would say that she was a typical farm girl. She's twelve years old and a trifle shy, with natural blonde hair, a rosy complexion, deep-set eyes and a serious look on her face. But she isn't typical.

Gladys had a dog, and she loved it with all the affection a shy farm youngster can lavish on a pet. The fact that her dog destroyed some chickens in the neighborhood didn't lessen her love a bit, but the dog had to go.

Gladys knew that the verdict had been just, but justice wasn't pleasant. She missed her dog and her natural shyness turned to sad brooding. The Meyer family joked with her and tried to cheer her with her favorite delicacies, but Gladys wasn't hungry and she didn't think the jokes were funny. She had lost a friend—a friend she couldn't forget.

The Meyers were concerned about their daughter. They aren't wealthy people and a trip to Chicago represented a major expenditure, but Gladys brightened momentarily at the suggestion, so the trip was made.

With her mother and grandmother at the broadcast, her somber face stood out in sharp contrast in our audience of nearly a thousand travelers. She was so appealing that we had to talk to her.

"Why are you traveling?" I asked her—and I nearly dropped the microphone in astonishment at her answer. "To forget," she told me solemnly.

Tears rolled down her cheeks when she told me the story of her dog, and our audience suffered right along with her. When it came time to give her a remembrance of her appearance on Welcome Travelers, I handed her a puppy we'd bought in a hurry from a Chicago kennel—and I don't think I ever had a more rewarding experience than seeing her happy face as she took the dog.

We gave her some other gifts too, and sent her to lunch and dinner as our guests—or thought we did. But Grandma was too tired for the meals and sight-seeing tour we'd arranged, so the Meyers went back to Richmond. But Gladys, her mother and brother returned on Saturday as we learned from the following letter Gladys wrote:

"Dear Tommy, I am awful sorry that I couldn't send a clipping of the Richmond paper because they said they lost the story but I am sending a clipping of the McHenry paper about me. I have been training the dog now. She sits up for food and shakes hands. I had to call her a different name because she is a female. Her name is Traveling Lassie. I want to thank you for the things you gave me.

"We went to Chicago yesterday to finish my prizes but didn't have time to take the dinner at night. My
mother didn't have money to pay for a taxi to take us to the depot because she lost thirty-three dollars and didn't have any more money to spend. But the policeman at the Grayline station gave us a dollar to help us from the train home.

Mrs. Meyer sent me another letter. "Could you give me any information as to how I could get the name of the policeman who helped me last Saturday when Gladys, Philip and I went back to Chicago to take the Grayline sight-seeing tour, the luncheon and dinner. I lost a thirty-three-dollar check and didn't discover the loss until about three o'clock when I went to have it cashed. I was in quite a predicament because I was depending on the check getting us back home. I went to a policeman on State street and told my story. He offered to help me, so I accepted enough for street car fare back to look for the check. It hadn't been found, but the fellow who took our tickets for the sight-seeing tour remembered us. He gave me a dollar to get us to the railroad station, as we had very little time left. That was why we missed the dinner. The policeman wouldn't give his name but I did get his number from his cap. His number is 7652. Where would I be able to get his name? I'd like to send his money back.

Things happen to Gladys—things like being interviewed on a network radio show and getting a new puppy and getting a second trip to the city—even unpleasant things like being temporarily stranded—and I have a hunch that things will keep on happening wherever she is.

She may even be surprised some Sunday before long by unexpected dinner guests. My last letter from Mrs. Meyer said, "I wish I could have all of your Welcome Travelers staff out here for dinner. I like to bake pies and pumpkin is our favorite. Gladys likes cherry pie."

Tommy likes any kind of pie—and if my mouth keeps watering, our Travelers of the Month will have a visit from this traveler sooner than she expects.
ANNOUNCING

THE FIRST ISSUE OF A WONDERFUL, NEW, USEFUL MAGAZINE

GOOD COOKING

Here at last is the home magazine which completely understands your food and cooking problems. It is a magazine which you will keep by your side day-by-day throughout the month, breathing new life and satisfaction into your daily routine.

You, as an American housewife, spend more than one-third your waking hours on food. Nearly half your day goes to marketing, planning meals, preparing and serving them and, of course, cleaning up afterwards. You not only spend one-third your time but also one-third your income in preparing some 4,380 meals a year.

That's a lot of cooking, so why not let GOOD COOKING show you the way to tastier, more nutritious and attractive meals.

IN THE FIRST EXCITING ISSUE

Good Cooking's Check-List of Recipes for September
On The Table
Home Is In The Kitchen
In The Market Place
Help Your Refrigerator Do A Good Job
Shopping Is A Homemaker's Business
Mrs. Henry Aldrich's Cooking Keeps Henry Down On The Farm
Menu For The Month
How To Can Tomatoes
There Is More Than One Way To Cook Eggplant
Dish Of The Month—Harvest Chicken Stew
"Garlic Is Awful!" vs. "Garlic Is Wonderful!"
You Can Set A Smart Table From The Five and Ten
From Grandmother's Cookbook—Pickles and Relishes
Cookies from Cake Mixes
Little Girls Love Playing Hostess
Come To Dinner
Savory Meat Loaf
It's Grape Time
Taste Test
The Just Married Cook
Casseroles To Please The Inner Man
Back To School—With A Good Lunch
What Every Home Bartender Should Know
The Kitchen Bookshelf
They Eat Well In The Southwest
Housedresses Designed To Fit You
These Embroidered Placemats Are Easy To Make
Demi Tasse

GOOD COOKING

ON NEWSSTANDS WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23
Some days Burr, Kukla, Ollie and Fran just lounged in the sun, sopping up every ray.

Monday morning

Greetings, Television Friends:

It's time for us to leave Dragon Retreat, splitting up for separate vacation trips around the country. However, before we go, I must tell you what happened yesterday.

We'd planned just a nice, quiet picnic because we'd had all the excitement we wanted on Saturday night when we presented our annual pageant, The History of Dragondom on the North American Continent. We had a large audience, for in—(Continued on page 76)
The happy Montgomereys: George, Missy and Dinah.
By DINAH SHORE

Polio! It could have stopped her but she didn’t let it. This is the unknown story of Dinah’s fight against an enemy that turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

I had infantile paralysis when I was eighteen months old! I will always carry the marks of it: a right foot a whole size smaller than my left, a right leg which I must exercise faithfully to keep it in symmetry with the left one.

A few years ago, I wouldn’t have admitted this to my best friend, let alone in print.

I had kept my “handicap” a dark secret. People wouldn’t like me, a “perfect” man wouldn’t marry me, I told myself, if they knew I was “different” from other girls.

It was so ridiculously silly. I know that now. But I didn’t know it, at least I didn’t admit it, until I met George Montgomery and fell in love with the man.

Through George I came to realize that my “handicap” had long ago turned into an asset.

It all came out one Sunday night a few months before we were married. We were all sitting around—the three girls with whom (Continued on page 103)

Missy’s pals, Arabella the cat and Mike the puppy, make it five in the Montgomerys’ San Fernando Valley home.

Polio may have been the turning point in Dinah’s own life, but she fervently hopes Missy will be spared it.
And why not? With a wife like Bo, a mother like Fay and his studio audiences, Tom Moore just can’t help it!

By TOM MOORE

I got a letter the other day from a Seattle listener saying, “Dear Tom: Don’t ever quit your smooching. Even when we’re a thousand miles away from the studio, we all love it.”

I hereby answer that letter publicly. “My dear listener: That’s the one thing I can assure you will never happen. When I come dashing into the studio at the opening of Ladies Fair, make a bee line for the prettiest woman I can spot in an aisle seat and kiss her, I ain’t kidding. I’m getting just as big a kick out of it as the audience. I might as well confess—I love ladies.”

Now before you get any strange ideas about me being a guy with a roving eye or envision me as the original wandering husband, I want to explain a little further.

I love all ladies because of a particular lady named Bo, and because of another extra-special lady named Fay. The first is my wife and the second is my mother. With two women like that in a man’s life, he can’t help thinking all women are wonderful.

It was, of course, the lady named Fay who gave me my start in this direction. She’s tiny, spirited, and so beautiful I can well understand why my father fell in love with her at first sight. My father, Thomas McNutt, was a member of a minstrel troupe, adept in songs and softshoe, quick with the usual “Mr. Bones” jokes. It didn’t take Fay long to see through the blackface. After they were married she joined the company, playing piano, writing their songs, arranging their music. I’m not stretching the truth when I boast I was cradled in a theatrical trunk. When growing children finally anchored my parents at Mattoon, Illinois, Fay helped my father switch from being a footloose trouper into a substantial business man. As a charming hostess, she did her share to build up his real estate and insurance agency.
With such a mother, I wasn't very old before I started wondering how I would ever find a wife to compare with her. A more pertinent worry might have been how I would find a girl who could put up with me. Strangely enough, I found her when I was fourteen, and stranger yet, it happened when we were playing postoffice.

I was quite condescending, I recall, about attending that particular party, for at a boy's gawkiest age I was also suffering from an over-inflated ego due to regarding myself as a professional entertainer.

I had bridged the voice change from boy soprano to booming baritone by learning to play drums, and now that I could again sing without suddenly sounding like a bullfrog in duet with a squeaky fiddle, I was doubling in a dance band. In my opinion, a performer of such stature should have outgrown kid parties, but my mother made me go.

Very superior in my bell-bottomed pants, white silk muffler and bear skin coat, I tramped along through the raw early Spring night. My ears were cold, I remember, for I'd succumbed to the new fad of going bareheaded.

Anticipating a dull evening, I punched the doorbell and was ushered into a parlor where all the girls sat stiffly on one side of the room and the boys on the other. I picked a vantage spot to survey the opposition and noticed that the prettiest girl in the room was a little blonde in a bright sweater. Her name was Bo Woods.

We danced a little and we sang a little. The girls giggled and the boys squirmed and then some one said, "Let's play postoffice."

I kept my eye on little blonde Bo, and it did not please me when she got a number of "letters." When my turn came to go into the darkened room, I had a plot seething. I sent out word that for Bo (Continued on page 85)
I LOVE

And why not? With a wife like Bo, a mother like

Fay and his studio audiences, Tom Moore just can't help it!

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Kissing the ladies is the activity Tom seems to enjoy most on his program, Ladies Fair, which is heard Mon-
day through Friday, 2 P.M. EDT on WGN. It is sponsored by Mills Laboratories, makers of Talcin. The Tom Moore Show is broadcast on Station WGN in Chicago and is heard Monday through Friday, 10:30 A.M. CDT.

Very superior in my bell-bottomed pants, white silk muffer and beardskin coat, I tramped along through the raw early Spring night. My ears were cold, I remember, for I'd succumbed to the new fad of going bareheaded. Anticipating a dull evening, I punched the doorbell and was ushered into a parlor where all the girls sat stiffly on one side of the room and the boys on the other. I picked a vantage spot to survey the opposition and noticed that the prettiest girl in the room was a little blonde in a bright sweater. Her name was Bo Woods. We danced a little and we sang a little. The girls giggled and the boys squirmed and then some one said, "Let's play postoffice."

I kept my eye on little blonde Bo, and it did not please me when she got a number of "letters." When my turn came to go into the darkened room, I had a plot seething. I sent out word that for Bo (Continued on page 85)
Do you want a beautiful new television set in your home?

Come fall—or what's known in this business as "the fall season"—there'll be a lot of well-remembered faces coming back on your television screens, and lots of new ones, starting new shows. You'll be missing a lot if you haven't a television set so that you can sit back and enjoy all the really wonderful entertainment that the TV networks and your local stations carry, all yours for just the flip of a switch and the turn of a dial. (Shows like our own Toast of the Town for instance, and lots more—I am mighty proud of Toast, think we have a really good, well-rounded program for you each week, but I don't say it's the only show on the air!)

Now, of course, one good way to get a TV set if you haven't one already—or to get a replacement, if yours is one of those old-timers with the postage-stamp screen—is to go to a dealer and put cash on the line. Here, on this page and the three following, is another way—an easier-on-the-pocketbook way, if you're good at writing last lines for limericks. Everyone's done that at one time or another—why not have a try at it now? Radio and TELEVISION MIRROR and the Sylvania people got together to work out a swell contest, with plenty of worthwhile prizes. All you have to do is write one last line, say why you'd like to win a TV set. There are lots of examples of limericks with the last lines already filled in, to help you, and you'll find the rules carefully explained. For inspiration, take a look at the prizes. Read over the sample limericks. Then grab a pencil and write your own last line for the contest limerick—and good luck to you!

A man who's served up on Toast,
A CBS Sunday night boost—
Of the Town he's M.C.,
And he'll always be

The non-smilingest man, coast to coast.

HIS NAME IS: ED SULLIVAN

There's a lovely lady named Faye
We wouldn't mind viewing all day.
Her figure and face
Set the women a pace—

We'd guest on her show without pay!

HER NAME IS: FAYE EMERSON

Sid's program is full of surprise,
And always a treat for the eyes.
A part of the time
His fun's pantomime,
A viewer will laugh till he cries!

HIS NAME IS: SID CAESAR

In a lovely new house with a view
Lives Johnny—his wife, Penny, too.
They've programs galore
And will have even more,

Bringing added pleasure to you.

THEIR NAMES ARE: JOHNNY AND PENNY OLSEN
Here's a lots-of-fun contest with Ed Sullivan as M.C.—and 15 TV and radio sets as prizes!

A cigarette salesman is he,
A vendor of soup and of tea.
But better than these is
He does as he pleases—
While leaving his sponsors at sea!

FIRST PRIZE

Sylvania "Movie Clear" Television: beautiful console, 19 inch television screen, combination TV-radio with mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value of this first-prize television set is $645.00.

CONTEST JINGLE

He'll make you roll in the aisle,
This man with the side-splitting style.
Called Mr. TV,
A top comic is he—

His name is:

Arthur Godfrey

Turn page for rules and pictures of Sylvania TV set prizes.
**RULES OF THE CONTEST**

1. Think of a good last line for the "Contest Jingle" printed on page 33 and repeated on the opposite page. Your last line should end in a word which rhymes with "able" and "style." Decide the name of the TV personality pictured with the jingle.

2. On the coupon on page 35 or on a separate piece of paper, fill in the last line you have written for the jingle, and also the name of the TV personality pictured with it. Complete, in 25 words or less, the statement: "I would like to win a television set because--". Be sure to fill in your complete name and address. If you do not use the coupon be sure your entry has all the information called for in this rule.

3. Sole judges of this contest will be Ed Sullivan, M.C. of Toast of the Town, and the editors of Radio and Television Mirror. Entries in the contest will be judged on originality and aptness of last lines submitted, plus correct identification of the TV personality. In case of duplication of last lines the entries will then be judged on the originality and sincerity of the completed statements; in case of duplication of statements, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. Entries must be postmarked no later than October 20, 1950. All entries become the property of Radio Mirror and none will be returned, nor can the magazine undertake to enter into correspondence concerning entries.

5. Entries should be addressed to Jingle Jamboree, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Sixth Prize: to please any entertainment-minded youngster from eight to eighty—Sylvania “Movie Clear” console Television with 14 inch screen, mahogany cabinet. The approximate value is $240.00.

FIFTH PRIZE
In a mahogany cabinet, this Sylvania “Movie Clear” Television, with 16 inch screen, will harmonize with any furnishings. Approximate retail value of this prize, $310.00.

Seventh and Eighth Prizes: just alike: Sylvania “Movie Clear” Television in table model mahogany cabinet, with a 14 inch screen. Approximate retail value of these TV sets is $190.00 each.

Here is my last line for the Contest Jingle:

The name of the man pictured with the Jingle is:

I would like to win a Sylvania set because:
(Complete this statement in 25 words or less)

CONTEST JINGLE
He'll make you roll in the aisle,
This man with the side-splitting style.
Called Mr. TV,
A top comic is he—

MY NAME IS

STREET AND NUMBER

P.O. OR BOX

CITY

ZONE

STATE

35
GIVE and TAKE

Magnetic emcee John Reed King finds that it's fun to do both, but—

by Catherine

John Reed King has the stamina of a steam engine, and he needs it. The handsome, husky quizmaster of Give and Take roars through the day, tireless, gay, spouting wisecracks whether he is entertaining an audience of three at lunch or three hundred in the studio. Then he goes home to a whirl of activity involving family, friends and half a dozen hobbies that he rides with the same verve and bounce that make Give and Take the top-rated daytime quiz.

Where does he get the fuel for this incessant show of high spirits? "From people," he says. "They're more fun than anybody."

It's a wisecrack, but there's truth in it. King is as friendly as a Great Dane puppy. That is why he has fun with people... his interest in every person he meets is genuine. His audiences know it the minute they hear his booming voice and hearty laugh. Within five minutes of the time he grabs the microphone, he

Cooking under three pairs of critical feminine eyes doesn't fluster John at all.
MAN

and this is confidential—he'd much rather give!

Cleveland

also has grabbed the confidence and affection of everybody within range. The result is that his entire audience, from the most dignified matron to giggling teenagers are happy to join the free-wheeling clowning. No one regrets it. Though some of the gags he is inspired to pull on contestants are hilariously funny, he never uses ridicule for a laugh or the embarrassment of one person for the amusement of many.

John's day starts early. With his wife, Jean, and daughters, Joanna, twelve, and Julianne, ten, he lives in a large Colonial house in Scarsdale, a semi-country community within an easy drive of New York. He is up at the crack of dawn to drive the two little girls to school after family breakfast.

If he has a daytime rehearsal or show—which happens three or four times a week—he flashes into the studio for a conference first with "Uncle Jim" Brown and the half dozen others who (Continued on page 74)
John Reed King has the stamina of a steam engine, and he needs it. The handsome, husky quizmaster of Give and Take roars through the day, tireless, gay, spouting wisecracks whether he is entertaining an audience of three at lunch or three hundred in the studio. Then he goes home to a whirl of activity involving family, friends and half a dozen hobbies that he rides with the same verve and bounces that make Give and Take the top-rated daytime quiz. Where does he get the fuel for this incessant show of high spirits? "From people," he says. "They're more fun than anybody." It's a wisecrack, but there's truth in it. King is as friendly as a Great Dane puppy. That is why he has fun with people...his interest in every person he meets is genuine. His audiences know it the minute they hear his booming voice and hearty laugh. Within five minutes of the time he grabs the microphone, he also has grabbed the confidence and affection of everybody within range. The result is that his entire audience, from the most dignified matron to giggling teenagers are happy to join the free-wheeling clowning. No one regrets it. Though some of the gags he is inspired to pull on contestants are hilariously funny, he never uses ridicule for a laugh or the embarrassment of one person for the amusement of many.

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If he has a daytime rehearsal or show—which happens three or four times a week—he flashes into the studio for a conference first with "Uncle Jim" Brown and the half dozen others who (Continued on page 74)
IT PAYS

Being lazy, Jo says, doesn’t mean doing nothing—it’s just doing things you have to do, want to do, at your own pace!

By JO STAFFORD

The legend is growing, I hear tell, that I am a lazy girl.

My friends put it more kindly—they say I’m relaxed—but I have even been described with that rather curdled word “phlegmatic.”

So I am sauntering into print—as a lazy girl. I couldn’t rush into print of course—to answer these ugly charges. But not to deny them.

I am a lazy girl—and of all of my accomplishments, with the one exception of singing, this laziness or relaxed-ness, if you prefer, is the one of which I am proudest.

I’m happy, on account of it, and productive—three concurrent network radio shows, a full recording schedule, and a book on American folk music in the writing is a pretty full schedule of work for a Miss Lazybones. I’m pretty sure I’m going to be around on this earth a lot longer because of it, and more importantly, I’m going to have a wonderful (Continued on page 91)

Jo Stafford is on Club 15, Tues., Thurs., at 7:15 P.M., EDT, CBS, sponsored by Campbell’s Soups, and the Contented Hour, Sundays at 10 P.M., EDT, CBS, sponsored by Carnation Milk.
Time-saver: Jo puts on morning makeup while having first—and second and third—of her daily twelve cups of coffee.

She's turning out a book on folk music, with collaborator Fred Heider. Jo likes to work late—but get up late, too.

Organization—the old place for everything and everything in its place theory—saves precious time for being lazy.

Another of Jo's live-long prescriptions: a lengthy, luxurious bedtime bath. Her preparations are supervised by Bobo.
Anne Malone asks:

"Should a threatened marriage be
Youn Dr. Malone and his wife, Anne, have been separated for about two years. During this time Jerry has become Director of the Institute for Rural Research in New York —largely through the influence of Lucia Standish, the chief stockholder of the Institute, who is interested in Jerry personally as well as professionally. Meantime Anne is superintendent of a clinic in their home town, Three Oaks.

Jerry was impressed by New York, by the importance of the position offered him, and by Lucia, and he accepted the job even though he knew Anne didn't want him to. The greatest point of contention between Anne and Jerry has been their differing interpretation of Lucia's motives, and when Anne has visited Jerry in New York, it has been argument about Lucia and her intentions which has sent Anne back to Three Oaks each time helpless, hopeless—and further estranged from Jerry than ever.

Sam Williams, prosperous Three Oaks businessman, is a constant admirer, but Anne keeps the relationship on a basis of friendship. One of her greatest worries is little Jill, and the fact that she is being deprived of a father's love. Anne decides it would be wise to have Jill visit Jerry regularly, and arranges to have Jerry pick up the little girl and take her back to New York for a vacation. Meanwhile, Mother Malone, angry because of Jerry's actions, has poisoned the child's mind against her father. Jill refuses to go with him. Lucia, hearing of this, convinces Jerry that it was Anne who turned Jill against him. Lucia—without Jerry's knowledge—visits Anne, discusses divorce. Anne tells her angrily that if her husband wants a divorce he'll have to ask for it himself.

Each month, Radio Mirror asks its reader-listeners to help their daytime serial favorites solve their problems. To Anne Malone, the greatest tragedy of all this is Jill's. She asks herself whether it's wise to make every sacrifice—close her eyes to Lucia's schemes and to Jerry's blind, stubborn acceptance of them in good faith—in order to preserve the Malone family relationship intact for Jill's sake. What, under the circumstances, will be best for Jill?

Radio Mirror Will Purchase Readers' Answers To The Question: "Should A Threatened Marriage Be Held Together For the Sake of the Child?" To Writer of Best Answer, $25; Five Next-Best Answers, $5 Each.

What do you think about this problem? State your answer and reasons in a letter of no more than 100 words; address to Young Dr. Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose what they feel to be the best letter—basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem—and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase the five next-best letters for $5.00 each. No letter will be returned: opinions of the editors will be final. Letters must be postmarked no later than Sept. 1, 1950. This coupon should accompany your letter.
Johnny and Penny Olsen ask you:

"PLEASE NAME OUR

It's a simple place, it's a quiet place. And all it needs is a name.

Having achieved their dream of a home in the country, the Olsens don't mind at all being fenced in.
NEW HOME

The Olsens, Johnny and Penny, have moved into their dream house. The real home they have longed for ever since they were married. The little place in the country they talked about so many years. The peaceful haven they always hoped to find.

It's everything they wanted in a home, and there's only one problem. They don't know what to name it.

Maybe they would, if they could take time enough from their five-day-a-week Rumpus Room television show and the Johnny Olsen Luncheon Club radio program, personal appearance tours, and their new household chores. Maybe, if there were more time to make little lists, to talk over names...

At this point, over good, steaming coffee served in Penny's precious heirloom cups, we suggested that Radio Mirror's readers might like to share in naming the Olsens' house. So Penny and Johnny have turned it into a contest, and hope you'll join in it. You have the same chance as anyone else to come up with a name they will love and be grateful for.

And to help you help Johnny and Penny, here is the story of the house that needs a name.

You leave Grand Central Station in New York by express train and in forty minutes you're at Stamford, Connecticut, where you pick up Johnny's car, parked near the station, drive about (Continued on page 82)

RULES FOR CONTEST

If you'd like to help Johnny and Penny Olsen name their new home, if you'd like to win $25.00 for suggesting the best name (there will be additional prizes of $5.00 each for the five next best names), then send your idea for a name, together with a statement of twenty-five words or less telling why you think this is a good name for the Olsen home to Olsen Home Name, c/o Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. All statements become the property of Radio Mirror; none will be returned. All entries should be accompanied by this, coupon and postmarked not later than Sept. 1, 1950. Winners, to be determined solely by the editors of Radio Mirror and the Olsens, will be announced in the November issue.

Old meets new with the heirloom spinning wheel silhouetted against the spanking modern picture window.

Olsen fans have been generous with advice on gardening. Johnny and Penny enjoy each and every letter.

Is there anything better than breakfast in the country? Johnny and Penny can't think of a thing.
nothing against men, but—

Now, don't misunderstand me—I've been in love frequently. But it's difficult to stay in love because the more you know about a man, the worse it gets. Some day, of course, I hope to get married—and there are a lot of requirements I hope Mr. Right will fill. Meanwhile, let me list a few Mr. Wrongs I definitely will not marry.

Before I go ahead, though, I ought to explain that while I certainly don't set myself up as the supreme authority on this interesting subject, I've a little more background in the course than the general run of girls. I've had my share of dates, like everyone else. I've also been in radio and television for quite a while, and there you get to study a pretty fair cross-section of male humanity in all its phases. Most enlightening of all have been my appearances on television's Leave It To The Girls. That program, believe me, constitutes a post-graduate course in how to size up a man with one well-directed, all-embracing look!

Having catalogued my qualifications, here goes:

I dearly despise all the Surprise Packages. Like the man who tells you ahead of time you're going dancing; you put on your brand-new strapless job and your spike heels—and when he's got you two miles from home he suddenly yells, "Guess where we're going? Surprise, surprise! To the amusement park!" This little thrill happened to me last summer . . . I lost my purse off the roller-coaster, smashed my glasses, and broke off one of my high heels. My new cocktail dress looked as if I'd torn it off the back of a lady coal miner. Naturally, I felt a mite bitter; but I wouldn't have if my date hadn't "surprised" me. Then I'd have worn flat sandals and a cotton dress—and had the time of my life.

I further hate the Surpriser who dates you up weeks in advance for a special night, making it sound as if you're heading for Mrs. Astor's ball. When the days have passed and the date rolls around, where does he take you? To Joe's Greasy Spoon, where the juke box peals and you go snow-blind from the shirt sleeves. You spend the entire evening kicking sawdust away from your best satin slippers and biting back the question, "Why did you ask me weeks ahead of time for this? If you'd called me at the last minute I'd have loved it—but why the production?"

I also hate the Surprise Package (Continued on page 89)

Eloise McElhone appears as a regular panel member on Leave It To The Girls, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, sponsored by Regent Cigarettes and on Think Fast, Sun. 8 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV. Her own shows are Eloise Salutes The Stars, Tues. 7:30 P.M. EDT, WABD-TV, sponsored by Dorskin Products Co., and Quick On The Draw, Sat. 9 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, sponsored by Vim.
YOUR TICKET TO DOUBLE

Powder your nose, sharpen your wits and come on along for some fun—maybe some cash, too!

"And now," says Walter O'Keefe, "would you like to try for the forty dollar prize?" With breathless anticipation, the audience leans forward, wondering if the contestant will double her loot—or go away with nothing. But win or lose, everyone has fun on Double or Nothing and if you live in the Los Angeles area or are planning
a trip there, here's your chance to see this program. The scene in the NBC studio looks exactly like this. From the audience you see the potential contestants seated on the stage, left. Standing at the first microphone is the contestant who is trying to turn the starting two dollars into a forty dollar jackpot via the right answers to questions that get more difficult as the stakes mount. At the other microphone is emcee Walter O'Keefe, flanked by Double or Nothing's staff which includes producer Lou Crosby, director Harry Spears and organist Ervin Orton. They'll tell you that no one ever loses on Double or Nothing for each contestant gets a package of his favorite Campbell's soup.

Double or Nothing is heard twice daily, M-F, 10:30 A.M. EDT and 2:00 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsored by the Campbell Soup Co.
YOUR TICKET TO DOUBLE or NOTHING

And now, says Walter O'Keefe, "would you like to try for the forty dollar prize?" With breathless anticipation, the audience leans forward, wondering if the contestant will double her loot—or go away with nothing. But win or lose, everyone has fun on Double or Nothing and if you live in the Los Angeles area or are planning a trip there, here's your chance to see this program. The scene in the NBC studio looks exactly like this. From the audience you see the potential contestants seated on the stage, left. Standing at the first microphone is the contestant who is trying to turn the starting two dollars into a forty dollar Jackpot via the right answers to questions that get more difficult as the stakes mount. At the other microphone is emcee Walter O'Keefe, flanked by Double or Nothing's staff which includes producer Lou Crosby, director Harry Spears and organist Ervin Orton. They'll tell you that no one ever loses on Double or Nothing for each contestant gets a package of his favorite Campbell's soup.

"Powder your nose, sharpen your wits and come along for some fun—maybe some cash, too!"
This is my Carolyn's home is run with grace and efficiency. Like any mother's,

The heart of my home is my son, eight-year-old Skippy. Even when he's not with me, I find myself directing my thinking, planning my activities with his next visit in view—deciding what we'll do, what we'll have to eat, what excursions we'll go on. I suppose that, being alone so much, without a husband or other children to make demands on my time, Skippy's even more important to me than most sons are to their mothers.

Packing Your Troubles...

My mother always packed for the family when we went on trips. Her ability amounted to genius—everybody's clothes arrived in wearable condition, because she went about it scientifically. Here are some of the things I learned from her: Heaviest items—shoes and purses—on the bottom, shoes in bags or tucked into sacks, to protect the rest of the things. To save space—and wrinkles—pack lingerie this way; loy slips folded lengthwise on several sheets of tissue paper. Ponties and bros on top of slips. Now roll the whole thing crosswise, tissue on the outside. To pack a suit, loy jacket in lengthwise. Open front flaps; loy waist of skirt at shoulder of jacket. Button jacket and bring skirt hem up over jacket and a rolled sweater.

For Young Explorers...

Youngsters put such whole-hearted energy into everything they do, it's no wonder they have none left over to use for being careful! I try to keep an eye on the market for new devices and gadgets that will help make my home a safer place for Skippy. There's a new plug, for instance, to be inserted in electric outlets which are not being used—it makes the outlet proof against small boys armed with screwdrivers. I keep an eye on what happens when you shove the screwdriver into the outlet. There's also a new electric cord. with a reel to take up slack—no lengths of wire to trip hurrying feet. You can find these safety devices at your local stores now. They're a good investment for anyone with children.

On The Care and Feeding of Small Fry...

A boy, if he's healthy, is also hungry—what seems like ninety per cent of the time, at least! If you make certain that your child has the minimum basic requirements in his daily diet, he's very likely to be healthy—and hungrier than ever. This can turn into a kind of treadmill for Mother, but I love to see Skippy's healthy glow, so I don't object to constant prodding in the way of "When's dinner, Mom? I'm starved!" Dr. Dick Campbell supplied me, a while back, with a list of basic daily requirements for the diet of a child, and I'd like to pass this list along to all of you. Milk—one quart (supplies calcium) . . . Vegetables—one serving of potatoes, two of green or leafy vegetables (supplies iron, vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates) . . . Fruit—one serving fresh citrus fruit, one serving other fruit, fresh or dried, cooked or raw (supplies vitamins, minerals) . . . Eggs—one daily or at least three or four a week (supplies protein, iron, phosphorus). Eggs can be served endless ways—they need never become tiresome . . . Meat, fish and poultry—one serving daily or at least five days a week; on other days, dried beans or peas, peanut butter, nuts, cheese or eggs (supplies vitamins, proteins, iodine) . . . Cereals and breads—whole-grain or enriched, one serving cereal daily, one serving bread each meal (supplies carbohydrates, vitamins, iron) . . . Fats and sugars—butter, or oleomargarine with added Vitamin A; fat and sugar provide energy, and should not replace other foods listed here. Planning meals for two, especially when one of the two is a little boy, is no easy trick. Roasts, steaks and so on are too big for us—and they're a heavy drain on the budget, served regularly, anyway. Fortunately, both Skippy and I like stews, for they're an excellent way to serve meat and vegetables in combination. There are many number of variations possible, depending on the kinds of meats and vegetables you use, and all sorts of "trimmings"—such as dumplings. Skippy and I particularly like parsley in dumplings for lamb stew made with peas and onions, or a little poultry seasoning in dumplings served with veal. These are delicious, nutritious dishes and they can be made with a minimum of effort.
it centers around her child

By Carolyn Kramer
of The Right to Happiness

Editor's Note: Each month Radio Mirror's new feature, This Is My Life, will take you behind the scenes and into the home of one of your favorite daytime drama characters. You'll learn how she keeps house and what solutions she has found for the myriad problems that face all homemakers. You'll find new ideas for living—ideas on food, children, recreation, travel, budgeting, beauty, buying, decorating and all the other things that go into making the home one of the most satisfying careers a woman can have.

Nice change from reading aloud is learning and singing America's folksongs.

Making Things Easy...

I'm a confirmed believer in the easy way, especially in a house where children's high spirits have a way of translating themselves into extra work for Mother. I think, for instance, that rugs which can be shampooed on the floor at home, or better still, popped into the washer, are a great blessing.

Here's how my electric washer, good soap—Ivory and Duz—and I cooperate on cotton rugs. First, make sure all tufts are securely sewed. Shake well to get out sand and grit. Know the capacity of your machine and weight of rugs—don't overload the washer. Wash in warm suds. If heavily soiled, two short washing periods are better than one long one. The washing period should be three to four minutes. Rinse several times in clear water. Spin drying will fluff the rugs to some degree—not more than six minutes. Hang rugs over two parallel lines away from direct sun or intense heat. Shake occasionally to fluff. In all cases, follow manufacturer's washing instructions, if such rules came with your rug.

"Shine Away Your Blues..."

When I'm alone and feeling a little out of sorts with the world, I like to take the advice of the old song and "shine away my blues." To me, there's something very satisfying about bringing back the beautiful lustre that helps to make the world look as bright as my silver again! Of course, best possible care for silver is constant service—use it every day and you really won't have to resort to any particularly special treatment. But here's a short-cut that works wonders on large quantities of tarnished flatware, although it's not recommended for hollowware, oxidized silver, or knives with hollow handles. Into a large aluminum or enamel kettle put sufficient water to cover the amount of silver you have to clean. Add one teaspoon of baking soda for every quart of water used. Bring to boiling point. Put in the silver, being sure each piece is in contact either with the aluminum or with another piece of silver. Boil two to five minutes, depending on how tarnished the pieces are. Wash, rinse, dry, rub with a soft cloth—and there you are!
Some like it mild, some like it sharp! But however you like it, there is a cheese to suit your fancy.

Cheese is a most adaptable menu item. It blends itself well with other foods. Or it can be eaten bite by bite alternately with fruit or crackers. There is a place for cheese in almost any part of the menu from appetizer to dessert. A sprinkling of grated Parmesan over French onion soup adds heartiness to a delightful dish. Macaroni and cheese is everybody's supper favorite and a Roquefort Salad Dressing makes a green salad an elegant dish. And who can resist a smooth, creamy home-made cheese cake?

Cooking with cheese can be easy and fun. Remember to cook it slowly. High heat toughens! Cheese is cooked when it is melted; and when it is melted it is hot enough.

MACARONI AND CHEESE

1 pkg. (8 oz.) macaroni
8 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon grated onion
½ teaspoon dry mustard
3 cups milk
½ lb. processed cheese, grated
½ cup buttered crumbs


COTTAGE CHEESE CAKE

1 cup graham cracker crumbs
3 tablespoons butter
or margarine
2 tablespoons sugar
1 ½ lbs. cottage cheese
½ cup sugar
1 ½ cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon mace
6 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup light cream

Work butter until soft. Blend in graham crackers and sugar. Press in bottom of 9" spring pan. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 5 minutes. Cool. Press the cottage cheese through a fine sieve or whip it thoroughly in an electric mixer. Sift together ½ cup of the sugar, flour, salt and mace. Add to cheese. Add well-beaten egg yolks and vanilla. Blend well. Stir in the cream. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in remaining ½ cup sugar. Fold gently into cheese mixture. Pour over cracker crumbs. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 1 ½ hours or until a knife inserted in the center of the cake comes out clean. Allow to cool before removing the cake from pan.

ROQUEFORT SALAD DRESSING

1 ½ cups oil
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 ½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon paprika
½ cup celery salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon罗quefort cheese

Combine all ingredients except the cheese. Beat with a rotary beater until well blended. Add a small amount of dressing to the cheese to form a paste. Pour dressing and paste into a pint jar and shake well. Makes 1 ½ cups. (Cont’d on page 93)
"Hurry, hurry, hurry," says the ringmaster—
"to the greatest television show on earth!"

The brass band blares out. Trapeze artists, highwire daredevils, artful animal acts and all the famed attractions associated with tanbark and sawdust parade across the screen. It's Super Circus, the big top itself, available to all kids all ages who can be reached via video. It's possible that some of the kids who view Super Circus would gladly exchange places with Bardie Patton, the boy who didn't have to run away from home to join the circus. Bardie plays Scampy, companion to clowns Cliffy and Nick. He had tagged along with his father, Phil Patton, producer of the show, to the studio the day a clown failed to show up. Desperate, Phil handed out a costume, saying, "Pin it up and get on stage, son. Follow Cliffy and do everything he does." Scampy, an instant hit, has been on Super Circus ever since.

Blonde and beautiful Mary Hartline, Super Circus' Queen, with some of the dogs that perform under the TV big top. Upper right are colorful clowns Cliffy and Scampy.
VISION SECTION
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Blonde and beautiful Mary Hartline, Super Circus' Queen, with some of the dogs that perform under the TV big top.

Upper right are colorful clowns Cliffy and Scampy.
How will the new medium affect your children?
An expert on both subjects takes a long range view and comes up with some common sense conclusions
Your Children

By PAUL WHITEMAN

There are rumors around that television is hurting our kids. Making them neglect their school work, keeping them indoors when they should be out, dishing out too much blood and thunder.

Maybe those rumors are true of your children, or of some of you kids who are reading this. But they're not true of most of the youngsters I know. And I know a lot of them. About three hundred appear every Saturday night in Philadelphia on our TV Teen Club program over the ABC television network, and several thousand more show up to watch the program and later to dance in the huge 103rd Engineers' Armory, the only place we could get that's big enough to house us all at one time.

These are just ordinary kids, most of them, like everybody else's. The ones that have to ask their parents if they can go to the movies, who have to get permission to take the family car on Saturday night, if they're old enough for that privilege. The kind whose mothers come in and put out the light if they think their children are reading when they should be sleeping. From what they—and their parents—tell me, the parents are exercising this same kind of control over their television viewing. Maybe it's a little harder, but they're doing it.

Harder, because in television we're dealing with a brand new invention that brings a combination of motion pictures, radio, theater, sports events and public forums and programs of all kinds right into the home, something that has never happened before. Many of these are things that interest growing children, have enormous impact, and require close concentration. Radio wasn't quite like this, although I seem to remember the loud, long hue and cry that went up when kids started doing their homework to the broadcasts of Como, Crosby and Sinatra.

I mention this trio because it hits home. Our daughter Margo used to keep us in despair because she did her homework with a radio blaring alongside of her. Yet we didn't have a leg to stand on when we started complaining, because she got such good marks. She very carefully explained to (Continued on page 84)

Like most youngsters, the kids on Paul's show love television. But they have taken it in their stride, accepting it as another thing that makes life better. Adult alarmists might take note.

Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club is telecast Sat., 8 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV, sponsored by American Dairy Assoc. Paul Whiteman Revue is telecast Sun., 7 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV. Sponsored by Goodyear Rubber Co.
SPEAKING OF

"Hmmm, mommy, that's an interesting item." Four-year-old Pamela frequently wanders onto her mother's show to pick up hints.

Kathi's husband is Wilbur Stark, a producer. Tante, the nurse, keeps an affectionate eye on Pamela when Kathi is working on the show.

Television's expert on the subject tells you how to turn shopping from a tedious task into a challenging and creative part of your life.

Saturday night shopping in Newark, Ohio, my home town, was always an exciting adventure for me. Not that I went shopping with Mother every Saturday. That would have been too wonderful. Being the youngest of nine children, I had to wait my turn, about every third or fourth week.

My mother, who had to be a wise, careful, systematic shopper, taught me much on those early expeditions. I've learned many more tricks since then, shopping in New York for my own family (that means my husband, Wilbur Stark, better known as "Sweetie," and our four-year-old Pamela). And the rest I've learned by shopping for my television program, the Kathi Norris Show, from 10 A.M. to 11 EDT Monday through Friday over WNB T.
The most important thing I've learned is that shopping begins with a list. Cartoonists love to caricature women who make little lists, but if said cartoonists were faced with being 'Chief Purchasing Agent for a household for just one week, they would find the ubiquitous list indispensable. Ubiquitous is a handy word I recently discovered to mean "everywhere at once." That exactly describes the little shopping lists I keep at strategic points throughout the house. Old envelopes and chewing gum wrappers simply won't do. Shopping is serious business and it should be done efficiently from beginning (the lists) to end. Snatch a piece of paper right now, head it "Shopping," and note the following items needed:

1 wall type jot 'em down pad, with pencil attached, for mounting in kitchen.
1 notebook to use at telephone, pencil handy.
1 chunky pad with pencil for bedside.
1 small purse-size memo pad, with small pencil.

I have been looking for a manufacturer who will make waterproof notepaper so I can use my ball point pen and make shopping notes while in the tub. If I find one, I'll let you know.

Before venturing out your door on your next shopping trip, gather all these lists together and transfer the items onto your one purse-size memo. Make certain that you include notes about color preferences and correctly record all sizes and measurements. Visualize yourself actually shopping, and block your list according to stores and departments, (Continued on page 88)
Baseball's most enthusiastic announcer is a Yankee fan first, last and always—that's one reason why he was chosen to report them. But his mother knows many more stories.

Like most mothers, I like to talk about my children, and remember the things that happened when they were little. It is only now I am beginning to realize that so many things which didn't seem very important at that time were like signs to show me what would come later.

My son Mel was already an entertainer by the time he was two and a half, but I never dreamed that some day he would be doing sports commentary on radio and television and for the newsreels. When he was hardly more than a baby he used to do a little jig and if any group in our town wanted to put on a show to raise money for a church or school fund, they always called on Mel. By the time he was four he was playing end man in a children's minstrel show for charity.

Of course no one in our family took any of this seriously. My brothers are musicians and my father was a well-known cantor, but neither Mel's father nor I were ever in show business.

The next thing we knew, Mel was interested in sports. I think he learned to read by poring over the sports pages of the newspapers as much as from his school books. His father would take him to baseball games and then Mel would explain baseball to my father, who decided it must be a fine game to keep a child so interested.

There's a story to tell about Mel's early love for sports, although it comes later, when he was in high school. All my children got good marks—Mel, and his 'brother, Larry, who is eight years younger, and Esther, who is in between. But I was always worrying because other children stayed in and studied after school and Mel would rush right out to the neighborhood drugstore to get the baseball scores and mark them up.

"Listen, son," I would say to him. "Do me a favor and study. If you don't study you won't pass your grades, and some day they will send you home with all your books." (Continued on page 105)
Mother's cooking is what keeps the menfolk happy and these are no exceptions. Hard-working Mel is especially appreciative of home-cooked meals, but so are his father, Julius and his brother, Larry. The family has had to make room in the apartment for Mel's trophies.

What does a baseball announcer do on his night off? Listen to other baseball announcers, of course! Mel does the commentary on every other Yankees' home game, telecast by WABD and for all tour game telecasts; sponsored by P. Ballantine & Sons. He also does all radio broadcasts of Yankee games, on Station WINS in N. Y., sponsored alternately by P. Ballantine & Sons and the White Owl Cigar Co.
IT HAPPENED IN . . .

1498—Savonarola, preacher against luxury and power of the clergy, was burned as a heretic in Florence . . .
1519—Cortez invaded Mexico . . . 1618—Thirty Years War began in Bohemia, between Catholic and Protestant armies . . . 1620—Puritan separatists from the Church of England, some of whom had been living in Holland since 1609, embarked from Plymouth, England, on September 16, in the Mayflower, for the New World, one hundred one passengers, forty-eight crew members . . .
1774—The Continental Congress, called by Virginia, met in Philadelphia on September 5.

* * * *

LORD CHESTERFIELD SAID:

"Be wiser than other people if you can—but do not tell them so!"

September . . . now there's a month for you—and me, too. A lot of people feel that it's a sad month, ushering in a sad season, the death of summer, and such-like nonsense. But I'm all for it. Why shouldn't summer move over and make room for fall, anyway? There wouldn't be anything very rare about a day in June if we had 'em all year round. Take what's handed to you and be grateful, I say—and I'm grateful for September, and the autumn it brings, with leaves turning color and chrysanthemums shaking their shaggy heads and a tang in the air that nips ten years off your age just like that! . . . Of course, the kids aren't so grateful for September's gift of school, but they'll get used to it—said he glibly, from the vantage point of one who never has to go back to school again . . . September, the Old Farmer's Almanac predicts, will start out fair (worst of the hay fever season here, it adds dismally) will get very cool, get warm again, cool again, and end up in a blaze of sunshine. There's a cryptic footnote to this forecast which we should all bear in mind. It says: "Next month always has nineteen fine days." Just that. No explanation. Why nineteen? Why always? Well, anyway, I'm going to keep track, and if they're wrong I'll write a letter to the editor.

* * *

LITTLE LEXICON . . .

Here's our learn-a-new-word-a-day department . . . If someone says your Uncle Gus is taciturn, don't take offense—it simply means Gus is not a very talkative fellow . . . If someone stops you in the movies to ask you to show him the nearest erguson, point out the door marked "exit"—he wants out . . . Old ladies often are given to euphemism—which is not a vice, but simply a manner of expressing a distasteful thought in terms that seem more acceptable, like saying "passed away" instead of "dead."
and Some-sense

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY . . .

Linkletter (to a group of children ranging in age from five to seven): What do you think it means to be rich?
Little boy: To be able to buy a whole school.
Little girl: To have a fur coat.
Another boy: To have money in the bank.
Another girl: To have a house.
Linkletter: Who is the most important person in the world to you?
Boy: Santa Claus.
Girl: A fireman, because he'll save you in a fire.
Another boy: Daddy.
Another girl: The postman, because he brings the mail.
Another boy: God, because he made us.

* * *

If you're a fortune-teller—be sure to have your college diploma neatly framed and hanging on the wall, if you want to do business in Knoxville, Tennessee. There by law, fortune tellers must be college graduates!

* * *

READERS' OWN VERSE—OR BETTER . . .

STOP-GAP

This instinct thing is marvelous,
But overdone, one must confess;
Most of us substitute it for
Intelligence we don't possess!
—Roy Romine

READERS' OWN LITTLE WILLIE DEPARTMENT . . .

Willie, in a mood for sport,
Racked little Ellie's leg all short.
Pa said, "As anybody knows,
'Twill save us half for shoes and hose!"
J. Homer McLin

A LITTLE LEARNING . . .

Courtship and Marriage Division—Lois (Mrs. L., you know) has been reading up on courtship and marriage customs for some reason known only to her charming self. Anyway, she's come up with some really choice items, some of which we can't bear to keep to ourselves, so we're going to pass them along to you from time to time. For instance: by 1850 the custom of bundling was long out of date (darn it!) and gatherings like quilting bees and corn huskings were all the rage as proper places for the young folks to gather. An etiquette book of the period offers the following conversation as a sample of how a well-bred young gent should approach a ditto young lady in quest of the pleasure of seeing her to her door. "Miss. Genevieve, will you allow me to be your protector home?" Polite answer to such a question, the book announces with a straight face, was: "With pleasure, sir—if my company will repay you for your trouble!" . . . Here's another little honey: in the eighteen-seventies or thereabouts, the bride, as in the present-day scheme of things, approached the altar at a church wedding on her father's arm. However, the groom did not, as he does today, sort of materialize from a door at the side. He was part of the show. Directly behind Poppa and daughter, Momma marched down the aisle with the groom in tow, to deliver him safely into the hands of the clergyman!
He couldn't talk, he couldn't think. It was as though all his dreams about Maggie had dissolved in that one dreadful moment.
Do you know much about moods? You're a lot better off if you don't, but I guess most women have plenty of experience with emotional ups and downs. Most men too, probably, only men aren't so quick to admit it. Maybe men don't recognize their moods. Jim used to say men weren't always going around looking for trouble—implying that women were.

Not being a placid type, I've had my share of highs and lows all my life. But not until I came to live in Merrimac—about two years ago—did I find out just how high I had it within me to soar . . . or how low despair could drag me. This is knowledge I could very well do without. All I want now is to keep to the middle of things—the even, quiet middle. When I find out how to go about arranging this placidity, I'll be happy. Maybe. What else is there to hope for?

You understand—no town, no place, can have so much influence of itself. "Merrimac" is just a way of putting off saying "Jim Brent." For it was when I came to Merrimac and started to work as a technician in the laboratory of Wheelock Hospital that I met Jim, who is Wheelock's Chief of Staff.

Everything scared me in those days . . . Jim particularly. Lean, forbiddingly tall, his brown face thrown into sharp relief by the starched whiteness of his tunic, he moved about the lab with stern remoteness that would have induced timidity in the bravest soul. And mine was far from that. I was just beginning to stand on my feet, to rediscover my personality, after some harrowing years . . . a marriage that had failed, an almost hopeless fight to recover my son, and my sanity . . . years of the kind of thing that can happen when once you've made a really serious error of judgment, like marrying the wrong man. But Tommy, now seven, was with me again at last; we had our little house on Spring Street, prim and white and self-respecting. Tommy had a good school, fresh air and a back lawn to play on, and he was making friends. Merrimac is a good town to grow up in; I wasn't much worried now about Tommy. But me . . . well, I had a job and that was wonderful, but Jim Brent's frowning, preoccupied manner didn't do much for the self-confidence that so needed building up.

As far as moods go that was a low period. As I made friends in town, it got better, of course. (Continued on page 94)
**AUNT JENNY**

Aunt Jenny is currently telling a story of misguided sacrifice—the kind of sacrifice that occurs in many families when complete honesty does not exist among its members. In order to send their son through medical school, his parents have foregone luxuries that might have eased their lives, and have indirectly prevented the marriage of their daughter, who feels she must continue working to help out in family expenses. When the daughter realizes the money her brother has received has not paid his way through school but had gone instead to support the girl he secretly married, she makes a long-overdue revolution in her own way of life, and gains the happiness she deserves.

*Aunt Jenny heard on CBS 12:15 P.M. EDT*

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**BRIGHTER DAY**

Liz Dennis, minister's daughter, has discovered for herself that you can't go to Hollywood and come away unchanged. Liz's original plan to act as companion when her sister Althea begins a screen career is rudely upset when she herself falls in love with the dynamic young producer, Nathan Eldredge. Frightened by the gulf in their personalities and outlooks, Liz runs away from Nathan to Three Rivers and Papa Dennis's comforting, wise support. But is Nathan the man to let Liz escape him, now that he has found her? And does Liz, in her heart, really want to escape? What will it do to her life when Manny Scott brings her Nathan's letter?

*Althea heard on CBS 2:45 P.M. EDT*

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**BACKSTAGE WIFE**

When Rupert Barlow agreed to finance a new play starring Larry Noble, Mary Noble's home was threatened, for Rupert found her so attractive that he began to use every possible device to separate her from Larry and persuade her to marry him. Now the Nobles have become involved with Claudia Vincent, whose grievance against Rupert gained her the sympathetic ear of Larry. Mary protested when Larry invited Claudia to stay at the Nobles' home, sensing that Claudia is untrustworthy, but Larry insisted that Claudia really deserved help. Is Mary right in thinking that Claudia has some reasons of her own for wanting to be close to Larry?

*Larry Noble heard on NBC 4 P.M. EDT*

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**DAVID HARUM**

David faces the ancient problem of an old husband with a young wife when his friend Ed Brice returns to Homeville with a wife, Ina, only two years older than Ed's twenty-five-year-old daughter, Lucy. Scornful and bitter, Lucy refuses her step-mother's advice and persists in her determination to break her engagement to Herbert Elkins and attach herself, instead, to his good-for-nothing brother, Denny. To teach Lucy a lesson, Ina flirts with Denny, and in great distress Lucy appeals to David for help. Will she accept his warning that she is headed for trouble unless she changes her attitude toward Ina? Or is she too young and headstrong to make any changes?

*Aunt Polly heard on NBC 11:45 A.M. EDT*

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**BIG SISTER**

Ruth Wayne, increasingly suspicious of the strange, wealthy Parker, is relieved when despite his subtle efforts to cause trouble the love affair between Mary Winters and Dr. Ken Morgan comes to a happy ending with their plans for marriage. But she remains wary, for her wealthy brother Naddie has put himself foolishly in Parker's power. And she believes that Parker has every intention of turning her own husband, John, against her, as successfully as he has already interfered in the marriage of Valerio and Reed Bannister. What are Parker's real motives in this drive of his for power over Ruth's friends? Will she understand them in time to prevent his ruining several lives?

*Dr. John Wayne heard on CBS 1 P.M. EDT*

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**FRONT PAGE FARRELL**

David Farrell, star reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, becomes a key figure in a glamorous case when his paper assigns him to get the story of the death of Louise Gaylord, who falls overboard from the yacht of Ted Hamilton. David's suspicions are aroused when he realizes that Louise Gaylord was a former swimming champion. It would be most unlikely that she would die by drowning if her fall overboard had been just an accident. With the help of Sally, his wife, David Farrell brings to light the truth behind Louise Gaylord's death—a mystery in which a parrot named Laura plays a very important part.

*David Farrell heard on NBC 5:45 P.M. EDT*
Here’s your Radio Mirror guide to daytime drama—information on plot, characters, time and station

GUIDING LIGHT

People usually say that a child is just the thing to bring a husband and wife closer together. This has not been the experience of Meta and Ted White, who have come almost to a sword’s point over the upbringing of their small son Chuckie. Ruthlessly preventing Meta from exercising any influence over Chuckie, Ted tries to force the boy into a pattern which he obviously does not fit. Infuriated by what seems like cowardice, Ted takes Chuckie on a camping trip too rugged for the child’s strength. Wild with fear, Meta tries to control herself, but cannot suppress the premonition that trouble from tragic proportions is on the way to her . . . and perhaps to Chuckie himself.

HILLTOP HOUSE

A few months ago, Julie Paterno was a happy wife, working at a job she loved. Now, as the aftermath of a tragic accident, she is a widow. Only the job is left, and Julie, knowing her sanity depends on it, throws herself desperately into her work as supervisor of Hilltop House, the Glendale orphanage. Unaware as yet of Dr. Jeff Browning’s personal interest in her, Julie is disturbed by his mysterious connection with the little French boy who is placed at Hilltop by Jeff himself. Is he Jeff’s son? Or is he connected in some way with the woman to whom Jeff was once married? As her problems multiply, will Julie manage to forget that she has lost Michael?

JUST PLAIN BILL

Deborah Walsh, a young friend of Bill’s, in a mistaken belief that she is not good enough for Nicholas Webster, gives him up and plans to marry Ronald Lewis, a ne’er-do-well who is after her money. She hopes that her sacrifice will reunite Nicholas with his wealthy father. But after a furious fight with Nicholas, Ronald is accidentally run over by Nicholas’ father, and the situation takes a turn tragically different from that which Deborah hoped for. When he recovers, Ronald and his scheming, determined mother lay their plans to make life very difficult for both of the Websters, and Deborah herself is bound to be one of the chief victims as their plot winds to a climax.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Texas is a strange place for Chichi Conrad, born and brought up practically on the sidewalks of a great metropolis. But she finds her way there when her old friend Toby gets himself engaged to the charming young daughter of a wealthy Texan—a girl called Kitten, and acting like one. In spite of the assurances of both Toby and Chichi that for years and years there has been friendship between them, Kitten finds Chichi too attractive to be trustworthy, and shows her claws in one or two scenes that leave Toby slightly shaken. Is there good will in Kitten’s heart when she introduces Chichi to the devastating Cal Duncan, with his good looks and his bad reputation?

LORENZO JONES

“Double, double, toil and trouble,” is one of the most appropriate notices that Lorenzo Jones might adopt, if he were interested in mattoes. The more he toils—over his inventions, that is, not over his legitimate occupation as mechanic at Jim Barker’s garage—the more trouble he stirs up for himself and his loyal wife Belle. Belle’s loyalty does not prevent her from uttering an occasional complaint, particularly when Lorenzo’s inventions, instead of making the millions which he confidently predicts, seem to have the knack of involving him in constant difficulties with the law. The last time it was a bank robbery accusation. What, Belle wonders, is going to come next?

MA PERKINS

Shuffle Shaber, old as he is, has started a new life as the result of the maneuvering of Ed and Sylvester Hammacher, Ma’s cousins. Having decided that if they are to gain control of Ma’s lumber yard they must first get rid of Shuffle, her confidential assistant, the Hammachers succeed in doing so by drauging up an ancient scandal which Shuffle cannot face. He leaves Rushville Center and takes a job in Middleboro at Mr. Boswell’s yard. The same time entering upon a peculiar but mutually beneficial living arrangement with his young friend, Marietta. Ma retains affection for Shuffle, but even he cannot convince her the cousins have not yet finished disrupting her life.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

As Nana Brady’s film career gets underway, she and her faster father, Pat Brady, become the targets for an unscrupulous group of schemers whose real aims have not yet become evident. One of them is Viola Vance, who has been hired to coach Nana for her first important role. Pat, aware that there is something familiar about Viola, may not remember what it is until it is too late. And Erral Dunbar has some part to play in the plot of which Nana is the center. Also, there is Parmalee Reed, whose confession that she is Alice Faster whom Vernon Dutell once loved rings just a bit false. Though Vernon loves Nona, even he may not be able to control the threat menacing her career.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS
OUR GAL SUNDAY

It is one of the severest trials of his life to Lord Henry when he learns that the young lawyer, Kevin Bromfield, is in love with his wife Sunday. Kevin, anxious not to cause Sunday any trouble, is determined to marry Marcola Gordon, whose father's recent death has made her a wealthy girl. But the fortune-hunting Howard Crake also has designs on Marcola. He had worked hard to attract her mother, whom he believed that it was she who was to be her husband's heir and he has no intention of allowing a fortune to slip through his fingers now. Turning his attentions to Marcola, Howard upsets Kevin's plan and may interfere drastically in Sunday's life.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Pepper is beginning to wonder if being Mayor of Elmwood isn't just a pain in the neck—as he puts it. Some years ago, a local contracting firm put up a big, expensive new dam outside the town. It cost plenty of taxpayers' money, and was just about up when it came down—the work of months destroyed in a few moments because of the inferior quality of cement that was used in its construction. Now Pepper is aghast when the town council votes to award the contract for the new school to the same, obviously crooked, firm that put up that dam! At first he is merely angry; then he begins to wonder who is behind this action?

PERRY MASON

Young Kay Clement is learning the hard way that it's not always possible to put our mistakes behind us just by saying we're sorry we made them. Her brief excursion into the dim world of marijuana-smokers left her shaken and repentant, ready to do all she could to help Perry Mason clean up the gangsters who keep the drug-peddling racket alive. Though he does his best to give both Kay and her parents every protection, Perry slips once . . . just long enough to let the drug-peddlers get their hands on Kay. How much mercy will they have on this girl, who can bring fatal evidence against them? And can she ever recover from such terrifying experiences?

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Ever since Walter Manning got mixed up with the industrialist, Staley, his marriage to Portia has suffered. Finally he decides to leave town, bitterly declaring that his attractive brother Christopher, who is in love with Portia, will be a better husband for her. A grim roadside accident, however, sends Walter to a nearby hospital with a serious concussion. Recovering, he is bewildered to find himself involved with a strange—and, though he does not know it yet—murderous pair, Beauty and Paul Ingersoll. Portia and Christopher, having traced Walter to the scene of the accident, believe him dead. Will they reach him before the Ingersolls endanger his life?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

In a few short months, Carolyn Kramer has lost every hope of happiness. After a bitter court contest, her former husband, Dwight Kramer, wins custody of their son Skippy. Turning for help to her fiancé, Miles Nelson, Carolyn realizes that most of his attention is concentrated on his campaign for the governorship, and that she will have to wait until the election is over for real assistance from Miles. Carolyn, distraught, makes an attempt on her own to get Skippy back. Her unwise action makes her situation worse rather than better, and results in the indefinite postponement of her marriage to Miles. With her happiness blocked on all sides, what will Carolyn do?

ROAD OF LIFE

By the terms of the will of a member of the Overton family, a new hospital is to be built in Merrimac. But Conrad Overton claims to believe that instead of going into a new hospital, his brother's money should be put into expanding Wheelock Hospital, the already famous institution of which Merrimac has reason to be proud. Dr. Jim Brent, Wheelock's Chief of Staff, is puzzled by and somewhat suspicious of the motives behind Conrad Overton's offer. Knowing Overton, Jim cannot believe he will attach no strings to his gift. Is Overton planning to gain control of the research operations that have been so successfully conducted at Wheelock?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Once again the wily Cynthia Swanson has managed to break up the proposed marriage of Helen Trent to Gil Whitney, by bringing to Hollywood a woman named Betty Mallory. Betty's claim that she is Gil's wife, and that Mollie Lou is his child, goes unchallenged by him, and Helen dejectedly cancels her wedding plans. Without a word, Gil goes to Mobile, Alabama, where he spent some time a few years ago and where his marriage to Betty is supposed to have taken place. His investigation turns up some startling facts about Betty herself, about the "marriage," and about Cynthia Swanson—facts which will prove Helen's faith in Gil is justified.

ROSEMARY

When Rosemary Dawson married Bill Roberts, he was recovering from a violent breakdown, the result of his wartime service. Life looked pretty good when Bill's new job took them to New York. But now tragedy threatens again as Bill, over-tired by the pace of the big city and terribly confused because of the strong attraction that Blanche Weatherby exerts over him, begins to fall apart. Tearfully Rosemary confesses to her foster-father, Dr. Jim, that she fears Bill is headed for another breakdown. If this is true, what will happen to Rosemary's marriage? Or is Bill's odd behavior the result of his realization that he no longer loves Rosemary?

DAYTIME DIARY—
SECOND MRS. BURTON

Far in the past, now, is the fabulous episode in the lives of Terry and Stan Burton which took them to Europe on a secret mission for the U.S. government. Those days of dreadful danger seem comparatively happy when Terry thinks back to them, far when they return to the States Terry becomes ill with polio. Watching, praying through days and nights of terror, Stan and Terry almost forget that Brad, in spite of the maturing experiences he has gone through, is still only a teenager and needs attention and understanding. Their time and thoughts had been consumed by Wendy's illness. What will be the outcome of Brad's resentment at being "left out"?

STELLA DALLAS

What connection has the mysterious Ted Lamont, a guest at Minnie Grody's boarding house, with Mrs. Lennax and her daughter Marla, Stella Dallas' new friends? When Marla falls in love with Andy Conroy the situation tightens and part of the truth emerges... Ted Lamont is the re-convict brother of wealthy Mrs. Grosvenor, the mother-in-law of Stella's beloved daughter Laurel. Why is Lamont in town? And why does he arrange for Stella to visit the old Lennax mansion in Boston? It is obvious to Stella that Marla Lennax likes and trusts Lamont. What effect will this have on her engagement to Andy Conroy, and on the secret of her mother's mysterious past?

WENDY WARREN

When he took over management of the paper on which Wendy is a feature writer, Don Smith began to popularize it in a manner which Wendy did not approve. One of his changes is the hiring of Queenie, the gossip-mongering columnist whose relations with Wendy have long been hostile. Wendy, who has fallen in love with Don, tries hard to cooperate with his ideas, but life becomes especially difficult for her when Nono, the wife of Wendy's one-time fiancé, Mark Douglas, is killed abroad. Queenie starts rumors about Mark and Wendy which make Don furious. Wendy is upset, but is part of her disturbance due to the fact that Mark no longer has a wife.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

Joan Davis, tragically paralyzed as the aftermath of an attack by a hysterical woman, courageously faces the future, fortified by the knowledge that her husband, Harry, has not given up hope for her recovery. But Joan's socially prominent mother steps in to make things hard for the Davises when she makes the unreasonable accusation that it is because of Harry and his mother that Joan is in such a miserable condition. Despite Joan's happiness in her marriage, her snobbish mother is convinced that she married beneath her, and now that Joan is helpless she has determined to separate her from Harry. Will this misguided woman succeed in causing trouble?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Dr. Robert Seargeant, the psychiatrist whose business affairs are being administered by Nora's fiancé, Charles Dobbs, is able to cure Charles of a paralytic seizure, and wealthy Peg Martinson becomes obsessed with the conviction that Seargeant can cure her too. When Seargeant refuses to take her as a patient, Peg rakes up all her old antagonism for Nora, accusing her of influencing Seargeant's decision. Peg's hysterical outburst is particularly disturbing to Nora at this time, when she is worried about the just-married Morleys, Tom and Suzanne, who are starting off badly because Tom still harbors an infatuation for Nora. Seargeant, too, is attracted to Nora.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

Lucia Standish, wealthy patron of the Institute of which she has made Dr. Jerry Malone the head, has at last gone one step too far in her passion for gaining power over people. Gentle Dr. Browne has suffered a nervous breakdown as the result of Lucia's subtle persecution. Will Jerry discover the years-old connection between Lucia and Dr. Browne that makes her so peculiarly vicious against the harmless old man of whom Jerry is so fond? In Three Oaks, Jerry's estranged wife Anne is still entangled with Sam Williams and his son Gene. Gene's mistaken assumption that Anne loves him has led to a situation in which somebody is bound to be hurt.

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Through an accidental combination of circumstances, Thelma Carlton discovers the truth about a dangerous counterfeiting ring. Before she can do anything about it, she is kidnapped by the gang. Shrewd Madame Sophie, the New York designer who loves interfering in other people's affairs, has long had an affectionate interest in Thelma and her young husband, Jim, and is horrified when she learns of Thelma's danger. Enlisting the aid of lawyer Paul Tracy, Madame Sophie tries to re-capture her. But before this usually resourceful pair succeed in rescuing Thelma, the girl's life is placed in serious danger, and Jim Carlton has to make a grim decision.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Ellen Brown, who is on the scene when a series of shots is aimed at Louise Simpson, tries to help and is seriously wounded in the attempt. She is taken at once to the hospital, where her condition is pronounced critical. Her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, too involved emotionally with Ellen, finds himself unable to operate, and calls on an out-of-town surgeon for help. Too busy to attend Ellen himself, the surgeon sends his assistant, Dr. Alison Shaw, to operate. Meanwhile Louise, who is in love with Anthony, is taking every possible advantage of Ellen's illness to promote her own artful campaign to attract Dr. Anthony Loring to herself.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS
INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct Central Daylight Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>String Quartet</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>The Garden Gate</td>
<td>Carolina Calling</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>World News</td>
<td>Elder Michaux</td>
<td>Sunday Morning Concert Hall</td>
<td>E. Power Biggs</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Wormwood Forest</td>
<td>Dixie Quartet</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>Trinity Choir of St. Paul’s Chapel</td>
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<td>Battle Ax Group</td>
<td>Christian Science</td>
<td>Messiah of Israel</td>
<td>Negro College Choir</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio Polka</td>
<td>Radiola Bible Class</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
<td>News, Newcast K. Smith, Salt Lake Tabernacle</td>
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<td>Art of Living</td>
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<td>Morning Serenade</td>
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<td>Faultless Serenade</td>
<td>Back to God</td>
<td>Foreign Reporter</td>
<td>Frank and Ernest</td>
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<td>UN is My Best</td>
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<td>News Highlights</td>
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AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:20 | American Forum of the Air | Kinnuna Oriental Groups | Music of the Day | Invitation to Learning |
| 12:15 | of the Air | Chamber Music | Piano Payhouse | People’s Platform |
| 12:30 | Eternal Light | | | |
| 12:45 | Chicago Roundtable | | | |
| 1:00 | America United | William Hillman | Dr. W. Ward Ayer | Charles Collingswood |
| 1:15 | Organ Moos | Orator’s Hour | National Veterans | Elmo Row | "Dallas Opera" |
| 1:30 | Chicago Roundtable | | | |
| 2:00 | NBC Theater | Top Tunes with | This Week Around | Synopstion Piece |
| 2:00 | | Tiller | The World | Main St. Music Hall |
| 2:30 | | | | |
| 3:00 | The Truths | | | |
| 3:15 | The Quiz Kids | | | |
| 3:45 | | | | |
| 4:00 | Cloak and Dagger | | | |
| 4:15 | | | | |
| 4:30 | | | | |
| 5:00 | | | | |
| 5:15 | Big Gay | | | |
| 5:45 | James Melton | The Shadow | Think Fast | Sunday at the Chase |

EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | The Catholic Hour | Roy Rogers | Stevie’s Call | Main St. Music Hall |
| 6:15 | | | | Steve Allen Show |
| 6:30 | Western Caravan | Nick Carter | Don Gardner | |
| 6:45 | | | | |
| 7:00 | 51,000 Reward | Affairs of Peter | Voices That Live | Good Morning, Mr. Malone |
| 7:15 | | Salem Under Arrest | | |
| 7:30 | | | | Hit the Jackpot |
| 7:45 | | | | |
| 8:00 | Adventures of Sam Spade | A. L. Alexander | Stop the Music | Percy Faith |
| 8:15 | | | | Much About Doolittle |
| 8:30 | NBC Symphony with Guest Conductor | | | |
| 8:45 | | | | |
| 9:00 | | | | |
| 9:15 | | | | |
| 9:45 | | | | |
| 10:00 | | | | |
| 10:15 | Take It or Leave It | This Is Europe | | |
| 10:30 | The Milk Show | Dance Bands | | |

CARMEN DRAGON—music director of NBC’s Railroad Hour (Mon. 8 P.M. EDT) and star of his own NBC show (Tues. 8:30 P.M. EDT) left college three months before graduation to do one night stands. A year later, he was on the air after a successful audition for a San Francisco station. Married to a former actress, he has three sons.

MONDAY

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<td>Clevelandaires</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>Torkel Time</td>
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AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | News | | | |
| 12:15 | Echoes From the Temple or Hometowns | | | |
| 12:30 | | | | |
| 12:45 | | | | |
| 1:00 | Boston Symphony | Cedric Foster | ||
| 1:15 | | Hervey Norman | Harold Turner | Cheerleader Jam-boree |
| 1:30 | | | | |
| 1:45 | | | | |
| 2:00 | Double or Nothing | Game of the Day | Welcome to Hollywood | Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason |
| 2:15 | | | | This Is Nora Drake |
| 2:30 | | | | The Brighter Day |
| 2:45 | | | | |
| 3:00 | L’I Can Be Beautiful | Bob Puleo | Bride and Groom | Noah From Nowhere |
| 3:15 | Road of Life | | | This Is Nora Drake |
| 3:30 | | | | Winner Take All |
| 3:45 | | | | |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Local Programs | Surprise Package | Strike It Rich |
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas | Chuckle Wagon | | Music Matinée |
| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones | | | 4:45 Hite and the News |
| 4:45 | Young Widow Brown | | | |
| 5:00 | | | | |
| 5:15 | | | | |
| 5:30 | | | | |
| 5:45 | | | | |

EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | Glenn Warren | Local Programs | Local Programs | Jackson and the News |
| 6:15 | Glenn McCarthy | Local Programs | Local Programs | Dwight Copley |
| 6:30 | Sketches in Melody | Three Star Extra | Local Programs | Curt Massey Time |
| 6:45 | | | | Bill Costello |
| 7:00 | The Radio Hour | Bobbey Benson | Bobbey Benson | Glarry Moore |
| 7:15 | | | | Stepping Out |
| 7:30 | Elfem Davis | The Lone Ranger | | Larry Lesueur |
| 7:45 | Edgar J. | | | Hollywood Stars Playhouse |
| 8:00 | The Railroad Hour | | | Broadway’s My Best |
| 8:15 | | | | |
| 8:30 | | | | |
| 8:45 | | | | |
| 9:00 | Telephone Hour | Murder By Experts | Murder at Midnight | Too Many Cooks |
| 9:15 | | | | Stanley’s Green Acres |
| 9:30 | | | | |
| 9:45 | | | | |
| 10:00 | Night Beat | Frank Edwards | United or Not | Leave It To Joan |
| 10:15 | | | | Summer Show |
| 10:30 | Top Secret | | | |
| 10:45 | | | | |

STEVE ALLEN—well known in West Coast comedy circles and now heard nationally on CBS, Sun. 6:30 P.M. EDT, is also a composer, poet and columnist.
MAYBE JANE CROFT — Mrs. Henderson on the nightly Bluth show (returning to the air on CBS, 7 P.M. EDT, Aug. 2) happened into radio when friend Frank Lovejoy (now a well-known actor) asked her to read with him for an audition. Frank didn't get that job but since then Mary Jane has had featured roles on almost every network show.

* Heard in southern & west-central states
**MINNETA ELLEN—Mother Barbour of One Man's Family (M-F, 7 P.M. EDT, NBC) began acting only after she had raised and married a daughter of her own. She made her stage debut opposite J. Anthony Smythe (now Father Barbour) and in 1932 they were brought together again in the original casting of the Barbour saga.**

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<td>Margaret Arlen</td>
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<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This is New York</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
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<td>Richard Gunther</td>
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**MINNETA ELLEN—Mother Barbour of One Man's Family (M-F, 7 P.M. EDT, NBC) began acting only after she had raised and married a daughter of her own. She made her stage debut opposite J. Anthony Smythe (now Father Barbour) and in 1932 they were brought together again in the original casting of the Barbour saga.**

**EDMOND O'BRIEN—New York born star of Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar (Thurs. 10 P.M. EDT, CBS), started in show business as "Neibor (O'Brien backwards) the Magician. While at college he won a scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse and began acting in earnest. With wife Oleg San Juan and daughter Bridget, he lives in Beverly Hills.**

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<td>12:30</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs 12:30</td>
<td>Margaret Arlen</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This is New York</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez</td>
<td>George Hicks</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
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<td>Chester Hartley</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
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<td>Clevelandaires</td>
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<td>Young Dr. Malone</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
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<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
<td>Nona From Nowhere</td>
<td>Hiltop House</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>Welcome to Hollywood</td>
<td>Winner Take All</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>Right to Happiness</td>
<td>Chance of a Lifetime</td>
<td>Music Matinee 4:55</td>
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<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Strike It Rich</td>
<td>Mite and the News</td>
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<td>Backstage Wife</td>
<td>Surprise Package</td>
<td>Jackson Smith Speaks</td>
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<td>Stella Dallas</td>
<td>Happy Landing</td>
<td>Ladies Be Seated</td>
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<td>Lorene Jones</td>
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<td>Young Wiffer Brown</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
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<td>Portia Falcon</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>Bobby Benson</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
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<td>Jackson &amp; the News</td>
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<td>Glenn McCarthy</td>
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<td>Curly Massey</td>
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<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
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<td>Bill Costello</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>12:30 Carol Douglas</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Irving Fields' Trio</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
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<td>Richard Harrington</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>Summer Show</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>12:00 Carol Douglas</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>For Your Approval</td>
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I Hawaii Operetta Theatre

DAN SEYMOUR—1935 was the key year in the life of the emcee of CBS’ Sing It Again (Sat. 10 P.M. EDT), for it was then, at the age of twenty, Dan got himself a wife, a college degree and a radio job. Since then he has been heard on some of radio’s biggest shows and lives happily in a New York suburb with Eloise and their three children.
"Y" is for Youth

No one is too busy to be youthful," said Ida Bailey Allen one of America's leading home economists when she visited the Burtons as a Family Counselor.

To prove it, Mrs. Allen has recently written a best seller entitled Youth After Forty and she's certainly an excellent testimonial for her own book. For years she's been keeping young while keeping one of the busiest schedules imaginable. It includes broadcasts, personal appearances and interviews, plus writing a daily newspaper column. She has also written forty-four books.

The very first question I asked Mrs. Allen was what she believed more than anything else makes a woman look and feel old before her time? She explained to us that the relationship of the body to the mind plays the greatest part in a woman's physical being. Scientists term this relationship "psychosomatic."

"If you let pride master you, you'll become tense, high-strung and nervous. If you indulge in gluttony, you become the prey of organic disease. But above all, worry and fatigue are the worst corroders of good health, youthfulness and peace of mind.

"If our emotions are so closely tied up with our physical self," I asked, "what are some ways we can control these emotions?"

"By devoting regular periods of time to what I call the three "R's" Mrs. Allen stressed. These three "R's" are Rest, Relaxation and Recreation.

Mrs. Allen explained that each one of the three R's has a very definite meaning. Recreation means refreshment of strength and spirit after toil. Relaxation has a different connotation, which is to remit, change attention or effort. And the third of the three "R's", rest denotes freedom from all activity—quiet, sleep.

"Recreation can be active or passive. However, whatever it is, it must be a complete contrast with your daily work."

Relaxation, to do any good, must release all tension. Start to "let go" and relax during periods of enforced inactivity. For instance, when waiting for a slow telephone operator to get your number, un-tense, and benefit from a few seconds' rest. Don't fret and fume.

Rest must be a longer period than the other two R's. It must be quiet, reposeful; for each period of activity must be balanced by a corresponding sustained period of rest. This applies particularly to every mature woman.

I was interested in Mrs. Allen's comment that along with one's fortieth birthday is the time to slow down, to conserve energy. "This doesn't mean stopping your usual activities," she said, "but merely carrying them on at a less rapid pace."

Another point that Mrs. Allen brought out was the fact that since the turn of the century, science has made it possible for all of us to live from fifteen to twenty years longer. These years, Mrs. Allen feels are in effect bonus years, and plans should be made early enough on how to spend these extra years.

When asked how she was going to spend her bonus years, Mrs. Allen replied, "I'm going to learn to play a real pipe organ. The first thing I'll play will be a chord of thankfulness for a lifetime of opportunity to love and serve—a great A-MEN.

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard M.-F., 2 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsor—General Foods.

By TERRY BURTON • RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

72
Are you in the know?

If your makeup melts, should you try:

- A cold splash
- The scrubbed-and-shiny look
- Patchwork

How to save face on humid evenings? First, before the shindig, use an astringent lotion (fresh from the ice box)—for a drying effect. Next, apply sponge cake makeup base, sparingly, and splash on cold water to "set it." Blot; then pat on the dazzledust. At calendar time, too, you can save yourself many an anxious moment. With Kotex, you're set to cope with any problem-day emergency... for that special safety center gives you extra protection.

Which color compliments a suntan?

- Orange
- Chartreuse
- Cerise

However you're toasted—well-done or medium—wear colors that flatter your suntan. Thumbs down on all three answers above (fooled you!). Choose cool hues; blues, for instance. Of course white out-wows them all. And on certain days, it pays to be choosy—about sanitary protection. That's why Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies (different sizes, for different days), so you can select what's best for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super. Find the one just exactly right.

How to score with the hiring squad?

- "I can do anything"
- "I want to get experience"
- "Sell" yourself

You may want a job for some extra jingle—jangle—or a stepping-stone to a Dream Career. But why should the company want you? Suggest specific work you believe you can do, giving the boss-man (or lady) good reasons. "Sell" yourself. It inspires confidence. You can be confident, even on "those" days, with the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it. For Kotex gives softness that holds its shape... comfort that helps you hold that job!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

How to learn your social P's and Q's?

- The hard way
- Via charm school
- Get "In The Know"

Want quick answers to dating dilemmas? Etiquette puzzles? Send for the new, fascinating booklet "Are You In The Know?"—it's free! It's a collection of important poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" magazine advertisements (without "commercials")—reprinted in booklet form. Gives helpful hints about the man and manners department; smooth grooming, fashions.

FREE BOOKLET!
Mail the coupon today!
Address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 29, Chicago 11, Illinois
Please send me the free booklet, "Are You In The Know?"

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________
City: ___________________ State: ______________
Give and Take Man
(Continued from page 37)

assist with script, gags, plans, prizes and questions on his shows which, in addition to his regular network Give and Take performance include Missus Goes A-Shopping for local listeners five days a week.

Lunch at two is a business conference, though you’d never know it. The corner table that is permanently reserved for him in a midtown restaurant was the aspect of a party. Friends stop by in a stream for laughs, gossip or a quick deal for a benefit show.

In the afternoon he blocks out coming shows, listens to new recorded “secret sounds” which are a big feature of Give and Take, poses for pictures, dashes to the New York Athletic Club for a workout, grabs dinner, loses a job, a Missus Goes A-Shopping show, and is still fresh for the hour’s drive home, often to pack for the many out-of-town dates he plays each year.

Half of the mornings each week he works in his tremendous garden in summer or in his study in winter writing scripts, answering mail, breaking to pick up the little girls at 11:30 for lunch and again at three when their school is out, before whirling into town for another show.

Sundays start with church with the family, then perhaps a session with his painting, a sail with the kids, a quick turn with the home-movie camera, or a barbecue dinner for all corners before the drive to New York for the show.

John was born in Atlantic City, which is still his mother’s home. He broke into radio by a lucky accident when he was in his junior year in high school. Among other skits, his drama group put on a satire on local radio shows. The manager of WPG heard it. Fortunately he had a sense of humor and he invited the group to repeat the skit on his big station and to do others each week until the end of the term. The best event was a great vacation was won or I never would have been promoted,” says John. “Show business was far too fascinating. I hung around the station every spare minute. For the first time in my life I regarded the summer holidays with glee—no more broadcasts. At the last minute I was spared the dreary prospect of three months of nothing but fun. I was offered a job as replacement announcer for the summer. That really was a glorious day.”

That was the beginning of his radio career, though he didn’t know it at the time. He was headed for Princeton and a career as a teacher of psychology—so he thought. He worked at WPG for the summer, and then joined King. Gradually, he realized that his real interest was his summer hobby. In 1935, complete with diploma, he sailed into New York, where the lucky networks fight for his talents.

“Curiously enough, there was not what might be called spirited bidding for my services,” he says. “As a matter of cold fact, nobody would give me a job for love or money.”

Gloomily, the future star went home for the summer when his funds ran out. Lead he had had no housing problem in Atlantic City. His mother owns the Kentucky Hotel, so he had a choice of one hundred and twenty rooms. From this more than adequate shelter, he carried on his job campaign by mail, and another campaign in person. The latter involved a young lady named Jean Abbott. CBS broke down and hired John in September. Miss Abbott took longer to convince. They were not married until the following year.

Our first place was one of the smallest apartments you ever saw,” John remembers. “The rent was low, but so was my salary. There wasn’t much left over after basic expenses were paid, so I kept hacking away at various ideas for shows of my own, all of which were greeted with total lack of enthusiasm and I kept on announcing. ”

“Fortune was not cracked a small smile. One day a CBS salesman flagged John down in a corridor with, “Hey, do you play any kind of a musical instrument?”

“No,” said John. “Unless you count the ukulele,” he added as an after thought. (This was before Arthur Godfrey’s rise to fame and the ukulele was considered nothing to boast about.)

“Why don’t you try it? It’s the new thing,” he said doubtfully. “It’s better than nothing. Come on. We’re going to a grocery store. You sing and ask shoppers questions. Anybody who gets the right answer gets five dollars. I’ll be a sensation.”

The stunt went well. John thought up a lot of nonsense queries like, “If it takes one hour to cook one duck, how many hours does it take to cook two ducks?”—a question that usually draws the quick answer, “Two hours,” from most flustered amateurs.

This stunt developed into Missus Goes A-Shopping, and proved to be great training for Give and Take, with its wide audience and its enormous amount of correspondence. He’s at the microphone for that show goes home with merchandise worth anywhere from ten to five hundred dollars, win or lose. King admits that he takes the most fun out of the biggest prizes, and that it is a real thrill to him when somebody hits the jackpot—either in the studio or by mailing the right guesses to John. You’d have to be a professional to equal his record.

The story of the secret sound is interesting. It is one of the many familiar noises—everything from the regular beat of a skipping rope swishing across a pavement to a toothbrush at work.

“Anybody can show baffle everyday sounds can be when they are magnified,” says King. “For instance, guesses about the toothbrush included that it was made of steel.

Before a secret sound is chosen for a broadcast, it is tried out on a board of twenty listeners. If they guess it quickly, it is discarded. If it baffles the board, it goes on the air, where it does not always baffle the audience, however. The sound of Niagara Falls stumbled the board, but was guessed the first time. The problem was that same thing happened to the sound of a man drinking water. The board guessed everything from a goldfish nibbling dinner to the pattering of syrup on holcakes, but the answer came from the audience the first time out.

“The hardest sound we ever had was the grinding of a pencil sharpener. It was six weeks before an eight-year-old girl finally walked off with five thousand dollars’ worth of prizes.”

King has to know the answers, of course, but he never tells the secret in the show, and nobody shares the secret. Mrs. King gets a steady trickle of fan mail pleading for a hint. She couldn’t help, even if she wanted to. She doesn’t know either.

King says that the best part of the fun in Give and Take comes from the element of the unexpected. “Anything can happen when you get amateurs in front of a mike, and you never know what kind of an emergency will turn up next.”

I’ll never forget the time, for instance, that one lady laughed so hard she broke a vital part of her underwear, and some dainty pink bloomers sank to the floor. I didn’t see them at first, but I began to get roars of laughter such as I never had before. It worried me. I thought, ‘How do I know it?’

I thought, as the audience drowned me out completely. There was nothing I could say, because I couldn’t make myself heard. All I could do was adapt Sir Walter Raleigh’s famous gesture to the occasion. I took off my coat, held it around my guest’s ankles while she stepped out of the bloomers. It was hot treated, much less embarrassed than I.”

Another lady broke up the show recently with a perfectly matter-of-fact answer. She chose a baby-buggy for her prize.

“Oh, are you expecting?” King asked.

“No,” she said sweetly. “I’m sure.”

And the King of Give and Take found himself taking a roar of laughter instead of giving one . . . and loving it.

---

"Refreshing"

• No make-believe here! That’s why "My True Story" Radio Program is so often called a "refreshingly different show." These real-life dramas, picked from the files of True Story Magazine, give you a further insight into life. You'll readily recognize situations and situations and you, may have to face—and be interested in their solutions. A complete story every day, Monday through Friday.

TUNE IN "My True Story"
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

74
Betty Grable is more sparkling, more irresistible than ever in her latest singing and dancing role. You'll thrill to the beauty of her Lux Complexion in the close-ups.

"I've been a Lux Girl for years," says lovely Betty, "never skip my active-lather facials a single day."

Try this gentle care Betty Grable uses for her million-dollar complexion. See what fresh new loveliness it gives your skin!

HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:

"When a gorgeous star like Betty Grable gives a beauty tip I listen! And believe me, these facials really work! I smooth the active lather well in—"

"I love the creamy lather Lux Soap gives—even in hardest water. So rich and abundant! I rinse with warm water, then splash on cold—"

"Then I pat my face gently with a soft towel to dry. This quick easy care does wonders for the skin—gets me lots of compliments, too!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Kukla, Fran and Ollie  
(Continued from page 27)

addition to Ollie's parents and the guests at their lodge, a bunch of pretty young girls from the barn theater came across the ridge to see our show.

They made quite a fuss over all of us, applauding the local boy who made good in the big city, and inviting Colonel Cracky to be guest director for their next week's performance.

"What did it do?" Or may-
be it was because some one giggled when Madame Ooglepus missed a high note in the middle of one of her favorite arias. Whatever it was, it brought on an air of excitement. Honestly, I didn't realize there was a thing wrong until the end of the last act. Just as I was giving the signal for the curtain to drop, Dejer Rabbit came lippily-lopping up the aisle carrying a bunch of flowers.

"Special delivery for Madame Oogle-
pus," he announced. "She said I'm not supposed to tell where they came from." In a stage whisper, he added. "It's a sort of secret romance.

"May I have a moment grasping the flowers as she leaned over the foot-
lights, for they weren't tied together with ribbon or anything, and again something which is No. 2.

She wouldn't stay to have ice cream and cake out on the lawn, either. Nose in air, she bustled right past, and I thought I heard her murmur something about '...Burlington party at big estate...charming gentleman of wealth and culture...

...She still had part of the bouquet tucked behind her when, the next morning, she joined the rest of us at the dock. Fran glanced at the flowers and remarked that blue always looked so nice withauburn hair.

That might have pacified Madame if Ollie hadn't run up exclaiming, "Guess what—we must have had a vandel in the audience last night. My mother's delphinium bed is stripped of every single flower!"

Fletcher's ears turned bright pink. "Goodness gracious, Ollie, all I did..."

Madame glared. "A secret is a secret. I didn't expect that from you.

Fletcher became suddenly busy helping Cecil Bill with the canoe. Considering that we all set out on that day paddled to the picnic grounds rather than cross in the launch with us. The weather was perfect and so was our picnic spot. Ocear, the boatman, landed us on a lovely sandy beach, protected on two sides by great outcrops of rock which jutted into the water. We spread our honest toff, set up on are hampers, blankets, bathing suits and phonograph, then called, "Be back for you after dark," and began to explore the lake.

Bueh Witch took charge. "Let's play games, everybody. Have to work up a good appetite for dinner."

Fletcher teamed with Colonel Cracky to whirled and teetered. Mer-
cedes' side won the tug o' war. Burr beat Fran when it came to running while carrying an egg in a teaspoon. We were each given by the time the Colonel Bill shouted, "Toofie, tooofie, tooit!" and rang the dinner bell.

He had spread the red and white checkered rag over a big flat rock and on it had set everything you could ever want for a picnic. There were baked beans, potato salad, sandwiches, three kinds of pickles and a big jug of lemonade. To top it all, Burr had driven to the village for ice cream and Fran had whipped up a delicious chocolate cake.

After that, we were quite content to stretch out and be lazy. Fran asked, "Have you decided yet what to do with the rest of your vaca-
tion?"

I nodded. "I'll spend part of it visiting all of our television stations, but right now, Burr Tillstrom and I are going to Nantucket. Fran, can't you come to Nantucket for a few days?"

Before she could answer Ollie har-
rumped for attention, "I have an an-
nouncement. Much as I should like to remain here with my parents, I find that my duty to my public comes first."

When he takes that attitude, we know something is coming. "I have been told by outstanding critics that the ballad "That She Blows" is the best in my repertoire. However, the whaling page-
ant which accompanies it could stand revision. Since Nantucket was once the greatest whaling port in the world, we have decided to do personal research on the spot. I shall peruse the documents of the Historical Association and visit the Whaler Nulll." That's the summer, I shall be Ollie, the Scholar."

Fran said, "That's fine. So unself-
ish of you, Ollie."

While we were talking, the other Colonels had gone about their own interests. Fletcher, hoe in hand, was searching for new botanical speci-
mens. Cecil Bill, carrying his fishing tackle, was filling the bottom of his lake, trying his luck. Colonel Cracky was snoozing under a tree. Madame Ooglepus apparently had calmed down, for she was discussing Fall fashions with Bueh Witch.

Flowers! It was Mercedes who broke up this pleasant scene. Wading at the edge of the lake, she had been too well behaved for it to occur to her that she was looking around in time to see her sneaking up on the sleeping Colonel, carrying a sparkling can. Madame Ooglepus sprang into action.

"You naughty child," the sputtered. Mercedes whined, "I didn't do any-
thing. Did I, Kukla?"

I had to agree with her. She really hadn't—yet.

The Colonel sat up and rubbed his eyes. "I thought I heard Madame mut-
tering, herself." She serves him right. That's what he gets for encouraging these young girls." However, I could have been wrong, for suddenly she was all as usual.

"Colonel Cracky," she said sweetly, 
"I fear we are not making the most of this beautiful setting. There's the lake and there's a canoe. Since we can't go to the islands of course, I've got a notion to glide over the water, trailing my finger tips across its glistening surface."

"What said the Colonel, "Unacustomed as I am to lake travel."

"It was, Colonel," he added. "Said Madame, Nonsense. Anyone can operate a canoe. Come along."

The rest of us wandered off. I scram-
bled on one side of a rock and brought out notebook and pencil to try to start the book I intend to write this summer, but I didn't get very far. It was too nice a day to work, so I just leaned back, sat giggled, and called to help him gather wood for our campfire. We were foraging around when we heard the most awful sounds coming from a distance. First there was a screech and then a bell.

"What's that?" said Ollie in his head, "It's coming from Enoch Gorge."

"Some one must be in great distress. We must help them." I shouted for the rest of the company. And from all sides came the commotion of voices asking, "What is it? What's happened?"

Worried, I counted noses. As I feared, the Colonel and Madame Ooglepus were missing. After all, he knows Dragon Retreat better than all of us. "Enoch Gorge is dangerous," he said. "Mother always warned me not to stay out of there. That's where the great granite cliffs narrow the lake to a river, and it spills down over Fish-

man's Falls to the valley below."

Said Bueh, "Just a moment, kids, while I look over the situation." Seiz-
ing the light rope which had been tied around the hamper, she lassosed it over a pinnacle of rock and pulled herself up on the huge boulder in true mountain climber style.

From this observation point, she called down to the Colonel Cracky and that silly woman. She would get him out in that canoe. It's riding low in the water—at her end of the canoe, of course. The canoe was caught again. Looks like the Colonel's working to get it loose.

Ollie quivered. "If he does, they'll go straight over the Falls. We've got to do something—quickly!"

Burr kicked off his beach shoes. "I'm going after them." With a long surface dive, he took to the water.

Fletcher jumped after him. "It's too far, and swimming is too slow. Where's Cecil Bill?"

"Cecil Bill?" said Bueh. "Oh, I see him, too. He's just climbing the cliff right close to them. He just has been fishing below the Falls."

"Has he his tackle?"

"Sure," said Bueh. "The heavy double salted whoppers, the whoops, that they go again! The Colonel and Ma-
dame Ooglepus I mean. No, now they're stuck, and she looks pretty mad. Hope she falls in."

"Bueh," Fran moaned. "Can't you see they're in danger? If only you'd brought your broomstick. You could fly right out and rescue them.

The gravitation finally struck Bueh. She said, "Sorry, my dear. I didn't realize. Well, if I haven't my broomstick, I've got the next best thing!" For my bonnet has a loudspeaker unit. Maybe I can talk them in like the control tower talks in an airplane."

Bueh, I began to panic. "That won't work. Madame Ooglepus will never do what Bueh tells her, and she won't let the Colonel do it, either. I'm going up there."

She began to climb. She scrambled over the bad places, but Fran was sure-footed. In a moment she was beside Bueh. She grasped the microphone. "Cecil Bill," she called, and her ampli-

fied voice boomed out over the water. "Cecil Bill, stay right where you are.
You'll never forget the day you try IMPROVED FELS-NAPTHA!

You'll say it's a 'WHITE' LETTER Day in your life... the first day you wash one of hubby's shirts with Improved Fels-Naptha Soap! That shirt will be cleaned as only good soap can clean it. And you'll both agree you've never seen a WHITER shirt!

Make every washday a 'WHITE' LETTER Day. Always use Improved Fels-Naptha — the only laundry product that gives you three washday advantages—

1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. Finer 'Sunshine' Ingredients for extra, brilliant whiteness and clearer, brighter colors.

IMPROVED Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Love to you all,
Kukla.
Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 18)

the mandolin with a wild free grace. Lessons on guitar, fiddle, trombone, cornet and piano followed. By the time he was fifteen he had run out of new instruments to conquer and was forced to invent the buzzbox. This instrument—arrangement of two lead pipes and a tin funnel—got him a carnival job at three dollars a week. From then on he was dedicated to show business, though Hollywood rejected him with a sickle of sixty-three. M. F. S. got a job with a small, crumby theatre in Stillwater, Oklahoma. He had the chance to develop his eye, and did radio when he knocked hopefully at the door. Not until Rudy Vallee gave him a break did fortune smile. After that one network spot, he was signed by Kraft and his talents of Uncle Fud, Cousin Dud and the rest of his accident-prone relatives took him to the movies.

On the soberer side, the Columbia Workshop, a sustaining show that ran until 1947, was to have an enormous influence on radio writing. It was set up at heavy expense by CBS to explore new dramatic forms and to encourage new talent. It served its purpose brilliantly. Irving Reis, an engineer, was one of its first shining lights. He left his control room to write and produce, and brought a fresh new talent, uncomplicated by other literary styles, to radio drama. He also was responsible for a new and vivid use of sound effect. He is now a successful film producer. Many well-known writers such as Archibald MacLeish and Irwin Shaw did their first radio writing for the Workshop. The most outstanding new author it developed was Norman Corwin, who joined it in 1938. His "Plot to Overthrow Christmas" had a big response, and after that he went on to write enough exceptional scripts to fill several books. Most memorable are his "Hold These Truths," written at white heat after Pearl Harbor. It was heard on all four networks and reached the biggest single audience and playwright ever had—sixty million people. In 1949 his "On A Note of Disquiet" was an even more memorable program to mark the end of war.

We, The People turned a bright new spotlight on the huns for later use in the news. It was the creation of the resourceful Phillips Lord (Seth Parkers). Some seven thousand people have appeared on We, The People to tell their experiences at the Nazi camps and to make headlines—Joe Louis, Ernie Pyle, Harold Stassen, Schiaparelli, King Peter of Yugoslavia, Connie Mack an astounding run of the famous as well as hundreds of lesser-known citizens who had a unique experience to tell.

Professor Quiz arrived and a new cycle began. (Its unknown young announcer, Arthur Godfrey, made little stir though he heckled the performers in a mild fashion.) Quiz shows were not exactly new. So far as we know, KMTR in Hollywood was the first station to do the very first in 1927 when the Do You Know and the Ask Me Another books were a brief fad. KMTR took advantage of the fever by urging people to gather quiz parties around their radios and entertain each other by calling out answers before the announced due date. One day, Professor Quiz revived the idea and carried it a step farther by allowing audiences in his studio to compete for prizes. All the time, everyone thought it was just an innocent routine, good enough to fill in for a few weeks until a better show was found. Who cared whether or not some stranger in a studio far away won some prizes? Who, indeed?

1937: Franco was attacking Madrid. Japan was about to make its undeclared war. Amelia Earhart took out over the Pacific and disappeared, though for weeks the radio bulletins carried a note of hope. Mareoni died of a heart attack in his last days of having lived to see his "ether telephone" completely change the face of the world. George Gershwin died at the age of forty-three, one of his music. How to Win Friends and Influence People was a run-away best seller. Pocket books, a failure when sold through book shops, this year went on sale in drugstores and changed the reading pattern of the nation. The big song novelty was "Bein' in the Army Now." Joe Louis won the heavyweight title. The Big Apple was the new dance. The Old Gold Puzzle Contest started, and the huge response to its talent of prizes brought give-away shows a step nearer.

1938: The Dust Bowl blacked out the sun. "Ookies" began to pour into California. On May 12 the whole world listened as the new King George VI was crowned King of England. He told his people on the air that he accepted the obligation of Empire. His coronation was described by dozens of American air reporters—a dress rehearsal for the new American radio soon to pour out of Europe. President Roosevelt's second inaugural speech was the sober, "I see one-third of this nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished . . ."

One of the unforgettable moments in radio was the sobbing, shocked, half-articulate words cried out by one witness when the German dirigible Hindenburg burned at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Herbert Morrison of WLS, Chicago, was the only radio man left on the scene when the news came in for the last few hundred feet of a routine flight over the Atlantic. He was not on the air. He was making a wire recording for his home station. The other reporters had packed their gear and were leaving the field when a burst of flame roared five hundred feet into the sky. Morrison's "Oh, oh, it was terrible, terrible! A gentleman, oh those poor people . . ." was rushed to the air by NBC, thus ending that company's ten-year ban against news on the air. The disaster also ended the day of lighter-than-air craft. The mooring mast so hopefully built at the top of the Empire State Building stands today as an idle monument to this dream.

Radio played an important part in another disaster early this year when the Mississippi turned ominously muddy as an unusually heavy snow melted in an unseasonably warm spring. Flood crest hit in February and March, and the Mississippi swamped the delta. Radio's part in rescue work is given credit for saving thousands of lives. First the warnings were sent by radio. As the waters rose, WLAC, Nashville, cleared all programs for six days to direct crews carrying food and water. WLAB, Lexington, Kentucky, was on the air four days at the same purpose. WOPI, Tifton, Georgia, was on
for ten days and almost as many nights. WSAZ, Huntington, West Virginia, had to move equipment to a top floor as the waters rose but it stayed on the air as did dozens of other stations, its staff refusing to flee to safety. The Ohio flood crest of sixty-nine feet put the streets of Louisville deep in water, but WHAS stayed on and on, manned by exhausted people who would not quit while there was still a job to do. The whole nation listened as they relayed messages from volunteers roving with shortwave transmitters to rescue crews, "Fifty children in a church. Waters rising above the pews. Aid is urgent" . . . "Insane man at corner of Eleventh and Walnut. He has a gun" . . . "Seven people marooned on top of a house. It is listing badly. Help needed fast" . . . "Woman in childbirth. Take blankets if possible." Unforgettable, those broadcasts so packed with reports of danger that all emotion was stripped from the tired voices.

"This is my problem, Mr. Anthony" became a catch-phrase following the start of The Good Will Hour this same year. John J. Anthony came to the air after some years of success as a consultant on marital problems. Some five thousand people whose wedded lives were not happy had poured through his office, so he was accustomed to startling confessions. He needed to be when he reached the air and began broadcasting interviews with people desperate enough to bare their souls in public. Names were not used on his program, but the variety of accents and the unmistakable emotion proved to all listeners that they were tuned in on real people at a moment of high stress. Again it was proved that human interest had an enormous drawing power. Jean Hersholt's beloved Dr. Christian also used a form of audience participation in that his adventures were based on plot suggestions sent in by listeners. Big Town started with Edward G. Robinson as the crime-busting editor and Ona Munson as his girl reporter, Lorelei. Edward Pawley and Fran Carlson took over the roles in 1943 and are still hot on the trail of gangsters. Nancy Craig started a new kind of woman's show, interspersing news about food and new domestic gadgets with reports on shows, fashions and interviews and an impressive run of guests day after day. Her real name is Alice Maslin. How she got her professional name is interesting. Nancy Booth Craig was invented by an NBC executive board because the initials were NBC. The Booth was summarily dropped when she was sold with the Blue Network to the company that was to become ABC, but Nancy Craig goes happily along, longest established of nationally-heard service shows.

Roy Rogers was emerging as a singing cowboy on the screen after a slow start as a barnstorming radio singer under his own name, Leonard Slye. His start in show business began in 1933 when he took his guitar to an amateur contest in a suburban Los Angeles theater and won first prize—a lot of applause. However, The Rocky Mountaineers heard him and he joined them on a small station for five dollars a week. Bob Nolan, author of "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," was added soon after and the group began to taste success. Each member was raised to ten dollars a week! Recognition at last! They became successively The International Cowboys, The Texas Outlaws, The O-Bar-O Boys and finally The Sons of

He said "Good Night" but he meant "Goodbye" because of that!

Don't let DEODORANT FAILURE rob you of popularity...

Use Heed® new spray deodorant... stops perspiration

No wonder women everywhere are changing to new, spray-on HEED in the flexible squeeze bottle. HEED stops perspiration ... prevents underarm odor all the live-long day. HEED is so easy, so dainty to use—no more messy fingers. No other type deodorant, no cream or old-fashioned liquid gives such long-lasting protection so quickly. So don't take chances with short-time deodorants ... use HEED. At all cosmetic counters, 49¢. Lasts many months!

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Promises from Tampax

Tampax is a word full of meaning for every woman who faces each month the problem of sanitary protection. Millions of women are using the Tampax method today; how about you?

Tampax promises you complete freedom from belts, pins and external pads—freedom from odor, chafing and binding. Gone is the fear that bulges or ridges may be revealed under your dress or skirt. With Tampax this cannot happen.

Tampax promises you a thoroughly scientific, doctor-invented method, combining efficiency and delicacy. Pure surgical cotton is contained in slender patented disposable applicators designed for easy insertion. The Tampax, in place, is absolutely invisible and unfelt.

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the Pioneers. It was a long pull before a contract at Republic Pictures brought Trigger into Roy's life and before the boy who had been glad to work for five dollars sent his program out over all 524 of the Mutual stations. 1937 was a year of many contrasts and many important developments in radio. One was the formation of the American Federation of Radio Artists, better known as AFRA. It is an autonomous union that takes in all radio talent except the musicians under the A. F. of L. A union of radio talent was curiously slow in arriving. Stage stars who had been unionized for a long time. The White Rats (rats is star spelled backward) had been founded in 1901. It got its strength through inner dispersion, but was sweated into existence in 1913 by the Actors Equity which became a powerful union after 1919, and has remained so ever since.

Of enormous importance to listeners was the formation of the NBC Symphony Orchestra. CBS has sponsored the great New York Philharmonic since 1930 in continuous broadcasts. Other great organizations like the Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Chicago Symphonies have been heard in air series at various times, but the NBC Orchestra was the first created entirely for the radio. David Sarnoff built a superb group and offered the conductor's baton to Arturo Toscanini, who was most willing to return to the country. He had refused to conduct the Fascist hymn in his native Italy even after Mussolini had tried to win him over. He also had cancelled his Bayreuth and Salzburg engagements, Hitler or no Hitler.

The series started on Christmas night with announcer Ben Grauer becoming Bennett Grauer in token of how dignified and naturally was this occasion. At various times the radio industry has been accused of money-madness. No doubt about the matter, radio is, in the main, a business. However it is only fair to remember that with CBS and NBC have poured staggering sums into the two wonderful symphonic programs that come to us free for the turn of a dial. Not more than three. Quizzes, when a commercial sponsor pays the bill, but, sponsored or not, these outstanding concerts have been kept on the air by their companies—a magnificent gift to the nation.

The end of '37 brought the beginning of the jitterbug, heralded by the music of Benny Goodman.

1938 brought to radio or leave it alone. Suddenly it was different. When Hitler's legions marched into the Sudan, everybody rushed home to a news broadcast. On March 13, 1938, NBC and the National News Round-up, calling in on the same program Edgar Mowrer in Paris, William L. Shirer and Allen Wilkinson in London, Willard Straight of the New York World-Journal, Bob Trout in New York, Lewis B. Schwelenbach in Washington and Edward R. Murrow in Vienna. These names were then unknown to the average listener, but they went on the air, chattering to the world. The birth of NBC was followed by the greatest of the comedy stars very shortly.

It is interesting how Edward R. Murrow became one of the many famous of news commentators. It was the result of one broadcast. He was Director of Talks and Education at CBS and was in Europe to arrange for program of children's music for the Children's Hour of the Air when the Nazis marched into Vienna. There was no regular CBS news man there, so Murrow went on the air and told what he saw. He thought it was to be his first and last broadcast, but “Listen to Murrow Tomorrow” is a top-rated program to this day. He is one of the few newsmen who never worked on a newspaper. Bob Trumbull is the only other one of top stature who started reporting directly for the air.

During the Sudeten crisis H. V. Kaltenborn of the Rutland Radio, had eighty-five separate times, staying in the studio for twenty straight days, cat-napping between broadcasts, living on sandwiches and coffee, translating speech after speech. He was born in 1897 in Milwaukee, but he spoke fluent German (if his family had not chosen to be Americans he would have been known as Bazarzky). He was magnificently equipped to comment on the coming war. He had broadcast news since 1922. His uncle had been a German Minister of War. He, himself, had fought in Cuba in 1898, had covered the Spanish Civil War, and had interviewed both Hitler and Mussolini. People hung on his words for those twenty days.

Then Prime Minister Chamberlain took his umbrella to Munich and came back to tell the world over the radio, "I believe it is peace in our time,"

The return has brought to its old pattern of listening to such fascinating new programs as Information Please, featuring the dazzling wits of Franklin P. Adams, John Kieran, Oscar Levant and Elliott Farman. The success of this super-intelligent panel astounded everybody. There had been gloomy warnings when Dan Golenpaul planned it. "Too highbrow! The wisecracks were stumped, a huge following rallied to the call, "Wake up, America! Time to stump the experts!"

Another quiz show that gained instant success was the Arthur Godfrey's "Let's Take a Trip". His cry, "How about that—students?" when someone missed an answer brought the studio audience into the air. Prizes, give-a-ways and audience participation all were gaining momentum.

Hobby Lobby was evidence of the trend. So was Battle of the Sexes run by Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit.

Two young men had organized a small radio show this year. One was Arch Oboler, a writer who had done some excellent playlets for Grand Hotel and Lights Out. Successful as these were, he was not happy. He knew that he could do more in the business that might offer a chance at wider fields. In one last effort, he had a transcription made of his best effort, "The Ugliest Man in the World". NBC bought the radio classic. He barged into an NBC office and started his show before the indignant executive could have him thrown out. The result was that NBC signed him to become not only the first programer with new forms of radio drama in such the same way as the CBS Workshop was doing. In 1940, Oboler wrote Oboler's Workshop Theatre and some wonderful short plays for theater. "Adam and Eve" is always mentioned. It kept Mae West off the air for ten years.

The idea was an innocent one. Mae
West played Eve. Charlie McCarthy was Adam. The script was brilliantly funny. Everyone loved it. In rehearsals, Eve emerged as a very human wife a little fed up with sitting around the house. "I want something to happen, a little excitement, a little adventure. A couple of months of peace and security an a woman's bored..." If 'trouble' means something that makes you catch your breath..." To this point all was well. Eve sounded just like a thousand other housewives. However, as do so many seasoned stars, Miss West did not give her all until actual performance. Once on the air, she marshalled her forces and in Diamond Lil's most significant drawl finished with, "If trouble is something that makes your blood race through your veins... mmmmmmmmm, Adum, muh man, give-uh-me-uh-trouble!"

Adam didn't, but radio did in spite of the fact that there was nothing wrong with the words and the idea was meant to be funny.

Behind all the laughter this year there was the distant mutter of news from Europe. An indication of how conscious all listeners were of impending war came on October 30 when another innocently broadcast drama sent the entire eastern slope into panic. It was Orson Welles "War of the Worlds" on CBS's Mercury Theatre. It made Welles famous overnight but it almost wrecked his radio career. He was a hard-working young man of twenty-three, already known as the "boy wonder" of Broadway. He had done eighteen dramas on The Mercury Theatre of the Air. His voice was widely familiar as was his "This is your obedient servant—Orson Welles," so it is very hard to know just why "The War of the Worlds" was taken as a factual broadcast, especially as it was listed by title in all radio columns. In addition, clear announcements were made at the beginning and during the show that it was the account of an attack from Mars by a survivor in the year 2,000. To give the feeble yarn a little novelty, Welles had modernized it with the use of radio bulletin technics like "Flash! A spaceship has just landed near Princeton," and further announcements that martial law had been declared in New Jersey. Anyone who listened for more than a few sentences could not fail to recognize the show as a fantasy, but the panic among those who tuned in late, heard only "Flash! They're bombing! The monsters from Mars are landing by thousands!" Evidently a great many people did not wait for more. Women fled to neighbors' homes crying havoc. People began to stream out of cities by car, jamming the highways, before the fearful Martians could get them.

Two extremely important facts were brought into sharp focus by this furor. One was that we were thoroughly conditioned to implicit belief in our news broadcasts, and subconsciously we knew the threat of invasion hanging over Europe could happen here. The other fact confirmed the sponsors' gnawing suspicion that the listening audience was developing deafness to commercials. They found the answer the next year. It was the luscious revival of the singing commercial.

**NEXT MONTH**

Give-aways hit the big time. Radio's big role in the shattering events of 1939-41. ASCAP vs. the broadcasters.

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**Here's a deep, deep beauty secret!**

Whoever said "Beauty is skin deep," probably had Woodbury Cold Cream in mind.

For the secret of a beautiful skin is deep, deep cleansing.

Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper because it contains Penaten—the amazing new penetrating agent that actually goes deeper into the pore openings. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to $1.39 plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream

penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN
ten minutes, and turn up a street that runs along a picturesque salt water cove about a mile wide.

You open wide the gate in the white picket fence, and up on a slight rise of smooth green grass, outlined with bright flower beds, is the Olsen's ranch house. Its general lines are California ranch style, but its shingles are a true New England barn-red, with gleaming white trim around windows and doors, and deep blue roof.

The first thing you will have noticed as you came up the driveway is the floor-to-ceiling picture window in the living room, and the object right inside the glass. That object is one of the Olsens' dearest possessions, a spinning wheel handed down from Johnny's great-grandmother. It came with Johnny's mother from Norway when she was only three months old. You stare at its worn treadle and your imagination takes you back to the unfruiting feet that worked it, to the babies who clung to the spokes of the big wheel while they were learning to walk, and to the loving service that went into its constant use.

"Loving service" is one of the phrases that keeps coming to mind at the Olsens'. You sense it in their attitude toward each other and toward their guests, and to the home that means so much to them. You glimpse it in Penny's attachment to certain things that have been given her—like the yellow feedapron she is wearing because a little girl brought it as a present to her one of the programs and the mother had patiently worked on it late into the previous night so the child would have a gift for her beloved Penny.

There's loving service expressed in the afghan on the living room sofa, a Christmas present made by a young cousin. And in the quilts on the Olsens' beds. When their New York apartment was robbed and partially burned out two years ago, Penny's sister in Minneapolis, Mrs. Helen Pennington, got her friends together for an old-fashioned quilting bee to help replace the lost treasures. Another sister, Mrs. Irene Carpenter, in Madison, Wisconsin, went to work embroidery sheets and pillowcases. Penny herself, with her two aunts who live at Sunny Slope, Waterford, Wisconsin, made the mahogany diamond pattern patchwork quilts. Each brightly flowered scrap of cloth is from an apron worn by one of the aunts, Mrs. Elizabeth Haas, during fifty years of loving service to her family. The aunts and Penny worked on the spreads for six weeks, alternating the diamonds made of apron materials with new white cloth, and the result is lovely.

This blending of the old and new is typical of the house itself. They bought the place from plans, last January, mostly in order to work out ideas of their own while it was being built, and have given it a warm, lived-in look by bringing in things from homes of the past to blend with new possessions.

The breezeway between garage and the house itself was one of their own ideas. It's glassed in winter, screened in summer, and provides a perfect setting for alfresco meals. It will lead out to a patio that is now being completed.

Indoors at the Olsens' seems like an extension of outdoors, anyhow, because of the light and sunshine that stream through the wide, deep windows and because of the pale yellow walls and woodwork of living room and dining room, and the bright drapes, boldly patterned in green and splashed with orange and tan figures. The dining table is laid with a soft green cloth and Penny's lovely Hospitality Spode fruit dish of white milk glass handed down from her grandmother Powers, and the best silver, which she loves to use.

In reality, living room, dining room and kitchen are a continuous room, built around a central fireplace which is backed on the kitchen side by an enclosed heating unit, and on the dining room side by a service bar. It gives the house a spacious quality far beyond its actual size. The kitchen is pale green and terra cotta color, and the floors are all Kentile in terra cotta or green with radiant heating beneath.

The living room holds one other cherished heirloom, in addition to the spinning wheel. It's a love seat, carved by hand by Penny's great grandfather. There are two fine old Windsorrockers that the Olsens found in the Ozarks on a recent personal appearance tour. One of these is a much-sought-after comb-back rocker, and certain pieces have been polished until they look like new, and the new ones have been chosen to blend with the spirit of the old.

At the edge of the couch you spy Lena's rubber bone, and if you ever once acknowledge the nudge of her cold little nose against your hand and start throwing it out for her, you can guess the rest of your visit entertaining this frisky, friendly little white hargis French poodle. Lena, you'll remember, is the Olsens' good luck dog. They'd had a robbery, first illness. Then a friend and agent, John Gibb, presented them with Lena, to change their luck—and she did. The day they got her, everything turned for the better, and kept turning. The Olsens love Lena for what she represents and for herself. If you're a regular viewer you have no doubt caught one of Lena's many appearances on the Rumpus Room show, and you know that her rhumba is something to remember!

The Olsens' bedroom and Johnny's own little Rumpus Room are separated from the rest of the house by a short hall. The bedroom has a gray and white patterned paper, fluffy white curtains hung back by thin windows, spotless beds, Early American chests and mirrors. On one chest stands Penny's jewel case, originally a little wood butter box in which Johnny's grandmother brought butter from Norway a long time ago.

The Rumpus Room was intended for a second bedroom, but they decided to have it as a March paddish wood in a fluted effect and furnish it as a den for quick naps after a workout in the comfortable, green overstuffed chair, a green patterned studio couch— handy for quick naps after a workout in the garden—and wardrobe and storage space. Johnny's record collection is temporarily stored away under the eaves.

Over the desk is a photograph that means a lot to him. His former classmates at Windom, Minnesota, high school, brought it to him when he ap-
premied not long ago in the nearby city of Rochester. When he opened the package and found an enlargement from a snapshot of the house where he had lived as a child, it just about broke him up. “Ten of us children were brought up in that old house,” he tells you, looking at it fondly.

The guest house is a separate structure in the corner of the Olsens’ back property, and built to look like a small edition of the main house. Reservations from their respective families and their many friends have been pouring in, and they’re booked up solid for months! The barbecue is at the other side of the yard, for backyard picnics.

Penny has dubbed the white picket fence Olsen’s Folly, because it has proved so costly. It’s really for Lena, who’s an excellent jumper and can’t resist the lure of the world outside. Hence, all those pickets—exactly 1,608 according to Penny’s count. A double row, now six feet high, because they under-rated Lena’s jumping prowess at first. So a second row rises above and behind the first ones.

Shade trees and pines keep the yard cool, marigolds and petunias and all the old-fashioned flowers flash their colors in the sun. Billie Pederson, the sixteen-year-old who is the Olsens’ right hand on the shows and is treated like a son in their home, helps with the gardening. Bob Maurer, “Silverlips” of the shows, gets in a little expert advice.

Fans write letters of advice on gardening, and sometimes send cuttings of their best blooms. Neighborhood children bring bouquets, ring the bell and drop them, and run away shyly. A few bolder ones yell for Johnny and Penny and beg autographs. One neighbor has given them cuttings of some very fine ivy. Another brings apple pies—and such pies! Johnny lick’s his lips when he talks about Mrs. Syska’s pastry.

Penny herself is no slouch in the cooking department. “I always seem to have a lot of men around to cook for, especially over week-ends,” she explains, “so I have to give them the things I know they go for, like steak, fried chicken and roast beef, with all the trimmings.”

They use their best china and silver and linen, except for informal meals outdoors. “That’s when I give them the paper napkin routine,” Penny tells you. “But I don’t hoard my good things any more, since the fire. I made up my mind we would use and enjoy everything while we still had them.”

Breakfast is a big meal. It usually starts with prunes, then either hot or dry cereal, plenty of bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. Lunch on weekdays is a quick snack at a New York City counter, between their television and radio shows. Dinner is hearty and a time for talk and relaxation.

The housework is no problem at all to the efficient Olsens. “Johnny is so handy,” Penny says proudly. “He helps with everything. We do the dishes together, make the beds, clean and dust. We’re systematic workers so we have the indoor work done fast and get outside. Our home doesn’t seem like any extra strain on us—in fact, I feel extra-refreshed now after the week-ends.”

“We really have no problems at all about the house,” she says, “except the one we told you. We don’t know what to name it. And we hope that Radio Mirror’s readers will do that for us. We’ll be so happy when we can put up the little sign at our gate that will give our dream house its final touch.”

**The new-shape “poncho” jacket.** News because, though it takes its shape from the traditional blanket-like South American cloak, it’s a high-style modern fashion. That’s new design with an interesting inspiration!

**The new-shape Modess box.** News because it, too, is an example of inspired design! Clevly takes its shape from many kinds of boxes . . . you’d never guess the wrapped package held Modess. Another tactful feature . . . the new box is pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store.

**Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!**
us that when her favorites were on (yes, Como, Crosby and Sinatra!) she really listened. All others got not more than half the attention and some programs she didn't hear at all, in spite of the noise they made. Sounds fantastic, but it's a cinch she couldn't have given her attention to everything interfere. She went on and got her homework done too. It must be that some mysterious method known only to teen-agers she could turn her attention on and off.

Of course, some kids have tried to tell me they can do that with television, but I have my doubts, because it calls for watching as well as listening, at least part of the time. What has happened is that kids I hear about and know personally get down to their homework and their household chores earlier, without all that dawdling they used to so often do. (I'm hoping for a miracle to escape work altogether.) Now they don't wait for miracles, because there's so much at stake. They get to work and get done so there won't be any arguments about watching their favorite programs.

Lots of the kids have voluntarily put themselves on a sort of schedule (voluntarily, you understand, with a little prodding and threatening from Mom and Pop!) Fourteen-year-old Bobbie tells me she never sees a weekly program between 9 and 11, except during vacation. That's her established after-dinner study hour. If she gets through in the hour, she can watch until bedtime, but sometimes she'd rather read or stay out for an hour with her gang. "The kids in my block get tired of staying in all the time, no matter what good programs are on," she says. Most teen-agers I know don't go to for their own fun.

May, who is a high school junior, says flippantly, "My mother won't let me watch television until I show her my homework is done. I don't put off doing the dishes any more. I get through so I can watch television with my father."

I don't think that television and homework could go together, until her pretty row of "A's" began to turn into "C's." She now shuts the door on the TV set when she's studying, but the radio goes full blast. She did get back to "A's" again before the school term ended, so everybody's satisfied.

When you people talk, you'd think the television industry invented this whole business of kids neglecting their work. It seems to me that homework and dishwashing and errand-running have been a problem to parents—and kids—since long before my day. I wasn't too crazy about them myself.

And Margo and her brother, Paul, Jr., always preferred to go off or go to the movies or listen to the swooners, rather than buckle down to their arithmetic or tidy their rooms or do their geography. So what? Work is always duller than work, but I look out of my window at the farm and one of my cows calls, "Moo, where's that hay you're supposed to get me?" and I quickly grab my fiddle and script and hustle off to earn the hay. Should I blame the kids if they have to be coaxed along?

Now, then, there's this rumor that kids aren't playing outdoors any more. That they're staying in darkened rooms, their eyes fixed on a small screen. What boy or girl do you know who's going to pass up a lively game with his gang or a gabbet with her girl friends to stay indoors and watch television for hours? Tommie's answer just about covers that. "I have to miss Hopalong because I have a baseball game at the same time, but I wouldn't let anything interfere with other things. Not even a cowboy," he adds.

Of course, when the gang decides to see a program, that's a different matter. That means they go to one house, where there's at least one grown-up around to keep an eye on things.

One of the best points of television is the way it has brought groups and families together. Children are seeing more of their male parent than ever before. Parents are getting to know how their kids react to a lot of things, and kids are learning a lot more about their parents by some new "My mother and father and I discuss things now," Nancy says. "We have more to talk about."

Others are going to the libraries and asking for books they have seen dramatized on television. They're reading the classics, not because they are school assignments, but because television has made them seem interesting. They tell me that current events programs have helped with school work.

As for blood and thunder on television, we're not too scared plenty before we ever heard of the image-orthicon tube. Gangsters were glorified, on radio and in movies, even if time was short, not to pay the end it sometimes ran a long glamorous gamut that made just as much impression on the kids as the final penalty did. The comics added to it, too, so I'm afraid that our kids are to blame—except perhaps the parents. They can demand anything they really want for their children.

Sometimes the kids themselves aren't as bowled over by the programs as you might think. My wife once told Margo that if she didn't do something she was supposed to she couldn't listen to a certain radio show. Margo, we thought she liked, "I don't care," was Margo's response. "I decided that was pretty corny a long time ago."

The next time someone complains to you about television ruining our children, remind them that kids have misused automobiles, got into accidents, stayed out too late—but we didn't sell the car. We controlled the kids use of it. We didn't throw out the radio, with all its rich entertainment and education, because the kids kept it going too loud or too late, or told them to shut up when we didn't throw out all the books in the house because the kids read in poor light or sat up when they should have been asleep. We turned up the sound, and the program, turned it off in the other, and kept the books.

Why can't we do the same with television? It's up to the parents—but it wouldn't be mighty thing, kids, if you gave them a little help out of it.
I Love Ladies
(Continued from page 31)

Woods there was a parcel post package.
She found out what I meant when I kissed
her. Mine was no kid smack.
It was the real thing, and when I caught
my own breath, I blurted, "Just as
soon as I get old enough, I'm going to
marry you."
Coolly, Bo replied, "That seems like
a good idea."
Next day, I went out and traded my
bearskin coat for a Model T. Transpor-
tation, I decided, was absolutely essen-
tial if I were to pursue my courtship.
The car's first trip was to take Bo to a
movie at nearby Sullivan. When a long
freight train blocked our road, I kissed
her again and gulped, "Let's go steady."
Going steady lasted two weeks. Then
I concluded that Bo (aged twelve) was
getting serious, so I bolted. I saw to it,
however, that my sister Betty became
her best friend. I didn't intend to lose
sight of that girl.

My next years were tumultuous ones.
I finished high school at fifteen, was
sent to Marion Military Institute, got
an appointment to Annapolis Naval
Academy and remained two years.
Transferring to DePauw University at
Greencastle, Indiana, I worked one
night a week in a campus band.
Then, when I was nineteen, my father
died. As soon as I came home, my
uncle, who was a judge, sat me down
to talk over my new responsibilities.
"Tom," he advised, "give up these crazy
ideas about bands and show business.
You're now head of the family. You
must buckle down and take over your
father's affairs."
I thought of my mother and my sister.
I thought, too, about my hopes of Bo,
and I agreed. That was 1932, and it
didn't take me long to discover that
what until recently had been a flourishing
real estate and insurance agency
had been hard hit by the depression.
But I pitched in. I worked like a slave,
and for me it was slavery. I stood it
until August 13, 1933. That day I
phoned the drug store where Bo was
working and said, "This is my twenty-
first birthday. Today I'm old enough.
When do we get married?"
Bo set the date for August thirtieth.
As our honeymoon, we went to the
Century of Progress in Chicago, then
returned to Mattoon to settle down in
a four-room apartment.
I can still enumerate the furnishings.
There was my set of drums, my
mother's sofa and piano, Grandmother
Moore's old dresser, a bed we bought
ourselves, Mother Woods' discarded
dinette set, one skillet, one kettle,
and enough china and crystal to serve a
formal dinner for fifty. Ironically, in
that depression year, when we needed
evitably every household item we
might name, our friends gave us dishes
and glassware. It was beautiful stuff
and we still have it—but right then, Bo
and I admit, we wished we could swap
it for maybe a dishpan.

Skimpy as our kitchen equipment
was, Bo made the best possible use of
it. She already knew more about
cooking and she learned more. At the
same time Bo was learning to keep
house, I started serious study of the
insurance business. In order to come
home and boast to Bo, I entered every
national contest my companies
sponsored and I won a respectable number of
them.

We had just one really deep disap-
pointment. We wanted a child. Because we had been the first in our crowd to marry, we had godchildren galore, but at the end of five years we still had none of our own. We were thinking of adopting a baby when, one day, Bo walked into my office with an absolutely ecstatic expression on her face.

"I've just come from the doctor," she announced, "and guess what!"

I suppose my eyes blazed with the same hope hers held, but all I could say was, "You don't mean it."

Solemnly Bo nodded. "It's true, and I've got it all decided. He's going to have red hair. I've always wanted a red-headed boy.

I knew the source of that desire. Bo's father had wanted a boy when she was born. He had wanted one so badly that when a little girl arrived he had taught her to ride a bike, play ball, whistle and whistle. Her nickname had its source in his greeting, "Hi, Bo." I hadn't even known her real name was Bernice until she signed the marriage license application.

I felt like running out to the street and shouting, "Hey, folks, I'm going to be a father." Thank heaven, Bo's insistence on a son kept me out of such fine, fancy foolishness. I didn't want her to be disappointed, so I argued, "What's going to happen if it's a girl?"

"It will be a boy, a red-headed boy," said Bo with that same rapt expression.

And she was right, although I swear no baby on earth ever took longer to arrive. Maybe that's just the way it seemed to us and our friends, for we told everyone, right away, and our whole gang practically counted minutes, from then on. Tom Jr., when he made his debut December 21, 1938, had a build-up like a world championship fight.

I suppose it was my desire to give Bo and the baby everything in creation which made me take an extremely critical view of my insurance agency. I had brooded over the prospects for a long while, and although I had increased its volume, I had to recognize the fact that it was hard to talk investments with people who know you've been in show business and who also have seen your own diapers flapping on the line. I suppose it was my desire to give Bo and the baby everything in creation which made me take an extremely critical view of my insurance agency. I had brooded over the prospects for a long while, and although I had increased its volume, I had to recognize the fact that it was hard to talk investments with people who know you've been in show business and who also have seen your own diapers flapping on the line.

Finally in July, when young Tom was going on seven months old, I walked in one night and said, "Mama, I think I'm going to make a change."

Tom was having college and yelling his head off. Bo picked him up so he wouldn't cry quite so loud, then turned to me and said, "What are you considering?"

I said, "I want to go back into show business."

It was then that I really found out this girl Bo has the stuff in her that my mother had. There she was, secure in a house we had both worked to make comfortable. She had a sick baby on her hands. Yet all she answered was, "Well, why don't you? It's what you've always wanted. We'll manage. We'll be broke for a while, but eventually, you'll do well at it."

She's kept that attitude, too, through all the rough going which lay between my first little announcing job at WDZ, Tuscola, Illinois, and my present programs. She knew it was a gamble, and she's gambled right along with me, backing me up a number of times when I was scared to take a chance. There was, for instance, the time when I was first offered a featured network program of my own.

I had been around Chicago radio quite a while, sometimes up and sometimes down. I had quit a network outlet seventeen times and been fired eighteen. On a local station I had built up a profitable mail order program and stuck with it three years. When Bo said, "That's enough," I returned to the nets, working in such programs as Captain Midnight, Woman in White, Hymns of All Churches and News of the World. I also had a record show on WMIAQ and another daytime spot on WGN. Talked to mother, I was doing nicely, and this was one time when I was in no mood to drop everything and gamble.

My fear of risks was largely due to the state of Bo's health. An automobile accident had aggravated a back injury and although no one, from that day to this, has ever dared call Bo an invalid, the actual fact was that right then she could not walk. There had been brutal, painful years of operations, hospitals and private nurses. She hated being sick and she still won't talk about that period.

She was flat in bed the day I came home and said, "Johnny Olsen's going back to New York. They've offered me Ladies Be Seated."

I said, "What are you fussing about? Take it."

I shook my head. "I'm scared. Johnny has built that show up, and anyone who comes in with a sevennumber has to fall flat on his face. I don't want it now. I want it after the next guy has busted."

Bo knew radio as well as I did, yet she said, "Stop being silly. Take it. I want to ape Johnny. Just be yourself."

I looked hard at her then. Looked hard at the thin white face against the equally white pillow and I gave

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YOU CAN'T CUT PAPER DOLLS WITHOUT MAKING SNIPS ON THE RUG. BUT IF MOTHER HAS TO GET OUT THE VACUUM AGAIN, SHE'S NOT GETTING PRETTY SNIPPY. AND INNOCENT JEAN HAS HER FUN SPOILED.

JANIE DOESN'T...

Her mother adores the dolls, and then whisks out her handy Bissell Sweeper for a quick clean-up. No need to plug in the vacuum except for heavy over-all cleaning. "Saves a lot of time to have both!" this smiling mother says.

ONLY BISSELL HAS "BISCO-MATIC" BRUSH ACTION

You don't bear down at all! This miracle-action brush adjusts itself to any rug, thick or thin, with no handle pressure. Sweeps clean even under low furniture and hard-to-get places!

New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as $6.95. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at $8.95. Prices a little more in the West.

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WATCh FOR THE

vicious criminal described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program Sunday afternoon.

$1000 REWARD

is offered for information leading to his arrest. For complete details, and for an exciting half-hour of action and suspense, tune in

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday afternoon on 502 Mutual radio stations.
myself a good swift kick. If Bo had the nerve to gamble, I'd better have nerve enough to take the show and do a good job. It was up to me to justify her faith.

On September 15, 1947, I took over Ladies Be Seated and during the two years I emceed it, I had a magnificent time. I decided this was my chance to use the colorful minstrel costumes I'd seen my father wear when I was a kid. I still wear them now that the original show has gone back to Johnny in New York and I've sworn to Bo that I will develop with my own little opus titled Ladies Fair.

It's the high point of my day when I prance into the big WGN studio and hear the ladies gasp at my swallow-tailed coat of cerise broadcloth, my Kelly green waistcoat, and my big bow tie of golf satin. I'm a sight, I tell you, but it's a sight the ladies seem to enjoy, and to tell the truth, I do too. Their reception is a good start toward a half hour of fun, foolishness and prizes.

Bo maintains that my love of colorful attire carries over into my personal life, and that my sports clothes are not much more quiet than my stage costumes. I'll admit she's right. I like sports shirts and jackets to be wild, the wilder the better now that we're celebrating because Bo is well and able to join young Tom and me in some of our expeditions. Having that boy of ours growing up has been an incentive to maintaining such athletic skills as I had and developing new ones. I'll be darned if I'll let young Tom beat me before he tops me in height. He's turning into quite an opponent, for although he is only eleven, he's now five feet, nine inches tall and weighs one hundred forty pounds.

In the basement of our Evanston apartment house, we've set up a sort of gym where we have a wrestling mat and bar bells. For outdoor sports, we play golf, hike and hunt. Between seasons, we get our target practice on the shore of Lake Michigan, which is right at our front door. In all these activities, Bo is our interested spectator, and I'll admit that Tom and I just plain show off for her.

When our boy grows too obstreperous, she's quite capable of saying to me, "Just look at that brat which we begat." On the other hand, when he suffers one of those little mishaps which an Adolescent becomes a major tragedy, she understands and sits down with him to analyze the problem sympathetically and helps him work out a solution.

She treats me the same way. Just let me show any signs of taking myself seriously and turning into a stuffed shirt and she'll deflate me fast. Yet when there's a serious difficulty, she's right there to bolster my failing nerve.

Quite a girl, this Bo. Small enough for either Tom or me to pick her up with one hand, she has a twenty-one inch waistline and weighs about a hundred pounds soaking wet. She's the most fascinatingly feminine bundle of practicality and frivolity I've ever seen.

She's very practical in the way she runs our five-room apartment. She gets the maximum of comfort out of every dollar of cost and she wastes nothing. Yet she has her pet extravagancies, too. She's mad about hats. She'll buy some of the craziest ones you've ever glimpsed, then not dare to wear them. She turns up hatless most of the time. And then there are shoes. She's got some sports boots which carried a price tag that would knock your eye out, but she explained they were extremely practical because they enabled her to follow Tom and me out on the beach. Her house shoes and dress shoes, on the other hand, are very moderately priced.

Suits and dresses are governed by the same rule. Bo just doesn't go overboard on the fashion scale. The most expensive thing she has is a suede suit with matching tocapoot, and these, again, are practical because they keep her comfortable while she watches us at our sports. As dress clothes, she'll buy a few good suits and a couple of basic dresses, vary them with different costume jewelry, and wear them just about forever.

I must tell you, too, what has happened to that other wonderful woman, my mother Fay. She's done the very difficult thing of making a good adjustment to being a widow. She moved to Chicago about a year before I came here. Living in her own little apartment, she has developed enough interests to keep her busy and independent. There's no sense of obligation when I ask her for a date and we go to dinner and a show. I'm not inviting her because of duty. I'm looking forward to an interesting evening with a very charming woman.

I'm a lucky guy to have two such challenging women in my life. With their sweet gentleness, calm assurance, and stimulating companionship and help, they've given me constant inspiration. And too, they've aided me in my work by giving me the insight to find some of their own best characteristics in all women. Do you see now why I really enjoy my programs and why I love ladies?

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YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NOT JUST A PROMISE... but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:
1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion! Start your Palmolive facials tonight.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Every Woman has Hidden Beauty

Unlock the doorway to your own special beauty with True Story’s "Seven Keys To Loveliness" coming your way in the October issue (on newsstands Friday, September 8).

You’ll find the key to a glowing, glamorous YOU in this 17-page complete home beauty plan. Here are your "Seven Keys To Loveliness":

face —How to highlight your good features and minimize your faults—the basic essentials of skin care, correction and make-up with careful consideration for your individual problems.

hands —Practical advice on proper care of rough, red hands; pointers on professional-looking home manicures; tips on nail growth and strength, Helpful hints for smooth lovely hands.

figure —Body beautiful is yours through posture control and corrective exercise for figure faults; mental attitude toward dieting plus all you need to know about calories and vitamins.

clothes —Correct colors and lines for your particular figure problems: how to evaluate your own type and choose the right clothes for an individual look.

hair —Four C’s to hair care—cleaning, conditioning, color and coiffure, with particular attention to doing it yourself; specific facial problems overcome by clever hair arrangement.

grooming —Invisible beauty which starts with body cleanliness and basic good health—and results in the fragrant, wholesome glow that spells real loveliness.

personality—Charm in a nutshell; improving your voice, gestures, manners, poise; how to keep on the sunny side of life.

Somewhere in the "Seven Keys To Loveliness" lies the key to your personal happiness. Find it! Use it well! For, if you look your best and feel your best—you’re capable of anything!

Speaking of Shopping
(Continued from page 37)

to save steps. The clever shopper tries to save time, energy and money. If you feel you can safely use the telephone for some items, start dialing.

Assuming you now know what you want and where you're going to look for it, go straight ahead. Don’t let those attractive displays and bargain aisle tables distract you too much. Leave those for more leisurely days. Usually a quick glance will tell you if the sale item is something you really need.

On the other hand, plan to take advantage of specially advertised sales on certain types of merchandise. For instance, it would seem foolish to stock up on linen, except in an emergency, at any time other than during the January white sales.

But this isn’t January and today you’re shopping for specific needs. You’re in the right department for that first item on your list, and you’re waiting to be noticed by the salesperson. The thing to remember here is the "person" in salesperson. There are many types, naturally, but they’re all human and respond to a pleasant personality.

A good salesperson, because of her familiarity with the stock, will help you to make a wise selection. Encourage assistance, and reward her with a sincere “thank you for being so helpful.”

Expect, too, to encounter the completely uninterested type now and then. You might try a little flattery on her. The really antagonistic clerk is rare, but when it’s your misfortune to find her, it’s better to walk away and return later when someone with your own peace of mind and pleasure.

When a high pressure salesman pulls out the most expensive item and asks, "How many, Madame?" assert your right to see the less expensive item, and compare them for quality and looks.

Store managers are always trying to make shopping easier for their customers. Charge accounts can be a wonderful convenience. By charging you save time while shopping, you have an accurate account of your purchases at the end of the month, you have less need for making returns, and you’re often notified of special sales in advance of newspaper ads. But a charge account should be used for expedient, not extravagant, shopping.

Speaking of ads, it’s a fine idea to follow them. During my advertising agency days I wrote copy. Now, on television, I “talk” to the viewers and try to learn how much time and money a well-informed shopper can save. And how much she can learn from the tags and labels on apparel and household goods that state fabric content, resistance to creasing, moisture or sun. Advertising keeps her informed of new labor-saving devices and time-saving methods.

Naturally, I now believe that the ideal way to shop is by television, and I think it will be a wonderful era when you can sit in your own living room, and invite me in with my "good buys" that I love to talk about.

Until then, whether you go shopping every third or fourth Saturday night, like I did as a child, or every day as I do now—remember to take those little lists with you. Read your tags and labels, before you buy, check colors and sizes, study price and quality—and enjoy your job as Chief Purchasing Agent for that wonderful family of yours.
I've Nothing Against Men But—

(Continued from page 45)

who's disguised like the wholesomest guy in town. He's your pal all evening —until the taxi ride on the way home. Then comes the mad tackle.

However, I'll admit that there's one type of Surprise Package I can't help liking, even though he, too, gets you out under false pretenses. I'll give you an example of what I mean—two or three months back I met a guy at a party, and we got to talking. In the course of the conversation I told him how I madly loved dancing. "Dancing!" he screamed. "Why, so do I!" Well, came the dancing date he asked me on. We got to this place; the music was divine. But we sat and sat and sat. Finally he sheepishly admitted he couldn't dance, and what's more he hates dancing. But he'd put up the false pretense just to see me again. . . . As I say, this type of Surprise Package is kind of lovable. But the fact remains that he's wearing false colors.

If you are under the impression that I'm running out of types I hate, you're dead wrong—I'm just getting up steam!

I further hate the Human Clam. There are two varieties of this species. The first one is in camouflage; when you're out with him alone, nobody could be more charming and entertaining. You rave about him to your friends, and they carol happily, "Bring him around to a party!" This you do, preening with pride—and then, boom! He becomes the Clam. Your friends get you in the pantry and you stagger that something has changed him for the worse, get him by the arm, and yank him out . . . and then you can guess what happens on the way home! Yes, sir; alone with you once more, he's a riot of fun and color!

The other type of Human Clam does not go under protective coloring, and if you get caught out with him it's your own fault. He barely got his lips open to rap out the word, "Date?" and once you've rapped back "yes" you're in for an evening of stony silence.

This type always reminds me of that story about our silent President, Calvin Coolidge. A woman sitting next to him at a dinner party said coyly, "Mr. President, I made a bet that I can make you say more than three words." Coolidge replied, "You lose."

I further despise the kind of man who calls for you, stares at you coquettishly, and then comes out with a series of needling remarks about your appearance. Yet have you ever taken a cool gander at this—Above—All type? If you have, you'll observe that he usually could use a haircut, that he has smudged shoes, dragging socks, and last week's dinner on his tie. Yet he can tell you you're disorderly!

And of course I start going up in flames when I think about the I-Hate-Career-Women type. He never seems to realize that women have to eat, too. He starts out on a date with a chip on his shoulder, full of suspicion that if you say "It's a nice night," you're trying to prove you're smarter than he is. And what a to-do over the little things in life, like lighting your own cigarette or opening doors for yourself. "See?" he screams, "you're too independent—you never act womanly and let me do these things for you!" But I notice if I take the hint and wait for him to open the door,
Sylvia of Hollywood has no patience with those who say they can't reduce. She says, "A lot of women think the beauties of the screen and stage are the natural born favorites of the gods. Let me tell you they all have to be improved upon before they are presented to the public. Yes, I know, you are going to come back at me and say, 'But look at the money they have to spend on themselves. It's easy to do it with money.' "

"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneyped women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."

Here Sylvia explains what you can do for yourself to improve your figure. There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in this book you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

**Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names**

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

**NEW EDITION... NOW YOU GET BOTH FIGURE HELPS—PERSONALITY SECRETS**

Now we have just published a brand new edition of Sylvia's famous book, No More Alibis! This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greater part of her splendid book on personality development entitled Pull Yourself Together, Baby. Now get Sylvia's secrets of charm as well as beauty! The price of this new edition is only $1. Order today while supply is still available.

I could freeze to death in the street before I'd get any action.

Another blight on career women is the Axe Grinder type, who is apt to be at any party. Just as you're waving your eyelashes at something tall and terrific, up comes Mr. A. Grinder and elbows you potential romance aside. Why? So he can give you a big heart-palpitating rush? Not at all—so he can sell you his new diaper service, or get you to plug his hag food on the first free. You listen to his glassy-eyed to a twenty-minute speech on the virtues of the product he's selling; then when you escape from his monologue he snarls, "A-a-a-ah, another hard-boiled career dame!"

Then there's the Darling of the Telephone Company. This one telephones, at the very instant he's due at your door, to say: "I'm leaving the office right now and coming by fast pogo-stick. Sorry I'm late—but pin on your corsage and grab your gloves—I'm moving in your direction. So you wait... thirty minutes. Then there he is again—by telephone! "Sugar, I ran into the boys and stopped for a quick one. But I'm really on my way,..." And so on. You know the type. By the time he gets there your gardenias has turned a billous brown and dito your disposition.

And let us not forget—or forgive—the old, tired Egomaniac. This bird bends your way for the talking about himself. Then he looks brightly at your sagging face and chirps, "Now let's talk about you. Tell me, what do you think about him?"

However, in spite of this speech about the Sad Sacks extant, I'd like to say rapidly that some day I would like to be married—and I even believe that somewhere, somehow, my Mr. Right really exists. I have a few wild hopes about him, I'll admit.

I hope, for instance, that he wants to live in New York City; I was born here, want to stay here, and I really love the place. Somehow I can't see myself writing, "Dear Mother, here I am in East Overcoat, Nebraska, and having a wonderful time!"

I'd rather be in East Eighty-seventh Street. I also cherish a hope that he is employed; an unemployed man around the house would seem to go under the heading of baggage.

I'd kind of like it if he were in the entertainment business—but it really doesn't matter to me. After all, I myself have been in both the business and show world; I was supervising a rationing board (of all things) when I vaulted into radio in 1945. It was all because I knew Martha Rountree, who produces Leave It to the Girls. Martha suddenly needed someone to pinch-hits on a program and said, "Eloise talks a lot—I'll get her!" Presto, I was on radio, and I've been on radio or TV ever since.

My dream man doesn't have to be good-looking, and I don't care whether he's a blond or Brunet, just so there's a girl in each of his flings.

Also, I hope he has a sense of humor. And I hope he's sentimental enough to remember that my favorite color is blue—and to turn up on my birthday with something—or other in blue—over. Furthermore, while I'm wishing, I hope he's the kind who actually notices a new dress, or the times when my hair is done a new way.

Okay, I can hear your comment: "Poor Eloise is a bit touched—this man doesn't breathe!"

Maybe he doesn't—but a girl's got to have something to look forward to, doesn't she, even if it's only an illusion?
It Pays to Be Lazy
(Continued from page 38)

time every hour that I'm around. Laziness, you see, doesn't mean doing nothing. Not to me, anyway. It means doing things the way I do them—and this is terribly important—the things I like best to do, but doing them in my own way, and at my own tempo. It doesn't mean wasting time. On the contrary, it means producing a welless, unimportant, and unpleasant thing in order to save time to be lazy. For instance, I loathe shopping. Some girls love meandering around the stores "just looking," I know, but I hate it. Still, in my business, I can't go around in an old pair of blue jeans and a sweater. My wardrobe is important. But I don't have the development of a lazy good time to it. I shop four times a year, along with the change of seasons. This way: two or three days before I am going to depend on the department store, I telephone my favorite saleslady, tell her I'm coming in, what sorts of things I need. When I get there I quickly try on the dresses and suits she has assembled, select the ones that are right for me. A package of slips, bras, girdles, stockings is already wrapped and waiting—this saleslady knows all my sizes.

In a couple of hours I have done my shopping for a whole season.

You could call that laziness—or you could call it organizational. Either thing goes for the other bugaboo—the beauty business. I don't want to look like a frump, any more than any other girl—but I hate spending hours and hours being made up that too... I have a standing weekly appointment at my beauty shop where my hair is set, and cut if necessary, and my manicure is done while my hair is drying. Between times, I forget about the whole business. I roll up my hair at night, of course, and refreshen my nail polish if it chips—but I don't break into a perfectly good, free day by running back to the beauty operator for repairs.

There are other things I've had to learn to manage so they wouldn't manage me: interviews, and picture sittings and conferences, for instance, the sort of side activities which go along with your job when you happen to be in my kind of business. I know a lot of people operate on the "do it all at once and get it over with" theory, but it doesn't work for me. If I keep my day uncluttered, I can be cheerful and even helpful at my appointments—and punctual, too, for that matter. And still have time to be lazy.

I'm so lazy that when I should be writing letters, or shopping, or having my hair done, I go to a tennis or a badminton court playing nineteen or twenty strenuous games of badminton. I hate most exercise. Ten minutes of calisthenics a day would kill me. I play badminton for hours without feeling a bit tired. If you're doing something you like doing, I've found out, it isn't tiring at all, or work at all. Not even in my case, if it is worth doing.

Every day of my life, I make a point of finding time to do something I really want to do, if it's just a game of bridge, or an evening at the movies, or a show day—and there are four of them a week, remember—the show is that thing I really want to do. I love singing. I always have. It's the loveliest "extra" that people are willing to pay for me!

As a singer, my life has to be some-
what different from most girls, I guess. A great deal of my work has to be done at night—the memorizing, studying, the research I'm doing for my book and such, I like to do after the house is quiet and I can go off to my room with my poodle pal, Bobo, close the door, shut off the phone, be alone and think. I almost never get to bed before two, and I am a girl who needs eight hours' sleep, and likes ten. So I get up around noon, I suppose some people would call that lazy, but for me it is efficient. Because it works.

So does the long stretch I allow myself for a bath before bedtime. I do up my hair, cream my face, climb into a tub full of hot, foamy water. I have all my toilet accessories right over the tub on a little glass shelf—the manicure equipment, the hand cream, the sweet-smelling soap, even, if I feel like it, a good book. I can lie in a hot tub for an hour, just revelling in relaxation. It's a long time, maybe, but I don't remember ever spending a sleepless night in my life.

On the week-ends, the routine is a little different. The pace doesn't change, particularly, but the background does. My sister, Chris, and I usually drive to Long Beach to stay until Sunday night with our parents and our sisters and their families. It's a pleasant, busy time—but for the life of me I couldn't do that even if I were busy. We sit around the house, and talk, and drink endless cups of coffee, cook the meat and do the dishes, and in the evenings—sometimes—we sing. Mother gets out an old fiddle and banjo and pretty soon all of the Staffords might as well be back in our native hills of Tennessee, for the air is filled with certain music. On sunny Sunday afternoons, we sometimes walk around the golf course with my father or go to the beach with my little nieces and nephews.

It's a far cry, I suppose, from Hollywood, and yet I think my coming from a big, happy family accounts for whatever success I have had professionally. In a house full of people you find out early that you can't have all the attention. That other people have problems, and, more important, that other people have talents.

I'm sure I was not five years old before I knew, deep in my bone, and in sharply personal terms that people in this world are dependent on one another, that we have to help one another if we are to survive ourselves.

It would never occur to me, for instance, that I had to know everything about anything. Even when I had almost full responsibility for the Chesterfield show, I managed to delegate work to people I knew were good, and then trusted them to do it. I needed help, I asked for it, and I got it. The writers did the writing, the conductor did the conducting. I sang.

It never occurs to me to tell anybody else how to do his job. I know a lot of people in my business who feel they are not fulfilling their roles as stars unless they have the final word on every phase of their programs or pictures. But to me that doesn't make sense. It's healthier, and happier, to be lazy.

Oh, I had a few frantic days when I first started out as a "star" singer. I worried and fretted and stewed, and then at one point I just sat down and cooled off. "What can happen if something goes wrong?" I asked myself. The worst thing, the very worst thing that could happen, I had to answer, was that I would be fired. That was mighty unlikely. And even if I did get fired? Would that be too catastrophic? I relaxed, and the singing. Nothing terrible happened. This is an important thing. Most of the terrible things we worry about happening never happen.

I know women who can work themselves into a frenzy over a small dinner party. (When they aren't even responsible for the cooking.) I took a tip on this from a long time ago from my good friend, Margaret Ettinger. Maggie can have as many as thirty people at a party, and yet somehow you still feel at the end of the evening that she has spent the whole evening at your side—making sure you had a good time. It's nice if the food is good at a party, I admit that. But it's not the essential thing. It's being relaxed enough, as a hostess, to make a party a party.

It's better not to give a party if you're too tense to enjoy it, and, equally, it's better not to go to one if you're too tired to be a good guest. I used to find it very hard to say "no" to anything—whether a social invitation, or a request to do a benefit. But I had to learn how to do it—and not just because I'm so "lazy." It's always a mistake, I've found, to do any more in a day than you can take on happily.

If it all adds up, this laziness business, it seems to me now, to a state of mind, a point of view.

All of us are equipped for this life with a certain amount of inner drive, or life force or energy. Whatever you want to call it, it's limited, and it's precious. The way we spend our preciousness determines, in the long run, whether we'll be successful or unsuccessful, happy or unhappy. Spending mine the "lazy" way has proved, for me, at least, the most profitable.

I have watched and as I paid of mine, an intense, terrifically talented young man, explode away enough energy in five minutes when he found himself tied up in traffic at my stoplight to see him calmly—lazily, if you like—through a whole day. The perfectionists squander theirs, too, and the people who have to do everything because nobody else does it quite right. They may enjoy a brief hour of triumph—you've seen them come and go, but naming names would be unkind. But they wind up burned out, sick, and alone. They wouldn't go into the streets and madly throw their money away. Why are they willing to do it with their even more valuable energy?

I'm not making a plea here for the lackadasics, too-carefree, too-dependent attitude of too many people. Everybody has to move forcefully once in awhile. Everybody has to, get mad now and then. What I am aiming for, and urging upon all the unlucky people who haven't found out what fun it is to be lazy, is a relaxed and happy medium.

Face up to the pressure—when it's necessary. Blow up if it's important to blow up, but only when it's important. You'll be amazed how many golden, unburdened hours you save to just lie back and be lazy!
Cheese!

(Continued from page 50)

NANCY CRAIG WELSH RAREBIT
Makes 4 servings
Melt in a heavy skillet over low heat:
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Add: 1 lb. American cheese, diced
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon mustard
Dash of cayenne
Continue cooking over low heat, stirring constantly until cheese melts.
Stir in: 1/2 cup ale or beer
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
Cook 1 minute longer, stirring constantly.
Beat until stiff but not dry:
3 egg whites
Fold cheese mixture gently into beaten egg whites.
Serve immediately over toast or crackers.

PINEAPPLE CHEESE PIE
Makes 1-9" pie
Line a 9" pie plate with pastry. Bake
in a hot oven (450°F.) until lightly browned. Cool slightly.
Drain thoroughly:
1/2 cup crushed pineapple
Spread over bottom of pastry shell.
Add: 1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
Add: 4 (8 oz.) pkgs. cream cheese
Blend thoroughly.
Add: 4 eggs, slightly beaten
1/2 cup cream
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
Add to cheese mixture. Blend well.
Pour into pastry shell. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes to 1 hour or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean.

CHEESE SOUFFLE
Makes 6 servings
Melt over boiling water:
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
Add: 4 (1 oz.) pkgs. cream cheese
1 cup flour
Stir until smooth and well blended.
Stir in: 11/4 cups milk
Continue cooking, stirring constantly until thick.
Add: 1/4 lb. American cheddar cheese, diced
Stir until melted. Remove from heat.
Add: 6 egg yolks, beaten
Blend well.
Beat until stiff but not dry:
6 egg whites
Pour cheese mixture slowly into beaten egg whites, cutting and folding while pouring. Pour into a 2 quart casserole. Bake in a slow oven (300°F.) 1 1/4 hours.
Serve at once.

TOASTED PARMESAN STRIPS
Cut into 1" slices:
1 loaf unsliced bread
Trim the crusts and cut each slice into 3 strips.
Brush each strip on all sides with:
1 cup melted butter or margarine
Roll in: 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
Place on a baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) 15 minutes. Place under broiler until lightly browned. Serve with soup or salad.

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Fence Around the Stars
(Continued from page 63)

But it was a low period. I can trace it back now and I see pretty clearly that the upward climb began when I grew friendlier with MY girl. Francie Brent, Jim's—well, foster-daughter-in-law is the way you have to describe her, for she's the wife of young Dr. John Brent, nicknamed Butch, who was adopted by Jim when he was about twelve and Jim was in his early twenties. They've always been like two brothers rather than like father and son. When Francie and I became good friends she told me about Jim, and after that I couldn't feel quite so rabbity toward him. I knew then that the frown wasn't sternness, but the grim effort of an unhappy man to dedicate himself to his work. You can't be frightened of a person when you discover that his unbounding air shields experiences that parallel your own.

At first I knew only that Jim had a six-year-old daughter named Jane—she was one of Tommy's friends; and a glamorous wife, Carol. Carol's glamour was authentic; not only was she a strikingly attractive woman but an unusually ambitious and capable one. So it appeared, at least, because she had an important job with a big New York cosmetics firm. I think part of her glamour arose from the fact that she was almost never in Merrimac; she'd fly high again for a brief visit, trailing after her the exciting aura of New York, Miami, San Francisco, Hollywood... stardustic names to which her beauty gave her entrance. It was Francie who kept Jim's home for him, who took care of his daughter. "With Butch away so much what else would I do with myself?" Francie said with Butch's accent like Jim's. (On tropical diseases, was there a research outfit in the South Pacific at the time. "And I love Jim and Janie so that my heart almost breaks for them. Maggie, he's so lonely ..."

Lonely. I knew about that. After that I was never quite the same with Jim. I saw beyond the mask he wore to the emptiness of a life that consisted of sleeping and eating only to build up strength enough to go on working. I had done that myself.

I suppose another change in my own manner that brought on the change in his; I only know for certain that the whole tempo of life began to quicken. The mood line was going upward as though on a graph. When I brushed my hair in the morning and tucked my blouse neatly into my skirt, and took pains with my lipstick, it wasn't because I was paige in looking neat and workmanlike. Not any more. It was because once or twice I had surprised a real consciousness of me in Jim Brent's green eyes—when, as though against his will, they had really looked into mine and seen me, Maggie Lowell, instead of just a face above a white coat like his own. Jim's eyes would light up over at those times; troubled, disturbed, they would leave mine and drop to the chart which was almost always in his hand, and he would busily write a figure or two. How else could it be? He was still a married man. But even as my face grew warm and a sense of cheapness, of shame, stole over me, I remained conscious of the pounding claim that carried me upward. Just his look would do it, and being with him all day in the lab. After

Have You Heard?

Sip that soda, sis, and keep cool! And for added summer enjoyment try this special refresher-recipe: take a quick dash of "FLASH"... add a cooling "CAROL"... and garnish with a cheery "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!"

You'll find this three-star concoction a ready-made treat for your leisure-pleasure listening right at your fingertips via your local ABC station. It's a mighty terrific trio, too. Starting at 11:30 AM (EDT) every Monday through Friday BILL CULLEN emcees "QUICK AS A FLASH," an audience participation show that sets ladies throughout the nation comfortably aglow. BILL comes calling with questions and prizes and cash... all of which make "QUICK AS A FLASH!" a smash radio program.

At 12:25 PM (EDT) famous commentator CAROL DOUGLAS makes "BEAUTY AND FASHIONS" a daily delight on your local ABC station. CAROL is a bright, "fresh up" tonic... and her ideas and suggestions on beating the heat are useful to every gal from eight to eighty. Incidentally, BILL CULLEN is featured with CAROL, too, which makes "BEAUTY AND FASHIONS" quite a twin-treat for everyone.

Later in the day, at 2:30 PM (EDT) to be exact, another breezy audience participation show is heard on your local ABC station—"CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!" a program full of amazing give-aways, zip and zing! JOHN REED KING hands out the fabulous prizes and keeps matters humming in honey-smooth fashion every Monday through Friday.

The Toni Company rules the ABC airwaves with these three great shows... all designed for YOUR permanent at-home pleasure. Which station has the Toni trio of outstanding programs? YOUR LOCAL ABC STATION... a sparkling summer guide to "keep cool" listening throughout the nation.

For-better-or-verse:

"Which twin has the Toni?"
No one ever knows—
But this I can tell you... ABC has the Toni shows!
a while I forgot to be ashamed. Not a
term had been said, but I knew and I
thought he did. When I rushed through
breakfast each morning, kissed Tommy
goodbye, traveled unseemingly through
the leaf-patterned streets of the town
and turned through the great iron
gates into the hospital grounds, my
whole being was set for that moment
when I would close the laboratory door
behind me and Jim and I would be
alone. Oh, there were others there—
Dr. Clark, other helpers; to anyone
else's eyes the arrangement was most
businesslike. And outwardly, so were
we; but inwardly, for me, the whole
room was filled with Jim. I didn't dare
to hope that he felt the same; and yet,
without hoping, without letting myself
dream of it, I think I knew.
Carol was never in town. I learned
from Francie that for all practical pur-
poses she had left Jim, deserted him;
but the only talk of divorce came from
Francie herself.
"Jim loves you," she burst out at me
one night, as we sat on my front porch
and discussed rockie like two elderly ladies.
We had both felt so lonely that I'd
asked her to come over after dinner;
but I regretted it when she turned the
conversation ruthlessly to Jim. She in-
sisted, "You know he loves you, Maggie.
Everyone knows it. If only that wife of
his—the amount of wife he's been to
him you could put into this thimble!"
Wildly, Francie waved the sewing she
had brought over her vivid red hair.
"Why don't the two of you do some-
thing about it?"
I said stiffly, "What would you sug-
gest?"
"Oh—" She gritted her teeth and
pulled hard at a thread, "You're right,
of course. But it boils me up to see
Jim with this one skinny chance for
happiness getting skinner all the time
because Carol won't let him go. If you'd
lived with them, and heard the things
I've heard for the last year—there's
only one woman for men like Carol,
and the pity of it is that nice women
like me don't use it. She wants and
wants, all the time. She doesn't give a
pin for Janie—and you know, Maggie,
I think she really hates Jim—"

Francie, please I can't listen to this.
What's between Carol and Jim is be-
tween them—nobody has the right to
interfere."

"Now you mark my words. This trip
to Paris she's about to make—it's ten
to one she won't come back, Maggie.
You'll see. She'll find some fat oaf
who'll dress her in the size diamonds
she prefers, and Jim will get his dis-
missal, but fast."

"When's Butch coming back?" I asked
desperately. "What does he write?" My
heart was pounding; my cheeks were
hot. I kept telling myself it was because
I was ashamed, but it wasn't. It was
hope, I was suffering from, the leaping
hope that Francie might be right.

Francie was right. Carol Brent never
returned from that trip to Paris. In a
great flurry of taxis and smart luggage
and fur she went off one morning to
catch the New York express, and I
heard vaguely from Francie the next
day that she'd done it—had taken the
Paris plane in spite of Jim's ultimatum
that he regarded her going as an act of
desertion. But there was nothing vague
about what happened after that. The
headlines, the radio made it all too
specifically positive for there to be any
room for doubt. The plane Carol
never got to Paris. It went down in
the Atlantic somewhere off France, and
there were no survivors. There were no survivors...

It was strange, the way Jim and I sprang apart for a time after that. In our thoughts and attitudes, I mean, for as I have said there was not much that was real, as yet, between us. Shocked and unsettled, I needed time to myself to appease my conscience. There was no act of mine involved, I was guilty of nothing; my little hopes and miseries had had nothing to do with what had happened. I was answerable to nobody on earth for anything... except to myself. I needed time to settle with myself, however, for I wasn’t used to squeezing my own happiness out of other people’s tragedy.

For Jim the days that followed were filled with grim detail. In every way he could, he checked the news reports; I understood that Carol’s firm was investigating too, trying to find out beyond the shadow of a doubt that nobody on the plane had been rescued. The headlines faded to second, to fifth-page stories, and finally disappeared, but the investigations went on... and on...

They didn’t bring Carol Brent back.

They couldn’t. She was dead.

And Jim was free.

"It’s that it was a bitter-sweet moment, the first time we kissed. We didn’t need to do much talking; the mutualness of our feeling was almost a taken-for-granted thing by then. One night we were sitting and I... in a candle-lit place a few miles out of town along the South Fork River. There was music, and there were fireflies—and there were youngsters around us, starry-eyed, dancing cheek to cheek. I was faintly wistful as I watched them. For Jim and me it could never be quite like that; there was too much behind both of us for either to be rashly, thoughtlessly ecstatic again. We had grown too wary, and we each had good reason... That was part of what made it a little wry, a little bitter. The sweet
came later, when we drove away and Jim turned not toward town but toward the hills beyond the town.

‘I’ve never before come here, except alone,’ he told me. ‘It’s a special place. It’s been a—lonely one. Till now...’

I didn’t feel bold at all, reaching out to brush his hand with mine. I felt natural, right. ‘Till now,’ I echoed. In a way, it was all the things he needed.

After that night Jim’s “special place” became our outdoor living room. We went there to be alone, to quarrel, to make up... to talk and be still.

Yes... I wrote the word “quarrel.” Of course we quarreled. Who doesn’t? Little amiable quarrels, most of them. One was about the wedding date. I had begun boldly, and I had almost won it, but it was I who wanted to get married soon. Jim was perturbed, because the work had struck a snag.

“Let’s wait one more month,” he argued. “We’ll be on the right track then. I wouldn’t feel right, leaving things as they are now. I couldn’t take even two weeks off without worrying myself to death—’"

“Carson says it’s okay,” I reminded him. “She said to take three weeks.”

“Carson’s an administrator, not a researcher. She doesn’t know how it nags at you.”

We compromised, cutting the time in half. Six weeks to wait. Jimbegan teasing about my unmaidenly hurry left me quite unmoved. I couldn’t be hypercritical. I wanted my happiness, my home and husband, the ready-made family we had in Tommy and Janie, the family we would build... I wanted them all now.

Merrimac, which had been a quiet, pleasant little town, suddenly became a town in a fairy tale. The windows sparkled in sunlight, were jewel-span
gled when it rained; the grass was unbelievably green; the air was full of music... I could hear. Everybody beamed at me—there was something or the literal truth. So many people seemed to know my name now, greeting me when I walked swiftly to and from the laboratory. After all, as the wife of Dr. Brent I’d be one of the pillars of the town, practically an elder. I wondered once if I ought to begin to wear a hat more often; it was unbecoming perhaps for the wife of Wheeler’s Chief of Staff to stride about the streets in flat-heeled shoes, her hair flying backward in a breeze created by her own speed.

Away at the back of my mind was the problem of where we were going to live, but I didn’t know what to do about it. I left it there. Things were going so well, it was foolish to worry. Someone would come along with an answer; and even if nobody did we’d find one for ourselves.

It sounded as though Francie were the someone, when she called me at the lab the following afternoon. “Can you get off for a while? Something I want you to show you. I’m afraid if we wait it might get snapped up—”

“Plll! Not so loud. There’s always someone around who hasn’t got a place to live. Listen. Meet me on the corner of Spruce and Vermont in half an hour. I’ll show you.” She started to hang up, and added as an afterthought, “Don’t tell Jim what you’re coming out for.” Then she was gone before I could protest to her restriction. I don’t know what made me obey it. Maybe the fact that Jim and I had never talked about a house, and it seemed so abrupt to say I’m going out that way. Maybe it was doleful. But I don’t believe in them.

The house Francie had found belonged to a small, white-haired lady...
named Mrs. Lewis, who had been ordered South for her health. She was a perfect little miniature, with a beautiful profile and a delicate kind of old-world charm that captivated me completely. I knew when I saw her that I would love her and I found myself a little sorry she didn't go with it. She went so well with the French blue of her living room, looking so right against the pale brown tiles that faced the big square fireplace.

There wasn't a thing wrong with that house. It was ideal. My only regret was that I hadn't told Jim where I was going, and brought him with me. Then we could have settled with Mrs. Lewis on the spot. I could scarcely spare time for politeness when we had seen it all. I was so anxious to rush out and tell him about it. But as we stood in the doorway Mrs. Lewis held me back for an instant, one small hand resting lightly on my arm. She looked very serious.

"I like people, so I haven't minded showing them over my home," she said. "I've shown it to at least fifteen couples... But it is my home, and I love it dearly. I'd like you to have it, somehow. I'd like to think of you living in it, where my husband and I raised such a wonderful family."

I stood poised there, arrested by the sudden sharp conviction that she was trying to tell me something. I didn't know what it was; perhaps she didn't either... for a moment we stood frozen, staring into one another's eyes. I almost said it—"What are you trying to tell me? Oh, what is it?" But the moment slid past with Francie's impatient call from the gate, which she was already opening. I squeezed Mrs. Lewis's hand and went down the steps.

It was too late to go back to the lab. I phoned Jim from a drug store, making a great mystery out of where I'd been and how I was going to tell him about it at night. Then, since I had a luxurious half hour to spare, Francie and I went over to talk to Mrs. Collins about my wedding dress. Then Francie had the wonderful idea of picking up Tommy, and taking him home to eat at the Brent house with herself and Janie, so I phoned Jim again and asked him to meet me downtown for dinner. I was sorry to see that Jim was preoccupied, when he came—ten minutes late—to the lobby. I couldn't even smile when I waved to show where I was; he came toward me, looking grave. I decided to save my surprise, and serve it up with the dessert. Then if it wasn't too late we could phone Mrs. Lewis, and go right out there.

It wasn't difficult to keep from talking about it, because Jim was full of shop talk. "That Number Nine count—the one you were taking—simply isn't right," he grumbled as we ate.

"You're not supposed to talk about it here, are you?" I reminded him. His voice had been low, as always, but caution had become instinctive with all of us who were working on the project. Besides, I didn't want to talk about the work just now...

"You're right," Jim said. He reached across and took my hand, somewhat absent-mindedly. "Well, what's your big news that you can't mention on the phone—which was just as well because I was rushed to death."

"It's a house! A house for us, for Tommy, for Janie! A man at the next table looked over at us amazed, and I dropped my voice at once. What Francie had said was true—everybody was looking for a place to live. But nobody else could have this one at great length, with gestures and extravagant, elaborate details, I told Jim all about it. I talked so long and so fast that I didn't take time to look at Jim's expression until I had to stop for breath. Then the breath caught in my throat. He didn't look the way he was supposed to. He looked—he looked—"I don't get it," he said. "Why a house? What's wrong with mine?"

Well, that was quite a question. What was wrong with it? It wasn't too small; it wasn't old or ugly. It was simply as far from being our house as I was from flying to the moon. Jim had lived there, however briefly and unhappily, with Carol. I tried to phrase some objection that would hold water, and that could be spoken aloud. "It's right on the hospital grounds. It wouldn't be like—like going home at all, at night."

"I've got to be on the hospital grounds Maggie. I may be called any hour of the day or night. You know that?"

"That's partly it—you shouldn't be. Even an ordinary doctor has the right to some private life. And when one works as hard in the lab as you do—"

"That's nonsense," Jim said almost roughly. "It's my work. I don't look on it as drudgery. I can't afford to go off the grounds and neither can you. You've had that much further to travel twice a day."

I sat back then, and waited until I was certain of the meaning of what he had said. I couldn't take any chances on misreading. We'd already spoken more sharply to one another than ever before. But this—this was incredible. Jim hadn't planned on my staying home. He thought I would continue working with him at Wheelock, just as I'd been doing. Was that it? I put the question to him very carefully.

"But of course," he answered, with a bewildered look. "How else, Maggie? You know how vital it is that the work we've been doing gets pushed ahead—and that the number of those who know about it remains as small as humanly possible—"

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Suddenly I was angry, furiously angry. I said through clenched teeth, "I don't care about the work. Can't you forget it for a minute? I'm talking about you and my marriage. Did you ever think of how annoyed I was, or whether you wanted me in your life, or even that you would want a child, or that we could ever have a marriage?"

"Will we have all that. All that and more, Maggie. Later, when this thing is finished."

"Later?" I shivered a little. "Maybe you won't like my saying this, Jim, but it's what I've come to believe. I don't think any of this work is finished, and I don't want to wait until later for anything. You may have to wait through circumstances you can't control, or you may have to give up wanting whatever it is you want. But if there's something you can do, and you can have it—have it now—you dare not wait."

Jim looked at me gravely. "Have you been brooding about this, Maggie? Are you frightened, worried about something? Because if you have been, and you haven't said anything—"

"Of course I haven't been brooding! I didn't know there was anything to worry about. I took it for granted we hadn't talked about a house because well, we've both been so busy."

"I can bear anything, even quarrelling, but I cannot bear it if you keep things to yourself," Jim said doggedly. "Letting a trivial grievance fester in silence is next to putting it into the light and going at it until it's settled. Bringing it out years later to use as a weapon—I've had too much of that sort of thing. I can't face any more."

The remnants of remunation were swept away on a tide of compassion and love so fierce that I had to wait, before I spoke, to steady my voice. I couldn't think Jim even before making a covert reference to his life with Carol. I must be careful, be sure that what I said was what I really felt. I mustn't fight Jim just for the triumph of winning; that's all; so many wives, I knew, did that, and thought themselves successful wives because they found that after a few years of such contests their husbands gave up arguing. But not for Jim and me, not now or ever. For us I wanted a hand-in-hand approach to any problems that came up, and the understanding that we were strong enough to bring to these problems only if we learned the art of meeting them as one person.

This wasn't the time to put my thoughts into words, and yet I think something of what was going on in my mind got through to Jim even without words. All I said was, "I want your help, Jim. I wish I could have no grievances whatever we live in your way or in my way, so long as it's the right way for us. If we can have a real home right now, I don't know that I'll still want one—and if you think best that I don't stop working, I can't pretend I'll be perfectly content. But the one important thing will be that we're living in the way that's right for you. Trust you, and I love you."

Without warning, I felt the hot sting of tears behind my eyes. Quickly I put my hands between them. I couldn't break down till I finished what I had to say. "I'm not a managing woman, Jim. I don't want to be. I want you to make the decisions and sort of do the steering. I'll go along."

"Maggie," Jim said. He reached over and started to take the hand that was covering my eyes, but apparently he realized then that it was there for a..."
reason. Tactfully, he just patted it, and withdrew his own. "Oh, dearest," he said. "I don't know what to say. I'd rather cut my hand off than have you even a little dissatisfied, but I don't see how... I just didn't plan on moving, or doing without you in the lab."

It was almost as if he'd said I didn't plan on making so drastic a change in my life. I only planned to marry you, and go on as before. I fought down a sudden, unreasonable pang. Jim didn't mean that, I knew. He was only shaken by his first deep cleavage we had discovered—as I was. Upset by the revelation that in spite of our closeness we could be so far apart on so very important a question...

It was our first important difference; it could be settled, one way or another. But I felt as though a shadow had fallen on my heart. When I woke up next morning Merrimac wasn't singing anymore. It was a pleasant, quiet town, where I hoped to live happily for many years, but the fairy-tale glow had been turned off. My mood, skittish and unreliable, was turning downward after its weeks of playing around in the stratosphere.

"It's healthier this way," I kept telling myself as I checked off Saturday chores on a list I carried from room to room. "Feet on the ground. Quarreling—everybody does it. You're only human, better face it." After several cups of coffee I felt better, and when I had phoned Mrs. Collins and told her to go ahead on one of the dresses Francie and I had seen the day before. I felt almost normal again. At the back of my mind was a dim, sore feeling, but it was very dim indeed. It would go away if I ignored it. And if I never again reached the peak of elation on which I'd been living—well, it would be better for a doctor's wife to be a more sober—seeming individual anyway.

Nonetheless, when the phone rang that afternoon my heart zoomed wildly as I ran for it. It was Jim.

"Maggie? Listen—I've only got a minute. I wanted to tell you—wait a minute." "There was an indistinct murmur; then his voice returned. "Francie wants me to tell you it's a surprise. Would you rather have it that way?"

"Oh, bother, Francie," I muttered. "Tell me now!"

Jim laughed. "I'll give her your message. Oh, Maggie, I feel ten years younger than I did last night! By the way—how are you?"

I gritted my teeth in exasperation. "Jim—will you tell me?"

"Okay. All right. I've got it for you, Maggie. The key. The house. Your heart's desire."

"Jim...?"

"I mean it. I did my thinking, and the end result was that I got all the dope from Francie this morning and went over and settled with your little lady. She's a wonder, by the way. And so's the house, darling. Just right."

"Do you mean it? You really liked it as much as I did?"

"Loved it. Oh, and Maggie—something else." He was interrupted by a scuffling noise, and then Francie's voice came over the phone, breathless and laughing, saying, "No—this I will tell her myself. Maggie? What—what do you think—Butch is coming home!"

"Francie, that's wonderful. When dear?"

"In about four and a half minutes, judging from this cable. Well, actually what he says is he wants to get back for the baby—you know, when it comes—"
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but it was a pretty good way to feel considering that there were still plenty of things to take care of before the new year. I began to arrive for the ceremony at eleven. I rolled over and lay on my face, and said one of the shortest, most fervent prayers of my life. A one-sentence prayer... a plea that we might be helped to make ourselves and our children a happy, useful family. When I looked up again the sky had cleared. It was going to be a brilliant day, after all.

By the time Francie came, I was showered and dressed except for my gown. I had forced a bit of breakfast down Tony's reluctant throat, made a show of swallowing some myself, and had supervised the usual ritual of dressing which I had convinced him he simply had to put up with this one morning if he really wanted to act as door usher and show the guests into the living room. Then, at my wits end to keep him busy and out of my way, I had him into the living room to arrange the chairs the way he liked them best. I knew he would end up making a tunnel through their legs, and have a mornin' of the world crawling around until it was time to take up his post at the door.

Francie outshone me, with her red hair in its lovely coronet emphasizing the musing figure. Butch's homecoming had made her more vivid than ever; she fairly sparkled with happiness. Well, you're a calm one," she greeted me. "Might have you still got that check against mine. "It's only two days now, Maggie. Oh, Maggie, you'll be kind to Jim, won't you? If he's ever impatient or—stubborn you'll re- member that he's out of practice in the kind of giving and taking you have to do. He had to learn to be stiff and to fight all the time, for every inch of independence."

I nodded and pressed her hand. I had made that vow already, to myself.

Two days... one day... one night. It was like a special-delivery good wish when Butch got back, right on the edge of the time limit. Jim was jubilant; he'd had a strong, sentimental wish that went very deep to have Butch beside him, as Francie would be beside me. Now the picture would be perfect.

The sky was gray when I opened my eyes on my wedding morning. Ru- efully I realized that I had broken very thoroughly with tradition by having closed them the previous night. I should have been strained, unable to sleep, a-twitter with nerves. I moved over in my bed and tried to wake up, could stare up at the sky, grateful that for once in my life my unreliable nerves were under good control. I felt calm and oddly composed. It wasn't a bride-like sen- sation, but it was a pretty good way to feel considering that there were still plenty of things to take care of before the new year. I began to arrive for the ceremony at eleven. I rolled over and lay on my face, and said one of the shortest, most fervent prayers of my life. A one-sentence prayer... a plea that we might be helped to make ourselves and our children a happy, useful family. When I looked up again the sky had cleared. It was going to be a brilliant day, after all.

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I shook my head at Francie, and then added quickly—"Tell her to brush Tommy's knees off if they need it, will you?" My hands had suddenly begun to shake. Oh, Francie," I wailed softly, "I'm scared!"

"Francie threw me a satisfied look. "That's more like it," she said. "You were giving me the creeps before with all that level-headedness. Gosh, I hope Butch gets Jim's room on time."

The bell pealed again, and she listened at the bedroom door. "Carson," she said, "it's quarter of. Sit still—no, walk around if you want to, I guess that's more relaxing."

She went to the window and leaned out of it as far as she could. I knew what she was doing, because it was something I had been reasoning myself out of ever since I'd awakened. If you look out that window in just the right way, and hang out far enough, and know where to look, you can see across the row of houses that separates us from the Wheelock grounds, and off in one corner if your eyesight is very good you can see a corner of Jim's house. It was the corner from which Jim and Butch would have to come to get to my house.

Francie's voice came back to me, "Can't see a thing. Maybe better give them a call and see if Butch—" She paused. "Here they come! Both of them, thank goodness, and Jim's walking under his own steam. I guess he's really willing after all, Maggie, you can quit worrying. Gee, they both look so beautiful! Butch is so big and Jim is so distinguished!"

I swallowed over an annoying dryness in my throat. "You can't really see a thing at this distance."

Francie pulled her head in to grin at me. "No, but I know them both by heart anyway."

"Oh, oh. What's that?" she said, and looked at each other. Now Butch is going back. Jim's waiting—no, now he's turned around and going back inside.

"She came all the way to the room again and shut her back on the window. "I won't look again. It's bad luck or something. I guess they invented a tradition and forgot the ring."

I had listened with a sensation of unreality to her description of Butch and Jim stopping—going back. The sensation began to intensify now, until I was wrapped in a soundless, sightless

REVERENCE, she lifted the frothy blue stuff from the bed and slipped it over my head, andzi backed. The pale chiffon fell softly about me, clinging in pleats that would sway when I walked. Below it my feet looked slim and small in shell-like slippers of tinted satin. My back stood and rolled her eyes. "With that hat, Maggie, it's just—I have never seen anything like it. You see how right I was about that extra spray of flowers coming down over your ears—it makes you look like something out of the Middle Ages, I swear!"

A knight in full armor, perhaps? I murmured, but my flippancy was extinguished by the flattering clamer of the front door bell. I heard Jimmy treading heavily toward it, full of purpose. It was The Reverend De Witt, and his wife, who had promised to come early to give me a few moments of calming talk if I needed them. Amelia De Witt came to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Good wedding morn, Margaret. Frances. Can I do anything at all?"

For a quick cool-off, drink frosty, delicious Kool-Aid. Quickly make a handy glassful or pitcherful at a time. Millions of thirsty home-makers rely on Kool-Aid for easy-to-make, inexpensive refreshment. It's a favorite with children and the whole family. Six tasty flavors.
hush that fended off the physical world. How can I explain it? It wasn’t premonition. Everything she had said could have happened on anybody’s wedding day, and was in fact a part of the sentimentally comic side of getting married—the pretense that the groom was unwilling, the expectation that he would forget the ring and have to go back for it—everything fit the pattern. There was nothing to warn me that the pattern had been irrevocably destroyed. Nothing to warn me... and yet I was warned.

I sat there, waiting... it might have been an hour. I know now, of course, that it was a much shorter time than that. Then down below there was a rough knock, and the door was opened without Tommy’s offices. I heard Amelia DeWinter say, “Dr. Brent!—He mustn’t see the bride now, it’s...” Her voice was muffled by the closing of the living room door, and Jim’s step came on up the stairs.

Francie, tight-lipped, said, “I’ll go. Something’s wrong—” I wondered fleetingly if I were as white as she was; then Jim’s bulk filled the doorway. I heard him say, “I’ll just speak to Maggie, please, Francie.” He closed the door behind her and came toward me.

I knew, when Jim took me in his arms and kissed me, that it was for the last time. I had suspected, before, his arms like steel bands pressing me to him, his lips almost fierce against mine. When he let me go I saw that my shoulder had crushed the white flower in his buttonhole.

He said unloudly, “All the way over I’ve been hoping words would come to me from somewhere, but they haven’t. There’s nothing. I’ll just tell you what’s happened. I don’t ask you to believe it, I can’t myself. We’re in a nightmare. Just as we left the house the phone rang. Butch went back, called me. It was an overseas call. From Paris. When I put the receiver to my ear I heard... Carol’s voice.”

The room swayed gently around me. But Carol was dead...

“I told you it was a nightmare!” Jim cried. I must have spoken aloud. “She’s dead... but she spoke to me. She... was here. Here... she...” He stopped, he could not bear it. I saw that much, I was... She’s coming back to Merrimac.” His voice flattened out in the way it was when he was fighting for control. “I can’t think, Maggie, I don’t want to talk about it. I don’t know what to say or think till I know more. Then we’ll do something, something.”

He came close again, but not close enough to touch me. I was grateful for that. “One thing I do say. I’ll say it now, and for ever. I’ll never love any- one but you till the day I die. I won’t speak or think or dream of giving you up. This horror will pass. I swear it, Maggie. We’ll be together...”

We’ll be together—never, never, never, my heart echoed mockingly.

How or when Jim left me I didn’t know. I was vaguely aware of stirring down below—the door opening and closing, quiet movement. Once there was a tap on my door, a timid one, not repeated. “Francie,” I thought without emotion. “Butch. They’ll clean it all up. They’ll wrap up the wedding.” After a long time I went to the closet and took off my blue chiffon gown, covering it carefully as though it were the dead face of someone I loved.

Butch, nurse stars instead, the stars that had wheeled overhead that last time Jim and I had been together on our hilltop. Our voices came thinly back to me. “Don’t teach me astronomy,” I said. “We got our own version of what goes on up there.”

Jim’s laugh... “I could have guessed it. There’s a Maggie version of everything in the world, I’ve found. What’s your story?”

I had told him, gesturing airily, about the houses I saw. A castle, with spires and turrets... a cottage, off to the left. He had smiled upward, and shaken his head with a laugh.

“You have to be more than willing, I guess. I don’t see a thing except stars... but I’ll put a fence around your cottage, nearest.” His arm made an arc. “From there—to there.”

And both of us had laughed at the idea of putting a fence around the stars. I smiled bitterly at the echo of that happy laughter. For it was all we had now, Jim and I... the handful of stars around which he had traced a fence for his own night.

I couldn’t think yet about the future. Truth and unreality seemed to have traded places; there was no point in trying to discover which was which.

I was in no hurry, anyway. Jim’s words had carried such conviction... “We’ll be together,” he had said. But conviction, and love, and rightness for everything... Butch... had they ever been... when things like these could happen? When Carol Brent could come back from the grave to turn our lives head over heels...

No... I was in no hurry to stand up to what was coming. For if things like this could happen... then that fence around the stars was the only home Jim and I would ever have, together...
Look at Me Now!

(Continued from page 29)

I shared an apartment, and their dates, and George and I.

We had had a busy day, played tennis in the afternoon, gone out to dinner, and had a ball.

We were all feeling footsore and de
dulously weary, and we took off our shoes and wriggled our toes.

''Hey,'' George said suddenly, noticing the unusually high right foot, 'did you ever break that foot?''

''Yeah,'' I said after a moment. ''That was it. I broke my foot.''

I felt sick, and he. He had noticed. Noticed that I was 'different.' And I had told a lie—a white lie, I told myself, a necessary lie. George mustn't know that I was a cripple.

But I couldn't stick with it. I had to tell him. You don't hide the truth from the man you're going to marry. We had a few minutes alone, later, and I blurted out with it.

I had had polio, when I was a baby, I explained. That mismatched foot was the only remaining evidence of it.

Well, for her sake, why didn't you tell me?'' George asked, in that direct way of his.

And I told him that I was afraid to, I was afraid that he couldn't love ''a cripple.''

He looked at me for a minute, and a smile was lurking in the back of his eyes.

''Sure, I see,''' he drawled, ''you knew that back where I come from we shoot our cripples.''

And then he laughed. And, to my own amazement, I laughed too.

Nobody before had ever been able to kid me—about that.

And then he did something even better.

''Why,''' he said, ''I should think you'd sh*t it from the rooftops. A girl who can dance like you, play tennis the way you do—keep on the go all day and all night, and never a whimper—and who's had polio.''

''Why, honey, you're remarkable!''

It was a whole new point of view on my life long fight against the crippling effects of infantile paralysis, and in a way I had made a whole new woman.

I told him about it, after that, all about it, and bringing my grim secret out into the open was one of the most liberating experiences in my life.

There were five or six cases of polio in Winchester, Tennessee, the summer that I was stricken. It was a small town, and I suppose for us, it was an epidemic.

But in those days, except for a few specialists in big city clinics, the doctors knew so little about infantile that it was almost impossible to get an ac
curate diagnosis.

At eighteen months, I had just learned to walk. When I refused my supper one night, and mother discovered that I had ceased to eat, she took me to bed. Our family doctor pre
scribed the usual medicines for a fever, and after a few days my temperature was normal.

But I wasn't really better. I re
mained in bed without complaint—I don't remember any pain, but of course there must have been some. When I did get up finally, I refused—or so my mother must have thought—to walk. She carried me around in her arms, and she was worried. I was so white and drawn. She told a neighbor I was

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MAKE QUICK MONEY with 21 Card Feature Box! Also, 50 Name-
Imprinted Cards with Envelopes—$1.00—larger size ever offered! Gift Wraps from Original Creators. Make up to 50¢ on every item.

Earn $40 a week

AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!

Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—age 18 to 60 years of age—are doing through Chicago School of Nursing, easy-to-understand lessons. Enrolled by physicians, one graduate has charge of Indian Hospital. Nurse. Mr. J. A. Crooker, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn $2.00 to $3.50 a day in private practice.

You can earn while you learn!

Mrs. E. C., of Texas, earned $47.50 while taking course. Mrs. M. E. F. started on her first course after her 1st lesson in 14 minutes she estimated she could do too, and sent good money to her new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment and payments, Trial plan. Life insurance and checkbook now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 18. 41 East Pearson St., Chicago 11, Ill. Please send free booklet and 10 sample lesson pages.

Sell exclusive sunshine Christmas cards

Earn extra money in your spare time! Showing are splendid Christmas cards to be sold on commission. No capital necessary. Quick sales. Send samples on approval. A valuable Christmas in every home with no selling. Send address for samples. Dept. M, A. A. "E," Chicago Art Studios, Dept. M-A, 113 Fulton St., New York 8, N. Y.

Make extra money till Christmas! We supply everything to help you get started at once.

- Package of colorful Christmas gift cards
- Samples of cards for St. Christmas cards with name, special requests for Christmas and New Year. Christmas and New Year Cards, Brides gift, St. Christmas Cards, MOTHERS, Equalize. Everybody needs card, stationery 50 for $1. up. No money or experience necessary. No cost. Work while at home. No time plan for churches and clubs. Special bargain offers. Cash bonus. Write today for samples on approval; address for samples.

FAFMOUR Corp. Dept. NF-S
200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

"How to make money with simple cartoons" A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address.

FREE BOOK

Cartoonists' Exchange

Dept. 599
Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Money for you—sell Christmas cards to 100% profit.

Make money Simple cards,

- Selling at Deluxe beauty salons, complete line
- High value, neat folding picture card, printed Christmas and New Year cards, Christmas and New Year Cards, Brides gift, St. Christmas Cards, MOTHERS, Equalize. Everyone needs card, stationery 50 for $1. up.
- No money or experience necessary. No cost. Work while at home. No time plan for churches and clubs. Special bargain offers. Cash bonus. Write today for samples on approval; address for samples.

Empire Card Co., 355 Fox St., Elmira, N. Y.

"You may be able to develop a glamorous bust contour!"

Follow Boscom Ritual! bust beauty course shows how to improve your bust line-

Exclusive home techniques by Joe Boscom, beauty authority, publisher of Beauty Fair, 852” x 12”, 124 diagrams, charts and photos of “miracle” exercises, bust control methods, diet, weight table, etc. Money back if not delighted. Start C.O.D. for $1.00 plus postage or send $1.00, we pay postage.

BOSCOMO CULTURE INST., DEPT. MTS
1641 B’way, New York 23, N. Y.

"Fading away in front of her eyes" The neighbor came in the house and into my room. She knelt down by my bed and felt the back of my neck, and pulled at the tendons in my legs. They were quite stiff.

"I’ll bet you anything," she said, "that this child has infantile paralysis."

Mother hurried me to the doctor then, and our neighbor’s guess was confirmed.

But there was very little he could do now. I had had polio. It was all over. There was an operation some doctors were recommending—to cut the paralyzed tendons. My father put his foot down at this. No surgery.

So they took me home and hoped for the best. When it was clear that I must learn all over again to walk, they bought me a tiny wheel chair.

When I was three my father heard of a famous Austrian physician, Dr. Lorenz, a specialist in infantile paralysis, who had just arrived in New York. As fast as the first train out could carry us we were in Dr. Lorenz’s office in New York.

It was one of the lucky ones. Surgery would have only made it a little worse. My parents were intelligent enough to know that. And they were intelligent enough, and fortunately for me, well-to-do enough to take me to the best doctors for treatment.

The treatment Dr. Lorenz recommended—and which I suffered through until I was twelve years old—was the most modern in polio. It was similar to polio, very much the same sort of treatment that is used in the advanced hospitals and clinics today. I would never have forgiven Dr. Lorenz, I suppose, except that it worked, except that I am so nearly normal physically today.

I still find it hard to forgive Miss Fitzpatrick, the masseuse, who came to our house every day for five years and exercised my right foot and leg, rolling my stiff foot, pushing it up and back farther than it would go—to loosen those back tendons so I could get my heel to the floor—and then pulling at my leg, until I screamed in pain. Who made me play hopscotch on my right leg, and not for fun. It was painful, and it was too much to bear.

But of course I forgive her. I’m grown up enough now to forgive and forget, and I’m well. When I was six—along with all the other little girls in my crowd—I began to take ballet lessons. It was impossible to point my toe—but I pointed it.

I learned to swim, and to dance, to play tennis. Not just as well as everybody else, but better.

It wasn’t that I wanted to win—except over myself. What I wanted was to be like everybody else, to be normal.

When I went to high school, I played baseball—like a boy—and I was one of the stars of the track team. And nobody knew that my whole right leg had been paralyzed. The psychologists could explain it: because I felt inferior, I was driven, compelled, to excel at everything.

As George has said since, without my handicap, I probably wouldn’t have turned out Dinah Shore.

I still remember the Girl Scout hikes I used to take as a girl, over hill and dale, until I could barely lift that poor little old right foot.

When I reached adolescence, and like all the others, was vanity consumed. I took up my exercises where Miss Fitzpatrick had left off, and worked over that right leg of mine until nobody, except me, could know that it was different from the other one.

Hard work is the one thing I associate with those years, more than the dancing, more even than the fun that I had dancing, swimming, playing games after I had finally mastered them, and myself. And hard work was a habit which I found very useful later when I began to sing, and wanted—as always—to do it better, better, best.

I think George is right—I could, without polio, have been a very lazy girl.

Vanity is not unusual.

I know a boy, Jim Patterson, who had polio when he was a child, who is the best swimmer I know. And my friend, Dave Alber, was terribly crippled as a child and now runs a very successful business. Polio didn’t stop Ida Lupino and everybody knows the part infantile paralysis played in the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I have a wonderful husband, and a wonderful daughter—and I intend to have three more. And I have my work and I love it. I have everything.

Thanks to polio? I have to admit that, like all mothers, I live in constant terror during “polio season” that our Missy will be stricken. I watch out for fatigue as for the Black Plague, and will let nothing—but nothing—interfere with her daily naps or her early bedtime.

Polio, as I have indicated, may have been a mercy in my life. Just the same, please God, let Missy be spared it.
GOOD READING FOR VACATION-TIME—

"Week-End Companion"

Delightful collection of entertaining short stories—perfect for lazy hours in the sun.

"South Sea Stories"

Exciting sea yarns that will send chills up your spine. You can carry thrilling adventures in your pocket or handbag.

These are but two of the increasingly popular, hard-bound

PERMABOOKS

35c AT NEWSSTANDS

Other titles available:
- "Travel For Fun"
- "Eat And Reduce"
- "Be Glad You're Neurotic"
- "Common Errors In English"
- "Personality Pointers"
- "What Your Dreams Mean"

PERMABOOKS

My Son, Mel Allen

(Continued from page 58)

"You don't have to worry, mother," he would tell me. "I do my lessons and my studying in school." But I still wasn't satisfied.

Then one morning, a little after ten, I locked out the front window and saw Mel coming home with a big pile of schoolbooks. I ran to the door and without waiting for any explanation, I said, "It happened in Greensboro."

"But, mother," he began. I was too upset to let him go on. "Don't 'mother' me," I told him. "You had better come in because I am very angry."

He put his books down on the steps and ran down to his father's store. I knew where he would go, so I telephoned. "Mel just came home with all his books," I told my husband, "just like I was afraid he would happen." I started to cry and hung up.

Then I saw a man and two women coming to the door. They told me they were from the school and I got excited and started to apologize for Mel.

The man tried to calm me. "We came to congratulate you," he said. "Mel won the big average in his classes and he is being sent to the capital, Raleigh, to act as lieutenant governor for a day. At the time we were living in Greensboro." Mel had never told me he was getting honors because he was a modest boy who didn't like to talk about himself.

I remember the first money he earned, when he was thirteen. We had moved from Birmingham, Alabama, where he was born on Valentine's Day, 1913, to Greensboro, N. C. He was second year high and he wanted to have some money of his own, so he got a Saturday job in a drygoods store. The first thing we knew, he came home and told us he was making change at the cashier's regis-
ter. I didn't approve of that, so I spoke to the owner, who answered, "I trust him more than I would a lot of the older clerks in my store."

I should never have worried about either of my boys, because they never gave me a day's trouble, but I would hear about some young boy from a nice family getting into something and it would bother me. I knew Mel was hanging around the ball park and meeting the players, which was all right, but when he started to come afternoons with a brand-new bat I asked him where he got it. "They gave it to me at the ball park," he explained.

Next day he came home with a baseball. After a while he had more baseballs and several bats.

Then one afternoon I got a fright when I saw Mel and a policeman coming up the walk. The policeman had his arm around my son's shoulders. My knees shook as I opened the door. Mel just stood there, waiting for the officer to speak, but I didn't wait. "It isn't my boy, anyway," I told him. "He says you policemen take those bats, too, so what do you expect of a little boy?"

The man stopped me. "It's all right," he said. "Mel loves the game. The players do give us the bats. I came today because Mel and I are friends and I told him the next time I was up this way I wanted to see the mother of a boy that everybody likes so much."

When Mel entered the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, we moved there. My husband was traveling then and I thought I should make a home for...
The Life of a Glamorous Woman Reporter!

Listen to "Wendy Warren and the News"
Monday through Friday  CBS Stations
Check Paper for Time

Read the news of women today in "Woman's World"
reported by Wendy Warren each month in TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine now at newsstands.
MAKE UP $460.00
BY CHRISTMAS!
IN YOUR SPARE TIME
AND GET YOUR OWN DRESSES WITHOUT COST as an extra bonus

What a happy holiday you can have—with money worries off your mind! Starting right away, you can earn up to $23 a week in spare time, just by showing Fashion Frocks to your friends and neighbors. Like some exceptional Fashion Frocks representatives, that would mean up to $460 in the 20 weeks before Christmas, to spend any way you want! And get your own lovely dresses, too, as a bonus—without paying a cent! This remarkable opportunity is offered by FASHION FROCKS, INC. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. We need new representatives right away to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you are married or single—housewife or employed—you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—dresses that will not cost you a penny. In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to $23 and $25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to $2.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot.

NO CANVASSING—NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Each dress carries the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval and our own unconditional guarantee of satisfaction or money back. No house-to-house canvassing is needed. When women see these exclusive styles—so different from run-of-the-mill dresses—so easy to buy without going to crowded stores—they just can’t help but order 2 and 3 at a time! Amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves, and patterns. Famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring. And a complete range of sizes for every type of figure—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. With these features, you don’t need previous experience to take in steady cash earnings, week after week! Can’t you use a handy extra income—especially with Christmas coming on? And wouldn’t you like your own lovely dresses without cost? Just mail the coupon!

START EARNING RIGHT AWAY!

Christmas will be here before you know it. So don’t put off writing in. Get started earning extra money for the things you want. Your Style Portfolio—with samples of America’s finest fabrics—is absolutely free. Make up your mind right now—then send the coupon. There’s no obligation, nothing to pay. Paste the coupon on a postcard, and mail it today!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk E3053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—mail now!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk E3053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of out obligation.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City______________________________Zone________State________
Age_________Dress Size__________
Which cigarette is Milder...

"Yes, Chesterfields are so much Milder"

Joan Caulfield

BE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE EXPERT
says - Ralph A. Goss
PROMINENT TOBACCO MAN
DURHAM, N.C.

A
YOU buy a pack of Chesterfields and you open it up.

B
YOU smell that milder Chesterfield aroma. No other cigarette has it.

C
YOU smoke Chesterfields and prove what every tobacco man knows...

tobaccos that Smell Milder
Smoke Milder

Ralph A. Goss

A Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

THE CIGARETTE THAT SMELLS MINDER AND SMOKES MINDER

Copyright 1950, Brown & Root Tobacco Co.
THEY’RE BACK ON THE AIR!

46 pages of special stories — color pictures of your radio and TV favorites

ADDED ATTRACTIONS:
Arthur Godfrey
Rosemary
Gene Autry
Morton Downey
Show the world a lovelier complexion—with your very first cake of Camay!

Wonderful things happen when your skin is soft and smooth! And you can
be lovelier with your first cake of Camay! Change to regular care
—use Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin. You'll have a fresher,
clearer complexion—very soon!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay?
It's so mild and gentle—so quick with its rich, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured the flattering fragrance of Camay. Yes—
Camay gives you the finest kind of complexion care—your very first cake brings a lovelier complexion!

SCENES FROM JANE'S ROMANCE

Courtship in Hipboots! A trout stream can set the scene for romance—when one of the anglers has a complexion like Jane's! She says: "Camay is my best beauty aid. Camay's lather is so kind to my skin!"

Honeymoon on Wheels! Luray Caverns in Virginia was one of the exciting stops on Jane and Albert's auto trip through the South. Camay went along in Jane's beauty kit! Her first cake of Camay brought new skin beauty. It can do the same for you!

Camay—the soap of beautiful women
You can count on keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—if you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don’t risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective Ipana care for better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you must fight tooth decay. But, dentists warn—you must fight gum troubles, too!

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this double protection—keep your whole mouth “Ipana wholesome.” You’ll like Ipana’s wholesome, refreshing flavor, too. Get Ipana!

“I have confidence in Ipana... Bristol-Myers makes it,” says Bobbie Snow of Woodside, N. Y.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums both. It’s another reliable Bristol-Myers product.
PIN CURL BEAUTY...

DeLong bob pins

stronger grip—won’t slip out

You don’t need a flair for hair styling to set this newest hair fashion. It’s a breeze with DeLong bob pins.

Alluring, natural curls last longer, for DeLong’s grip holds hair tighter.

Take the blue DeLong card home today.

How to set the “U” Bob—styled by Mr. Larry, eminent New York hairdresser...

Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circles across the back to right ear, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple like left. To comb out—brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.
How could he treat her this way?

Her first date with a most attractive man... and here she was, back home, and on the point of tears, by half-past ten. What had she said... what had she done to change his eagerness to indifference? She would never know... didn't even suspect!

Can You Be Sure?

How dare any woman assume that her breath is always beyond reproach?

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a habit of cropping up when you least expect it... of putting you in the worst sort of light when you want to be at your best. And you, of course, may not know when you're guilty.

Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such an extra-careful, wholly delightful precaution?

You merely rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and always before any date and, lo! your breath becomes fresher and sweeter. Moreover, it stays that way, too... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours, usually.

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

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri

Before Any Date... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... The Extra-Careful Precaution Against Offending
July

READER'S DIGEST reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Published Reports!

Reader's Digest for July reports on one of the most extensive experiments in dental history! And remember these additional facts: The toothpaste used exclusively in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even one new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, NEW MEXICO

Once upon a time, the little town of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico was known as Hot Springs. But that was before its citizens, 8,000 of them, honored the radio show, Truth or Consequences, by giving its name to their town. Down to the-then Hot Springs came T. or C. emcee Ralph Edwards and his staff for the rechristening ceremonies and to broadcast T. or C.'s tenth anniversary show. (Truth or Consequences, on Tues., 9:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsor: Philip Morris.)

Full-fledged honorary deputy sheriff Ralph Edwards leads the big parade at the name-changing ceremonies.

Members of the sheriff's posse swear in their honorary deputy, T. or C. emcee Ralph Edwards.

Two young citizens of Truth or Consequences get a look at the man whose show their town honored.

Ralph examines his namesake, Ralph Edwards Paffmoore, born during festivities to Mrs. Edward Paffmoore.
United States Testing Co. proves—

**INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® LIVING GIRDLE Gives**

More Figure Control with

Greater Freedom of Action

than girdles costing

more than three times as much!

"You can't buy a better girdle for three times the price!" say the makers of Playtex. As proof, they authorized the U. S. Testing Company, Inc. to test this girdle against girdles costing up to $15!

Six large New York department stores were asked by consumers to send a girdle, costing about $15, which, in the stores' opinions, offered "the most figure-control." Each store sent a different girdle—ranging from $14.09 to $15.00.

Playtex—famous for amazing figure-slimming power—proved 40% lighter, demonstrated 60% greater freedom of action than the average of all other girdles tested. And Playtex was the only girdle you could wash in ten seconds, dry with a towel! It does more for you than any other girdle!

In **SUM**, silvery tubes,

**PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES** . . $3.50 to $3.95

In **SUM**, shimmering Pink Tubes,

**PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES** . . $3.95 to $4.95

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

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park ©1930 Dover Del.

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**No Wonder Leading French and American Designers Acclaim PLAYTEX®!**

**ANTHONY BLOTTA**, New York originator: "Playtex gives a lithe silhouette, fits invisibly under the slimmest clothes."

**PIERRE BALMAIN**, Paris designer: "Playtex is perfect. It gives one the line, the slenderness and above all the freedom."

**ADELE SIMPSON**, of New York City: "Playtex allows freedom of action, gives you grace as well as slenderness."

**IRENE DEEPER**, Hollywood designer: "When you wear Playtex your silhouette is slendrer and supple, with smooth youthful lines."

**PAULINE TRIGERE**, winner of Fashion Critics' Award: "Every woman can have this lithe, slender silhouette with a Playtex."
A WAY WITH THE WOMEN

Harry Marble's first success in radio was at a desk job—but the lure of speaking over the air was too much for him, with the result that today he's a very busy fellow before the mike at WCBS, New York's key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Mornings six days a week find Marble passing the chatter with Margaret Arlen; evenings, from 5:30 to 6:00 P.M., he emcees WCBS's cross-the-board quiz show, Hits and Misses. In addition, several other network assignments make him one of the airwaves' busiest, best-known and best-liked announcers.

Marble was born in Brownsville, Maine, January 11, 1905. The family moved to Lynn, Massachusetts, and Marble completed his schooling there. His acting in high school and amateur productions aroused a desire for a theatrical career, so, against the admonition of his parents who wanted him to enter college, he headed straight for the footlights.

Marble broke into radio as an announcer at a local Boston station in 1937 and only six months later he became a program director at WCAU, CBS's station in Philadelphia.

The monotony of a desk job kept haunting him, and in September, 1941, Marble left Philadelphia to come to CBS, New York, as an announcer.

The army took over his career in October, 1942. He was graduated from Officer Candidate School and was a second lieutenant when honorably discharged from service in November, 1943. Since that time he has been constantly in demand as a top-flight announcer.
ON THE COVER

CBS radio and TV stars in programs new and old. Watch for them, listen to them on your CBS station

1. Edgar Bergen, back with friends Charlie and Mortimer on Sundays at 8 P.M. EDT. Watch for announcement of his television show.

2. Keeping class on Sundays at 6:30 P.M. EDT is Eve Arden as Our Miss Brooks.

3. Arthur Godfrey: heard Mon.-Fri. 10:15 A.M. EDT with his friends; on TV Wed., 8 P.M. EDT Talent Scouts is on both radio and TV, Mon. 8:30 P.M. EDT.

4. Marie Wilson as My Friend Irma, heard Mon. 10 P.M. EDT.

5. Faye Emerson's thrice weekly TV show, Fifteen With Faye, is on Tues., Thurs., Sat., 7:45 P.M. EDT.

6. Fred Waring: Sundays, 9 P.M. EDT on TV.

7. Jo Stafford sings on Club 15, Tues. and Thurs., 7:30 P.M. EDT and on the Contented Hour, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT.

8. Horace Heidt Show, Sun. 9:30 P.M. EDT.

9. Julie Stevens plays the title role in The Romance of Helen Trent, Mon.-Fri., 12:30 P.M. EDT.

10. Bing Crosby's show is on Wed., 9 P.M. EDT. Bing sings daily, Mon.-Fri. 10 A.M. EDT.
"Henry! HENRY ALDRICH!" When Mother sent forth that call, Henry came—but quick. (Katharine Raht and Ezra Stone.)

Darling of the ladies was Breakfast In Hollywood's orchid-giving, hat-donning Tom Breneman. A parakeet is in this one.

Precocity and charm have made the Quiz Kids an enduring attraction. Here the Kids and Joe Kelly, who emcees the ever-changing panel of high I.Q.'s, listen to Smiley Burnette.

RADIO'S

Part X: War news filled the air, but radio didn't forget that its big job was entertainment

By LLEWELLYN MILLER
Radio's big rival this year was the juke box which was turning up in neon-lighted splendor in bars, grills and soda fountains all over the country, grinding out "Beer Barrel Polka" and "Three Little Fishes." (Incidentally, jukes got their name because in Florida slang "jook" means roadhouse where the automatic record changers first came into wide use as "jook organs.")

The long-awaited film, "Gone With the Wind," four hours long, had its premiere in Atlanta and was broadcast to the nation. Everybody was trying to be called "glamour girl" except Ann Sheridan whose studio brought a new word into the language, "Ooooomph." John Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath was a best seller. So was a translation of Mein Kampf. Irving Berlin wrote "God Bless America." The King and Queen of England paid us a visit (the first time a British monarch had crossed the Atlantic) and there was hardly anything else on the radio for days. The World's Fair opened in New York. In the shadow of two curious structures called Trylon and Perisphere was a central mall, The Court of Peace. People strolling under the pretty, multi-colored floodlights noted uneasily that Germany was not represented and that Czechoslovakia's building was prophetically unfinished.

Through the first half of the year the war of nerves went on and on in a dreadful electric hull before the storm. France waited behind the supposedly impregnable Maginot Line. Britain waited under quiet skies. Madrid fell to Franco and Spain's war was over. On August 29, Hitler signed a ten-year non-aggression pact with Russia. The next day he demanded Danzig and a Polish Corridor. At midnight, September 1, Germany marched and Hitler took the air to announce that he was a soldier and would wear the uniform of the Third Reich until the day of victory. On September 3, the world heard the first declaration of war ever made over the radio. It was Prime Minister Chamberlain's quiet, tired voice.

"This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin handed to the German government a final note stating that, unless we heard from them by eleven o'clock that they were preparing at once to withdraw their troops from Poland, a state of war would exist between us. I have to tell you that no such undertaking has been received and, in consequence, this country is at war with Germany."

With that, all that anybody listened to without fail was the news. Radio deserves high honor for the coverage it gave us during these days. It brought us hours of free news and commentary, sweeping commercial considerations aside. (Continued on page 18)
While in Detroit on business, a WBEN executive heard the voice of a young announcer over WJR. He contacted that young man for an interview and soon learned that Jack Ogilvie was a native Buffalonian.

A graduate of Lafayette High School where he played the clarinet and oboe in the school orchestra, Jack got his start in radio in 1941 as a staff announcer at a small station in Auburn, New York (WMBO). He later joined WBNY in Buffalo, where he remained until his induction into the Army Air Corps in January 1943.

While stationed in Florida with a Special Service unit, Jack did extensive radio and stage work, appearing in such plays as "The Eve of St. Mark" and the G. I. version of "Room Service."

In 1944, Jack served as a Chaplain's assistant and organist in California and later in Las Vegas, Nevada. It was while he was in California that he met and married a Michigan girl, the former Iris McBrayne.

After his discharge from the Air Corps in 1946, he returned to WBNY as a newscaster, but his restlessness got the better of him and a year later he went to WJTN, Jamestown, as a newscaster and emcee.

It was in January of 1949 that he became a staff announcer and an all-night disc-jockey at WJR, Detroit and in September of that year he joined WBEN, where he now broadcasts the Esso News at 6 and 11 P.M. daily.

Jack also pilots the new daily quarter-hour Orchid Weekend show, during which he invites listeners to write in identifying the weekly mystery man and telling why they would like to spend an Orchid Weekend at the Statler.

Together with Joan Hetzelt, a Buffalo college girl, Jack co-emceed the originally half-hour five-day-a-week—later seventy-minute Saturday afternoon—Teen Time, a favorite show of local teensters who came to the studio to dance during the telecasts.

When not at home with his two children—Donald, five and Laurie Ann, two—he probably can be found enjoying a serious game of golf or tennis.
Should You HELP Others Even If You Hurt Yourself?

Nora Drake, heroine of This Is Nora Drake, heard M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsor—Toni Co.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Nora Drake, This Is Nora Drake, in July's daytime serial problem

In July Radio Mirror, readers-listeners were told in brief the story of Nora Drake, of the daytime drama, This Is Nora Drake, and were asked the question: "Should You Help Others—Even If You Hurt Yourself?" Radio Mirror editors have chosen the best answer from the numerous letters sent in, and checks have been sent as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to: Mrs. Margaret Ryan, Larkspur, California, for the following letter:

Helping at the expense of anyone's personal happiness is fair to no one. An individual's resourcefulness, independence and mental maturity are undermined when he is prevented from coping with life's troubles, disappointments and disasters.

To be sure, we all need encouragement and comfort—we often seek advice, but no character grows great without having faced—and conquered—tribulations. The "shield" who takes the sting of life's blows for another allows the "shielded" to gain nothing from experience, does him a grave injustice.

You cannot live another's life, you cannot fight another's battles without weakening him whom you seek to strengthen.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the problem have been sent to:

Miss Doris Dean
Denver, Colorado

Mrs. H. R. Lawrence
Port Clinton, Ohio

Mrs. George Morgan
Dallas, Texas

Miss Natalie L. Taylor
Boston, Massachusetts

Miss Martha DeKreko
St. Louis, Missouri

Are You As Popular As You Should Be? SEE PAGE 25

Paid Notice

"I did a slow burn for 180 days!"

says DEBORAH KERR, co-starring with STEWART GRANGER in MGM's
"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"
Color by Technicolor

We trekked 6 months in Africa for "King Solomon's Mines." Sizzling heat parched me to the bone... made my skin unbearably dry!

Acting thirsty took no talent.
Even my skin was thirsty!

Even between scenes the African sun scared me.

But Jergens kept my hands soft for romantic scenes.

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

Prove it with this simple test described above...

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?
To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

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

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
Still 10¢ to $.00 (plus tax)
SUCCESS hasn't turned the pretty head of TV's Doris Brown. She thinks she's the luckiest girl in the world to have been chosen Mistress of Ceremonies for the puppets on the CBS Lucky Pup show.

There's no doubt, though, that the talented Doris deserves the part. In fact, Lucky Pup fans are so devoted to the sleek-haired young star that they violently object to the slightest change in her appearance. They proved this last summer when she appeared on the TV screen with her hair tied behind her ears with a ribbon. Doris still hasn't forgotten all those listeners who wrote in to object and to tell her to go back to her usual straight bangs and smooth, short page-boy. She hasn't changed her hair since.

Because Doris spends a great deal of her life under hot television lights, she has to be very careful that the heat doesn't rob her hair of its natural oils. She always allows herself a few extra minutes in her dressing room before the show to brush and treat her hair to a cream dressing. She pours the preparation into the palms of her hands, and gently smooths it over her hair. Doris is never too busy to include this treatment in her daily routine. It's no wonder she always looks so well-groomed.

Doris shampoo's her hair once a week, and stimulates her scalp with a fingertip massage whenever she has the opportunity. Although her lovely chestnut-colored hair has an exquisite sheen of its own, Doris occasionally adds a rinse to the water to further accentuate the highlights. She feels that any woman who is not satisfied with the color of her hair should definitely do the same.

Of course, you don't have to worry about TV lights drying out the oils in your hair, but chances are it does need special "after-summer" care.

So that the hot TV lights don't rob her hair of its natural oils, Doris Brown always takes time to brush her hair and give it a cream dressing.
Daily brushing, with a generous application of elbow grease, is the best beauty aid for shining, attractive hair.

Learn to brush your hair and massage your scalp every day. Apply a good cream dressing for lubrication and a smooth finish. If you are faithful in your treatments, you will be able to see a definite difference in practically no time at all.

Once your hair is back in condition, concentrate on a new coiffure. Study pictures of various hair styles, and then adapt the one that seems to be the best for you. Consider both your face and your figure before you make any decision.

Pin curl your hair as often as is necessary between shampoos (give your hair a home permanent, if it needs it), and don't be discouraged if your hair doesn't look professionally set at first. The longer you practice, the more skilled you will become.

Won't you join Doris in her daily hair beauty routine? You can't afford to miss her advice, if you truly want to keep your head above the crowd.

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**By DORRY ELLIS**

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*Are you really Lovely to Love?*

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced... held... kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love, charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration... prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 30 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.
Mrs. Sankey, Tommy Bartlett, Joy Genunzio, Mrs. Remmert and Joy’s mother celebrate the end of a series of operations Joy underwent at a Shrine hospital.

Joyn Genunzio, a bright, pretty, twelve-year-old blonde, was undergoing her eighteenth operation when I first heard about her. Most of her traveling, from the time she was two years old, had been from home to hospitals and back again.

Joy, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alen Genunzio of Racine, Wisconsin, had been born with webbed hands and misshapen feet and her parents had been having a series of misfortunes around the time of her birth. One of their problems, however, turned out to be the traditional blessing in disguise.

Because of a housing shortage, the John Remmerts of Racine had arranged to give the Genunzios a place to live in their home. And Mrs. Remmert, a kindly, good-natured, motherly type of person, had warmed instantly to little Joy. She cared for the baby while Mrs. Genunzio worked, and as her love for the child grew she became more and more indignant at injustice which would let such a sweet, attractive, intelligent baby face life at such a disadvantage.

Mrs. Remmert looks like a placid, easy-going woman, but she proved otherwise. She started a one-woman campaign to “do something” about little Joy. Most people tried to discourage her, and a good many told her that she’d better off to forget the child. But someone did remark that if anything could be done for Jo, one of the Shriners’ hospitals for crippled children would be the logical source of help.

That was all Mrs. Remmert needed. She began contacting Shriners, and she got action. Joy made her first trip to the hospital when she was two years old. Doctors weren’t too encouraging, but Mrs. Remmert felt that any chance was worth taking. Her spirit was contagious and the operations continued.

Despite all her surgery and convalescence, the child managed to keep up her school work, progressing right along with the children who started kindergarten with her. Every time she went to the hospital, her home room at school hoped and prayed that this would be the time when everything would be settled.

Joy was in the Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children at Oak Park, Illinois, when Mrs. Alice Sankey of Racine stepped up to the NBC microphone as a Welcome Travelers’ guest. Mrs. Sankey a writer and newspaper

Tommy Bartlett covers Welcome Travelers, Mon.-Fri., 10 A. M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor of the show is Procter and Gamble.
woman, was reticent about herself but voluble when it came to talking about Mrs. Remmert and Joy Genunzio.

When Mrs. Sankey told me that Joy would be released from the hospital in about a month, with full use of her hands and feet, the story sounded almost incredible. Careful questioning convinced me that Mrs. Sankey had the news reporter’s high regard for accuracy, however, and that if her information was inaccurate it was because somebody was misleading her. I played it safe by telling Mrs. Sankey that if and when Joy left the hospital, we’d like to have a little party for her.

Joy had been in the hospital for five months when she showed up at Welcome Travelers, along with her mother, Mrs. Remmert; Mrs. Sankey and the president of Racine Shrine, Mr. Rell Barrett.

Her child-like beauty almost knocked me off my feet. She was excited, a little awed, but happy as a child can be. She spoke of skating and of riding a bicycle. She glowed as she paid tribute to the nurses at the hospital and she reached out to pat Mrs. Remmert’s hand whenever she got a chance.

Mrs. Genunzio wanted to give full credit to the Shrine hospital for crippled children—to tell the world what a wonderful work the hospital does was the only thing that induced her to bring Joy to Welcome Travelers.

It was great fun to plan Joy’s “coming out” party. We put a car and chauffeur at her disposal and sent her to one of Chicago’s smartest restaurants for lunch. Then she went to the zoo, because she’d expressed a desire to see “Bushman,” a gorilla. There was a theater party where Joy saw her first musical comedy and then a dinner.

We gave her a camera, because we found out that she had always wanted one. There were presents for her mother and for Mrs. Remmert and Mrs. Sankey, too.

But I don’t know when I’ve been so pleased to present anyone with a gift as I was to give little Joy Genunzio the present that was proof of a miracle—a bicycle of her very own.

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**How can you be sure you’re lovely?**

*See Page 13*

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**Don’t “JUST WASH” your hair...**

**Condition it with NEW DRENE shampoo**

---

**The sure way to natural sheen, natural softness.**

Want to discover how naturally lovely your hair can be? Then use New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action! This New Drene does far more than “just wash” your hair. It actually conditions as it cleanses... conditions your hair to its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

You’ll love the way your hair “manages”... it’s so clean, so silky-soft, so responsive to your hands! No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action. Try New Drene right away!

1. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it’s gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
2. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
3. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!
Although he hardly considers himself a prophet, WTOP announcer Lee Vickers for the past sixteen years or so has wisely kept his ear to the ground studying courses and pursuing hobbies according to what he's heard, and the results have been amazingly prophetic.

During his undergraduate days at Duke University near his home in Durham, North Carolina, Lee took extensive courses in languages, but his major was physics and he minored in mathematics. His more technical studies culminated in a postgraduate course in physical optics, something of a novelty, inasmuch as Vickers was still an undergraduate at the time.

Some months after graduation in 1933 he entered radio, not as a technician, but as an announcer for WDNC. Lee's background in physics stood him in good stead, for it didn't take him long to realize that he had a decided advantage over the ordinary announcer. He not only understood what happened in front of a mike; he also had a pretty good idea of what went on in the thousand and one "gadgets" that serve to keep a radio station on the air.

Leaving WDNC in 1938, Lee took up his announcing duties at Washington's present 50,000-watt CBS affiliate, WTOP. As his number one hobby, Lee chose a movie camera. With its intermittent sprockets and multiple high quality lenses, his sixteen millimeter camera incorporated and applied in a very practical way virtually all of the technical principles he had studied so avidly in college. This was a very interesting hobby, but seemingly had no connection with radio.

The coming of television, however, changed all that. With its principles of applied physical optics, television has combined his vocation and his avocation—announcing and filming motion pictures.

And the prophetic Vickers story still isn't over. When color television finally arrives on a commercial scale, Lee will be all set for that too: His thousands of feet of film are all in full color!
Get the Luxurious Big BATH SIZE!

For velvet-smooth Beauty Lather that caresses your skin, leaves your body glowing with a warm blush of fragrant loveliness, enjoy a Beauty Bath with Bath Size Palmolive Soap.

IT'S EXQUISITE... It's economical. Big, big Bath Size Palmolive is perfect for tub or shower. Just the gentlest massage over your body creates a glorious beauty lather that leaves your skin glowing, alluring. Proper cleansing with this long-lasting Bath Size smooths and softens your arms, back and shoulders... really gives you a lovelier complexion all over.

And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the merest hint of perfume on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvellous beauty lather means you, too, may have a lovelier complexion head-to-toe.
 Tonight! ... Show him how much lovelier your hair can look ... after a
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .

1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable . . .
   first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo.
   Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest
   water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair
   soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen.
   No other shampoo has the same magic blend
   of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out
   every highlight. No special rinse needed with
   Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose
   dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme,
   the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show
   him a lovelier you—if after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

RADIO'S OWN LIFE STORY

The refunds to advertisers were staggering. Later many of the analysts
were sponsored, but at first the networks poured in time and talent at
their own expense.

New names came up fast and so did a new style. Until this year, listeners
could nearly always spot the beginning of the commercial by the unctuous,
mellifluous tones of the professional announcer. Now, overnight, what was
said, not how, was the important thing. The following built by Elmer
Davis is an example. When that
grainy voice took the air, it marked
the end of the richly dulcet delivery so
stylish to this time. There were a lot
of new words on the air in those days:
materiel, communiqué, terrain and
jow-crackers like “procurement, activi-
 vate and implement” for “buy” and
“get” and “use.” This fancy talk
reached its full flower in the blackout
signs, “Illumination is required to be
extinguished on these premises, etc.”
So it is no wonder that radio called its
authorities “commentators” rather than
the simple and more figical “com-
menters.”

No matter how they were labelled,
the voices of Major George Fielding
Elliott, Eric Sevareid, John B. Ken-
nedy, Quincy Howe, Vandeventer, Ga-
briel Heather, Raymond Gram Swing,
Baukage and so many other brilliant
men became an indispensable part of
the daily life of the nation.

On the lighter side of radio, two
novelties of the year were to change
the whole aspect of air entertainment.
One was the arrival of the first really
mammoth give-away show, Pot O’
Gold. The other was a little advertising
jingle:

Pepsi-Cola hits the spot,
Twelve full ounces, that’s a lot.
Twice as much for a nickel, too.
Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you.

The singing commercial had been
known almost as long as radio, but
this little rhyme turned it into a show
in itself. Following the Pepsi-Cola
jingle, scores of advertisers turned to
what is known as the spot announce-
ment—a minute or so on the air be-
tween shows sponsored by others.

The whole trend started one evening
when two young men were pondering
the problem, How can we make an
extra dollar?” One was Alan Kent,
NBC announcer and devoted student
of swing. The other was Austin Hubert
Crome-Johnson, imported from Eng-
land to supervise light music for NBC.
Both were very well paid, but none-
theless ambitious for more.

“How shall we attract this extra dol-
lar?” inquired Crome-Johnson.

“Let’s look around for something that
needs fixing, and fix it,” said Kent.

“What do you think stinks, old boy?”
said Crome-Johnson who was rapidly
mastering American slang.

“Commercials,” said Kent, adding
darkly, “I know. I do them.”

The upshot was the formation of a
new firm, Kent-Johnson, Inc. They in-
cluded with the desired purpose of
writing commercials in rhyme and get-
ing rich, both of which they promptly
did. The Pepsi-Cola song was written
in five minutes and sold for some
thousands of dollars, though they were
to spend days of labor on subsequent
songs, weighing every word and note
as in another of their trail-blazing
endeavors.
UNIQUE NEWSMAN

Ever hear the sound of termites busy at work—especially working at the White House? Or the call of an Emperor penguin? These sounds and many others of a similar unusual nature are the stock in trade of Robert E. Nichols, CBS-WTOP newsman.

Mr. Nichols first became acquainted with recording natural sounds via a tape recorder while covering Admiral Richard Byrd’s U.S. Antarctic Expedition in 1946-47 for the New York Herald Tribune. Dr. Albert Hoyt Taylor Jr., working for the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, D.C., was picking up the sounds of shrimp underwater, among his other experiments, using delicately sensitive electrical equipment. Mr. Nichols realized the value and effectiveness of getting the actual sounds on the spot not only for interviews, which is an old trick, but also for the sounds which may be described by radio, but never heard.

Using this technique, Mr. Nichols has been successful in pioneering “actuality” programs over WTOP, Washington’s only 50,000-watt station. These have included Dear Mr. President, a documentary illustrating the little things in the life of the nation’s capital which its first citizen, Mr. Truman, does not have time to investigate, and Potomac Panorama, a series which utilized the sounds of Washington on a variety of civic subjects.

When the story broke about the repairs needed on the White House, Bob Nichols took a tape recorder to the presidential mansion and recorded the actual sounds of the timbers and plaster cracking and creaking. These sounds, magnified one thousand times via a delicate instrument loaned to WTOP by the Naval Research Laboratory, were spliced into a memorable and effective program.

Born at Daytona Beach, Florida, Mr. Nichols has lived the greater part of his life in California. He began his reporting career with the San Diego Union.

In July, 1945, he joined the Washington Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune, where he reported the reconversion of the many “alphabet” agencies. Following the trip to the Antarctic, Mr. Nichols was assigned the labor beat in Washington. He joined the capital news staff at CBS on September 27, 1948. His regular news programs include the Saturday edition of News of America, Story Behind the News and Washington Tonight, three nights a week.

Mr. Nichols and his wife, Peggy Joan, (whom he met when she was a night receptionist at WTOP) are spending all their spare time working on “re-constructing” an historic lock-house, built on the old Georgetown Canal in 1827. Their main job is cleaning, painting, and refinishing and Mr. Nichols reports that some of the dust and dirt they are cleaning away has been there since 1827.
While Johnny Philip Morris looks on, Colonel Allan Reed, commanding officer of the Weisbaden Military Post, greets Horace and Adaline Heidt at the start of the month's tour of Europe and North Africa during which the Heidt crew gave nineteen three-hour performances.

When the history of the post-war period is written, some rather hep scholars may put down one large footnote all about America's Second Army of Occupation. They will talk about a troupe instead of troops ... and the name most mentioned will be Horace Heidt.

It all happened this spring when Horace and his sixty bouncy kids hit Europe and North Africa and captured the hearts of every American stationed overseas. It wasn't very difficult—although they have some of the world's greatest entertainment at their command in Europe, American GI's are still American GI's—and the desire for homegrown fun, music and even corn was just too much.

For the Heidt troupe the overseas entertainment engagement was a regular military movement. Sixty of the singers, dancers, musicians and acts Heidt discovered in his 100,000 mile tour through the United States piled into two C-54 Air Force planes in California one grey Saturday morning—and (Continued on page 24)

CBS's Horace Heidt Show, heard Sundays at 9:30 P.M. and seen on CBS-TV Monday nights at 9, is sponsored by Philip Morris.
Throughout the tour audiences acclaimed the artistry of blind xylophonist Pierce Knox. Carla, the singing dog, sang to the accompaniment of owner Lieutenant George Allen. In Burtonwood, England, Horace and his gang take time out for a snack at intermission.

Heidt trouper Jesse Owens, Stanley Mueller, Ralph Sigwald, Donald Spruance tour Tripoli.

In Berlin, Mrs. Heidt describes the sights to Pierce Knox as dancer Don Sky looks on.

Dorothy Shepard, entertainers' mother, accompanied the troupe and helped backstage.

Overseas, the entertainers performed in every type of theater—hangars, opera houses, former gambling casinos, desert tents and open air ball parks. This show, in the Azores, was done on two hours' notice without props, costumes or musical instruments other than a piano and accordion.

sixty: they came, they saw and they conquered the hearts of thousands of GI's in faraway lands
Unbeatable Combination

WPEN’s famed 950 Club got its start in May of 1945, and from the beginning it has constantly drawn large studio audiences and its listeners are growing steadily.

Even though the unbeatable combination of emcees Joe Grady and Ed Hurst slant their 950 Club to teenagers, their popularity is not restricted to these teenagers; a special survey showed that sixty-five percent of their listeners are adults.

Joe Grady, who graduated from Philadelphia’s La Salle College, began his announcing career in 1934 at WDAS. From there he went to WHAT, where he was program director, and WIP. In March 1945 he came to WPEN. Even though he is thirty years old, teenagers still regard him as their pal.

Ed Hurst attended high school in Atlantic City where he announced for WFPG. Ed, who is now only twenty-two years old, embarked on his career in radio when he was sixteen. When he was graduated in 1943, this career was interrupted by the Navy. Following his discharge he returned to the WFPG staff as a disc jockey. Three months later, in January 1946, he joined the WPEN staff, and the team of Grady and Hurst was born.

Joe and Ed have certainly done their part in combating juvenile delinquency. With their personalities and gift of gab they keep youngsters off the streets by packing the studio every day from 2 to 5:30 P.M. with teenagers and adults.

The “950” team also makes guest appearances in schools all over Pennsylvania and New Jersey and in their WPEN studio, Joe and Ed give an annual Hallowe’en and Christmas party, where “their kids” have an opportunity to meet many famous personalities in the music world.

On the commercial side, Joe and Ed are known for making hit tunes. In 1948 they won first place in a disc jockey poll conducted by a national radio fan magazine and from time to time, various record distributors have also awarded honors to the boys for the great selling job their program has done.

The 950 Club emcees need strength for their daily broadcasts to Philadelphia listeners.
Coming Next Month

Louella Parsons—her life and times—in the November issue.

Jack Smith, One Man’s Family, Victor Lindlahr, Louella Parsons, Dorothy and Dick Doan, Mindy Carson, Amos ‘n’ Andy, Art Linkletter, Nora Drake, Portia Manning, Mary Noble—these are the names heading the stunning array of features scheduled for the November issue of Radio Mirror. Taken one by one you’ll find: A story, with color pictures, of Jack Smith and his wife at home. A color portrait, suitable for framing, of One Man’s Family. Victor Lindlahr’s Reducing Party with a diet designed to increase your energy and efficiency. And on the cover you’ll find Mary Noble of the daytime drama, Backstage Wife. Mary will conduct a contest based on the question “Does Your Husband Still Love You?” This feature will include a quiz to help you rate your married happiness. Then you’ll be asked to recall an incident from your own life which proved to you that your husband still loved you. There are cash prizes for the best letters. Look for the details about this interesting, rewarding contest in next month’s issue. And don’t forget to look for the star ballot for the 1950 Radio Mirror Awards. It’s the one you’ll need to vote for your favorites in the fourth annual Awards balloting.

Hollywood columnist-commentator, Louella Parsons, usually concerned with the lives of others, herself becomes the subject of a story—her life story. Also in November: Dorothy and Dick Doan at home; My Bosses, Amos ‘n’ Andy by Louisa Summa—look for all these features in the November issue, on sale, Wednesday, October 11.

The new-shape rounded coat—news because it keeps the new slim-silhouette. Yet is curved ever so subtly from collar to hem, to flatter your natural contour.

The new-shape Modess box—news because it, too, is designed with a subtle silhouette. The box is cleverly shaped to look like so many other kinds of boxes, you’d never guess it held Modess! Another discreet feature—Modess is now pre-wrapped even before reaching your store!

Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior, and Super sizes.

Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box... pre-wrapped!
for Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that will not smear...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The new, exclusive Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.

THE New Tangee LIPSTICK

two days later, after touching Newfoundland and the Shannon, Ireland, landed at Wiesbaden, Germany. All in all, the performers put on nineteen three-hour shows in a month before 65,000 GI's and their dependents and flew in that period, 23,000 miles enough to have brought them around the world.

Names that seemed like something out of a book became a commonplace in the teenage performers...Frankfurt, Rhin Main, Heidelberg, Wiesbaden, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Garmisch, Stuttgart, Paris, Tripoli, Burtonwood (England), the Azores. Most of them just...it was Gulliver's travel into strange and exciting lands.

And names that were familiar and fascinating to American audiences, found popularity overseas—Ralph Signwald, The Pepperettes, Jesse Owens, Jerry Singer, Bea Jay, Pierre Knox and Rudy and Lee, the harmonica duo.

And so it was that the show..."the greatest ever to hit the European theatre." And the answer could be found in the zest with which the kids went onstage, the knowledge that this was not just any audience, but a special command performance. And the fact that Horace insisted on a full three-hour show for the GI's complete devotion to the last costume and last back-drop, the exact same show as presented stateside before thousands of American audiences in the last two years.

Some of the performers found the trip had more its charm and than instrumental. For pianist Conley Graves it was a return to his old stamping grounds. A veteran of the Bulge, Conley knew his way around the German cities and knew every back alley and fighting position of the Wiesbaden and Frankfurt areas.

For Jerry Singer, a one-legged Marine who was injured on Guam, it stirred again wartime memories of an enemy conquered and occupied. Radio technician Don Wilson remembered bombardments at Anzio and Salerno, though German Stukas and Messerschmitts laid down their bomb patterns.

But for all the entertainers, it was work, work, work, and a whole of a good time. A daily schedule ran something like this: Breakfast, sightseeing trip, luncheon, rehearsal, dinner, show, reception until midnight or 1 A.M. five hours' sleep, breakfast, on board a plane, fly a thousand miles, land at 4 P.M. clean up, eat, show and then another reception...and then another reception...and then another 6 A.M. departure. At the end of the month, the Heidt kids knew every hangar, airfield, enlisted men's and officers' club, hotel and tourist attraction in Europe.

They picked up a few other bits of knowledge...such as how to say good morning in six languages: how to bargain in four languages for a new purse or scarf; or how to avoid drinking horrible coffee that they have in European restaurants (get some instant coffee and just order hot water in European restaurants). "Buon Giorno," "Bon Matin," "Bun Morning," and just "aloo" flowed off their tongues like natives.

But while the kids were taking and occupying Europe, they were being taken themselves in typical American tourist fashion. Although they could say "how much" in five languages and could pay for something in the bales of marks, francs, schillings, groszen and pounds they carried, they still couldn't beat down the two-price system of European merchants—one price for the natives and another price (usually double or triple) for the tourist.

But with all the vim and vigor of American teen-agers they went at the purchasing routine with the only limits, the confines of their money each one had. (At one point their salary advances ran three weeks ahead.) They loaded up with leather goods, cameras, 400-day clocks, postcards, souvenirs—and in Paris, perfume. Most of them just cleared the customs regulations by a hairline. In England it was coats and suits for the gals, shoes for the men.

In France, gloves rated second to perfume.

While presenting one type of entertainment for the GI's, the members of the troupe also managed to get to see some of the best European performers. In Paris, they saw the Bal-Tabarin show with its very lush production numbers. In Vienna, they saw one of the latest productions in the film city of Austria. In Germany, the famous night opera acrobatic acts.

The Heidt show was the most extensive of the largest junket ever conducted by the Air Force. In addition to the two planes carrying the troupe and AF personnel, another C-47 hobbled along with the costumes, equipment. Of the nineteen shows, three were broadcasts taped overseas and flown back to the states for airing over the CBS network. Sunday nights at 9:30 P.M., sponsored by Philip Morris.

The troupe's Paris performance, which won plaudits from a packed French audience, was for the benefit of the American Legion's fund which aids the Franco-American Society for Tubercular Children. Although the Heidt troupe had been on the road for the past year, the French knew only one post-performance expression—"Oo-la-la! Terrible!"

Before Heidt and the troupe ever touched Europe, three of his advance men—Jim Rankin, Art Thorsen and Bill Belcher—were auditioning hundreds of GI's at the overseas bases, looking for the best talent. When Heidt arrived, further auditions were carried out—and the broadcast programs scheduled for Wiesbaden, Berlin and Paris.

The winner of the broadcasts, chosen by his buddies over the cream of the GI entertainers, was Corp. Emile Dyon, Negro baritone from Bogalusa, Louisiana. His musical talent was before the war—but enlisted in 1941. He served with valor in the European and African campaigns—and is still suffering from a disability incurred in North Africa. In addition to the regular $250 prizes he won on each broadcast, Emile got the biggest GI prize of them all—a return trip to the States with Horace Heidt's troupe.

The biggest headache of the whole trip was carried around by Jerry Bowne, Heidt's producer on the radio show. Jerry had to worry about flying the program's recordings back to the States. Not one to take chances Jerry did the following on the Wiesbaden
show: the program for the following Sunday night was finished about midnight, Wednesday. The following morning duplicate tapes and recordings were made and distributed on planes as follows: Pan-American; TWA; American Overseas Airlines; KLM; and Military Air Transport for stateside flights. And just to make sure that the program reached CBS in time, Jerry took it to Berlin where it was shortwaved back to New York.

Not all the shows Heidt put on were originally scheduled. When the troupe arrived in Tripoli after a 1,000 mile flight from Paris, they found hundreds of GI's standing in line outside the base theatre four hours before show time ... and the sad news that only half the base would be able to see the one scheduled show. Could they put the show on again the following night? Well, the following night happened to be one of the few nights off, a night and day they were going to spend sightseeing in London. Would the kids give it up for a second show in Tripoli? The curtain went up for that second show in Tripoli, even though it meant another day in the desert wastes, sand flies, bad plumbing and all.

The day wasn't wasted, however, for they visited the Casbah and to their great disappointment discovered it was much more romantic in the movies.

The second unscheduled show was put on in the Azores and the annals of the entertainment world rarely list a show put on under such strange circumstances. The planes were heading home from Burtonwood, England, with the first refueling stop scheduled at Iceland. A few hours out of England and word came that weather conditions forced a change in flight plans to the Azores. The Azores radioed a request for a show with a Lt. Colonel saying that “a show in May would be the nicest Xmas present you could give us.” Heidt put the question to the troupe again—an extra show? The answer again—yes. On two hours’ notice, the island prepared for the show—rigged a stage at the base theatre, rounded up the only available instruments—a broken down piano and an out-of-tune accordion. No props or costumes were available because the third plane was late. And the island’s only radio station was closed down to give Heidt and his crew the best microphone. The planes landed and the troupe proceeded to the theatre where every American on Lages, including the hospital patients were packed into the tiny theatre. In high heels, moccasins, and assorted “civilians” traveling clothes, the kids gave one of the great performances of their lives, with the piano and accordion their only music—and during the dance numbers Heidt turned the mike near his heels and beat out time.

Immediately after the show, the planes took off ... returning the troupe intact to the States. All of which was no mean accomplishment for the air force, especially in view of the number of people involved. But not a Heidt trouper was stranded in Vienna or Germany; nary a one had to run down a runaway after a plane soaring aloft; not a one landed in the brig or in the arms of the local gendarmerie. In fact the only mishap was the loss of Al Tirt's trumpet in Tripoli—and he is sure some local Arab kid is making like Gabriel under a palm tree playing a GI's song in praise of the Heidt troupe and the way they took Europe and North Africa.

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Jack Curtis

Jack F. Curtis, who does acting and announcing on all the networks and is staff announcer for New York's WQXR, is one young man who probably couldn't have avoided a theatrical career if he had to. The "profession" has been a family business since his grandfather's day.

Jack's own radio part, calling for him to play an old man, came when he was sixteen. On one of his dramatic shows, the local recruiting officer for the part of Hitler couldn't read the lines without a Southern accent, so Jack had to take over that part as well, playing on the same script the parts of Anthony Eden, a Russian scientist, a Japanese officer—and do the narration besides.

Once, Jack appeared in an NBC television production of Abe Lincoln in Illinois, wearing nineteenth century sideburns and a Dorian Gray type costume. Just before air-time, the cast went down for a last minute cup of coffee in the RCA building, where the restaurant staff promptly mistook Jack for Hurd Hatfield of the movies. From that time on Jack was treated like royalty—getting two creams for his coffee and extra large portions. This went on until Jack ran out of answers to the restaurant staff's questions about life in Hollywood, where he has never been, and came when he was asked for his autograph and signed his own name. Now he finds it pleasant to eat at the drug store around the corner.

Jack was only twenty-one when he was offered a job on the WOR-MBS announcing staff and he added four years to his age for he had been turned down once because of his youth. The deception worked—one of his first assignments was substituting as an "authoritative" news commentator for senior newsmen William L. Shirer.
another year...

a BETTER year

Last October, for the first time in its sixteen-year history, this magazine devoted an entire issue to the entertainment provided by a single network—the Columbia Broadcasting System. What was apparent last year—that CBS, with its multitude of top-ranking stars and excellent variety in programming, was presenting quality as well as quantity on the air—still holds true. RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR again salutes the network's excellent fall line-up of stars and shows with this second CBS issue.

Much has happened in the intervening months. Last year, for example, television was a lusty infant; today it might well be said to have attained its adolescence. There has been, too, much speculation on the future of radio—a great deal of it in tones of gloomy foreboding. "They say" that many listeners have switched permanent allegiance to TV, that radio is dying. Fortunately, those rumors have no more basis in fact than most other "they say" statements. True, television has grown tremendously. True, it has gained many watchers. But take New York City for example, a metropolitan area where TV conditions are ideal and the best TV programs are available. Television viewing has gained almost unbelievably, especially during evening hours. But radio listening has not fallen off, gloom-mongers to the contrary. It becomes increasingly apparent that there is plenty of room for both radio and TV; that they can grow and prosper side by side, friends rather than enemies.

CBS has much to offer you, on both radio and TV. You'll find a foretaste of that excellent listening and viewing in this 'CBS issue.

The Editors
I first met Arthur Godfrey when he was five years old and in the kindergarten. He was a cute youngster with a shock of red hair and the same winning smile that he has today. I was a teacher in the Franklin School in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey at the time and I had been invited to attend a party the kindergarten teacher was giving for the children.

Arthur was dressed in his best for the occasion, and occasion it was, for it marked his debut as a singer. He sat in a little chair, holding a daisy and picking off the petals, singing, "One I love, two I love, three I love, I say."

That was my first introduction to the little boy and because he seemed outstanding even then, I became interested in him and watched his progress through the grades.

When he reached the eighth grade I met him again, this time as his teacher. I remember that Arthur was especially good in mathematics all through school, but English, the subject I taught, was a trial to him, especially if written work was required. His argument, when a paper was due, was "Why can't I tell you about it? I know it. It seems a waste of time to write that all out." That was one thing on which we did not agree.

But he was right about being able to talk. He always could do that quite well. He was especially fine in debates and his side usually won. This is not to say that he couldn't put words together. He could. He wrote very well, in fact, but usually he didn't have the patience to put down on paper what he would rather have talked about anyway.

There was one memorable exception, however, and Arthur remembers it as vividly as I do. He described it in a letter I received from him a few years back:

Dear, dear Miss Quigg:

It was so grand to hear from you last spring. I was delighted to know that you listen occasionally.

I often tell a great story on myself about an incident which happened when I was one of your duller pupils in the 8th grade at dear old Franklin.

It's about the time in a history exam when you called for an essay on a current event and I wrote ten or twelve classic pages which described in minute detail the voyage of Columbus!

Best to you,

Arthur Godfrey

(Continued on page 90)
You've probably already spotted Arthur as the wistful boy in the white suit. He was fourteen then and—despite the expression—the most entertaining boy in the eighth grade at the Franklin School. "He hasn't changed a bit since," says Miss Quigg.

This is the Franklin School in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, which Arthur attended from kindergarten thru the eighth grade.

And this is where Arthur lived as a boy. Born in New York, he was brought to the Heights by his family when he was a baby.
Radio's best-known news commentator recalls the outstanding events of his twenty years on the air

BY LOWELL THOMAS

Twenty years of broadcasting—nearly seven thousand reports on living history—more than twenty million words on the air. If I listed only the outstanding events that have packed my scripts, this magazine would be filled from cover to cover with nothing but names and dates, so I give you instead one highly personal memory from each year—the first that comes to mind as I look back over the cavalcade of the news.

In 1930, the last thing I intended to do was go back to speaking in any field. My wife and I had just finished ten years of non-stop wandering all over the world. Four million people had heard my talks. I had told the tale of high adventure, “With Allenby in Palestine and Lawrence in Arabia” three thousand times. I was fed up with public appearances, with travel, with talk. I decided never to appear before an audience again, bought a farm on Quaker Hill near Pawling, New York, and settled down to write. One telephone call changed all that. A friend at CBS said, “As an extremely important personal favor to me, will you come in to make a short talk without asking any questions?” He was a friend. I said, “Yes.”

He took me to a studio, said, “Here’s a mike. Talk about any subject you like but don’t stop for fifteen minutes.” Without preparation or a script, I spoke about some of my adventures in Asia. When it was over, I discovered that I had been trapped into an audition for twenty of the executives of The Literary Digest, gathered in the board room to hear me—the hundredth speaker they had tested for their news program. That was the beginning. I have been on the air ever since, but I still have managed to expand my shelf of books to forty-two! (Continued on page 93)
MILESTONES

Lowell, Jr., always a close companion to his dad, accompanied him to Tibet last year. Now twenty-six, he's a recent bridegroom.

The late Col. Stoopnagle was one of Nine Old Men, Lowell's softball team, more distinguished for its players than its playing.
No myth is the Maxwell. And Rochester drives it.

The toupee, "The Bee", the perpetual age of thirty-nine, the Rochester brushes away the moths and takes you into the vault as told to GLADYS HALL

Editor's Note: What's the real story behind Jack Benny? Where does myth leave off and man begin? Millions of Benny fans want to know—the editors of Radio Mirror decided to find out. The logical person to ask, of course, was Benny's man Rochester. And the logical person to send was ace interviewer, Gladys Hall. Such a collaboration was bound to reveal one thing, and here it is—the real story behind Jack Benny.

Coming out of a restaurant one day, Jack Benny handed the hat-check girl a dollar bill. But she handed it right back to him, saying, "Please, Mr. Benny, leave me some illusions!"

Benny's man Rochester feels the same way.

"I like the Boss stingy," says he. "I like him the way he is on his radio show, all the way. If the Boss just suddenly became generous overnight, I'd be out of business!"

Bearing this in mind, Rochester has a lot of fun telling fibs about the Boss. He lets people think that Jack really is the character he plays on the air.

"When I'm asked—and I often am—whether Mr. Benny is really cheap, I say, 'Well, he's never hurt his arm throwing money away!' When a fan wants to know whether Mr. Benny collects anything, like stamps, for instance, or first editions, or antique firearms, I say

Laugh at his own joke? Not Jack Benny. It must be someone else's. Jack Benny Show is heard Sundays at 7:00 P.M. EDT
Maxwell—put them all together, they spell Jack Benny. Here to show you what's truth, what's fiction concerning his boss

'Money. The Boss does very well collecting money.'

"Believe it or not, I've even been asked whether it's true that poor Dennis Day gets only twelve dollars a week for the radio show and, in addition, has to mow Mr. Benny's lawn. But I never let on that Dennis makes enough to hire a staff of gardeners and never lays hand to a lawnmower on his own place, let alone Mr. Benny's."

Rochester travels around the country with the Boss—to Waukegan which, as everyone knows, is Jack's home, to Plainfield, which is Mary Livingstone's home town and to the big cities for personal appearance tours.

"I meet hundreds and hundreds of people and most of them seem serious in believing that the Boss, in real life, is the same as the character they listen to over CBS every Sunday night at seven. And with all the work he's done building this character in the mind of the public, I feel he should stay with it. I believe his fans feel likewise.

"I know that when people ask me is there really a Maxwell, they get a kick when I tell them there sure enough is that claptrap old vintage '24 Maxwell, that I drive Mr. Benny around in that old creak, park it alongside all those Cadillacs in Hollywood, and the parking attendant wants to know is the Joad family back in town. It doesn't seem necessary to me to mention the Packard job the Boss really drives.

"And when I'm asked is there sure enough (Continued on page 91)
By CATHY CROSBY

One girl in the midst of three brothers—
not to mention four cousins—constitutes

Cathy a real authority on male Crosbys

I guess I don’t have to tell anybody that my father, Bob Crosby, is a wonderful man, and a wonderful singer.

As his oldest child, though, and his only daughter, I think I have a pretty special place in his life. Of course I have to share him with my three brothers, Chris, Bobby and Steve, but they’re just children and I’m practically eleven and a half.

I miss him when he’s gone, hopping back and forth across the country to do his Club 15 broadcasts, but it’s always so exciting when he comes home. He always brings surprises. My closet’s so full, I have to put things under the bed. Mommy says it’s really not nice to stack things under the bed, but I can’t think of any other place. Besides, who looks under a bed?

Anyway, I guess I’ve got one of the nicest Daddies in the whole world and I wouldn’t trade him for any other. Of course this doesn’t mean that Daddy and I agree about every single little thing. After all we’re a whole generation apart! But there is one thing we disagree on which wouldn’t be too important, if it weren’t the most important thing of all.

What we disagree about is this: I want to sing. What I mean is I do sing—everybody knows the Crosbys all sing—but I want to sing well, to be as good a singer as I possibly can, as good as Daddy, as my Uncle Bing, as good as Gary, as good as anybody.

And that means, I think, that I have to start now, before I’m too old, to study, to practice, to find a style of my own. I think I ought to take lessons, lots of lessons, right away, and spend all my time learning all there is to know about music. I’d skip school if they’d let me, I’d give up summer camp, I’d even give up my holidays with the family, if only Daddy would agree to it.

But what does he say?
“You’re only eleven, Cathy. You have lots of time.”
Eleven is a lot. (Continued on page 96)
Of her Daddy, Cathy says: "When he gets home from one of his trips, he says he just wants to stay home and play with us kids."
If you're a long-time listener to day-time drama, the pictures on the pages may bring to mind vivid recollections of yesterday's favorites—some of which remain today's favorites as well. Many of these serials are still heard on CBS; in some of them, new faces have replaced those you'll see in these pictures. Other dramas have left the air, remain alive only in the memories of the listeners who enjoyed them, who shared the fortunes of the characters in the stories.

There were many more than these, of course. Do you remember Second Husband? Or Follow the Moon . . . My Son and I . . . Wilderness Road . . . Bright Horizon . . . the series called "By Kathleen Norris"? Do you recall others which have slipped the memories of the editors of this magazine?

It's always fun to reminisce. Perhaps, in recollecting these old favorites of yours, you'll remember, too, incidents in your own life at the time, brought back to mind by these pictures. . .
Amanda (Joy Hathaway) of Honeymoon Hill left her valley home to marry Edward Leighton (Boyd Crawford), resented by her people because he was an "outsider."

Mary Marlin—story of adventure and politics. Michael (Francis X. Bushman), Nora (Isobel Randolph), Joe Marlin (Art Jacobsen), Mary (Joan Blaine), Mac (John Daly).

First leader of the Guiding Light community of Five Points was Dr. Ruthledge (Arthur Peterson)—minister and friend to his underprivileged parishioners.

Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, told of the parallel experiences of Joyce as a woman and a physician. Ann Shepard, right on couch, played Dr. Jordan.

For tune-in times of most of these radio shows, please consult Daytime Diary.
Hilltop House—on the air in 1937, with Bess Johnson, Joseph Curtin.

Valiant Lady: Bart Robinson was Dr. Scott, Joan Blaine his wife.

1936—Rich Man's Darling, with Karl Swenson and Peggy Allenby.

1947—Nora Drake went on the air, Charlotte Holland the first Nora.

1932—Helen Trent, one of the first serials; Virginia Clark played Helen.

1937—Our Gal Sunday (Dorothy Lowell) was happy with simple life . . .

The O'Neills' ups and downs of everyday living kept them at top of listening-favorite lists for years.

Wendy Warren—on the air in 1947 with combination of story and news. (Florence Freeman, Les Tremayne.)
Alan Bunce was Young Dr. Malone in 1941; Elizabeth Reller, Ann.

The setting of Lone Journey was Montana. Reese Taylor played Wolfe Bennett, Laurette Fillbrant was Sydney MacKenzie.

... Lord Henry (Karl Swenson) came along; Sunday’s romance with home boy (Carleton Young) was over.

In 1947, John Larkin played a minor role on Perry Mason. Today, he’s lawyer-detective Mason himself.

1944: Rosemary (Betty Winkler) went on the air; a few months later she married Bill (George Keane).

Then, Terry—and Stan and Brad—were expecting a baby. Now, Wendy’s a part of the Burton family.
Marie solved her housing problem neatly with twin cottages. Although there's a connecting roof, she and Allan have their own quarters. At the same time, her family is comfortably nearby.

Husband, family, friends... there's room for everyone in Marie's home—in her heart, too

BY VIOLA MOORE

Marie's cherished Georgian silver service set is used often—even at breakfast time. The Brown Derby cookbook plus Mary's skill insures excellent food at Marie's parties.
Things were getting a bit too crowded in her home, Marie Wilson reluctantly decided. Since her marriage to Allan Nixon, the family had gradually increased until it consisted of grandpa, stepfather, mother, two half-brothers and two visiting sisters. Marie realized that she and Allan just had to have a measure of privacy, and yet she was so devoted to her whole tribe of relations she wanted them with her. (So, strangely enough, did Allan!)

Marie's mother agreed with them that newlyweds should have a home of their own, and one day she and Marie climbed into Marie's new yellow convertible and started combing the Hollywood hills for a place to live.

That was four years ago. Now, the housing problem for this multiple family is solved in a compact and original manner that causes clamorous comment from all who come calling on "My Friend Irma." For Marie and her mother were lucky enough to find two tiny houses facing a communal driveway, and with a communal backyard. Two little Normandy cottages, they are, joined together by an archway. These small stucco houses are so small they look like doll houses, and remind you, with their chocolate brown curving roofs and tiny windows, of the gingerbread houses of storybook fame.

Allan and Marie live in one cottage, the rest of the family in the other. Now that her grandfather and stepfather are dead, and her sisters (Continued on page 87)
Beginning: a series of up-to-the-minute fashions chosen by your daytime serial favorites, styled for you—and for your budget!

Nearly every woman, when she thinks of fall clothes, trends her first thoughts toward a suit—to be worn early without a wrap, later under a coat. The one on the opposite page, by Sacony, is bright windowpane plaid, blended wool fabric. The four-button fitted jacket is styled with twin breast pockets, cuffed sleeve, the slim skirt with back kick pleat. Also in grey, dark royal, and olive green, each with black. Sizes 10-20, $39.95. Available in New York, N. Y., at Bloomingdale’s. Calf bag by Garay, $7.95 plus tax.

Sophisticated but youthful is the suit by Bobby Brooks. Its modified box jacket is unlined, waist-length, has a soft roll collar, straight sleeve. In banker or men’s wear grey flannel, one hundred per cent wool, sizes 7-15, $17.95. Available at Franklin Simon’s, New York. Madcaps helmet provides the touch of velvet everyone wants.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 96.

Backbone of a fall and winter wardrobe—grey flannel suit that can be dressed up, dressed down. Joan says it’ll be perfect for broadcasts.
Joan Alexander, who is Della Street on the Perry Mason program, has chosen this Sacony suit in vivid window-pane plaid, for herself—and for you. Perry Mason is heard Monday through Friday at 2:15 P.M., EDT on CBS stations, sponsored by Tide.
Stan Burton has been married for several years to Terry—his second wife. With Stan and Terry, in the pleasant little city of Dickston, live Brad, Stan’s teen-age son of his former marriage, and Wendy, Terry and Stan’s baby daughter.

Stan and Terry are happy, love their children, their life in Dickston. But Stan’s mother causes friction. Mother Burton isn’t the sort to provoke outright argument. She is a pleasant, graceful woman—and an intelligent one. And she realizes that Stan—although he knows that her intentions are the best—would not tolerate direct interference in his life. Mother Burton does, however, make Terry feel inadequate; and this, of course, puts Terry on the defensive. If there are—and there always are, in the happiest of marriages—differences of opinion between Stan and Terry, it’s only to be expected that Mother Burton would side with Stan, her own son, and she does. Unfortunately, being a confirmed pessimist, she has a way of taking the joy out of life, whether the problem at hand is an important or an unimportant one. It’s Mother Burton’s belief that if it were not for Terry, Stan would be more successful in business—a point impossible to prove either way. She differs with her daughter-in-law on the handling of the children. But Mother Burton does not intend to interfere merely for the sake of interfering; she has honest opinions, makes them known. And it may well be that, in some cases, she is right. Both Stan and Terry realize that she means well. But right or wrong, should she express her opinions, or let Stan and Terry get along in their own way, let them make their own mistakes, if they will, and rectify them in their own way, without her help?

Each month, Radio Mirror asks reader-listeners to offer advice to their daytime serial favorites. This month’s problem is a broad statement of the one now confronting the Burtons. Is a mother ever justified—whether she uses direct or subtle methods—in siding with her son against her son’s wife, with her daughter against her daughter’s husband? Perhaps experiences of your own, or of friends or neighbors, will aid you in giving a helpful answer to this question.

Radio Mirror will purchase readers’ answers to the question: “Is A Mother-in-Law Ever Justified in Taking Sides?” Writer of best answer will be paid $25.00; writers of the five next-best, $5.00 each.

What do you think about this problem? State your answer and reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address: Second Mrs. Burton, c/o Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot undertake to enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than Oct. 1, 1950. This notice should accompany your letter.

As a woman, she has a right to her opinions—but has she the right, as a mother-in-law, to air her views in family discussions of children, home or business problems?

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard M-F at 2 P.M., EDT, over CBS network stations, sponsored by Swandown Cake Mixes.
Stan and Terry feel they have their own life to live, should make their own decisions—right or wrong. It's normal to resent interference. But Mother Burton is older, has had more experience, has only their best interests at heart. Is she right in expressing her opinions?
**ARTHUR GODFREY’S CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE**

1 4-pound piece corned beef
1 onion
1 small cabbage
6 medium potatoes
melted butter
chopped parsley

Wash beef well. Place in a large pot. Cover with cold water. Cover, bring to a simmer and skim carefully. Add onion, cover and simmer until tender (about 3 hours). Twenty minutes before beef is done, add cabbage, cut in wedges. Remove beef, drain and slice against grain. Brush potatoes with butter; roll in parsley. Makes 6 servings.

**MUG RICHARDSON’S CHOCOLATE COCONUT PIE**

2 egg yolks
2 cups milk
1 package prepared chocolate pudding
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
dash salt
1 baked 9” pastry shell

Combine egg yolks and milk; stir into pudding mix and sugar in a saucepan. Stir over medium heat until mixture thickens. Cool slightly. Add butter and salt. Pour into baked 9-inch pie shell. Meringue: Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, not dry. Add ¼ cup sugar gradually, beating after each addition. Heap on filling. Sprinkle with ½ cup shredded coconut. Bake in hot oven (400°F) 5 minutes or until delicately browned.

**ARCHIE BLEYER’S LIME MERINGUE PIE**

1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups water
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon grated lime rind
½ cup lime juice
1 baked 8-inch pastry shell

Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt in top of double boiler. Stir in water. Cook over low heat until thickened. Cover and cook over hot water 15 minutes. Stir a little of this mixture into egg yolks; add to remainder. Cook 2 minutes more stirring constantly. Add butter. Cool. Add lime rind and juice. Pour into shell. Top with meringue. Bake in hot oven (400°F) 4-5 minutes.

The Godfrey gang knows what’s good to eat, but pinning them down to favorite recipes was no easy matter. After much thought, these are the ones they chose.
**BILL LAWRENCE’S SHRIMP SAUTÉ**

- 1 pound shrimp
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup sherry
- ½ clove garlic, minced
- French bread or toast


**TONY MARVIN’S STEAK WITH ANISE SEED**

- 3 medium onions
- 2 cloves garlic
- salt and pepper
- 1 tablespoon celery seed
- 1½ teaspoons anise seed
- 1 beefsteak (about 2 pounds)

Chop onions and garlic; mash to pulp with a mallet. Add salt, pepper, celery salt and anise seed. Pound into a paste. Wipe steak with a clean damp cloth. Spread paste evenly over both sides of steak. Broil on hot barbecue. Or broil in a preheated broiler at 550° F. one or two inches from heat. Tony likes it slightly charred with inside still pink. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

**CHORDETTES’ DEEP DISH APPLE PIE**

- 5 cups apples, peeled and sliced
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ recipe pastry

Mix sugar, flour, cinnamon and salt. Place a layer of apples in bottom of 8 inch baking dish; sprinkle with sugar mixture. Repeat until all ingredients are used. Dot with butter. Top with pastry. Prick well. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 to 40 minutes, until apples are tender. Before serving, top with V pound sliced American cheese and place in moderate oven to soften cheese.

**JANETTE DAVIS’ BROILED LIVERBURGERS**

- 2 pounds ground beef
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ pound chicken livers, chopped
- 3 cloves garlic

Preheat broiler. Combine lightly beef, salt and pepper. Divide into 6 portions. Shape into patties handling as little as possible. Place on greased rack; broil 5 minutes, 3 inches from heat. Turn. Top with livers. Cut each garlic clove in half and place cut side down over livers. Broil 5 minutes more. Janette removes the garlic before serving. (For strong flavor, mince garlic.) Makes 6 servings.

(More recipes on page 81)
It's ten years, now, since my son Morton's five children—Michael, Sean, Lorelle, Tony and Kevin—came to live with me. What's it been like, raising a second generation of Downey young ones? Why, exactly the way it was raising my own five—just wonderful! They've been busy, happy, crowded years, of course, because there's nothing like a houseful of children to make time pass in a hurry. It seems hardly more than a few years ago since Morton was a boy, giving me all the lessons any woman would ever need as preparation for raising a second brood.

To keep things straight, let's take my first generation of Downeys first. Lots of incidents from Morton's childhood come back to me, thinking about it now. From the time he could walk, almost, Morton sang day and night—started out singing, never stopped. But he always had a fine head for business, too. He wasn't more than five years old—when he caught on that he could make an honest nickel by keeping quiet Sunday morning when the neighbors, who didn't go to early mass the way we did, weren't very appreciative of one of his solos at the crack of dawn.

Morton made his first real money using his voice—instead of keeping it quiet—when he was seven. He was paid five dollars for singing two nights at the Fireman's Annual Minstrel Show in Wallingford, Connecticut, where we lived then and still do. He was so little he fell asleep on the stage, but he made such a hit that five dollars was his price for one appearance from then on. That impressed him so much he stayed awake!

Morton was a good boy, but full of fun and high spirits. He couldn't resist playing tricks—still can't, for that matter. Morton was bright in school, but he was no student and he left before he finished high school. As a matter of fact, he left by request. After he put a pound of limburger cheese in the hot air furnace and closed the school for an unscheduled holiday, the principal was inclined to suspect him of a hand in most of the mischief that went on. (On that occasion Morton advanced the theory that the principal was burning his socks in the furnace. The principal didn't like this, and I can't say that I blame him.)

My husband was fire chief, and that made it worse because Morton was expected (Continued on page 83)
The new white house with green grillwork trim is only fifteen minutes from the busy heart of Hollywood, where Gene Autry's CBS studios and Columbia Pictures lot are located. But here you'll find only mountains and grass and trees. It's not a huge house, as Hollywood homes go, but the rooms are spacious, quite big enough to swing a lariat. Downstairs are living room, library and den, sun room, dining room, kitchen and servants' quarters. Upstairs are a master bedroom and two guest rooms, all with dressing rooms and baths.

Gene's den is decorated with an enormous panorama
The Singing Cowboy of radio and rodeo finds two new abodes. One’s a television show, the other’s a handsome Hollywood home where he can relax when being just plain Gene Autry.

Gene Autry: seen on Sundays, 7 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV; heard on Melody Ranch, Saturdays at 8 P.M., EDT on CBS. Sponsored by Wm. Wrigley Jr., Co.

of the Old West and his collection of Western figurines, and one guest room has a bed with an old wagon wheel for headboard. The rest of the furnishings are mainly fine antiques collected by Ina Autry on the eighty-seven-city tours she has taken with her husband and his gang, culminating in the great Madison Square Garden rodeo in New York every fall. Living and dining rooms are carpeted in green, with bright drapes and rich upholstery. The kitchen sparkles with yellow brick walls ornamented with colored tiles. Outside is a big flagstone patio.

Gene’s closets are something to see. One holds fifty pairs of boots, another has rows of embroidered shirts, another has shelves piled with Stetson hats—white for his Columbia pictures (“Indian Territory” is the latest), and for his CBS television films, and blue or yellow for his radio program and rodeo appearances. There are wardrobes filled with cowboy suits, and a row of business suits, though he always wears Stetson and boots.

On a rise of ground in back of the house, and completed first, are stables for Champion and the rest of the horsey set. For like all good cowboys, Gene made his horses comfortable before himself!
NEW FRIENDS, OLD

Coming Into Your Parlor This Fall Via the CBS Channel Is a Parade of Talent With

Coming: Horace Heidt  Returning: Alan Young  Glamor: Faye Emerson  Songs: by Frank Sinatra  Fun for All: Garry Moore

Last year, when we did a CBS television round-up for you, we found it hard to fit in all the good things already on or scheduled. But if you want to know how amazingly television has grown, consider this season on CBS-TV. We can’t begin to include, in the same space we had last year, all the famous names, the fine entertainers, the exciting programs that will be coming your way next winter. For instance, Jack Benny isn’t pictured here, but he’ll undoubtedly be on your set before the year is out. Bergen promises to bring at least one newcomer, that lovely lady Podine Puffington, to bolster Charlie and Mortimer’s TV debuts. Horace Heidt brings his Youth Opportunity program to TV. Amos and Andy will be seen as well as heard. And of course there will be Arthur Godfrey with his uke and his Friends, Ed Sullivan with his Toast of the Town. And many, many others.

You’ll see them: Who else but Lum and Abner

It’s the Fred Waring Show, Sunday night musical treat

Coming: George and Gracie, here with the Burns kids.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION
FAVORITES on CBS-TV

Everything at Its Command. Best of All, It's at Your Command for Just the Flick of a Wrist

Entrepreneur: Robert Q.  Toast of Town's Sullivan  Back again: Elsa Maxwell  New on TV: Ralph Edwards  Back on TV: Ken Murrah

Kaufman, Burrows and Fadiman, of This Is Show Business

Saturday's The Big Top, ringmastered by Jack Sterling

Stork Club TV hosts Hayes, Healy; real host Billingsley

TV Triple Threat: Bergen, McCarthy, Snerd; more to come!
NEW FRIENDS, OLD

Your seat is front row center for every CBS-TV drama, and the choice is wide. There are those loved family life stories, The Goldbergs and Mama. There's teen-ager Corliss Archer, from radio. There are mayhem and mystery in Man Against Crime and Suspense; comedy, romance and tragedy on Studio One and Ford Theatre. Lux Theatre, Big Town, The Web, Sure as Fate, Magnavox Theatre. All waiting on your CBS channel.

Molly Goldberg comes back to her window. Suspense's production of Steely, Steely Eyes.

Ralph Bellamy is the Man Against Crime. Studio One: Caesar in Modern dress. Opera at home, complete and brilliant.

The Bunins pull

The children's story an
Lucky Parker. Daly
by Mr.
the We,
Something on Va.
Homer
fun of
the
W.
You
education.
Doug Edwards
Bragg: Blues
For those of you who missed seeing last month's issue, here's another chance to enter Radio Mirror's TV Jingle Jamboree—a chance to win one of fifteen beautiful Sylvania radio and TV sets. Here's all you have to do: write a last line for the jingle printed in the next column, identify the personality pictured with it and write a statement, in 25 words or less, on why you'd like to win a TV set. For details see the contest rules printed on this page. And here's a sample jingle to guide you in writing your own last line:

A Man who's served up on Toast,
A CBS Sunday night boast—
Of the Town he's M.C.,
And he'll always be
The non-smilingest man, coast to coast.

LIST OF PRIZES

First Prize: (pictured above)
Sylvania 19 inch television screen, combination TV-radio-phonograph with mahogany cabinet.

Second Prize: Sylvania TV console, 19 inch screen.

Third Prize: Sylvania combination radio, phonograph, television, 16 inch screen.

Fourth Prize: Sylvania television console, 16 inch screen; mahogany.

Fifth Prize: Sylvania television console, 16 inch screen.

Sixth Prize: Sylvania television console, 14 inch screen.

Seventh and Eighth Prizes: Sylvania television, table model, 14 inch screen.

Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Prizes: Sylvania clock radios.

Twelfth Prize: Sylvania three-way portable radio—AC, DC, or battery.

Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Prizes: Sylvania table model radios.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Think of a good last line for the "Contest Jingle" pictured above. Your last line should end in a word which rhymes with "aisle" and "style." Decide the name of the TV personality pictured with the jingle.

2. On a separate piece of paper, fill in the last line you have written for the jingle, and also the name of the TV personality pictured with it. Complete, in 25 words or less, the statement: "I would like to win a television set because—".

3. Sole judges of this contest will be Ed Sullivan, M.C. of Toast of the Town, and the editors of Radio and Television Mirror. Entries in the contest will be judged on originality and aptness of last lines submitted, plus correct identification of the TV personality. In case of duplication of last lines the entries will then be judged on the originality and sincerity of the completed statement; in case of duplication of statements, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. Entries must be postmarked no later than October 20, 1950. All entries become the property of Radio Mirror and none will be returned, nor can the magazine undertake to enter into correspondence concerning entries.

5. Entries should be addressed to Jingle Jamboree, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Blanche thought it would be easy to take love lightly. But the man she had in mind was Rosemary’s husband.

My name is Blanche Weatherby. That won’t mean a thing to you unless you know my father, Donald Wilson. Lots of people do know him, since he’s head of one of the biggest advertising agencies in New York City. Or unless you are a friend of Bill Roberts and his wife, Rosemary. His wife, Rosemary. I keep telling myself about Rosemary. That she’s his wife, and that he loves her. I know it’s a fact that she’s his wife, so I don’t have any trouble believing that. About his loving her ... yes, I believe that too. I don’t want to believe it, Heaven knows. Things could be a lot different if I thought ... but I don’t. I know that Bill belongs to Rosemary. The question is, what happens now—to me?

If you do know Bill and Rosemary, you won’t much care what happens to me. You’ll figure I’m getting what I deserve. And I agree—oh, I absolutely agree! I’ve committed one of the unpardonable sins ... broken one of the great commandments. Punished, of course, I must be. I’m not complaining about that. What bothers me is how, how (Continued on page 97)
"Since I met you," he murmured, "I haven't been able to work, I haven't been able to think . . ."
My name is Blanche Weatherby. That won't mean a thing to you unless you know my father, Donald Wilson. Lots of people do know him, since he's head of one of the biggest advertising agencies in New York City. Or unless you are a friend of Bill Roberts and his wife, Rosemary. His wife, Rosemary. I keep telling myself about Rosemary. That she's his wife, and that he loves her. I know it's a fact that she's his wife, so I don't have any trouble believing that. About his loving her . . . yes, I believe that too. I don't want to believe it.

Heaven knows. Things could be a lot different if I thought . . . but I don't. I know that Bill belongs to Rosemary. The question is, what happens now—
to me?

If you do know Bill and Rosemary, you won't much care what happens to me. You'll figure I'm getting what I deserve. And I agree—oh, I absolutely agree! I've committed one of the unpardonable sins . . . broken one of the great commandments. Punished, of course, I must be. I'm not complaining about that. What bothers me is how, how (Continued on page 97)
Way to a man's heart...

Since I was a girl, a lot of new-fangled notions've sprung up about how to get a husband and how to hold onto him once you've got him. In my day you used good common sense, mostly. Nowadays it's psychology, but you'll find if you read between the lines in all the articles you see on the subject, it boils down to common sense all the same!

Today, same's it was yesterday—and same as it's going to be tomorrow, too, I dare say—one of the best and surest ways to a man's heart is with food. A good meal's still pretty good psychology, too, if you want to look at it that way. And a little treat, like a batch of crispy homemade doughnuts, or your favorite cookies, or a fine, fluffy lemon meringue pie, can go a long way toward keeping a home happy.

Maybe you'd like to mix up a batch of doughnuts today, to surprise your husband with when he comes home tonight. If you would, here's my way with them—makes the old-fashioned kind, brown-crusted and crisp on the outside, tender and sweet inside.

Aunt Jenny's Doughnuts

- 4 egg yolks or 3 1/4 cups sifted
- 2 whole eggs all-purpose flour
- 1 cup sugar 3 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 cup less 2 tablespoons
- milk 1 3/4 teaspoons nutmeg
- 3/4 teaspoon vanilla 3/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons Spry 1 1/4 teaspoons salt

Put eggs in mixing bowl and beat very light. Beat in sugar gradually. Add milk and vanilla and mix thoroughly. Drop in Spry. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices together. Add half of flour to first mixture and beat until smooth. Add remaining flour and mix well. Turn out on floured board and, with as little handling as possible, roll dough 3/8 inch thick. Cut with a 2 1/4 inch doughnut cutter. Fry in hot Spry (375°) until brown, turning when first crack appears. Drain on absorbent paper. While warm, shake in a paper bag with sugar spiced with cinnamon. Makes 2 dozen.

Here's a little something to remember about deep-fat frying: always test the temperature of the hot fat before you fry. A frying thermometer's most accurate. If you haven't one, a one-inch cube of bread will turn brown in one minute in fat that's right temperature for most frying.

A very good morning

I never did hold with calling a cup of black coffee and a glass of juice breakfast. Most experts on nutrition agree with my idea that a good, hearty breakfast puts your mind and body in shape to face a day's work. Getting down to cases, a good breakfast should provide a quarter to a third of daily food requirements, ought to be made up of citrus fruit or juice, hot or ready-to-eat cereal (enriched or whole grain,) bread in the form of toast or muffins or pancakes or the like, butter and a beverage. Eggs, too, if your family skips them at other meals, and bacon or sausage are nice extras for a hearty man's meal. Beverage can be tea or coffee for you, milk or cocoa for the children.
IS MY LIFE

Aunt Jenny's fame as an extra-good cook, a marvelous housekeeper, has spread far beyond her home town. Here she passes on to you some advice which has helped many Littleton homemakers.

Editor's Note: Each month on these pages, daytime serial favorites of yours will tell you about their home lives. You'll learn their housekeeping shortcuts, share their ideas on bringing up children, on beauty, home decorating, food, recreation, travel—all the things which add up to the full-time job of being a housewife. The methods they've used to solve housekeeping problems, which they'll pass on to you, may help you to make your housework lighter and easier.

Housewifely magic...

I'm not one who likes to see things go to waste—like a man's shirt, when the cuffs and collars fray, but the rest is still good. I've been making aprons from Dad's old shirts for years. Maybe you'd like to try. Cut off the top of the shirt straight around under the sleeves. Cut off button and button-hole bonds; hem edges. Trim shirt tail off straight and hem, or leave as is for scalloped bottom. Gather row edge at top as much as needed to fit your waist. Cut waist band, apron strings, from sleeves. If the shirt had a pocket, sew it on. Fancy it up with rick-rack or bias tape if you like.

What does it say on the label?

Every once in a while one of the young marrieds here in Littleton asks me if I'll go along with her shopping for dress material or curtain fabrics or some such. "You've had a lot of experience sewing, Aunt Jenny," she'll say. "You'll know a lot better'n I what is what when it comes to picking out material." Manufacturers nowadays are pretty helpful, too. The thing is, always read the label—it can tell you lots. Suppose you want to know if the fabric's serviceable. Some labels state that the fabric was tested for the use to which it's to be put—tests for strength, resistance to perspiration, sunfading and shrinkage. More often than not, washing instructions are on the label, too. Labels can help you decide whether a bargain's a real bargain or not, because the ease and success and cost of care—the upkeep, you might say—have to be figured into the original cost of the material. For instance, labels should state the amount of shrinkage left in the cloth—one percent residual shrinkage means the fabric'll shrink less than half an inch per yard. Colorfast information should state if color's fast to washing, perspiration, sunlight, gas fading and dry cleaning. By reading the label carefully, you will be able to buy material that will suit your needs, and at the same time last longer and look better. There's no question about it—it really pays to check before buying.

Make it shine...

There's nothing so pretty, to my mind, as white or light-painted woodwork. But seems like you hardly turn around and you've got a mess of finger marks to contend with, especially if there're children in the house or you have lots of visiting youngsters, like we have. There's a way with woodwork, though, like with everything else. First you've got to know what paint you have—semi-gloss or gloss can be washed, flat paint can't. Mild solution of good soap or detergent's the thing to start with, using as little as necessary to make a sud. Wring out a clean cloth in it and work on a small area at a time, from the bottom up so you won't have long dark streaks. If necessary with the soap you're using, rinse with another clean cloth wrung out of clear water. Dry with soft, dry cloth. Painted woodwork keeps clean longer with a coat of liquid or self-polishing wax—dusts down real easy.

By AUNT JENNY
CHEERY THOUGHT DEPT., OCTOBER

DIVISION:

October's child is born for woe
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay on Opal on her breast
And hope will lull those woes to rest.
—Anonymous (thank goodness!)

READERS' OWN VERSE—OR
BETTER—DEPT:

PUPPY LOVE

It seems to me that little boys who play
With puppy-dogs are always all agog.
A fact that's often prompted me to say
That every little boy should have a dog.
And when I see a puppy-dog pursue
A running lad with tiny yips of joy,
To me it always seems apparent,
That every little dog should have a boy!
—Richard Wheeler.

Some Enchanted Hair-do—Have a statistic or
two concerning the hair of Mary Martin, star of
"South Pacific" and the things that happen there-
to. In the course of washing that man out of her
hair, Miss Martin has, since the show opened,
given herself an on-stage shampoo eight times—
six evening and two matinee performances—weekly.
Besides, she has two extra shampoos a day—
in the morning, and after each night's show to get
out any soap she may have left behind on stage.
That adds up, if I've used the right fingers to count
on, to twenty-two hair-washings per week, to say
nothing of the once-a-week haircut and over-every-
three-weeks home permanent. Hats off to Miss M.,
cleanest little lady of the year!
ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID IT:

"I do the very best I know how; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

READERS' OWN LITTLE WILLIE DEPT—

Willie, brightest of the bunch, 
Put powdered glass in Papa's 
Lunch. 
Then said (which shows his 
brilliant mind) 
"My old man couldn't stand 
the grind!"

—J. Homer Melin

Speaking of Fires—

Let me tell you about one that happened while we were visiting friends in a town serviced by volunteer fire departments. When those whistles start hooting, all able-bodied men are supposed to turn out, as well as the volunteer department members. On this afternoon, my friend and I raced to the scene. It seemed to me that the firemen, official in rubber coats and boots, greeted the amateurs with remarkable lack of enthusiasm. However, they gave us each an Indian Gun—a portable fire extinguisher—and told us to fall to. We began to squat the fire and each other with equal fervor. Much talk, meanwhile, was going the rounds concerning the arrival of the new equipment belonging to Bridgewater Company 9. Of course, there are no fire hydrants—water must be pumped from ponds or streams. Bridgewater 9, however, had a new tank-truck. "When Bridgewater 9 gets here," people kept saying as they wiped Indian Gun goo from their eyes, "everything will be under control." Soon Bridge- 

ter 9 panned up, splendid as only a brand-new 
fire truck can be. How blood-red gleamed its paint! How proudly the men jumped down! How efficiently they worked, rushing the great hose into the flames! Bridgewater's chief motioned us all back. Raising his 

hand, in signal to the water-turner-oner, he cried, "Let 'er roll!" The boy whirled the wheel which con- 
trolled the water while all of us stood by, breath 

held. But nothing happened. Bridgewater 9 had for- 
gotten to fill its tank. P.S. We put out the fire, anyway.

IT HAPPENED IN—

1607 A.D.—Capt. John Smith, along with one hundred five Cavaliers, in three ships, started the first permanent English settlement in the New World at Jamestown, Virginia . . . 1769—Napoleon Bonaparte was born on August 15 at Ajaccio, Corsica . . . 1783—Massachusetts Supreme Court outlawed slavery because of the words in the State Bill of Rights, "all men are born free and equal" . . .

1804—Alexander Hamilton fatally wounded in a duel with Aaron Burr at Weehawken, N. J . . . 1866—Ku Klux Klan formed secretly in South to terrorize Negroes who tried to exercise their legal right to vote . . .

AND SOME SENSE
AUNT JENNY

All kinds of trouble can be caused when people unwisely interfere in the lives of their friends. Aunt Jenny illustrated this point dramatically in her recent story of matchmaking gone wrong, when two young people were kept apart by an older woman's efforts to bring them together. Betty and Duncan were about ready to fall in love, but they had to do it in their own time, and in their own way. When Aunt May began to try to force them together, she very nearly caused a catastrophe that might have turned their love story into a tragedy. As Aunt Jenny points out, the fact that Aunt May meant well wouldn't have helped much, then.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Unaware how desperately strained his marriage to Mary is becoming, Broadway actor Larry Noble continues to befriend Claudia Vincent, the scheming woman who understands how to enlist his sympathies. Through Larry's influence, Claudia obtains a part in his play, and while Mary is shocked enough when she learns of this, she is even more upset when gossip columns and talkative neighbors make much of the relationship between Larry and Claudia. Rupert Barlow, the millionaire who refuses to give up his own pursuit of Mary, loses no time in assuring her that the rumors of an affair between Larry and Claudia are well founded.

BIG SISTER

Parker, the malicious old millionaire whose quest for power had already upset many lives in Glen Falls, has managed to force Ruth Wayne into a dangerous position. Her suspicions of him, which so far she has been unable to back up, have made her sound hysterical and foolish to people like her own husband, John, who takes Parker at face value as a man who is anxious to use his money in good causes. Soon, however, Ruth will discover an ally in her effort to show Parker up as the hypocrite she is sure he is. But how will this proof affect her relationship with John? And will she be in time to prevent Parker from causing really big trouble?

BRIGHTER DAY

Elizabeth Dennis has made up her mind. In spite of her love for movie producer Nathan Eldredge, she will not return to Hollywood, for she fears that the people she would have to deal with and the life she would have to lead would be too alien to the gentle, simple daughter of a small-town minister. But when a girl like Liz falls in love she doesn't do it lightly. Will she be able to forget the powerful attraction of Nathan, and the sincerity of his feeling for her? Has lawyer Sam Winship any chance of filling Nathan's place? The Rev. Dennis, who knows his daughter well, is afraid she has a harder fight ahead than perhaps she realizes.

DAVID HARUM

David Harum's old friend, Ed Brice, has gotten himself into a lot of trouble by marrying a woman much younger than himself—only two years older than Lucy, the daughter of Ed's first marriage. The Eldins, Herbert and Denny, both claim to be in love with Lucy, but David's belief that Denny is nothing but a near-do-well is strengthened when David himself is struck and robbed, and Herbert is beaten so badly that he has to be hospitalized. Denny appears to David to be the logical suspect. Denny's true character is even better known to Inez, Ed's wife, to whom the young wastrel has been making love—even though he is ardent in his protestations of love for Lucy.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

The murder of a millionaire on a golf course brings the police and reporter David Farrell into the case that David calls "The Country Club Murder Case." Covering the story for his paper, the New York Daily Eagle, David questions the people involved and notes the suspicious stories told by two girls who happened to be present on the course at the time of the murder. But David and his wife Sally, both of whom are old hands at murder investigation, are too experienced to be misled by such circumstantial evidence. Their alertness, experience and keen analyzing ability are once again instrumental in helping the police to force the real murderer into the open.

DAYTIME DIARY—
Here's your guide to good listening
on the daytime drama circuit—plot,
character, time, station information

GUIDING LIGHT

Meta White now believes that the stern educational plans laid down by her husband Ted for their son, Chuckie, are not only mistaken but dangerous. Against Ted's express command Meta had Chuckie interviewed by a children's psychiatrist, who encouraged Chuckie to go on with the hobby he prefers to all others, painting. Ted, convinced that boxing lessons and rugged camping expeditions will do Chuckie more good, is infuriated by Meta's interference, but with Meta the conflict has passed the point of argument. She believes that something terrible will happen to Chuckie if he is forced into activities which cause him physical and mental strain.

HILLTOP HOUSE

Strange undercurrents stir at the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House, as supervisor Julie Paterno tries to learn the truth behind the little French boy, Bill, who is so strangely involved with Hilltop's doctor, Jeff Browning. There is no question that Bill is the son of Dr. Jeff's former wife, a Frenchwoman named Annette. And there is no question that Jeff definitely despises this woman who has evidently caused him a great deal of trouble. But his relationship with the boy himself puzzles Julie, as does Bill's own strange personality. How much of Bill's story is true, and how much is the clever fabrication of an imaginative, but possibly unhealthy, youngster?

MA PERKINS

In spite of the warnings of her old friend Shuffle, Ma refuses to see the truth about her cousins, the Hammachers, and as a result they have successfully worked the scheme by which they plan to cut Ma off from her family and friends and gradually gain complete control over her lumber yard. Having driven Shuffle away from Rushville Center, and caused trouble between Mo and her daughter Evey that may never be patched up, the Hammachers turn their attention to Ma's other daughter, Fay—the one with the money. Somewhere along the line somebody has got to stop the Hammachers. Is Shuffle going to be able to make himself heard in time?

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Nana Brady's glamorous screen career is really under way when tragedy threatens. At a ball given in her honor, Nana wears the fabulous Rojah's Diamond ... and it is stolen under circumstances that point suspicion toward her faster father, Pat Brady. Inspector Storm, assigned to the case, turns some of his attention to the strange people who one way or another have recently obtained a faethold in Nana's life. Viola Vance, Erral Dunbar and Dophe Reed are actually working together to upset the lives of Nana and Pat. Will Inspector Storm's investigation unearth any of the true facts about this sinister trio?

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

At long lost, the frightening episode involving Jim Swanson draws to a close, as the desperate man is downed by a bullet from the gun of Inspector Craig Roberts. Now Alice, Jim's former wife, can go on with her plans for happiness with her husband, Douglas Norman. And Chichi, thankful for Alice's happiness, can relax for the first peaceful moments she's known since Jim Swanson made his grim threats against her. Papa David, however, is not so sure Chichi and peaceful moments go well together. Already young Craig Roberts has found her intensely disturbing. Papa David knows from experience that where Chichi is, there's usually trouble.
OUR GAL SUNDAY

Kevin Bromfield, left blinded as the result of a brutal, mysterious attack, is the center of a raging controversy in the circle of Sunday and Lord Henry's Europe. The young lawyer's love for Sunday had annoyed Lord Henry, and encouraged his fiancée, Marcia, to accuse Lord Henry of the attack. She claims it was motivated by jealousy which several weeks ago had heard Lord Henry express. Sunday, however, believes that Lord Henry would never have done such a thing, and sets herself grimly to learn the truth. The sting behind the assault upon Kevin is a dreadful shock to Sunday when she ultimately discovers who was responsible, and why.

Sunday heard on CBS 12:45 P.M. EDT

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Two years ago Pepper's friend Andy Hoyt was lost in a plane crash in South America. Edie never gave up hope that her husband would be found, and when pilot Jerry Feldman flew North with a story about a broken, aged man recently rescued from the jungle, Edie insisted on going down to see him despite Jerry's warning that he couldn't possibly be Andy. But Edie, undiscouraged, goes, and to the astonishment of Jerry and of all the Youngs, who feared Edie's trip would end in bitter disappointment, the man proves to be Andy beyond any doubt! Overjoyed for Edie, Pepper and his family wonder if they would have been capable of faith as profound as hers.

Pepper Young heard on NBC 3:30 P.M. EDT

PERRY MASON

The well-organized ring of gangsters which supplies a great city with dangerous drugs comes under fire as the police and Perry Mason close in on the head men. Meanwhile the happy family life for which Audrey Beckman worked and planned lies in ruins at her feet, with the realization that her husband, Ed, is hopelessly involved with the criminals. For years, while the Beckmans were poor, Audrey kept hoping for more money. Then Ed began to make more in ways that were not clear to Audrey until her sudden discovery that he was tied up with dope-peddling. Can Audrey protect herself and her children from the consequences of her husband's folly?

Perry Mason heard on CBS 2:15 P.M. EDT

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Walter Manning's tendency toward self-distrust leads him into a tangle from which escape will be difficult. When Portia proves that Staley, Walter's boss, is a criminal, Walter recalls his own defense of the man and decides that Portia will be better off without such an incompetent as himself around for a husband—particularly since he has reason to believe that his brilliant brother, Christopher, is in love with Portia. On his way out of town, Walter is involved in an accident as a result of which he changes places with a dead man. Portia, mourning Walter whom she believes to be dead, does not suspect how strangely they will meet again.

Walter Manning heard on NBC 5:15 P.M. EDT

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Corolyn Kromer's ill-avoided effort to regain custody of her son Skippy, who was awarded to her divorced husband Dwight as the result of evidence faked by her lawyer, has plunged her into a scandal from which—according to his political backers—her fiancée, Miles Nelson, must be protected. Corolyn, knowing that publisher Annette Thorpe is the most influential person behind Miles, distrusts the decision that Miles and Corolyn must stop seeing one another. It is supposed to be temporary, but Corolyn is well aware that Annette Thorpe's interest in Miles is not confined to his campaign for the governorship, and believes this is part of Annette's campaign to win Miles.

Dwight Kramer heard on NBC 3:45 P.M. EDT

ROAD OF LIFE

Despite his efforts to put the past from his mind, Dr. Jim Brent finds it painfully recalled to him as the trial of the Rockwell gang of crooks opens. As Beth Lambert, the actress who posed as Jim's wife and prevented him from learning the truth about her death, gives her testimony, the whole bitter episode comes back to Jim—their whole life together before eyes. For the first time he learns some truths about Carol, his wife, which he never had known—truths that make him almost glad she died before her life became an unspeakably sordid mess. But will Jim ever be able to escape from the burden of the past—will he be able to achieve a small measure of happiness?

Dr. Jim Brent heard on NBC 3:15 P.M. EDT

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Gil Whitney finally learns part of the truth about his alleged marriage to Betty Mallory, who claims that they married in Georgia during the war and that Gil, whom she knew under an assumed name, is the father of little Mollie Lou. But before Gil can completely straighten out this trouble, which was caused by Cynthia Swanson, Cynthia and columnist Daisy Parker go to work planting rumors about a romance between Helen and her boss and old friend, Jeff Brody. So successful is their gossip campaign that Jeff's wife breaks with Helen, and Gil leaves his investigation in Marble Hill and rushes back in consternation to Hollywood to learn the truth for himself.

Agatha Anthony heard on CBS 12:30 P.M. EDT

ROSEMARY

Rosemary, returning from a visit to Springdale to find her husband in a violently overwrought condition, is stunned to learn from her friend, Blondie, that he has become infatuated with another woman. Refusing at first to credit this, Rosemary finally believes it when Bill leaves her, obviously so upset that he hardly knows what he is doing. Though Rosemary knows that Blanche, the other woman, has attempted to bow out of the situation, she wonders if there is any future for herself and Bill. Is any love, Rosemary wonders, strong enough to stand the shock of betrayal? Or would it be wiser if she gave up trying to help Bill, and left him to find his own peace?

Bill Roberts heard on CBS 11:45 A.M. EDT

DAYTIME DIARY—
WENDY WARREN

Wendy’s romance with her managing editor, Don Smith, is rocked by news of the accident in which Nono Douglas is killed. Wendy, explaining that her concern for Nono’s husband Mark is merely what any good friend would feel, does not convince Don, particularly when it becomes known that at one time Wendy and Mark were on the brink of marriage. Learning from a friend in Paris that ever since the accident Mark has been living a strange and obviously unhealthy existence, Wendy is so distraught at this news that she herself begins to wonder if there is any basis to the rumors, spread by Queenie, the columnist, that her old love for Mark never really died.

SECOND MRS. BURTON

When the doctor tells Terry the frightening news, that little Wendy has polio, both she and Ston turn all their energies to the business of getting Wendy cured, with the result that teen-ager Brad, despite his own love for his half-sister, begins to feel lonely and unwanted. In the now ammuniment, Brad joins a boys’ group called the River Club, only to realize shortly that he has become involved in a gang of juvenile delinquents. When Brad learns the truth about the activities of his new crowd, uncertainty and inexperience make him hesitate over what to do. Finally he goes to his family minister, who counsels him in a course of action that saves Brad from real danger.

STELLA DALLAS

Stello Dallas’ young friend, Marla Lennox, stands in the midst of a situation that has tragic possibilities when the stronger, Ted Lamont, of whom she has grown fond, proves to be her father. Because Ted is on a convict, Marlo’s engagement to Andy Conroy may be upset by Andy’s father, Earl Canroy, who is doing his best to prevent the marriage. But Earl himsef is in a questionable position, since there is a mysterious connection between him and a proven gangster named Harry Hill, a man responsible for some of the trouble that has occurred in Ted Lamont’s life. Will Stella be able to keep Marlo from being hurt by the mistakes of others?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

Joan and Harry Davis, preparing for one of the hardest trials of their life together, are overwhelmed when Joan’s mother steps in to make things even worse. Joan, paralyzed as the result of a murder attempted by a deranged woman, faces a future which only Harry and her children can make worthwhile. But Joan’s mother, who never got over her opposition to Joan’s marriage, decides that all Joan’s troubles are the direct result of Harry’s shortcomings, and is making a fight to break up the Davis home. Despite the fact that neither Joan nor Harry gives serious thought to this suggestion, their difficulties are not eased by the hysteric of Joan’s mother.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Nurse Noro Droke, though she has been engaged for some time to lawyer Charles Dobbs, discovers certain traits of jealousy and tension in him that make her wonder about going ahead with marriage plans. When her old friend Dr. Jensen advises her to wait, Naro re-examines her relationship with Charles in the light of her interest in the psychiatrist, Dr. Seargent, who has been finding it hard to disguise his growing love for her. Just how much this love will do Seargent is for he has not managed to hide it from the glamorous Vivian Jarrett, the woman whose mysterious hold over the psychiatrist can virtually control his life.

YOUNG DR. MALONE

Anne Malone, estranged wife of Dr. Jerry Malone, has found in Sam Williams another man with whom she might be happy. Sam’s headstrong son, Gene, may upset their plans by his violent reaction, for he has stubbornly believed that Anne was in love with him despite the difference in their ages. Young Crystal, daughter of the town drunkard, may yet the worst of Gene’s bitter decision to make his father and Anne as miserable as possible. Meanwhile, in New York, Jerry faces in the ruin of his whole new life as he realizes that Lucio Stendish, around whom he is building it, is a dangerous neurotic hypocrite, rather than the idealist he had believed her.

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Madame Sophie, who began life as a French peasant, has won by her unflagging energy and dominant personality a unique position as a leading New York couturiere whose expensive gowns are worn by the most beautiful women in the world. This career, however, does not entirely satisfy Madame Sophie. Her lively interest in people takes her in and out of the troubles of her friends. There is nothing she likes better than a well-tangled misunderstanding and she is always full of ideas about solving their problems. Sometimes her remedies are effective, but at other times she is glad to have lawyer Paul Tracy around to talk things over from his coldly legal viewpoint.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Dr. Alison Show, the woman surgeon whose brilliant operation saved Ellen Brown’s life, now wishes to remain in Simpsonville to join the staff of the hospital where Dr. Anthony Loring, Ellen’s fiance, works. Ellen, who has grown fond of Alison and feels indebted to her, is astonished when Anthony insists that if she remains in town she will cause trouble. Shortly, however, Anthony’s fears appear unjustified. He finds his wife and former husband comes to Simpsonville. It seems obvious that Jim’s activities will upset everyone who has any contact with him or Alison Shaw. How will Jim Morrison’s appearance affect the lives of Ellen and Anthony?
GLORIA GORDON — My Friend Irma’s landlady (Mon. 10 P.M. EDT, CBS) was born in England, voices American and sounds Irish. She married an American pantomimist she met at London’s Hippodrome while she was touring with a vaudeville troupe. She has one daughter and a son, the well-known radio actor Gale Gordon.
BOB STEVENSON—the thirty-five-year-old announcer of CBS's Life with Luigi, played hooky from his Birmingham, N. Y. high school to accompany a friend who was auditioning for radio and wound up with the job himself. Shortly after his discharge from the Army, he headed west to resume radio duties in Hollywood.

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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>We Love and Learn</td>
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<td>Dr. I. Q.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Bob Hope</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Dr. I. Q.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Fibber McGee &amp; Molly</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Dr. I. Q.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Big Town</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Dr. I. Q.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>People Are Funny</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Dr. I. Q.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Heard in southern & west-central states

ANNE BURT—is always cast as "the menace" because of her deep voice. Her surprise was great when she got the leading lady assignment on radio's Studio One because "I'm the world's worst audience." She appeared in Broadway's "Detective Story," is well-known for her portrayal of Nona in Wendy Warren; Valerie in Big Sister. ** M **
JAN MINER—Staats Cotsworth's partner in crime detection and Julie on CBS's daily (3:15 P.M. EDT) Hilltop House, began her drama career as a first-staff actress in radio. (He's CBS's Crime Photographer, Thurs. 9:30 P.M. EDT.) Born near Chicago he has been a sailor, bus driver, book illustrator and still does excellent water colors, some of which he has exhibited.

**THURSDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kienan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Red Foley</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Terkel Time</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>12:00</th>
<th>News</th>
<th>The Note Noodlers</th>
<th>Kate Smith Speaks</th>
<th>Lanny Ross</th>
<th>Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 News</th>
<th>Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent</th>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez</td>
<td>Greek Foster</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>Nancy Grant</td>
<td>Big Sister Mira Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Gilding Light</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Game of the Day*</td>
<td>Welcome to Hollywood</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Bride and Groom 3:25 Bryon Rash</td>
<td>Nana From Nowhere</td>
<td>House Party</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Surprise Package</td>
<td>Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Fan House</td>
<td>Galen Drake</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
<td>Space Patrol</td>
<td>Hits and Misses</td>
<td></td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program</td>
<td>I Love a Mystery</td>
<td>Edwin G. Hill Emir Davis Drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Aldrich Family</td>
<td>California Caravan</td>
<td>Screen Guild Players</td>
<td>FSI in Peace and War Mr. Keen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Case Daily</td>
<td>Limerick Show</td>
<td>Ted Mack's Original Amour Hour</td>
<td>Suspense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Dragnet</td>
<td>Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel</td>
<td>Author Streets the Critics</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air John &amp; Kennedy</td>
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**STAATS COTSWORTH**—who appeared in twenty-three Broadway shows in fifteen years, was among the first staff actors in radio. (He's CBS's Crime Photographer, Thurs. 9:30 P.M. EDT.) Born near Chicago he has been a sailor, bus driver, book illustrator and still does excellent water colors, some of which he has exhibited.
**POETRY**

**OCTOBER**

October is a harvest moon
With romance in his genial beam;
Chrysanthemums—a sweetheart's tune—
The answer to a poet's dream.

October is an orange field
Of pumpkins ripe upon the vine,
And jars of air Jack Frost unsealed
That are as tipsying as wine.

October is a frasty sky
Where witches roam and snowflakes brew;
October is a hearth where I
Would like to share my dreams with you.

—Dorothy B. Efstrom

**Second Love**

We'll make a wine of laughter
And see this moment trace
An end to all our heartbreaks,
Unveil love's long lost face.

We'll turn our eyes to morning
Let the young sun dry our tears,
And pause no more in yearning
For all those love-shorn years.

We'll hold the past as pruning
Of youth's too thoughtless grace,
And rest our hearts together
In love's new time and space.

—Eula G. Klein

**SONG FOR UNDERSTANDING**

This is high understanding: that you know
When I am sorry without telling you,
And I am aware of your regret, although
You go about your day's work, and pursue
Another subject when you talk with me.
It is not only that we read the eyes,
Or by each other's very acts can see
The wish to compensate for some unwise
And sudden hurt we managed to inflict—
But, out of this, true understanding springs
Which makes it more easy to predict
The other's feeling long before he brings
Out, 'I am sorrier than words can tell.'

*You know my heart, and I know yours so well!*

—Elaine V. Emans

---

**EUGENIE BAIRD** — featured singer on CBS's Sing It Again (Sat. 10 P.M. EDT) was born in Pittsburgh. She sang with Tony Pastor, Jan Savitt and Glen Gray before becoming Bing Crosby's partner for a season and touring with Paul Whiteman. For six months thereafter she was in the Broadway musical "Angel in the Wings."
WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

By JOAN DAVIS

In the July issue of Radio Mirror, this column printed the problem of Mrs. F. T. who wanted to know what she should do to prevent her son from quitting school and emulating the bad habits of others. In the opinion of the editors, the best letter was sent in by Mrs. Irvin Greer, whose answer is printed below. A check for $25.00 has been sent to Mrs. Greer.

This month's problem letter appears at the end of the feature. What is your answer to it? Your letter may win $25.00.

Dear Mrs. F. T.:

I think your little boy is trying to "grow up" too fast. Possibly he feels that, like his sisters, he could be out of your way. He sees that you and your husband are very happy and he just feels left out and alone. Both of you should cultivate an intimate friendship with the boy. Take him out with you; encourage him in wholesome sports. Invite boys of his own age to your home and see that they have a good time. Fix his room up attractively so that it will be a place he really likes to come home to. Try to get him started with an interesting and absorbing hobby. Take it for granted he is going on with his education. Show a great interest in his schoolwork. See that he has many good books and magazines in his room. Talk about the future and the good jobs coming up, indirectly making education appear as a necessity. Your boy must be made to feel that he is needed and wanted in the home. And that he is an important contribution to your own happiness. Just give him the right build-up and he won't let you down.

Mrs. I. G.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am deeply in love with a young man and he has declared his love for me. I know he has marriage on his mind. But his family and background are all that mine aren't.

Although my mother has never been married, she has three children, all by different fathers. For the last ten years she has lived with a shiftless drunkard who beats and mistreats her especially when drunk. When she needs money, she comes to me.

I'm the only girl. Life at home was so unbearable that I ran away when I was sixteen. I lived with the family I worked for. By hard work and saving I put myself through school. I now have a good home and a good job. I have bettered myself and have lived a life that will bear the closest inspection. I tried doubly hard because of my mother's mistakes.

Yet, I'm ashamed of my sordid family background. And I'm afraid to tell this young man for fear his family will make him drop me even if his own love is strong enough to care for me myself alone.

N. B.

Dear N. B.:

I believe that it's never safe to gamble. In this case, I'm sure it wouldn't be safe for you to keep your story from the young man you wish to marry. By accident—or perhaps by design, for there are always people in this world who are willing to make trouble—it's most likely that at some time or another, after you are married, this story would reach your husband's ears. And think how he would feel, knowing that you hadn't trusted him to the extent of confiding in him.

If he loves you—for yourself alone, which is a good test of the kind of love which makes for married happiness—he will honor you for your efforts, rather than holding your past history against you. As for his family, I suggest that you let the young man himself decide how much of the story they need be told.

Dear Joan:

I am a girl of fourteen. I live in a town where there are plenty of girls and boys my age, and we all like to go to movies, and dances. But it seems I always get left out for two reasons.

I only get one dollar for allowance and have to stretch it for church, movies, after school and in school cokes. I go to church twice weekly and it costs thirty-five cents on Sundays without counting Saturdays. To the cheapest and still decent theatre it costs fifty cents just to get in, without bus fare or a treat.

I'm turned down so much when I ask for things I'm afraid to ask anymore. My parents think I should be able to go to the show, church, buy myself new clothes, and have other treats on a dollar a week. While all the other kids get from three dollars to four dollars a week. I would be satisfied with a dollar and a half or two dollars at least.

My second problem is the tele-

(Continued on page 82)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay $25 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another $25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than Sept. 22. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The name of the winner will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.
She's Engaged!

Sweet and lovely Nancy Ann Heston is wearing a bright new diamond ring—and giving out news of her engagement to J. Thomas Ligget, Jr., Yale, Class of 1950. They'll be married this fall in the Presbyterian Church of beautiful Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania—a big wedding and reception, with eight bridesmaids and Nancy, a completely adorable bride.

She's Lovely!

Nancy Heston has the captivating sort of face that makes everyone want to know her better! Her eyes are like blue sky—her lips curve in an irresistible smile—and her complexion is smooth as cream. It's a face that sends out the special magic of her Inner Self—lets you see the darling girl she is!

She uses Ponds!

"When you look pretty—you feel more confident"...Nancy believes

Haven't you noticed it...that much more confident feeling you have when you are looking especially nice?

One of a girl's biggest assets is lovely skin, Nancy feels. "I always clean my face with Pond's Cold Cream—it's extra softenning, just wonderful," she says.

You'll find a magic in this treatment, too! Use it every night—this way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face to soften and sweep skin-dulling dirt and old make-up from pore openings. Tissue off clean.

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

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

See your super-clean face! So soft—too!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. You owe it to others—you owe it to yourself. It sends a happy confidence sparkling out from your Inner Self—吸引 people to you on sight.

Today, get a big jar of snowy Pond's Cold Cream!

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!
Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 18)

2000 and vision a group of middle-aged people indulging in tender reminiscence and singing, not "I'll Never Smile Again," or "South of the Border" but

It's delicious, yum-yum-yum,
It's delightful! Order some!
Now demand it. Here's the name
 roy-al,

Strange, but nore! Rinso White!
or the briefer but no less relentlessly
fixed in the memory,
Happy little washy day.

Before 1939 there had been other
give-aways, but sponsors and listeners
alike paid them only minor attention
until Horace Heidt started Pot O' Gold
and the trend that is stillraging. If
Heidt had not fractured his back playing
football at the University of Cali-
ifornia, the whole thing might never
have happened. He had planned to be
a football coach. During his weeks of
convalescence he faced the fact that
his athletic career was finished. He
had been making extra money playing
the piano at school dances with some
success, so when he recovered he con-
centrated on music, formed a dance
band and was on his way—but not
at first. In 1942 when as a dance band leader,
radio passed him by until he started his Answers by
Dancers on a local station during his
engagement at the New York Biltmore.

With that, the air went dead for
some ten seconds before the announcer
murmured, "Like this quiet? Have some
more." Another ten seconds elapsed be-
fore the soft invitation, "Come on in—
the nothing's fine. This is the first time
a sponsor gives you a whole minute of
silence! Like it? Have some more." Listeners
were in a fever of curiosity, naturally,
at the end of the minute, and
Admiration's sales took a healthy jump.

Though a noble experiment, this
"silent" commercial did not stem the
tide of the selling rhyme. By this time
the air was full of the works of other
poets. Children no longer skipped rope
to chanted nursery rhymes, but used,
instead, such words as, I like Chiclets candy-coated chewing-
gum. I am going out right quick and buy me
some. It's refreshing as can be,
Skitty-whoa, skitty-whee!
I like Chiclets candy-coated chewing-
gum.

Nothing is so tenacious a memory as
the songs of childhood. It is interesting
to project the imagination to the year

chance of being called was one in mil-
ions. It could happen, and it was
glorious to listen to someone being
honored with unearned gold each week.

Heidt backed up his give-away with
a splendid show, but the day of the
give-away as entertainment all by
itself was close at hand. The vast inter-
est in "Pot O' Gold" started another trend
when Heidt started to broadcast from
a different city each week—the first
major band to make a policy of touring.

"Corny, mother" became a national
catch-phrase after another trend
he started. Dennis Day, then known as
Eugene Dennis McNulty, became an
important addition to the Benny show
this year. He remained with it until he
joined the Navy. After the war, he
started his own show, too, A Day in The
Life of Dennis Day.

Jay Jostyn played the assistant to
Mr. McNulty, and with the start but
within the year worked up to the top
spot. What is generally conceded to be
the most literate of the daytime dramas,
Against the Storm, written by Sandra
Moxley, which started on the air in 1939
and it went off the air for a while. Certain
characters in it were hating Hitler pre-
amously. There was a Neutrality Act
still in force, so any reference to our
enemy in this country was judged to be
"controversial." The National Asso-
ciation of Broadcasters' new Code of
Fair Practice clearly defined as "con-
troversial" any allusion concerning the
nation about which there was a division
of opinion. Political campaigns were
one example. The question of inter-
vention in Europe's war or isolation
was another. It was ruled that such
matters might not be presented in
theatrical form, and should be discussed
only in straight speeches or debates and
as sustaining, non-paid time except in
the way of public service announcements
where both sides were allowed to buy equal
amounts of time, if they wished.

It was this ruling against contro-
versial matter that was the start that finally
took Father Coughlin off the air.

When his advertising agency tried
to renew his contracts for time, they
promised that his broadcasts "will not
attack any race or creed, but will keep
the patriotic tenor of trying to keep
America out of the war." The Code
committee ruled that such a discussion
would be commercial and so could be
broadcast only as a sustaining show.

Many stations were willing to sell time
to Father Coughlin, but few cared to
donate it. In 1940, the cleric announced
he was leaving radio and would devote himself to his magazine, Social
Justice. So ended a career about which many listeners had bitterly opposing
opinions.

Another bombshell was tossed in a
different direction by a brave gentle-
man by the name of Artie Shaw, who
told the jitterbugs where to get off in
makeshift "jazz bars." The tenacious
trumpet man was born in 1910 and grew up in
the years when at least one boy on every
block was making the night hideous
with a saxophone. In 1929, he switched
off to a clarinet where there was less
competition, developed a distinctive
hot style under tutelage from the great
Bix Beider- (Continued on page 76)

"I look forward to it every morning!!"

says one regular listener to the fascinating radio
program "My True Story", heard every morning,
Monday through Friday. You meet new people
each day, hear their stories taken from
the pages of True Story Magazine. Each morning
there's a complete true drama, prepared in co-
operation with the editors of True Story Magazine.

You meet people just like you meet
with their loves, their fears, their problems . . .
could be you, could be your neighbor.
"I'm sure of all-over Lux Loveliness with this big Bath Size!"
says Doris Day

"Leaves my skin so fresh, exquisitely fragrant, too!"

"This big luxurious bath size Lux Soap makes such a wonderfully refreshing beauty bath," says charming Doris Day. "It leaves my skin softer, smoother, perfumed with such a lovely clinging fragrance!"

You will love the generous new bath size. It gives rich abundant lather, even in hardest water. After a Lux Soap beauty bath, arms and shoulders look satin-smooth; skin all over is fresh, really sweet!

Try Hollywood's favorite beauty soap in the luxurious new bath size!

DORIS DAY and GORDON MACRAE in a romantic scene from WARNER BROS.' "TEA FOR TWO"
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
(Continued from page 74) becke, and by 1938 was a rage with the youngsters, playing for twenty thousand "shag" enthusiasts in one concert on Boston Common, of all places. In 1938, he made "Dancing Co-Ed" with Lana Turner on CBS. The program already had been a great success, and other band leaders secretly envied when Shaw was quoted as saying that the young, button-grabbing fans were "morons." The outcry from the band leaders and their press agents was horridous, however, even after he explained that he meant "the few rowdies who were spoiling the whole thing for the kids who just wanted to listen and dance."

They forgave him later, but for a while the rage of the teenagers made life a siege for the Bobby-soxers. Several band leaders decided that the best way to end the fad was to ignore it. Surely it would blow over soon. Little did they know that the Bobby-soxers were just around the corner.

1940: Charlie Chaplin came out in his first talkie, "The Great Dictator," which had been some years in the making. It was a subject that suddenly appeared as Hitler as a subject for comedy, no matter how caustic, was no longer funny at all because of the frightening news that was flooding the world. And so, during the four months that Norway was overrun in thirty-two days, Holland in five, Belgium in eighteen when the Maginot Line was routed, and as the Allies began to stagger, the slogan "When will they never learn?" and "slit-trench, slit-trench--" and heard a voice that was to become very familiar. "All I have to offer is blood, toil, tears and sweat," said Winston Churchill, who became Prime Minister of the U.K.

France fell. Hitler danced in the forest of Compiegne to celebrate the signing of surrender. All that was left was the death of Britain. Over the radio we heard Churchill's words bracing his people for the attack.

The battle of Britain is about to begin, and we must ourselves realize that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour." In December, the fall of London, a heart-breaking program started on NBC. It was British children, evacuated to this country, talking to their parents in England. No one who hears will ever forget the voices of the brave British voices greeting each other across the submarine-filled ocean. Ben Grauer was master of ceremonies and another distinguished performance to an important radio career. Grauer was a child star on the stage before he became an announcer in 1938. By 1939, he was famous for his coverage of news on foreign broadcasts, including the United Nations since it was formed in 1945, and for his announcements of the Toscanini concerts. In 1940, the Radio Guild, originating convention rocked to the chant, "We Want Willkie!" His acceptance speech made the nation realize that, no matter who was infected, we faced dangerous times, "I shall lead you down the road of sacrifice and service to your country." The first peace time drive was held November, with Willkie, and November the election returns cut practically everything else off the air until it was announced that President Roosevelt had won the unprecedented third term.

Then it was over, and the country discovered that there was something new on the radio—the quiz show. Doctor No, and other quiz shows became popular. Now there was a new and fascinating program coming out of Chicago, The Quiz Kids. A panel of five youngsters under sixteen appeared every day over the air. The questions were asked through questionaires and interviews, and each child received a hundred dollar bond for an appearance. The master of ceremonies was her first happy choice. He had won first prize in an Indianapolis amateur contest when he, himself, was five. At eight, he was traveling with Neil O'Brien's Minstrels. Three years later, he went on KBBF when his series of plays on the air and later at the Electric Theatre until the tragic death of his daughter in 1949. A fine sustaining show, Invitations to the Stage was a benefit program devoted to raising money for various charities.

The excellent music of The Telephone Hour started this year and became an immediate favorite. The interest in fine music was forcibly demonstrated again when the Metropolitan Opera House threatened with eviction and appeal for subscriptions. It received half a million dollars from 150,000 small contributors, showing that the country was greatly interested in good music programs it had heard free for nine years.

On the lighter side, Bonnie Baker was cooing "Oh, Johnny, Oh Johnny" with Orrin Tucker's band. Vaughn Monroe,-feature singer on Eddie Can- tor's show, Trumpeter Harry James had left Benny Goodman to start his own band featuring an unknown vocalist—Frank Sinatra.

1941: News was far the biggest this year. The truth was Hitler attacked Russia. Hess parachuted to Scotland. Roosevelt and Churchill met for the first time out of the country, and the eight fighting nations met on the open ocean off Newfoundland. The Selective Service Act was extended. The Lend-Lease Act was passed. We had more new words; bazooka, Esther, Pearl Harbor, flack-happy.

On December 7, Americans were spending a peaceful day eating Sunday snacks (milk, twelve cents, butter thirty cents). Those who had the radio on could not believe their ears when they heard:

"We interrupt this program to bring you a news flash—the Japanese have just attacked Pearl Harbor!"

On December 8, President Roosevelt
took the air for the declaration of war following "a date that will live in infamy." On December 18, all weather broadcasts were banned. Otherwise there was no move to take over radio as had been done by the government in 1918. On December 22, Prime Minister Churchill spoke before a joint session of Congress, noting that if his father had been American instead of his mother, he might have been speaking there, "on my behalf."

No doubt because there was so much tragedy in the news, the big shows that started this year placed heavy emphasis on comedy. Bob Burns began his own Arkansas Traveller. Harold Peary graduated from the Fibber McGee and Molly show to star as The Great Gildersleeve, perennial bachelor and self-styled Don Juan. Red Skelton emerged as a star. Satirist Henry Morgan went on the Mutual network after building a fanatically devoted following on a New York station. Tom Breneman began Breakfast at Sardi's, an audience show with a difference. It featured the elderly, and everybody connected with it turned out at the crack of dawn. It was nothing unusual to see four hundred women waiting to get into his restaurant at six A.M. Breneman put on funny hats, kidded his elderly guests, gave them orchids, asked highly personal questions about their love lives—and they adored it. In 1945 the show was retitled Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood and increased in popularity until his death in 1948.

In 1939 a young writer by the name of Abe Burrows had dreamed up a character who offered advice in garbled English ("Leave us not forget that some of us is mixed company"). This, of course, was the inimitable Archie who developed into the star of Duffy's Tavern by 1940. In 1941, Ed Gardner began to play the part and the show settled down to steady success. Gardner was born Eddie Poggenburg in Astoria, Long Island, of Irish and German ancestry. His mother believed in culture and insisted on piano lessons. Eddie took to them so readily that, at fourteen, he arranged to play at a local salon in return for all the free lunch he could eat. This blissful engagement ended abruptly when his mother found out why he toyed with his dinner, and led him home by the ear. He was briefly a prizefighter's manager, a file clerk, dispatcher on the Long Island Railroad, salesman of ink, pianos and paint before he found a job directing for the WPA theater. That took him to radio. He produced half a dozen top air shows, including This Is New York, before he turned to acting. In searching for just the right man to play Archie, Gardner kept showing others how the part should be played—and ended up by doing it himself on the air. There have been ten Miss Dufys on the show. It was produced first in New York, moved to Hollywood and now comes transcribed from Puerto Rico to its vast audience.

Behind the scenes of radio there were big things astir. One was the final quarrel with the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP), to which virtually all important song writers belonged. The public was baffled, and never did really understand what was happening when all current tunes left the air and ancient favorites like "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" replaced them. ASCAP, you (Continued on page 80)
Listen here!
In this issue you’ll find pictures and stories of the greatest entertainers in the world... the stars appearing on CBS today.

Look around you... from ocean to ocean, from our northern borders to the Gulf... wherever you live, there’s a CBS station nearby, ready and waiting to bring the world’s best and most brilliant radio into your home.
Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 77) remember, collected fees for the use of its members' music, which is only fair. Otherwise, song writers would have very meager returns for their time and talent. However, ASCAP drove a hard bargain, and radio stations had resented it from the start. Open warfare broke out when the renewal of a contract came up in December, 1940. Broadcasters had been paying about four million dollars a year in royalties for tunes. ASCAP thought twice that would be nice.

The sale of records was enjoying an enormous come-back and the juke box was cutting into radio's audience. Broadcasters felt that this was no time to consider a hundred percent rise in the cost of music on the air. They got together, led by NBC and CBS, and defied ASCAP, saying that they would manage without popular music entirely before paying such a high fee for it. They formed Broadcast Music, Inc. as a rival, signed up what few song writers they could find outside of ASCAP, and held firm. The result was that practically every familiar song was off the air for almost all of 1941. These included everything from "Trees" to "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and even such signature songs as Rudy Vallee's "My Time Is Your Time." To ASCAP's astonishment, the public did not rebel too strenuously, so the eighteen-year-old feud was finally settled, with ASCAP winning some concessions but the broadcasters winning more.

The Federal Communications Commission made two momentous rulings this year. The most far-reaching was its somewhat delayed permission for the building of Frequency Modulation stations. This is so technical a subject that only engineers are interested in the details. It is enough for the average listener to know that the main difference from Amplitude Modulation is that FM uses the short wave bands in the radio spectrum, thus finding room on the air for many more stations and so expanding the possible services to the listener immeasurably.

The other ruling had a quicker result. FCC ruled that no one company could own more than one network, and that licenses would be no longer issued to stations in the same area if owned by the same company. This decision was based on the growing opinion that the big networks were approaching monopoly of the air and that, unless controlled, might soon have "too much influence on thought." The immediate result was that NBC, which operated the Blue and the Red Networks, had to relinquish one or the other.

In January, 1942, RCA (the parent company of NBC) set up the smaller Blue Network as a separate unit with eventual sale in mind, and so the groundwork for the fourth great independent network, American Broadcasting Company, was laid.

That frolicking foursome, the Hoosier Hotshots, provided harmony for the very popular National Barn Dance.


The man with the $64 question: Phil Baker of Take It Or Leave It.

Young for so distinguished a career is announcer Ben Grauer.

NEXt MONTH
The start of ABC
How Frank Sinatra became a star overnight
The record of radio in war with the quotes that live in history.
The give-away shows boom.
Arthur Godfrey becomes a round-the-clock performer.
THE MARINERS’ SPICED
TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

No. 2 can tomato juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon celery salt
salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients in a beverage shaker. Chill at least 30 minutes. Shake before serving. Makes 4-5 servings.

CHORDETTES’ FRIED PIES

3 apples, pared and sliced
2 cups sifted flour
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 tablespoons sugar
3 cup milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon allspice

Cook apples with 1/2 cup water and 1 cup sugar until just tender (10 minutes). Drain. Mix and sift flour, salt and sugar. Add milk a little at a time. Mix enough to form ball. Roll out on floured board. 1/4 inch thick. Cut into eight 4-inch rounds. Place apple slices on one side; sprinkle with spices. Prick other side of dough, fold over. Press edges together. Fry in deep hot fat (360° F.) 5 minutes or until brown.

CHORDETTES’ POTATO “CHEESE” SOUP

2 cups potatoes, diced
3 cups boiling, salted water
2 cups milk
1/4 cup oil
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup cheese, grated
1 tablespoon minced parsley


MARINERS’ QUICK RAISIN BREAD

1/2 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup all-bran
1/2 cup raisins
1 egg, beaten
3 cups milk
2 tablespoons melted butter

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add all-bran and raisins. Blend well. Combine beaten egg, milk and melted butter. Add to dry ingredients. Pour into a greased loaf pan (9 x 5 x 3”). Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 40 minutes.

For that “peaches” look, dry complexion need cream—(lanolin-rich). No call to smear Mom’s best pillow cases. Just slather your face and retreat to a steamy shower. Then blot off excess cream with Kleenex® tissues. Saves face. And at calendar-time, to save embarrassment, make it a habit to choose Kotex—get extra protection with that special safety center. By trying all 3 absorbencies you’ll learn which one suits you.

If your beau brings his Mom and Dad to the game, should you—

☐ Consider him a “Mama’s boy”  ☐ Make with the green eyes  ☐ Hang onto him

Begrudge sharing your football date? Not you! You appreciate a lady Freddy who’s considerate of his parents. As he treats them he’ll be treating you, someday. And a good man’s worth hanging on to. Wherever you go, on “those” days, defeat discomfort with Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape. Keeps you extra comfortable, when teamed with your new Kotex Wonderform® Belt. It’s made with nylon elastic (non-curling, non-twisting). Washable. Dries fast!

Which helps sidestep dry skin problems?

☐ A creamy pillow  ☐ A steamy shower  ☐ Stay indoors

When asked where you’d like to go—

☐ Have a plan or two  ☐ Pick the town’s top niter  ☐ Shrug your shoulders

If he leaves the doings up to you—the “I don’t care” routine’s no help. Have a plan or two. But don’t insist on dinner at the Plush Room. Make several suggestions and let him choose whatever’s in line with his financial bracket. You can gallivant confidentially, even on “certain” occasions—with Kotex. There’s no sign of a telltale line, for those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Won’t betray your secret.

More women choose KOTEX®
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

81
phone, which all the kids have and we don’t. When boys ask me my number I never know what to say. The boys can never get a hold of a girl she doesn’t have a phone. I guess I’ll always be left out.

My father thinks just because he got along without a phone when he was a boy, every one can. The last time I brought up the subject, he said we should get a pay phone then we wouldn’t use it so much. That makes kids feel that their parents will keep them as long as they will pay for all their fun.

D. C.

Dear D. C.:
The first and most important question is this, I think: Can your parents afford to give you a larger allowance, afford to have a telephone installed? If they honestly can, here is my suggestion. Why don’t you approach your father on a business basis? Perhaps, being a business man, he’ll be able to understand a business proposition. Make out two budgets for yourself—a dollar-and-a-half budget and a two-dollar one. Show, neatly listed, exactly how you spend your money. If you like to spend a dollar, list the cost of all the various items—chuch, treats, movies, etc. Do it on paper, so your father can read it, rather than discussing it. Perhaps he will help you out—doesn’t—or if your parents cannot afford to raise your allowance, why don’t you try to earn the money? Consider what your talents are. Would you make a good baby sitter? Could you read to an aged person a few hours a week? Or help with a neighbor’s ironing?
Perhaps you can make a business deal with your father concerning the telephone, provided he is able to afford the phone. Promise to limit your calls—and then keep your promise! Limit the time of both outgoing and incoming calls, and also put a limit on the number of outgoing calls you make.

Dear Joan:
Here is my question, “Can a girl of twenty-five be happily married to a boy twenty-one? I have been engaged once before but our engagement didn’t work out so I promised myself I would never marry. Last December, I was in Chicago and met a soldier of twenty-one and he asked me to wait for him. He writes to me regularly and is asking me to come out there now so we can be married.” I told him I was different in ages but he said that doesn’t make any difference as long as we love each other.

E. V.

Dear E. V.:
Although I don’t believe that a happy marriage, in general, can exist for a man and a woman between whom there is a vast age difference, I certainly don’t think that four years constitutes an appreciable difference. However, I believe that you should remain in carefully that a man of twenty-one is still harder more than a boy, in a great many cases at least. I suggest a waiting time of, say, about one year. If your young man still feels the same way at the end of that period of time, I think that you ought to be able to go safely and happily ahead with your marriage plans.

When a Girl Marries
(Continued from page 72)

Dear Joan Davis:
I’m living in a neighborhood where all of the women range from thirty-two to thirty-six years of age and up, but I’m only twenty-six years old and I keep myself up very well at all times because I know my husband appreciates it. Well, my problem is last week that live all around me are very unfriendly although I have tried my best to be friendly with them, but they think I’m either too young or are they jealous? I wish knew what the matter, I have never come across anything so silly in my life. I would appreciate it if you could give me a solution.

Mrs. P.

Dear Mrs. P.:
I think perhaps the clue to your difficulty in making friends in your neighborhood lies in a phrase from your own letter, “I keep myself up very well at all times.” Of course I have no way of knowing, but I’d venture a guess that your neighbors don’t resent you, nor do they appreciate your being younger than they are—after all, thirty-six is far from old, you know, and you may be surprised to find, when you reach thirty-five, that you’re not bit as young as you do today! However, perhaps they do resent your “dressiness.” Do they feel that you’re being a bit superior about your clothes, your grooming—giving yourself a bit of a show—that you don’t—as yet—keep you tied down; children particularly, can keep a woman from being a fashion plate.

What do you do “when in Rome” theory as a solution. See if you can’t dress, and act, more like your neighbors—and see if that, in turn, doesn’t help you to be more like them. Of course, if you don’t like them, or their way of life, don’t want to be like them, you’ll never make friends with them. But if you do want to be part of the group, don’t be an outsider in habits or dress or way of speaking.

And here is this month’s problem letter;

Dear Joan:
My husband is an Army officer, frequently transferred from post to post. Naturally, these transfers often occur during the school year. This was unimportant when the children were small, since I could simply pick up, pack up, and go along with him.

Now, however, my pretty and popular older daughter bitterly resents being uprooted every time she has made a new circle of friends. She says it completely ruins the fun of school days for her. She also claims, with some justice, that her studies suffer and that she will soon be far behind other girls her age. On the other hand, my son is at the stubborn and rebellious small-boy stage when he badly needs his mother’s wise advice and restraining influence. I am afraid he will be increasingly difficult with no father at home to guide him. For my daughter’s sake I believe what was the matter in our present home for the next few years, but for my son’s sake, it seems as if we should go with his father.

Naturally, my own feelings at the idea of being separated from my husband prejudice me in favor of following him but I do want to do whatever would be best for all of us.

Mrs. D. C.
to follow in his father's footsteps on the side of law and order. The next thing that happened was that Morton was clowning around in study hall and accidentally broke the fire alarm just before he had to go up, again, to see the principal about something. Morton said he didn't mean to do it, and I believed him. But the principal didn't, and Morton was expelled as all of the other children streamed out in "his" fire drill. He went to work for the rest of the term and liked it so much he never did go back to school.

When Morton got a little older he could imitate anybody so perfectly you couldn't tell the difference. I never will forget the hornet's nest he stirred up with one telephone call. I had two good friends, one a lady who did beautiful fancy sewing and the other a close neighbor who was unmarried. I don't know what got into Morton, but one day, showing off before friends, he called up the seamstress in my neighbor's voice saying that it was a big secret but that she was going to be married, and ordered half a dozen fancy camisoles. The seamstress was more than enthusiastic at the good news. She called me and half a dozen others right away saying, "Who is she going to marry? Who's the man?" Word got back to my neighbor that Morton was behind the whole thing and she was so mad that she wouldn't speak to me for two weeks. Can't say that I blame her, either.

Well, my first brood of Downeys grew up, and then came the second lot. Sometimes it seems as if I turned around once and here they are, almost grown up, that second generation we're raising!

Michael is grown up. He has just turned twenty and is in his second year at Notre Dame. All the children are musical to some degree, just as my own five are, but Michael is aimed at a business career like his two uncles, and like Morton, too, for that matter.

Sean, Morton's second boy, is seventeen and he will be going to college in another year—if we can hold him down to his books. He reminds me a lot of Morton all the time, too. He and the youngest, Kevin, both have fine voices. In addition, Sean has the temperament for show business. He is crazy about singing, just the way his father was at his age, so he may get away from his books early, too.

I don't mean that Sean is in any danger of being expelled, but he is good enough at his singing to have gotten tryouts for himself on several talent scout shows last vacation. He used an assumed name because he didn't want to use his father's influence, so it looks as if we have another showman coming along.

Lorelle is sixteen, and she's the one who can twist her father and all of us around her little finger. Being the only girl, she has had to learn to hold her own with the four boys, and she can. She took up jiu-jitsu and scientific boxing, so her brothers respect her both for her quick tongue and for what she can do if they start a rough-house. She isn't interested in the stage, though we think she is very pretty. Her great interest is sports and she is out on the
Flowery Fresh...

Petal Soft!

**Mennen Baby Magic** in Unbreakable Safety-Squeeze Bottle. New sensational skin care, checks diaper odor and diaper rash! Smooth this fragrant liquefied cream on baby's body after bath, on diaper area at every change. Choice of nursery colors. Only 49¢.

**Mennen Baby Powder**. Now—new Nursery Rhyme pictures on the famous can with the Built-in Rattle! Collect a set of 6 cans of heavenly soft Mennen Baby Powder, each illustrated with different Mother Goose characters. Only 25¢ and 49¢.

gold links across from our house every chance she gets.

Tony is fifteen. He and Sean are the most like their father in temperament—full of pep and tease, though it's never harmful fun. Tony doesn't know what career he wants to follow yet. Right now he is crazy about sports and horses. He doesn't have a pony of his own but he spends all of his spare time riding and helping take care of one that belongs to a friend.

Tony is full of Irish capers just like his father, but when he's cutting up I think to myself, "I really can't blame you because if you aren't your father all over again, my name isn't Downey."

He's a great one for calling up his Aunt Helen or his brothers or Lorelle and pretending to be someone else, just the way his father used to. But Tony can't get away with things like that nearly so often because I've been through too many of Morton's tricks to be taken in. That's one place a grandmother has a big advantage in raising a second generation. She's been through the whole thing and it's a lot harder for her grandchildren to think up anything she hasn't already figured out an answer for.

Kevin is twelve and growing up fast, too. Being the youngest, Kevin takes a lot of teasing, but he can hold his own. He is a good student and he loves his stamp collection, a good-sized one by now. It was Morton's when he was a little boy. Then Michael worked hard on it in spare time for several years. Sean and Lorelle and Tony weren't interested, so now Kevin has inherited it.

I often think how interesting it is the way children grow up so different. You give the same set of children the same love and discipline and food and schooling, but they turn out five different sizes and five different temperaments.

My own children are a good example. They all had an equal opportunity at music and both of the girls had piano lessons, but Morton was the only one deeply interested in singing. Beside, my oldest, always wanted a big family of her own, and she has it. Then came George, doing well in a loan business here in Wallingford. Next, Helen—a great manager. I don't know what on earth we ever would have done without her at home to help run the house when Morton's children came to stay.

Morton is my fourth child, and you know how his career has carried him all over the world among famous people from London to Hollywood. Ed, my youngest, is another successful business man, with Coca-Cola in Willimantic, a few miles from Wallingford.

People often ask me what I changed in raising my own children and raising Morton's. A great deal is different, because the times are so different. There is so much more to watch out for now, to keep your children safe and steady and not let them be spoiled.

When my children were little, a movie once a week was a big treat. Now it's television every night and movies are taken for granted as something everybody goes to all the time. You used to be able to please a child no matter what you did for him. Now you offer a child a nickel and he won't look at you. Morton got his summer entertainment going to a swimming hole. Today, children think nothing of jumping into a car or hitch-hiking twenty miles to a beach—if you let them, which we don't.

Basically, though, Morton's children are being raised just the way he was.
They are getting good, old-fashioned family life which means learning to be fair about giving and taking, your share, and doing your part. If you teach a child to tell the truth and to have respect for everybody’s religion as well as his own, and give them plenty of love, they come out all right.

Morton likes to make out that I was a terror when it came to spankings and giving him the back of my hand, and the boys like to say I boil over like a tea-kettle at them when they don’t mind their manners, but there never have been any spankings in this house because we haven’t needed them. There are punishments, like taking away pocket money on occasion, but not much of that because the children are good. If they get off the track, a serious talk puts them back on better than a punishment.

Morton says I am easier on them than I was on him, and I say I am a little stricter, I have to be. Just because Morton can do so much for them, I don’t want them to take it for granted. We have to watch out for that, because no one can stop him giving them presents. He gives presents to everyone. He always has. When he first started earning, long before he was twenty, he furnished the living and dining rooms as a present to me, and every time I turn around now it’s something new, big or little, to give us comfort and pleasure.

We try to tell the children that their father worked hard for everything he has, but they take it for granted just the way mine took it for granted that their father was fire chief. We have held them down on pocket-money though, and made them work for it. Kevin emptied waste-baskets when he was three for two cents a week, and Tony helped making beds for a nickel. When they were big enough, Mike worked in a silver factory for his pocket money in the summer, and Sean was a guard at the pool, just the way my boys worked during vacations.

Morton lives in an apartment in New York. The children love to run in and out of it but all of them, including Morton, think of Wallingford as home. Wallingford is a small town, two hours’ drive from New York. My husband was born here and our roots go far back. For instance, Sean’s best friend is the son of Morton’s childhood pal. I was born in Brooklyn, but my family moved here when I was small so it is my home town, too.

When I was first married we lived in a flat. After Morton was born, we bought our own home, an eight-room cottage. About fifteen years ago we moved into the fourteen-room house where we still live.

No matter how big the house, the dinner table has always been crowded and so has the yard, but we’re used to it. I was raised in a big family. I had four brothers, and my mother always made all of our friends welcome. I learned from her how to stretch any meal to accommodate just one more, even if there were already three extra sitting down. It was the same when my own were growing up. Each always had his special friend to bring, and welcome. It’s the same now, especially since Morton put in the swimming pool four years ago. The yard is packed with children all summer long, screaming and romping and having fun. It’s a racket, but happy noise doesn’t bother us. It means we know where the children are, and it’s better to have them where you can watch them and the friends they are making than wondering where they are.

Folks are forever saying to me, “What a big job for you to take on after your own children were all grown up and settled and you had earned a rest. I don’t envy you.”

Well, it is a big job—but it’s also the greatest pleasure in life to see good children fulfilling their promise. It also makes you feel happy no matter what your age, because there’s nothing like children to put life into your days and make you feel that they are worth living!
IT'S SEPTEMBER "FIESTA" TIME, SENORITAS . . . A REAL CARNIVAL OF COLORFUL "ACTS" THAT ARE MOST ENTERTAINING. YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO FAR FOR THIS GAY HOLIDAY SPIRIT EITHER ... BECAUSE IT'S ACTUALLY RIGHT AT YOUR FINGERTIPS. JUST TUNE YOUR RADIO TO YOUR LOCAL ABC STATION AND ENJOY THE VIVID VARIETY AND FUN THAT ARE YOURS ALL DAY.

IN THE MORNING SAY "BUENOS DIAS" TO DON MCNEILL AND THE WONDERFUL BREAKFAST CLUB GANG AT 9 AM (EDT). EVERYBODY LIKES TO MARCH AROUND THE FAMOUS BREAKFAST TABLE CON MUCHO GUSTO AND GET IN THE SPARKLING SPIRIT OF THE DAY. MCNEILL MANAGES TO DO A LITTLE TOREADORING AND KEEPS ACTIVITIES MOVING IN MOVING STYLE. SAM COWLING, AUNT PANNY AND THE OTHER BREAKFAST CLUB AMIGOS MAKE THE BREAKFAST CLUB A GAY MEETING ANY DAY. (THE SPONSORS WHO CALL PROCEEDINGS TO ORDER ON THE BREAKFAST CLUB ARE SWIFT, PHILCO AND GENERAL MILLS.)

YOU'LL SAY "CARAMBA!" WHEN YOU HEAR MY TRUE STORY AT 10 AM (EDT) ON YOUR LOCAL ABC STATION. THIS HALF-HOUR OF REAL-LIFE DRAMA FEATURES COMPLETE STORIES EVERY DAY. STERLING DRUG SPONSORS THIS STERLING STANZA OF DRAMATICS THAT IS FIREWORK BRIGHT!

ANOTHER "FIESTA" FAVORITE ON ABC IS MODERN ROMANCES, A HAUNTING PROGRAM THAT APPEALS TO MODERN MINDS AND THE YOUNG-IN-HEART. NORWICH PHARMACEUTICAL BRINGS YOU THIS EXCITING PROGRAM AT 11 AM (EDT).

THERE ARE PLENTY OF QUIPS AND CAPERS WHEN JOHNNY OLSEN'S LUNCHEON CLUB IS IN SESSION AT 12 NOON (EDT). SMART SENORITAS FROM COAST-TO-COAST JOIN JOHNNY'S PARTIES AND HAVE THEMSELVES QUITE A TIME! JOHNNY OLSEN'S LUNCHEON CLUB HAS PHILIP MORRIS CIGARETTES ON EVERY TABLE, IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING WHO PICKS UP THE LUNCHEON CHECK.

ROUND ABOUT 3 PM (EDT) JOHN NELSON COMES ALONG WITH THE HAPPIEST HALF-HOUR OF ANY DAY . . . BRIDE AND GROOM TIME FOR DELIGHTED, INVITED LISTENER-GUESTS. WHAT BETTER WAY TO CELEBRATE A DAY THAN ATTENDING A WEDDING . . . WHICH IS JUST WHAT YOU DO WHEN YOU TUNE TO BRIDE AND GROOM.

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FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 265 E. 42nd St., New York.

WELL, HERE'S THE INFORMATION YOU WANTED:

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN
Dear Editor:
Can you tell me what happened to two of my favorite daytime serials, Marriage for Two and Dorothy Dix at home? I would appreciate it if you could publish a picture of the actress who portrayed Lela Wallingford on Dorothy Dix.
Lincoln, Ill.

MRS. W. T.

DOUG AND DOROTHY DIX AT HOME AND MARRIAGE FOR TWO WERE LAST HEARD ON MARCH 31 AND THERE IS NO INDICATION AT PRESENT THAT THEY WILL RETURN TO THE AIR. JOSEPHINE GILBERT PLAYED LELA.

STILL GOING STRONG
Dear Editor:
Does Garry Moore have any other program since his afternoon show was discontinued?
Carthage, Ill.

MRS. R. K. S.

THE GARRY MOORE SHOW IS NOW SIMULCAST OVER CBS AND CBS-TV MON.-FRI. AT 7 P.M. EDT.

NO RELATION
Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me if Dennis Day and Doris Day are brother and sister?
Mancelona, Mich.

J. W.

DENNIS DAY, WHOSE NBC SHOW RETURNS TO THE AIR ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, AT 9:30 P.M., AND RADIO AND MOTION PICTURE STAR DORIS DAY ARE NOT RELATED—EITHER BY BLOOD OR MARRIAGE.

ON HIS OWN
Dear Editor:
For some time I have been trying to locate Jack Owens, who used to sing on the Breakfast Club. Can you tell me what he is doing at the present time?
Baltimore, Md.

E. N.

JACK OWENS IS CURRENTLY PLAYING NIGHT CLUB DATES AND RECORDING UNDER THE DECCA LABEL.

LADIES' MEN
Dear Editor:
I would like to see a picture of Jack Bailey, emcee of Queen for a Day. His program follows Tom Moore's Ladies Fair and they are always feeding although they have never met.
Galena, Ill.

MRS. F. C. H.

HERE'S JACK BAILEY. FOR INFORMATION ON TOM MOORE, SEE LAST MONTH'S RADIO MIRROR.
Come and Visit Marie Wilson

(Continued from page 41)

and one brother have left home, the little house across the drive is quite big enough for Marie’s mother, Mrs. Frank White, and young Frankie, aged twenty-one. When Marie and her mother first saw the houses they were delighted. The most they had hoped was to find two houses for sale on the same street, but two houses together—that was real luck! It wasn’t until the owner had opened the door of one that their hearts sank with disappointment.

The living-room was a dark, dull brown and seemed so small they felt stifled in it. The bedroom was the same horrible color, and there weren’t enough clothes closets. But they just couldn’t give up so easily. The houses looked so cute from the outside. There must be some way of doing them over. A couple of visits later, they had it all figured out.

“We could paint the walls light blue, and the ceiling, too. We could have a darker blue carpet running wall-to-wall through into the bedroom,” Marie said thoughtfully, standing in the middle of the living room of the house where she and Allan were to live.

LUM: How am I ever going to get that woman to stop thinkin’ marriage is so wonderful?

ABNER: Marry her. That’ll do it quicker’n anything I know of.

—Lum and Abner

Wed. 10:30 P.M. EDT

CBS

“And mirrors,” suggested plump little Mrs. White, “you can do a lot with mirrors to make a place look larger.” They planned on making the wall behind the fireplace a sheet of solid mirror. They measured the walls in the small hall that led into the bedroom and figured on making ceiling-high clothes closets, with mirrored doors, on one side. Their eyes began to shine as they planned, and before she knew it, Marie was filling out forms and buying the houses right then and there.

“I got them for a song,” she tells you, “but I must admit it cost every penny of $24,000 to remodel them both.”

Marie and Allan installed a heating system. They tiled the bathrooms and kitchens of both houses. They laid flagstones in the backyard to form a patio for their garden furniture. Today, the little Disney-character houses are the most attractive on the block.

If you were to drop in for a cup of tea on an afternoon when Marie is not working, you’d be enchanted with the clever way she’s coped with the problem of living on a miniature scale.

Hobbs would be sure to welcome you first. He’s a Yorkshire terrier—an animated bundle of silken fur with his bangs tied foppishly back in a bow. Like everything else in the house, Hobbs is built to scale. He weighs all of four pounds, and is just the size to fit in with the delicate what-nots and hand-painted coffee cups Marie’s so fond of.

Looking about, you realize that the only thing not built to scale is the six-

How deep does your cleansing go?

If surface cleansing helps a little—imagine what a radiant difference deep cleansing will make! Woodbury Cold Cream gives your skin a brand-new look the very first day!

For Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper! It contains Penaten—the amazing new penetrating agent that actually goes deeper into the pore openings. That means Woodbury’s wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it’s dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl-freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to $1.39 plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN
foot-four master of the house. When Allan Nixon wants to move around a bit, he takes the rope-rail staircase two at a time and retreats to his den under the eaves. Allan has complete privacy here. With him in his den, there just isn’t room for anyone else!

Downstairs, the small living-room now looks twice its size with its mirrored wall, and its dark blue carpet that leads the eye through the rest of the house. Marie serves you tea at a mahogany drop-leaf table under rose-patterned window draperies. Her Georgien silver tea service is always here, waiting for guests, for Marie loves the cozy tea hour and the exchange of ideas with her friends over the steaming fragrance of Oragne Pekoe.

If nobody else shows up at tea-time, Marie can always rely on young brother Frankie for company. That lean young man always has room for a slice of chocolate fudge cake, and comes bounding across the driveway when Marie calls to him. He usually brings a couple of his latest prints across with him, for Frankie is studying photography and devotes every waking moment to his work.

Dinner parties are Marie’s special delight. You might wonder where she would ever put four people for dinner, much less the twenty-two that she says she can cope with. But it develops that she has a master plan worked out which takes care of a couple of dozen people — comfortably — with airy disregard for space and numbers.

"It’s very simple," she tells you, dropping Hobbs off her lap as she gestures towards the tea table. "I put an extra leaf in that table. I have the big armchairs moved into mother’s house. Then we get out four card-tables and set out two of them in this room, one in the kitchen and one in the bedroom. Of course some conventional souls might think it sort of strange to eat in the bedroom, but our gang doesn’t seem to mind."

At a recent party Marie entertained, among her special guests, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, John and Marie Lund, Cathy and Elliott Lewis, and producer Cy Howard. For a menu she got out her pet “Brown Derby” cook book and consulted over it with Mary, her cook. They decided on pepper steaks, tossed salad, and chocolate fudge cake. This was a memorable party for the cook, too. She’d just graduated from cooking school— where Marie had sent her—and was dying to try out her new skills.

The evening went off as perfectly, as smoothly as a meal at Romanoff’s. After the guests had been dug out of their eating nooks in bedroom and kitchen and reassembled in the living-room, they all got down on their hands and knees and played the new football game that Allan had brought home. Actually, Allan had intended to use the bright kid’s game to illustrate the fine points of football to his wife. But when he spread out the game on the living-room floor, everyone of the guests had such fun trying to urge the ball between the goal posts that Marie just got fleeting glimpses of what was going on. But she hopes to catch onto the general idea before football season really gets underway.

“We both believe a husband and wife should have hobbies in common,” says Marie seriously, as she re-ties the white bow on Hobbs’ forelock. “But we work so hard, we don’t have much time off together. During my summer vacation I’m going to take up tennis seriously so that I can play with Allan. By that time he should have finished his movie role in “Prehistoric Women” and have a little time off. Allan is an athlete, and it’s a little hard on him to be married to an unathletic female like me.”

Allan has never been heard to complain about this point. But he does hang around on the sidelines truly feminine women and how he likes his own golden girl to drift around in soft organdie and voile dresses of palest pastels. So there doesn’t seem to be much danger of his making a Gussie Moran out of her. Marie with a tennis racquet in her hand should look about as athletic as a Petty Girl.

Everywhere you look in Marie’s house you see the sentimental side of her reflected in her possessions. In her bedroom is a low dressing table of cherry wood with three drawers on either side. This is a carryover from Marie’s earliest childhood when she shared those drawers with her older sister, Mildred.

Everywhere a top drawer on the right was kept for my miniature dolls and doll furniture," she explains, opening it with gentle, reminiscent fingers. "Mildred kept her toys on the opposite side. This is for ever competing with each other in thinking up new arrangements for our doll families and their tiny furniture. We were always bothering mother for tiny scraps of material, for milk bottle tops, and bits
of wire to make lampshades for our drawer-houses.

"Even today I love collecting dolls. Allan brings me new ones from every trip he takes, even if it's just to Palm Springs. But I guess my favorite is the large French doll with the real hair that Sid Grauman gave me. This doll once belonged to President McKinley and has been raffled off and auctioned off for charities all over the country. I'm going to keep her from now on, in memory of Sid."

Other sentimental touches are evident in Marie's Wedgwood blue and rose kitchen. This room is as tiny and compact as a ship's galley. Wisely, Marie has arranged her stove, refrigerator and sink all together under the windows of one wall. Another wall is cupboardeed and shelved to hold her fine collection of English Bone China and her Tiffany glasses. The third wall shelters a small dining-nook.

Marie's kitchen, with its ceramic pots arranged on cupboard tops is a sunny spot. Visitors are apt to crowd into it to admire the hanging shelves, which are the setting for the hand-painted cups, the work of Marie's great-aunt. Here, too, are the delicately lovely dinner plates from Germany that Marie's mother gave her because she loved them so much.

In return, Mrs. White has a set of Georgian silver that Marie presented to her.

That's Marie's way. Giving presents is her delight. For instance, everytime she buys herself a dress, she looks around for one for her mother, too. And laughs off her generosity by saying: "If I didn't watch out for pretty prints for mother, she'd go around like a fuddy-duddy. She's much too cute for that." Marie and her mother have much in common. They window-shop, do each other's hair, and are terrific radio fans.

Sunday evenings Mrs. White will be in her kitchen gossiping with Frankie as she wipes the dishes when she'll hear Marie call across the driveway.

"Hurry up, Mother! You'll miss The Whistler. It's just coming on."

Suspense is another mother-and-daughter favorite. They love nothing better than to crouch in their chairs, lookingfurtively over their shoulders, as their blood chills in happy unison. There is no television set yet. There's simply nowhere to put it. Looking ahead to the future, Marie and Allan have just one serious plan. But it is a plan of such importance that it may mean moving from the quaint gingerbread house forever. "Unless we swung it from the ceiling— Marie broods, her brown eyes serious, "Where else could we put a baby?"

If and when that event transpires, look for a sudden upheaval in the whole tribe. They'll be packing up and they'll be looking for two more, slightly bigger houses—preferably side by side. And there will be a pink and blue nursery in one of them. And the life of Marie Wilson will be a song from morning to night, for a lullaby is all she needs for complete happiness.

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**DO MEN EVER AVOID YOU?**

SEE PAGE 25
Arthur was a very likable boy, always willing to help his pals, always loving fun and jokes. He and two other boys in his class were well-known trappers—the muskrat was their particular joy. They would set their traps at night in the swamps and then in the early morning they would go out to look for their prizes. Sometimes they were late to school, but in those days there was no good excuse and in his persuasive voice was able to convince you that it couldn't be helped and so they were admitted to class.

I first started teaching in Hasbrouck Heights in 1903. That was the year Arthur was born in New York City, which is just across the river from the Heights. The Heights in those days was a slow-paced little town, but many of the people who lived there commuted to jobs in New York. Arthur's family was one of those for when Arthur was a year old, the Godfrey family moved from crowded Amsterdam Avenue to a quiet street on the Heights.

I knew the family in those days, too. Mrs. Godfrey especially well since we were in the same club, the Shakespearean and The Woman's Club. She was a concert singer and a fine pianist. Arthur has inherited his musical talent, I am sure.

In January, 1949, Arthur came to Hartford, Connecticut, which is near where I now live, to put on his Talent Scouts show. Hartford certainly gave him a good time. There was a reception at the Hartford Club and a banquet at the Hotel Bond. I attended on special invitation from Arthur. Although I'd written to him, this was the first time I had seen him since he left the Heights in 1919. And I knew him the minute I saw him. He hasn't changed a bit since he was a boy. He's older and heavier, of course, but the expression is still the same.

He seemed very much pleased to see me. We talked about the old days in Hasbrouck Heights, of him and his family and the new people from the Heights who are now living in and around Hartford. It was then that I asked Arthur if he'd like to come to the small reunion I was planning for some of my old pupils. Arthur said he'd come if I could plan the party for some day when he didn't have a broadcast.

At arrangement for a Sunday and invited twenty-five people. Arthur flew up from his home in Virginia. He struck a thunderstorm on the way and it delayed him, but he finally arrived at five in the afternoon. I was determined not to tell anyone that he was coming, so he had no annoyance. I think he had a good time because of that.

We took pictures on the lawn and Arthur told stories about his radio experiences. Other folks answered his questions about the Heights, we really had a wonderful time.

Arthur told us about the day, not very long ago, when he passed the Franklin School in Hasbrouck Heights.

"I went in and sat down in my old seat," he said.

"How did you feel?" someone asked him.

"Depressed!" he answered.

That made everyone laugh, but despite his jokes I know that Arthur has a genuine fondness for the old school and his memories of it are quite keen. Why, he even remembers a picture that hung over my desk more than thirty years ago. It's a reproduction of Watts' portrait of Sir Galahad and his horse, and it was won by Arthur's class in 1917 for selling the most tickets to a school exhibit. It remained in my classroom for many years, and when I retired the principal said I might take it with me. It now hangs in my living room in West Hartford.

When Arthur saw it, he said:

"I see you still have that picture that used to hang over your desk. Who is it supposed to be, anyway?"

When one of the folks volunteered that it was Sir Galahad, Arthur asked, "Who's he?"

Now he knew very well that it was Sir Galahad and he knew very well who Sir Galahad was, but being Arthur Godfrey he just had to have his little joke. Arthur said, "Miss Quigg, it's just like you want to have the purest knight of all around."

Arthur enjoyed the reunion immensely, but I was a little bit disappointed because one of the girls who used to be in his class wasn't there. Her name was Ramona and she was the kind of little girl that all little boys had been in love with at a distance. She had blonde curls and the prettiest face. Arthur wasn't her only admirer but I don't remember that he pursued her further. Nevertheless he was able to remember that once there had been a Ramona, a golden girl from his golden years.

Setting in my living room listening to Arthur, made me recall that he always had had the faculty of entertaining people. His wit, his expressive manner, his gift for story-telling were qualities which, no matter how undeveloped, were apparent in Arthur as a young boy. I also knew that his other qualities were with him then, too; compassion for others, generosity, loyalty, and above all, his heartedness. I remember his helping the local baker when that man's family had the measles. The baker was quarantined and his wife worked part-time for him, if he'd take over the whole job. Arthur did, but it meant missing school for two weeks and having to make up all that work.

After graduating from my class, Arthur entered high school, but family fortunes forced him to leave when he was in his sophomore year. After that I used to hear about his experiences until one day in June, 1934 I was at home with the radio turned on when I heard what sounded to me like a familiar voice. For a moment, I could not place it. Then I realized that it was one of my pupils, Arthur Godfrey, singing with that soft persuasive voice I so well remembered. Every opportunity I had after that, I listened to his program and finally I wrote to him.

When we met at the banquet in Hartford, he said, "Why don't you write a story about the old school, Mrs. Quigg? You know more about me than anyone."

I'm not sure that I know more about Arthur Godfrey than anyone, but I do know that once there was a little red-headed boy in Hasbrouck Heights, of whom I was sure I'd someday feel proud. And proud I am, you may be sure.
that bear, Carmichael, roaming around the set, I say, 'There sure enough is that ornery fur rug.'

"Why, if I was to let on there isn't any Carmichael or that the Boss doesn't own a toupee and has his own hair (at least some of it) and his own teeth (most of them), and that the Ronald Colman doesn't live next door, it would be like finding out there isn't any Santa Claus, wouldn't it?"

In my considered opinion it would. Yet I may be wrong because, well, it's funny the way people feel about Mr. Benny. As I say, I believe they want to believe he's the character he plays on his show yet they're always trying to get the low down on him. Like hardly a week passes that a number of people don't go to the house next door trying to get the low down on the Boss from Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. The doorbell of that house rings so often that the people who live there, a business

couple, have been obliged to put a sign over the doorbell: 'Ronald Colman Does Not Live Here.'"

Rochester's right-hand man in keeping the Boss in his radio character is Fred Allen, who writes things like this about Jack:

"Before shoes were invented, Jack was a heel. His false teeth are so loose, they are always clicking. Jack has no more hair than an elbow. He is so anemic that if he stays out at night he has to get a transfusion so his eyes will be bloodshot in the morning."

"But," says Rochester, "you won't catch Mr. Allen letting on that when he is in Hollywood, he and his Missus, Portland Hofa, go to dinner at the Benny's house always once, sometimes twice, in exchange for which the Allens take the Benny's out to dinner every other night they are in town. And I try not to give away that although the Boss and Miss Caroline have not been married on the show, they've been happily married for twenty-three years. Even though Hollywood is supposed to be a wild place for divorce and rumors of divorce, there has never been a rumor about the Boss and his missus, Miss Caroline."

Rochester has another assistant in Missus. She does her bit to keep Jack in character on the air—and in the home, too.

"The Boss likes to tell about the time right after he and Miss Caroline were married. The Friars in New York gave him a big stag dinner in honor. It was the first time the Boss was a guest of honor and he says he felt very important. Then, right in the middle of the eulogizing, a telegram arrived from Miss Caroline, which was read to the guests. It said 'When you come home tonight, be sure to put out the garbage.'"

"But Miss Caroline will come to the defense of the Boss at the drop of his toupee. She never wanted to be an actress. She just stepped in the show on one night to help the Boss out. After that the audience wouldn't let her go. But she prefers her real life roles of Mrs. Jack Benny, housewife, and the mother of Joan Benny, fifteen years old, to the part she plays on the air.

"Being so disposed, she doesn't go for publicity and interviews and the such. But one day she did bust loose...
and tell a reporter, 'My husband, Jack Benny, is the most maligned man in town—and all by his own doing. Lest any of my fiddling husband’s fans believe any of this self-inflicted abuse, I’d like to go on record and say that Jack is not anemic, is in perfect physical condition, has his own teeth and hair, can play a pretty good violin, and, in my opinion, is the greatest guy in the world.'"

Rochester himself confirms that a more generous man, known as Jack Benny, never lived. "When he goes to a restaurant or a night club or a drive-in, he always overtips. He pays out five thousand dollars a year in tips alone, just out of the bigness of that out-sized heart of his—and to prove that he isn’t the stingiest man in town. He pays the people on his show, even the bit players, more than radio actors are paid on comparable shows—that is, if there are any shows on the list comparable to Mr. Benny’s show. It’s still No. 1 on the networks—and that’s after eighteen consecutive years!

When the high cost of his cast is called to his attention, the Boss always says, ‘I get a lot of money, why shouldn’t those who work with me get likewise?’ There’s one instance where I don’t mind revealing Mr. Benny out of character!"

“But when I ask the Boss what is the definition of ‘likewise,’ he just says ‘Rochester!’ in such a tone I say no more, I haven’t the heart.

“But you can always kid with the Boss, that’s the point I’m making—and did you notice that he says ‘those who work with me’? This may be a small point to make but there’s a big difference, for my money, between the man who says ‘those who work with me’ and the man who says ‘those who work for me’..."

“Another fib I tell about Mr. Benny is when I’m asked whether I enjoy hearing him play the violin to which I reply, ‘By all means, no!’

“The fact is, Mr. Benny started out in life to be a concert violinst. To play the violin, and play it well, was his serious ambition and his cherished dream. He does play it well, too, or did before he started to use the instrument as just a gag. The great Jascha Heifetz once said of Mr. Benny that he had a wonderful wrist action and could have made a great violinist. Mr. Heifetz meant it, too. But since the only thing we on the show ever hear the Boss play is that absurd ‘Love In Bloom’ and I say ‘By all means, no!’

“Everyone who knows the Boss or hears him on the air admires his wonderful showmanship, his faultless timing and his ability to begin with a prompt. He’s so prompt that although the rest of us are on time, he’s ahead of time! He is also the most considerate man I have ever met. If someone wants me, or any member of the cast to meet him at an off time, it’s always, ‘What time will be good for you?’ There’s never any of this ‘Be here at nine sharp’ stuff.

“He just loves the show, the Boss does. He’s that conscientious, that sincere about it that he never says ‘Good enough’ to a single line, one bit of business, unless it’s better than that. He’ll throw a whole script away, if he has to, and work all weekend on a new one. He works as hard on the show now, after eighteen years on the air, as if next Sunday was his first broadcast. Yet it’s all relaxed, all easy—does—it, with us all having fun just like we sound like we’re having fun.

“For the warm-up Sundays, the Boss always plays his violin. Members of the cast throw pennies at him, he picks them up, puts them in his pocket and never gives them back neither—no Boss, not you!

“There’s not a lazy bone in Mr. Benny’s body. He’s an inveterate earner. Sometimes on the Coast he gets up at seven o’clock, has breakfast in the kitchen with the cook, goes to the Hillcrest Golf Club and has shot nine holes of golf before Phil Harris wakes up enough to remember what it is he likes about the South.

“Mr. Benny wishes he could shoot below par like Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. In fact, he’d rather be sixty-four on the Hollywood rating, so he says, and first in golf. But his only real frustration is that he didn’t become a great violinist. The Boss really thinks this would have made him a great violinist. Any town he’s in, if there’s a great violinist playing there, he’ll drop anything—even a golf club—to rush off to hear him.

“I should cut loose and un-veal the truth about the Boss as he is in private life, I’d speak particularly, I believe, about his home life which goes along with one of those old sweeter day songs where he sometimes plays when he’s alone, on his violin. They live a very quiet life, the Boss and Miss Livingston. Especially quiet now that Joan, the pretty little apple of her Daddy’s eye, is in boarding school. They have a circle of good friends, among which are Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, the Bill Goetz, the Gary Cooper, and, of course, the Ronald Colmans and the Fred Allen.

“When they invite their friends over they usually run a picture in their projection room—even ‘The Horn Blows At Midnight’ which, in my opinion, is sabotaging hospitality. Or they play gin rummy. On trips, such as when we take the show to New York, the Boss and Miss Livingston, or maybe it’s the Boss and Don Wilson, play gin rummy all the way, the whole way!

“But if I want to keep Mr. Benny in his radio character, I can’t go on about his home life. If I do, I’ll disillusion the people who actually believe I live in Mr. Benny’s house as the man’s main of all work. I am every Sunday night on the show. Some people believe it so much they take it to heart. Like the time I had a letter from a woman trying to persuade me to sue the Boss because of the amount of compensation I get for the amount of work I do. She was so indignant, she felt so sorry for me, she said that if I’d sue he’d pay four to my lawyer!

“I didn’t answer the letter. I just let the matter drop. I ain’t never going to peak on the Boss, not even to my own praise and glory—no Boss, not me!”

Are you always lovely to love? See page 13
Many Milestones

(Continued from page 30)

1931 holds a painful memory. On St. Patrick’s Day, I thought it would be amusing to give my standard sign-off, “So long until tomorrow,” in Gaelic. In the late afternoon, I began calling all over town to the experts. Everyone was busy. I left urgent messages. By six my telephone lines were jammed cutting me off from a last minute check I was giving a news story. At the last possible minute I left for the studio— and that night of all nights ran into a traffic jam. I was late, but not too late to give most of my broadcast— and to sign off in Gaelic.

In 1932 I had one of the outstanding scoops in the history of broadcasting when I broke the story that everyone was striving to get first—news of the kidnapped Lindbergh baby. While I was on the air, the flash came in on the wire that the child’s body had been found. The bulletin was rushed to me,

VOICE: Beulahhhhhhhhh! Oh, Beulahhhhhhh!

Beulahhhhhhhhh!

BEULAH: Oh me, that’s either Oriole at the door or those flyin’ souces are comin’ awful close!

—Beulah
Mon.-Fri. 7 P.M. EDT
CBS

and so it was by sheer chance that I was the first to give the shocking news to the nation.

1933 is marked in my mind by something that happened in Germany. Hitler, newly come to power and not considered seriously, took over the radio entirely saying, “We consider it our most precious instrument.” This move by the Nazis passed unnoticed in many quarters, but was clear indication to me of the struggle that was to come.

1934 brings a particularly pleasant memory—the first of the fantastic softball games that were to become a yearly event on Quaker Hill. Hyde Park at times is much hotter than where we live twenty miles away.

One afternoon I called Marvin McIntyre and told him that if any of the correspondents who had followed the President home wanted to cool off I would be delighted to entertain them.

Over a hundred arrived! For fun we organized a softball game between my neighbors and the crowd from Hyde Park. The President asked us for a return match the following Sunday. Harry Hopkins played centerfield, and Rexford Tugwell, Marvin McIntyre, Henry Morgenthau, Jr. and assorted newspaper men, cabinet members and secret service agents filled out the President’s team. From then on it was an annual event with my team usually made up of Lewis Lehr, Gene Tunney, James Melton, Lanny Ross, Ted Shae, Colonel Stoopnagle, Lenox Lohr, Eddie Rickenbacker, Wood Cowan, Homer Croy, Dan Parker, Eddie Eagan and others. This rivalry lasted until the President’s death.

In 1935, Germany withdrew from the League of Nations and so did Japan. Mussolini invaded Ethiopia. At home New Deal legislation was pouring out of Congress. My scripts became tighter

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“SPORT SURPRISE” feature in the current issue of SPORT magazine now on newstands
I spoke to three thousand U.S. Airmen waiting to fly the South Atlantic. Every day of this year was packed with such terrific stories of individual heroism on all fronts that they made everything else pale by comparison. I got out a book about some of them, *These Men Shall Never Die*, but there was such a dazzlement of adventure and bravery that I dedicated it "to those American fighting men whose stories are not included in this volume."

1944—D Day—the most difficult, exciting news day I can remember. Reports flooded in, but they were all of isolated incidents—paratroops here, air-flights there, reports from the various beaches. It was impossible to get an over-all picture or a time sequence, or anything except that the battle was raging and that our troops had cracked the Atlantic Wall.

In 1945, broadcasts from London, Paris, Rome and in a fighter plane over Berlin during the final battle, then a flight around the world and a look at the Pacific war. On the personal side I remember a meeting packed with drama—reunion with Count Luckner whose biography, *The Sea Devil*, I had written after World War One. He was a gallant foe in that war. He despised the Nazi and spent much of his time in America. As a result, he was out of favor with the Nazis and had to hide out in his home town of Hall. I was with Terry Allen and his Timber Wolves when I found the old Sea Devil, and he threw his arms around—a dramatic moment.

In 1946 my son went to Bikini as an observer for me and turned in vivid material—a proud milestone for me.

In 1947—off again, back and forth across America, broadcasting as I went. After the crowded war years the news seemed slow. I found myself longing for far places.

In 1948, election night stands out in my mind most vividly. I was running a special series of broadcasts for CBS. Like everyone else, I had collected all background on Governor Dewey, waiting only for the first returns to announce his election. Early in the evening, however, I found myself returning again and again to one big figure on the board—Truman was going for Truman—it just wasn't in the cards that this stronghold of the traditionally Republican farm vote was going to Truman. I began to concentrate on that angle and was the first, I believe, to broadcast any indication of the surprise that was coming, although I was pulling for my neighbor, Tom Dewey, one of the ablest executives in this nation's history.

In 1949 wanderlust returned full force. It became irresistible when my son and I were invited to visit the forbidden city of Lhasa in Tibet. My impressions of that fabulous adventure and our interview with the Dalai Lama were recorded and went out by courier, yak-back, caravan, I, myself, came out more slowly—twenty painful days in a lurching litter carried on the shoulders of relays of Tibetan monks and peasants, after breaking my thigh in eight places—though my broadcasts continued.

1950—the turn of the century—a completely new face on the world I started to cover twenty years ago. I have just thrown away the crutches I needed after that accident in far Tibet, and am ready to take off again—after all, the first twenty million words are the hardest.
“Girls change their minds, sometimes,” he tried to explain, about country. “They fall in love, and get married and have families.”

Well, other girls maybe. But not me! I won’t change my mind. I may fall in love, but I never put up some sort of an argument. I didn’t think it tasted so awful, but Chris and Bobby made terrible faces and refused to eat it. The chocolate brownies came out all right, though. Daddy had to open up some Campbell’s soup for the boys. “Cathy,” he chuckled, “if my sponsors knew about this, they’d have you cooking all the time.” I don’t quite know how he meant that, but I guess it’s OK. “Sponsor” is a sacred word in our house.

Maybe it’s because I was supposed to be a boy, but I love all kinds of sports. Horseback riding, swimming, baseball, and especially fishing.

I don’t suppose anybody in our family but my mother would understand—and sometimes I think she has more to put up with than even I do. I’d rather wear it for a girl to hold her own when there are four men, well, boys anyway, in the house.

Well, I guess I’、“. . .” I said sort of weakly, on the phone. “Yes,” I said. “We have a wonderful new baby,” he told me.

“What is it?” I asked him right away.

“A boy. A fine red-haired boy.”

It was certainly a letdown, I could tell you that. I waited a while minute before I could think of anything nice to say.

“Well,” I said at last. “If that’s the best you can do . . .”

Daddy roared. And later he went around telling everyone what I’d said.

You could say for Daddy that it was nice to have another boy to be a help around the house, not that the boys turn out to be as terrible with a hammer as Daddy, we’ll have to hire a handyman to repair the damage.

When Mom and Dad are such wonderful people. It takes good parents to make a place a real home, instead of just a house to eat in and sleep in. I’ve been lucky, I guess. We like being together. We’ve probably lived in two dozen houses since I was born, and I’ve gone to at least seven different schools, but no matter how much we move around, the place we live in always seems like a real home, the sort of place we can all be happy in together. That’s probably because I’ve been with people who understand.

Hollywood we have to make do with mother’s sheets for a curtain and boxes for props. But it’s fun.

We try to make out the performances for when Daddy is home, but he’s gone so much he sometimes misses one. But we make it up to him. We all like to make a sort of argument. He gets back, and last time I chased everybody out of the kitchen, so I could make his homemaking dinner all by myself.

RADIO MIRROR DAYTIME FASHIONS. Pages 42, 43.*

*If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where RADIO MIRROR Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers, listed below:

- Grey flannel suit: Bobbie Brooks, 2230 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
- Red and black suit: Saco, 1834 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
A Woman Like Me
(Continued from page 58)
in the name of sense and experience and sophistication and all the other qualities I thought I had, did I manage to get myself into this hopeless blind alley?
I can even put my finger on the night, the very moment, when I took the first step. There was nothing unconscious about it; I knew precisely what I was doing. But I wasn't quite bright enough to see that the path might make a sudden twist that would catch me off balance...

It was the evening I got back into town from Reno, where I had received my divorce from Neil Weatherby. It wasn't a lighthearted homecoming. Reno had shaken me dreadfully. It had to keep reminding myself that it was the simplest way to defend myself from Neil to make myself go through with it at all. Those women, those ghostly, painted, hollow-eyed women swarming over the town in slacks; the joke-boxes blaring along all the streets, the click of the pin-ball machines night and day. The tawdriness.

Surely, I Blanche Wilson Weatherby, with money and beauty and youth on my side—surely I had nothing in common with those creatures beyond my divorce papers! On the train I spent long hours looking earnestly into my mirror, and trying to rebuild my self-confidence. Gradually the details of Reno faded behind in the distance. But even when I finally stood in Grand Central Terminal, with the familiar, exciting hustle all around me, I felt lonely, uneasy. I wanted company.

In my mind as I stood there I ran through several names, and let them drop. Those people... the same people Neil and I had run along with. I'd be seeing them soon enough, unless I could find something better to do with my time. I wanted to be with someone who wouldn't think it queer if I sat without speaking for five minutes; who wouldn't be dumbfounded if I did something, like bursting into tears...

Oddly, I thought of my father. Dad, who'd always been generous and tolerant without bothering himself very profoundly about me. Why not go to see him? He'd let me talk if I wanted to, and if I took my hair down and cried he'd tactfully forget all about it by tomorrow. I checked the time, wondering if I could still catch Dad at his office. Home was no good, because then I'd run into Mother, and I wasn't in any shape to take her on at the moment. It was barely seven. If I hurried, I might catch Dad and go out

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\[MORE \]

\[COLORFUL \]

\[HAIR- \]

\[MORE \]

\[Desirable \]

\[YOU! \]

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\[READILY!]
to dinner with him. Impulsively I hurried out and took a taxi to his office.

The luxurious suite, covering a whole floor of a building, was as empty as a museum closed for the night, and almost as frightening. As I went through the office, vacant chairs, pushed back from their desks, had a staring look, as though people had just that moment risen from them and would sit down again as soon as I passed through the room. Hurrying down to the corridor to Dad's office, I tapped and pulled one of the doors. But that was empty too. Maybe Dad had given up working late in favor of some new and better excuse to keep from having to go home to dine with Mother!

I bit my lip hard against its sudden impulse to tremble. This wasn't much of a homecoming—closed doors, empty rooms, silence. Was it an omen—a foreshadowing of the future? Was it to be like this from now on, just me alone, walking down echoing corridors, looking for him I'd quite know what—and never finding it?

"Come, come," I told myself sharply. "Let's notswallow in self-pity. All you had to do wasWire Dad you were getting

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WANT YOU TO GET A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?...Then the name rang a bell in my mind. "That Roberts? The one Dad sub-let my apartment to..."

It was quite a break, incidentally. When I first got the job here and we came on we were simply hopeless over the housing difficulties. I don't know what we'd have done if my father hadn't stepped us to your place. I think you'll find it in good order. My wife's an excellent housekeeper."

"I'm starving," I said, surprised that I hadn't noticed until now. "That's what's wrong with me! I might have known I'd get depressed when I'm hungry. I'd better go get a sandwich."

Bill Roberts hesitated, then appeared to come to a decision. "Listen—have dinner with two? My secretary went down for some drug-store stuff, but that can go into the trash basket—that's all it's fit for anyway. We could eat lonely sandwiches when there are two of us?"

"Why indeed?" I said, smiling. Then abruptly I remembered the 'we' he had talked about. "On second thought, what time?"

He looked confused. "Rosemary? But she isn't here. She's back home in Brooklyn. You'd be doing me a favor—I haven't eaten a meal since she went."

"Oh. In that case, yes. I must protest, father's investment by helping you keep up your strength."

Bill laughed. "I'll get my hat and be back in a second."

While he was gone, I switched on the desk light and gave my face a few fine

Kurlash

The Kurlash Co., Inc., Rochester 4, N. Y.
ishng touches. I felt better, much better. Dinner with Bill Roberts was going to be quite an improvement over my original plan to dine with Dad. I liked him—his voice, his mouth, the clean lines of his body as he moved across the room to the door. Briefly, as I im

proved the angle of my hat and pinned the veil, I speculated about the shy-s"Owy Mrs. Roberts. "Rosemary ... you couldn't tell a thing from a nose like that. Unless she was a doll-faced child, a fluffy pretty face like the ones on candy boxes. And she wouldn't be that; Bill Roberts had too much per

sonality to have married anyone like that. Yes, I did like him. It was going to be fun, sitting across from a table, finding out what really ticked him off.

An hour or so later, when that thought recurired to me, I couldn't help laughing. Bill not only had personal-

ity, he had brains! Brains enough to keep me doing the talking while he sat figuring out what made me tick. When he demanded to know what I was laughing at, I told him. He grinned.

"You needed it a lot more than I do... to talk about yourself, I mean. Don't you feel better?"

GRACIE: Did you know that Uncle Harvey used to be a sprinter?

GEORGE: No.

GRACIE: One of the best. When he was a young man he was so fast that he could drop a rock from a tenth floor window, run down the stairs, and be out on the street in time to have it hit him on the head.

—Burns and Allen

Wed. 10 P.M. EDT

CBS

"Better!" I sighed luxuriously. "I feel wonderful! Nobody's let me talk about myself for as long as that in years! They all want to talk about themselves, and what their analyst
told them the last time. You're so nice and normal, Bill." By the time we had reached Alberto's, just around the cor

corner from the place, we'd agreed that Mr. Roberts and Mrs. Weatherby were too foolishly formal for two such old

friends as we were. I liked hearing him say "Blanche," with a slight drawl that made it sound new and rather romantic. "Bill," I repeated. "Even your name is normal."

"Hey, wait a minute. You make me sound like a glass of orange juice—real wholesome."

"And you're not wholesome?"

He gave me a look of exaggerated outrage. "I should say not. I'm very

nearly the most dangerous man in town. I pursue—I pursue—" His voice trailed away lamely, and we both laughed.

"Your wife, probably?" I suggested. "Tell me about her, Bill. Is she wonder-
nful?"

"Rosemary? She's... well, she's Rosemary." It was a simple statement of fact. She's Rosemary. He might as well have said everything he was feeling and couldn't put into words.

She's the sun and the moon, the stars; the touch of a flower-petal, spring rain in your hair. She's my love... He didn't say any of that, but looking at him, the words seemed to come to me and I sensed how the mere thought of her lift up his whole being. Some-
thing inside me twisted. Would I ever mean that to anyone in the world? Would anyone ever mean that to me? Or was it too late for me now—too late for anything but second-best things like drinking too much and dancing too much and frizzling merely for the sake of having a man around, any man.

A bitter shadow must have reflected in my face. Bill said gravely, "I have no problems, nothing to talk about. It's your problem that you must interpret yourself. How did you ever come to marry this guy if it was such a waste of time? What did he mean to you?"

"Neil." I shrugged, and poured my self another demi-tasse of strong black coffee. "Who knows why people like me do the stupid things we do? Neil was a little richer and a little better-looking than the three other men who wanted to marry me at the time. And then—" I caught myself up, biting my lips. Neil's biggest recommendation wasn't the kind of thing I could tell Bill Roberts about. I couldn't explain, I couldn't explain, couldn't explain, couldn't explain, couldn't explain..."

In the next two years I had plenty of time to wonder why I had bothered. We were married nothing, an emptiness enclosed in the beautifully-decorated apartment Dad bought us for a wedding present. On the whole I'd been relieved when it became obvious that Neil was drifting back toward Sylvie. The only bad thing had been Reno itself, and the sudden shattering of self-formed belief that I might one day become one of those beaten, aging women. Women who had failed at the business of being women, of having husbands, families, of having a life...

I looked miserably at Bill. "It's coming back," I said childishly. "Oh, Bill, say something cheerful. I want to look ahead, not backward." He was in the habit of saying two or three sentences, and I interrupted him.

His hand shot forward and closed hard over mine. "I'm a fool. I should have taken you some place where there was music, and dancing. This is too quiet."

His hand over mine on the table seemed suddenly the only thing in the room. I stared at it, shaking my head. "No, no, this is perfect. Music. Dancing. Teasingly into my mind came a picture of myself dancing with Bill. What would it be like having his arms around me, his thin cheek above mine, his mouth so close? Startled at the vividness of the image, I tried to withdraw my hand. There was a tremor in it; I couldn't tell if it was my hand that was trembling, or Bill's. His fingers tightened, as if of their own volition, and then abruptly released mine. When I met his eyes, I saw that a queerly clouded, bewilder look had come into them, and could interpret up along his cheekbones. For a minute I couldn't think of anything to say.

Alberto, the proprietor, coming by just then, released us both from tongue-tied paralysis. "Everything was all right. Mr. Roberts, Madame?" His bright, dark eyes flicked me with an oddly understanding glance. "The lasagna, the coffee?"

"Bill said heartily—a trifle too heartily—"Perfect as always, Alberto. By the way, Madame is Mrs. Weatherby. Be very nice to her whenever she comes."

Later, as I sat brushing my hair before the mirror in my room at the hotel, I tried to recall what Bill and I had talked about. Something, for example, to repeat to Dad when I told him—as I meant to—that I thought Bill Roberts was one of the brightest young men he'd ever discovered. But all I could remember was that halting, puzzled tribute, words that seemed to have come from nowhere more than the one who had been sitting with me, before they were spoken. Those words, and that meeting of hands. I put down the brush and stared at myself in the mirror. How much had be realized of what was going on in that moment? Did he know what had happened? No... not if I knew men. Men had been so far away, so often—when they didn't want to see it. I thought of how he'd pulled himself together, regained his casually familiar tone, and put me in my taxi afterward with the most comradely of goodbyes. And he believed it—that the two people who left Alberto's were the same two people who'd gone in a couple of hours earlier. Why deny it—"

WATCH FOR THER

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human beings sharing a dinner to a man and a woman, the amiable surface of our talk shattered by a sudden upsurge of physical awareness that had left us wordless and tense.

In the mirror, my eyes narrowed thoughtfully. No... Bill had been able to ignore it, but he couldn't have missed it. He was much too sensitive and intelligent for that. And now that it had happened, I could remind him of it. At any moment I chose, I could reassert his awareness of me as a woman. I picked up the brush again, noticing as I did the pale gleam of my shoulder beneath the flimsy green negligee. There was a question teasing the back of my mind, and for a while I played with it vaguely before letting it come to the surface. Perhaps I was a little ashamed of it—and yet I doubt that. For a woman like me there is no special stigma attached to flirting with a married man. All my friends did it. But work was not merely a married man. He was a happily married man, deeply in love with his wife. A strange and wonderful kind of animal. The thought I'd been hoping back sprang forward into words in my mind. Could he be swerved, a little? Could I attract the eye of this still-honeymooning husband in my congregation? I knew little of my own hypocrisies. Once a question like that has been asked, it can have only one answer. An answer I'd known before I'd even asked it. I was going to have a darned good try...
HOLLYWOOD

Discovered was a tiresome catch, proven, and I got a pair!

I'd never tell her, of course; at least not while Dad and I continued to be such good friends. . . . So I smiled, and Dad gave in without much of a fight.

He said glumly, "I'll have to arrange it. Give me a couple of days. I guess at that you're good—looking enough to sit up there at the receptionist's desk. I'll have to move the gal who's there."

"Take your time," I said happily. "I've got things to do."

Dad, resigned to the inevitable, didn't risk waiting too long. Just a few mornings later I begged Bill gaily as he got off the elevator and headed toward the inner offices. He stopped short.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Are you slumming?"

"Not me. I work here. I'm going to be the gal who keeps the pests away from the Brains inside. And whom do you wish to see?"

Bill laughed. I watched with pleasure the tiny lines crinkling around his eyes and the way he threw back his head. Yes, it was going to be fun. Worth getting up at eight o'clock in the morning to get to the office on time.

"It must feel strange to you, being up and dressed at this hour," he teased.

I nodded. "Another thing—I'm worried. Until I catch on I'm liable to be doing all the wrong things. I—look, are you busy for lunch? You're the only one I know here. If I make any boners this morning maybe you could tell me about them and keep me from making a fool of myself during the day. I think if I can get through just this first day I'll be all right—"

I looked up at him seriously, and then my heart skipped a beat. Had I made a boner already, a boner of a more important kind, by my suggestion? He met my eyes almost sternly. He looked a little bothered. Why hadn't I waited? I ought to know better than to rush things.

I opened my lips to say something that would give him a chance to refuse gracefully, but he nodded. "Wonderful," he said, with no expression at all in his voice. "Alberto's at twelve-thirty. That's the best time for me."

It was too late to take back my words.

The elevator had stopped again, and several people were coming toward us. I smiled, nodded briefly and Bill disappeared inside his office.

The next hour was miserable. I cursed the job, myself, and Bill a dozen times. What was I doing here, stupidly smiling, checking appointments, saying "yes, Mr. So-and-so," to men who wouldn't have troubled to be polite to at a party? At one point I had half risen, ready to march into Dad's office and admit the whole thing had been a mistake, but just then Miss Tyson came out. I sat down again. Miss Tyson, I had learned—had made it my business to learn very quickly—was Bill's secretary.

She was on her way to the ladies room, but she paused beside me, asking, "How's it going?" Without waiting for an answer, she said, "Before I forget—better check with me every time anyone shows up for an appointment with my boss. You know, Roberts. Whatever you do, check me before you send them in. He makes and breaks dates so fast I need two heads to keep up. Now he's breaking dates with McChesney, yet." She shook her head as if she couldn't believe it.

"Who's McChesney?" I asked.

"Ah, that's you'll soon learn. He's merely the big man from our biggest account, is all. D.W. isn't going to like Mr. Roberts' breaking dates with McChesney, I can tell you." Still shaking her head, she shifted away. A stir of pleased excitement ran through me. I took back all the names I'd been calling myself. I'd done nothing wrong, made no mistake, if Bill had broken an appointment with an important client in order to have lunch with me. . . .

I think the most important thing about that first lunch date was that Bill took it for help with the job was merely a pretext. I had expected to have to put up a pretense of being genuinely worried it wasn't necessary. He bypassed all that with a couple of questions and made a few encouraging comments, and then, quite naturally and easily, we seemed to talk where we had left of at dinner the other night. "In other words," I told myself gleefully, "the time we spent together that night was so pleasant for him that he's taken it for granted I found it pleasant too, and want to repeat it."

Inwardly, when I got back to my desk at the office, I was rubbing my hands in satisfaction. Not only had Bill's attitude been right—everything
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Several times the trick worked. Once he was there when I came in, alone at a table for two, his eyes on the door. Yes, I read him correctly: there was no mistaking the swift joy that swept into his face when he saw me... Another time it was who waited, my fingers crossed, hoping hard that a last-minute call from Mr. McChesney hadn't kept him in his office for a sandwich-and-conference lunch. Again I was lucky, though, for he did come in, and almost without pause or search came straight to where I was sitting. Alberto, that perceptive fellow, already regarded us as an established twosome. "Mr. Roberts is getting Married Monday," he would ask if I came in alone. Or, on luckier days, he would simply smile and motion me to follow, and lead me directly to the table where Bill sat. It was never necessary to say anything to him. As a matter of fact we never said anything about it to one another. There was growing up between us the certain knowledge that we were involved together in something that couldn't be put into words, but which nonetheless we both perfectly understood. Bill might pretend he didn't understand, he might talk of casual things and joke about the office, but he knew and I knew that these meetings were none of them accidents. They happened because we wanted them to happen— he, as well as I—

A couple of weeks went by, and I decided to move more boldly. Rosemary, he had told me of her beginning to speak of coming home very soon. His voice had been full of forced gaiety when he said it, but I had seen his eyes. I knew that we were involved together in something that he really felt just turned about her returning. One evening when I knew he had taken some files home and was planning a long work session, I called him up by phone. "If you wouldn't bother you," I said hesitantly, "there are some things at the apartment I've been needing for a long time. I've put it off and put it off, but really must have them—some clothes and a particular book or two. I promise not to make any noise while you're working."

There was silence on Bill's end. Then he said quietly, "I'm not getting much done. You won't bother me. Come on over.

My hand took slightly as I hung up. Was it the reason he wasn't getting much done? Was he thinking about me, perhaps wanting me there beside him? Anxiously, before I left my room, I shut the door. I didn't leave until I was certain I'd never looked more seductive in my life.

It was an odd sensation, having Bill let me into the familiar—and yet so
friends of a feather are flocking to

GARROWAY AT LARGE

By and large the most unique personality on TV

Every Sunday Night
NBC-TV

For the hilarious true story of Dave Garway's life and career, read the current issue of TRUE STORY Magazine now onnewstands. Full-page color portrait of Garway, too!
Which Twin has the Toni?

Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent
-feels as soft as naturally curly hair

The twins show you the lovely proof! When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally-curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set).

What is Toni's Secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that feels and behaves like naturally-curl hair. But remember, only Toni has this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 93 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that has that natural look. Jany, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

ONLY TONI HAS SPIN CURLERS

twice as easy—twice as fast

No rubber bands! Grip, spin, lock with the flick of the finger! Get regular size or Midget SPIN Curlers in combination with Toni Home Permanent.

Miss Alice Kiesewetter, a teacher in Evanston, Ill., adds this: "A Toni is simply wonderful for career women. It's so convenient to give, so easy to set—and it lasts for months. Best of all, a Toni wave always looks beautifully natural!"
The most provocative shade yet... is new Woodbury Coquette

Maybe they'll call you a flirt...
when you willfully, wilefully wear Woodbury's tantalizing new powder shade... Coquette!... No man or mirror ever saw your skin glow with such exciting, inviting color! For Coquette is a provocative new mood in powder—warm, golden rachel—charming as a blush and not half so innocent!... Remember— it's Woodbury... the powder with a unique ingredient that gives your skin a satin-smooth sheen with no "powdery" look... finer texture, delightful fragrance, longer cling!... Whatever your complexion, see it lovelier in Coquette!
Try it today—15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

... in cream make-up, too

Try Coquette Woodbury Cream Make-Up, in a warm peach of a rachel! A complete make-up that veils blemishes and tiny lines. Or match it with Woodbury Powder for a "beauty look" so glamorous, it's unfair to other women! Only 39¢ plus tax.
Special!
BACKSTAGE WIFE
CONTEST—

DOES YOUR
HUSBAND
STILL LOVE
YOU?

Win Valuable
Prizes—
Rate Your Married
Happiness!

Also: Jack Smith
Amos 'n' Andy
One Man's Family
Victor Lindlahr

Mary Noble
Heroine of
Backstage Wife
Capture the look of New Loveliness

WITH YOUR
First Cake of Camay!

How thankful you feel—when Someone New wins your heart—if your skin's at its glorious best! And your skin will be softer—clearer, too—with your first cake of Camay. Change to regular care—use Camay alone. Marvel at the difference your first cake of Camay makes!

Camay—All That A Beauty Soap Should Be!

A finer beauty soap than Camay does not exist! It's so mild—so quick with its creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. When Camay's your complexion care, the first cake can bring new beauty!

Camay
The Soap of Beautiful Women
When this happens...
Wet feet, or cold feet, may so lower body resistance that germs in the throat called the Secondary Invaders can get the upper hand.

these germs may invade tissue...
Here are some of the Secondary Invaders which many authorities think responsible for most of a cold's misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes it easier for them to invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion.

you start sneezing!
That sneeze, or cough, or snuffle is usually a sign that you may be in for a cold — that you should start fighting it with Listerine Antiseptic.

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

The safe, direct way to attack colds and sore throat
That Listerine Antiseptic gargle gets right to the seat of the trouble... the threatening germs in the throat shown above. They can cause most of a cold’s misery when they invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic kills them by millions on throat surfaces.

So, if you gargle Listerine Antiseptic early, you may head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity, once started.

The Listerine Antiseptic way is a safe way, a direct way, with none of the undesirable side-effects of some so-called "miracle drugs". It has a wonderful record against colds and sore throat.

Tests made during twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats — and generally milder ones — than those who did not gargle.

So, if you feel a cold coming on, or your throat is scratchy, get busy with Listerine Antiseptic at once, no matter what else you do. Attack the infection before it attacks you.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander’s bacillus, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.
TONI TWINS
Discover New
Shampoo Magic

Soft Water Shampooing
Even in Hardest Water

"Toni Creme Shampoo really worked wonders the very first time we tried it," say beautiful twins Joan and Jean McMillan of Houston. "Our hair was so shining soft... as if we washed it in rain water. And that really marvelous softness made it much easier to manage, too."

Soft Water Shampooing... that's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo. Even in the hardest water, you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dandruff instantly. Never leaves a soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

TONI CREME SHAMPOO
- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look longer lasting
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Enriched with Lanolin

NOVEMBER, 1950

Vol. 34, No. 6

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Member of THE TRUTH Women's Group
HERE'S EXCITING NEWS!

The first new kind of Girdle in 11 years!

Playtex* FAB-LINED Girdle

With amazing Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom-of-action plus—fabric next to your skin!

You’ve never seen a girdle like this, never felt a girdle like this, never enjoyed such comfort in any girdle.

It’s a triumph of science—to fuse this new cloud-soft fabric lining to a pure latex sheath.

It’s a secret Playtex process, accomplished without a seam, stitch or bone—without losing any of the amazing Playtex all-way stretch or power-control.

Next to your skin, you’ll say it’s smooth as a veil of powder, airy as a cloud, soft as the touch of an angel.

Yet miracle latex goes right on trimming the inches away as only latex can do—combining wonderful figure-slimming power with complete freedom of action.

It’s years ahead of any other girdle in the world!

Slimming you naturally, smoothly, THE PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE caresses you to new slenderness, keeps you cooler, more comfortable

---

In *SU*M golden tubes, PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES . . . $4.95 to $5.95
In *SU*M shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . . . $3.95 to $4.95
In *SU*M silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES . . . . . $3.50 to $3.95

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

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP’N. Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.
READER’S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Published Reports!

Reader’s Digest recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, and two years’ research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even one new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

ALWAYS USE COLGATE’S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

* You SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate’s was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader’s Digest.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Ask Your Questions—We’ll Try To Find The Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there’s something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 200 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We’ll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.

FAMOUS CONDUCTOR

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me something about the famous conductor Arturo Toscanini? Is he married and where does he live? Dallas Ore. Miss M. J.

When he’s not on tour, Maestro Toscanini lives in Riverdale, New York. He has a son and two daughters, one of whom is married to the well-known pianist Vladimir Horowitz.

MOVED

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me on what station I can hear “Big Joe” and Jack Lescoulie, who used to broadcast WOR’s late night show.
Raleigh, N. C. E. L. K.

“Big Joe” Rosenfeld and his Happiness Exchange are now on New York’s WINS, Mon.-Sat. at 12-2 A.M. Jack Lescoulie, his predecessor, at present is assistant producer of the Milton Berle show.

FAN MALE

Dear Editor:
Would you please publish a picture of Alan Dale, the male vocalist on Sing It Again? I think he’s wonderful.
Sparta, Wis. Mrs. G. P.

You’re not the only one. We’re printing this picture of Alan in response to letters from many of his fans.

DISCUSSION CLOSED

Dear Editor:
My friends and I have been having a discussion as to whether the Bob Montgomery on the radio is the same as the movie actor Robert Montgomery. Would you please settle the argument? San Antonio, Tex. Mrs. E. F.

Movie actor Montgomery and radio commentator Montgomery are the same person.

HERE'S THE MAN

Dear Editor:
What is the name of that amusing actor who plays Frankie Remley, the drummer, on the Phil Harris show? What does he look like?
Fort Wayne, Ind. Miss E. K.

See for yourself—he’s versatile Elliott Lewis.
MOTHERS! FOR A HAPPY BABY

Get this Booklet FREE!

Learn how to keep your precious baby healthier and happier.

SEND TODAY for this wonderfully helpful free booklet, "Ten Ways to Give Your Baby Security," and enjoy the peace of mind that comes with the knowledge that your child is receiving the best of care.

BABY AUTHORITIES say that you have to give your child more than just the material things in life. It is most important that he feel mentally secure in his home life... that you and your husband help give him emotional stability.

THE MAKERS OF "LYSOL" brand disinfectant have prepared this booklet telling you how to give your baby that all-important inner security. You owe it to yourself and to him to write for your free copy today.

ITS TWENTY-FOUR PAGES are fully illustrated and are filled with specific, valuable information that will help you bring up a happier, healthier baby. Problems that arise from day to day, as Baby is growing up, are discussed in plain, understandable language. Baby's emotional problems as well as his physical needs are discussed in this book.

READ THESE IMPORTANT SECTION HEADINGS

1. Show Baby Your Love
2. Make Baby Feel He Belongs
3. Make Your Marriage a Secure Setting
4. Make Baby Feel His Home is Trustworthy
5. Recognize Your Baby as a Person
6. Rules and Discipline Make a Baby Feel Secure
7. Help Your Baby Make Friends
8. Recognize Your Child's Natural Jealousy of a New Baby
9. Don't Be An Over-Anxious Mother
10. Don't Baby Your Baby Too Long

Hailed by Grateful Parents Everywhere

MALVERNE, N. Y.-Mrs. J. K. White writes, "Our boy was a 'crybaby' until I read this book. Now I know where I made mistakes... and how to correct them."

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.-Mrs. Hayden Ross-Chonis says, "This booklet showed us how our child's security and happiness depend on us, and we're better parents for reading it."

For Extra, Continuing Protection...

"LYSOL" Brand Disinfectant

"LYSOL"
Lehn & Fink Products Corporation
Dept. R.T.M.-5011, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me free 24-page booklet: "Ten Ways To Give Your Baby SECURITY."

Name__________________________
Street__________________________
City______________________________
WOR's women's commentator Barbara Welles is part pug-nacious reporter and part dulcet hostess—the acme of tact. Half her day is spent burrowing the eastern seaboard for news, for items from every field of endeavor, for new experiences, for guests who will translate their work, interests and accomplishments to the listening audience of WOR's The Barbara Welles Show heard Mondays-through-Fridays from 4 to 4:30 P.M.

When asked about her sources of information, Barbara replies, "Everything is grist to my mill. I like to report the unusual and cover events from the middle of things."

She once conducted a broadcast from a submarine where she interviewed all hands aboard and recently, she got up at 5 A.M. to tape-record part of a broadcast from Manhattan's wholesale fruit auction. Another time she went aloft with the late globe-circling pilot Bill Odum to record an interview.

Her most extensive broadcasting junket was an eighteen-day tour of Great Britain in September 1949. With her portable recorder, Barbara talked to Britons virtually from pub to palace.

Barbara was born Helen Hall in Kansas City, Missouri. She spent most of her youth in Florida and attended Wellesley College in Massachusetts for two years. She obtained a scholarship to the Royal Academy in London but was twice delayed by illness and decided to study privately with Tamara Daykarhanova in New York City. She played summer stock for two seasons with the Davey Jones Locker Theatre in Rockport, Massachusetts, and the Band Box Players in Sheffield, Connecticut. On the strength of her performances with both companies, she was called to New York for a screen test by 20th Century-Fox, but her film opportunities were nipped in the bud when the war canceled all such tests.

She turned to radio in Baltimore, Maryland. There she was for two years the only woman commentator in that city's radio history. She also wrote and presented her own women's program, covered special events such as the opera and elections and introduced a new series on the Naval Academy, broadcast from Annapolis, Maryland, over the full Mutual network. During this period she also broadcast another Mutual show, a weekly commentary from Washington, D. C., on which she interviewed wives of government officials.

Since 1948, she's been heard as WOR's Barbara Welles, interviewing celebrities, reporting news features and covering events ranging from the discovery of a new sewing machine attachment to Broadway openings and international episodes.
Coming Next Month

That's a preview of the beautiful December Radio Mirror cover that you see up above: Janette Davis, lovelier than ever! The go-with-the-cover story is by Fran Allison of Breakfast Club and Kukla, Fran and Ollie fame—seems Janette and Fran worked together, were friends, when both lived in Chicago.

In December, too, Radio Mirror gives you a Christmas present so that you can give yourself—and your husband—one. Our present to you is a complete, quick and easy, make-yourself-over plan by charm and beauty expert Carol Douglass. This is not an elaborate scheme which will cost you too much time, money and effort. It's a simple way to make yourself what the title of the article says: "A Brand New You!"

Also in December: a visit with "your rotund reporter" Cedric Adams ... A Hilltop House problem, "How much trust should you place in your teen-age daughter?" ... Interesting holiday reading in the bonus novel for the month, a Ma Perkins story ... Nancy Craig's cooking department features scrumptious snacks for you to serve holiday season callers ... Ralph Sigwald, of Horace Heidt's Youth Opportunity Program tells his own touching and exciting story ... Radio Mirror's Daytime Fashions For You features lovely, festive clothes for you to wear during the lovely and festive season ahead ... All the regulars, too: Art Linkletter, When A Girl Marries, Traveler of the Month, and Family Counselor, plus a host of other exciting, entertaining stories and pictures in your December Radio Mirror Magazine, on your newsstand on Friday, November 10.

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced ... held ... kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration ... prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.
Unobtrusively introduced on Supper Club, Perry Como quickly found fame on a wave of gratified groans from growing girls.

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson brought their home, children, to listeners.

This history of great entertainment covers the war years and the years after till today, and draws to a close.

Hillbilly nobility: Judy Canova, brother Zeke, sister Annie—looking the way they sounded on the air.
OWN LIFE STORY

1942: Families by the hundreds of thousands clung to the news broadcasts as American troops poured into battle, and reporters went with them. The news was bad. Hong Kong fell. Then Singapore. In March, Java went silent after the Netherlands government in exile in London heard the hasty message, “We are shutting down. Goodbye till better days.” Corregidor held on and on. Then it fell, too, and General MacArthur spoke to the world from Australia, “I shall return!”

The first note of hope was in April when the radio carried a sparse report that General Doolittle’s planes had bombed Tokyo from “Shangri La.” Then came the dearly bought victory in the Coral Sea, the landings on Midway, Guadalcanal, the Solomons. Merchant ships were being sunk by the hundreds by the Nazi submarine wolf-packs within sight of our own eastern shores, but on November 7, radios carried the triumphant news that the greatest armada ever assembled had crossed the Atlantic in total secrecy and safety and the landings had been made at Casablanca, Oran and Algiers.

At home, the OPA started, the women’s services in Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard were organized and even the authors of singing commercials were mobilized for such contributions as:

Junk ain’t junk no more
Cause junk can win the war
What’s junk to you has a job to do
Cause junk ain’t junk no more.

It sounds silly to us now, but through such rhymes radio helped to do the job the government wanted, just as did the many hours contributed by all stations to plugs for War Bonds, enlistments and civilian defense volunteers.

With the settlement of the fight with ASCAP, the air was suddenly bursting with new songs that had been denied radio listeners for nearly a year. War songs led the hits: “I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen,” “Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition,” “This Is the Army, Mr. Jones.” Even “White Christmas” had its greatest appeal because it echoed the mood of men far away from home.

On January 9, NBC set up its Blue Network as an independent organization. The biggest news within the industry concerned a labor dispute and a matter of taste with the commercials once more under fire. At this time there were many dignified commercials but there were many somewhat trying ones, too, like “Relieve that itching now!”... “Our kidneys have fifteen miles of tubes!”... “Are you mouth happy?” and the deathless prose of a deodorant plug, “Under-arming can be charming.”

Sensible people felt that sponsors were entitled to mention a product on the fabulous shows that they were supplying free, but the recoil against the too-clinical commercial reached its climax this year.

The labor dispute was with James C. Petrillo, head of the American Federation of Musicians. On June 25, he notified the makers of records that they would not be allowed (Continued on page 18)

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER
Frank Fredrics of WBEN and WBEN-TV in Buffalo has the kind of talent needed to cope with most any type of program—radio, TV, or any new medium the future may dream up! During a decade of radio and television work, Frank has capably handled such assorted assignments as sportscaster, news commentator, comedian, reporter, emcee, western character, poetry reader and actor in roles that ranged from romantic leads to gangsters to college professors. It seems Frank is not only willing, but also ready and able, to play any part that comes along either as an assignment or challenge—or both. At the moment he's spotlighted on the WBEN-TV Late News Roundup Monday through Friday evenings shortly after 11 o'clock.

Frank attended Milwaukee State Teachers College, and first broke into radio in Milwaukee as an announcer on a fifteen-minute broadcast of Freddie Fisher and his Schneckelritz band, heard over a regional Wisconsin network. This zany experience convinced him that he should pursue radio announcing as a career.

"Trying to announce while the Schneckelritz band did everything possible to convulse me with laughter or drown me out provided excellent basic training and taught me to keep talking—and making sense—no matter what was happening," Frank points out. "And so," he adds with a smile, "I'm still announcing!"

From that first job in Milwaukee, Frank went on to become staff announcer on stations in Cleveland and Chicago—where he spent seven years before the mike with NBC, mostly in the role of a disc jockey. It was in the early 1940's that he gained considerable recognition as one of the first platter-spinners to sing along with the recordings he played.

As a matter of fact, one of Cleveland's better-known voice teachers tried to persuade him to forsake announcing and devote all his time to singing. But expounding over a microphone was his first love, and Frank Fredrics preferred to save his vocalizing for more informal occasions—such as singing in the bathtub.

During the War, Frank fought with the Army's celebrated 42nd Rainbow Division, serving both in the medics and as an infantry rifleman in France, Germany and Austria. For outstanding heroism, Frank later had the distinction of being one of the few soldiers ever to receive the combat badge from both the medical corps and the infantry. He also was awarded the Bronze Star for gallant action, and received several other military citations.

Following his discharge, Frank returned to radio announcing in Cleveland where he was heard regularly on the NBC program Do You Remember? and later Hometowners and Musican, a show originating from Chicago and starring Jack Haskell and the Art Van Damme quintet. He was married in 1943 to the former Lillian Cady of Cleveland. They are the proud parents of Brian, six, and Karen, two years old.
Who comes first when help is needed—FAMILY or FRIENDS?

Ma Perkins, heroine of the daytime drama, Ma Perkins, is heard M-F at 1:15 P.M. EST on CBS network stations, sponsored by Orvalol.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Ma Perkins in August’s daytime serial problem:

In August Radio Mirror, reader-listeners were told in brief the story of Ma Perkins, and were asked the question: Who Comes First When Help Is Needed—Family Or Friends? Radio Mirror editors have chosen the best answers from the numerous letters that had been sent in and checks have been mailed as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. R. I. Miller, 1210 Gilbert Ave., Downers Grove, Illinois, for the following letter:

In the matter of loyalty, there is no question, “friend or relative?” loyalty is devotion to one’s ideals and principles. If resolved on that basis, the integrity of the individual remains unshaken, unchanged.

When Shakespeare wrote, “To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man,” he wrote a timeless axiom. In this sense, first loyalty is to one’s self—a moral obligation of the individual to consider objectively all aspects of his problem before reaching a decision to be based on truth, hope and prayer.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five-next letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

Mr. Douglas McMunn Minneapolis, Minnesota
Mrs. John B. Bowdre Macon, Georgia
Miss Elizabeth A. Wright Bronx, New York
Mrs. Doris Lufburrow Fair Haven, New Jersey
Mrs. Mabel Wright San Francisco, California

Yes, Pepsodent’s exclusive brighter-polishing agent—effective yet so gentle—gets your teeth brighter... makes your smile more beautiful. And authoritative scientific tests prove conclusively that even a single brushing with Pepsodent removes acid-film that causes decay. Only Pepsodent has this film-removing formula!

Even a Single Brushing with Pepsodent not only reduces decay the surest way, but GETS YOUR TEETH FAR BRIGHTER than any other leading tooth paste

*Trium is Pepsodent’s Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

For that Pepsodent Smile—Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.
Like MOTHER, Like

Four-year-old Pamela is no mean match for her famous mother, Kathi Norris. Whether she's "guesting" with her mother on the Kathi Norris Television Show on WNBV, or giving her latest views on Kathi's clothes, make-up and hair, Pam definitely has a delightful personality of her own.

Kathi says her daughter keeps her in a constant state of surprise. She never knows what Pam is going to do and say. Just the other day, someone asked the younger what she wanted to be when she grew up. Pam answered without a moment's hesitation.

"Why, a mother-in-law, of course." Kathi's still wondering what gave Pam that idea.

Of course, Pam, like all little girls, asks continuous streams of questions. Kathi's positive she may soon run out of answers. Pam particularly loves to watch her mother dress and put on her make-up. It's no wonder they enjoy being together. They're real friends.

Kathi has taken advantage of her daughter's interest in beauty by showing her how to follow a ritual of her own. On Pam's small dressing table are her personal brush, comb, bubble bath set, cologne, scissors, nail file and colorless polish. She has everything she needs to keep her looking and feeling sweet and fresh.

It hasn't been hard for Pam to learn about hair care, either. Ever since she's been old enough to understand, Kathi has been letting Pam brush, comb and set the hair of her favorite doll. The little girl thinks it's a fascinating game, and she loves to show her mother how much she has improved. When it comes to shampooing or setting, though, Kathi lends a helping hand.

Pam's hair has a slight natural wave, but Kathi usually gives it a home permanent about every six months. Pam is becoming a real expert, and knows the directions by heart.

Kathi grooms Pam's nails once a week, but it is up to Pam to keep...
One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a $20 permanent. Can you tell—

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?

It's never too early to begin teaching cleanliness and good grooming to your child.

DAUGHTER

Look closely! Compare the shining softness ... the live, long-lasting "spring" ... the lovely natural look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Nor even experts can find any difference between the $1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft as a $20 wave (*including shampoo and set.) It's actually guaranteed to be as beautiful and last as long. Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There's no frizz! Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tined. Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Alva Anderson's (at left). You can be sure of this — for only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to all types of hair. Try a Toni—you'll love it!

Toni alone, of all home permanents— looks so natural, feels so soft! That's why more women choose Toni than all other home permanents combined!

Here's the reason! Toni contains its own gentle blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs only ... ... with SPIN curlers $2.29

By DORITY ELLIS
Tommy Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Michael, three; Billie and Buddy, four; Patricia, one; Kevin, two; Maureen, three; Kathleen, two, await plane time.

This month, our Traveler of the Month is exceptionally singular but decidedly plural. It's a family—the Walsh family of Quincy, Massachusetts—and what a family it is! In addition to Alice and John Walsh, the parents, there are seven children—and the oldest of the seven are four years old. The Walshes hold the record of having had six children within twenty-four months.

Buddy and Billy were born on October 10, 1945. Michael and Maureen came along on October 16, 1946, and were followed by Kathleen and Kevin on October 3, 1947. Patricia joined the Walshes all by herself on May 17, 1949.

When the Walshes walked, ran, scrambled and romped their way up to my NBC microphone for a Welcome Travelers interview, they were on their way to a new home in Fresno, California. And that's quite a story.

Way back in April, I interviewed Mrs. D. S. Kavanaugh of Fresno and she told us about her twins. Mrs. Walsh got in touch with Mrs. Kavanaugh who is active in an organization of mothers with twins.

Mr. Kavanaugh is a contractor and the Walshes appealed to him. Both Alice and John Walsh were in military service during World War II, John in the Navy and Alice in the Spars. John's income last year was $3,200 and the home he was renting had been sold from under him. Despite an income that always seemed too low for a family of nine, the Walshes had managed to improve their living standards every year since John's release from the Navy. Contractor Kavanaugh investigated and found everything about the Walshes to his liking. He offered to build a new home in Fresno to fit the Walsh specifications—a home designed for twins.

The Walshes did a little investigating, then, themselves. They found that there were no strings attached to Mr. Kavanaugh's offer. The Kavanaughhs even arranged for John Walsh to get a job in Fresno, a position in an insurance office where he will have broader opportunities than he's had before.

Welcome Travelers contributed an electric refrigerator to the project. Neighbors of the Kavanaughs, intrigued and enthused at the prospect of such an unusual family in their midst, contributed other furniture. Mr. Kavanaugh followed through on his promise to keep twins in mind while building the house.

The minute I started the Walsh interview, I realized that their story
was far more than a novelty. With an income varying from $50.00 to $65.00 a week, these young parents have kept their family well-dressed and well fed.

"We haven't been able to have a car," John said without regret, "because playthings and shoes for the children are more important." Mrs. Walsh has never had even part-time help because she's felt that the expenditure would inevitably deprive the children of something.

"How do you manage a household this size?" I asked her.

She grinned. "I never have to worry or plan ahead," she answered. "You can't plan ahead with a family like ours. I simply handle things as they come, and there always seems to be time enough to take care of everything. As long as I can get five or six hours sleep a night, I don't have any trouble managing the household."

"How about recreation?" I asked, and Mrs. Walsh laughed. "You don't need to go to shows or night clubs for entertainment when you have a family that's as much fun as this one," she said.

John and Alice met when he had bad to have a minor operation to pass Navy enlistment requirements. He fell in love with his nurse but they dated nearly three years before they were married. "We hated that long wait," John admits, "but we certainly made up for lost time once we got to the altar."

John and Alice feel that large families get along, somehow. You have another baby—or another set of twins—and something inevitably happens to take care of the new expense. A miracle, maybe.

"And this move to Fresno," John shakes his head, "is really a miracle. Things never looked darker for us than just before the Kavanaughs got in touch with us. And now, things never looked quite so bright."

If dishwashing dries your hands, imagine my skin after shooting swim scenes for "Pagan Love Song." Some days I was in water 7 full hours!
Jim Kelly, Jr. shows Tom plaque he received as Diamond Sculls rowing champ.

WFIL sports director Tom Moorehead is swamped with mail as a result of his daily radio and TV shows.

One look at the current broadcasting schedule of Tom Moorehead, WFIL sports director, is all that's necessary to confirm the station's claim that he is one of the busiest, most versatile radio-television personalities in the country.

Tom, who qualifies as sportscaster, disc jockey, and quizmaster, now has two daily radio programs, one weekly radio show, and three weekly telecasts on his list of regular assignments. All these jobs add up to a grand total of eight hours, fifty-five minutes a week—but Tom takes it all in stride, just as he does when performing such unusual acts as broadcasting a crew race from a blimp or conducting an auction on television.

(He did such an outstanding job on the WFIL-TV March of Dimes auction this year that approximately $10,000 was raised for the drive on polio during his three hours and forty-five minutes before the cameras.)

An expert ad libber, Moorehead had broadcast fourteen different types of sports events during his years on the air as a radio and television commentator—a record in this day of specialists. One of his greatest assets has been a phenomenal memory which makes it easy for him to keep track of the athletes.

Last winter Tom was kept busy commuting from Philadelphia to New York, where he did the television commentary for the weekly wrestling bouts at Broadway Arena and college basketball games at the Columbia University gymnasium.

A former all-around athlete himself, Tom now confines his physical exertions to golf, a game which challenges all his skill and patience. He hasn't been playing long but he says he's improving every day.

Moorehead's present radio schedule includes a Monday-through-Saturday sports show on WFIL and a Monday-through-Friday disc jockey program, as well as a weekly thirty-minute Sports Clinic session on Saturday mornings.

On television, he shares the microphone with Tommy Loughran, former world's light-heavyweight champion, on the WFIL-TV telecasts of the Police Athletic League boxing bouts every Friday night. In addition, he conducts two weekly quiz programs. Name the Star and Keep Going.
Put your Best Face Forward!

Cashmere Bouquet
Face Powder
Feels and looks a part of your complexion!

If it's texture you want, velvety and clinging, then make this luxuriously-smooth face powder your choice—
If it's naturalness you want, be you blonde, brunette or titian, there's a "Flower-Fresh" shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone—Surely, whichever you want in fine face powder, you'll find in Cashmere Bouquet... delicately scented with the famous "fragrance men love"!

Only 25¢
Six fashionable, "Flower-Fresh" shades!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet
Radio's Own Life Story

to employ his 138,000 union members after the current agreement expired on July 31. His purpose was to create more work for musicians by forcing stations to hire "live" talent instead of playing records. As in most disputes of this kind there were two sides with some justice on both. There was some sympathy in Petrillo's sturdy battle for his musicians. On the other hand, small stations and restaurants using juke boxes could not possibly afford anything but records, and they claimed that Petrillo, by demanding the hiring of stand-by musicians when records were used, was actually forcing an industry to support what amounted to a private system of unemployment relief for the musicians' union. The case came to trial under the anti-trust laws, but was dismissed because the judge ruled it seemed to involve a labor dispute, and Petrillo's men ceased to make recordings for use on radio until, one by one, the broadcasters began to sign contracts calling for payment to the union for each record sold for commercial use.

Few new programs reached the air this year though People Are Funny and Can You Top This? were launched and became popular. Phillips Lord presented Gangbusters, a rousing show based on crime in the current news.

The outstanding new personality of the year was a thin young man who had been singing without undue stir with Tommy Dorsey's band for a couple of years—Frank Sinatra. In November, he was booked for a week at the Paradise Theatre, and the hobbys boxer was born, right on the spot where the jitterbug fever had broken out five years before in honor of Benny Goodman. Sinatra's engagement was extended to eight weeks and was marked by numbers of happy riots by fans who developed a new kind of high-pitched screaming that produced great melancholy in the faces of Times Square police, but made Frankie a star on the air and in films.

1943: Our troops poured into England and Africa. The siege of Stalingrad was lifted and the Russians started to move west. We landed in Sicily, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin met at Teheran and radio carried their agreement on unconditional surrender to Americans deployed all around the globe. On September 8, General Eisenhower, as Commander in Chief of the Allied Forces in Europe, took to the radio to announce Italy's surrender.

Many of radio's familiar voices were absent and new stars took their places, such as Joan Davis who replaced Rudy Vallee when he went into uniform. Hundreds of other radio stars gave camp shows close to the various fronts. The Yankee Clipper, carrying an entertainment troupe to Europe, crashed in Labrador, killing and injuring many aboard. Jane Froman only recently has thrown away the crutches she had to use for years as the result of this accident.

Eddie Cantor did a twenty-four-hour turn on the air, and sold $40,000,000 of War Bonds. Kate Smith stayed in the studio for eighteen straight hours, and sold the Theme amount; next year she repeated the stunt and sold $112,000,000. Dick Tracy of the comic strips graduated to the air. The Falcon started his adventures.

The biggest news in radio was the sale of the Blue Network, after brisk bidding to Edward John Noble for
Noble's career is another of the fabulous success stories of the first half of the century. His first job after graduation from Yale in 1913 was selling text books at twelve dollars a week. Then he switched to selling carcard advertising. This took him one day to the office of a Cleveland candy manufacturer who was packaging among other confections, an item called Lifesavers. At that time the public was refusing to buy Lifesavers in vast numbers and with good reason. The peppermint had the damming habit of leaking into the wrapper. The wrapper, in turn, contributed glue to the candy. Noble ignored this and gave such a fervent sales talk on their future, if only they were advertised in his carcards, that the candy manufacturer said, "If you think they're so good, why don't you buy me out and promote them yourself?"

Noble did just that. He and an equally impoverished friend borrowed $1,900 and bought the trademark and stock on hand of Lifesavers. A new leak-proof package was designed, a new advertising campaign launched, and that was the start of his millions.

The new network owned only three stations: WJZ New York, KGO San Francisco; and WENR Chicago, though it had many outlets through independently owned affiliates. Mark Woods, who had been operating the Blue Network, became ABC's first president.

1944: The greatest moment of the year was D-Day, long awaited, long feared. Radio news of the battle for the Normandy beachhead was scant, at first. Then late on the night of June 6, the warm, crisp Kansas speech of General Eisenhower was heard on the air. He spoke precisely, unexcitedly, "People of Western Europe: A landing was made this morning on the coast of France by the Allied Expeditionary Force..." A great moment to remember.

At home, the radio was hot with the news of the coming presidential elections. Too busy for political campaigning, FDR gave the anxious country one of its few moments of laughter when he took note of the heated Republican campaign with the goodnatured, "Not content with attacks on me, and my wife, and my sons, they now include my little dog Fala." The greatest audience ever assembled waited by the radio on election night for news of the historic fourth-term election.

Two tuneful new personalities emerged on the Chesterfield Supper Club this year. One was Jo Stafford who had made her debut in the show when it was known as the Chesterfield Music Shop. Her co-star, Perry Como, quickly became a contender for the acclaim of the bobinskysers.

On the West Coast, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson were suggesting The Adventures of Harriet and Ozzie to a producer who liked it and promised to look around for somebody to write the script. "While you're looking, why don't I try to knock out something?" said Ozzie. He did so well that he has been the show ever since.

By the end of the year, the extraordinary success of one Chiquita Banana was turning rival sponsors quite green with envy. Chiquita was the singing commercial brought to full flower, lasting one solid minute so engagingly that she graduated to the hit tune class and even had the heady honor of being played by the Boston Symphony!

1945: It was 5:49 in the afternoon in Washington when the bulletin was

---

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

And-

New tests by leading skin specialists PROVE the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".

Cashmere Bouquet — In a New Bath Size Cake, Tool
The loveliest, freshest-looking skin your mirror has ever seen! Now it's only a few days away. Days in which you devote minutes, morning and night, to the miracle of deep-cleansing with Woodbury Cold Cream.

Such deep and thorough cleansing is possible only because of Penaten—a new, miraculous penetrating agent. Now in Woodbury Cold Cream, Penaten seeps deeper into pore openings ... carries the cleansing oils deeper to float out every speck of clinging soil and stubborn make-up.

And through Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively too. Rich, softening oils are carried deeper to leave a softer, fresher feel ... a look that's younger, beautiful as Spring! 20¢ to $1.39, plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

broadcast on April 12: “All we know so far is that the President died today at Warm Springs, Georgia.”

The news spread fast. Offices closed. Telephones were silent. Commercial shows were swept off the air. Solemn music or news replaced them for the next three days. Radio has made some errors of taste, but all of us can be proud of the private industry that reacted so quickly to the public mood without directive or hesitation.

In April, representatives of fifty nations met in San Francisco to draft a charter for the United Nations, and all sessions open to the public went on the air. Means for simultaneous translation to English had not yet been set up for radio, but the babble of many tongues added up to a new hope for peace.

The drive to Berlin went on. On May 1, the Hamburg radio reported Hitler dead and Admiral Doenitz the new Fuehrer. On May 8, he surrendered. The announcement of V-E day was greeted soberly. It was too soon for rejoicing with the battle still moving at great cost from island to island in the Pacific.

A magnificent piece of radio writing, acting and singing had been waiting for this event. It was Norman Corwin’s On a Note of Triumph.

On August 6 at 9:14 A.M., Enola Gay released the atom bomb over Hiroshima, and a minute later 780,150 lives were wiped out in awful, final proof of the equation, E=MC², that Albert Einstein had first stated in 1905. Word of the beginning of the Atomic Age was announced in President Truman’s matter-of-fact, mid-western voice. “The world will note that the first atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, a military base. We have used it to shorten the agony of war.”

The first announcement of the Japanese surrender came from Britain’s Prime Minister Atwell on August 14, “The last of our enemies is laid low.”

For the first time in many years, people deserted the radio. For the first time in years, there was nothing to fear in the news. In some few cities crowds poured into public squares, but by far the greatest number of people went quietly home in the mood to seek a church rather than a carnival.

Louella Parsons started her Sunday night broadcast of Hollywood news, this year. Judy Canova started her own show, and the Green Hornet came to chase spies and arsonists and other enemies of society. A great new program based on news was Headline Edition, which featured real people in the news and made very telling use of recordings.

The Theatre Guild on the Air made its bow with “Wings over Europe,” a play about the atom bomb written many years ago. This program has continued with a notable list of plays. The result was a stunning list of Broadway hits available to the remotest farm.

Give-away shows took a big step forward with the start of Queen for a Day, first of the big “we’ll make your dreams come true” programs.

The outstanding new personality of the year was Arthur Godfrey who started his present daytime series on CBS, and expanded so rapidly in radio and television that, by 1950, the wise-crack, “It had to come. Godfrey is his own network,” almost made sense.

Late in 1945 a milestone in radio was boldly set in place when a radio-press gallery was dedicated in the Senate wing of the Capitol, and broadcasters at last were formally recognized by a place to work along with the press.

1946: On June 30, from halfway around the world we (Continued on page 78)
POETRY

SONG AFTER SUMMER
Beauty lies dying on a hundred hills
In anquished splendour. See how bright
blood stains
An earth once eloquent with daffodils,
Lyric with brooks and scented grassy lanes.
Mourn not her passing, though you
loved her well;
Publish no requiem for loneliness;
Erect no monument, and toll no bell.
But, rather, lay her out in snowy dress,
All deeply-blanketed against the cold.
Cherish the euctasies that once were hers.
Resigned to this: all things some day
grow old,
And through all life a deathly spectre stirs.
Walk, brave, your wintry way,
remembering
The destined resurrection of the spring.
—Adelaide Delora Hinkle

AN OPEN BOOK
Our lives are like an open book
Where we can stop to read
And also write sweet memories
Of every worthy deed...
We live a life together and
Struggle side by side;
With not a single secret or
Embarrassment to hide...
We turn the sorrow, and the tears,
Into happiness and smiles
And take the fortunes, good or bad
With all the coming styles.
—E. F. Koczmarczyk

ADVICE
Hold fast your dreams,
Let not one go astray
Lest life lose all its flavor
And sunlight shun the day.
Hold fast your dreams,
H ave faith... enough to borrow
Hope that planted here today
Will bloom tomorrow.
Hold fast your dreams,
Let nothing tear apart
The fragile-petaled yearnings
Of a beauty-haunted heart.
Lest all the world become an empty
scheme...
Hold fast... Hold fast your dream.
—June Brown Harris

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY
FIVE DOLLARS
for the best original poems sent in
each month by readers. Limit poems
to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio
Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street,
New York 17, N.Y. Each poem should
be accompanied by this notice. This
is not a contest, but an effort to pur-
chase poetry for use in Radio Mirror.
Mary and Ray Cole are thrilled with their electric percolator, *Radio Mirror*'s addition to their "electric kitchen."

Married four years, the Coles are looking forward to a country home.

When a Girl Marries

Their successful marriage formulas

In June *Radio Mirror* Joan Davis, of *When A Girl Marries* announced her Happy Marriage Contest, asked readers to send her their three rules for married happiness. Joan Davis and the editors of *Radio Mirror* have read the entries, judged them, and here are the three top prize winners:


Marjorie Goldsmith is eighteen, still half tomboy and half grown-up, with red hair cut in a smooth cap and freckles she worries about. On the grown-up side, she has very mature ideas about her responsibilities as a wife. She's engaged to be married to Glenn E. Steiner, one year older than she—quieter of nature than Marjorie, and more set in his ways. Glenn works in the order department of National Homes Corporation; Marjorie, too, plans to work for a while after marriage, is engaged at the moment in setting up, with a friend, a public stenographer's office. Glenn's and Marjorie's wedding plans—originally plotted for sometime this autumn—now depend on Uncle Sam. If Glenn is called into service, he thinks it would be wiser to postpone the date than rush into a hasty war.

Family portrait: Mary and Ray with Candlish Wayne, four months; Kenneth Raymond Jr., two; Rebecca Jean, three.
CONTEST WINNERS

brought added joy to three happy couples
Ed King acts as brunchmaster and sets the pace, which is sometimes a hectic one—on KDKA's popular show, Brunch.

Anything can happen—and it usually does—on KDKA's big noon time variety show, Brunch. Ed King, who writes the script and who acts as brunchmaster, builds the show around a format of music, patter and sparkling chatter, with songstress Elaine Beverly and Bernie Armstrong, the musical director, as his usual foils. When it's least expected, however, he works in gags and stunts with members of the orchestra, or guests from his studio audience.

He has also added two features to the daily broadcast—contests for the studio guests and for the listening audience. For studio guests he has what he calls the "Brunchy Question." The question is known only to King himself. It's sealed in an envelope and the studio audience is asked to answer the question without knowing what it is. Clues are furnished by Miss Beverly and Armstrong. Winners get radios, wrist watches and other prizes.

For the listening audience there's the "Week-end at the William Penn Hotel" contest. Winners are chosen each week in a letter writing contest. King assigns a new topic for letter writers each Monday. The prize is a suite at the hotel for two with dinner and entertainment in the famous Terrace Room and a weekend in Pittsburgh, which includes seats at a Pirate baseball game, theater tickets and tickets for Pittsburgh's Civic Light Opera.

Now in its seventh year on the air, Brunch is famous for its "high-noon high-jinx." King delights in poking fun at everything and everybody, but he's better known for his modernizations of children's stories, and his facetious travelogues. Miss Beverly takes time out from her vocal chores to assume the roles of Maharini, who knows all-sees all, and Evelyn Succatash, a take-off on radio's home economists.
Winner in the married more than five years category is: Mrs. David C. Waters of Miami, Florida. She's in Bermuda at the moment, because her husband, Chief of Communications for an airline between Caracas and Rome is unable to get home to Miami, but can get stopovers at Bermuda. The Waters just completed a new home in Miami—lived in it only four days before the Bermuda trip—and, as Mrs. Waters said, "We can certainly use the household equipment we were lucky enough to win!" She added, "I packed up the children and came over here to Bermuda until some change makes it possible for us to go home to Miami. David is away two weeks and with us five days and I call him the world's champion long-distance commuter, since he comes up each rest period from Caracas and has to return there to go to work."

Winners of the runner-up prizes were, in the unmarried category: Harriet Downing, Honolulu, Hawaii; Eleanor Cowles, New York, N. Y.; Sylvia Jerson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Shirley Norris, also of Los Angeles, and Evelyn LaTorra, Boulder, Col. In the married category: Mrs. Calvin G. Hadley, Chester, Pa.; Mrs. Lawrence C. Gillespie, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Maye Duncan, Duncan, Okla.; Mrs. Florence H. Detwiler, Richland, Wash.; Mrs. Edna Vest, San Francisco, Cal.

While Mrs. Waters was in Bermuda her mother Hortense Parsons accepted the prizes in her daughter's Miami home.

Over five years of happy marriage account for Mrs. David Waters' contented expression.

*SLIMDERELLA

*Kleinert's

figure reformer

Be a sleek shadow of yourself, instantly! Wear this different rubber girdle with the cool, absorbent cotton knit lining. All-over perforations ... fleece lined bottom edges prevent chafing. Every inch sizes — 24 to 36. $4.95.

FREE: with your Slimderella Girdle.

Helena Rubinstein's Beauty Diet helps you lose as much as 7 pounds in 10 days, safely, easily.

*Kleinert's

*Nuvo Sanitary Belt ... Kleinert's exclusive comfort marvel — refuses to twist or curl. Adjustable, pinless or anchored-pin styles. In rayon ... 50c. In nylon-and-acetate ... 65c
Avant!
(or, as the French say, "Forward!")

for beauty with front-hooking ease

No stretch, no strain, no squirming now, as you hook your bra!

For Flexees has created "Avant," the Bra that hooks in front. Superb bosom contours; sleek lines across your back. 32 to 44; pink, white, black, in fine fabrics. See them now—$1.75 to $3.50

Avant BRA
by Flexees

WSBA, in York, Pennsylvania, went on the air in September, 1942. The 101 Ranch Boys went on the same time, have been doing five shows a week since, as well as an ABC network program every Saturday, heard by listeners to more than 200 stations all over the country, as well as the Armed Forces Radio net.

As if that weren't enough to keep them busy, they make a minimum of six recordings a year for Columbia Records. Some of their past releases are "Sweeter Than The Flowers," "One Little Kiss," "There's A Bluebird On Your Window Sill," and their latest, "I'm Building My Future In Heaven." Here's some background information on the boys.

Andy—Andrew Newcomb—Reynolds decided, at fourteen, to give up driving a grocery truck and make music his career. That was in his home town, Kansas City. At this crucial point he splurged an entire week's wages on a guitar and began touring taprooms and clubs in town, singing and playing for whatever cash contributions the customers felt inclined to make.

Today, Andy handles most of the bookings for the 101 Ranch Boys—they play dance and club dates besides their radio work. He's married, has two sons, rides and does leather work as a hobby. Cliff—Clifford Leroy—Brown was born in Argentine, Kansas. He says he made his first fiddle from a cigar box while working as a chore boy on a Kansas farm. He met Andy Reynolds in Kansas City and joined him in playing and singing for whatever they could make. Eventually the two of them got a sustaining program in KCMO. Cliff's mother, who was born on the famous Oklahoma 101 Ranch suggested that they call their act the 101 Ranch Boys. Cliff, too, is married and has two children. Composing hoe-downs and riding—of course—are his hobbies. Cliff's music is always earthy and he can be counted on for real, old-time shouted hillbilly lyrics. His repertoire includes literally thousands of hoe-down melodies.
The 101 Ranch Boys: Cliff Brown, fiddle, Rusty Harp, bass; Andy Reynolds, rhythm guitar; Leonard T. Zinn, steel guitar; Smokey Roberts, accordion.

Smokey—William R.—Roberts was born in Pitcher, Oklahoma. He joined the 101 Ranch Boys when they were playing over KCMO and making public appearances in and around Kansas City. Smokey's smooth style offered a good contrast to Andy's and Cliff's vocals, and his accordion filled out the group, made it more complete. It was after he joined up that the boys moved to Chicago where they worked for WLS; through this connection they came to WSBA in York, when that station went on the air. Smokey is a Navy veteran with three years' service. He's married, has a four-year-old daughter.

Leonard T. Zinn learned music by first studying, then teaching, in a guitar school in his native Hanover, Pennsylvania. He joined the 101 Ranch Boys at WSBA in 1945, creates the distinctive arrangements, both instrumental and vocal, for which the group has become so widely known. To him, too, goes the responsibility of handling most of the business of the group—keeping their joint bank account straight, paying bills, distributing salaries. He's promotion minded, too—believes that the 101 Ranch Boys are a unique group, is determined to get them the national publicity and recognition he believes they deserve. Leonard is married, has a small daughter, a baby son.

Rusty—DeWitt A.—Harp is the latest addition to the 101 Ranch Boys, brought the group up to five in January of this year. He and Andy and Smokey comprise a smaller group, the 101 Ranch Boys Trio, which sometimes plays dance and club dates without the other two, and he's featured soloist on both the network and local WSBA programs as well. Rusty is married, has one son, and says that collecting traditional folk ballads is his hobby.

The Boys are heard on WSBA from five until five-thirty Monday through Friday afternoons. They're heard on the ABC network Saturdays.
At Last—Discover How To Serve Nutritious Mouth-Watering Low Cost Meals With This

MONEY SAVING COOK BOOK

Here's good news for you! A cook book designed to save you money. Yes, the keynote of the MAGIC COOK BOOK is economy. The need for such a guide is evident to every homemaker today.

Prepared by the Food Editors of the True Story Magazine

The recipes contained in this book were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. In most cases, these recipes were obtained by talking with the housewives in their own kitchens. Other recipes were sent to the editors by interested readers. Then the recipes were put to actual test in the True Story Kitchen. The result is a collection of 1500 proven recipes that will add sparkle to your meals and comfort to your pocket book.

How This Book Saves You Money

The MAGIC COOK BOOK saves you money in many different ways. When you plan your menus as suggested, the costs are budget-wise, yet the nutritional values are high. This is the important part of meal planning—and it is your job to get top nutritional value out of every dollar you spend on food. Here, also, are new ways to prepare low cost dishes—also simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive. Also bear in mind that the ingredients called for in these recipes are obtainable anywhere. Yes, the emphasis throughout this entire book is on economy—of money, time and effort.

Beginners, as well as experienced cooks, will find this book fascinating. For here are new ways to prepare and serve mouth-watering dishes to delight your family—and your friends.

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These wonderful recipes, gathered from all over the country, are extremely simple to follow. They are presented in the step-by-step style. You simply can't get wrong if you follow these easy instructions.

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CITY ........................................... STATE ...................................

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PARTIAL CONTENTS

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES OR DIRECT FROM PUBLISHER
Have you dreamed of those big prizes radio, TV, magazine, other contests offer? Dream no more—here are tested, proved ways you can use to win!

The magic morning seven-year-old Lloyd Vordenberg of Silverton, Ohio, woke up extra early—but so did all of the other kids in the neighborhood. By the time the big express truck rolled up to Lloyd's front door the street was crowded with excited boys and girls. Then came the big moment. Amid squeals of joy from his audience, the expressman unloaded "Blackie."

For Lloyd had won Blackie, a genuine circus pony, in a "Name the Puppy" Contest sponsored by Armour & Co. Lloyd's First Prize loot included Blackie, saddle equipment, a complete cowboy riding outfit, a trip to the circus and five hundred dollars in cash...

One enchanted evening Philip Sasso of Cleveland, Ohio, was handed a check which he imagined would be for ten dollars. When he saw the amount, his comment was a succinct but exuberant "Wow!" His wife was more loquacious. She said, "Oh, brother!"

For Philip, ex-marine, post office clerk and father of two, had won the First Prize of ten thousand dollars in the national Lipton Soup Limerick Contest for writing a last line of nine syllables. For Philip and Lois Sasso, the American Dream of winning a big prize had come true. Best of all, it was a ten thousand dollar tax-free dream, for the thoughtful sponsor had promised to pay the Federal and State income tax on the award.

Some magic morning or enchanted evening, that American Dream may come true for you. The radio contest is the Santa Claus that brings boys and girls like Lloyd bikes, puppies and ponies, the Wizard of Oz who makes fellows like Philip feel eight feet tall, the Fairy Godmother who transforms Cinderellas into princesses with prizes of dream homes, travel trips and mink coats.

Where do these prizes come from? Contests are a form of advertising. Advertising gold primes the (Continued on page 88)
BACKSTAGE WIFE ASKS:

Does your husband
Mary Noble, secure in the knowledge of Larry's love, knows nonetheless that this question may trouble other wives. Here she helps you learn the real answer!

By MARY NOBLE

W e're a happy family, Larry and Larry Junior and I. I don't mean that my husband and I don't ever have differences of opinion—any two thinking people who share a common life are bound to differ. But basically Larry and I are so sure of each other, so happy that we are sure too, that no argument can leave a scar on our happiness.

This doesn't hold true, I'm afraid, in all families. Some of you have written to me about it, and the gist of those letters is this: "Does my husband still love me? How can I be sure?" There are, of course, many men who are not demonstrative but whose love for their wives is still as deep and sure as on the wedding day. Others may have drifted a little apart from their wives, but the bond between them could be renewed if the wife understood how to go about that renewal.

I've given the matter a good deal of thought and finally I asked a psychologist whom Larry and I know if there are any ways of rating married happiness. Not, he told me, any sure tests that could be dealt with in a short time. But, he added, he could work up a set of questions designed to indicate to a wife how stable her marriage is, whether or not she should seek help, from the outside or from within herself, toward the goal of greater married happiness. I asked our friend to prepare such a quiz for me to pass along to you—a way for you to evaluate your own married happiness.

DOES YOUR HUSBAND STILL LOVE YOU? HOW HAS HE PROVED IT TO YOU?

TELL MARY NOBLE YOUR STORY!

Write a letter of one hundred words or less telling of an incident in your married life which proved to you that your husband still loved you. Address your letter to Mary Noble, c/o Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Mary Noble and the editors of Radio Mirror will choose what they believe to be the best letter, and send the writer of that letter Radio Mirror's check for $50.00 FOR THE BEST LETTER

Plus a Case of Sterling Drug, Co. Products

Ten next-best letters will be chosen; to the writer of each will go a check for $5.00. The judges' decisions will be final; no letters will be returned nor correspondence entered into concerning them. All letters should be postmarked no later than November 10, 1950, and this notice should accompany your letter for identification.

Backstage Wife, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard on NBC stations at 4 P.M., EST, sponsored by Dr. Lyon's Toothpowder, Double Dandelrine, Energine Cleaning Fluid, Haley's M-O, Astring-O-Sol. Mary Noble is played by Claire Nelsen; Larry by James Meighan.

still love you?
You can't properly get rid of unsightly fat on a starvation diet. You only lose energy that way, and health and good looks—and your husband! Here's the tested and proved eat-and-be-fit way you can reduce!

You don't have to stop eating to start losing! Starving is foolish at best—dangerous at worst. It's exactly the other way around. You must eat, and eat well, to lose weight. We learned that years ago at the health spa of my father, a doctor who pioneered in dietetics, and I remember well the case that first brought this important truth to our attention:

A woman had come to us for the express purpose of losing thirty pounds in thirty days, for she was getting married in a month. Our patients were regaining health on a daily six-hundred calorie diet. But the bride-to-be insisted on taking nothing but a quart of fruit juice daily.

The result: in a week she had lost only four pounds—while patients eating the prescribed diet had lost as much as eight! A miracle? At the time it seemed like one, for then nobody understood how a person could eat and lose at the same time. Today we know that the enzymes of select foods actually split the fat molecules that are crammed into corsets and girdles, turning that excess fat into useful energy.

Up to the time you're thirty, it's healthy to be slightly overweight—but not excessively, unless you want to ruin a career or a romance. But after thirty-five, life expectancy is decreased by one
percent for each pound of overweight. Most of us condemn alcoholics and drug addicts for self-destruction—yet each year more people literally kill themselves overeating!

A woman of thirty-five who weighs 184 pounds, when she should tip the scales at 134, cuts her remaining life span in half. Bluntly, it comes down to this: by maintaining or adding to excess fat, you are committing suicide!

But you need not—must not!—starve or fast.

"It does mean, though," says the overweight woman, "dieting, with a limited choice of foods."

Diet? We call it a party, for a party consists of meeting the good friends who make you feel better. The catalytic foods in our menus are your best friends, and if you associate with them regularly they work for your greater enjoyment of life. In the seven-day diet you'll find such regulars as chicken, hamburger, veal and ham—but along with them are catalytic foods with enzymes that break up fat you find such an ugly burden. And what are the catalytic foods—complicated recipes? Strange plants? Expensive drugs? No! There are more than thirty catalytic foods and they are common, inexpensive vegetables and fruits like lettuce, celery, melons, tomatoes.

"Maybe that's all right for some women," you may say. "But my family has always tended to be overweight. It's hereditary."

That's just a poor excuse. There's no medical evidence that fat is hereditary. You may have developed an appetite for thick gravy at your mother's table, but that's all.

"But I can't help it if my glands don't work properly."

Those poor glands—how much they get blamed for! Actually their chief function, so far as fat is concerned, is to determine where it is to be deposited. Of course, glands don't work properly if you're overweight! Only in rare cases is overweight caused by glandular disturbances. Nearly always you must blame your appetite. "But I lack will power," you may admit.

Perhaps you've tried diets so skimpy that you never felt satisfied after a meal. Well, our diet adds up to three and a half pounds of food each day. Or perhaps you admit to sneaking an occasional piece of candy? Candy, cream, sugar, bread and butter all rocket the calorie intake.

How can nibbling be controlled? Doctors generally agree that excessive eating is a result of custom, habit or nervousness caused by frustration, loneliness, failure and other unhappy circumstances. The basic cause of these should be
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How can nibbling be controlled? Doctors generally agree that excessive eating is a result of custom, habit or nervousness caused by frustration, loneliness, failure and other unhappy circumstances. The basic cause of these should be...
You Must EAT WELL

"Why, you eat as much as I do," friends say, "and yet you’re not fat!"

Mrs. Lindlahr was a dancer before marriage—in those days she could eat without worrying about her weight.

From the moment she settled into less athletic duties as a housewife she was in danger of losing her figure.

discovered and, if possible, removed. Meanwhile, to conquer this urge to overeat, you can get “appetite depressors”—good ones can be supplied by your doctor or druggist. Harmless, they will help you win the battle of the bulge.

“But it’s dangerous to lose weight quickly,” some women say. “Reducing as much as a pound a day would endanger my health.”

That's an old wives' tale. If you don’t have it to lose, you don’t lose it. That doesn’t mean there aren’t rare exceptions—a medical check is essential before going on any diet.

"Being a housewife, I have a lot of work—two children and a husband and a house to look after. I need my food for energy."

Don’t worry. All the fat you have stored is concentrated energy. The meals in our diet contain an ample supply of vitamins, minerals and proteins; two pounds of food will be catalytic foods, help turn accumulated fat into energy.

"Now I'm convinced the diet is necessary. Is there anything else I have to do?"

Carry on your usual activities at home or office. But you cannot nibble between meals or allow yourself an occasional sweet sin. It's possible the scales may not show a loss of weight the first forty-eight hours because of adjustments in the body water balance. You’ll make it much more difficult to lose this water if you use too much salt on food, for salt holds water in the tissues. However, don’t swear off salt completely except on advice of a physician. Also it is important that your bowels

Victor Lindlahr’s expert comment on food and health is heard M-F at 10:45 A.M. EST, on ABC stations, sponsored by Serutan.
to LOSE WEIGHT!

Mrs. Lindlahr doesn’t starve—she watches diet, makes sure she gets two pounds of catalytic foods every day.

are regular. Weigh yourself mornings, after elimination.

"How can you be so sure the diet will work?"

Last year, on ABC reducing parties, 105,000 people followed the diet with us. Letters from these people are the best proof that the diet works. Coming closer to home, I can point with satisfaction to the slender figures of my wife and friends.

"I’ll go on the diet," you say determinedly.

Fine! Confidence is what you need and perhaps even there I can be of some help. Pledge tonight that you’ll go on the diet for at least a week. If that seems too long, start with three days. You can begin with the meals you find most appealing, whether it’s Monday or Wednesday. You may even repeat the same menu on successive days. The catalytic foods are capitalized in the menus; remember that you must eat two pounds of those foods a day for, on the average, it takes that amount to "metabolize" a pound of fat.

Get the habit of checking every morning with the bathroom scales. Stand in front of a mirror and get a good look at the distressing bulges and flab. If it isn’t easy to follow the daily diet, then budget yourself on alternating days or weeks, depending on how much fat you are persuing. Some people watch their diet for months, then go on an eating spree. Many prefer to eat a reducing breakfast and lunch, then relax vigilance at dinner. It depends on you, and how much weight you must lose. You can’t cheat the diet—you can only cheat yourself. Good luck!

**TURN THE PAGE FOR VICTOR LINDLAHR’S SEVEN DAY DIET CHART**

![Image of a scale with measurements]
YOU MUST EAT WELL

Here's Lindlahr's famous diet to follow for wonderful slim-and-fit results! Pay strict attention

THE LINDLAHR
7-DAY REDUCING DIET

STANDARD BREAKFAST
for Entire 7 Days of Diet

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Orange, 1 medium</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egg, 1, soft or hard boiled or poached</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melba Toast, 1 slice</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee, 1 cup, ¼ cup skim milk</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Calories</strong></td>
<td><strong>197</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Note: If you must have sweetening for your coffee, use saccharin instead of sugar. Saccharin has no calorie count.)

DO NOT SKIP BREAKFAST—it nourishes you while reducing—REMEMBER YOU MUST EAT TO REDUCE

Here are a few of the many catalytic foods—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Artichokes</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asparagus</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canned</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Beans, canned</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackberries</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broccoli, cooked</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brussels Sprouts</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cabbage, row</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chinese, raw</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooked</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Red</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sauerkraut</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cantaloupe</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carrots, raw</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooked</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**TUESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>BREAKFAST</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standard</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LUNCH</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato Juice, ½ cup</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottage Cheese Salad Plate:</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottage Cheese, 5 tablespoons</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cucumber, ½ cup</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radishes, red, 3</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celery, 1 stalk</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsley, ½ cup</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melba Toast, 1 slice</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apricots, canned, no syrup, 4 halves</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skim Milk, 1 cup</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>DINNER</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsley Tomato and Lettuce Salad:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato, 1 medium</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsley, 5 sprigs</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lettuce, green, 3 leaves</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Round Steak, broiled, 4 oz.</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spinach, ½ cup</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>String Beans, diced, ½ cup</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pineapple, canned, no syrup, 1 slice</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skim Milk, 1 cup</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total calories for day</strong></td>
<td>886</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total food weight for day, oz.</strong></td>
<td>59.6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**MONDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>BREAKFAST</strong></td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LUNCH</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamburger, broiled, 3 oz.</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato, 1 medium, sliced</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peas and Onion, ½ cup</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peach, ½, canned, no syrup</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skim Milk, 1 cup</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Parsley Coleslaw: (Cabbage, shredded, ½ cup )</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsley, fresh, ½ cup</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baked Ham, lean, 3 oz.</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celery, stewed, 1 cup</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carrots, diced, ½ cup</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Applesauce, ½ cup, unsweetened</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skim Milk, 1 cup</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Calories for Day</strong></td>
<td>886</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total food weight for day, oz.</strong></td>
<td>55.6</td>
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</table>

**WEDNESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>BREAKFAST</strong></td>
<td>197</td>
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<tr>
<td>Standard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Salmon Salad Plate:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salmon, canned, no oil, ½ cup</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato, 1 medium</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cucumber, ½ cup</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lettuce, green, 3 leaves</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melba Toast, 1 slice</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apricots, canned, no syrup, 1 slice</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skim Milk, 1 cup</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>DINNER</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raw Celery and Carrot Sticks:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celery, green, 2 stalks</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carrot, raw, 1</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liver, broiled, 4 oz.</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Pepper and Onion, sauteed:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Pepper, ½ cup</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Onion, medium, ½ cup</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter, scant teaspoon</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potato, boiled, ½ medium</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grapefruit, canned, no syrup, ½ cup</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skim Milk, 1 cup</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total calories for day</strong></td>
<td>896</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total food weight for day, oz.</strong></td>
<td>55.1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
to “Catalytic Foods” (capitalized)—make substitutions if you wish from list below the menus

### Thursday

#### Breakfast
- Standard: 197 calories

#### Lunch
- Hamburger, broiled, 3 oz: 150 calories
- TOMATO, 1 medium, sliced: 25 calories
- CARROTS, cooked, diced, 1/2 cup: 30 calories
- Applesauce, unsweetened, 1/2 cup: 50 calories
- Skim Milk, 1 cup: 90 calories

#### Dinner
- Green Pepper Coleslaw:
  - CABBAGE, shredded, 1/2 cup: 20 calories
  - VEAL CHOP, broiled, 4 oz: 175 calories
  - TOMATOES, stewed, 1/2 cup: 25 calories
  - SPINACH, 1/2 cup: 15 calories
  - PEAR, canned, no syrup, 1/2: 90 calories
- Skim Milk, 1 cup: 90 calories

Total calories for the day: 907 calories
Total food weight for the day, oz: 57.7 oz

### Saturday

#### Breakfast
- Standard: 197 calories

#### Lunch
- Salmon Salad Plate:
  - Salmon, canned, no oil, 1/2 cup: 100 calories
  - TOMATO, 1 medium: 25 calories
  - CUCUMBER, 1/2 small: 10 calories
  - LETTUCE, green, 3 leaves: 20 calories
  - Melba Toast, 1 slice: 30 calories
  - PEACH, canned, no syrup, 1/2: 20 calories
  - Skim Milk, 1 cup: 90 calories

Total calories for the day: 854 calories
Total food weight for the day, oz: 66.7 oz

### Friday

#### Breakfast
- Standard: 197 calories

#### Lunch
- Tomato Juice, 4 1/2 oz: 30 calories
- Cottage Cheese Salad Plate:
  - Cottage Cheese, 2 tablespoons: 100 calories
  - CUCUMBER, 1/2 small: 7 calories
  - RADISHES, red, 3: 10 calories
  - CELERY, 1 stalk: 3 calories
  - PARSLEY, fresh, 1/2 cup: 6 calories
  - Melba Toast, 1 slice: 20 calories
  - APRICOTS, canned, no syrup, 4 halves: 35 calories
  - Skim Milk, 1 cup: 90 calories

#### Dinner
- Beet Salad:
  - 1 BEET, cooked or canned, sliced on shredded LETTUCE: 25 calories
  - Halibut, broiled, 4 oz. with lemon and parsley: 130 calories
  - SPINACH, 1 cup: 30 calories
  - Potato, boiled, 1/2 medium: 40 calories
  - PINEAPPLE, 1 slice: 50 calories
  - Skim Milk, 1 cup: 90 calories

Total calories for the day: 863 calories
Total food weight for the day, oz: 54.3 oz

### Sunday

#### Breakfast
- Standard: 197 calories

#### Lunch
- Lettuce and Green Pepper Salad:
  - LETTUCE, green, wedge: 20 calories
  - GREEN PEPPER, 1/2: 10 calories
  - Chicken, broiled 1/2 medium, broiled: 150 calories
  - TOMATO, broiled: 25 calories
  - MUSHROOMS, broiled, 5: 0 calories
  - Butter for broiling, 1 teaspoon: 30 calories
  - STRINGBEANS, 1/2 cup: 20 calories
  - CHERRIES, Queen Anne, 1/4 cup: 50 calories
  - Skim Milk, 1 cup: 90 calories

#### Dinner
- Poached Egg on Spinach*:
  - Egg, 1: 75 calories
  - SPINACH, 1 cup: 30 calories
  - Melba Toast, 1 slice: 20 calories
  - Celery and Apple Salad:
    - CELERY, 1/2 cup, diced: 12 calories
    - APPLE, 1/2 sliced: 40 calories
    - Skim Milk, 1 cup: 90 calories

Total calories for the day: 859 calories
Total food weight for the day, oz: 38.7 oz

*You may substitute Hamburger Plate, Cottage Cheese Salad Plate or Salmon Salad Plate.

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**Calories**

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<td>Boiled</td>
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**Calories**

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<td>Plums, Damson, fresh</td>
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**Calories**

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<tr>
<td>Endive</td>
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37
A WOMAN TO

The Fabulous Life Story of Louella

By IDA

They'll celebrate the anniversary of the Louella Parsons show—sixth one coming up on December third—this year as they do every year. The sponsor will send over a cake, and Louella will order ice cream and coffee for the gang, and everyone will sit around and "remember when." The gang referred to consists of the case-hardened studio technicians, and they are Miss Parsons' knights. Theirs is a simple slogan: she can do no wrong!

So far as an outsider can observe, it's Louella's warmth to which their own responds. She's considerate of their problems, appreciative of their help and, by temperament and principle, quicker to praise than blame. ("As a bromide-user from way back," she'll remark, "you can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.") She knows her aides as humans, not as cogs in a machine. She knows their backgrounds, wives, and best of all, the names and numbers of their children, for she has a passion for children. Every Christmas she gives a party at a swank hotel for her radio and newspaper staffs, plus families. To the kids there's no perceptible differ-

She knew them all: Conrad Nagel, Marion Davies, Monty Bell and Ramon Navarro.

On a Honolulu holiday with her husband, Dr. Martin, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.

Early Broadcast: Lynn Overman, Dick Powell, George Raft, Carole Lombard.

Not just a well-known name, a familiar voice—she's a woman you'd like to know, learn to love.
REMEmber—

O. Parsons, Hollywood’s First Lady

ZEITLIN

erences between Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and Louella Parsons.
Louella’s kindliness has hardly been overdone. We’ll wade in deeper, and say it’s hardly been
 touched. No newspaper figure has been more consistently flayed in print—and for obvious reasons.
Being colorful, she presents a target for satire. Rising head and shoulders above her competitors,
she presents a target for envy. Her legend, like most, combines a grain of fact with an avalanche
of fancy.
Johnny-come-latelies like to call her a chatter artist. Those who know her record salute her as
a crack reporter, with thirty-five tight-packed years behind her of chasing and nailing the news.
Born in Freeport, Illinois, the printer’s ink in her veins came flooding through while other young-
sters played with dolls. At the age of ten she penned her first major effort, hurried over to the
local newspaper with it, and got turned down flat. Soon after, she fell out of a hayloft, all but break-
ing her neck. This she (Continued on page 81)

She’s warmer, mellower now—but those three C’s are still assets.

Louella Parsons can be heard on Sunday nights at 9:15, EST, over ABC stations, sponsored by
the Andrew Jergens Co.

The Gay Illiterate, Louella’s auto-
biography, brought chuckles—and frowns.

Louella follows her stars—to the Stork
Club this time—with Dicky for escort.
One Man's Family, in all its conviviality, sits for an informal portrait at Father Barbour's home.

ONE MAN’S FAMILY

The Barbours at home—including the new generation that’s grown up
When One Man's Family celebrated its fifteenth anniversary on the air three years ago, its creator and writer, Carlton Morse, said: "I have worn out three typewriters and the seats of twenty-seven pairs of pants while pounding out 28,000 pages of script—the equivalent of sixty-three book-length novels." Since then Morse has written approximately 8,000 words a week for the Barbours to speak. (You can figure out that total!) It was back in April, 1932, on NBC's San Francisco station that listeners were first introduced to the Barbours. Morse, who had a hunch that radio listeners were tiring of blood-and-thunder tales, told about the births, deaths, marriages and tragedies and happiness that can visit a real family. The show's long lease on the air is proof that his intuition was correct. Here's something to add to your believe-it-or-not collection: J. Anthony Smythe, who has played Father Barbour since the debut show, is—a bachelor!

Father Barbour is a man who likes to have his whole family around him at the same time. Here he achieves his goal: 1. to r.: Margaret, Hazel's daughter; Sharon Ann (on the floor), Jack and Betty's daughter; Jack, married to Betty; Claudia, married to Nicky; Betty: Nicky; Hazel; Dan, Hazel's husband; Clifford; Paul; Hank and Pinky, Hazel's twin sons; Joan, Claudia's daughter by a former marriage; Mother Barbour (partially hidden by the lamp), and Father himself.

since you met them, eighteen years ago!

One Man's Family is heard Monday through Friday at 7 P.M. EST on stations of the NBC network. Sponsor—Miles Laboratories.
When One Man's Family celebrated its fifteenth anniversary on the air three years ago, its creator and writer, Carlton Morse, said: "I have worn out three typewriters and the seats of twenty-seven pairs of pants while pounding out 28,000 pages of script—the equivalent of sixty-three book-length novels." Since then Morse has written approximately 8,000 words a week for the Barbours to speak. (You can figure out that total!) It was back in April, 1932, on NBC's San Francisco station that listeners were first introduced to the Barbours. Morse, who had a hunch that radio listeners were tiring of blood-and-thunder tales, told about the births, deaths, marriages and tragedies and happiness that can visit a real family. The show's long lease on the air is proof that his intuition was correct. Here's something to add to your believe-it-or-not collection: J. Anthony Smythe, who has played Father Barbour since the debut show, is—a bachelor!
The opportunity that comes but once a year—voice your feelings about radio shows and stars—cast your vote now!

The time has come again for all Radio Mirror reader-listeners to start thinking about which radio performers pleased you most during the past year. Which comedian made you laugh the hardest? Whose emceeing did you especially enjoy? Which orchestra provided the kind of music you like best?

When you decide the answers to these questions, when you know the names of the radio stars who, in your opinion, fit these categories and those listed on the ballot on the opposite page, then let Radio Mirror know, too. You can do this by filling in the ballot and mailing it to Radio Mirror, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Your ballot should be postmarked no later than November 1, 1950. In next month’s issue, you’ll find the Radio Mirror Program Awards ballot which will give you the chance to vote for your favorite radio programs. (See page 59 for the Radio Mirror Television Star Awards. This year marks the first time Radio Mirror has set up a separate television ballot.

As you know, if you’ve voted in previous years, the Radio Mirror Awards are the only national polls reflecting reader-listener preferences. Other polls are conducted among the editors and columnists and critics of the medium. These polls taken among professionals undoubtedly have their place, but the editors of Radio Mirror have always felt that it was far more interesting to study the reactions of the average listener to the entertainment offered on the air. This information is valuable to the editors of Radio Mirror: it helps them to decide which stars and programs to feature in the magazine. It is valuable to the broadcasting companies: it helps them to decide if they are hiring the right kind of entertainers. And, above all, it is valuable to the entertainers themselves. It is a gesture of appreciation; in effect, it says, “Thank you for making radio listening so entertaining this year.”

That’s why the editors of Radio Mirror urge you to cast your votes now. Look over the categories listed on the opposite page. Decide whose names should fill those blank spaces. And when all the spaces are filled, mail the ballot to Radio Mirror, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Remember, your ballot should be postmarked no later than November 1. Don’t forget to look for the program ballot in the December issue, on sale Friday, November 10.

Winners of the Fourth Annual Radio and Television Mirror Awards for 1950-51 will be announced in a spring, 1951, issue of the magazine.
# AWARDS for 1950-51

## VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE RADIO STARS

(Write in the name of one favorite star opposite each classification below)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Classification</th>
<th>My Favorite</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>My Favorite SINGER (man)</td>
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<tr>
<td>My Favorite SINGER (woman)</td>
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<td>My Favorite ORCHESTRA LEADER</td>
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<td>My Favorite NEWS COMMENTATOR</td>
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<td>My Favorite COMEDIENNE (woman)</td>
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<td>My Favorite DISC JOECKEY</td>
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<td>My Favorite DETECTIVE</td>
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<tr>
<td>My Favorite Woman NEWCOMER TO RADIO</td>
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Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO MIRROR, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y., postmarked not later than Nov. 1, 1950.
The Jack Smiths make their home in Hollywood, proving that a happy, harmonious one can be achieved anywhere—if you want it badly enough

By PAULINE SWANSON

On a hill-top overlooking the famous Sunset strip stands a mellowed old brick house, its clipped green lawns and spreading shade trees emphasizing an air of Eastern permanence which is rare in Hollywood.

Alongside of houses which look as temporal as movie sets put together with bailing wire and glue and "struck" after the day's shooting, the house shrieks of solidity and respectability. "Early settlers live here," it seems to say, adding "early settlers who made their money in oil—or something a good deal more substantial than the entertainment business."

Actually, it is the home of Jack Smith—radio's "voice with a smile"—and his charming wife Vickii, who are not early settlers at all, having "settled" in Hollywood—as much as they could ever settle anywhere—less than two years ago.

"And we don't even own the place," the Smiths confess, blushing with pleasure when visitors compliment them on turning their temporary diggings into the "old home place" of youth and memory.

When the sponsors of Jack's marathon-run musical show decided two years ago to move their program to the West Coast Jack and Vickii danced a small fandango in the living room of their East River apartment in New York. (It was a small fandango, Jack says, because it was a small living room.)

"At last," they chorused, "we can have a home of our own."

A home of their own had been their dream for years, ever since their marriage—on their mutual birthday—on November 16, 1936. But the dream was not to come true as quickly as they thought. Vickii, who preceded Jack to California to stake out their claim on a piece of California earth, ran smack into the peak of the West Coast real estate boom, and found that buying a house at that time was a little like buying the Republic of Luxembourg.

"We can have a house," she telephoned Jack, "if we skip our trip next summer."

"Nothing doing," said Jack, to whom summer traveling is one of life's essentials.

So Vickii compromised and leased the big, old brick house on the hill, redecorated it with an emphasis on good, strong color, furnished it with her transplanted collection of English and early American antiques and came up with a house that is a very reasonable facsimile of their dream.

Spread all over two floors, twelve rooms, and a spacious walled-in garden, the Smiths look back on their eleven long years as New York "cave dwellers" and wonder, they confess, that they called it living. (Continued on page 91)
Jack and Vickii collect antiques, cookbooks and people, mostly people, whom they feed on food made from exotic recipes picked up on their travels. Last summer they went to Europe for the third time; India is their next year’s goal.

The Jack Smith Show is heard Mon.-Fri., 7-15 P.M. EST on CBS. Sponsored by Oxydol, a Procter and Gamble product.
Chichi of Life Can Be Beautiful models clothes you want to wear, can afford to wear—chosen for you each month by fashion experts!

Casual dresses, to make busy young housewives look carefree, feel-comfortable, are wardrobe basics. These are both one piece for easy-on, easy-off changes. Opposite page: rayon gabardine wears velvet (who doesn’t, this year?) on peter pan collar, cuffs, surprise sunburst tucks. Self belt, three-quarter sleeves, soft skirt, wonderful hip pockets—all plus points. In fall-feeling colors: gold, red, green, teal, taupe, purple. By Pat Hartley, in sizes 9-15, 10-16; $14.95. Available at Crowley’s, Detroit, Michigan, and at all Oppenheim Collins stores. For sparkle, Coro jewelry. This page: blended wool and rayon checks—trim mandarin collar, gay gold disc buttons, even on the deep, cuffed pockets. Three-quarter sleeves, clever sloping shoulders, deep armhole, four-gore skirt—all this and exciting colors, too: green or navy with red, green or royal with black. By Nali Bee in 10-18, priced at $10.95. Available at Stone and Thomas, Wheeling, West Virginia, and Loeser’s, Brooklyn, New York. Add neckline interest with Baar and Beard’s silk stock . . . For stores near you write to the manufacturers listed on page 86.

Teri Keane, who wears this month’s daytime fashions, is Chichi on Life Can Be Beautiful, heard Monday-Friday 3 P.M., EST, on NBC stations, sponsored by Procter and Gamble’s Tide.
New way for a new season: casual look of rayon gabardine spiced and softened with a velvetouch for all day any day.
In spite of the fact that my apartment is small and that I must—all working women have to be, of course—be away from it most of the day, I still manage to entertain a good deal. I love people and there's no better way of getting together with friends than in your own home. Especially on holidays, I detest restaurant dinners which, even if they manage a home-taste don't have a home atmosphere. I'm having company for dinner on Thanksgiving, despite lack of time and of space. Here's how:

Our festive dinner may have to be cooked in a kitchenette, on a small-sized stove, but it's going to be an honest-to-goodness traditional meal, all the same. Whoever heard of Thanksgiving dinner without turkey? Here's what we're going to have, serving four: tomato juice cocktail, half roast turkey with pan gravy, bread stuffing, mashed white potatoes, green beans, celery hearts, cranberry sauce, lemon sherbet with strawberries, cookies and coffee. Sounds good, doesn't it? A great deal will be accomplished by short cuts—tomato juice and cranberry sauce, green beans, the strawberries frozen. And much can be done in advance. Wednesday evening I'll prepare the turkey—singe it, wash under cold water, remove pinfeathers, dry it, wrap in waxed paper and store in the refrigerator. Thursday morning, right after breakfast, I'll heat the oven for the turkey and then set the table. While the turkey is cooking everything else can be fixed. About forty minutes before the turkey's done I'll put the potatoes on, then do the last-minute things: at the table—pouring water, putting on the celery and so on. Meanwhile dishes can be warming, then gravy made. When we sit down to dinner I'll put the coffee on, and while the table's being cleared I'll get the dessert ready, just top the sherbert with strawberries and surround with cookies—it's really simple. Cooking half a turkey is easy, too. Salted, it goes cut side down in a rack, is roasted in a moderate oven, allowing 25 min. per pound. Dressing, mounded on well-greased brown paper, goes on the rack under the turkey when the bird is about half done. Hope you enjoy your dinner as we will!

Double-duty living

Kitchenette meals aren't the only problem in a small apartment. But if you plan your furniture, when you start to set up housekeeping or when you replace old pieces with new, on a double-duty scheme, you can make out very well. Of course everybody knows about sofas that make up into beds. There are loveseats, now, to serve the same purpose, and even chairs. A table isn't just a table anymore—you can get them with swivel tops for TV sets, with cabinet space for folding chairs, with outlets to plug in radios, lamps or cooking appliances. Lomp tables have folding leaves, become cord tables of will. There's even a new table with storage for silver—it can be purchased complete with flatware for eight!
Glass—this side up

You'll surely be getting out the best glassware for Thanksgiving dinner—did you ever stop to think that there's an "expert method" for everything, including care and storage of glasses? First, hot water won't harm them. Wash in hot water with ammonia or detergent in the water—soap may leave streaks. Don't put glasses that had ice in them immediately into hot water. Rinse milk glasses in cool water before washing. Don't crowd glasses in dishpan, and it's best to place a folded cloth on the bottom of the pan—helps prevent breakage. To store: upright on shelf in rows front-to-back—this to prevent reaching over low pieces to get at goblets. Don't stack unless you don't like the glasses—they'll stick, chip!

Ingredients: a small apartment, a job, a love of entertaining. Problem: to make them all fit a schedule. It can be done—Nora tells how

This is Nora Drake is heard Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EST on CBS stations. Sponsored by the Toni Co.

It pays to organize

One of the universal wishes of woman-kind is for more closet space. It's possible to have more, I found out not long ago—in exactly the same amount of room you now have! Organization, not breaking a wall through to the neighbors', is the answer, and a department store's closet shop can become your best friend. First, garment bags. The standard size measures 21 by 9 by 57 inches, holds up to eight dresses. Suit bags are 42 inches long, blouse bags 36. Take everything out of your closet and measure; allow about an inch between bags and calculate the number your closet will hold. For ease in opening bags there should be 2½ to 3 inches between the clothes rod and the shelf above it. Now analyze your wardrobe; separate all articles to be stored for a season—like summer garments, now winter's coming on—and keep them together, suits and dresses in a bag you won't open till spring, shoes in boxes, stacked, sweaters and blouses and such in a drawer or an under-bed chest if you need to. This frees space for the things you're going to be wearing now and through the winter. Now classify those clothes, putting all dresses together, all blouses together, and the same with sweaters, hats, shoes, suits and the rest. Divide hats into special-occasion wear and everyday. Put the best ones in a large box, the everyday ones in drop-front box on shelf or in one of the now hanging hat bags. Shoes go in boxes or on racks. Knitted things should go in drawers or boxes to avoid stretching. Special blouse hangers save space, so do multiple slacks-hangers. When you shop for these closet accessories take along a floor plan of your closet; budget to buy most needed items first, adding a piece or two at a time.
A way to be thankful

Our festive dinner may have to be cooked in a kitchenette, on a small-sized stove, but it's going to be an honest-to-goodness traditional meal, all the same. Whoever heard of Thanksgiving dinner without turkey? Here's what we're going to have, serving four: tomato juice cocktail, half roast turkey with pan gravy, bread stuffing, mashed white potatoes, green beans, celery hearts, cranberry sauce, lemon sherbert with strawberries, cookies and coffee. Sounds good, doesn't it? A great deal will be accomplished by short cuts—corn juice and cranberry sauce, green beans, the strawberrys frozen. And much can be done in advance. Wednesday evening I'll prepare the turkey—singe it, wash under cold water, remove pin feathers, dry it, wrap in waxed paper and store in the refrigerator. Thursday morning, right after breakfast, I'll beat the eggs for the turkey and set the table. While the turkey is cooking everything else can be fixed. About forty minutes before the turkey's done I'll put the potatoes on, then do the last-minute things at the table—pouring water, putting on the celery and so on. Meanwhile dishes can be warming, then gravy made. When we sit down to dinner I'll put the coffee on, and while the table's being cleared I'll get the dessert ready, just top the sherbert with strawberries and surround with cookies—it's really simple. Cooking half a turkey is easy, too. Salted, it goes cut side down in a rack, is roasted in a moderate oven, allowing 25 min. per pound. Dressing, made on well-greased brown paper, goes on the rack under the turkey when the bird is about half done. Hope you enjoy your dinner as we will!

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Glass—this side up

You'll rarely be getting out the best glassware for Thanksgiving dinner—did you ever stop to think that there's an "expert" method for everything, including care and storage of glasses? First, but water won't harm them. Wash in hot water with ammonia or detergent in the water— dishes may leave streaks. Don't put glasses that had ice in them immediately into hot water. Rinse milk glasses in cool water before washing. Don't crowd glasses in dishpan, and it's best to place a folded cloth on the bottom of the pan—helps prevent breakage. To store upright on shelf is rows front to back—that is finest reaching over low pieces to get at glasses. Don't stack unless you don't like the glasses—they'll stick, chip!

Ingredients: a small apartment, a job, a love of entertaining. Problem: to make them all fit a schedule. It can be done—Nora tells how

This is Nora Drake is heard Monday through Friday, 2:20 P.M. EST on CBS stations. Sponsored by the TexCo.

It pays to organize

One of the universal wishes of women—kind is for more closet space. It's possible to have more; I found out not long ago—in exactly the same amount of room you now have! Organization, not buying a new walk through to the neighbors', is the answer, and a department store's closet shop can become your best friend. First, present bags. The standard size measures 21 by 9 by 5 inches, holds up to six dressers. Sets have 42 inches long, hanger bags 38. Take everything out of your closet and measure; allow about an inch between hangers and calculate the number your closet will hold. For ease in hanging things there should be 2½ to 3 inches between the clothes rod and the shelf above. Now analyze your wardrobe; separate all articles to be stored for a winter—like summer garments, now winter's coming on—and keep them together, suits and dresses in a bag you won't open all spring, those in boxes, stacked, sweaters and blouses and such in a drawer or an under-bed chest if you need it. This frees space for the things you're going to be using now and through the winter. Now classify those clothes, putting all dresses together, all blouses together, and the same with sweaters, hats, shoes, suits and the rest. Divide into special-occasion wear and everyday. Put the best ones in a large box, the everyday ones in drop-front box or shelf or in one of the new hanging bag boxes. Shelves go up boxes or on racks. Knitted things should stay in drawers or boxes to avoid stretching. Special blouse hangers save space, no do multiple electrical hang-ups. When you shop for these closet accessories take along a long pair of your closet budget to buy more needed items first, adding a piece or two at a time.
APPLE PIE

1 recipe pastry
1/2 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons nutmeg
2 tablespoons butter

Roll out half the pastry. Line the bottom of a 9" pie pan. Combine sugar, flour and spices. Sprinkle half this mixture over pastry lined pan. Add apples and sprinkle remainder over the apples. Sprinkle with lemon juice and rind and dot with butter. Roll, fit and seal top crust. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 40 minutes or until apples are tender. Makes 1 9" pie.

Apple Pie Supreme: Whip 1/2 cup heavy cream. Spread over apples before placing top crust. Proceed as directed above.

STUFFED APPLE DUMPLINGS

3 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup milk

6 medium apples, pared and cored
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup raisins
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and 2 tablespoons sugar. Cut in shortening very fine. Make a well in the center, add milk and stir quickly until a dough is formed. Press into a ball. Roll out on a lightly floured board 3/4" thick. Cut into six 6" squares. Place an apple in the center of each square. Combine the sugar, cinnamon, and raisins. Spoon some in the center of each apple and dot with butter. Moisten edges of squares with water and bring points up over apple. Seal edges by pressing together with fingers. Place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and continue baking 30 minutes more.

APPLE FRITTERS

1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 cup milk

1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg, separated
1 large apple

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt in mixing bowl. Add egg yolk and milk. Blend well. Beat egg white until stiff. Fold into batter. Pare, core, cube apple and add to mixture. Drop from spoon into deep, hot fat (365° F.). Cook until deep golden brown 3 to 5 minutes. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot with powdered sugar. Makes 4-6 servings.

The apple: in pies, in tarts, as dumplings and fritters, or just out of hand.
And V is for Vanity Fair, the program where Dorothy plays hostess as delightfully as she does in her Connecticut home.

Dorothy's cheerful kitchen has shelves to show off her china and silverware. Dorothy made her dressing table skirt from old embroidered organdy curtains.
The Richard Doans, of Silvermine, Conn., can tell you something amusing or sentimental about most of the furnishings in their house, especially the four pieces that started them off. They'll tell you how Dick acquired a garden tractor, just at the time he had decided a tractor was beyond his budget. And how Dorothy learned one of her most useful recipes from a guest on her CBS television show, Vanity Fair, although at the time she was sure he was bluffing and had never cooked before in his life.

Ever since then, guests have been practically assured of getting some version of Ken Kling's Pancakes at one of the generous meals the Doans serve. At breakfast, the thin cakes may be eaten with syrup or honey, or filled with preserves. For Sunday evening supper, they may be chock-full of creamed chicken or tuna fish or ham, or asparagus. But no matter how many Dorothy flips over on the griddle, there is always someone who can eat "just one more."

When Ken, who creates Joe Palooka and Asbestos when he's not practicing cookery, was a guest on Dorothy's program she put him in the opening spot, worried while he began to mix the batter, and had to leave him a few minutes while she interviewed her second guest. When she got back to Ken, he was pouring some thin, watery stuff on the griddle. She thought, "He'll never get that off again, and what will my viewers think!" But off came a golden-brown pancake into which Mr. Kling had put some preserves before folding it over. After the first bite, she could hardly bear to leave it and go on with her show. Try it for yourself and see what (Continued on page 94)
He's been the teen-agers'
Dream Boy since silent movies.
Want his secret of charm
and success—the lasting kind?

By LESTER and JULIET LEWIS
Neil Hamilton, who plays the director on our Hollywood Screen Test program, is easily the most relaxed fellow we've ever worked with. He never gets flustered. He never frets. He doesn't worry about tomorrow. He's sure everything—and everybody—will turn out right.

Some of that ease must come through on the television screen, because you never saw a man who has so many fans who have never really met him, yet talk to him like old cronies. A fellow on a truck will recognize him in the traffic, wave wildly and yell, "Hi, Neil. Saw your show on television last night. That second scene was great. Best you've done."

Or it can be a newsboy, or a waitress, or a judge. The point is that they all call him by his first name and feel free to comment on the show. They get as relaxed as he is. The thing seems to be contagious.

Neil, of course, has starred in several show business careers, and we still laugh when we think of Lester's spontaneous comment a couple of years ago, after Neil made his first guest appearance on our show. "You have a great future in television," Lester told him solemnly—as if anyone needed a crystal ball to figure that out!

For Neil had been one of the handsome young stars in motion pictures even before they learned to talk, and his fine voice had carried him into talking pictures and helped make him one of the idols of the new sound films. The great D. W. Griffith had discovered him in a stock company, before he was hardly grown up, and had given him a small role in a silent movie, "The White Rose." A little later Neil was playing the lead in Griffith's epic film, "America."

Meantime, his clean-cut features were seen as the typical American male of collar and hat ads, and magazine illustrations. His fans still send him clippings saved from that period. Recently, a woman forwarded an old knitting instruction book for which Neil posed wearing mufflers and sweaters and stocking caps. He gets a great bang out of all these things and takes them home to show Mrs. Hamilton and Patricia, their daughter. Pat, by the way, played in stock with Neil three summers ago, but is now working in a department store with her eye on a buyer's job. Anything she chooses is all right with her dad—as long as she's good at it.

Neil and Pat and Eisa, who is Mrs. Hamilton, live in a two-family house in Mamaroneck, a suburban community near New York, the very same town in which Neil (Continued on page 93)
Most of Roberta Quinlan’s fan mail is from women—but the letters invariably read: “My husband is your most ardent admirer. He insists on seeing every show!”

There’s a five-foot honey-haired blonde with wide hazel eyes who sings a song “Especially for You” three evenings a week over NBC television. When she isn’t on TV you’re apt to find Roberta Quinlan looking over her apartment with an appraising eye, deciding what to redecorate next. Not that the chic four-roomer on Long Island isn’t the envy of visitors as it stands—it’s only that Roberta is a frustrated decorator, always planning new color schemes. Jack, her stockbroker bridegroom of four years, has learned now to recognize the “it’s time for a change” look in his wife’s eyes. He saw it just before she asked him to scrape down the walnut piano and finish it in black to match the living room tables. And when she decided the foyer bookcases should be refinished to match the black modern desk at which she answers fan mail (heaps of it, about eighty per cent from women who write how much their husbands adore Roberta on TV!).

Roberta chose the white-painted wrought iron set that gives the dinette a lighter, gayer look than the
The metal furniture, Roberta decided, would add lightness, feeling of space, to this small room.

Roberta's dining and living rooms are both done in varying greens with accents of black and red.

usual wood furniture. She picked the bold green and white striped foyer paper, planned the living room with its harmony of dark and lime greens, with a few red accents. The bedroom is in light greens and peach, the dressing table being a lime green modern desk converted by Roberta. Bedspread and pillow covers are gaily flowered. The kitchen is red and white, with philodendron growing in two small red holders made in the shape of inverted umbrellas. Bonga, pedigreed black French poodle, gift of a viewer, wanders in from the hall. Telecast, the canary, another gift, chirps in a corner of the dinette. A lion cub is to arrive shortly, from still another viewer, unless Jack can intercept it.

Roberta plans to record her theme song, "Especially for You," as one of her Mercury recordings. Written in the 1930's and revived by her for the program, it has brought new success to its composer and lyricist, Phil Brogan. In fact, he's so pleased with what she has done for his music that he has done some new numbers—especially for Roberta.

Mon.-Wed.-Fri. at 7:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by Mohawk Carpets.
"You're zoo funny, Jim," Nero quips, as Hurlbut mutters, "Well, pun's pun!"

ZOO PARADE

Long known as a top-flight reporter skilled in getting generals, politicians, chorus girls, con men and Mr. Average Citizen to talk, Jim Hurlbut now turns interviewing talent to Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, on a program called Zoo Parade, seen on the NBC-TV network Sundays at 3:30 P.M. EST, originating from station WNBQ.

Hurlbut's ad libs provide the show's pace. Zoo director R. Marlin Perkins interprets and supplies scientific data. But the eloquent expressions and totally unrehearsed stunts are the products of the furred and feathered stars of the program. Although they pay no dues to actors' organizations they've been playing to the gallery practically all their lives, so television has no terrors for them. It has none for Jim Hurlbut either. He's the sympathetic emcee of WNBQ's Reported Missing program, on television, (Wednesdays, 9:45 P.M. CST) and on radio he covers WMAQ's news every night at 11:00 CST.
THE RADIO MIRROR AWARDS for 1950-51

TV STARS BALLOT

Vote for your favorite TV stars—if they’ve entertained you, they deserve your applause. Study the categories, choose the performer who’s given you top viewing, listening pleasure. It’s your big chance to have your say!

Write in the name of one television star opposite each of the classifications below:

My Favorite Daytime TV STAR (man) is _____________________________
My Favorite Daytime TV STAR (woman) is _____________________________

My Favorite Nighttime TV STAR (man) is _____________________________
My Favorite Nighttime TV STAR (woman) is _____________________________

My Favorite TV COMEDIAN is _____________________________
My Favorite TV QUIZMASTER is _____________________________

My Favorite TV DRAMATIC ACTOR is _____________________________
My Favorite TV DRAMATIC ACTRESS is _____________________________

My Favorite TV DETECTIVE is _____________________________
My Favorite TV MASTER OF CEREMONIES is _____________________________

My Favorite TV MUSICAL DIRECTOR is _____________________________
My Favorite TV HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM is _____________________________

My Favorite TV SINGER (man) is _____________________________
My Favorite TV SINGER (woman) is _____________________________

My Favorite TV SPORTS ANNOUNCER is _____________________________
My Favorite TV NEWS COMMENTATOR is _____________________________

My Favorite TV HOME MAKING EXPERT is _____________________________
My Favorite TV Entertainer FOR CHILDREN is _____________________________

THE TV STAR I LIKE LEAST is _____________________________

Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. postmarked not later than Nov. 1, 1950.
My Bosses,
AMOS

By LOUISE SUMMA

Founded on friendship and faith, no wonder this

Freeman Gosden—Amos—is married to Jane Stoneham, has three children: Virginia, Freeman Jr., and baby Craig.

Besides regular secretary's duties, Louise deals with such things as sending out (sometimes strange) gifts.

Amos 'n' Andy are heard every Sunday night at 7:30, EST, over CBS network stations, sponsored by Lever Bros.' Rinso.
partnership flourished says the woman who's been secretary to "The Boys" eighteen years!

When I went to work for The Boys—as just about everybody called them then and just about everybody still does—I decided almost immediately to reform them. There was nothing wrong, of course, with their radio programs; I'd been listening to them and enjoying them for a long time. But the office routine of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll left just about everything desirable to be desired. I considered myself a brisk and efficient secretary and I set about making my bosses brisk and efficient, too.

Buying paper, for instance. Anyone who uses up paper the way radio script writers do ought to know that buying it a ream at a time is a waste of money and effort. I looked into the matter of volume purchasing, found I could buy the kind of paper they used in twelve-ream lots, or hundred-ream lots, or even thousand-ream lots. I promptly ordered a thousand reams. Written down on an order blank it seemed quite reasonable—a perfect first way to demonstrate my theories of how a business should be run.

Have you ever seen a thousand reams of paper all at once? I'm inclined to think that Amos and Andy and (Continued on page 79)
What’s the magic formula for making good in the big city? That’s a question Lawrence Welk is often asked. His answer will surprise you.

By HELEN CAMBRIA BOLSTAD

This is a story for everybody—but with a special aside to all talented people who live outside the big talent centers, New York, Chicago and Hollywood. The special message is this: read this—and take heart!

All over the country there are people rehearsing songs, practicing their music, reading lines of a skit or play. And they harbor in their hearts the conviction that they, too, possess the golden gift of making people laugh or cry or just enjoy themselves. They revel in their dreams—but they wonder how to make those dreams come true. If they lived in those three big cities where most of the network radio programs originate, they tell themselves, things would be different. “But,” they sigh, “here I am—stuck in the sticks!”

Some of them write letters: “Dear Radio Mirror—I live in a small city (or town, or village) and my friends say that I can sing (or dance or play the oboe) very well. Please tell me, how do I get my start?”

Then the editors get together and ask each other,
LOCAL BOY MYSELF…

"What can we tell them? Whose story shall we tell that will prove to them that a Hollywood background, or a Chicago one, or a New York one, isn't necessary?"

Someone poses the question: "How far from Radio City can you get?"

After that, it's easy. Because all signs point to Lawrence Welk. Since he's one of the travelingest stars, many of you have danced to his band. Others have heard his light-hearted champagne music ripple out over ABC network, as if he'd never had a worry in the world. When next you hear him, remember this: he started about as far from Radio City as you can get!

Fate endowed Lawrence Welk with a burning desire to be a musician, taunted him with a taste of success, and smacked him down with reverses. It has taken real ingenuity for him to achieve his own happy ending.

You see how happy that ending is when you go to call on him at his comfortable home in River Forest, a suburb just west of Chicago. When Welk greets you, you enter a house (Continued on page 85)
Very alike, these two, Portia's mind told her. And very different, her heart said!

THE SILENT
What was there in the long ago past of these two men that made Portia's husband resent his gay and lovable brother so deeply?

Very softly, Walter Manning came out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him. He stood for a moment, staring down the dark stairway, but he did not move toward it to descend. He had no wish, any longer, to run away from the problem that he had just left in the room behind him. Now, he knew, it must be faced: there could be no more running away. His study downstairs, the typewriter at which he had so often lately tapped in a pretense of working—they must no longer be counted on for escape. This was the gravest crisis of his married life, the life he had shared with Portia; the lie he had just told her might mean the end of that life. Now he must face the whole thing, decide once and for all what kind of man he was, and going to be. The whole thing—the thing that had started when his brother Christopher, whom he hadn't seen for twenty years, had rung the bell last week...

Oh—wait a minute, Walter told himself roughly. Let's not begin by lying all over again. Christopher's coming made a difference—but not all the difference. You were in trouble before that. You were feeling yourself to be a failure before Christopher came along to measure himself against you—his glamorous, much-traveled background, his world-wide reputation in his field, his wonderful clothes and the hand-made shoes that had all Parkerstown discreetly gaping; and his warm, brilliant personality. It had started months before—

It was so easy for a writer to see himself as a failure. One story that didn't sell, and there you were. Walter knew that he could write now as well as ever—better, in fact. But there had been that one thing that came back from Jonathan Hale, his New York agent, with a short note saying that it wasn't "up to form." And after that, glum depression from which, try as he might, he could not pull himself. Portia's attempts to cheer him up had merely irritated him, making him conscious that she understood what he was going through and wanted to help. He didn't want help. He only wanted her to go on looking up to him, treating him as a successful, creative human being who never needed help. Once, just a short time before, he had been such a person. They'd even said so in Hollywood, hadn't they? And when you were successful there, you really were way up on top. Well—he'd been there once, hadn't he? Walter Manning, brilliant author of "Challenge." Walter Manning at the Brown Derby with the star of his new picture... and so on and so on. He'd had it all. Portia had had it all, too—the excitement, the money, the big-time thrill of achievement. He wasn't just a small-town hack who couldn't sell his stuff. He was Walter Manning, who'd done it once—and would do it again.

It was a happy thing for the Mannings that little Shirley came along when she did. Occupied with the new baby, Portia had less time to hover—as he secretly expressed it—over Walter. Even though Miss Daisy, the housekeeper, took partial charge of Shirley, Portia and everyone else in the house had the infant's well-being, schedule, activities, her new and exciting presence, constantly in mind. Even young Dickie, who'd had a bit of a struggle taking into his heart a baby sister instead of the brother he'd naturally expected, now found her irresistible. And Walter had set to work at his typewriter with a fresh and fierce conviction that now, surely now—for (Continued on page 90)
Pause and Consider: according to a recent study by the National Safety Council, it's not kitchen, as is generally supposed, that's the scene of the most home accidents. The bedroom is probably because of the bedroom's easy-to-slip-on combination of bare floors and scatter rugs, to say nothing of bare feet—and those heelless, crippling contraptions women put on their feet and call, for reasons known only to their kind, "mules". Anyway, take care—twenty-five percent of fatal home accidents take place in bedrooms, ten percent in kitchens, seven percent on inside stairways, and eighteen percent in the yard, on the porch and outside stairways combined. Why not make a safety check of those places right now?

NOVEMBER . . . which is, the Old Farmer's Almanac reminds us, the month of Indian Summer—in fact, they pin down the opening date of that wonderful season as the 13th. (They throw cold water on this pleasant prospect, however, by warning that it's also not too late for hurricanes nor too early for killing frosts, and admonish us to get to our potato digging and the harvesting of late apples. Wish I had some potatoes to dig and/or some apples to harvest, said he wistfully.) Whether or not we get an Indian Summer this year, we'll indisputably have Thanksgiving come the 23rd.

On the subject of Thanksgiving dinners, I belong to the stuff-till-you-burst school of thought. None of your larks-tongues-underglass for me on that eatingest of holidays. What was good enough for Grandpa is good enough for me on Thanksgiving, and Grandpa didn't think dinner on that day was worth the powder to blow it where it ought to be blown unless the menu included turkey and goose, four or five kinds of vegetables, mince pie with hard sauce and pumpkin pie with whipped cream—man-sized portions of both, sending up heavenly smells. I just noticed it's an hour till dinner—excuse me while I go see what's in the cookie jar.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE DEPT.—In the old days of France, the people had a way of nick-naming their kings—sometimes with considerable lack of tact, although the old boys doubtless brought it on themselves. For instance Pepin, son of Charles Martel, was called The Short. After him came a great rash of Charlesses, Louisees and Phillips, all sub-titled in one way or another by their subjects. Take the Charlesses, for instance, you'll find Charles the Bald, the Gross, the Fair, the Wise, the Beloved, the Victorious and the Affable—a pretty good set of joes, these Charlesses, one would gather. Now the Louisees: the Just and the Great don't sound too bad, but on the other hand there were the Headstrong and the Cruel, with the Lion and the Gross in the damned-with-faint-praise middle. As for the Phillips, we have the Fair, the Hardy, the Fair (they were getting in a rut) and the Tall.
HERE COME THE BRIDES—Remember how I told you, a couple of months back, that my wife had been looking up information about old-time weddings? Here are a few more tidbits that Lois unearthed. In the late nineteenth century, the groom, the best man, the ushers and the "groomsman" (who used to walk down the aisle two-and-two with the bridesmaid) always wore white tie and tails at society weddings, in spite of the fact that the most fashionable matrimonial hour was high noon. The "first bridesmaid"—she didn't emerge as maid of honor until later—was considerably weighed down; besides her dress and all the assorted layers of undergarments no lady would be caught without in those days, she had to carry, in addition to her bouquet, a fan and a bottle of smelling salts. Those were the days of stays, you know. A bride naturally wanted to appear at her best, and with what the tightness of her laced-upness and the excitement, she might swoon any number of times. Quote from a newspaper description of a wedding of the period: "Evergreens festooned the pillars, and chaste decorations adorned the chancel, over which a brilliant light was shed by a star composed of gas jets."

FUN AND GAMES—Here's a treasure hunt that's not as strenuous as the usual kind for those among us whose bones sometimes seem a bit brittle, but which is fun for youngsters as well—and educational, too, only don't tell 'em so. It can be worked to fit any group—young or old, up-and-at-em or don't-make-me-work. It does require however that the hostess—or in our case, the father of the kids—do a bit of work in advance. She makes out a list of definitions or queries, for the game is a word treasure hunt. List can be as long or as short as you wish, and there should be as many identical copies of the list as there are players. You can get in special subjects, such as items like this: List five different kinds of sparrows or Name ten common garden flowers. Or straight vocabulary tests, such as: List six words beginning with the letters "qu." Or synonyms: Give two words which mean the same thing as "jump"; or antonyms: Give two words which mean the opposite of "run." (Suggested ammunition for the list-maker-upper: a dictionary and a crossword puzzle book.) There should be, of course, a prize for the one who correctly completes his list first—what's the fun of playing a game if there's no prize?

"If you're an animal lover—by all means pack up and head for Clawson City, Michigan. In contrast to the usual laws which forbid something, Clawson City has an ordinance which encourages its residents—encourages them, in this case to sleep in the same habitations with their pigs, cows, chickens and goats, if they feel so inclined.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—
Linkletter (to little girl): What do you like to do best?
Girl: I like to tell tales.
Linkletter: What else?
Girl: I want a pet skunk. And I'm saving money, I've got $17.32.
Linkletter: Are you saving for anyone you know?
Girl: No—I'm going to buy a skunk, not a person!

Arr. Linkletter, one of House Party's best heard M-F at 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS, Sponsor—Pillsbury Mills.
AUNT JENNY

Have you ever wanted a look-in at the lives of others? Aunt Jenny can give that to you. From the vantage point of her home in the pleasant town of Littleton, she watches the dramas that are acted out all around her. Monday through Friday, she tells these stories for her listeners—stories taken from every age group and every walk of life, to provide a cross-section of the problems of modern living. Adolescent entanglements; romantic entanglements, business failures and successes, marriage problems, the triumphs and defeats of old age—all these and many other tales of emotion and suspense have their place on the stage of the little kitchen of Aunt Jenny's house.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Clever Claudia Vincent, having convinced famous stage star Larry Noble that she is good acting material, talks herself into a part in his new play and manages to spend so much time with him that his wife Mary is seriously disturbed. Maude Marlowe, an old friend of the Nobles', introduces the ambitious Claudia to dashing young Oliver Wilson, a fortune-hunting Englishman, and succeeds in making each of them believe that the other is wealthy and prominent. Maude expects only to distract Claudia from her arthly pursuit of Larry, and does not dream that her little plan will very likely result in the sudden elopement of Claudia and Oliver.

DAVID HARUM

When David's friend Ed Brice married young, attractive Ina, he ran into trouble with Lucy, the daughter of his first marriage. Resentment of Ina prompts Lucy to some rash actions, among them an interest in worthless young Denny Elkins. David approves of Herbert Elkins, Denny's brother, to whom Lucy was engaged, and is dismayed when Lucy breaks this engagement and plans to marry Denny. Knowing that Denny must be discredited if Lucy is to be saved, David obtains proof that Denny is getting large sums of money from a mysterious source. When he is able to present Lucy with the complete story, will he succeed in stopping her marriage to Denny?

BIG SISTER

Ruth Wayne watches anxiously as wealthy old Parker gains increasing power over her friends and family—power which he suspects he will use to ruin as many people as he can. Her brother Neddie and his wife Hope are already on the verge of disaster, but so skillfully has Parker managed his intriguing that Ruth cannot prove her suspicions to anyone. She does manage, however, to catch Parker without his usual suave surface manner, and causes him to lose his temper so violently as to provide her with a guide to her future actions with regard to him. Armed with this knowledge of his real nature, will Ruth be able to foil Parker's plans?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

"The Garden of Eden Murder Case" is the exotic name that David Farrell, staff reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, has given to one of his recent assignments. David's introduction to the case comes when he is assigned to interview a retired inventor, the famous Alexander Eden, who spends all his time cultivating a fabulous garden. Some time afterward Eden is found dead in the garden, ostensibly of snakebite, but search of the garden uncovers no snake. However, David does find an interesting clue which leads to four suspects, and enables him and his wife Sally finally to break the case and get the entire story exclusively for the Eagle.

DAYTIME DIARY—
LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

On their recent trip to Texas, Chichi and Papa David met the handsome rancher Cal Duncan, and were delighted to see him again when he came East. It turned out that Cal was not pursuing Chichi so much as a singing career, something he wants with all his heart. Cal's break into the big time is not entirely successful, and he takes the incident so deeply to heart as to disappear. Before he is found again, Chichi goes through some serious heart-searching and Papa David, always sharp-eyed where Chichi is concerned as he is over most people whom he loves, really believes that Cal Duncan may become a very important person in Chichi's life.

GUIDING LIGHT

Once again little Chuckie is the pawn in a desperate game between his mother, Meta, and his father, wealthy advertising executive Ted White, as their difference over Chuckie's education breaks out into open conflict. Because he controls Bill Bauer's job, he is able to suggest to Bertha, Bill's wife, that she support certain statements about Meta which he plans to make. Suddenly, however, all Meta's fears that Chuckie will be harmed by the rugged regime his father has dictated for him are justified. The child is severely injured during a boxing lesson. As he lies near death in Salby Flats Hospital, Meta wanders if there is any way out for herself and her child.

HILLTOP HOUSE

It isn't often that one of the older children of the orphanage known as Hilltop House gets a chance at adoption. Most people want babies but fourteen-year-old Pixie has appealed strongly to one childless couple and Julie Paterno, Hilltop's supervisor, is especially delighted when plans for Pixie's adoption are actually put into motion. Adoption plans take some time, however, and before they are put through, Pixie makes the shocking discovery that her real father died in jail. Pixie, an extremely sensitive adolescent, reacts violently to the revelation and Julie sees with some concern that the bright future she envisioned for the girl may not really materialize.

JUST PLAIN BILL

Bill Davidson brings his investigation of the Lewis case to a close by revealing that Mrs. Lewis's son, Ronald, was responsible for his mother's death. In his frenzy over being discovered, Ronald shoots and seriously wounds Bill's daughter, Nancy. Medical advice sends Bill on a search for surgeon Dr. Nathan Drew, the only man who can save Nancy's life, but when Bill discovers Drew at his summer camp the doctor has a sprained ankle and cannot be moved. He urges Bill to allow his son, Leonard, to perform the operation. Is Bill right in thinking that the emotionally upset condition of Dr. Leonard Drew might cause him to perform an unsuccessful operation?

LORENZO JONES

Fifi, the beautician from Paris, has done a lot to complicate Lorenzo's life of late. He is working on an invention financed by her uncle Pierre—a youth machine—when his boss, Jim Barker, tries to talk him into perfecting a half-finished previous invention, a self-winding corset. Just as Lorenzo is about to agree to Jim Barker's request, Uncle Pierre writes Fifi that there is somebody else in Paris working on a youth machine. So naturally Lorenzo throws himself into the youth machine project in an effort to complete the first machine and be recognized as the original inventor. Is this the wise choice for him to make at this point? Has his wife Belle real cause for alarm?

MA PERKINS

Shuffle Shober is about to begin to fight. Horrified as he sees his old friend, Ma Perkins, increasingly at the mercy of her cousins, the Hammachers, Shuffle begins to gather proof to show Ma of the dishonesty of the cousins. Since they've been in town they have managed to drive Shuffle out of it, alienate Ma from most of her family and have now started to work on Fay, Ma's widowed daughter ... the one with the money. Sylvester Hammacher asks Fay to marry him and when she doubtfully consults Shuffle he decides the time has come to bring the cousins out into the open. Can he convince Ma of what he knows—that the cousins are no good?

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Nona Brady, adopted daughter of Pat Brady, is now well on her way to screen stardom, with a glamorous career planned for her at Palladium Films. Producer Vernon Dutell, Pat's old friend, has asked Nona to marry him, and Nona has accepted. Every promise of happiness appears in store for Nona when J.M.L., head of Palladium, gives a party at which Vernon once again meets J.M.L.'s daughter, Kay. Nona discovers that Kay and Vernon were at one time very close, and it is evident that Vernon is much disturbed by the meeting. Has Kay made him re-examine his love for Nona? Is his feeling for Kay just friendship—or something more?
OUR GAL SUNDAY

Lord Henry Brin Thrope
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M. EST

Life at Black Swan Hall, the Virginia estate of Sunday Brin Thrope and her husband, Lord Henry Brin Thrope, is about to resume on even keel after the recent trouble involving Kevin Bromfield when, unexpectedly, Lord Henry is called to England. His uncle, Lord Percy, requests his presence under circumstances so strange that despite their reluctance to leave Virginia and their home, neither Sunday nor Lord Henry questions the necessity for going at once to Lord Percy. They are both terribly upset and speedily make plans for departure. Together, they board a transatlantic plane, not knowing what they will find when they arrive in England, or how they will be called on to help.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Pepper and his family are overjoyed that Edie Hoyt's trip to South America was not a wild goose chase after all she has really found her husband Andy who disappeared some time ago after a plane crash. Impatiently the Youngs await word from Edie and pilot Jerry Paldmon who flew her down to South America on which they'll be coming back. But Edie has found that her troubles were not ended merely because she found Andy. The harrowing months during which Andy was lost have left their mark on his whole personality. He has changed almost beyond recognition, perhaps beyond any help that Edie might be able to give him.

PERRY MASON

In spite of many red herrings drawn across the trail and many narrow escapes from death, Perry Mason, working with the metropolitan police, is drawing constantly closer to the mysterious man who controls almost all the criminal operations in the city. Intensive investigation of the drug racket has turned up many clues for both Perry and the police. With the help of his secretary, Della Street, Perry begins to narrow down the possible roads to the man he is after. A photograph which comes into Perry's possession provides him with the single clue that may turn out to be the most important—a picture that proves the link between socialite Allyn Whitehall and the crime ring.

PORTIA FACES LIFE

How much of a turning point will Walter Manning's disappearance mark in the life of his wife, Portia? Still stunned by news of Walter's death in an accident, Portia tries to obtain more information but the only survivor of the accident is suffering too severely from shock and amnesia to be able to help. In her bereavement, Portia turns for comfort to Walter's brother Christopher, who has been trying for some time to suppress his own feeling for her. Now that Walter is gone, will Portia turn to Christopher for more than comfort? Or will she turn instead to reviving her own legal career, which many people have urged her to do?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Carolyn Kramer seems unable to extricate herself from the increasingly tragic set of circumstances which have followed on the court's decision to award custody of her son, Skippy, to her divorced husband, Dwight Kramer. When Dwight plans to move to Chicago, taking Skippy with him, Carolyn becomes hysterical in the face of the realization that this will make it almost impossible for her to see Skippy. She takes the child with her for a day's outing and on impulse drives over the state line, knowing that somehow she must prevent Dwight from taking Skippy out of her life. But so far there is no practical way for Carolyn to do this. Will she ever regain custody of her son?

ROAD OF LIFE

Although Beth Lambert has been the cause of much suffering in Dr. Jim Brent's recent past, he finds himself impelled to try to help her while she is on trial with the rest of the Rockwell gang for treason. Jim is particularly upset when Rockwell manages very cleverly to put the chief portion of the blame on Beth's accuser, which Jim knows is unfounded, although he knows better than anyone else the degree of Beth's complicity in Rockwell's plot. Meanwhile, Jocelyn McLeod, the sick girl in whom Jim has recently become interested, faces possibly tragic news of her physical condition. Will Jim, who has aided many other people, be able to help Jocelyn?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Once again Cynthia Swanson manages to prevent Helen and Gil Whitney from coming to an understanding with one another. Although Gil apparently went out of Helen's life, she used some of her savings to buy his beautiful Bel-Air home, where she once expected to live as his wife. Learning of this, Gil returns from the South, ready to accuse her of wanting to sell the house at a profit, but when he makes an offer for the house through an agent and Helen refuses it, he realizes that he has misjudged her, and that she bought the house out of a sincere attachment to him. He tries to reach her, but again Cynthia Swanson successfully interferes.

ROSEMARY

What Rosemary tried desperately to avoid has come to pass. Her family now knows that she and Bill are on the verge of dissolving their marriage. Unable to struggle alone with her problem any longer, Rosemary phoned her stepfather, Dr. Jim, from New York and told him of Bill's strange actions, which culminated in his walking out of their apartment. Dr. Jim went to Rosemary's aid, promising that he would keep the disturbing situation from Rosemary's mother, but Mrs. Cather has too keen an ear for the voices of those she loves. During a talk with Dr. Jim she forces him to confess that all is not well with Rosemary. The question is . . . how bad is it?

DAYTIME DIARY—
SECOND MRS. BURTON

Even a well-brought-up boy can be brought to the edge of delinquency, the Burtons learn, when their two sons, Terry and Stu, were concentrating on the baby, Wendy, during the latter’s recent illness. Brad, full in with a group of boys whose true activities he did not understand until it was almost too late. However, realizing that it is up to him to prevent a crime, Brad does some quick thinking, and finds that in a crisis his own good sense and firm upbringing help him turn in the right direction.

STELLA DALLAS

For a long time, Phil Baxter, Stella’s dear friend, has also been her devoted suitor. Now she has finally consented to marry him, and they become engaged. Stella’s daughter Laurel is not too happy over the engagement, but her reaction is mild compared to that of her mother-in-law, aristocratic Mrs. Grosvenor, for Mrs. Grosvenor herself has become much interested in Phil. Shortly after the news is made known, Stella begins receiving threatening notes from an extremely mysterious source. Can there be any connection between these curious messages and the fact that Mrs. Grosvenor herself is really very much attracted to Phil Baxter?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Any possibility of marriage for nurse Nora Drake and lawyer Charles Dobbs now seems definitely over. Disappointed and confused by Dobbs’ peculiar actions of late, Nora discusses them with psychiatrist Dr. Seargent, only to make a startling discovery. One of Charles Dobbs’ persistent accusations was that Seargent was actually in love with Nora. This appears to her to be a sheer invention until, during her long talk with Dr. Seargent, she realizes that it is probably true. But even if there should be an attraction between Nora and the psychiatrist, it seems quite evident that Seargent is not at liberty to act as he chooses in this particular situation.

WE LOVE AND LEARN

In spite of Madame Sophie’s efforts to straighten out the marriage of Thelma and Jim Carlton, it looks as though there will be trouble for the young couple. Jim’s inability to make a success of any job he gets, the susceptibility to his mother and the strange disappearance of the valuable jewelry he gave Thelma sometime ago, all add up to a disturbing picture for Thelma, who is expecting a baby. What further complications will result between Thelma and Jane Doe, the would-be actress to whom Mickey Smith has been so kind? Is Thelma right in trusting Jane in spite of the fact that Madame Sophie herself is sponsoring the girl?

WENDY WARREN

Wendy Warren, successful newspaper-woman, wonders of late whether she will be equally successful as a woman. Almost engaged to her managing editor, Don Smith, Wendy encourages his friendship with wealthy Mrs. Clement, whose interest in Don appears at first to be purely professional and financial. It is she who makes it possible for Don to take over the paper. As Don and Kay Clement see more and more of one another, Wendy can’t continue to convince herself that their meetings are made necessary by business affairs. Is Kay Clement pursuing Don—or would it be true to say that he is quite willing to be pursued?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

One of the most difficult trials of their married life confronts Joan and Harry Davis when Joan returns from the hospital a hopeless cripple. Patiently and cheerfully they begin to reconstruct their lives to adjust to this new trouble, still feeling that having each other and their two children gives them much to be thankful for. Mother Davis, Harry’s mother, understands and sympathizes with this point of view, but Joan’s mother is a different sort of person. She had never wanted Joan to marry Harry and her hysterical accusations against him and her efforts to get Joan to leave home create a situation which rapidly becomes unendurable.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

Anne Malone’s separation from her husband, Dr. Jerry Malone, is about to end in divorce. Anne has at last allowed herself to hope that she can find happiness with Sam Williams, whose love for her has deepened and strengthened ever since they first met. Believing that Jerry will welcome release from their marriage in order to go ahead with his own plans, in which wealthy Lucia Standish is an important factor, Anne is stunned to learn that Jerry cannot be reached at the Institute in New York. She does not know that he has learned some truths about Lucia which upset the whole structure of his life. But she cannot go ahead with her plans until Jerry reappears.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Although Ellen Brown’s plans to marry Dr. Anthony Loring were not immediate, there existed a binding attachment which neither of them had cause to question. Now, however, Anthony finds himself irresistibly attracted to Dr. Alsan Shaw, who recently performed an operation which saved Ellen’s life. Alison, more than returning Anthony’s interest, takes every advantage of the rift between him and Ellen. Suddenly Ellen learns that her husband, William Brown, who was supposed to have died years ago, is alive, living in Chicago. Through a mysterious visitor, Ellen learns that William wants a divorce, and sets out for Chicago to see him.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS
**INSIDE RADIO**

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

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**SUNDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>String Quartet</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>The Garden Gate Carolina Calling</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>World News</td>
<td>E. Power Biggs</td>
<td>News of the Air</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Morning Serenade</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>Negro College Choir</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>News Highlights</td>
<td>Back to God</td>
<td>Hour of Faith</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Top Tunes With Truelove</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>This Week Around the World, President's Drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>The Trutts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>The Daily Special</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Music of the Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>This Is Your Life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Tidewater News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>The Eternal City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>Music of the Day in Chapel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Invitation to Learning</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>The Odd Fellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Fairness and Penal Law</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>The Ray Rogers Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>The Roy Rogers Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>The Adventures of Sam Spade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>The Roy Rogers Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>The Adventures of Sam Spade</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>The Bob Burns Ford Band Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>The Roy Rogers Show</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>The Ray Rogers Hour</td>
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<td>Fairness and Penal Law</td>
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<td>The Roy Rogers Show</td>
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**DAWN BENDER**—made her first screen appearance when a mere two weeks old. Her first speaking role was at the age of two years and she has made several movies since. This summer the fifteen-year-old girl was heard as Maggie on The Trouble with the Truitts and she is well-known for her portrayal of Margaret on NBC's One Man's Family.

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**PROGRAMS**

**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Echoes From the Tropics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Hometowners</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Dave Garrett</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Babe Ruth</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>The Trutts</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>The Big Guy</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Falcon</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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**LUCILE BALL**—Texas-born announcer of CBS' Our Miss Brooks has done everything from sweeping the studio to emceeing Hollywood shows in fourteen years in radio and TV.
**KARL SWENSON—Lord Henry on Our Gal Sunday and hero of Lorenzo Jones was expelled from college because he studied too hard—at acting! Born in Brooklyn, he was Sunday School eloquentian and choir boy of the Calvary Episcopal Church, a master of dialects, Swenson also speaks Swedish, German and French.**

**WEDNESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Margaret Allen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Red Foley</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Ceci Brown</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Bing Crosby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Terkel Time</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Variety Show*</td>
<td>Bob Poole</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Variety Show*</td>
<td>Variety Show*</td>
<td>Welcome to Hollywood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Variety Show*</td>
<td>Variety Show*</td>
<td>Variety Show*</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Bob Poole</td>
<td>Variety Show*</td>
<td>Variety Show*</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Jimmy Wakely Show</td>
<td>Gales Drake</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bob Warren</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; the News</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Eden Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Bob Jaeger</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Halls of Ivy</td>
<td>Great Gildersleeve</td>
<td>The Hidden Truth</td>
<td>Dr. I. Q.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Groucho Marx</td>
<td>2000 Plus</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td>Detour</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>The Big Story</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Champagne Music</td>
<td>Disoland Jazz Concert</td>
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**TUESDAY**

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<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | News | Kate Smith Speaks | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | Wendy Warren |
| 12:15 | Echoes from the Tropics | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | Wendy Warren |
| 12:30 | The Homeowner | Bands for Bands | Bands for Bands | Nona |
| 13:00 | Cedric Foster | Harvey Harding | Talk Back | Strike It Rich |
| 13:30 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Bo Poole | Pamsy Frenza | 12:00 P.M. R. S. S. Club 15 |
| 14:00 | Backstage Wife | Local Programs | Local Programs | Local Programs |
| 14:30 | When A Girl Marries | Straight Arrow | Jimmy Wakely Show | Gales Drake |

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<td>Bob Warren</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; the News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Clem McCarthy</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
<td>Dwight Cooke</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Curt Massey Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Eden Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Bob Jaeger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Irving Field's Trio</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Lane Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Cavalcade of America</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Paul Whitman</td>
<td>Mystery Theatre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Baby Snooks</td>
<td>Tilly the Feisty</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. North</td>
<td>Suspense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Bob Hope</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveller</td>
<td>America's Town</td>
<td>Truth or Consequences</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Flippo McGee &amp; Muhly</td>
<td>Time For Defense</td>
<td>Time For Defense</td>
<td>Truth or Consequences</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**RonalD Colman** —this English radio actor (Halls of Ivy, NBC, Wed., 8 P.M. EST) and motion picture star landed in New York in 1920 with fifty-seven dollars and three clean collars and within a few years was a movie idol. Prior to "Ivy" his radio experience was limited to highly successful guest appearances with Jack Benny.
### THURSDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Program Pauline Frederick</td>
<td>Margaret Arlen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Red Foley</td>
<td>Local Program Pauline Frederick</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
<td>Barnaby Fallows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cell Brown</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Bing Crosby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Terkel Time</td>
<td>Behind the Scenes</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Grand Slam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Jack Birch</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>David Harum</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC Local</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>MBS Local</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>ABC Local</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>CBS Local</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Lionel Ricaz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Clem McCarthy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Irving's Trip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>H. V. Katenborn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Aldrich Family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Father Knows Best</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Father Knows Best</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Father Knows Best</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Dragnet</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Duffy's Tavern</td>
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<td>Duffy's Tavern</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Sara's Private Caper</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Presenting Charles Boyer</td>
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### FRIDAY

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Red Foley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Terkel Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Jack Birch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>David Harum</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
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<td>MBS Local</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Lionel Ricaz</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Clem McCarthy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>The Playhouse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>H. V. Katenborn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Clink and Danger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>We The People</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Jimmie Durante</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Life of Riley</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### GERALD MOHR — better known as Detective Philip Marlowe is also famous as the French teacher on Our Miss Brooks and the French salesman on the Beulah show. In addition Mohr has played a variety of other nationalities in radio. The thirty-four-year-old actor has also appeared in movies including "It Had to Be You."
**S A T U R D A Y**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Down Homers</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
<td>This Is New York Galen Drake Garden Gate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Coffee in Washington</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Morton Downey</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Fred Waring Show</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Jeb Lewis Taylor</td>
<td>Leslie Nichols and Helen Hall</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Smolin' Ed Mc-Connell</td>
<td>U.S. Marine Band</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>Hoosier Hot Shots</td>
<td>New Junior Junction</td>
<td>News, Phil Shadel 11:05 Let's Pretend Junior Miss</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Joe Franklin's Music Shop</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Man on the Farm</td>
<td>161 Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Theatre of Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Public Affairs</td>
<td></td>
<td>American Farmer</td>
<td>Grand Central Station</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Luncheon With Lopez</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>12:00 Cedric Adams</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>National Farm Home</td>
<td>Everett Holies</td>
<td>Navv Hour</td>
<td>Stars Over Hollywood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Jerry &amp; Skye</td>
<td>Roger Dann</td>
<td>Greet and Take</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
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<td>Cumberland Valley Barn Dance</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>Football</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Football</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>True or False</td>
<td>Tea and Drums</td>
<td>At the Chase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Herman Hickman</td>
<td>Ben Pollack Show</td>
<td>Club Time</td>
<td>Make Wa. For Youth</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>The Sport of Kings</td>
<td>Twin Views of the News</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bob Warren</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>Albert Warner News</td>
<td>News From Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Bob Considine</td>
<td>Preston Sellers</td>
<td>Faith for the Future</td>
<td>Memo From Lake Success</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Living, 1950</td>
<td>Helen Westbrook</td>
<td>History of the Future</td>
<td>Sports Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Football Review</td>
<td>Saturday Night</td>
<td>Larry Leasure</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Voices and Events</td>
<td>Comedy of Error</td>
<td></td>
<td>Winner's Take All</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>People Are Funny</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vaughn Monroe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td></td>
<td>Comedy of Error</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Chamber Music of Lower Basin Street</td>
<td>7:30 Cecil Brown</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
<td></td>
<td>Gene Autry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Your Hit Parade</td>
<td>Take a Number</td>
<td></td>
<td>Hapalong Cassidy</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td></td>
<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Dennis Day</td>
<td>Lombardo Land</td>
<td>What Makes You Tick?</td>
<td>Gangbusters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Your Hit Parade</td>
<td>Lombardo Land</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Lombardo Land</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
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<td>Lombardo Land</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Judy Canova</td>
<td>Theatre of the Air</td>
<td>At the Shamrock</td>
<td>Sing It Again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Old Oly</td>
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**BREAK the BANK QUIZ**

Bert Parks emcees Break the Bank, Wed., 10 P.M. EST on NBC-TV. On radio, it is heard M-F, 11 A.M. EST, NBC, emceed by Bud Collyer. Both programs are sponsored by Bristol-Meyers.

---

**TV TESTING**

1. Who writes and stars as Molly in The Goldbergs?
2. Who is the famous orchestra leader on Break The Bank?
3. Who is the man that gives life to Kukla, Ollie and all the Kuklapolitan players?
4. Who is the man and wife team behind Foodini, Pinhead and all the other Lucky Pup characters?
5. Who is the producer of Studio One?
6. Who is the famous motion picture director that directs Martin Kane, Private Eye?
7. Who is the stage actor that plays Captain Video?
8. Who is the famous stage and screen star that stars as the Private Eye in Man Against Crime?
9. Who is the screen comedian that plays Rocky King in Rocky King, Inside Detective?
10. Who is the famous stage star that plays Father Barber in One Man's Family?
11. Who is the screen comedian that plays the hotel manager in Holiday Hotel?
12. Who are the three regulars on This is Show Business?
13. Who is the dead-pan comedian on Garroway at Large?

---

**ANSWERS**

1. Bob Considine, and abe burrows
2. Edward sedgwick
3. What's my line? (westminster)
4. hop and hooray (june Allyson)
5. ralph bellamy, morgan fiore (klaar)
6. hal roach, anthony caruso, johnnie lewis
7. richard carson
8. eddie carroll
9. edgar kennedy
10. buster keaton
11. eldridge johnson
12. eldridge johnson
13. eldridge johnson
SMART SETTING

There is no price tag on beauty and imagination!!” That's what Carole Stupel, top authority in table decor, emphasized when she visited us as a Family Counselor guest recently.

Miss Stupel is a crusader for beauty, color, and comfort in every day table settings. She feels that American women show too little imagination with their settings. Not when company comes, of course, but for every day usage. When I asked if interesting table settings were an expensive proposition, her reply was “Definitely not.” The most important basic idea in lovely settings is correlation—correlating color, texture, and form.

Carole suggested using place mats in such unusual materials as raffia, plastic, and gill-shot cloths. “And wicker, wood, pewter, and colorful ceramics all make for striking settings. An old pewter tea pot filled with garden flowers for a centerpiece is very effective.”

I was interested in Carole’s hints to the couple buying their first table wardrobe—on a budget. She said that if theirs is a limited amount of money set aside, then by all means select a lovely pottery service and at the same time select the glassware, flatware, linens and table decoration—all as a unit. Pottery, she added, is infinitely less than a china service, and in pottery one can achieve so much more drama.

One point Carole emphasized was: “Don't buy table settings separately if you can help it. You can pay as much as $1000 for a set of service plates and then buy the most expensive linens and silver, but if selected independently, you usually end up with a hodge-podge. Price is no factor or criterion in achieving table glamor.”

Carole’s idea of good correlation, or “carolation” as she calls it, is to select a color in your mats and napkins that is picked up in the dinnerware pattern. Then follow through with your centerpiece, in the same color or a good contrasting shade.

In parting Carole said, “Mealtime—especially dinner, is one time of day when the family comes together as a unit. So make it a real occasion by having the right setting.”

An inexpensive table setting can be just as pretty—and as effective—as one costing infinitely more, advised table decor authority Carole Stupel.

By TERRY BURTON - RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by General Foods.
She’s Engaged!

BOBETTE SLOAN HIlTON of New York will be the bride of Frederick Stanton Wicks of Boston this fall. Right now, her days are filled with excitement—parties, gifts and plans! The plans include a bridal party of sixteen, a church wedding in picturesque Millbrook, New York, a wonderful reception at her family’s country home there.

She’s Lovely!

Just looking at Bobette’s lovely face makes you feel the bright charm of her real Inner Self. For her face lets you see the completely darling girl she is. Her friendly, wide-set eyes, her flower-fresh complexion, her adorable smile—promise you that you will like her very much indeed.

Bobette Hilton—everyone notices her wonderful complexion—so very soft, fresh, clear!

She uses Pond’s!

“When you look your best—you act your best,” Bobette says.

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today

Start now to help your face show a lovelier you!
heard. “Firing time—plus thirty seconds—plus twenty seconds—ten seconds—three seconds—two seconds—one second”—and then through the radio came the roar as the fourth atom bomb exploded. And with that the show was sent to the skies in a writhing mushroom of flame and smoke. The full results of the experiment were not released to the public, but they were staggering enough to take Bernard Baruch to the newly formed United Nations with a plan to share our knowledge, destroy all existing bombs and cease manufacture. Some countries would do the same and international control and inspection could be established. “We are here to choose between the quick and the dead,” he said.

The offer could not have been stated more forcefully, but nothing happened. Instead, several new words came into the language. Speaking in this country on the radio, Winston Churchill used the words, “The Iron Curtain,” for the first time. “Veto” took international significance. Gromyko walked out of the United Nations for the first time. The “Cold War” was on.

The radio was full of campaign speeches. The running of a script was one of the surest tests to determine whether the Republican party had a majority in both houses. New shows were A Day in the Life of Dennis Day and Hi Jinx with Jim Falkother and Tommy Crary. Benny Goodman became the first international disc jockey when he was appointed Director of Popular Music for The Voice of America and did shows timed weekly, broadcast overseas by short wave. The OPA ended prices rose fast. That was one of the reasons that give-away shows had so much appeal. The price of the first time since before the war, goods for a private consumption could be manufactured without restriction. Hundreds of millions was spent to supply items in return for free publicity. Some forty different companies supplied Queen for a Day with $250,000 prizes this year. Bride and Groom, featuring a $10,000 wedding on the air, gave away $500,000 worth of stoves, refrigerators, washers, freezers, radios, washes, jewelry, cars, and the like. The U.S.O., which then employed a “broker” set up shop in Hollywood and made a good thing from taking over such unwieldy winnings as airplanes, boats and trailers.

1947: This was the year of the “new look,” of droopy circular skirts, flowing cloaks and ballet slippers; the year of the first year the severe was widespread. Elizabeth married Philip and Margaret Truman made her professional debut with the Detroit Symphony. Though all of the war was wisely covered, the biggest news on the air was when General George C. Marshall, Secretary of State, speaking at Harvard on June 12, outlined the Marshall Plan for European recovery. The program was beamed by the ABC to all parts of the country. George Gershwin turned his song “The Way You Look Tonight” into a central point from all parts of the country. In the remodeled scenes from the life of an individual who was supposed to be present in Pittsburg until he heard it on the air. Good, too.

Bob Trout was firmly promoted to Robert Trout by NBC when he began a new quiz show. Who Said That? It had a wonderful new idea. Instead of the usual panel of experts didn’t get prizes—they paid out ten dollars every time they made a question.

Bert Parks, who had gained as an engaging new personality on Stoop to the Music, a show that mesmerized listeners with their size of its prizes. The first winner, Mr. Reginald Turner, got $17,000 in gifts.

The end of the year was marked by the departure of Amos 'n Andy and Jack Benny from NBC to CBS, followed during the next year by Bing Crosby, Red Skelton and others.

1949: It was the year of love in the house. The Peabody Awards were presented for the first time by Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini; the show of many a broadcast bulletin and, after lengthy reported romances, marriage. The celebration was celebrated by Rita Hayworth and Al Jolson, Tyrone Power and Linda Christian, The VEEP and Mrs. Hadley, Mayor O'Dwyer of New York and Sloan Simpson, Jimmy Stewart, George Raft, Clark Gable and Lady Sylvia Ashley, Cary Grant and Betsy Drake. Even the perpetual bachelor, Amos of Amos 'n Andy succumbed to the trend and married Abigail. It was a clean sweep of all romantic possibilities when Dick Tracy exploded with Tess Trueheart on December 20.

It was the year of canasta, of the Welfare State, of a brief but nation-wide fever of Pyramid Clubs. Gargantua died. Everybody and his family, up to and including the President, had a telephone. Thomas who went farther than most, broadcasting from the “forgotten city” of Lhasa and causing a concentration of flocks of birds since he scattered his name, heard the “sinking of the Seth Parker in the Pacific, where he broke his leg on the way out of Tibet. The main difference was that Thomas really did break himself, most radios were still being powered by storage batteries coast-to-coast hook-ups were still quite a novelty, and there were vast reaches of the land where no broadcasts at all were available.

Today in the remotest forest or the deepest valley, we can choose from a continuous flow of entertainment anything we want—a dandi symphony or a religious, comedy or drama, news on the phone. This is much to be proud of—the inventions that made it all possible, the enterprise that seized an idea and made it an industry, the rich talents that made it a success. We are proud of radio’s record in war and as an implement of public service, but most of all we are proud that it remains free, a constant expression of our way of life.
My Bosses
Amos 'n' Andy
(Continued from page 61)

Louise Summa are the only people outside the paper business who have. I was still staring at it when the boys arrived for the day's work.
They lined up beside me and let out long, admiring whistles. Said Gosden, patting my shoulder, "We may not believe in ourselves, but it's plain that you think we're going to be in business a long time!"
Said Correll, removing a package of paper from one of the piles and striding into the private office, "One down—nine hundred and ninety-nine to go!"

However, I was young and eager. A few days later I decided I'd better tidy up a welter of old check stubs that were lurking in various unseemly places. A cursory investigation of these, plus a little questioning, supplied me with fascinating information that during the six years of partnership, from 1926 until 1932 when I came to work for them, the boys had never reconciled a single one of their monthly bank statements.
They had simply deposited their money, withdrawn their salaries, and paid their expenses. Innocently they assumed, at that point, that they were at peace with the financial world. I spent months, in my "spare" time, tracing missing checks, correcting vagaries in addition and subtraction, and reconciling seventy-two bank statements!
I soon discovered, however, that even if Correll and Gosden might be a bit inefficient in small matters, they were doing just fine in general. Thanks, I might have known that, even before I went to work for them, simply by their powers of persuasion.
It was in 1932—the depths of the depression—and I was working for an advertising company in Chicago. I saw the boys, who were even then a radio phenomenon, occasionally around the building where I worked. At one of these chance meetings they cornered me to ask, without emphasis, "How would you like to work for us?"
I said I didn't know offhand, but I'd think it over. A day or so later I telephoned to say that I would.
"Okay—how about coming to work tomorrow morning?"
That wasn't my idea of the ways things were done at all. I'd report on April 6th, I said.
I reported on March 28th. I've been that much ahead of myself ever since.
Those early days were hectic beyond belief—even without my contributions to efficiency. From 1926 until 1934 the boys did two original fifteen-minute broadcasts every day of the week, plus a third broadcast for the West Coast.
They had no writers. They did all the scripting themselves. Until they cornered me, they had no secretary. But they did have a routine, rough-and-ready but it worked: They reported for work mid-morning and—under normal circumstances—the rough draft of the script was complete in about two hours.
Part of this natural script-writing talent of theirs came from their early training. Freeman Gosden—Amos—was born in Richmond, Virginia, raised with a little Negro boy named Snowball. When mentally groping for an effective phrase or incident for the shows Gosden always asks himself

Out of the mouths of Brides

Fels-Naptha's "sunshine" makes my sheets look whiter than new.

Tom fusses about his shirts till I washed them with Fels-Naptha.

Nothing washes clothes as clean as soap—Fels-Naptha, that is.

I like the clean smell of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.

Gentle Fels-Naptha helps my hands stay soft and lovely.

IMPROVED
Fels-Naptha Soap
also makers of FELSO, the new, White Instant Sudser

79
Women in Danger

An unusually sound and sensible article on how women can recognize sex criminals and what you can do to protect yourself against molestation and attack! Read this vital article which employs factual case histories to illustrate the twofold need for an informed community and instructions in self-defense for every woman in November.

True Story

Now On Newstands

Other Exciting Stories and Articles

Don't Marry Me Off—When Mama is a determined matchmaker, watch out! A delightful tale of how to get your man despite an over-anxious mother.

I Am Waiting For My Darling—Disgraced and shamed, 16-year-old Sara runs away from home only to find there is love and kindness in the world after all.

I Didn't Sleep A Wink—The truth about insomnia and some down-to-earth practical advice on how to fall asleep.

Jack Benny

Follow the fabulous life story of Jack Benny, the tailor's son from Waukegan, Illinois, whose name has been a household word for 15 years. Illustrated with a gorgeous full-color portrait of Jack and his wife, Mary Livingston.

Get November True Story on NEwsstands HOW
considered an accident from heaven. To comfort his young friend, the editor printed her story—The Flower Girl of New York by Louella Oettinger, contemplating the miracle on a bed of pain, her spirit soared into dizzying space. She was now a writer.

That conviction remained undimmed. Manuscripts might come shooting back as fast as she mailed them. Next day she’d be pouring her heart into another. Her family might laugh, and did, waiting for her to get over it like the measles. Their skepticism hurt her, but never erased her faith. The outward details of life made small impact on her. She’d been too young when her father died to remember him clearly.

Her mother, brother, and a brood of close kinfolk formed a background of warmth which she took for granted. When they moved to Dixon, she scarcely noted the change. Her real life was with the people she created, among whom walked Louella, heroine-in-chief.

Dixon, nevertheless, marked a turning point. Weary of being nagged for a job, the editor of the Dixon Star forked out five dollars a week and put her to work during summer vacations. She covered music, society and ran off her willing legs as errand girl. More important, she made a discovery: that the lush figures she dreamed up weren’t as fascinating as the Smiths and Joneses. This was a lesson she never forgot.

A beauty at sixteen, she was ripe for love as any other romantic adolescent. At seventeen, she stood in her mother’s parlor and married John Parsons, Dixon’s most eligible bachelor. The happiest outcome of that marriage was her daughter Harriet. Louella blames neither herself nor her much older husband for the fact that they drifted apart.

If there must be a villain, call her the difference in age which made for too great a difference in viewpoint. They were never divorced. John Parsons went to war. From the hospital at St. Nazaire he wrote many letters, looking forward to his return and perhaps a new beginning with his wife. But he died on the ship bringing him home.

Louella doesn’t lie about her age. With complete good humor and equal firmness, she merely refuses to give it. So let’s say she arrived in Chicago one anonymous day, bag, baggage and baby, and landed a newspaper job on the Tribune at nine dollars a week. Her assets were courage, curiosity, a tremendous amount of the loyalty of ten. She gained others along the way, but those she started with she’s never lost.

There was a brief but valuable interlude at Essanay, where she read manuscripts, wrote scenarios and formed some of the friendships with youngsters as green as herself, who were to become top Hollywood stars and executives. Yet, exciting though Essanay might be, it had one great drawback: it wasn’t a newspaper. Louella hired herself to the Herald. Having gone through the Essanay mill made her an expert. She produced a series of articles on How to Write for the Movies, which some misguided publisher put between covers. This sent her head spinning with fresh inspiration. “How about a movie gossip column?” she inquired.

A Woman to Remember

(Continued from page 39)

ARE YOU A MODERN MOTHER WHO CAN FRANKLY TELL YOUR DAUGHTER

These Intimate Physical Facts?

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU THINK I SHOULD KNOW BEFORE GETTING MARRIED, MOM?

YES, DEAR, REMEMBER THERE’S A WOMANLY OFFENSE GRAYER THAN BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR

Zonite

FOR NEWER feminine hygiene

*Offer good only in the U.S.

100 Zonite Corp., Dept. RM-110, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

FOR FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightenment — NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published — mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-110, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name

Address

City State
Is Your Daughter a STAY-AT-HOME Because of Periodic Pain?

No modern girl need "stay at home," miss parties and break dates because of the time of month. Midol has changed all that by bringing quick comfort from menstrual suffering.

**MIDOL RELIEVES HEADACHE**

Midol brings amazingly fast relief from menstrual headache because it contains two highly effective, proven medical ingredients that are often prescribed by many doctors.

**MIDOL EASES CRAMPS...**

Midol contains an exclusive anti-spasmodic ingredient which quickly eases cramps. Even women who have suffered severely report that Midol brings quick comfort. And Midol does not interfere in any way with the natural menstrual process.

**MIDOL CHASES "BLUES"**

The mild stimulant in Midol helps lift her out of the depression and "blues" which often attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it in time. She'll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.

**MIDOL is the Thing to Take for FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN**

of her boss. "You know—what they're like off the screen, where they go, what they do—"

"Might try it. Use your byline. We'll start you at forty-five dollars a week—"

That's how movie gossip columns were born, and how Miss Parsons achieved the upper brackets. No more need to worry about Harriet, the lodge-star of her mother's existence. She loved her work, yes, but she worked first of all for love of Harriet. Harriet must have the best. Whatever she'd missed, Harriet mustn't miss a thing.

The column proved popular. Louella had learned her creed well: you must first pay loyalty's to the paper and you stick on the scent of a story till you track it down. But you never reveal a confidential source and whatever's said off the record stays off the record, so that you bury more stories than you write even if it kills you. Harriet thrilled, life was gay. And to cap the climax, Louella was being sent on her first trip to New York to cover the Motion Picture Ball—all expenses paid, including a thirty-five dollar evening gown. From this high adventure she returned to discover that the Herald was dying. Hearst's Chicago Examiner was taking over. Stunned and disbelieving, she stood at the office window, staring sightlessly down at the rain-drenched street. Dick Little joined her. He'd been the paper's brilliant dramatic critic and her own good friend. A milkman hove into view, and out of his bitterness Dick spoke. "See that guy, Louella? Well, go take his job—scrub floors, wash dishes, anything—only don't ever work for Hearst—"

She didn't, at first. And when she did, it was almost against her will. Decision Number One, after she'd picked up the pieces, was to head for New York. Train fare melted her capital down to twenty dollars, but brother Ed and his wife took the pilgrims in. Louella's idea was to sell her column to W. E. Lewis of the Morning Telegraph. She did.

On the old Telegraph, Louella flourished. Presently she was made motion picture editor, her salary mounting to one hundred and ten dollars. A large salary for a Wheaton girl in a pleasant apartment, and in fees to the school which Harriet attended. But twice and ten times the sum would have dripped through her fingers—and did, in time. She was born with two talents—earning money and spending it. That she can hang on to the stuff doesn't bother her. Neither can she take it along.

Louella met Hearst through Marion Davies. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" presented Davies as a come-dienne and made her a star. Along with most of her co-reviewers, Louella said so. To counteract any effect of sweetness and light, she then proceeded to give Hearst a piece of her mind. Why, she demanded in a Sunday editorial, did he keep bragging about the money that went into his productions? Talent, she informed him, could be pulverized under mere mountains of gold. Having dusted him off, she felt pleased with herself and went to bed. A few days later she was to speak at an exhibitors' dinner. Marion called to ask if she might go along. This startled her, since they weren't that good friends, but of course she agreed. She was due to be further startled. Marion arrived with an escort to pick her up. The escort was none other than that big heart, William Randolph Hearst.

For once, Miss Parsons was speechless. So, for his own good reasons, was Mr. Hearst. In the car, Marion talked for all three as they headed their destination, Louella's eye fluttered helplessly toward the man in the corner. He smiled. "I liked your editorial. You ought to write more of them—"

Their second encounter proved still more unnerving. Through one of his executives, Hearst invited her to dinner, which could mean just one thing. She didn't like it. The Telegraph had come to be home and haven, and she clung to it now like a kid to its mother's skirt. Dick Little's voice rang in her ears—"

"All right, she'd play it smart. She'd ask for so much money that he'd laugh in her face."

She asked for two hundred and fifty dollars. He agreed. Caught in her own net, she flailed wildly around for an out. "I can't possibly sign the form contract. I'll have to see a lawyer—"

"Anna he ser-wol-for Hearst—"

"Ah!" Miss Parsons, I'm disappointed in you. That's the thing you neglected to ask for. Hairpins!"

Like Louella's previous employers, Hearst became a friend as well. How good a friend, Louella was to learn in a dark hour. The years flew by. Harriet entered Wellesley. Louella, working her head off, was happy in her work. Her

Refresch

• No make-believe here! That's why "My True Story" Radio Program is so often called a "refreshingly different show." These real-life dramas, picked from the files of True Story Magazine, give you a further insight into life. You readily recognize situations which your closest friends, and even you, may have to face—and be interested in their solutions. A complete story every day, Monday through Friday.

TUNE IN

"My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
social and professional life blended into one. What happened at parties became grist for next day's column. Sleep was something you snatched between times, and if it was only a couple of hours, who cared? Forever on the run, forever on deadline, the routine would have taxed an iron constitution. Louella took it for granted that hers was steel. Even though she, who'd never been tired, grew tired. Even though a stupid cough hung on and on. The less attention you paid to such nonsense, the better. One Election Day she could hardly find the strength to dress. Nevertheless, she dressed, went to a luncheon, voted for Jimmy Walker, waltzed off to a party and returned to the office. Alone at her desk, a cold settled her body and, before it was done, brought her bright world to a standstill. She'd had a hemorrhage.

Others followed. For a week she tried to keep this agony to herself. Dazed and shaken, her logic was still her own. To meet the bills, she must go on working. To go on working, she mustn't let anyone know. There was just one flaw in her scheme. Tuberculosis is rarely a reticent disease. At a dinner party given by Mr. Hearst, Louella collapsed. Frances and Sam Goldwyn took her home. All night she walked the floor of her bedroom, and in every corner met the faces of death and despair.

From the start Louella had liked and admired Hearst. But the deep devotion, the rockribbed loyalty that has never flagged through the years, stemmed from a phone call in the middle of the following morning. "You're discharged, Louella. On full salary, of course. Until you're completely well?"

If ever a rope was flung to a drowning swimmer, this was it. Hearst made all the arrangements. He insisted on her going to Colton, California, where Jimmy Swinnerton, his pet cartoonist, had recovered from t.b. He sent train tickets for herself and Harriet, a frightened youngster hastily summoned from Wellesley and told by some kind informant that her mother couldn't live. At first, Louella seemed too exhausted to care, but as strength began coming back, she began to fight. Her salary checks arrived on the dot. Messages of cheer streamed across the continent from the Chief, determined to free her of every obligation but getting well.

It took about a year, with the help of rest, peace of mind and a mild climate, Louella sent Harriet packing back to Wellesley and telephoned her boss. "I've got my release. I'm coming back to New York."

His answer bounced back on her own springs. "If you want to please me, Louella, you'll go to Hollywood. The winters here wouldn't do you any good. Besides, you belong where the movies are, and they're in California—"

"But what about my column?"

"We'll syndicate your column," said Mr. Hearst.
The story of Louella in Hollywood is the story of Louella in New York, only more so. Her column, syndicated, spread wherever movie news is devoured—through the country, through Europe and the world. As the industry grew in importance, other columns popped like corn in a popper. They've been good, bad and indifferent. But no Hollywood byline has ever approached the magic of Louella O. Parsons.

For this eminence she's slaved, and continues to slave. You don't keep the crown in a fiercely competitive game by resting on your laurels. She goes after stories today with unjaunted gusto—and the sixth sense she's acquired through years at her trade. Long before the woes of Shirley Temple and John Agar were so much as whispered, she saw them dancing at Ciro's cheek to cheek.

"I have a hunch they're not getting along," she said almost absently.

Her companion wondered if she'd gone out of her mind. "They're practically smooching right under your nose—"

"That's the point. It's not like them. They're trying too hard—" She turned out to be right. It's happened too often to be called guesswork.

A true newspaper woman, she draws the line between rumor and fact, checks every story, and prefers the direct method. Only a dociel telephone wire separates Miss Parsons from the stars. "Did I get you out of bed, dear?" she'll inquire blandly. "Are you sung for divorce?" Throwing the question fast, she catches them off guard.

To a layman, this may sound like invasion of privacy. To a reporter, it's getting the news. Moreover, by checking, she protects the players. Hard-pressed writers have been known to fill up space with imaginary tidbits. "Why?" she screams the victims. "All you had to do was pick up a phone and call—"This complaint has never been hurled at Louella. She picks up the phone. As far back as 1931, her name was potent enough for the Sunkist Orange Company to sponsor her on a fifteen-minute radio program—ten minutes for an interview with a movie star, five minutes for commercials and music by Raymond Paige. "I chose the material," she recalls. "I wrote the scripts, I produced the shows—which will give you a general idea of how bad they were—" At

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NOT JUST A PROMISE... but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women.

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1855 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion! Start your Palmolive facials tonight.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Look for these
Complexion
Improvements
in 14 Days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness—even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub or Shower
Get Big
Roth Size: Palmolive!
Have You Heard?

This is discovery month, folks! Old Chris Columbus crossed the oceans and discovered America and all its pleasures. Well, all YOU have to do to discover America(n) is cross your arm, tune in the radio, and let yourself relax to the greatest “discoveries” in pleasurable listening.

Yes, ma’am, there’s a treasure of wealth on the American Broadcasting Company—and through your local station you can enjoy the “riches” of great programming. Just take Thursday night, for instance.

At 7:30 PM (EST) JACK ARMSTRONG, the famous young man of heroic action, is heard in an exciting new series, ARMSTRONG OF THE S.B.I. You’ll find JACK engaged in scientific adventure on Tuesdays as well as Thursdays—a double treat from General Mills.

Another ABC Thursday-discovery is SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS, the most fabulous show in dramatic radio, now presented on your local station for a full hour, 8-9 PM (EST). The greatest stars of Hollywood fame lend their considerable talents to SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS, appearing in thrilling dramatizations of well-known screen stories. Here is a program of diamond-studded screenwrights. You’ll be missing a real treasure-trove if you don’t discover SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS by NEXT Thursday!

Next in this luminous line-up is the biggest “discovery” of them all—the program that specializes in exploring talent, ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, heard on your local ABC station at 9 PM (EST), has zoomed many an unknown into the star-spotlight of fame and fortune. Wonderful TED MACK, of course, is staunchly in back of every ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR performer in Old Gold’s treasure-of-a-program!

Coming up at 9:45 PM (EST), via your local American Broadcasting Company, is ROBERT MONTGOMERY...speaking on events that make news of today and tomorrow. This outstanding commentator has been in many an astonishing news “discovery”...which he doesn’t keep under his hat (even though it’s a Lee) but passes right along to you every Thursday night.

But the time, however, that program was her baby and she loved it. She loved it so dearly that she saw no good reason for Paige. So she’d go talking, and leave him standing there. But Paige was no dope either. Dick Powell, who combined the sound men on another studio, and had her cut off in the middle of a breezy chat with Connie Bennett. “What you should have done,” she told him in the studio, “was to clout me over the head.”

Sunkist was followed by Charis Corset and then by the famous Hollywood Hotel, which ran programs for ten years, and then the network went over the air, and over it to establish the right relationship in their voices. Asked why he explained: "Betty must be loud, but Louella out. This is Louella's show—"

It used to be that they had to sell stars the program. Now they can pick and choose and have them go into the picture. The "discovery" is the program. Here’s the one for the American Broadcasting Company, and the program is a discovery.

The producer was good but wildly temperamental. From where he sat, Hollywood Hotel was the only program on the air. Dick Powell and the New Year, Louella Sherman died. As a reporter, Louella put this item on the air. As a friend, she commented on the tragedy of Sherman’s sudden death. As a friend, Louella learned that men die and millions of lives go on, she wished her audience a happy new year.

"It was my worst boner," she explains sadly. Few of her audience knew Sherman. Most of them doubtless wished themselves a happy new year. But few were not shocked by this bracketing of death and happiness. A storm of protest went up and the foot of the sponsor came down. No more, he decreed. If people died, that was all. Louella had been scheduled...He wouldn’t have them injected into an entertainment show.

Louella found her air time shaved down to 15 minutes. Off the air, her job was more exacting—but equally thankless. She was supposed to bring the stars in, and did—though not as the story goes, through bullying and threats. She was been her idea to get them for nothing, and it made her miserable. With little to do on the program, Louella felt more and more that the show was being used as a decoy. Her sympathies lay with the actors who didn’t get paid. Yet, short of paying them out of her own pocket—which she didn’t afford and which she wouldn’t have accepted—the situation was beyond her power to mend. She remained the whipping-girl, studio and sponsors are against her. It was more fun to snipe at a concrete Louella. From every broadcast, she returned deeper in the guests. Till someone said, "Why not?" And she wondered why that sweet solution hadn’t occurred to her a lot earlier.

Louella vowed herself a vow. "Never again, unless it’s my own show and I can do as I please."

The rise of the show has been due to a number of factors, including Louella’s zeal for self-improvement and the de- voted staff work of her staff. She herself hands much of the credit to Dick Diggs. "I’ve had lots of producers, but never one who gave me such confidence in myself as he does—" Watching them together is a treat. Dick Diggs has authority without self-assumptiveness. He’s there for one purpose—to help make the show good. Recording an interview between Parson and Diggs is not an easy task, but over it to establish the right relationship in their voices. Asked why, he explained: “Betty must be loud, but Louella out. This is Louella’s show—"

One broadcast she’ll never forget was featured Ethel Barrymore and John Henry. That his sunt believes in her nephew goes well, but she holds with no truck about inherited glamour. In the Barrymore book, what you get, you earn. "I don’t expect to be as good as my father," said young John.

Came the briefest pause, unmarked in the script. Only Louella could see Miss Barrymore frowning with memories of the brother she’d adored. Then the matchless voice spoke, tender and proud and sorrow. "No one will ever get away with that," said young John.

Tears stung Louella’s throat. Nor was her only throat thus affected. Reader-listeners who don’t know her are apt to think of Louella Parsons as a voice from the newspapers, without a home-life existence. That’s so wrong. The year before she...
bowed on radio, a more significant factor entered Louella's life. On January 4, 1930, she and Dr. Harry Martin, an Irishman of wit and charm, married. It's been love ever since. Bravely they hold hands in nightclubs while the band plays their favorite tune "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby." As a matter of fact, he still calls her baby, though this she's diffident to admit. About her marriage she feels only one regret, "I wish we might have met earlier," she says wistfully, "and had children. Docky's crazy about children—"

It was he who nicknamed her Lolly, and from him it's all right. Otherwise, it jars on her—especially from people she hardly knows. In a town of short names at first sight, Louella keeps a touch of old-fashioned formality. She learned manners from her mother who taught her that beauty is a breach of etiquette and that one is courteous, but never familiar with strangers. (Her mother, by the way, didn't think too highly of movies. On- learning that her daughter had entered the film world, she offered a suggestion, "Can't you just say you're writing for magazines?")

Louella's energy continues unabated. One day, after finishing her column, she appeared at the studio, did a radio spot with four newcomers, took time out to have an aching throat sprayed, and finished a Christmas interview, dictated a story in the car on Clark Gable's marriage, went home to have dinner with her husband who was ill, then on to a party. She gets her best material at parties, and folks rib her about it. They insist that she says, "Any news?" before saying hello. Louella insists that she says hello first.

Several years ago, for the first time since her b.i. siege, she began feeling tired again. Doctors found that her blood count was very low and that she was bleeding internally from a diaphragmatic rupture. An operation was indicated.

"Pooh!" said Louella. "Too many people get operated at the drop of a hat—" She agreed to blood transfusions. These would help for a while, then ex- haustion set in once more. Another woman would have been flat on her back. This one stayed on her normal schedule, which would have killed a normal horse. Till her husband raged: "For a woman who's supposed to have sense, you're a stubborn mule. I'm taking you to Dr. Johnny Jones tommorrow—"

After the examination, Dr. Jones said, "If you were my wife, you'd be on the train tonight for the Mayo Clinic—"

Louella declined the Mayo Clinic with thanks. If she had to be operated on, let Dr. Jones do it. He explained the risks: the stomach would have to be moved and a lung collapsed; she wasn't as young as she had been. Doggedly Louella maintained her faith in God and Dr. Jones. The latter sent for an Eastern consultant. They put her to bed for a month and built her corpuscles up. Just before going under the anesthetic, she murmured: "Don't forget St. Teresa."

This referred to the medal she wore round her neck. As someone was about to remove it, her husband stepped in. "If she's to have a heart operation, she's going to keep it on." And he tied it round her ankle.

The operation was successful and the patient lived, though she stayed off the air five months that year—a silly piece of self-indulgence, to hear her tell it. Today, far from being slowed down, she

---

Veto Gives All-Day Protection Against Perspiration and Odor—In Just 5 Seconds!

New Veto positively says no, no to underarm "O" (unforgivable perspiration moisture and odor.) Stops odor instantly . . . checks perspiration more effectively! It's an exclusive "wonder-formula."

Veto is light, fluffy—smooths on and absorbs as easily as vanishing cream. Never cakes or dries out in the jar. Has a delightful fragrance you'll love. And it's mild, won't irritate sensitive skin. Harmless to even finest fabrics.

Guard daintiness from both to bath. Use super-effective Veto daily. Get it now at any cosmetic counter.

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When a bad skin ruins your beauty

Get this treatise free

Don't wait until some ugly pimples, blackheads, coarse pores or other blemish ruins your real beauty!

Get new treatise now free

Thousands of young folks who have suffered with humiliating, common blemishes visible in that external layer called the Epidermis— as well as older folks who look years older than they should will now rejoice at this helpful opportunity. You simply send letter or post card requesting the new Treatise now being sent FREE in plain wrapper post-paid to all readers of this magazine who need it. Address: William Witel, Dept. 17-A, Valley Stream, New York. If pleased, tell others this good news.
What a ‘Dope I’ve Been Not To Learn
the extra advantages of this
INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

This Medicated Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Action Young wives are to be pitied who don’t keep up with the times on what’s effective, yet safe to use, for intimate feminine cleanliness—they are to be pitied if they haven’t learned about the extra advantages of Zonitors. Zonitors are continuous-action, greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which give powerfully germicidal and effective action for hours. Yet Zonitors are safe to the most delicate tissues. Strictly non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home Zonitors come twelve in a package and each separately sealed in a dainty glass vial. No mixing—no extra equipment is required. All you need is just this dainty snow-white suppository!

Easy To Use... Zonitors are so easily inserted and they keep on releasing powerful germ-killing and deodorizing properties for hours. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Be sure to use Zonitors—the new, modernized method.

Zonitors (Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet: sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank, intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ERN-110, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_ 
Address_ 
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*Offer good only in U. S.

wears her juniors out. With radio, seven columns a week, special news stories running from five hundred words to ten thousand, monthly contributions to three magazines, the dynamo works at top speed.

She needs only six hours’ sleep, and can do with less. Two rooms in her home comprise the offices. Long before the arrival of the kids, as she calls them, she’s up and on her feet. Dorothy Manners, her assistant, Dotty May and Virginia Boyle, her secretaries, Earl Donovan, reviewer. At ten, Neil Rau, her legman, calls. Till one-thirty the place is a madhouse, with three phones going at once. Lunch for five is served on trays—naturally, at Louella’s expense. Through all the hurly-burly, she dictates or writes. She could be burning down and, as a trained journalist, she’d still write. By the time the column’s put on the teletype, the kids are flopping around with their tongues hanging out. Louella’s just getting her second wind.

Much has been said about her grammatical blunders. Nobody bothers to mention that she works under heavy pressure to meet a daily deadline, which alone could account for any number of slips. To Parsons, the story’s the thing. She’s never pretended to be a master of polite English. She is, in fact, just nuisance about her style and will take criticism from anyone. A messenger boy, coming in while she dictates, may wrinkle his nose. “Purrlie, Rubby,” says Miss Parsons. “I’ll write it over.”

The one thing she does pride herself on is being Hollywood’s ace reporter. Her position as such has never been faintly challenged. She still goes after a story like a bloodhound, pointing out that “as long as you’re a newspaper person, you’ve got to. The minute you let up, you’re out.” But maybe she smiles, “without yelling so much. My throat won’t let me—”

It’s true that she’ll battle through heat and highwater for a scoop. It’s true that she suffers over her rare failures. It’s not true that, if the scoop goes elsewhere, she’s your enemy for life. “Life’s too short to be a man’s enemies. I may bawl them out, but it’s nothing personal. My notion is, get ‘em told and forget about it—” This notion was illustrated one day when she ripped Susan Hayward. Later, she sailed over to Romanoff’s for lunch. There sat Miss Hayward. “Hello, Susie,” smiled Louella. Susie nodded. Louella’s face took a puzzled look. She turned to Dorothy Manners. “Did you think she was a little cool to me?” With the phone conversation still hot in her ears, Dorothy brightened up.

She has no patience with the much-touted Hopper feud. “The idea of two women at each other’s throats revolts me. I’m sure Hedda’s as sick of the whole business and so are they’ve never been intimates, and aren’t now. But they’re on easy terms—or would be, if the hecklers quit heckling.” When Hopper gave way James Paterson, Parsons went. When Parsons had a bad throat, Hopper called with friendly advice.

Louella’s quickness to spare others’ feelings may be partly due to the fact that her own have been so frequently mauled. She knows well enough what it means to be attacked. This story is no apology for Louella. She doesn’t need one. She’s capable of a little picayune side. Her vagueness, for instance. She’s about as vague as the Empire State Building. Her gaze may be hard, but she still doesn’t miss a trick. Certainly, her beloved Harriet’s affairs are of paramount concern to her. Yet even Harriet’s been known to blow up. “Mother, you’re not listening—”

“Have’n I?” And Mother spins right back at her every word she’s said. Louella’s so-called vagueness is merely a way to keep her mind on six different things at once. It likewise becomes a bit tiresome to hear about all the presents she gets for Christmas. The practice of sending Christmas gifts to the press started long before Louella appeared on the scene. She didn’t initiate and doesn’t control it. What they don’t publicize is that she gives as good and better than she gets. Her annual gift list is a pain in the neck to her business manager. But gifts are for friends. If some player she doesn’t know seeks to ingratiate himself, she should take money’s ill spent. Nothing irks her more than the foolish assumption that she can be bought.

Because she’s been so often and so thoroughly panned in print, Louella is all-out-of-proportion grateful for recognition in print. Last season, reader-listeners of Radio Mirror chose her their favorite woman commentator in the annual Radio Mirror Awards poll. The presentation, made on her broadcast, left Louella glowing and somewhat shy. Sometimes she gives it or not, held the kind of shy pleasure you see in a child. Later, as she was going on to a dinner date, someone offered to take charge of the Awards scroll for her. “No thank you,” said Louella. “I wouldn’t be parted from it!”

If Louella has been—and she must have been—hurt by the ceaseless jabs and sneers and self-constituted, she’s kept the hurt well hidden and taken most of the jabs good-humoredly. As a public figure she considers herself fair game. Only when the fire gets too tough does she light up. Yet even then she resists the temptation to fight back. And if anyone tries to get at her through Harriet or Docky, the gloves are off and no holds barred.

She’s taken no course. No woman in her spot could please everyone and keep that spot. But her detractors are mostly the rumor-and-hearsay boys. Those who know her best insist she’s a kind, lovable person with her fair share of foibles and more than her share of generosity. Very few people leave Louella’s employ. Occasionally, her husband insisted that she quit to keep house. To Collins, her butler, Louella’s the world with a fence around it. Nobody knows just how long she’s been with her, since they both keep adding on years to make him sound like a family re-

Radio Mirror Daytime Fashions: Pages 46, 47

*If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where Radio Mirror Fashions are sold, write to the manager, listed below:

Wool and rayon check dress: Nafi Bee, 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Rayon gabardine dress with velvet trim: Pat Hartley, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
tainer from way back. As a retainer, Collins feels he has the right to boss her. He disapproves of her diets, and sneaks butter on her eggs when the cook's not looking. Sometimes he disapproves of the people she visits. Once, while her husband was away, she had a dinner date that Collins tried to talk her out of. "They say the lady's loose, Mrs. Martin. The doctor wouldn't like it—" She told him he could call for her at the safe hour of eleven. He arrived at ten and waited within the hallway, which is not his custom.

In the seventeen years of association with Dorothy Manners, they've had words just once—a record made more notable by the fact that Manners is another positive character. Their words rose from the Chaplin-Barry paternity case:

"I don't think he's the father," said Louella.

"I do," said Dorothy.

"You know nothing about it," snapped Louella.

"I can still have my opinion," snapped Dorothy back.

On her desk next morning she found six pairs of stockings and a bottle of her favorite perfume. On the teavwriter she took part in the most execrable typing, all hashed up with crosses and asterisks. "Are you mad at me?"

Her lavish way with a dollar drives her business manager crazy. She regards him as a combination watchdog and revenue agent. When he says there's no money in the bank, she thinks he's bluffing and calls up to find out. Once she asked him for a large sum of cash. He said she couldn't have it. "I'll fix him," she thought, and drew a five thousand-dollar-bond out of the vault.

To her intense amazement, he hit the ceiling at this maneuver, and quit. He took all her wiles to lure him back.

She's a good cook and likes to brag about it. On occasion, she'll go farther. One noon she took her staff to lunch in the American Room at the Brown Derby. "Oh, that reminds me. I cooked the most marvelous spaghetti for Docky last night—"

All afe, she launched into details, down to the last ingredients and how she'd mixed them.

When the head chef looked in: "Hello, Miss Parsons. How was the spaghetti I sent over last night?"

Caught dead to rights, Louella's laugh rose louder than all the rest.

The great and serious ambition of her life was to give Harriet college training, because she'd felt the lack of it herself. Now it pays off in more ways than one. To her mother, Harriet's the source of infallible knowledge. She knows more than the books. Let some question arise in the Parsons office, and at RKO a certain phone will ring. "Darling, how do you spell juxtaposition?"

Harriet, a busy producer, may be in conference with eleven guys. Her mother could of course look up the word. So could Dorothy, Virginia or Dotty Manners. But none of them would deny Louella the bang she gets out of asking her daughter.

You don't even have to know Louella well to like her. For the first time you may be attending an industry dinner, where Miss Parsons is scheduled to speak. She gets up. Her eyes sweep the tables, graced by lovely glamorous creatures whose job includes glamour and loveliness. Her smile takes them all in. "Well," she begins, "as the youngest and prettiest woman in the room—" And the house comes down.

That's Louella's. Exclusive.
pump and this golden largesse cascades out in a steady stream of homes, travel trips and cruises, automobiles, fur coats, television sets and radios, free refrigerators, ranges, radios, toasters, bikes, roller skates, movie passes and, last but not least, cash awards. There are some two hundred nation-wide contests each year, giving off about ten million in cash and merchandise prizes. There are many times that many local and regional contests. In these, the prizes are not so likely about your chances of winning are better.

Where do the prizes go? They go everywhere; North, East, South and West; farms, small towns and big city. Wherever you are, you can win.

What kind of people win? The winners are people like you. Most of them are women. Women win eighty percent of the prizes. The composite picture of the big winners is a typical middle-class American housewife of about thirty-five with a couple of children, a home to high school education tucked away in her background. To her, contesting is a game, diversion and hobby, an intriguing and challenging pastime that keeps her mind alert and adds zest to life.

Does lightning ever strike twice? Yes! Kate Spain of Tulsa, Oklahoma, a grandmother of seventy-five, won the five-thousand-dollar First Prize in the O-Cedar Contest. Six months later she won the One-thousand dollar Diamond Ring First Prize in the Betty Crocker Sew Cool Contest.

Helen D. Radie of New Haven, Connecticut, a housewife, won the first Nash car to be awarded in the “Car a Day” Oxydol Limerick Last Line Contest—and the first Nash car to be awarded in the “Car a Day” Old Dutch Cleanser Limerick Last Line Contest.

Perhaps your lament is that you have entered many contests, but you’ve never won a prize. Were your entries read? Yes! In the big contests, the judging is turned over to professional judging agencies to select winners. It is done to eliminate any impartiality in selecting the winners. These agencies read and grade all entries submitted. Each entry is initialed by a judge to show that it has been read. The winners are then selected by the junior judges to the senior judges and then to the final judges.

So you haven’t won and want to do something about it. Here are Seven Secrets of Winning that have helped others win and may be just what you need to ring the bell. They will give you a worthwhile change of direction in the finish.

1. Go in to win and to win, go out to win. You can’t win if you don’t enter! Being in on the big contests adds an expectancy flavor to your daily life that mailman of yours may hand you a long thin envelope with the thrill of a lifetime in it.

2. Enter the little contests too! Your chances of winning are better because the competition is lighter. The real hobbyist gets a bang out of bagging any prize, large or small.

3. Obey the rules! Read them carefully and adhere to them without deviation. In every contest, more than half of the entries break one or more of the rules and are discarded for that reason.

4. Avoid the obvious! Your first thoughts about any subject or product are likely to be the first thoughts of the judges; of others also. The big secret is to go on where others leave off. Try to make every entry you write a bit original and individual. The judges are likely to be terrific! Most entries fail to win because they are too broad and vague. Custom-tailor your entries to fit the product you are entering, take a little deeper than the other fellow; write a little more explicitly.

6. Be sincere! Glib, tongue-in-cheek entries fail by the wayside. No sponsor is interested in works for counterfeits. To win, tell how the product benefits you in a personal way.

7. Stay in there and pitch! Don’t be discouraged. The winners are the losers who keep on trying! Most contests are announced on the air and your radio can be a passport to prizes if you tune in with a notebook at hand, ready to jot down the rules of a contest when one comes along. Often a contest is announced on a radio program and entry blanks are available to eager listeners. This is ideal, as you don’t have to jot down the rules hurriedly as the announcer gives them on the air. You have them in black and white on the program sheet.

Before you embark on your contest career, it will be well for you to see and study some winning entries. It is probable that the entries that have failed you in the past were well-worded entries. The chances are that you were licked by duplication of idea or wording. Duplication is the Number One sin in naming contests. In a contest to name a baby or a puppy or a toothbrush, there will be thousands of duplicate names. As all names are filed alphabetically prior to the judging of entries a “feather” flock together—and fail to win.

In a contest announced on The Great Gildersleeve radio program, you were asked to name a baby girl that Gildy found in the back of his car. Over one hundred thousand entrants submitted the name “Gilda” for the wait. This was a very appropriate name for the baby as Gildy’s first wife actually did receive the First Prize of a Ford car and one thousand dollars in cash. The sponsor could not afford to award one hundred thousand dollars; he added one million dollars in cash for “Gilda,” although it would have made him very popular.

The best way to be sure that you are whipping duplication in naming contests is to coin your names. For example, the First Prize Winning Name in The Great Gildersleeve contest was Room-T. Instead of “Dolly” and “Bunny” and “merry.” Here is a cooked-up word that sounds something like a girl’s name. You may not think it as suitable as your own, but it is original and unique. It was not duplicated.

Another way to whip duplication is to borrow a word from some other field. When the Hollywood, California, saw the announcement of Down Beat Magazine’s “New Name for Jazz” Contest, she went about her minting of the magic word by recalling that Hollywood’s nickname was “longhair.” This seemed to be a good jumping off place. She thought of “short hair—no hair—bald head—fuzz head—clipped hair—crewcut.” “Crewcut” was the opposite word she sought and “Crewcut” won the one-thousand-dollar First Prize.
Contest winners are the highest paid writers in the world. A California lady tops the field by winning a five-thousand-dollar Prize with a five-letter word of the alphabet. Some years ago a builder in the Sunshine State offered a tempting five-thousand-dollar Award for the best name for his new California Bungalow, the kind with plenty of glass to let the sunshine in. The winner dropped the "b" from "bungalow," put an "a" in its place, bobbed up with "California Sungalow" and banked the prize.

In Slogan contests, your entries should be catchy and memorable. A superb example is the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund Winning Slogan: "Arrest Cancer! It's Wanted For Murder!" This top winner won a home and lot for its writer.

Short words are best. In a Jimmy Fidler Kids Day Foundation Slogan Contest, the Grand Prize was a thirty-three-thousand-dollar jackpot of prizes and the winning slogan was: "Child By Child, We Build Our Nation!" Similar words help to make slogans catchy. "There's More Pick-Up Per Cup" won the one-thousand-dollar First Prize in a Nash Coffee Slogan Contest and "More Styleage, More Mileage, More Smilesage" won the same in an Arch Preserver Shoe Slogan Contest.

Last line contests are very popular at the present time. The sponsor supplies an incomplete jingle or limerick and you add a last line of your own to it. One important thing to keep in mind is that your last line must not only rhyme with the designated line but it must contain the same number of syllables also. Moreover, it should swing along with the same rhythm or meter. To test the rippling rhythm of your last line, read it aloud. Does it have the rhythm of the line with which it rhymes? If not, rework it so that it does. "It won't win a thing if it ain't got that swing!"

In a recent Old Dutch Cleanser Last Line Contest, Ruth Parnell of Shreveport, Louisiana won a Ford car. Old Dutch had been stressing speed in their advertising and the first word of the jingle was "Fast!" Does the rhythm of the last word and dramatized it in her last line. She flagged the judges with a vivid picture of the speed of Old Dutch as compared with less modern cleansers. Here are the three lines supplied by the sponsor and Mrs. Parnell's Winning Last Line:

Faster, easier—saves you work
Old Dutch Cleanser chases dirt
With Activated Seisimoto Dutch "telegraphs" while others "scream!"

Read aloud the third line of the Old

The Life of a Glamorous Woman Reporter!

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SEND NO MONEY
Dutch, single and you will find that the accent or beat falls on every other syllable. Read aloud Mrs. Parnell's last line and you will find this same rhythm: ta-boom ta-boom ta-boom ta-boom. Both lines are syllabically identical.

We come now to that hardy perennial, the twenty-five word statement contest. You complete the sentence "I like Super Sourdough Pickles because..." in twenty-five words or less.

In entering statement contests, buy and try the product. Get acquainted with its special purposes and virtues. Adeptness in supremely important statement contests. Write sincerely, concisely and specifically, telling how the product benefits you in a personal way. As the tempo of modern judging is fast, tuck in a word or phrase to flag the eye of the judge and to win for your entry a second and more leisurely reading.

There is a statement written by Lois Pauls of Tampa, Florida, which won a Daily Prize of one hundred dollars, the Weekly Prize of one thousand dollars and the Grand Prize of five thousand dollars in an Oxydol contest. "I like Oxydol because its rich, lasting suds give me the same pleasing results week after week—every piece washed clean, rinsed clean, refreshed!"

Of the twenty-two words used in this statement, seventeen are of one syllable. Big words are likely to slow down your entries. This entry is apt, concise and clever. Why couldn't it be split up?

Here is a winning entry in a different kind of statement contest. It won the Grand Prize of a Coast-to-Coast Trip in the Conestoga Contest by the Queen For A Day radio show. It is apt, pictorial and personal. "I need a vacation because I want to recover my identity which I lost somewhere between the maternity ward and the washing machine."

The following statement on juvenile delinquency won a television set. It is an excellent example of an eye-flagging entry: "STOP Juvenile Delinquency by encouraging STRAYWARDS to do the RIGHT THING now, instead of discouraging THEM FROM DOING THE WRONG THING later."

The quiz contests on radio and television are a gold mine of prizes for listeners as well as for studio contestants. The awards are not as spectacular as those of the last line and statement contests, but they keep flowing out week after week, month after month, you can never win prizes.

Take the popular Quiz Kids radio show. Since the show first came on the air in 1940, five thousand four hundred ninety-seven radios have been given away to fans whose questions have been used. For questions missed on the radio show, two hundred twenty-four radio-phonograph combinations have been awarded. Despite your efforts, you may be penalized. But researching for quiz material is like going on a treasure hunt. You never know when you are going to hit pay dirt. Your best source of very hard quiz questions are dictionaries, encyclopedias, the Bible, standard books of reference on sports, music, history and literature, and most bookstores, magazines and newspapers. Unless your question is one of opinion, always give the answer and the source of reference. It is desirable to formulate your questions from sources of information easily procurable by the judges, in case they want to verify them.

An old Persian proverb reads: "Luck is infatuat ed with the efficient!" Here are Seven Special Secrets of Winning for contests. They will help you go about picking your words cleverly and efficiently.

1. Make your quiz questions interesting! Quiz shows are put on for entertainment. Select material with wide appeal and ask questions cleverly.

2. Be sure that your entries are easily read at a glance. If your handwriting is not clear, type or print your entries. Illegible entries are wasted.

3. Style and slant your questions to the radio show. If you plan to submit some entries to the Quiz Kids, listen in on three or four of their programs and note the kind of subjects and the kind of questions they prefer.

4. Submit timely questions—and time their arrival! For example, questions about Easter or Christmas should be mailed at least a month before, as the programs are planned in advance.

5. Do not make your questions too easy and do not make them too hard. Learn the kind of questions the Quiz Kids and experts on Information, Please can handle harder questions than the average person selected from an audience.

6. Phrase your questions clearly, simply and concisely. Never mind the literary flourishes. Do not use fifty words when ten will suffice. Time is precious on the radio.

7. Keep your questions in the bag until you are invited to enter. Keep studying the different quiz shows and keep submitting timely, interesting, correct questions and answers with sources of information.

Here is a Quiz Kids winning question that illustrates good showmanship in subject matter and in wording: Question: You wanted to sponsor a concert under water what kind of fish would you select to play in the orchestra? Answer: Trumpet Fish, Cornet Fish, Bugler Fish, Guitar Fish, Fiddler Crab, Drum Fish. Reference: Webster's New International Dictionary.

This is an interesting question, interestingly worded. The obvious way to phrase it would be: "What fish have musical names?" This maker phrased it in a more novel and entertaining way.

Lock plays a role in contesting. Good entries do not always win. On the other hand, a poor entry may always lose. In the long run, the good and bad breaks even up.

Pluck plays a bigger role. George says: "Winners are not always the ones who know it is that which can be done immediately; the impossible takes a little longer!" The impossible is achieved daily in the contest pastime. One of America's biggest successes is an example. A young lad lost his alert mind and unconquerable spirit carry him on to prize after prize.

It can happen to you! You can win! But as the old sage says, it is easier than the other fellow if you want to bag the prizes. This for the American Dream—and the American Way. Buy and try, you may be the winner of a piece of the Golden Fence, be sure to sharpen your shears!

SWAMPED!

Because of the overwhelming response to the Johnny and Penny Olsen Home Method Contest [Sept. issue], RADIO MIRROR's staff has not had time to read all the entries. Therefore, winners will be announced in the December issue instead of in this issue as originally planned.
Home Is Where You Make It

(Continued from page 45)

Success is meaningless to Jack unless it is used for a pleasant life. He looks upon the Big Timers in his business who eat and sleep and work, work, work. Of course they pile up more money, but what, he thinks, is money for?

For the Smiths, it is for more good times with more good friends, for more good food, and more travel—to South America in the summer of '47, to Hawaii in summer of '48, the last two summers to Europe, next summer to India and the Middle East.

It should follow that the house that Jack leased (building was out of the question) would be as cheerful and relaxed as the Smiths themselves. And it does. From the minute you walk in to the big red living room you know that it's a happy house.

Grouped around the big fireplace in the living room are a vast, curving green velvet sofa, two downy magenta chairs and a circular coffee table of heroic proportions. A deep pile green string rug is laid wall to wall, in this room, the center foyer, and the dining room across the hall. The same green, with magenta highlights is repeated in the ceiling-to-floor draperies which are pulled back in the time to highlight the view, drawn at night to make the big room warm and intimate.

Except for the upholstered pieces—and a spectacular mahogany cabinet which houses the radio, phonograph and television receiver—all of the pieces in the room are antiques, the fine old wood pieces enhanced by old pewter candle holders, Pennsylvania, brass fireplace fixtures, a globe lamp.

Across the hall, in the dining room, comfortable arm chairs are drawn up to a vast, round Lazy Susan dining table. One whole wall of this room is given over to a fine Williamsburg sideboard—"it weighs over six hundred and fifty pounds"—Jack boasts which is one of 65 of their collection of antiques Jack bought sight unseen.

"I was sick in bed," he recalls, "and I saw it in an ad in an antique magazine. Without the least hesitation I sent in my order. The freight bill must have cut at least one country out of the summer's travel.

"We've had more than sixty dinner guests in these two rooms," Jack marvels. Vickii has used her imagination to make the house, which looks intimate and compact, expandable. One trick, which turns the big, central table into a centerpiece of the living room is the one thousand dollar dining room suite.

In a room designed for maid's quarters at the back of the house, Vickii used more cupboards and a Stuart plaid wallpaper to turn a small, fairly cheerless cubby hole into combination office and sewing room. All of Jack's transcriptions are stored in one wall of the cupboards, Vickii's sewing machine and dress-making form in another. This intelligent use of otherwise wasted space left the library free of clutter, added in effect a second "living room," added in fact a second "living room," added in fact a second "living room,"

They're safe for next Christmas - in Kleenex!

Little Lulu says: WHEN YOU UN-TRIM THE TREE -
PACK DELICATE ORNAMENTS AWAY IN SOFT KLEENEX* TISSUES,
AND AVOID BREAKAGE. A SPECIAL PROCESS KEEPS
KLEENEX TISSUES EXTRA SOFT. GENTLE, STURDY KLEENEX
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For Women

Free Booklet

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and the drapes are in a gay red and mustard yellow chiffon. Jack has a small bar there, loaded with pewter mugs, an old hutch table holds stacks of magazines and Vicki's scrapbooks. Antique lovers who set foot for the first time in the Smiths' cheery house immediately demand the full tour, and Vicki conducts them upstairs to see the canopy beds, spool beds, and Victorian marble-topped wash stands. The canopy beds are in the Smiths' bed chamber, a restful haven with pale blue wallpaper and crisp white organdy curtains.

"You've transplanted Connecticut," one awestruck visitor said.

"And New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and upper New York," Jack remarks them, remembering the exhaustive searching trips which procured all this wealth of antiquity as well, no doubt, as the muscle aches from scraping, waxing, polishing and staining which followed the trips.

Most of their guests are agreeably impressed with antiquing. George Montgomery, for instance, who is a furni-
ture maker of no mean talent himself.

"When Dinah brought George to din-
ner the first time, Vicki recalls, "he came in the door and promptly disappeared. We found him on his back on the floor under the Lazy Suzan—trying to find out how it was put together."

The Smiths realize that they have had a lot more time and energy than most young couples for scouring about the countryside in search of antiques. They have no children—which has been a grave disappointment—and so have had a maximum of free hours to pursue their hobby.

Old furniture is fine, so is freedom, but it is obvious to the Smiths' friends that they would have traded both cheerfully for Grand Rapids tables decorated with crayon scrawls and car-

desfigured with spilled milk.

Their house is by no means childless. Jack's brother, Walter Reed, has three small sprouts, who have the run of the Smith house. Jack sponsors a baseball team of teen-agers. And there are al-
ways homemade cookies in the cookie jar for small fry who drop by with their parents.

The Smiths make up for the lack of

a family of their own by making their friends all feel as welcome in their house as their sisters and cousins and their aunts. They like nothing better than having mobs of people for dinner, and usually can find a good ex-
cuse.

In warm weather, dinner is served in the garden, by the light of old ship's lanterns. Jack, who says he can't boil water on an ordinary stove, can barbee

cue a steak or turn a roast on his elec-

tric spit with na trouble at all. Vicki

turns out her famous salad in one of

the giant wooden bowls which are

her favorite items in the antique col-
lection, and the gang is fed. In the

winter the parties move indoors at

Vicki moves into the kitchen. A

collection of cook books from every

country she has ever visited—

and every country she hopes to visit—

which leaves very few countries out.

Friends with sensitive (Hollywood ulcer type) stomachs are warned to bring their own health food.

What comes out of the big copper pot in Vicki's kitchen are East Indian curi-

ries, Chinese lobster with black be-

sauce, Mexican guacamole or Hawaiian poli.

"Our friends keep coming back, so

I guess the food isn't too frightening. Vicki comments modestly.

Some of the more frequent comers-

back are Dinah and George Mont-

gomery, the Jeff Alexanders, the Mr.

Smiths' latest graduates, and the Mer-

edith Willsons.

"I like lots of people," Jack says.

"And all at once," Vicki adds cheer-

fully.

He also likes lots of food, good food

and parties and lots of good food are

synonymous with the Smiths. Parties

and travel. But they are coming back

to the house. It is to cook for the

cocker spaniel Buff—who was not ex-

pected to live for a week when they

bought him and is now a dignified old
gentleman of eleven. They come back

to make plans for the next summer, and

the next, and the next.

The house which was a compromise

one-two years ago, looked welcoming

—like home. And, since Jack and

Vicki have made it theirs with their

lovely things and their skills, it is

home.

The dream of "a home of our own," however, has not been abandoned.

"I have my eyes on a lot," Jack says.

"an acre and a half, with a breathtaking

view. If I can get it, we'll build—a

house with lots and lots of windows

and a whole room with nothing but

closets."

Vicki is keeping up a dozen scrap

books against the happy day that they

can build their house. One is full of

just fireplaces. Another front doors

Bedrooms. And kitchens. Especially

kitchens.

The Smiths will get their house one
day, and no doubt live happily in it—

with summers off for travel—even

after. In the meantime, they'll con-

tinue to live happily, wherever they are.

**listen to the**

**JACK BENNY SHOW**

Sundays 7:00-7:30 P. M., EST

**Over the**

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
and read Jack Benny's own story plus color portrait of him and

Mary Livingston in TRUE STORIES Magazine now on the newsstands.
first faced Griffith's cameras. Their downstairs neighbors never miss a Hollywood Screen Test program, and although they appreciate the bright new screen talent Neil introduces on the show, for them it's mostly Hamilton: The better Neil's part, the better the show.

Besides being a good neighbor, and a handy man with a vacuum cleaner or lawn mower, he's active in civic affairs and asked frequently to give informal talks on television and a variety of subjects at women's clubs, churches, synagogues and local organizations. During the last war he toured the Aeletes in a USO unit, doing a magic show and a memory act he worked up.

Only one of us had seen Neil on the screen before we met him in person on April 15, 1948, the night he made his TV debut as a guest on our first Hollywood Screen Test show. I (and this is Leste Lewis talking now) had seen that fine silent movie, "Beau Geste," and when I was about thirteen. The male stars were Neil, Ronald Colman, William Powell, and while I still remember them I have to confess that it was the beautiful Alice Joyce who sent me home dreaming. As I grew older I became a Hamilton fan.

And I (this is Juliet Lewis talking now) had the fun of seeing Neil Hamilton on the screen for the first time with Neil sitting next to me, laughing at the younger Hamilton in "Beau Geste."

"Wait," he said, "until you catch this next scene coming up. That camel hated me like poison, I'm sure."

The shot showed Legionnaire Neil on a camel, and told how that every time he got himself fixed up nice and tidy for the cameras with his jacket pulled down trimly, the camel would turn his head sidewise and pull at his coat. But Neil's characteristic calm won out over the camel's vagaries.

We both think that one great underlying reason for his poise on television, apart from the long training on stage and screen, is his profound faith. He doesn't hesitate to tell you that as a devout Catholic he believes in prayer. When he was an infant his mother tripped with him in her arms while getting off a street car, and in trying to protect him she twisted her spine.

Doctors told her it was a walk slightly bent over. Then, when Neil was six, he hurt his right elbow in a fall and once again the doctor's verdict was permanent disability, with loss of control of the arm.

Mother Neil turned to prayer and with her little boy she visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, celebrated for its healing power. Neil tells you, quite simply and directly, that on the third day both mother and son were healed. Time and time again since, he says, his faith has been justified, when it has been most efficient.

When, more than two years ago, Neil took the permanent assignment of playing the director on Hollywood Screen Test, he told us, with a grin, that it was a sign of progress for him. The ABC studio from which we telecast is at 7 West Sixth-sixth Street, in New York. Said Neil, "It began my professional career, as a photographer's model, at 7 West Sixty-fifth Street. So, in thirty years, I have moved a block up. And moving up is always progress!"

Neil Hamilton
(Continued from page 55)
she means.

1/4 cup prepared pancake mix
3 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons olive oil
1/2 cup milk
All mixed to give the consistency of a thin soup.

Spoon out on flat, liberally buttered griddle, not too hot, about the temperature you would use for ordinary pancakes. Tip griddle back and forth so the mixture runs out paper thin. Let brown, and you've five pancakes ends over to hold it in, and serve piping hot. Serves six.

Dick, who is program director for WCLF-AM and WGLC-AM, also recommends a favorite recipe, too, learned from his wife's program. More about that later.

The Doans moved to their house in the Silvermine woods a year ago last summer, and with them, of course, went the four precious pieces of furniture that they bought when Dick went into the Navy. Freshened with new blue slip covers, bound and tufted with white, they were the first things set in place in the upstairs combination bed and sitting room in their Silvermine home. The quartette consists of a bed and lamp, a love seat and matching chair with ottoman, now upholstered in front of the red brick fireplace place.

This upstairs room runs the full width of the house, and is reached by a flight of steps at one end of the living room. The ceiling is peaked, the glass doors that lead to a roof terrace let in the sky by day or night. With finely tufted, berry yellow. Dorothy made the dressing table skirt from a pair of embroidered organycurtains, caught up with bunches of daisies. There's a Peter Hunt desk, decorated with hearts and romantic French phrases.

Downstairs are the living room, kitchen, another bedroom and bath, a television room, a complete guest wing with its own entrance.

From the outside, the house looks like a Hansel and Gretel cottage that just happens to favor the wrinkles of a log house, with blue-green trim around the white window frames, its hospitable front door lighted by a golden lantern. Chairs, enter the little front hall, dec- orated with a framed replica of Dick's family coat of arms, and the big living room spreads invitingly before you, with its superb view of the Silvermine River. The two-story room is paneled in dark wood, with high peaked ceiling. A rough-hewn log, planed only across the top and bottom, forms the mantel shelf over the fieldstone fireplace. An oval Cape Cod braid rug, predominantly blue, and some New England throw rugs cover the floor, and floor-to-ceiling glass widens the view. A pair of tulip design she is making square by square on the loom in the corner.

Deep decked from decks, used on hauling tugs, Dick's home state, stand on the sills of two small high set windows on the fireplace side. There's curiosity, the mantel shelf, acquired in Cape Code fishing villages, and a Hepplewhite chest and tilt top table. A warm rose couch flanks one wall and big, comfortable upholstered chairs, ottomans cluster round the fireplace.

It's here the dining table is set on winter evenings, but breakfast is served in the adjoining kitchen, and you couldn't imagine a pleasanter place to begin the day. The first thing you notice is an easy chair, just the thing for the person who wants to wake yet still wants to know what's cooking. The walls are splashed with pale yellow, the linenoleum is yellow-patterned, the window curtains are the same color and the curtains are a gay yellow, gray and pink plaid.

Shelvess are filled with lovely china and glassware, and some cherished old place mats. Dorothy is holding on to since their first housekeeping days. The coffee pot stands ready on the electric range, because Dorothy is a coffee lover, and often forgets to eat when she's busy. Coffee is often served in a little patio just outside, from which you get a sweeping view of the cozy little river that widens out just at this point to give the Doans their own small private island. You go down a long flight of stairs made of rock, to the barbecue, where steaks and frankfurters are roasted for summer evening parties, and to the swimming hole.

Workers come up to meet the bright flower gardens, and it's here that Dick's tractor has been such a help. Dick had been pricing tractors and deciding to do without one for a while. It meant saving every dime, but several weeks later, when someone told him about a secretary for a New York corporation, living in a little apartment, who had won a radio quiz show jackpot that included a new tractor. There was a foot of deep freeze, and a garden tractor with all the attachments. A rancher had bought the steer, and by the time Dick got home, the money was gone. Why? Only the tractor was left. He bought it and week-ends it works overtime.

Monday mornings, of course, and straight through Friday, there's the 8-11 from nearby Norwalk and the 6-22 out of Grand Central at night, if they're both lucky enough to make it. Dinner is necessarily late, but they both prefer to turn in younger lives rather than meet a cook's schedule.

In the train, Dorothy ponders over the commercials for the show, translating them into her own direct, sincere phraseology, and Dick maps out program plans. But once home, everything changes. Both with pitch in, and soon the house is filled with good cooking smells. Dick scrambles eggs like ambrosia, and you haven't lived until you've tasted his special sauce for baked potatoes. A deep freeze has now solved most of their marketing problems, and Dorothy cooks up a lot of things over weekend. She also gets Sunday breakfast in bed, served by Dick.

Here's Dick's favorite supper recipe, learned too from a guest on the Vanity Fair program. It's called Brazilian Chop Suey.

Heat 1/4 cup peanut oil in skillet and Saute 1 large diced onion. 1 green pepper quartered, and 1 stalk of celery, cut 1-inch lengths included.

Add 1/2 cup meat to tomato paste
One small can mushrooms 1/4 cup whole cashew nuts 1/4 cup soy sauce (drained) 1 small can whole cooked shrimp (or fresh shrimp)

Let simmer for ten minutes, season with salt, pepper, all-sauce and nutmeg.

Serve hot over steamed rice.

Serves four dainty eaters, or two Doans, according to Dorothy!
planned for pleasant family life rather than for display. There's a wide living room with deep carpet, bright chairs, convenient tables and a grand piano stacked with music. The dining room is a size ample for family dinners and behind that is a new room built across the back of the house, Lawrence explains, to make them are getting bigger, we needed more space, but we liked this house and didn't want to move. So we just built another room. It's my office, says Lawrence, and the amusement room for all of us.

"All" means Fern, Lawrence's lovely wife and Shirley Jean, Donna Lee and Lawrence Jr., their three children.

Telling the truth, but Lawrence flashed that sudden smile.

"Tell them first," he said, "I think it's an advantage to be born out in the wide open spaces."

On that score, Lawrence Welk should be an authority, for his own birthplace was the Hopalong Cassidy movie. The North Dakota prairie rolled almost unbroken around the sod house which his parents Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Welk had built themselves.

There were eight children and the Welks were the musical family of the frontier community. While the father played piano, the young Welks played fiddle and clarinet and the mother and daughters sang. Lawrence learned the old world waltzes and polkas which later grew into his characteristic Champagne music. He progressed to playing for Saturday night dances in the town of Winona, father was far from happy. "But a little opposition is good for a boy," he said. "It made me work for what I wanted and value it after I got it."

It was a magnificent understatement. The little opposition of which he spoke came to a head when Lawrence was seventeen and saw a picture of a piano accordion in a mail order catalog. It cost $400. Minus cash but rich in plan, he went to work for what was then a small manufacturer.

Recalling the conference, Lawrence said, "Dad had a peculiar philosophy. Instead of watching out for his own selfish interests, he told me it was good for the other fellow!" He decided this would be good for me. Either I would become a good accordion player, or I'd meet a girl and get married.

He took the latter route and I felt good to be the farmer he wanted me to be. When I stuck to my music, he kept his bargain, gave me his blessing."

With one of his first jobs came another indication of his education. "There was a band leader," he recounts, "who booked us into small towns all over the Dakotas and Nebraska. He made me play a little change away from the guy for eating money. Then came the morning when I walked down the street of a little Nebraska town, and there was my boss, luxuriating in a twenty-five cent shave.

"I stood a long minute staring through the glass, thinking. The only color was red. The oder was leather, and I knew that I already had bought five hamburgers for the band. I'll never forget how hungry I was and how mad I was. That was the point where I left the business of music for good. I was not one who realized I must learn to be a good business man. I never wanted anyone to feel about me as I felt about that band leader!"

Welk made the decision pay dividends on his next job. An old trouper, George T. Kelly, brought vaudeville to the rural regions. His offer sounded good to Lawrence held out for a partnership.

"And then," says Lawrence with a little twist to his smile, "I found out about it when I found that one section's star could be another section's lousy. We headed South, into a district where the dance was regarded as mortal sin.

"Poor and poorer, Lawrence returned to North Dakota to start over. He got a band together, gained some popularity—but little cash—and received his first offer to make recordings."

"Just about the time the booker Lawrence "I found the most important of all assets. I married the right wife." Fern takes up the story. "I was a student nurse and hearing the kids in the dormitory rave over Lawrence Welk, I thought, "Now isn't that just like a bunch of silly girls."

"But when the group persuaded her to attend a Broadway show with them, the handsome young man back of the microphone was introduced and promptly invited her to dinner.

Lawrence Welk was married in Sioux City, April 18, 1931. The booker called right after the wedding to inform Lawrence an engagement had been made and a settlement made. As a honeymoon, the Welks made a long jump to the next dance date. The longest jump of all almost a year later from Albany to Phoenix.

There the worst jolt awaited them. The ballroom, too, had gone broke. What's more, Fern was pregnant. It was by far the worst situation Lawrence had ever faced.

The experience scared him enough to put him into the hotel business. Fern, to have the babies went on to Dallas, Lawrence, on arrival, leased a small residential hotel. Income from the property was their living.

Texans for two years they returned to North Dakota and Lawrence went back to the band.

It was the sleeper which, indirectly, brought his chance to achieve his ambition of being a national star. On a trip to Minnesota, a band went down to sihl for the band, the band made a profit of two dollars. The Coke set was broken pretty well in those days. We drew a smaller, older crowd, but they had money in their pockets. The St. Paul made a profit, and because they did, we were able to go on to the William Penn in Pittsburgh, and the Hotel Lowry in Winona, 1930 or 1931."

And as for Lawrence himself, the days of sleeper busses aren't wasted on him, either. His latest venture is the Lawrence Welk Theater. It's a snack with carrot sticks, onions and radishes surrounding a luscious hamburger and served in an attractive basket."

"I am almost satisfied with it," he concludes. "When I get it just right, it will be delicious as the hamburger I dreamed about, when I didn't have a nickel in my pocket."
Shirley’s sake!—he must produce something very special.
And so he had. The day he ripped the final page from his machine, he knew he’d written a story to be proud of. Hale would think so too—he must! It was right there in black and white, a story that was unETCHable, unequal, written by a man who obviously knew his job. For this story Hale might be able to get two thousand, maybe even twenty-five hundred. Enough to prove to himself, to Portia, to all of Park-erstown that Walter Manning wasn’t just wasting his time when he sat day after day locked in his study.

If only Christopher hadn’t chosen just that time to show up. Or if he had to do it, if there was some timetable of fate that he held to their door at just that moment, after twenty years of silence—if only he had gone away again at once! Back to South America. Back to his fooling with poisonous plants, his research in toxicology that took him to corners of the globe so glamorous that even Portia, a sensible and level-headed woman, hadn’t been able to keep the c AMBITION out of her eyes that first night at dinner when Christopher was persuaded to talk about his work. Reluctantly, Walter acknowledged to himself that they’d had to persuade Chris to talk.

“I want to know about you, Walter,” Chris had protested. “What I’ve been doing is all dull stuff, clinical details you couldn’t possibly understand.”

“We’re not so uneducated as all that,” Walter had interrupted swiftly. He had remembered to smile as he said it, but he noted a glint from Portia’s dark eyes and warned himself not to be so childishly defensive again.

Dickie added eagerly, “Yeah, tell us, Uncle Chris. About the Amazon and that stuff. What you were telling me upstairs.”

Chris smiledly turned the topic aside. “It’s not fair to me,” he said firmly. “It was my curiosity about you folks that reunited us. If you had all been so anxious to ask questions about myself, Walter would have come around sooner than he wouldn’t for me.” His eyes sparkled as he appealed to Portia. “As a lawyer, Portia, you know a logical argument when you hear one. Isn’t that one logical?”

“Faultless,” Portia agreed. “But as a woman—as your sister-in-law I must confess I’m twice as curious as Walter would ever admit being. So about that trip up the Amazon—”

Walter watched them, while he seemed to give all his attention to lighting a cigarette. Their laughing faces showed goodness and affection already, though they had known one another only a few hours. After Christopher had arrived, after the first ex-cited and somewhat awkward intro-ductions were over, after they had argued and persuaded until Christopher finally agreed to make it at least an overnight before he had cornered Walter as he was changing his shirt for dinner and had attacked him at once on the subject of his long estrangement from Chris—why?—she had insisted. “Why, why didn’t you even mention him, Walter? He’s a tremen-dous person!”

Walter, evading her eyes, bent to pick out a pair of socks. He muttered something he knew she couldn’t hear.

“Walter, I can’t hear you. What did you say?” He straightened up, annoyed because he knew he was flushing.

“I said we quareled,” Inwardly he was waiting, knowing that the next question would be: Quareled? But wasn’t there a question on the table? What had two young brothers quarrel over that would be bitter enough to separate them for twenty years?

It was a question. Now, sitting at the table, watching Christopher being charming, Walter felt, absolutely felt, that Portia was framing the ques-tion over again in her mind. But of course she couldn’t ask it out loud.

And yet amazingly she did. Walter couldn’t believe his ears. Outraged, he heard her saying, laughing a little, “Do tell me, Christopher, if you remember—what on earth was it you and Walter quareled about, that time? I can’t forgive either of you, since it’s meant that you haven’t met Walter’s family until now.”


“Christopher said to himself. I couldn’t forget. Not in twenty years or a million. How could I? It was a fight over the very essence of what’s true that’s true. You and I. It was the truth of why I can never be your friend, Chris, even though I am your brother. It was your arrogance that foamed about. Aloud, he only said, “I can’t exactly recall. I have a faint recollection of myself saying I could, and of you saying I could not.”

The funny part of it was that he could still recall it. He couldn’t remember. But he’d wanted to do, or where he’d wanted to go. That didn’t matter. When he remembered the quarrels with Chris, he remembered, always, the same quarrel—his rebellion against Chris’s authority.

Walter came back to the dinner table with a start, and looked nervously round. Portia and Chris were chat-ting amiably, but he thought he caught in their talk an undertone of embar-rassment, as when people talk fervently of what they don’t want to talk about. Portia wasn’t an easy woman to deceive. By now she must know that in spite of the front he was trying to put up, he wasn’t glad to see his brother.

Chris was saying, “After all, why try to remember? The mistake wasn’t in quarreling but in taking it all so seri-ously. I guess both the Mannings took themselves a little over-seriously back in those days.”

Walter began to relax. Back in those days . . . that was a good point! Here he was, a mature—supposedly mature, anyway—man with a wife and two children. And although nobody could tell what, if anything, he was looking at, inwardly he had reverted to an eighteen-year-old stage—squirming with envy of his older, more successful, better-looking brother, convinced that Chris was trying to show him up, make him feel small; sure that Chris would very soon begin to offer him advice which Walter would rebuff with more his own secret suspicion that it was good ad-vice. At eighteen, all this had hap-pened. But it was ridiculous to feel the same way now! It was worse than ridiculous—it was shameful. Chris had
come with outstretched hand and the desire to be friendly. It was untested
petty not to meet him in the same spirit. If Portia knew . . . Walter
glanced almost guiltily at her. If she knew what had been going through his
mind, wouldn't she be ashamed? Especially if she knew he'd gone so far as
to sketch the kind of man she might think him wrong and Chris, whatever
the argument had been, right? He was so wrapped up in his resentment of
Chris that he was ready to turn it against Portia too—Portia, whose love
and loyalty were boundless!

Things went along much better after
that silent calling-down Walter gave
himself. Everything out of the
way, he found it easy to see why
Portia looked at Chris with starry eyes,
and why Dickie hung on every word.
His brother was different, face-to
face, Walter admitted that he was a
brother to be proud of . . .

And everything would have been
fine if Chris had come off again the next
day as he'd planned.

But he didn't go. During the night
both he and Dickie came down with
violent attacks of sickness which were
diagnosed, the next day, by the doctor
as botulinus poisoning. They had evi-
dently gotten it from a jar of green
beans which they'd sneaked into the
kitchen to pilfer from while Miss Daisy
was getting dinner. The rest of
the family had eaten the beans at dinner,
but as Chris explained, Walter, by
that time they'd be heated, and the
heat had destroyed the germs.

Walter was torn between con-
stitution and irritation, but after a few
days, when he recovered, he
thought that the ill-
ness was not serious, irritation began
to creep uppermost. It seemed to
him that all at once the whole house—
in fact the whole darned town—had be-
gun to revolve about Christopher. Lit-
tle Shirley was quite in the background.
To keep Chris from being bored, Por-
tia invited their friends to make bed-
side visits every night, and Walter
watched with increasing annoyance—
mixed, however, with that strange,
unwilling pride—as Christopher made
conquest after conquest of all the peo-
ple who met him. Dickie was beside
himself with pride, particularly since
Portia had moved him into the extra
guestroom. Christopher was thus
creating a kind of men's-dormitory
effect. To be sharing a room, man-to-
man, with an uncle who had spoken
to headhunters who knew the Amazon
country by the back of his own hand!
Walter saw Dickie's admiration bloom
into adoration, and was annoyed with
himself for the twinges of envy he felt.

There was the morning Chris said, in
answer to a question of Dickie's, that
the most important thing a man could
do, was find work that he liked and was
good at, and buckle down to it. "Take
me," he said. "I'm one of the lucky
ones. When I started out in medicine
I had no idea I'd end up in this spe-
cial field of poisons. But all the same
I was working toward it without really
knowing I was, and now here I am—
fascinated, not caring how hard I have
to work because to me it's the most
absorbing stuff in the world. It's im-
portant, Dickie, to be the right man in
the job that's right for you . . .

What's he making that speech for?
Walter thought at once. His willing-
ness to distrust Christopher, always
near the surface, boiled up and over.
All the way down the stairs and into
his study he turned Chris's remark over
in his mind, trying to squeeze from it
some meaning that would amount to a
criticism of himself. Did Chris mean
to suggest that he, Walter, hadn't found
the right work? That he was a misfit
as a writer? That he ought to be do-
ing something else instead of sitting
here staring at a typewriter?

"Oh, nonsense!" Walter thought.
"What's the matter with me, anyway?
There's no reason for Chris to think
that. This house doesn't look like a
poor man's house—these rooms are
comfortable, attractive, well-furnished;
Portia and the kids are happy and
well-looked-after. Why in the world
should he get the idea that I'm not
doing well at my work?" No reason,
he answered himself. No reason at all
—and yet the teasing, nervous question
remained: Not one counted as a reason
his own self trust. Nobody knew about
that, not Portia, not anyone except Walter him-
self. Nobody in the world knew how
he had lately begun to doubt himself.
How worried he was that Jonathan
Hale might . . . just possibly . . . not
accept his story at all. Nobody knew,
no one knew, and he'd never know. When
the story was accepted and the check
came in, all these doubts would vanish as
though they'd never been. Unless
Christopher managed to guess.

For a long time Walter sat motion-
less, staring at his hands as they lay
idly one on either side of the type-
ewriter. They looked so slender and
weak, compared to Christopher's hands
—Christopher's hands were brown, the
short hairs on the back bleached blond
by much tropical sun. A man's hands.
His own looked boyish, ineffectual. But
they weren't. He'd proved that, many
times. Stories had gone out, checks
had come in, the world's approval of

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Walter Manning as a writer. That would happen again. But he must work! He couldn't go on like this, this waste morning after morning. With sudden fierce energy, he found paper, carbons, rolled them into the machine, poised his hands on the keys. And then, melodiously, the door-chimes sounded. Once, Twice.

Walter's hands fell away from the keys. He listened, but there were no footsteps, no one coming in. He'd better go himself. Another interruption. Or—could it be what he was waiting for? The telegram from Jonathan Hale, about his figure. He went quickly to the door, flung it open and started for the hall door, but before he got there he realized he was needlessly excited. Hale couldn't possibly be answering this quickly.

Nonetheless it was the mailman who stood there, a white envelope in his hands. It was for Walter Manning. Sign here, please—thank you.

He was gone, moving slowly toward the fence in the sunlight, leaving Walter holding the white envelope between stiff, cold fingers. He turned it as he went back in and closed the door, and his fingers relaxed. Not from Hale. Of course not—there hadn't been time. So that was all right. For the time being. But what on earth was it, then? Department of Taxation and Finance. Out of the envelope slid a letter with pink edges. Walter glanced at them, then unbelievingly stood and read them again. And again. Then he leaned against the wall and stared down at them, his mind was crowded with all activities that stood boldly out from the typewritten words.

It was impossible to take this in. It was impossible to believe that he owed the government enough money—seventy-five hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, for—what did it say?—a mistake made in his 1947 income tax return.

Moving like a much older man, Walter went back into the study and shut the door. 1947. His mind began to operate again. He was nineteen then. He'd have to go to work.

He'd made a lot of money that year, sure enough—but the studio accountant himself had prepared Walter's return! Twenty-six thousand dollars! It was inconceivable that a professional accountant could make an error like that. The government must have made the error. But already it had happened. Accountants didn't go around leaving out a matter of over two thousand dollars... Walter's heart began a more normal pumping. His hand picked up speed. Something had better be done about this, right away.

He reached for the phone and called Bill Baker's office. Bill Baker's accountant would help him. He'd ask Bill to lend him the guy for a couple of hours, take all his 1947 papers down and they'd go over it together.

But it didn't even take that long. Bill's accountant had some free time before Christmas. He'd gone over the figures and half an hour had broken down the material Walter brought him into two long, frightening columns of figures. Figures whose information was untraditional, in fact. Figures which proved beyond any doubt that the studio accountant, in 1947, had simply forgotten to include certain royalties which a book of Walter's...Of course it happened.

Bill's man said regretfully, "It looks like they've got you, Mr. Manning. Sorry I couldn't make it come out any other way."

"Muttering thanks, Walter left the man's desk and went across the corridor into Bill Baker's office. He felt as though he were being twisted in a vice. How in the world could anyone or any man who wasn't a millionaire just reach into his bank account and hand over more than twenty-five hundred dollars? Who did they think he was? There was the Walter Manning bank account even if they added in the little they'd saved for Dickie and Shirley... there just wasn't that much in the bank, but it was pretty comfortable. Bill looked up. "Well?" Walter had explained the situation to him on the phone, and Bill's concern for the outcome of the accountant's figuring was written all over his face—kindly face. Walter shook his head.

"I guess the government doesn't make mistakes, at that," he said. "Seems I owe them the money, too. And we just don't have it. I don't know what I'm going to do. If only they could wait, I've got a story in New York right now that will bring me that much and maybe more. But they only give me a week."

Both men were silent, thinking. Then Bill said hesitantly, "Say, Walter—you wouldn't have—"

Walter's hands tightened. "My brother? What about him?"

"Well... it's pretty evident he's well fixed. Your news paper, all those copying jobs he holds, directorships and what nots. And I've heard him speak of property here and there. Maybe he's got enough dough in it," Bill said apologetically. "It's too obvious that he's the man for you to ask that I figure there must be some good reason why you haven't gone straight to him with the problem. Otherwise the reason, Walter? This is a pretty bad spot you're in—"

Walter stood up. "Listen, Bill—I don't have my brother's success in my teeth, will you? Not right at this minute. I don't care to discuss Christopher's wealth or his property or his directorships. For that matter I don't care to discuss Christopher. He's the last man in the world I'd go to for money or help of any kind, get that through your head."

Bill stood up too his face flaming. "Hold on to yourself, Walter," he said sharply. "I don't know what it is between you two Mannings and I don't care, since it seems to be so personal, but you've got no right to shove my words down my throat like that. It's perfectly reasonable to assume that a brother would help his brother, and plenty of other folks will make the same assumption." He paused, breathing hard, getting himself under control. "But is it anyway, Walter?" he asked more gently. "Why do you get that look on your face every time Christopher comes into the conversation?"

Ignoring Bill's question, Walter went to the door and said shortly, "Please forgive me for shouting, Bill. Just put it down the phone. I've got some other things I've got to do, I'll just run along. See you later." He went out, impervious to the puzzled, worried look Christopher gave his friend directed against his stiffly-shut shoulders until he was out of sight.

Christopher...Christopher...Christopher. Back in his study, Walter couldn't get the problem. Of course it was the obvious thing, to ask Christopher. Portia, even, would sug-
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Walter stood in the dim hallway, fingering the open envelope. Then abruptly he reached inside and pulled out the $100. It was from Hale right enough. But he'd written it all wrong. The message was different, entirely different. "Story well plotted, not lacking punch. Keep trying. Let us hear."

Just that. Nothing more. Nothing about whether Hale thought he could sell it or thought it hopeless. Nothing that would help him to know whether he must ask Christopher, .

He told himself, as he stood there, "Don't be nuts. This is it. This is what says you must ask Christopher, if you're going to get the money to pay the government. There are no more ifs or buts."

Slowly, but steadily, he went right upstairs and into the guestroom. He couldn't afford any more time to sit around with his head in his hands. He'd ask, and get it over with. It was over very quickly. It hardly hurt at all. Only a few words, and Chris looked up alertly. "Money? For Pete's sake, Walter. What do you want it for? Just get my checkbook out of my coat pocket, will you, and a pen, and tell me how much." He scarcely seemed to listen to Walter's explanation about the government's letter, the mistake in the accountant's figures. It didn't seem to matter to him. The only thing that mattered was that his brother was in a jam, and that he, Christopher, could get him out of it quite easily. Why can't I be like that, Walter wondered. So big and simple and generous? Why did he always have to search and pry until he'd scraped up some double motive for people's actions? Why did he have to think, in the face of Christopher's open-heartedness, that all the same Chris was getting a big kick out of being able to hand out that much money without a blink? Dickie, in the other bed, looked so solemnly, unable quite to envision the huge figures that the grown-ups had been discussing. Seeing his impressed face, Walter was driven to offering an excuse for himself. "If my check had come through," he said in a low voice, "I wouldn't have had to bother you, Chris. But there's been some delay."

Christopher glanced at the telegram which protruded from Walter's jacket pocket. "Did they say anything at all, yet?" he asked. Walter could lie, Walter thought. But he said, "Yes. There's some doubt about whether they can sell it at all, it appears."

"Tough," Chris said softly. "But what the heck, Walter—go on down and toss off another one. You've done it before."

"As soon as I do, you'll get this back," Walter said grimly. "The next story I sell. No, I mean it," he insisted as Chris moved his hand as if to brush the subject out of the room. "This is just a loan, Chris."

"If that's the way you want it."

"Walter nodded. That's the way. Just a loan. He thanked Chris, gave Dickie a pat, and went out. As he started down the stairs, he came face to face with Portia, coming up. She was out of breath and glowing. "I've sold this story! She, the town," she said gaily. "That was a linen sale downtown—Walter! What's the matter?"

"Matter?" Walter muttered. If only he hadn't had to face her now, before he'd had a chance to compose himself.

Portia's glow had faded, leaving a look of apprehension behind. She put her hand on his arm and drew him back upstairs with her. "Aren't you well? Come here to the light, let me see your eyes."

"I'm all right," he said shortly. His hand tightened on the telegram and the check in his pocket. Suppose he told her, told her now. Got it over with, with a single blow, from her eyes and saw her falter in her adoration. Saw her begin to wonder what kind of man it was, really, that she'd married. What kind of failure. Why drop it out."

He took a breath and said, "Well, that's not quite true. I've heard from Hale."

"Walter!" Her cry was delighted. "Why didn't you tell me! Oh darling, he must have thought it was wonderful to have wired you so quickly. Has he sold it yet? Oh, tell me—"

"Wait!" Trying to stop her, Walter realized that she was drawing him quickly toward the guestroom. "Wait a minute—" But by that time she had burst open the door and was almost singing to the two surprised faces before them, "Haven't you heard? Why isn't everyone up dancing? Walter's borrowed money—don't you feel better already?"

There was a moment of blank silence. Walter stood dumbly, unable to think anything to say. Over Portia's shoulder, he met his brother's eyes . . . un-

believing, puzzled, slowly changing to shocked dismay. Did Chris think he had deliberately lied to Portia? He glanced at Dickie. The boy was waiting, watching, not quite understanding. But was given in the second's confused helplessness, Walter knew that if he chose he need say nothing. Chris would never betray him. Dickie would not speak of what had gone on between the two men just a few moments before. Nobody would say anything, and he could just let Portia go on assuming that everything was fine in their little world. Walter had sold his story. Walter was a good writer, a fine writer, a man who could make money writing. He'd rather die than betray him. He could tell Portia about the government's bill, and let her think it was his story that had really earned the money to pay it! And with all clearly before him, an upside-down version of reality that he could make come true if he chose.

"Wait a minute," he mumbled, "I'll be right back." He stepped out of the bedroom very softly, and closed the door behind him.

It was then, in those moments above the dark-strewn stairs, that Walter stood still and allowed his problem to marshal all its strength around him. It had to be faced, here and now; he had to think straight and squarely. What was the meaning of that, in the whole life with Portia hung in the balance. He could allow the lie to stand. Christopher had told him he'd sell his story. But what would he buy with his lie? What would it be worth to have Portia look at him with love and pride each day when he came, intensely, increasingly aware of how little he gave her that price? It was hardly a problem, now that he put it into words. There was only one answer. No man could love his wife as he loved Portia, and not allow her—even for so long a time—to think that the story had been sold.

Surprising, Walter thought, how very simple, really, once a decision was made. Taking a deep breath, he turned the knob and went slowly back into the guestroom. Christopher's eyes turned toward him expectantly, and Walter, not knowing why, they did not nod in answer. Then he said quietly, "Portia, would you come outside for a few moments, please? There's something we've got to tell you, darling."

But he knew, afterwards, that he had done the easy thing, not the hard, in telling her. With anyone but Portia it would have been simpler to let it go. But with her it was different. She saw into your heart, Portia did, and saw, too, a lie if there was one there. And though he, by telling her, he could see into her heart too, he would have to see the hurt that the lie had brought her.

Portia understood. Of course she would, being Portia. Walter knew it by the warmth of her arm, tucked into his, as they went downstairs. And by the smile—pride, it looked like—in her eyes.
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By Fran Allison

so—Hilltop House, Road of Life, Ma Perkins, Fredric Adams
Are you in the know?

What does Hippy Hannah aim to be?
- A wallflower
- A bouncing beauty
- An eavesdropper

Will you see the New Year in with—
- Pink elephants
- Pink lemonade
- Rose-colored glasses

Which outfit inspires a gift idea?
- The tartan skirt
- The grey flannel dress
- The chin-chillo coat

Tuning in on her neighbors? Nay, nay. Just bouncing her way to streamlined beauty. If you're hip-hefty, bump 'em off—10 minutes daily, against the wall. Stirs up circulation; helps trim over-rounded curves. (Mind though—no 'tween-meal nibblings!) Improving your figure improves your poise. But keeping poised on problem days depends so much on comfort. Choose Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape!

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Celebrities like Henry Fonda are frequent guests on Skitch's daily morning and afternoon shows.

Since June of this year, New York mornings have been brightened by the appearance of the noted pianist-bandleader Skitch Henderson in WNBC's early morning (6-8:30) time spot.

Not the usual platter spinner, Skitch jockeys both discs and a Steinway. A painless awakener, Skitch's program offers light commentary, news, time signals, weather reports and oral and musical Hendersonisms as well as recordings and piano music.

His other disc show, Skitch's Scrapbook, features records plus his own piano arrangements and, in addition, he is heard on WNBC's Prom Date (Saturday, 11:30 A.M.). On TV, Skitch emcees Talent Search, seen Mondays at 10:30 P.M. on WNTB.

Born in England, Skitch studied music in London with the intention of becoming a concert pianist. After arriving in America at sixteen, however, he was so affected by our popular music that he deci'd to switch specialties. Breaking into vaudeville as an accompanist to Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards, he subsequently toured with many "name" bands.

Settling in Hollywood after a wartime career as a pilot, Skitch was signed for motion picture work, where he scored an immediate success. In one of his first pictures, the Jimmy Stewart-Henry Fonda sequences of "A Miracle Can Happen" he wrote the musical background; conducted the score; wrote a song; instructed Jimmy Stewart in how a band's pianist works; ghosted the piano for Stewart and appeared in the picture as the bandleader.

Commanding the largest salary ever paid to a performer by WNBC, Skitch is one of the first major night-time network personalities to move into early morning radio as part of the station's over-all plan to bring top talent into the daytime picture.

Thirty-one-year-old bandleader Skitch Henderson is now on WNBC as a piano-playing disc jockey.

SWITCH to SKITCH
In case you decide to make your list of New Year’s resolutions early, you’ll surely want to include one that covers getting the January issue of Radio Mirror. It’s a resolution you will want to make and keep not just once, but at least twelve times during 1951. Take the January issue for instance. There’s an inside story about Fred Waring that really is an inside story — it’s by Daisy Bernier, one of the bright young singers on the Waring shows. Daisy will give you a new glimpse of the man whose brand of music has been one of your favorites for — how many years is it now? Look for “My Boss, Fred Waring” — you’ll find color pictures with it of Fred and Daisy and the Pennsylvanians. It’s an item you won’t want to miss. The Maggi McNellis story is another one. Beautiful Maggi discusses a subject for which she is justly famous and that subject, of course, is “How to Be A Best Dressed Woman.”

And there are more reasons why you should plan to keep December 8 in mind (that’s the date the January issue goes on the newsstands): Dave Garroway is at large again and he’s concerned with a most important subject, we think — women — don’t you? Dave agrees that it’s a woman’s world in a story of the same name. Extra added attraction: an at-home in Miami, Florida with Walter Winchell, a story with pictures of the famous columnist-commentator. Around, too, in January will be all the regulars: Art Linkletter, Nancy Craig and the Bonus Novel. Remember the date — it’s Friday, December 8 for the January issue. Reserve your copies now!

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In the January issue, that perennial favorite, Fred Waring.
Problems, even the most trying ones, are less of a burden when shared with someone like Joan.

The best answer to the problem of Mrs. J. B., printed in the August issue, was submitted by Mrs. John Bowdre of Macon, Georgia, to whom Radio Mirror's check for $25.00 has been sent.

Here is this month's prize problem letter, which I am asking Radio Mirror readers to help me solve with their letters of advice:

Dear Joan:

Three years ago I married Bob, a widower, with two boys: Ira nine and Donald ten. His first wife died in childbirth when Ira was born. When we decided to marry, I promised Bob I would mother his children as if they were my own, and at that time Bob told me with his love for me, my love for him and our love for the boys, we were going to have a happy home. I have tried my utmost to keep that promise and have that happy home. However, now, three years later, I feel we are very near admitting failure. The boys had different ideas, and make no hesitation in letting me know they resent my being here, they resent having a step-mother, and most of the time they get downright rude. If I request correction on their conduct, Bob jumps to their defense and the day ends in a bitter quarrel.

Things that ordinary families do just don't happen any more. If I plan a picnic basket, the boys won't go. They will take the picnic lunch and go fishing with Bob, but make it plain it's their and their Dad's outing. To keep peace in the family I'm usually home with a magazine or friend.

I have suggested leaving and getting started again for myself, but Bob insists he loves me very much and his home cannot be happy without me. I love Bob too, and in all other respects he is a very fine, honorable person. We have tried evenings going out, but again Ira and Donald give us an evening of agony, for they will not mind a sitter, and cannot be left alone. He states, since they do resent me, in spite of my efforts, it would be best if I leave them alone and let him handle their upbringing because they are his. He absolutely refuses any punishment, because he feels he wants them to get adjusted. I feel now, if they haven't become adjusted in three years, they never will. The way things stand now, none of us are happy, and our situation has been growing steadily worse. I do not know why they resent me, I certainly have tried to be, in all fairness, a happy companion to them, and even Bob will admit I've tried harder than most women would.

I do not want to give up. I only want to find happiness for my husband, our boys and myself. Mrs. L. P.

Now here are other problem letters and the answers which I have given to them:

Dear Joan Davis:

Five years ago my wife was committed to an asylum, hopelessly insane. She left in my care two wonderful children who are now six and eight years of age.

I have done my best to raise them with the affection and care that a capable mother would give them, but a succession of not too satisfactory housekeepers and my limited time away from business has made the job difficult and hard on my little ones.

About a year ago, I met a wonderful woman who adores the children, and has given every indication that...
she would be a fine wife and mother. Dora and I love each other very much, and my son and daughter welcome her into my home with great affection.

Dora and I feel that together we could make a happy family unit, and that the children would benefit greatly from a woman's care. Since my wife's mental illness has been pronounced incurable by specialists, tops in their field, would I be justified in seeking a divorce? My wife's parents object strongly, but I feel it is not only I, but the children who must be considered. Am I right in thinking of remarriage?

M. M.

Dear M. M.:

I feel that, especially in view of the fact that your children welcome Dora into your home, you might be justified in seeking a divorce and in marrying Dora. However, there are several things which should be taken into consideration. First is a technical matter—some states do not allow divorce on grounds of insanity. Second, medical science has been making great strides in recent years toward the cure of those who seemed, until a short while ago, hopeless mental cases. I think you owe it to yourself, your children, and to both the women involved, to make sure before you take any steps that there are not new methods and techniques which might change the diagnosis "hopeless" that was made five years ago. Third, if your children are of an age where they can be consulted on such a step, by all means you should take them into your confidence and, although the choice is not entirely theirs, at least have their opinion before you make any step. There might be a great difference, you know, in your children's (Continued on page 9)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay $25 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another $25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than November 30. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The name of the winner will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

By JOAN DAVIS
Joan Davis, of When A Girl Marries, is heard M-F at 5:15 P.M. EST. NBC. Sponsored by General Foods.
Heading for the top are WBEN's Buffalo Bills—tenor Vernon Reed, baritone Dick Grapes, lead Al Shea and bass William Spangenberg—heard Tuesdays at 7:45 P.M.

Up in Buffalo, New York, whenever a certain patrolman, an executive of a boy’s club, a clerk and a truck driver get together, they form just about the best barbershop quartet anywhere.

Under the name of the Buffalo Bills, they are the International Barbershop Quartet Champions, having won that proud title against the stiffest competition in Omaha, Nebraska, last June.

All are married and their wives are credited with a loud round of applause for their title-winning performance at Omaha. They practice in each other's living rooms and the girls accompany their husbands by playing cards or sewing, and most important of all, criticizing their singing when necessary. They are also stopwatch-holders, making sure that the Bills conform with SPEBSQSA rules, which require no less than four minutes and not more than six of actual singing.

The Bills have gained an enviable reputation although they have been singing as a group for only two years. When they first sang in the Nationals in Oklahoma City in 1948, they finished sixteenth. The following year, however, they moved up to sixth, and last June they ascended to the title.

One of the Bills' best boosters has been Budd Tesch, WBEN staff announcer, who has emceed both their video and radio shows. Budd has constantly encouraged and advised them. And the Bills listen to Budd, too, since he is a recognized authority on group singing— he emcees his own Barbershop Quartet Time program on WBEN every Sunday.
When A Girl Marries

(Continued from page 7)

attitude, between welcoming a woman into your home as a friend and as a stepmother!

Dear Joan:

My problem is one that is uncommon. When I married, I had several thousand dollars. I married a farmer and during the depression of the '30's we used that money to carry on. Now, with prices improved and better crops we have been able to make the farm a paying proposition.

In the house though, I still have no improvements. Am I foolish not to ask for equal modernization of home?

Mrs. E. G.

Dear Mrs. E. G.,

I think you are quite right in insisting, if your family budget will allow it, on improvements for the home as well as for the farm. However, your insistence on these improvements should be made on the basis that they will make for a better way of life for the family—for your husband as well as for you—and that they will allow you to conduct the business of home-making on a more efficient satisfactory basis, just as farm improvements have enabled your husband to conduct his business more efficiently. In other words, remember that everything in your marriage belongs, not to one or another, but to both.

Dear Joan:

I am an ex G.I.'s wife. We have two small boys. Recently my husband had an accident and lost one of his arms. We had planned on a family of four, do you think it fair to ourselves to go ahead with our plans, when we are not sure of our financial future?

Mrs. T. C. G.

Dear Mrs. G.,

It doesn't seem to me that it should be necessary for you to make the decision either way at the moment. Why don't you wait a little, until your husband has had an opportunity to make his adjustment to his unfortunate injury—until he has had time to learn, if necessary, a new way of earning a living or adjust to earning it at his old trade under this handicap. When his adjustment to living under these new conditions has been made—will be time enough for the two of you to decide whether your financial position will allow you to add to your family.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am writing in regard to my daughter and her girl friend—one is fourteen and the other will be thirteen next month. They want to go out on dates. I feel they are old enough to go out in couplings and come home early.

Mrs. M. M. D.

Dear Mrs. D.,

I'm inclined to agree that fourteen—certainly not yet thirteen—is too early an age for girls to go out on actual "dates." If by that word we mean a girl and boy going out alone together. However, I think that groups of boys and girls of this age should be allowed to gather at each other's houses both for parties and informal get-togethers, and might also be allowed to go in groups to an early movie at night provided that a curfew hour is agreed on with their parents, and kept by the youngsters.

PEPSODENT does f a r m o r e than reduce tooth decay

Yes, Pepsodent's exclusive brighter-polishing agent—effective yet so gentle—gets your teeth brighter... makes your smile more beautiful. And authoritative scientific tests prove conclusively that even a single brushing with Pepsodent removes acid-film that causes decay. Only Pepsodent has this film-removing formula!

Even a Single Brushing with Pepsodent not only reduces decay the sure way, but GETS YOUR TEETH FAR BRIGHTER than any other leading tooth paste

For that Pepsodent Smile—Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.
To avoid being caught in the annual holiday rush, Ilona Massey, glamorous star of NBC's Top Secret, shops early in the season.

These beauty accessories make ideal gifts for “that certain someone” at Christmas or any other time of year.
Should a Threatened Marriage be held together for the Sake of the Child?

Anne Malone is heroine of Young Doctor Malone, M-F 1-30 P. M. EST on CBS. Sponsor: Crisco.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to the Malones in September's daytime drama problem.

In September's Radio Mirror reader-listeners were told in brief the story of the Malones and were asked: Should a Threatened Marriage Be Held Together for the Sake of the Child? Radio Mirror editors have chosen the best answers from the numerous letters that had been sent in and checks have been mailed as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. Tina Principato, 4467 Washington St., Roslindale, Massachusetts, for the following letter:

Yes, a threatened marriage is not a shipwrecked marriage. There is still time to salvage Anne and Jerry's. Anne should steer her course straight to Jerry. She has unwittingly hurt Jerry by trying to prove Lucia what he has not judged her to be. Ignore Lucia. Time will find her out. Meanwhile be patient and present or Lucia will win out.

Fortunately children do not hold their hatreds especially when they have no foundation. Jill will sail back into her father's arms naturally when she sees standing beside him his mate, her mommy.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

* Mrs. Floyd McGimsey
Albuquerque, New Mexico
*
* Helen L. Altimus
Indiana, Pennsylvania
*
* Margaret L. Crawford
Newark, New Jersey
*
* Mrs. E. M. Miller
Richmond, Virginia
*
* Mrs. E. E. Stone
Celina, Texas

Which girl has the natural curl and which girl has the Toni?

The beautiful girl with the Toni says: "From the very first moment my new Toni with Permafix had all the beauty of naturally curly hair." Can you tell which girl was born with naturally curly hair, and which girl has the Toni? See answer below.

New improved Toni guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day!

Permafix is a new wonder discovery of Toni research. Far more effective than any other neutralizer known. It actually conditions your hair... leaves your wave silky-soft at first combing — more natural month after month.

From the first thrilling moment your hair will feel like naturally curly hair — comb like naturally curly hair — look like naturally curly hair. That's because Toni's gentle creme waving lotion working in combination with amazing new Permafix leaves your hair in a softer, more natural condition. With wonderful Permafix your wave is angel-soft at first combing — yet lasts longer than ever before. So, month after month, your Toni will require no more care than naturally curly hair.

There are many imitators — but remember there is only one Toni — the only permanent that guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day... and last far longer. Ask for Toni today. Jean Worth, the lovely girl at the right, has the Toni.

Toni the wave that gives that natural look!
Having a 6 A.M. show means WPEN's Stu Wayne must rise early but wife Agnes always is on hand to brighten the early morning hours.

Stu Wayne, known to all Philadelphians as the disc jockey with the pleasant, easy manner, greets his listeners every morning on WPEN at 6 A.M., and chats informally with his many fans until 9 A.M.

Getting up early is not new to Stu because he spent his early life on his father's North Canton, Connecticut, farm. Stu attributes his radio successes to "Mommy" because it was she who got him started in radio. "You see," says Stu, "after she saw an advertisement for radio talent, she answered in my name and I received an application, auditioned, and got the job. I feel this was all due to 'Mommy's faith in my ability.'"

After this first announcer's job, Stu went to New York. Several experience-packed years of free-lancing in New York qualified him for staff work, but later he went to Hartford as production manager because he wanted to learn about all phases of radio. His next move, to KYW in Philadelphia, spiraled him to the top in the local radio talent field and, in January of 1950, Stu became a WPEN man.

His early morning Stu Wayne Show is slanted toward housewives, children, and shut-ins. He started a "Shut-in Club" which now has over 200 members who constantly receive cheer-up mail and cards from listeners. In addition, Stu often takes celebrities to visit these people. Once a week "Uncle Stu" goes to the Philadelphia Children's Heart Hospital and tapes interviews with the children so that they may say "hello" to their families via his Saturday radio show.

Another group to whom "Uncle Stu" caters are his "Tiny Tots." He devotes fifteen minutes daily to these youngsters, one to five years of age, playing music recorded especially for them. Each Saturday Stu has a half-hour show called Big Tot Time for children from five to ten years of age. At this time the children are permitted to come down to the WPEN studios, with their parents, to see "Uncle Stu" be interviewed by him on the program, and receive little gifts and goodies.

"DISC JOCKEY with a HEART"

In their country home Stu, Agnes and Tiny, the Toy Bull, are joined by Mom and Pop Wayne and their dog Butch.
Johnny and Penny Olsen’s new Connecticut cut home is complete—it has a name!

“THANKS for Naming our New Home”

When Johnny and Penny Olsen issued a plea for a name for their new home through the pages of Radio Mirror (September, 1950), the response was so overwhelming that the editors had to postpone the announcement of winners for a month in order to give the Olsens—and themselves!—a chance to read through the mammoth mounds of mail that came into the office. Finally, after the last letter was opened and the last name read, Johnny and Penny picked the one suggested by Mrs. Frances E. Troxel of Esterly, Pennsylvania. “Keepsake Cove” is the name Mrs. Troxel suggested and it’s the one the Olsens liked best. For the name and for her letter explaining why she chose it, Mrs. Troxel is receiving a check for $25.00. This is what she wrote:

My idea of a name for Johnny and Penny Olsen’s new home is Keepsake Cove. I think this is a good name for the Olsen home because the home, located along a cove, contains many mementoes and souvenirs of generous fans, personal friends and relatives.

For suggesting the five next-best names and for their letters of explanation, the following persons are being sent $5.00 apiece:

Helen Hood Los Angeles, California
Mrs. Ruth E. Schaefer Sayreville, New Jersey
Elizabeth A. Murphy Grand Prairie, Texas
James N. Rice, Jr. Portland 12, Oregon
Mrs. H. R. Hughes Painesville, Ohio

Johnny Olsen’s Luncheon Club is on M.—F., 12 Noon EST, ABC, sponsored by Philip Morris. Johnny Olsen’s Rumpus Room is on 12:30 P.M. EST, WABD, sponsored by Premier Foods.

Do YOU Know About This Grave Womanly Offense?

Too many wives are careless, too tired or simply don’t know how to practice a complete hygiene (including internal cleanliness). Failure to do this so often results in broken marriages.

A modern woman realizes how important it is to put Zonite in her fountain syringe for health, womanly charm, after her periods and for marriage happiness...and to combat an odor even more offensive than bad breath or body odor. She seldom detects this odor herself, but it’s so apparent to others.

And what a comfort for a wife to know that no other type liquid antibiotic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as Zonite. Just listen to this—

Zonite’s Miracle-Action

The Zonite principle was developed by a famous surgeon and a scientist. It is the first in the world to be so powerfully effective yet absolutely safe to tissues.

Zonite resolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation if present. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you can be sure Zonite immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Zonite gives external protection, too. Instructions in detail with every bottle. At any drugstore.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. 631-M, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. *
IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

By TERRY BURTON

"Is there a Santa Claus?" has been asked by children all over the world. But I think I heard the most beautiful answer to that age-old question when Mrs. L. V. Douglas visited us as Family Counselor.

Fifty-two years ago, Mrs. Douglas asked the question, "Is there a Santa Claus?" in a letter to the Editor of the New York Sun. She wrote: "Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in The Sun, it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?"

Signed, Virginia Halton, 115 West Ninety-fifth Street, New York City.

Today Virginia is Junior Principal of Public School 31, New York City. The answer to her letter, written by Francis P. Church in 1897, has been printed every year by The Sun and here it is:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge. Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.

He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exists, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy.

Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which you have been filled the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your own paper and hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

And the whole Burton Family re-echo Francis Church's sentiment, "Thank God! He lives and he lives forever."

Mrs. Douglas provided the Burtons with one of the most beautiful answers to the age-old query, "Is there a Santa Claus?"
Except for a hitch in the navy during the war years when he served as a line and commanding officer both ashore and afloat, Al Helfer has been broadcasting sports for radio and TV since 1930.

During the baseball season, Helfer handled the Game of the Day for the Mutual network. This assignment brought big-league ball games to the small city and town for the first time in history. Over 360 communities tuned in Al's program every day and the program landed an astounding total of local sponsors.

In sporting circles, Helfer is known the nation over for his various sports coverages. Last year he teamed with Russ Hodges on radio and TV to deliver Giant baseball accounts. Before the war, he performed a similar task with Red Barber for the Dodgers. He also has relayed Yankee baseball to the armed forces around the world.

Although Helfer has handled three All-Star Games, a World Series and baseball in Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, he also has done basketball, boxing, golf, tennis and auto racing. For a while, his voice was familiar to the numerous boxing followers of ABC's popular show, Cavalcade of Sports.

On other occasions, Helfer has moved to movies, doing "News of the Day," and his voice has also been heard on Pathe News describing the National Collegiate Invitation Basketball Tournaments.

Helfer himself, is quite an athlete, having been a football and basketball star at Washington and Jefferson, and he received several professional offers before he decided to go into the broadcasting end of sports.

During the football season, every Saturday afternoon, Helfer airs the top-flight game of each week with the indispensable aid of Mutual's Art Gleason.

"We sailed 3 oceans ...without leaving port!"

Says VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring with GREGORY PECK in WARNER BROS. "CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER." Color by TECHNICOLOR.

Shooting the "3-ocean" voyage for "Captain Horatio Hornblower" kept us in the English Channel for weeks. Day after day, stinging winds bit my skin raw!

The ropes on the bosun's chair rasped my hands... But soothing Jergens on my hands, arms and face... Softened and smoothed my skin for romantic close-ups.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?
To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin. Prove it with this simple test described above... You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10¢ TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)
Throughout KDKA-land there are thousands of housewives who have dreamed of a weekend in New York, and now because of KDKA's Cinderella Weekend program many of them are finding their dreams come true, for Cinderella Weekend provides just that opportunity.

Every Friday some lucky couple is flown to Gotham by Capitol Airlines. They are given their own hotel suite and for three days they are treated to a quickie vacation with visits to supper clubs, night spots and other attractions in the Big Town. And it's all free.

Winners are chosen on the daily Cinderella Weekend programs which are conducted by the district's favorite quizmaster, Stan Norman. On Friday morning the daily winners compete to determine the grand prize winner.

Prizes of all kinds are showered on the winners—wearing apparel, jewelry, cosmetics, household articles—with the New York trip and a new traveling suit as the grand prize. What's more, the winner can take her husband, relative or friend with her.

GI's have spent belated honeymoons in New York; wedding anniversaries and birthdays have been celebrated there and many winners have used their prize as an opportunity to visit friends and relatives.

Cinderella has provided most of them with their first radio prize; their first airplane trip and their first visit to New York.

It's a favorite program with women in KDKA-land, one that they all want to take part in. Participants must write in for reservations and reservations have piled up until now the show is booked many weeks ahead.

KDKA's Cinderella Weekend is enjoyable partly because of Stan Norman's humorous antics—as illustrated below.

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**Fairy Tale Weekend**

The show is frequently broadcast from conventions, fairs and the like. This picture was taken during a summer "remote."
My FAVORITE Husband

Lucille Ball's real life favorite husband is Desi Arnaz, of course!

Way back in the April issue, Lucille Ball, the sparkling star of the radio comedy, My Favorite Husband, wrote about her favorite husband—he's Desi Arnaz, as all Lucille Ball fans know and Lucille's been married to him for ten years. She knows exactly why he is her favorite husband and she told you why in her story. If you remember that story, you'll also remember that Lucille and the editors of Radio Mirror invited you to tell who is your favorite husband and why. For writing the best letter, Mrs. William Glasgow of Crandon, Wisconsin receives $25.00 from Radio Mirror and a case of Jell-O from General Foods, sponsor of the My Favorite Husband program. Here is Mrs. Glasgow's letter:

My favorite husband isn't perfect, no, but his imperfections seem so insignificant compared to the way he measures up in things that really matter. I'm extremely proud of him and his love.

Even after ten years of marriage he still makes me feel I am someone special. And the thoughtful little attentions that keep me glowing and happy result in a cheerful, contented home atmosphere that is beneficial to the whole family—all because he is such a grand person.

Five dollars each is being sent to the writers of the five next best letters; also a case of Jell-O apiece from General Foods, sponsors of My Favorite Husband:

Mrs. James L. McMillan, Lone Tree, Iowa; Mrs. Gladys Cook, Weston, Ohio; Mrs. Laurie J. Maki, Virginia, Minnesota; Mrs. John H. Hudspeth, Lubbock, Texas; Mrs. Edgar Miller, Logan, Kansas.

My Favorite Husband is heard Saturday evenings at 9:30 EST on CBS. Sponsor—General Foods.

Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN! Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1. Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable...first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lustrous, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2. Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!
Taking such deadly aim at radio was only a gag for Gracie Allen and the R. M. photographer.

The month was November, the year 1933, when Volume 1, Number 1 of Radio Mirror Magazine appeared on the newsstands of America. On the cover was the portrait of a man who had rapidly established himself in the comparatively new medium to which the new magazine was dedicated. Anyone looking at that cover knew immediately who the man was—there was no mistaking those enormous eyes. The man, of course, was Eddie Cantor, who might very well be regarded as a symbol of all those personalities who made the transition from medium to medium—from vaudeville to musical comedy to movies to radio and now, in 1950, to television. It's significant that the majority of the entertainers featured in that first issue of Radio Mirror are delighting the same millions—and many more—today that they were seventeen years ago.

In 1933 those millions were concerned with a crisis more terrible than any in their previous experience. Radio Mirror's cover reflected it. In the upper right hand corner was the NRA Eagle with its familiar slogan, We Do Our Part. Inside, the new magazine began on a sober note. The opening editorial, nominating as the "outstanding broad-
OWN LIFE STORY

dedicated to bringing you the story of the medium

caster of this era not an entertainer or a news-
caster but the new president, Franklin D. Roose-
velt, said "... One of the greatest assets which
this President has brought to his office is his radio
personality... Today (he) steps before a micro-
phone and gives his encouragement to the industrial
worker in the east, the planter in the south and to
the more jobless hordes along the Pacific. He be-
lieves what he says and they believe him. The
farmer is encouraged to plant another crop, the mill
worker looks for a job and gets it, the planter is
convinced his product will be sold... In a fateful
time it was radio, originated little more than a
dozen years ago as a pleasant medium of entertain-
ment, which provided an able man with the in-
strument of contact. If broadcasting did nothing
more, it has served in this tempestuous and critical
year for Roosevelt and Radio to lineup the nation.

Radio Mirror's real accent, however, was on what
the editorial had designated as "a pleasant medium
of entertainment." There was a picture gallery
featuring singers Vera Van, Gertrude Niesen, How-
ard Marsh, Romona, Leah Ray, Tamara and "that
prince of dance rhythm," Vincent Lopez. Al Jolson
talked about his radio career in a story called

"From Mammy To Mike: "I'm enjoying every min-
ute of the time... of course, I get paid for it. But,
sincerely, I'd do it for nothin', and I mean it!" Mary
Margaret McBride interviewed the then president
of NBC, Merlin Aylesworth, who said, "Until we
had radio... thousands of men and women... read
no national dailies and knew and cared little of
what went on in the nation and the world. Radio
has brought the world to them in a very real sense
so that they recognize themselves as part of it." In
a straight question and answer story, Bing Crosby
admitted that his middle name is Lillis, that he loves
lobster and wants to write a novel. Then, as now,
parents and educators—but not the kids themselves
—were worried about the fare for small fry being
offered over the air. The article was entitled.
"What Will We Give The Children?"—a question
that has been reworded a thousand times since and
which doubtless will be reworded a thousand times
more to apply to television. And on the last editorial
page, the new magazine self-consciously asked
"How Do You Like it? This First Issue Of Your
New Radio Mirror." Very well, indeed was the
eventual answer that the breath-holding editors of
1933 received.
To the Campbells, "home" means "far away places with

TRAVELER
OF THE MONTH

This month emcee
Tommy Bartlett came
up with three ve-
eran travelers: Mrs.
Pearl Campbell,
little Joy and Marcia.

It’s a long ways from Ecuador to
Afghanistan" could be the theme
song for Mrs. Pearl Campbell, our traveler of the month. Even
more, it could apply to little three-
and-a-half year old Joy Campbell.

Little Joy was born in the Ecu-
dorian wilderness, but not to Mrs.
Campbell. Mrs. Campbell’s husband
was stationed in Ecuador in the
diplomatic service, and she used
native help around the house. Her
 cleaning woman had fourteen black-
hair, white-toothed, bright-eyed
children and Mrs. Campbell found
them fascinating. "Why, don’t you
let me have one of them?" she asked
the cleaning woman jokingly, time
after time. The cleaning woman
appreciated the joke, too, and always
chuckled over it, even after it had
become a little worn from use.

But there came a time when it
was no longer a joke. The Ecu-
dorian woman gave birth to a fif-
teenth child, a daughter, and she
knew she was on her deathbed. She
called Mrs. Campbell to her hut and,
in the presence of her husband, said
simply, "We give this child to you.
Her name is Joy," and then she
closed her eyes and died.

The Campbells, with two teen-age
sons, wanted a daughter. They
adopted the baby and little Joy
brought them luck. A year later,
they had a daughter of their own,
little blonde, blue-eyed Marcia.

The Campbells had lived for seven
years in Ecuador and had come to
love much of the country. "We’ll
never be able to forget it now," Mrs.
Campbell told me when she ap-
peared before my NBC microphone
at Welcome Travelers.

When I asked her if it had occurred
to her that there might be any prob-
lems in connection with the adoption
of a foreign child with obviously
foreign features, she looked as-
tonished. "I couldn’t have let that
poor mother die without promising
to take care of her baby," she said
simply. "And Joy is every bit as
dear to us as Marcia. One’s a bruc-
nette and the other is blonde and we
think the combination gives us a
perfect family."

Our Welcome Travelers audience
in the College Inn of the Hotel Sher-
man in Chicago was interested in
hearing Mrs. Campbell’s stories about
Ecuador and the diplomatic service
—but I’m afraid my mind wandered.
I kept looking at Joy and Marcia as
they happily played together.

Joy’s already a traveler, and she’s
going to be even more of a globe-
trotter. She had gone from Ecuador
to Florida, original home of Mrs.
Campbell. The brief stop in Chicago
was for a visit with young John
Campbell, her foster-brother, now
twenty.

And whether Joy realized it or
not, she was on her way to another
home. When Mrs. Campbell and her
daughters left Chicago by plane for
By
TOMMY
BARTLETT

Welcome Travelers, heard Monday-Friday at 10 A.M. EST, NBC, is sponsored by Procter and Gamble.

New York, they were on the first leg of a long journey.
You see, members of the diplomatic service get around, and Mr. Campbell is now stationed in Kabul at Afghanistan. His wife and daughters will board a freighter out of New York for the Near East, where they'll set up a new household.

Mrs. Campbell wasn't at all concerned about life in Afghanistan when I talked to her. "We enjoy ourselves wherever we are," she said philosophically, "and we've found fine, warm-hearted, interesting people wherever we've gone."

Mrs. Campbell left no doubt that her mother-love has shoved out all thought of racial differences. That's a wonderful thing—and proving that it's such an easy thing to accomplish is even more wonderful. For being a fine mother and a great person, I think Mrs. Campbell well deserves the honor of being the traveler of the month.

I thought my face was clean...

The "Tissue Test" convinced Rosalind Russell, star of Independent Artists' "Listen—the Night" that there really is a difference in cleansing creams.

We asked her to get her face as clean as she could with her regular cleansing cream. Then we invited her to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story. Even after a thorough cleansing with her former cream, Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

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

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

Do you really think your face is clean? Try the "Tissue Test"—and be sure! Buy a jar today—20¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream
floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten
World travel and a residence on millionaire row in Tulsa hasn't changed him. The fact that he's written for three national magazines and that his syndicated newspaper column has been read by millions doesn't impress him. It's true he's been heard on three AM networks and a television network—but the homespun humor and whimsical philosophies heard on The Cal Tinney Show on ABC and NBC are as much a part of the real Cal Tinney as the large hat he wears.

He wrote his first column in the New York Post in 1934 "on a subject that has stuck to me for a good many years—my underwear." His first broadcast on his new morning series, The Cal Tinney Show which originates in the KRMG studios in Tulsa, was on "how to catch a husband."

Cal was born in Pontotoc County, Oklahoma, and, as a youngster, he walked eight miles to school. At high school in Tulsa, he wrote for the local papers, but after five long years, he failed to graduate.

Since then, his life has been a series of adventures. He worked his way around the world—leaving with seventeen dollars and returning in two years with three cents. In Germany, despite his ignorance of the country, he worked as a tourist guide; in Paris he got a job on the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune "changing over the fancy words in the English newspapers so's American tourists 'd be able to understand them. You know, 'elevator' for 'lift,' 'janitor,' for 'caretaker'—that sort of thing."

Back in the states, after a stint as secretary to a Congressman, Cal decided to go to college. At the University of Oklahoma, it took them less than a year to discover that he hadn't finished high school and he was promptly asked to leave.

Recently, when Cal moved to his twenty-room mansion, he brought with him a hen and her thirteen baby chicks which he put into an abandoned dog house. Rats got into the dog house and disturbed the chickens so Cal let them run around his expansive grounds. Ordinarily, white fowl on the green lawns of Tulsa cause little comment because many yards are decorated with statues of ducks, but consternation reigned on millionaire row when one of Cal's neighbors brought her limousine to an abrupt halt in front of the Tinney manse and, staring in wild-eyed amazement shouted, "My G--, they're moving!"
FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there’s something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 265 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We’ll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.

SLIGHTLY OFF-KEY
Dear Editor:
Please tell me what time Hearts in Harmony is on the air. I would also like to see a picture of Johnny Keith.
Glenwood, W. Va.  Miss C. M.

You’ll have to check your local paper—Hearts in Harmony is no longer on any network, but here’s Johnny, played by Larry Haines.

GOOD GUESS
Dear Editor:
I would appreciate a picture and some information about the actress who portrays Dorothy on This Is Nora Drake and Lucia Standish on Young Doctor Malone. I’m sure it’s the same person.
Newport News, Va.  Mrs. A. D.

You’re right. It’s Elspeth Eric of Chicago. As secretary to author-dramatist J. P. McEvoy, she accompanied him to Woodstock, New York, where she appeared in summer stock. This led to her Broadway debut and in 1937 she turned to radio.

MUSICIAN AND BANDLEADER
Dear Editor:
I would like to see a picture of Russ Morgan, the musician and bandleader.
Rodman, N. Y.  Mrs. E. S. T.

Here’s Morgan—Russ, that is.

SEEN AND HEARD
Dear Editor:
Can you tell me what has become of Kate Smith? I never hear her on the radio anymore.
Flint, Mich.  Mrs. M. N. W.

Kate is still very much in evidence. She is heard Friday night at 8 P.M. on WOR and M-F at 11:45 P.M. on the Mutual network and can be seen Monday through Friday at 4 P.M. on WNBC-TV.

READER’S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Published Reports!
Reader’s Digest recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, and two years’ research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!
Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even one new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

ALWAYS USE COLGATES TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate’s was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader’s Digest.
Serve nutritious, money saving meals with the

MAGIC COOK BOOK

THE KEY TO KITCHEN ECONOMY

Prepared by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine

Now—just what you have always wanted—a cook book designed to save you money! Yes, the keynote of the MAGIC COOK BOOK is economy. And with today's high prices, the need for such a guide is evident to every homemaker.

Choice Recipes from Every Part of the Country

The recipes contained in this book were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True-Story Magazine. In most cases, these recipes were obtained by talking with housewives in their own kitchens. Other recipes were sent to the editors by interested readers. Naturally, only the most highly prized recipes were submitted for consideration. Then all the recipes were put to actual test in the True Story Kitchen. The result is a collection of 1500 proven recipes that will add sparkle to your meals and comfort to your pocketbook.

How to Cut Costs on Your Food Bills

The MAGIC COOK BOOK saves you money in many different ways. When you plan your menus as suggested, the costs are budget-wise, yet the nutritional values are high. This is the important part of meal planning—and it is your job to get top nutritional value out of every dollar you spend on food. Here, also, are new ways to prepare low-cost dishes—also, simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive.

Here, too, are tips on how to judge beef, pork and poultry—and information on the quantities to buy per serving. The shopper with an eye to thrift and good management will buy just what she can use.

A Complete Cook Book

The MAGIC COOK BOOK is more than a collection of mouth-watering recipes. It is a complete storehouse of cooking information. Here you will find in simple, easy-to-understand language, important facts on nutrition . . . special sickroom diets . . . everyday menus, as well as menus for holidays and important occasions . . . suggestions on cooking for two . . . lunch-box hints for children and workers . . . new ways to use package mixes . . . canning and preserving instructions . . . rules for table setting and service. Also many useful charts and tables to help make your cooking chores easier.

Step by Step Instructions

The recipes in the MAGIC COOK BOOK are described in the convenient step-by-step style. This is the natural way of presenting recipes—it is the way you describe a favorite recipe to a friend. You simply can't go wrong when you use these easy instructions. Beginners, as well as experienced cooks, will find this book fascinating. For here are new ways to prepare and serve mouth-watering dishes to delight your family and your friends.

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You need send no money now. Merely mail coupon at once and this giant 500 page book containing 32 pages of photographic illustrations will be sent to you. When the postman delivers the book, pay him $2.98, plus a few pennies postage. Money back if not delighted. Get your copy now.

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205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me MAGIC COOK BOOK. When postman delivers book, I will pay him $2.98, plus a few pennies postage. Then if after reading it for 3 days I decide that I do not wish to keep it, I will return it to you and my $2.98 will be refunded immediately.

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24
Here is your yearly—and only—chance, as a radio listener, to voice your approval of the radio programs which have given you greatest enjoyment this season: the annual Radio Mirror Awards balloting. Vote in each category. And remember—this ballot is for radio; TV program ballot is on page 61.

### VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAMS

(Write in the name of one favorite program opposite each classification)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>My Favorite Dramatic Program is</th>
<th>My Favorite Variety Program is</th>
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<td>My Favorite Comedy Show is</td>
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<td>My Favorite Musical Program is</td>
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<td>My Favorite Religious Program is</td>
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<td>My Favorite Teen-Age Program is</td>
<td>I Think That The Best Program on the Air is</td>
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I Think that the BEST NEW PROGRAM on the air this year is

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO MIRROR, Box 1595, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York, postmarked not later than December 1, 1950.)
They knew each other when... and that was long before Kukla and Ollie and a man named Godfrey.

One recent Thursday, my telephone rang and a voice which now is as familiar to millions as it is to me announced, "Fran, it's Jan. I'm homesick for Chicago. May I come out to spend the weekend with you and Archie?"

I took a look around me. In plain Aunt Fanny English, the place was a mess—rugs off the floors, furniture out being cleaned. It was pure luck I had even received the call, for while our near northside carriage house was being renovated, my husband, Archie Levington, and my mother and I were staying at the home of a friend who was touring Europe. I'd merely stopped in for a few minutes to see how the work was coming along.

But all the commotion of redecorating was forgotten in my pleasure at hearing from Janette Davis. I sidestepped a canvas the painters were spreading over the remaining furniture and sat down for a real talk.

"Come along," I said, (Continued on page 76)
Distance doesn't mean a thing—not when there are airplanes and the deep kind of friendship that exists between Janette Davis and Fran Allison. The last time Jan visited Fran, Bill Lawrence came along to see the sights of Chicago.

This is how they looked in their near northside days: both were singers and Fran, an occasional daytime serial player.

Cedric Adams: whom everyone, friend and stranger alike, calls by his first name. No, that's not right either—for no one in the world's a stranger to Cedric!

Realization of a life-long ambition: Cedric's cruiser, the Adams X.

Cedric Likes
People!

By Helen Bolstad

A man who firmly believes radio listeners as well as radio broadcasters should have their say on the airwaves hunched his wide shoulders over a typewriter a couple years ago, ran his fingers through his wiry black hair, popped his thick black eyebrows above his owlish spectacles and swiftly pecked out a letter which began, "Dear Arthur Godfrey: You'll be interested in a little item I ran into the other day . . ." While the item itself has long been lost in a jungle of filing cabinets, it contributed toward putting a new show on the radio schedule, for the writer was Cedric Adams, who as news commentator at WCCO was rated Minnesota's best known radio personality but was then unknown to the national audience.

Godfrey, who also believes there should be two-way communication between listener and broadcaster, recognized a kindred uninhibited spirit. Their correspondence was on. They met face to face a few months later when Cedric arranged for Godfrey to guest star at the Minneapolis Aquatennial, an annual Summer celebration offering as entertainment everything from yacht races to gala stage shows.

Listeners of each would have liked to have witnessed that meeting, but Cedric who is singularly unimpressed by events in his own life insists there was nothing to it. He reports he said, "Hello, Arthur. Nice of you to come." Godfrey replied, "Hi, Cedric. Nice of you to ask me."

Niecy, Cedric's wife, and the Adams' sons added their welcome and the Redhead moved into the (Continued on page 74)
"When you're poor," says Ralph, "you learn how to use your hands." He proves he hasn't forgotten at the workshop on Heidt's ranch.

Ralph decided that the world isn't as big as it seems when he met a fellow Charlestonian during a stopover in the Azores.

Ralph's Aunt Frances, who reared the orphaned Sigwald kids, shows him seventy-five-foot telegram from Charleston well-wishers.

Spare time on the Heidt tour was used for sightseeing. Here is Ralph in Tripoli. He also saw Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Munich.

TUNE IN: The Horace Heidt show is heard Sunday evenings at 9:30 on CBS. It is televised over CBS-TV on Monday evenings at 9:00. Both shows are sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.
He's been called Mr. Cinderella, he's been compared to a Horatio Alger hero—he's the man who was a janitor last year, who's the entertainer of millions this year.

By RALPH SIGWALD

One minute I was a janitor. The next minute I was on a stage singing before ten thousand people.

Until one day last year I was earning one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month and it had to feed and house and clothe nine people. Last year I earned twenty thousand dollars. This year looks like I'll earn more.

Before I went on tour with Horace Heidt's "Parade of Stars" show I'd never been out of South Carolina in my life. As a machinist and sheet metal worker at the Charleston Navy Yard I'd worked on many a ship but never so much as left the Yard. Now suddenly I'm singing in every city in the USA. (Continued on page 78)
Eddie first met Mindy when she was a self-conscious bobbysoxer—a long way from the poised young singer he first managed, then married.

From bobbysocks to silk stockings, from tomboy to wife—my wife—from a sales job to star billing over NBC: that is the telescoped story of Mrs. Eddie Joy, nee Mindy Carson.

Mindy, at twenty-two, has a radiant smile, beautiful blue eyes and soft brown hair. She was always that way. She has poise and feminine grace. But she wasn't always that way. Certainly not the first time I saw her.

"Who's the kid?" I asked.

The "kid" wore saddle shoes, a gingham skirt and a wholesome smile. The time was May, 1946. I had been back from the war two weeks, after piloting air force transports over the hump. And I was sitting in the outer office of my father's music publishing company, beginning the process of what was called "the soldier's readjustment." I was in the midst of promoting a new song, "Rumors are Flying," and wondering who I'd use to record the vocal. That was when I saw the girl in bobbysocks. If there was any anxiety in her eyes, I figured she was only worried about a truant officer tagging after her.

My father walked over then and said, "Eddie, this is Mindy Carson. She'll be a famous singer one day."

From that moment, I looked on her with respect. My father, once a vaudeville star and still a judge of talent, never makes casual observations. Also, I took a better personal look—and saw that this was actually a very attractive young woman. That same day, Mindy made a recording of "Rumors are Flying" so I could play the song for orchestra leaders. In her voice I recognized the qualities critics were to call "hypnotic," "contagious," and "refreshing." I wanted to hear more of this "kid" and her amazing talent.

She began amazing me immediately. "If I'm not well along to being successful within a (Continued on page 90)
Mindy still remembers the proper batting stance, but these days she’s more likely to be found, feminine and fragile, in a glamorous evening gown.

Mindy Carson Sings is heard Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 11:15 P.M., EST, NBC.
Eddie first met Mindy when she was a self-conscious bobbysoxer—a long way from the poised young singer he first managed, then married.

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She began amazing me immediately. "If I'm not well along to being successful within a (Continued on page 90)
MARTIN AGRONSKY

ABC’s Philadelphia-born Martin Agronsky handles the news from the nation’s capital every a.m. A Rutgers graduate, Martin was a correspondent during the war, covering Cairo when Rommel struck, Singapore when the Japs attacked, and N. Y. when the UN first met. He joined ABC in 1943 as Washington correspondent, and lives there with his family.

H. R. BAUKHAGE

“Baukhage Talking” labels H. R. Baukhage’s news commentary for ABC. Talking or writing, Baukhage has been keeping people well-informed since his first job, which was on a newspaper abroad. Born in LaSalle Ill., in 1889, he graduated from the U. of Chicago, studied in Germany and worked in Paris for AP before returning to U. S. to do radio and newspaper work.

ERWIN CANHAM

Erwin Canham does a Tuesday evening news commentary for ABC and, as editor of the Christian Science Monitor, is considered one of the most distinguished newspapermen in America. He was born in Auburn, Maine, graduated from Bates and went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. His first job for the Monitor was reporting the League of Nations.

ELMER DAVIS

The succinct style of Elmer Davis’ news commenting is, no doubt, the product of his Hoosier background. He was born in Aurora, Indiana—also the birthplace of his fellow ABC commentator, Edwin C. Hill—in 1890 and went to nearby Franklin College, also to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. During the war he was internationally famous as director of OWI.

PAULINE FREDERICK

Pauline Frederick has the distinction of being the only woman reporter on all of the networks. A Pennsylvanian, she went to American Univ. in Washington, D. C., and did newspaper work and occasional radio appearances in that city. Coming to New York, she got her first assignment from ABC, for which station she covers the UN beat with Gordon Fraser.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Radio news commenting is a new field for Robert Montgomery, whose reputation as a top-flight actor and director had already been established before he took to the airwaves for ABC. Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York, and was a star on Broadway before being recruited for the movies. During the war he served as a lieutenant commander.

DREW PEARSON

Drew Pearson is one of the most widely listened-to commentators on the air and his newspaper column is the most widely syndicated. This ABC newswoman was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1897 and was graduated from Swarthmore. He has been a seaman, a teacher, and has written for newspapers in India, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

GEORGE SOKOLSKY

George Sokolsky is another ABC commentator who manages to combine newspaper work and radio to the satisfaction of vast audiences. Sokolsky was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1893 and grew up in Manhattan, attending Columbia U. For several years he worked in China as correspondent and editor. He divides his time between Massachusetts and Manhattan.

They bring Who? What? Why? When? Where? and always asked. And these are the people.
How? These are the questions that are who answer them, both in war and in peace

NED CALMER
Ned Calmer is a CBS news analyst and reporter who also happens to be a novelist, a not very common combination. His most recent novel is The Strange Land, based on World War II. Calmer was born in Chicago, grew up in Boston, went to the U. of Virginia. He came to CBS in 1940 after having worked for several years on newspapers here and abroad.

CHARLES COLLINGWOOD
Charles Collingwood, CBS's White House correspondent, like so many of his colleagues, came to radio directly from a press bureau abroad. In his case it was UP; the place, London. He received the job while studying at Oxford. In 1940 he became a CBS war correspondent and until his White House assignment, was that network's chief West Coast correspondent.

BILL COSTELLO
Bill Costello's interest in Far Eastern affairs extends back to his undergraduate days at the University of Minnesota. Now, as CBS's chief correspondent in the Far East, he reports on the Korean situation, being brought in by transPacific circuit for the network's audiences. Costello had worked for the Honolulu Star Bulletin before joining CBS.

HENRY J. TAYLOR
Henry J. Taylor brings to his weekly ABC news commentary a background steeped in economics and government. Educated at the U. of Virginia, his first job was on the Kansas City Journal. Also a businessman, the Chicago born commentator successfully built up a corn products company and has his own paper company. He was a W.W.II correspondent.

WALTER WINCHEL
Walter Winchell's Sunday night fifteen minutes over ABC are among the most widely heard in the history of radio. Winchell's electrically charged delivery of news plus his endless fountain of information on Hollywood and Broadway add up to a quarter hour millions are loath to miss. Manhattan-born Winchell is also a widely syndicated columnist.

ALLAN JACKSON
To Allan Jackson, like most CBS news analysts, the centers of world news are no mystery. He, along with other CBS staffers, can usually say, "I've been there." Jackson spent two years in the network's London office and was in Berlin during the crucial months of 1948. Then assigned to Washington, he covered the State Department. He's now in New York.

LARRY LeSUEUR
CBS's United Nations correspondent is Larry LeSueur, who won a 1949 Peabody Award for his coverage of that institution. LeSueur started with the UP in 1932, went abroad for CBS at the start of World War II. He covered the Blitz, the fall of France, the Russian defense against Germany and was the first to broadcast from the Normandy beachhead.

EDWARD R. MURROW
Edward R. Murrow's reportorial experience ranges from Hitler's march into Austria to the invasion of South Korea. In between he has covered the London blitz, the North African campaigns, Princess Elizabeth's wedding, and the Berlin airlift—all for CBS. His achievements have been acknowledged twice by George Foster Peabody Awards.

ERIC SEVAREID
Eric Sevareid, CBS's chief Washington correspondent, was honored this year with a George Foster Peabody Award. A native of Velva, N. D.—he was born there in 1912—he studied at the University of Minnesota and started his career on the Minneapolis Journal. Later he worked in the Paris bureau of the UP. It was in Paris that he joined CBS.
WILLARD SHADEL

Bill Shadel is another CBS correspondent with a predilection for being in the thick of things. He was with a Navy task force off Utah Beach on D-Day. He was with General Patton’s Third Army through the Battle of the Bulge. He also covered the discovery of Hermann Goering’s salt mine at cache. He’s now heard daily on CBS from Washington.

HOWARD K. SMITH

Howard K. Smith, CBS’s European News Chief, is a Tulane graduate and a Rhodes Scholar. As CBS’s Berlin correspondent, he was asked by the Nazis to leave Germany. Last Train From Berlin was the best seller he wrote about this experience. His European staff includes David Shoebrum, Paris; Richard Hulten, Berlin; Winston Burdett, Rome.

LOWELL THOMAS

This is the year that marks Lowell Thomas’s twentieth anniversary on the air. (See the October RADIO MIRROR for Lowell’s own story of the years he’s spent bringing you the news.) Almost as impressive as his two decades on radio are his doctorates, twelve, and his books, forty. His most famous one is Lawrence of Arabia. Lowell is heard M-F on CBS.

CECIL BROWN

Mutual’s commentator Cecil Brown holds one of the prized Peabody Awards for his radio heading. He’s also been honored by the Overseas Press Club and the National Headliners Club. Past performances have included broadcasting the invasion of Crete and reporting the sinking of the British cruiser Repulse by the Japanese—he’d been on it!

FRANK EDWARDS

Frank Edwards started his radio career as a special events broadcaster, now handles MBS’s late-evening news series. He was born in Mattoon, Ill., in 1908, went to college at U.C.L.A. Politically a liberal, his crusades for progressive objectives have earned him a reputation as one of the most independent commentators. He’s also a successful lecturer.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

MBS’s Major George Fielding Eliot is a Brooklyn-born military affairs expert whose name is widely known in writing and radio circles. Part of his youth was spent in Australia where his family had moved when he was eight. Eliot attended the U. of Melbourne’s Trinity College. His first military experience was with the Australian Imperial Forces as a lieutenant.

CEDRIC FOSTER

Cedric Foster, Mutual commentator, is acknowledged as one of the most astute analysts of military information. A one-time editor of the Hartford Times, he also has worked for the UP and the AP. His journalistic jaunts have taken him all over the world but he prefers his native New England as a place to live. Foster is married and has two daughters.

BILL HENRY

Bill Henry is one of the few reporters who can say that he made his first broadcast in 1922. He spoke over a telephone-crystal set job, but it was sufficiently exciting to convince Bill that he should devote his future to the new medium. He’s been in front of one version or another of a microphone ever since. Bill now has a daily five-minute news spot over Mutual.

WILLIAM HILLMAN

William Hillman, veteran foreign correspondent, is now a permanent member of Mutual’s Washington news staff. During his days in Europe he interviewed such shapers of destiny as Churchill, Hitler, Goebbels, Goering and Mussolini. He is credited with breaking the first story of the British ultimatum to Germany over Poland. Hillman is also a Collier’s Magazine editor.

EVERETT HOLLES

Experience as a war correspondent and foreign editor makes MBS’s Everett Holles a natural for jobs behind the microphones in the nation’s capital. Holles does a commentary program for MBS, is moderator for Reporters’ Roundup, the program which allows listeners to ask questions, along with newspapers, of a guest currently in the headlines.

FULTON LEWIS, JR.

Fulton Lewis, Jr., who has one of the Mutual network’s largest audiences, was born in the city that he covered for so many years as a columnist and reporter, and from where his broadcasts now come. The city, of course, is Washington, D.C. He went to the University of Virginia, graduating from there in 1924. Fulton is married and has two children.
HARRISON WOOD

Harrison Wood started his radio career doing book reviews. He soon expanded his topics until now there are few subjects upon which he doesn't comment with knowledge and authority. His particular field is the Orient and his discussions of its peoples have been heard on both the lecture platform and over the air waves. He is a graduate of the University of Kentucky.

MORGAN BEATTY

Morgan Beatty, who handles a daily news of the world program for NBC, has been called "America's outstanding disaster reporter." The holder of this title has been acknowledged more formally for his abilities—namely with the Headliner's Award, 1947 and the DuPont Radio Commentator's Award, 1949. Born in Little Rock, he worked for the AP, came to NBC in '41.

W. W. CHAPLIN

W. W. Chaplin is NBC's roaming reporter. As such, he has covered the atom bomb tests at Bikini, the UN Security Council opening in London, and the fifty-one nation peace conference in Paris. He came to NBC's news staff in 1943, working out of the London office. Before joining NBC, Chaplin worked for the Syracuse Journal, the AP and the International News Service.

LOCKWOOD DOTY

Lockwood Doty worked on radio stations in Buffalo, Boston and Atlanta before coming to New York as a staff member of NBC's News and Special Events Department. Born in 1921 in Lockport, New York, he went to school in Avon, Conn., and on to Trinity College in Hartford, graduating in 1942. He's married, has a year old daughter nicknamed "Trinkel."

JAMES FLEMING

James Fleming, who handles NBC's Voices and Events program, served in General MacArthur's headquarters as radio reporter during the war, and until he joined NBC in 1949, had been supervisor of ECA's radio activities. Fleming is a native of Baraboo, Wis., and holds a B.A. from the U. of Chicago. He was once asked to leave Russia for arguing with a censor.

GEORGE T. FOSTER

George Thomas Folster, who was with the 1st Cavalry Division when it invaded East Korean in July, heads the NBC Tokyo News Bureau. His tape recordings of the landings were among the first to reach American audiences. Folster's acquaintance with the Orient stems back to a South Seas expedition he made for the American Museum of Natural History.

RICHARD HARKNESS

Commentator on the Washington scene for NBC is Richard Harkness who first distinguished himself when, as a reporter for the UP, he exposed the Pendergast machine. As a writer for the Philadelphia Inquirer, the White House was his beat. During the 1940 presidential campaign, he toured with both Willis and Roosevelt. He came to NBC in 1942.

RAY HENLE

Ray Henle, along with Felix Morley and Neil Brooks, handles NBC's Three Star Extra. This distinguished trio (Henle is credited with having some of the best news sources in Washington; Morley, a Pulitzer Prize winner, is also a former college president; and Brooks, is a crack writer for Scripps-Howard) presents a discussion and analysis of the news.

GEORGE HICKS

Among other distinctions, NBC's George Hicks can boast that he has never held a job other than one in radio. While at Georgetown U., he found a part-time job as staff announcer on WRC, NBC's Washington, D. C., station. That was in 1928 and the announcing and reporting voice of Hicks has been a part of the NBC scene ever since. Married, he has one son.

H. V. KAL TENBORN

Few news commentators are better known than H. V. Kaltenborn, especially since his coverage of the Munich crisis in 1938. Kaltenborn was born in Milwaukee, Wis., in 1878, won a Phi Beta Kappa key from Harvard, worked for the Brooklyn Eagle and in 1929, in an address to the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, launched his celebrated career.

LEON PEARSON

Leon Pearson, who covers the United Nations for NBC, has been close to that organization since its inception. He was at Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco and the first London meeting of the General Assembly. Like his famous brother Drew, Leon was graduated from Swarthmore. He was a member of the Washington Merry-Go-Round staff for ten years.

ROBERT TROUT

Robert Trout's radio career began in Washington, D. C., a city which seems to have given impetus to the careers of a number of famous radio commentators. Bob came to NBC's news staff in 1948; before that he had been newscaster for another network, assigned to such strategic spots as England during the Blitz, and San Francisco for the UN conferences.
My husband, Bill, and I live in an apartment in New York City. As apartments go, it's big—but for me, it just couldn't be big enough, for I'm a collector and ours is a hobby house. The whole thing started when one of my best friends, Madeleine Pierce, who is also a radio actress, gave me a lovely "Alice" doll—Alice in Wonderland had always been one of my favorite books. With her came the White Rabbit, complete with his gloves. Then a map, showing Alice's travels. Then china figurines of the characters, lampshades, framed illustrations from the book. All at once, we had an Alice in Wonderland room!

Surprise for Bill

When Bill left town for a three-week trip not long ago, I decided to surprise him by doing needed redecorating myself, particularly the tall louvered screens and the double chest in our bedroom. I chose a dry-dull enamel for the job, and after reading the label, I found there was more to painting than meets the brush. Preparation is important. First step, wash the furniture to remove sawdust and wax. With a cloth wrung out in light lather of mild soap and lukewarm water I went over a small area at a time, rinsing with clear water and drying immediately. So the new paint wouldn't stick, surfaces had to be sanded. I used 4/0 sandpaper wrapped around a wood block, working with the grain, wiping with a soft cloth. On narrow or curved spots, I wrapped the sandpaper around wadded cloth. Next step, undercoater to cover masts. At last, the enamel. Quite a job—but worth it!

When Company Comes

In our apartment there's only one way to entertain and that's buffet style. It doesn't take much space, and it's easy, too. Around Christmas time I trot out my Swedish specialties, serve Smorgasbord. A favorite is:

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS WITH SOUR CREAM GRAVY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<tr>
<td>3/4 cup fine bread crumbs</td>
<td>1 egg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4 cup milk</td>
<td>1 tablespoon minced onion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4 pound beef</td>
<td>3/4 teaspoon pepper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4 pound veal</td>
<td>pinch allspice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/2 pound pork</td>
<td>1 teaspoon salt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon salt</td>
<td>1 cup sour cream</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Soak bread crumbs in milk 5-10 minutes. Have meat ground together or combine well. Combine with soaked crumbs, salt, egg, onion, pepper and allspice. Shape into tiny balls. Heat fat in heavy skillet. Add meat balls; brown on all sides. Add sour cream and warm, stirring often. Makes six delicious servings.

Making Lampshades—The Alice Way...

My Alice in Wonderland lampshades set the stage, made the purpose of the room plain. And—I made them myself! I did it the easy way, using ready-made, undecorated artificial parchment shades. First I got a good copy of "Alice" and looked through the book to pick out the pages I like best—about 30 in all. I needed rubber cement and a good brush with which to put it on. A can of white shellac and a new brush completed my needs. I played with the pages to make sure I had enough, laid them out exactly the way I wanted to put them on the shade. Next step had to go quickly—I covered one shade completely and very evenly with rubber cement. Then I turned over the first page to be mounted and gave that a coat of cement. Then I pressed it on the shade. And so on—page by page—until a shade was covered. Second shade, repeat process. Next, I brushed on shellac carefully from top to bottom. A few hours of patient waiting and they were dry. The job was done. And very perky and cute they looked, too. The shellac stiffened the pages so they have a little ripple. I like them that way, but there is a method—read on—to do shades so the pages lie flat.
Here are some of the things Alice Frost has done in her home that make it distinctively hers

For a pattern, use an old lamp shade. Cut or steam apart carefully along the seam. Iron it flat. Trace its outline on artificial parchment and cut out. Then apply the pages as I did, first coating the shade, then each page separately, with rubber cement. After the pages are in place, weight the whole shade evenly so the pages will dry flat. Then shellac. When it's dry, put the shade together the way your pattern shade was fastened. Or, if you doubt your ability to attach the shade to the frame, visit a handicraft shop for materials—they'll show you how.

Recently, when I went into a fabric store to buy some curtain material I found myself talking to one of those particularly pleasant—and informative—salesgirls you run across every now and then. We got into an interesting discussion of the information on fabric and garment labels—well worth knowing, I think. For instance: "Sanforized" means the remaining shrinkage in the fabric won't exceed one per cent. "Sanforset" is the word with the same meaning to be found on rayon fabrics. "Sanforlan" on woolens. (These are trade names.) "Tebolized" is a process often used for cottons, linens, rayons and spun rayons to make the fabric crease resistant—does not wear off. Other names for same process: T.B.L., Unidure, Vitalized. "Vat-dyed color" means resistant to sunlight, washing with good soaps.
Julie Paterno mothers the children who live at the orphanage, Hilltop House, as if they were her own. One of these, Pixie, past fourteen, presents all the joys and problems that occur in any household in which a teen-age daughter lives. She's beginning to feel herself an individual with rights and privileges as such—no longer a child, to be governed by rules and denied what she considers more grown up experiences to which she feels she is entitled. She wants to make her own decisions—her own mistakes, if need be. She's filled with a sense of power and believes she has a good deal of knowledge—which to Pixie, as to any adolescent, is a feeling of knowing everything that there is to know! All of these throw her judgment out of balance and make for too-hasty decisions. Pixie has become, for the first time in her life, interested in a boy—a boy who has, unfortunately, an undesirable character.

Julie, of course, realizes Pixie is growing up, must be treated accordingly. But she knows, too, that Pixie hasn't yet the experience and wisdom that the future years will bring to her, wants to help her in whatever way she can, without imposing discipline of the sort that works well with younger children, but doesn't work at all with adolescents. Discipline without an understanding of the adolescent's needs and his changing personality will only cause a revolt, be harmful, solve nothing. She has gently and tactfully made it clear to Pixie the girl's behavior will reflect in a way on Hilltop House and on Julie who, taking a mother's place, gave Pixie her childhood training. Beyond that, Julie lets Pixie know she has complete faith in her, which Julie feels is most important.

What are your feelings on the subject of the "amount of rope" a teen-ager should be given? How far should her judgment be deferred to, her decisions allowed to stand? What should she be allowed to decide for herself, in what be guided by her parents? Consider it from a broad point of view—that is, taking teen-agers generally, as well as the specific question of Pixie—and tell Julie what you think.

Radio Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the question: "How Much Trust Should You Place in Your Teen-Age Daughter?" Writer of best answer will be paid $25.00; writers of five next best $5 each.

What do you think about this problem? State your answer and reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address to Hilltop House, c/o Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00, and the five next-best for $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. The opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than Dec. 1, 1950. This notice should accompany your letter.

Julie Paterno asks:

How much trust should you
Talking things over's a good plan, Julie and Dr. Jeff try to convince a troubled Pixie.

place in your teen-age daughter?
Festive clothes that won’t tax holiday-strained budgets—just right for Christmas entertaining

What’s on your mind when the coming holidays are mentioned? Of course—parties! The versatile separates Pat Wheel of Road of Life wears on these two pages should be just right for whatever this season brings. Opposite: holiday-mood jersey, one hundred per cent wool, prettied-up with studding of rhinestones on deep cuffs of the blouse, big patch pockets of the skirt. Fitted blouse has the new, flattering U-neckline; matching skirt is soft with unpressed pleats. Also comes in green, black or white, 10-18; blouse $8.95, skirt $12.95. By Koret of California. Available at Saks-34th, New York, N. Y.; Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass. For glitter: Coro’s rhinestone necklace.

This page: young-gentleman look in wonderfully switchable separates. Double-breasted vest comes in green, black, orange too; skirt in black only. Pique blouse boasts tucked bib front. Vest $8.95, skirt $12.95, blouse $5.95—all by McArthur in 10-18. Available at Crowley’s, Detroit, Mich.; McCrerey’s, New York, N. Y. For stores nearest you, write manufacturers listed on page 80.

Road of Life’s Pat Wheel models these holiday garments. Road of Life is heard M-F at 3:15 P.M., EST, over NBC stations, is sponsored by Crisco.

Quick-change trio of separates: each piece will go well with other things you own or want to buy. The jet-buttoned velveteen vest looks holiday-right in red, contrasting smartly with the black velveteen skirt, dandy-collared white pique blouse.
Daytime Fashions for You
IF YOUR CHILDREN ASK YOU—as one of mine once did last Christmas—what year the Christ Child, whose birthday we were celebrating, was born, don't quickly answer, "One, A.D." That's not right. I got to thinking about it, looked it up: The year 1 B.C. is the first year before the beginning of the Christian Era. The year 1 A.D. is the first year of the Christian era. So January 1, 1 B.C. is just one year before January 1, 1 A.D. It was Abbot Dionysius Exiguus who decided the year of Jesus' birth should be the first year of the Christian era. He took the Roman year 754 as the birth date. But historians have proved him wrong, for King Herod, who commanded the Massacre of the Innocents, died in 750. Since Jesus escaped the massacre, He was living before Herod died. The calendar was not changed, but the birth of Jesus is now placed at 4 B.C. by some historians, 6 B.C. by others.

THOMAS CARLYLE SAID IT:

Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge, as fire is of light.

DECEMBER — Christmas—who thinks of anything but Christmas in December? Nobody but a die-hard adult, and I've met very few, no matter what their age, who don't revert to childhood around the holiday season. There'll be snow in time for Christmas, the Old Farmers' Almanac says reassuringly, at least in those places where snow can reasonably be expected—and who knows, maybe even out here in California we might have a spell of that "unusual weather" the Chamber of Commerce would rather not have us discuss. Incidentally, the Almanac also casually remarks that the 29th of the month is the anniversary of the beginning of a sixty-seven day spell of zero weather in North Dakota in 1934. If the weather man is listening, I wasn't hinting for anything that unusual.

Christmas cookies, the way she always does, I love 'em, eat 'em by the handful without regard for waistline or digestion. She makes a zillion varieties, and I always have a terrible time deciding which ones I like best. (Why do kids always ask that whenever there's a choice, and insist that you make a decision: "Which kind do you like best of all, Daddy?"") Certainly I'm partial to those chunky chocolate numbers with a dollop of fudge-like frosting on top the frosting drenched in pistachio nuts. But on the other hand there are the fat little round cookies, snowed over with powdered sugar and rich and chewy with ground almonds inside. And a caramel-and-pecan business called "Baked Candy" that Lois cuts in squares and wraps in silver foil. And of course the old-fashioned crisp molasses kind, cut into shapes of stars and wreaths and trees and Santa Clauses, and decorated with colored sugar and little candy sprinkles that, I'm so hungry now I'll never last till dinner!

STORY WITH A MORAL

Story: There was the man who bought his son a present, an extremely expensive little honest-to-goodness model steam engine. It came in a sturdy box, which he and his wife duly wrapped and placed beneath the tree. "He'll like that best of anything," they told each other. "Hang the cost—after all, it's Christmas!" True, little Johnny liked that present best of anything—he spent all of Christmas day ignoring the steam engine and having a wonderful time playing with the sturdy box in which it came. Moral: Well, you can figure it out for yourself—it's not the money that goes into the choosing of a gift, but the thought and the ordinary horse-sense that count.
December is a holly wreath
That bids a welcome to our door;
It's mistletoe we kiss beneath
And toys and goodies by the score.

December is a Christmas tree
That gaily blinks its colored lights—
A cozy fireplace where we
Toast marshmallows on wintry nights.

December is old Santa Claus,
As dear and jolly as can be,
Whom I will always love because
One Christmas he brought you to me!

—Dorothy B. Ellstrom

THINKING ABOUT CHRISTMAS—
Let the kids wrap their own presents, I say—their presents for other people, of course. Sure, they can turn out some hair-raising concoctions, but what does it matter? Any parent, relative or friend would accept an "I wrapped it up my own self" gift to a friend who wouldn’t prefer an "I wrapped it up my own stuff" gift to a friend who wouldn’t prefer an "I wrapped it up my own self" gift to a right-out-of-the-gift-wrap department number isn’t worth his salt anyway. Besides packing age-wraping keeps the youngsters busy in these pre-holiday moments when someone asks every youngster busy in those pre-holiday moments when someone asks every child what they want for Christmas. Mommy?"—Another thing that’ll keep them endlessly occupied is what we call in our house The Christmas Village. Ingredients are toy flat surface—like a window seat, a set-up card table, or even a corner flat house—a hatt of cotton (the non-inflammable kind) some little men flat figures of people from the dime store, and a flock of imagination. The cotton makes a snow-covered landscape. Small houses can be made simple pile of cardboard—folded into a square, with a second folded-in-half piece for a peaked roof—and painted with the children's water colors. Little pine trees can be made from torn-off pieces of sponge dipped in green ink. Little mirror —all have to be lipped off the Christmas tree anyway. A little mirror makes a fine pond for skaters. An inverted bowl, cotton covered, furnishes a hill for skis and slides. I don't have to offer any more suggestions—a hundred variations will occur to your children once they get started. And they'll have a good time, too!

MINUTE PHILOSOPHY—
Wrong kind of Christmas shopper: the one who buys things she can't afford with money her husband hasn't yet earned to impress people she doesn't like anyway.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—
Boy: Say, you know those Santa Clauses who stand on street corners around this time of year ringing bells?
Linkletter: Sure. What about them?
Boy: Know why they always have chicken wire over the top of the pot?
Linkletter: No, why?
Boy: So kids can't steal nickels out of the pot. In other words, so Santa Claus won't be "nickel-less"—get it?

REMEMBER—
There's so much rushing around at the holiday season, it's a pleasant relief—good for you and for the youngsters, too—to take some time off and sit down (near the fireplace for atmosphere, if you're lucky enough to have one) and read aloud. "Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." Remember that from your childhood? It's worth digging up, reading again. Or Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Or "The Birds' Christmas Carol." And don't forget, for some of the most wonderful word-purifying-together-of all, The Gospel According To St. Luke. Oh, yes—and how about all of us restoring the good, old-fashioned custom of family caroling? That's one we should never forget.
At Linkletter's Nonsense and Some Sense

December

Christmas—this is a time, not of buying and selling, but of giving and receiving. Gifts are exchanged among friends and family, and the spirit of generosity prevails. This season, let us remember the true meaning of Christmas and focus on spreading love and joy to those around us.

Readers' Own Verse Dept.

December

Scrooger is a jolly wren That bids us welcome to our door: It is night—come, let us booma! And toys and goodwill by the score.

December is a Christmas tree That quietly blankets its colored lights— A ray of sunshine where we Trust ourselves on wintry nights.

December is old Santa Claus. As dear and jolly as can be. What's a Christmas without the ones we love? Christmas is for bringing the people we love together.

Minute Philosophy—

Wrong kind of Christmas shopper. The one who buys things she can't afford with money her husband hasn't yet earned to impress people she doesn't like anyway.

Remember—

There's no much rushing around at the holiday season, it's a pleasure re-creating good for you and for the youngsters, too—as some time to relax and sit down (near the fireplace for atmosphere, if you're lucky enough to have one) and read the story of the life of Jesus, who was not only a religious figure but also a human being. Remember that from your childhood! It's worth rereading. And Dickens, "Christmas Carol." And the most wonderful word-painting together of all, The Gospel According to St. Luke. Oh, yes—and how about all of us singing? That's one we should never forget.

The Story of It Happened on House Party

Boy: Say, you know those Santa Claus who stand on street corners during this time of year, ringing bells?
Linkletter: Sure. What about them?
Boy: Know why they always have chicken wire over the top of the pot?
Linkletter: No, why?
Boy: So kids can't steal nickels out of the pot.

If your children ask you—

One of mine once did last Christmas—what year the Christ Child, whose birthday we were celebrating, was born—don't quickly answer, "One A.D." That's not right. I get to thinking about it, looked it up. The year 1 B.C. is the first year before the beginning of the Christian era. The year 1 A.D. is the first year of the Christian era. So January 1, 1 A.D. was one year before December 31, A.D. It was Abbot Dionysius Exiguus who decided the year of Jesus' birth should be the first year of the Christian era. He took the Roman year 754 as the birth date. But historians have proved him wrong, for King Herod, who commanded the Massacre of the Innocents, died in 749. Since Jesus escaped the massacre, He was living before Herod died. The calendar was not changed, but the birth of Jesus is now placed at 4 B.C. by some historians, 6 B.C. by others.

If your children ask you—

Love is the beginning of knowledge, as fire of light.
THE NIGHT BEFORE Christmas

By NANCY CRAIG • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR
Heard at 4:00 P.M. EST, Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the MacFadden Kitchen)

Christmas Eve! Time to trim the tree, hang up stockings, and start festivities for the big day. We spend a quiet Christmas Eve alone at our house. Just our family. But the house is filled with the children's excitement and expectation. The peak is reached when the children start trimming the tree. My "best beat" and I stand by to help them reach the high spots. Nearby is a tray of cookies which are munched with much gusto throughout the evening.

I know that many people find Christmas Eve a time to get together, to exchange greetings and good wishes. Then fill the punch bowl to overflowing. Serve a tray of sandwiches, not too sweet, and a bowl of fruit or nuts. One of my favorite punches is made simply by pouring domestic champagne over orange ice. I start with one pint of orange ice and two quarts of champagne. More orange ice can be added if desired. It's easy, beautiful in color and sparkle, quick to get together, even for a large party. No matter whether you celebrate on Christmas eve or Christmas day—have a very merry time!

HOLIDAY EGG NOG

12 eggs, separated
1 cup sugar
1 cup brandy, rye or bourbon
3 cups milk
1 cup Jamaica Rum
3 cups cream, whipped
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg


Note: If desired, omit brandy and rum; increase milk to one quart. Use three tablespoons of vanilla or one cup of fruit juice for flavoring.

WATERCRESS HAM BISCUITS

2 cups prepared biscuit mix
2/3 cup milk
2 tablespoons chopped watercress
1 (2 1/4 oz.) can Devilled ham

Prepare biscuit dough following directions on package. Add watercress and blend well. Turn out onto a floured board. Knead and roll 1/4 inch thick. Cut with a 1 1/2 inch floured biscuit cutter. Place on an ungreased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes. Remove from oven; split. Spread while still warm with devilled ham. Serve hot. Makes 18 1 1/2 inch biscuits.

SANDWICH IDEAS

Rolled Sandwiches:
Remove crusts from thin slices of very fresh bread. Spread with cream cheese, mayonnaise or pimiento cheese spread. Place watercress at both ends of center of slice. Roll; fasten with toothpicks and chill.
(Continued on page 84)
Before
Anne Lyon wears the wrong hair style; chooses colors unflattering to her type.

After
The right hairdo, natural make-up and smart clothes emphasize her new beauty.

Two-piece dress by Henry-Rosenfeld
Coiffure by Antoinette of the Plaza
HUSBAND — A CHRISTMAS GIFT

A BRAND NEW YOU!

By CAROL DOUGLAS

—Charmed beauty expert famous for her helpful, practical, easy-to-follow plan for self-improvement, heard on This Is Nora Drake and other Toni radio and TV programs, and presented here for the first time in complete, printed form.

Radio Mirror reader Anne Lyon tried this new make-yourself-over method at home. It worked wonders for her—and will for you, too!

When I first met Mrs. Anne Lyon, a young homemaker from River Edge, New Jersey, I knew she could easily be transformed into a stunning woman. If you follow the same beauty routine I outlined for her, you can become a beauty, too!

FOOD: What you eat makes a big difference in how you look and feel. Plan to include these beauty builders in your diet: Fruit, vegetables, meat, eggs, green salad, milk, cheese, bread and cereal. Avoid fried foods that tend to blemish your skin; too many starches, sweets or alcoholic beverages that cause you to add those extra pounds and unwanted bulges. Don’t skip lunch or breakfast and then try to make up for the lost meal by nibbling candy or cookies.

EXERCISE: To be sure that your figure is perfectly proportioned, you must take time out each day to do corrective exercise. If your particular problem is your hips, you must concentrate on whittling them away. Whatever you do, though, don’t expect overnight results. Whether you are slimming your figure, or just remodeling it, only time, exercise and persistent effort will reveal the difference. You can be exactly what you are willing to make yourself!

POSTURE: If you neglect your posture, all the exercise in the world will never make your figure lovely. A truly graceful and gracious woman is the one who knows how to enter and leave a room, to sit and stand, and, of course, to put everyone else at ease by her assurance and manner. You can be such a woman, if you will always remember to stand tall, walk with smooth, easy strides, and sit with calm dignity. It’s a matter of practice. Why not start today?
BATH: Your daily bath serves the double purpose of keeping you fragrantly clean and giving you a few minutes to relax completely. Fill the tub with warm water, add bath salts; then lie quietly before washing. Rub yourself dry with a rough towel and pat on your favorite bath powder.

HAIR: Anne finds side bangs suit her face. A permanent adds body, makes hair easier to manage, can be done right at home.

NAILS: A home manicure is a "must" for good grooming. Always be sure polish looks fresh, and cuticles are neatly trimmed.

Carol Douglas is beauty expert for the Toni Company, heard on This Is Nora Drake, M-F 2:30 P.M., EST, CBS, and is beauty consultant for other Toni programs—Give and Take, Sat. 1:30 P.M., EST, CBS, and Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, 8 P.M., EST, Wed., CBS-TV.
THE COMPLETE CAROL DOUGLAS WAY TO—A BRAND NEW YOU!

COLOGNE: Cologne didn’t mean too much in Anne’s life before she began to take her own personal beauty seriously. Now she doesn’t feel dressed without it. A cologne which suits your own personality should be sprayed on before you put on your dress. Keep it in an atomizer which adds to the beauty of your vanity table.

PERFUME: For those brief freshening up moments, always carry some of your favorite perfume in a purse size portion (vial).

DRESS: The basic black dress comes to life with vivid Glentex scarves. Change your appearance with pearls or costume jewelry.

SHOES: Select footwear to fit your feet and wardrobe as well as your pocketbook. Choose shoes with sturdy leather soles.
CLEANING BEFORE MAKE-UP:
Since beauty is more than skin deep, be sure to remove every last particle of dust and stale make-up before putting on a new "face." For dry skin, apply a rich cleansing cream and rinse with warm water. For oily skin, use soap and water followed by astringent. Apply make-up base.

MASCARA: Eyes wide and handsome can be yours, as Anne finds out, through careful use of mascara, pencil and eye shadow.

LIPSTICK: A lipstick brush makes for a prettier lip-line. Try the newest shades of lipstick that will contrast with your clothes.
SUCCESS STORY: Anne asks her husband, “Well, how do I look, Charlie?” His smile of approval tells her that she is groomed to perfection. She is radiant with the self-confidence that comes from knowing she looks her best. Now that Anne has learned to make the most of her own good looks, an exciting new world awaits her.

YOUR PERSONAL BEAUTY CHART

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MY HAIR IS</th>
<th>MY EYES ARE</th>
<th>MY SKIN IS</th>
<th>MY HEIGHT IS</th>
<th>MY WEIGHT IS</th>
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Write to: New You Analysis, Box 1577, Grand Central Post Office, New York 17, New York. I am enclosing a photograph or snapshot of myself, and six cents in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and handling. Please send me my free beauty analysis.

NAME__________________________
ADDRESS_______________________
CITY__________________________ STATE__________________________
He made good substituting for Berle—but by being himself, not trying to out-Berle Mr. Television.

So you want to be a comedian—to wonder where your next laugh is coming from . . . what you can possibly do to amuse your audience, once you step out on that stage . . . whether the fellow from Hohokus will get the joke about Oshkosh, or vice versa.

Maybe you'll start out by being the life of the neighborhood parties. You're the one they turn the radio off for, and say, "Let him do something now." So you have to cook up something fast, and good, or you get a quick brush. Then, suddenly, the party's over, and you're left wondering: were you invited for yourself, or because you could entertain?

That's your first taste of show business. By that time it's too late to turn back. It's in your blood.

For me, it all started in my father's candy store in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn. Show folks packed the place in off seasons and they all dropped in at the store. They were all friends of Pop's.

I was a cut-up, even at seven, entertaining the customers with gags and impressions of movie stars. All strictly my own material. I had a knack for remembering everything I heard, and I devoured everything I could read. (Continued on page 82)
He loves TV, Jack says, will never give it up—unless, of course, they want to put a comedian in the White House instead of a pianist!

Best test of a joke: try it on your wife, Jack tries it out on Joan.

A comedian can't even play solitaire in solitude—home life includes "try it on the boss" conferences with gag writers.
FOUR from

WITH CHRISTMAS AND ITS ATTENDANT GIFTS, DECORATING AND FESTIVITIES IN MIND,

Tina Redmond

Festive fashions are the most important of all Christmas decorations believes vivacious, clever Tina Redmond who combines glamor and practicality on alternating shows, Sewing Is Fun and Cooking Is Fun. (WBKB, 10.30 A.M., M-F) To meet the problem of looking different through a series of parties attended by the same circle of friends, Tina suggests you can be both solvent and svelte by starting with a basic dress. Vary it with this season’s high style tunic jacket, a crisp peplum, or a drape. You’ll find designs for them in most of the pattern books. For the youngsters in the family, a set of easily-made plastic aprons will keep clothes looking Christmasy. Tina studied home economics at Mundelein College, paying her expenses by modeling on the side. After graduation, she taught at a girls’ school. Tina’s married and runs her own household—a simple matter for a girl who’s made homemaking both her careers!

Kay Westfall

The bright and beautiful feminine partner of the Bob and Kay show (WENR, 11 A.M., M-F) finds popcorn a versatile prop in setting the stage for holiday drama in her household. There’s a big, inviting dish of well-buttered popcorn by the fireplace. Old fashioned strings of popcorn deck the tree. Popcorn balls, wrapped in red and green cellophane, are ready as impromptu gifts for small neighbors. And a popcorn snowman, flanked by popcorn trees, makes a novel decoration. To make the snowman, set three popcorn balls on top of each other while the syrup is warm enough to stick. Cut gumdrops to make the face, and give him a paper hat. To make the trees, roll the popcorn and syrup mixture around a center support stick. Shape into cones. Before the syrup hardens, set red birthday candles into the top. Blonde, brown-eyed Kay is Chicago-born, attended Lake View High and has a B.A. degree from DePaul U.

Kay has ideas on using popcorn for Christmas trimmings, and she tells you how to carry them out.
These TV homemakers offer suggestions to help you with holiday problems

Barbara Barkley

If you’re the kind of homemaker who is famous for a particular dish, a thoughtful and literally priceless gift to send a distant friend is directions for preparing it. Barbara Barkley, capable tall blonde home economist who presides over Chicago Cooks With Barbara Barkley (WGN, 11 A.M., M-F) suggests you copy your favorite recipe on a file card, write a little note saying “Wish you were here to enjoy this with us,” and enclose it with your holiday greeting. It’s a bit of cheer which will long outlast the season. The same idea can be applied to your Christmas cookies to make them a year-round treat. Copy the recipes in advance, deck the cards with a gummed seal, and have them ready to hand out to those guests who, after tasting, say, “My, these are good. I wish I knew how to make them.” Barbara studied home economics at Northern Illinois State Teachers College, is Mrs. Edward Zellers in her near northside private life.

Barbara thinks sharing your homemaking secrets is a warm and friendly way to say “Merry Christmas.”

Dorsey Connors

When everything except your pocketbook is rich with Yuletide spirit, it’s time to use your ingenuity as a substitute for cash. As a specialist in making decorating dollars stretch, Dorsey Connors (WMAQ, 10:10 P.M., M-F) confides that soap flakes put a professional-looking mantle of snow on your Christmas tree. Play safe by fireproofing the tree with one of the commercial preparations. Next, empty a half-package of soap flakes into a big bowl of water. Whisk into a very thick lather, and use a paint brush to apply it to the branches. When it dries, you’ll have a sparkling reflector to enhance your lights. Your Christmas cards, too, should be worked into your decorating scheme. Try threading them on a string to festoon your windows or tack them on a screen. Chicago-born Dorsey, the mother of an eleven-year-old daughter, works hard for charity, is a founder of the Illinois Epilepsy League.

If your holiday spirit is great but your budget doesn’t match, you’ll like Dorsey’s suggestions.
If it hadn't been for Brooklyn, my mother's old squirrel hat, and the fact that a certain young red-head had a compulsion one afternoon, I wouldn't be telling this story, because my name wouldn't be Gargan.

Sometimes when Bill wants to tease me, he'll start telling people about the way we met, but he never tells it the same way twice. He keeps adding things. "To give it pathos," he explains to me.

I never mind, because I know how he really feels about marriage and about me. We've had twenty-three rich, wonderful years together, and there's never been so much as a frayed thread in the marriage bond that changed me from Mary Kenny into Mary Gargan. I do think, however, that it's high time that I had a chance to tell the story of our first meeting in its true version. And if Bill has any complaints about it, maybe he can persuade the sponsors of Martin Kane Private Eye to let him ad lib his protest at the end of his show.

This is the way it really happened:

I had lived in New York all my life and loved it. One Saturday, when I was about thirteen, my cousin Ellen, who had recently moved to Brooklyn, persuaded me to (Continued on page 85)
From Brooklyn to Broadway to Beverly Hills, it's been a love story all the way for the Gargans. "We've had twenty-three wonderful years together," says Bill's Mrs. Is there any better tribute to a marriage?

The Gargans had to leave behind their pet turtle and cat when they visited New York recently. Bill made up for the missing menagerie by taking care of a friend's poodle.
Beany has his say in a conference with writer Charles Shows and producer Bob Clampett.

TIME FOR Beany

When it's time for Beany, a hush falls over the house. Restless feet grow quiet and voices get low as the kids close in on the television set to watch little Beany, Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent, Captain Huffanpuff and the rest of the puppet crew get themselves in and out of all sorts of fantastic scrapes. Oh, things like finding the fifth corner of the world, when all they expected was four! There's a sinister character, Dishonest John, whose evil designs are always foiled by the spirit of fair play and comradeship of Beany and his gang. That's why educators, parents, and the kids themselves go on finding time for Beany.

Time For Beany is currently carried on these stations: WSB-TV, Atlanta; WAFM-TV, Birmingham; WNAC-TV, Boston; WBBR, Chicago; WFAA-TV, Dallas-Fort Worth; WXYZ-TV, Detroit; KTLA, Los Angeles (Mon.-Fri., 6:30 P.M. PST, sponsored by Budget Pak candies); WTCN-TV, Minneapolis; WNHC-TV, New Haven; WOR-TV, New York City (Mon.-Fri., 6:45 P.M. EST, sponsored by Quaker Oats); WOW-TV, Omaha; WJAR-TV, Providence; WHBF-TV, Rock Island; KSU-TV, St. Louis; KEYL, San Antonio; KFMB-TV, San Diego; KFIX, San Francisco; KING-TV, Seattle; KOTV, Tulsa.
Vote for your favorite TV programs—the shows that have entertained you deserve your approval in this, the only nationwide listener-viewer poll! In each category, vote for the show that’s given you greatest enjoyment.

Write in the name of one television program opposite each of the classifications below

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(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO MIRROR, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y., postmarked not later than December 1, 1950.)
GOOD PLACE TO BE

Shuffle tells of the time Rushville Center was chosen the typical American town

Have you ever had what they call an inferiority complex? You know what I mean—when you're always thinking the other fellow knows more or has more or is more than you? It can sure make you suffer, can't it? Worst of it is, half the time that's just what the other fellow is thinking about you, too, if you only knew it.

Now I'm too old a citizen to fall into that kind of trap very easy. One way and another I've been through enough, in my life, so I've got a fair idea what I'm worth, and how I fit into the general scheme of things. But even so, there was a time not so long ago when I woke up one morning and said to myself, "Shuffle Shober, darn if you ain't suffering from one of them complexes. At your age!" Then I thought about it a while, and I knew that it wasn't just me. The whole danged town was in the same boat—all of Rushville Center, suffering from an inferiority complex. And you know why? Because it had all of a sudden received the biggest honor in its whole history! Sounds

It reminded me of a movie I'd seen down at the Cameo with one of those big cocktail parties.
mixed-up, doesn’t it? It was. I better begin at the beginning, and you’ll see how it all came about.

First thing was, this big magazine down there in New York City, they had a contest or something. I don’t rightly know how our town got into it, but it was a contest for finding out which little town in the whole of the USA was the most typical town—in other words, which was the most American, which came the closest to having the kind of people and streets and ideals and so on that we come to think of as real, rock-bottom American. And one bright day—well, it was a rainy day as a matter of fact, but that's no matter—one day it was all over town that the town they’d picked was us. Us—Rushville Center!

It was Charley, the fellow down at the Mansion House Coffee Shop, passed the news on to me while I was having breakfast there. Charley gets his news straight from the folks who make it, I guess, for I’ve never seen the time when he wasn’t the first to hear whatever’s going on. Stirring (Continued on page 92)
AUNT JENNY

One of Aunt Jenny's latest stories tells of a marriage that almost ended in dreadful tragedy through a combination of a husband's over-ambitious plans and his wife's unselfishness. Molly's efforts to sell her homemade jams to help out with family funds grew into a large-scale business of which her husband Griff did not know was that Molly's activities were actually endangering her health, and she hesitated to tell him because the new business had given them the first hope of attaining financial security they so badly needed. Griff's enlightenment came barely in time to save Molly, in one of Aunt Jenny's most dramatic climaxes.

Mary Noble

Claudia Vincent has been very busy mixing into the lives of Mary and Larry Noble. First she talks her way into a part opposite Larry in the new Broadway play in which he stars. Then she elopes with Oliver Wilson, each of them under the impression that the other is well supplied with money. When the truth comes out that they are both penniless, their infatuation changes to hatred. Claudia goes on with her work in Larry's play. After her debut Mary and several others go backstage to see the actors, and it is then that Mary stumbles over the body of Oliver Wilson—murdered. The shadow of suspicion hangs darkly over the Nobles.

Ruth Wayne

The marriage of young Neddie Evans and his wife Hope is almost shattered by the influence of the millionaire, Parker, who has laid his plans to just such an end. Neddie's sister Ruth has long suspected that if nobody stops him Parker will succeed in ruining many lives in Glen Falls, but so far she has been handicapped in her efforts to stop him by the clever manner in which he has ingratiated himself with enough people to enable him to pursue his plans. Now, however, Ruth has become confused in Parker's mind with Selena, a woman who once had a vital place in his life. Will his peculiarities reveal themselves as Ruth and the dead Selena join forces in his twisted mind?

BRIGHTER DAY

Elizabeth Dennis has made up her mind not to marry Hollywood producer Nathan Eldredge, in spite of the tragic accident in which he nearly died—and in spite of the fact that her whole family thinks she is making a mistake. From Hollywood, Liz's young sister Althea tries hard to talk Liz into marrying Neddie Evans, a gentle Dr. Dennis wonders if Liz is doing the wrong thing, since it is so obvious that she and Nathan love each other deeply. But Liz sticks to her decision, and only Sam Winship seems to understand — Sam, who is resigned to occupying the position of Liz's best friend. Is Liz working her way toward a different relationship with Sam?

Aunt Polly

Trying to help straighten out the family troubles of his old friend Ed Brice, David Harum learns that young Denny Elkins, with whom Ed's wife Ina was infatuated, is in the stolen car racket. Besides reuniting Ed and Ina, this bit of information gives David the assistance he needs in preventing Ed's daughter Lucy from making a mistake that might have ruined her life. With Denny's criminal activities on established fact, David is able to make Lucy see that Herbert Elkins, Denny's brother, is the man she really ought to marry. With Herbert, who is as honest as his brother was crooked, and who loves her, Lucy will be able to find real happiness at last.

Sally

David Farrell, star reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, was recently assigned by his paper to cover a story which became known as the "Deep Freezer Murder Case." In this grotesque case the body of a department store executive is found in a refrigerator unit. When the police get busy, it develops that one of the store's employees quarreled with the executive shortly before the discovery of the body. In spite of many false trails that have surrounded the murder, and the frantic efforts of the guilty party to successfully conceal the facts, David and his wife Sally succeeded in learning what the "police need to know to lay their hands on the murderer.
Here's your guide to good listening

on the daytime drama circuit—plot,

character, time, station information

GUIDING LIGHT

Little Chuckie White does not survive the accident which his father Meta bitterly believes was the direct result of his father's mistaken theories about how to bring up a child. So determined was Ted White to reduce Meta's control over their child and bring Chuckie up to be a real boy that he forced the child into vigorous activities completely unsuited to his personality and needs, and prevented him from doing what he really enjoyed, painting. Strained beyond endurance by the dreadful situation in Chuckie's death, Meta finally explodes in a desperately tragic action. She shoots Ted White, and does not even seem to mind when she is jailed. What does life hold for Meta?

HILLTOP HOUSE

Julia Paterna, supervisor of the orphanage Hilltop House, sees the shadowy threat of a serious problem as one of her charges, teen-age Pixie, falls into the "wrong crowd" at high school. Pixie was a delightful child until recently when she learned that her real father had died in jail. Believing that the family who had planned to adopt her would not want her when this fact came out, Pixie believes her whole life is ruined, and starts going out with a boy who has already built up a record at Children's Court. Will Pixie's instinctive knowledge of right and wrong help her to work out this situation? How much can Julie do to control her, otherwise?

LORENZO JONES

The Joneses, Belle and Lorenzo, have made a pact never to mention the name of Fifi, the Parisienne whose stories about the youth machine on which she and Lorenzo were going to make a fortune turned out to be a complete fake. Unfortunately, Lorenzo learned the truth about Fifi only after he had borrowed money to pay her passage back to France. Chastened but still eager to keep working on his inventions, Lorenzo advertises in the local paper for ideas, and after giving the answers much thought decides to start work on a noiseless vacuum cleaner. The first and most important step is taken when he acquires financial backing... but what happens after that?

MA PERKINS

Shuffle Shaber, knowing for certain that Mo's cousins, the Hammachers, are up to no good, is still unable to prove his conviction. Mo's affection and family loyalty blind her to all the machinations of Ed and his son Sylvester to obtain control of her lumber yard, and Shuffle knows they have plans too for Mo's daughter Fay and Fric. Considering the situation. Anxiously trying to show Mo what the Hammachers are doing to her whole little world, Shuffle runs into nothing but trouble. Shuffle himself has virtually been driven out of Rushville Center by the Hammachers; Willy, Ma's son-in-law, has been forced out of the lumber yard—can nobody see the truth?

JUST PLAIN BILL

Bill Davidson is upset at the disturbance caused in the marriage of his daughter, Nancy, by Dr. Leonard Drew. The young doctor, who pulled Nancy through a serious operation, is believed by Nancy's husband, Kerry, to be in love with her. Dr. Drew's divorced wife, Vivian, still jealous of her former husband, seems to have the same idea, and this strengthens Kerry's suspicions to the point where even Bill, for whom he has great regard, cannot persuade him that he is exaggrating. However, to Bill's astonishment, it suddenly appears that maybe he is wrong and Kerry and Vivian are right, for in a dramatic moment Dr. Drew himself admits his fondness for Nancy.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Nona Brady's career as a film star has begun to develop unexpected snags. First of all her picture is not the tremendous success predicted. Producer Vernon Dutell, who wants to marry Nona, is suddenly confronted with a girl out of his past, Kay Lonier, who is so determined to win Vernon back that she has threatened to kill Nona... and has won the help of Vernon's brother, Alvin, who resents Nona's influence over Vernon. Alvin is afraid that he won't be able to get as much out of Vernon with Nona around. Now Nona wonders what the mysterious Countess Zelma Armand is going to have on her foster father, Pot Brady. Is Pat interested in the glamorous European?
At the urgent request of his uncle, Lord Percy, Lord Henry Brinthope and his wife Sunday leave their Virginia home and fly to England. There Henry learns from his cousin, Sir Stewart Brinthope, that their old friend Diane Caulfield is possibly involved with a ring of international thieves. Sir Stewart believes he is hospitalized after a brutal, mysterious attack, and after cautioning Henry to reveal nothing about Diane to anyone, not even Sunday, asks him to try to get evidence of Diane's activities. Sunday meanwhile is puzzled by the possessive attitude Diane displays toward Lord Henry. Will Diane succeed in her obvious plan to break up Sunday's marriage?

**PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY**

Though Pepper and his family are still worried about their friend Edie Hoyt, whose husband Andy is very ill in South America, they are forced to concentrate on trouble closer to home when a robbery with violence occurs at the Elmwood Bank. Mike, the watchman, tells a story that turns suspicion against Pepper's father, Sam Young, and in spite of the greatly respected position which Dad Young has for so many years held in the community, he feels impelled to resign his job at the bank. Pepper, furious that anybody could believe such a thing of his father, begins a determined fight to clear the Young name and discover who actually was responsible for the robbery.

**PERRY MASON**

Together with the police, Perry Mason is striving to find out who is behind the empire of crime which has spread its tentacles through so much of the life of his city. Relentlessly Perry tracks down the clues that he knows will one day lead him to the head of the ring which not only takes financial toll of the community, but corrupts the youngsters. Perry's friend, reporter Helen Henderson, is his wingwoman in such a way that she becomes friendly with Allyn Whitlock, of whom Perry is suspicious without knowing the full truth— that Allyn is the girl friend of the man he is after, Walter Bodt. Will Helen's friendship with Allyn lead Perry to Bodt?

**PORTIA FACES LIFE**

Despite the fact that Walter's death is apparently proved, Portia cannot get over her desperate conviction that he is still alive. She does not know that Beauty and Paul Ingerson, a malevolent couple of schemers, have cleverly obtained control over Walter by identifying him as one Stewart Prescott. Walter's memory, confused by the accident in which he was supposed to have died, is not strong enough to refute the Ingersons' identification, and when they sorrowfully have him committed to a mental hospital he actually believes that he is of unsound mind. However, in a daring maneuver he escapes and finds his way back to Parkers-town, where he is reunited with Portia.

**ROAD OF LIFE**

There is no reason why Dr. Jim Brent should make any effort to help Beth Lombart, the woman who deceived him so terribly by posing as his dead wife, Cora. But as Beth stands her trial for treason with the rest of the Rockwell gang, it becomes evident that Rockwell plans to fix things so that all the guilt is thrown on Beth, and Jim's in-herent urge to see justice done impels him to try to save Beth. Meanwhile, he wonders what part in his life will be played by the young girl, Jocelyn McLeod, whose gallant fight for health has engaged his wholehearted admiration and sympathy. Will Jim be able to bring Jocelyn back to a healthy, normal life?

**ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT**

With Helen Trent and Gil Whitney on the verge of marriage, Cynthia Swanson worked hard to separate them, and managed to create such a web of confusion and lies that even though Helen and Gil have come together again so much misunderstanding persists that their plans to marry may never be resumed. Producer Jeff Brody, who helped Helen buy Gil's house when Gil left Hollywood, takes her a favor when he resells the house at a huge price to Cynthia and gives Helen a bankbook showing her profit. When Jeff's wife discovers this bankbook she believes the worst of her husband and Helen, and columnist Daisy Parker spreads the news around Hollywood.

**ROSEMARY**

How tragically different is Rosemary's homecoming to Springdale from the exciting departure so short a time ago! When she and Bill went to New York for Bill's wonderful new job, Rosemary thought they were on their way to success and happiness, not suspecting that they were also on their way to a meeting with beautiful Blanche Weatherby. Madly infatuated with Blanche, Bill betrays Rosemary to Rosemary that she goes back to Springdale convinced that everything is over. In New York her friend, Blanche, tries vigorously to keep Blanche and Bill apart. Will Bill ever come back to Rosemary? ... and if he does, will she still want him?
SECOND MRS. BURTON

The danger of neglecting a teen-age child is brought forcibly home to Terry and Stan Burton when the illness of their baby, Wendy, concentrates all household activities on her and leaves young Brad feeling lonely and unwanted. Brad becomes involved with a group of boys in what he believes to be a social club, but after a rather short period of time he realizes they are in activities which are not entirely social—and far from entirely legal. Under the guidance of a man named Racky who has an unsavory background, this gang of boys is rapidly on its way to becoming a seamy group of criminals, and when Brad tries to back out it is almost too late.

WENDY WARREN

Reporter Wendy Warren's romance with managing editor Don Smith suffers a setback when wealthy Kay Clement, an important backer of Don's paper, develops a strong interest in Don. Gossip columnists begin to pair off Kay and Don, and Wendy is wondering if she has lost him completely, when, all of a sudden, he proposes immediately. If happenings in the newspaper office, Wendy would have been delighted but now she is disturbed at his insistence on getting married at once when, a short while before, he had given every sign of waning interest in her. Also, Wendy is wondering just why Don wants her father Sam to continue writing editorials for the paper.

STELLA DALLAS

Phil Baxter is made the happiest man in the world when Stella finally consents to marry him. Stella, too, looks forward to a contented life with Phil, but is rudely shocked when she realizes that there are forces at work to prevent her marriage. Mrs. Grovenor, mother-in-law of Stella's beloved daughter Grace, plans to keep Phil from marrying Stella, as are also Maxine Booth and Clark Marshall. Even while Stella and Phil plan their engagement party they are receiving threatening notes, and the evil at work around them takes concrete form when Stella falls—apparently by accident—in the garden. What will happen as she and Phil continue their plans?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

The accident which left Joan Davis paralyzed also threw her husband, Harry, into financial difficulties. He had to borrow heavily from his brother, Tom, to pay Jean's hospital expenses. Now that Joan is home and beginning to rebuild her life, Harry's happiness is marred by the pressure brought to bear by Lola, his wife, who demands an immediate repayment of the loan. Trying to help, Joan's sister Sylvia is instrumental in getting Harry involved with a mysterious Englishwoman who wants to buy all the oil rights to the Davis land. Sylvia means well, but what kind of scheme is it in which Harry, with her eager help, is becoming so deeply involved?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

After much heartache Nora Drake finally breaks her engagement to lawyer Charles Dobbs, only to find that the man in whom she has begun to be interested may never be able to ask her to marry him. Psychiatrist Dr. Robert Seergent is still involved with his former wife, Vivian, largely because he is desperately attempting to prevent her from ruining the life of their young daughter Grace, and Vivian cleverly strengthens this hold over her. Also, Nora's break-up with Charles greatly disappointed Peg Martinson, who hoped that her husband, Ken, would lose interest in Nora if she married Charles. And Peg Martinson is dangerous when she can't get her own way.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

Anne Malone's separation from her husband, Dr. Jerry Malone, is finally about to end in divorce as Anne makes up her mind to marry devoted Sam Williams. But as she does so she learns that in New York something has occurred in Jerry's life—something that has upset it so violently that Jerry has disappeared. That whatever has happened concerns wealthy Lucia Standish. Anne does not doubt, but she does not yet know that Jerry's former confidante, disilluminated about Lucia, is about to give up everything she helped him to achieve in his career and his personal life, and start all over again. What effect will this have on Anne Malone's plans?

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Will Jim Carlton ever learn to stand on his own two feet? It does not seem as if he will ever take an independent stand on his job or his home life. His mother, despotic Mrs. Carlton, insists she is doing the best thing for him, but continues to interfere in his life in such a way that Jim's marriage to Thelma can never reach a secure footing. In spite of the efforts of his friend, Madame Sophie, to help Jim, Thelma's weakness and his mother's influence combine to make it look as though the baby Thelma is expecting will be coming into a very unhappy, mixed-up home. And if this happens, Madame Sophie believes that young Thelma may do something desperate.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Ellen Brown, the young widow who is devoting herself to bringing up her two children, is incredulous when she hears that her husband William is still alive. Going to Chicago to verify the news, she falls into the hands of a ruthless man posing as William. With his accomplice, Jackson, he outlines a plan whereby Ellen must marry and then divorce him, and promises her a vast sum of money. Ellen refuses, but is in a desperate plight since nobody in Simpsonville knows where she is except her friend, Norine Temple. Dr. Anthony Loring, the man to whom Ellen is engaged, believes she has gone to Chicago to see Jim Martinson, and his jealousy may prevent him from coming to Ellen's aid.
SARA BERNER—well-known as Mabel, the telephone operator, on the Jack Benny show, has also been in five movies—with only her voice showing.

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**INSIDE RADIO**

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time  
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

### SUNDAY

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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>Voices and Events</td>
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<td>The Truths</td>
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<td>The Quiz Kids</td>
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<td>The Saint</td>
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<td>Charlie Wild, Private Eye</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>Adventures of Sam Spade</td>
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<td>Meet Me in St. Louis</td>
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**MAUREEN KEATING**—young and talented actress who is often featured on CBS' Aunt Jenny's Stories (Monday-Friday, 12:15 P.M. EST) is a New Yorker by birth. Before entering radio she got her dramatic training with stock companies. In addition to her radio work, Maureen studies voice and writes for magazines as a hobby.

### MONDAY

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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
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<td>H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>Irving Field's Trio</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>One Man's Mutual News</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>The Railroad Hour</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Voice of Firestone</td>
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* Heard in southern & west-central states
**WEDNESDAY**

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<tr>
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<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Pauline Frederick</td>
<td>Margaret Arlen</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
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<td>Local Program</td>
<td>8:55 Walter Kilerman</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Jack Baker Show</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
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<td>Katie Callaghan</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
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<td>Inside the Doctor’s Office</td>
<td>Bud Colly</td>
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<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>Say It With Music</td>
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<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<td>Break the Bank</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Marilyn Romances</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
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<td>Heather’s Mailbag</td>
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<td>Jack Bench</td>
<td>Bo Polo</td>
<td>Gem of Thought</td>
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<td>David Harum</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | News                            | Kate Smiin Speaks                | Johnny Olsen’s Luncheon Club    | Wendy Warren                     |
| 12:15 | Echoes From the Tropics         | Lanny Ross                       | 12:25 Edwin C. Hill             |                                  |
| 12:30 | Homemakers                      | Johnny Olsen’s Luncheon Club     | Helen Tren                      |                                  |
| 12:45 |                                | Local Programs                   | Our Gal Sunday                  |                                  |
| 1:00  |                                | Cedric Foster                    |                                |                                  |
| 1:15  | Dave Garrayow                   | Harvey Harding                   | Big Sister                      |                                  |
| 1:30  | George Hickis                   | Harold Turner                    | Ma Perkins                      |                                  |
| 1:45  | We Love and Learn               | The Star Notar                   | Yeagy Or. Malone                |                                  |
| 2:00  |                                |                                  | The Guiding Light               |                                  |
| 2:15  | Double or Nothing               | Variety Show*                    | Second Mrs. Burton              |                                  |
| 2:30  | Live Like A Billionaire         | Ladies Fair                      | Perry Mason                     |                                  |
| 2:45  |                                | Queen For A Day                  | This Is Nora Drake              |                                  |
| 3:00  | Life Can Be Beautiful           | Welcome To Hollywood             | The Brighter Day                |                                  |
| 3:15  | Road of Life                    | John B. Kennedy                  |                                |                                  |
| 3:30  | Yooper’s Paradise               | Peace Of Mind                    |                                |                                  |
| 3:45  | Right to Happiness             |                                |                                |                                  |
| 4:00  | Backstage Wife                  | Nancy Craig                      |                                |                                  |
| 4:15  | Stella Dallas                   | Chuckle Wagon                    |                                |                                  |
| 4:30  | Lorenzo Jones                   | Conversation With                |                                |                                  |
| 4:45  | Young Widder Brown              | Casey                           |                                |                                  |
| 5:00  | When A Girl Marries             | Jimmy Waley Show                 |                                |                                  |
| 5:15  | Portia Faces Life               | Sky King                         |                                |                                  |
| 5:30  | Just Plain Bill                 | 5:55 Bobby Benson                |                                |                                  |
| 5:45  | Front Page Farrell              |                                  |                                |                                  |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 7:00  | Richard Harkness               | Fulton Lewis, Jr.                | Edwin C. Hill                   | Beatle                            |
| 7:15  | Irving’s Field Trip            | Dinner Date                      | Elmer Davis                     | Jack Smith Show                   |
| 7:30  | News of the World              | Gabriel Heather                  | Mutual Newsreel                  | Club 15                           |
| 7:45  | One Man’s Family               |                                  | Edward Murrow                   |                                  |
| 8:00  | Hub of Ivy                      | The Hidden Truth                 | Dr. I. O.                       | Mr. Chameleon                     |
| 8:15  | Great Gildersleeve             | International Airport            | 8:15 Bill Henry                 |                                  |
| 8:30  |                                |                                  |                                  |                                  |
| 8:45  |                                |                                  |                                  |                                  |
| 9:00  | Groucho Marx                    | 2000 Plus                        | Debtor                          |                                  |
| 9:15  |                                |                                  |                                |                                  |
| 9:30  | Mr. District Attorney Family    |                                |                                |                                  |
| 9:45  | Theater                        |                                |                                |                                  |
| 10:00| The Big Story                   | Frank Edwards                    | Lawrence Welk                    |                                 |
| 10:15|                                | I Love A Mystery                 | Dance Bands                      |                                 |
| 10:30| Richard Diamond                | 10:35 Symphonette                |                                |                                 |

**LES DAMON**—one of radio’s busiest crime-busters (currently The Falcon; he’s also Dr. Scargent on This Is Nora Drake) landed in show business quite accidentally when, as an architectural student, he went to repair some scenery. While at work he was asked to read for an actor who hadn’t shown up and promptly received a contract.
CONRAD BINYON — Hollywood-born actor heard as Hank on One Man's Family, has been on the radio for eleven of his nineteen years. His first professional appearance was a bit part in a movie when he was sixteen months old. Conrad spends his spare time flying and taking pictures of everything connected with planes.

ROSEMARY CLOONEY — vocalist of Songs For Sale, Fri., 9 P.M. EST, NBC, began singing publicly at the age of three at rallies for her grandfather, who was mayor of Maysville, Kentucky. As a result of her appearances while still in high school, she signed with Tony Pastor, who later encouraged her to solo.
POETRY

SKIDROW

New masterpieces in misfortune, old
Chipped marbles, bronze traced by tragedy:
Hamlet is here, grown grim in misery,
And Loinhivar in rags, and Horspur cold,
Silently conned yesterday's sold
For pittances of flesh; they make their plea
For dimes and butts in whined biography:
Park benches, cops and jails and being rolled.
Blind as old Milton and yet blind still,
Exiled as Dante seeing hell again;
And yet their muted presence seems to fill
Galleries of our contemporaneous night:
"Move over, Mister, we shall meet you then."
—Cullen Jones

SEA REQUIEM

At rest at last in your arms I lie,
Stirred by the wind and touched by the sky,
Kissed by the moon since time was begun,
Watched by the stars and caressed by the sun.
Fed by the raindrops, enriched by the streams,
Singing a song full of sailors’ dreams—
Soft in melody, sweet in rhyme.
Strong as for ever, faithful as time,
Eternal rest within your doors,
Your peace is mine and I am yours.
—Walter S. Starkey

KOREAN INCIDENT

I’ve walked these roods before
In other times, in other lands
I’ve walked the foreign shore
To stand upon these timeless sands.
I am not stronger to
These fields and hills, I’ve stood beneath
This sky and felt this dew
Foil like the evening tears of death.
Nor are these folk unknown
To me for in familiar eyes
I see the ancient tone
Of recognition’s old surprise.
I am not stronger here,
A piece of earth somewhere beside
This road I walk is near
The time and place where once I died.
—Don Kelly

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers.
Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio Mirror
Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each
poem should be accompanied by this notice. When post-
tage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused
manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase
poetry for use in Radio Mirror.

JANE PICKENS—The lovely singing
star well known to theaters, night club,
radio and TV audiences, has been making
herself heard musically since early
childhood. Born in Atlanta, Georgia,
Jane began singing professionally with
her two sisters, might never have
soloed if matrimony hadn’t claimed
the other girls.
EATING IN RESTAURANTS

HOW TO AVOID HIGH CALORIE FOODS AWAY FROM HOME

By
VICTOR LINDLAHR
Noted Nutritionist

This new series, planned by an authority on weight control, will help you look well and feel well—while eating well!

Every diet-conscious person knows the hazards of eating out whether it be at a soda fountain or at a fashionable restaurant. Everything sounds so good, looks so tempting! But eating wisely is merely a matter of cleverly outwitting tantalizing menus.

The first obstacle to overcome is the bread and butter habit. While checking a menu, most people nibble a buttered roll. It's not safe for a person watching their weight. A 2" x 2" piece of buttered corn bread equals 375 calories, enough to lose the fight against fat for a couple of days.

An ordinary slice of bread is worth 60 to 85 calories. And those thin, papier-mache types you find in so many restaurants are even trickier—they average one hundred and fifty calories each, double the value of a piece of bread. Add butter to any of them and you're fighting a losing battle against fat.

How do you ward off tantalizing rolls, especially if you're hungry?

Well, I order my salad first. I always ask the waiter to bring me some celery or sliced tomatoes while my companions debate the menu. Fresh vegetables, like radishes, lettuce, cucumbers, carrots, minus dressings, take the edge off your appetite and supply your body with necessary vitamins as well as the wonder working enzymes that actually burn up fat.

Another great friend of the weight-conscious person is soup. Consomme is safe and nutritious. Julienne soups are particularly good, because the vegetables have a minus value. Clear chicken soups and other broths are tasty and non-fattening. But beware of the rice or noodles floating in the bowl. Leave them alone or they may cost you ten points. Avoid all thick soups. Your enemies are bean, pea and cream of mushroom and tomato soups. Bouillons, too, are a bit deceitful because they are salty. However, many soups that seem complicated, like clam chowder or pepper pot, can be brought into the safe class by asking the waiter to strain them for you.

When it comes to the main course, you must order more wisely than ever. Since you have already satisfied your appetite to a certain extent with soup or vegetables, it shouldn't require as much will power to resist fatty foods. And in the next column you'll find a handy list to guide you.

MEATS: Always order broiled meats—lean slices, a chop, steak or hamburger when it isn't fatty. Steer away from fried and oven roasted dishes, and meats that are breaded, served with gravies or cooked in a pie.

FOWL: Take broiled chicken or stewed chicken, provided the luscious cream gravy and dumplings are ignored. Shun fowl that is roasted, casseled or served in croquettes.

FISH: In salads or cocktails, shrimps, lobsters, oysters and clams are particularly recommended when eaten with a chili sauce dressing. Safe cooked fish are sea bass, cod steak and flounder when served without butter or flour sauces. Take yours with lemon or chili sauce.

EGGS: Boiled are best. Fried eggs are dangerous in calorie content. But eggs scrambled slowly in a pan dabbed with just enough butter to prevent sticking are friends. A plain omelet is safe, too, when the cook uses his grease spoon sparingly. Substitute chipped beef for ham or bacon.

DRINKS: Safest are lemonade, orange juice, unsalted tomato juice and skimmed milk. Beware of soda fountain concoctions. All alcoholic beverages, without exception, are fattening and stimulate the appetite.

DESSERTS: Almost any fruit is the answer to the desire for sweets at the end of a meal. With canned fruits, just pass up the syrup.
She’s Engaged!

Very young, very charming, Sally Wilshire of Old Greenwich is engaged to Leslie C. Bruce III. They met two years ago at a smart dance at the Yacht Club, and their engagement was announced this June. Theirs will be one of Connecticut’s most prominent fall weddings—with Sally’s pretty sister as her Maid of Honor and Sally a bewitching bride.

She’s Lovely!

Sally is winsomely blonde and petite—and her face just enchants you! Her eyes are gay, her complexion fresh as springtime, her smile goes straight to your heart. It’s a face that gives out the sweet charm of her Inner Self—brings friends to Sally wherever she is.

She uses Pond’s

“The nicer you look—the more confident you feel,” Sally says.

Isn’t it true that you enjoy yourself more when you know you are your prettiest?

And Sally feels you absolutely must have a nice-to-see complexion. “I use Pond’s Cold Cream on my face every single night,” she says, “because this cream cleansing is so thorough, never drying—and softens my skin so beautifully.”

Use this Pond’s treatment as Sally does, every night, (mornings, too), this way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream over your face to soften dirt and old make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off clean.
Cream Rinse—more Pond’s now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn’t your face look glowing, clean... feel wonderfully soft?

It’s not vanity to help your face look lovely. It lets a happy confidence brim out from the real you within—attracts other people to you on sight!

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream today

START NOW TO HELP YOUR FACE SHOW A LOVELIER YOU!
family guest room. The kids took Godfrey for a speedboat ride and he retaliated by stunting in a borrowed small plane. When the public appearance was over, Godfrey and Cedric boarded the Adams X, a forty-six-foot cabin cruiser.

Out in the middle of Lake Minnetonka, the two had a bit of a rowdy argument. Later, Godfrey invited Adams to his place in Virginia for more of the same. The result of their encounter became public when Adams auditioned for a network show. Godfrey's presence underscored it by arranging to have Adams emcee Prize Performance, Summer replacement for his televised Talent Scouts.

Cedric estimates he saves forty-five minutes a day by teleotyping his copy to the office. He uses this time for his daily ritual of dressing with the boys. A typical day's fare is breakfast with his family. The establishment runs smoothly thanks to a wife and mother who, in her way, is as remarkable as Cedric is in his. Niecy uses her intelligence, quick wit and dry humor to knit together the complicated Adams schedule which must be wrapped around at least three radio broadcasts and a newspaper column each day, plus the demands of personal appearances and the preparation of weekly columns for three national magazines.

The family's day begins at seven. Niecy rustles up breakfast while Cedric writes his weekly column on a teletype in the corner of a storage locker conveniently close to the kitchen and that first cup of coffee.

Cedric estimates he saves forty-five minutes a day by teleotyping his copy to the office. He uses this time for his daily ritual of dressing with the boys.

Adams, a good-humored, hard-won happy man, is a high school senior. Tall as his father, but sharing his mother's fair coloring, he is a well-mannered lad who has asked Cedric to keep his name out of broadcasts—it makes it difficult to get along with the kids at school.

Cedric Jr., called Rick, reverses the common practice of calling younger brothers by their father's name. He calls his dad and slanders and wry as his mother. His greatest enthusiasm is his horse, a dappled pony presented to him by a rancher for whom Rick shares his dad's interest in people and in communication and wants to know everything about what makes newspapers tick, his newspaper revision tick.

Stephen, the youngest, also views television with more than a fan's attitude, for he's a camera bug with his own Speed Graphic and darkroom.

When the father-son conclave concludes, breakfast is ready. Afterwards, the boys depart on their own pursuits, while Niecy and her dad, Cedric, retire to his work room for an hour before going either to his offices or his boat. Like the house, the boat is streamlined and without a trace of nautical jargon. There, Cedric uses a typewriter and telephone, with the teletype located in Minnetonka Boat Works.

Boats have been a major love since childhood. "We didn't even have a television set when I was a kid," Cedric explains. "With the first money I made in Minneapolis I bought a broken-down launch and finally achieved what a little boy should want. By the age of eighteen, we had the means to own a boat and we live on it during the summer."

Born in Adrian, Minnesota, Cedric hit his stride writing for a humor magazine at the University of Minnesota. Soon he discovered he could sell a gossip column to Stuffy, impresario of a restaurant, for fifteen dollars a week. The pithy Adams prose, when used as an introduction to his inspired magazine work, made Stuffy's the campus Stork Club turned Cedric into a hero superior to a football player, and eventually earned him a job on the Minneapolis Star.

Cedric's column was short-lived. While he considered it a full-time job, his managing editor regarded it as a bit of spare-time fluff and assigned him a desk. Cedric obliged until the managing editor imposed the further task of typing stock market reports, ordinarily the copy he was to do.

Two disagreeable tasks produced an explosion and he resigned in a fiesty letter which precipitated a long-term feud with the managing editor.

Cedric's publisher moved East and left him stranded. Their financial problem became acute when David, their first son, was born. Cedric's feud with the newspaper editor barred him from Twin Cities dailies, and the best he could do was to sell a column to the Shopping News, a weekly all-advertising publication delivered free to homes. Toastmaster bookings held him out for a while, and these paved the way for a radio chatter program which, as Cedric is the first to admit, was far from sensational.

Niecy, took it in stride, for that was early in the depression. They learned to keep their fun low-cost, playing baseball and, when they could afford it, a game of checkers. Cedric acknowledges the importance of those evenings. He found if he stumbled on an idea which made his own circle break into uncontrolled discussion, he could use the same topic at his radio. Today he says an ideal program is "Something which will provoke card-table conversation."

Finally, in 1934, WCCO signed him to do, six nights a week, and they hit the air. M. "Wonderful as it was to have some real cash, it messed up our social life. I never accept a dinner invitation from anybody anymore because Cedric would have to leave early." That was her introduction to living with a man with an unlimited capacity for work. The pace intensified when newspapers changed ownership and Cedric signed on to write a daily column.

First evidence of his popularity came when he heard of a couple whose tax money had been stolen. Remembering how much Cedric hates to see people cheat, he said, "Don't strain your own pocketbooks. Just send a penny. Help these folk get enough to pay their taxes."

More than 37,000 pennies came in, a total which Cedric says is "not enough but a start." Soon the page was a yard-

rado of Pennies now reaches major proportions and the most recent one bought a home and furnishings for a family of five and their children.

Radio advertisers responded in a different fashion by offering Cedric programs. This left little time for home life, but Niecy took it in her stride. Today her ability to make swift adjustments has contributed to two Adams features which the public is now hearing. It was early last Spring when Cedric was invited by a network executive to deliver some radio shows. "Niecy," he shouted, "what do you think of interviewing the wives of well-known men?"

"The women are always curious how other women live."

"Good," said Cedric, "How soon can you leave to set up interviews?"

Next day, she was on the train to Washington, armed with exactly one telephone number. But despite difficulties, she got what she went after, interviewing the wives and Honeymoon wood.

She also made the involved technical arrangements needed for tape recordings which permitted Cedric to answer the questions by telephone from Minneapolis. Thanks to her success in this venture, she is also participating in a local program, new this season, Dinner at the Adames, which originated in the Twin Cities and is produced by the Minneapolis Star. The program has a two-part time handicapped persons and a driver.

Cedric's endurance has increased, he says, since he went on the wagon by betting with a friend he wouldn't touch the stuff until October 2, 1950. Each drink prior to that time will cost him $500.00.

Cedric finds his measure of his home town's opinion of Cedric Adams occurred last Spring, when, on his return from his vacation, the Civic and Commerce Association presented Cedric with a new Cadillac. Taken by surprise, Adams said the usual, "You shouldn't have done it," then specified he would accept only if he could give a surfeit equal to its cost to be divided between a Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish charity. Donors of the car were to name two groups, and as his nomination, Cedric chose the Children of the Poor, an organization he admires.

His favorite among his shows is his local talent hunt, for it enables him to know his listeners. "Gotta get out where people live," he says. "They can't come to me, so it's up to me to go to them."
Sparkling little Ann Blyth has appeal you can't resist in her newest screen role. Her lovely Lux Complexion is so radiantly fresh in the close-ups!

"Naturally I'm a Lux Girl," says Ann. "Active-lather facials give my skin wonderful, protecting care!"

There's no finer care for delicate skin than these gentle beauty facials famous screen stars recommend. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—discover how truly lovely your complexion can be!

"Ann Blyth is right when she says a Lux Soap facial gives skin new beauty—so quickly. First smooth the Active Lather well in ...

Such rich abundant lather even in hardest water! Now rinse with plenty of warm water—a quick dash of cold. Skin feels smoother already!

After you pat your face with a soft towel look in your mirror. Your skin feels so much smoother now—it's exquisitely fresh, appealing!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
“Gee, I can hardly wait to see you.”

Her bubbling laugh melted miles of distance. “That’s good, for we’ve already made our plane reservations.”

There was a quietness about her, and she added, “I’d better tell you. I invited Bill Lawrence to come along. He’d like to see Chicago, too. He’s heard a lot about these Mountaineer games and been interested in the same work.

“I wasn’t entirely alone after he left, for Nan, my mother, and I shared an apartment up on Marine Drive. Clarice Burr was there, too. It was the same as talking things over with Archie, for you wouldn’t exactly call Nan my sharpest critic. From the time I’d climb up on a kitten and make a mess, I’ve been after a horse, and dear Nan has thought your daughter was wonderful. I loved her for it, but to do my best work, I needed the challenge of a more objective attitude.”

That was my state of mind when I opened the door of the apartment house one afternoon and encountered Janette Dunaway. She was the girl’s confidante. We had a common interest, for Marjorie had made us a free service, like Archie, and they were as lonely as I. After we had done our jobs and played our war benefit shows, there were little objects of affection. You can’t express your feelings for a child. That was the whole reason Nan had wanted a boy. If he could be a son she couldn’t even mention it. She wouldn’t have taken it. She would have jumped at the chance to see, I thought. And then when she got her daughter she had to catch it up. When I forgot something, they were all quick to remind me.

As we learned to know each other better, I became familiar, too, with Jan’s tremendous enthusiasms. About the time the first robin cheeped, Jan would announce, “Now this year, I am going to build a hooded bridge.” Or then she would come down blistered and feverish and we’d all have to pitch in to play nurse, covering her with oils and baking soda and anything else we could think of to bring her. She was a good sunbather.

It was the same way with her golf game. She’d start out each Spring as though it were her first. But her first would be her fifth. She’d be down on a Women’s Open, yet before long the sun would get her and she’d be through. Jan never was meant to be an outdoor girl.

But life on Marine Drive wasn’t all giggles and Cokes. We’d spend hours listening to each other’s records. Whenever Jan, Marjorie, or I did an important show or a big part of the cast, we’d have a transcription disc made and bring it home to play for the other two.

We all learned from those sessions. It was then that I gained a great respect for Jan’s talent and intelligence. When a record was put on, she’d listen for a few minutes, her head tilted to one side. Then she’d stop it and wipe her face clean of all expression. Completely intent, she wouldn’t have noticed if the house tumbled down around her.

And then suddenly she’d find the idea she was groping for and she’d come alive. Tensely, she’d state what was wrong and what was right. Never did she speak vaguely as though she either liked or disliked something. She knew why, exactly.

Eventually I realized she applied the same sharpness and care to her career. As I saw her sharply analytical mind tackle a problem and arrive at a solution, I could understand the Jan I’d seen, the sweet little girl from Chicago, had developed into a potential star.

Jan’s story had a touch of the fabulous. The eldest of eight children, she
won an audition at fourteen which gave her her own program on a Memphis radio station. A bit later she came to Quincy, Illinois to live with her great aunt. There, too, she stood on her own feet, paying for her music lessons by singing on the radio. At seventeen she had her own show on a Shreveport station. From there she moved to Cleveland, then to Chicago.

Everything she had gained she'd earned herself. She had talent, to be sure, but in addition she had the intelligence and common sense to know what to do with that talent. She also had an objective. Each booking was a bit better than the last. Yet ambitious as she was, she also had a warmth and charm which made her a delightful person to see every day.

It was I who broke up our foursome. As soon as Archie finished officers' training I rushed out to join him in California, and I stayed with him until it became too complicated keeping up with Army transfers. By the time I returned to Chicago I found things had changed. The daytime serials, which always offered acting roles to supplement my singing engagements, were moving out. Other shows too, were going to the two coasts. Performers were worrying whether to go or stay.

For me the decision was ready made, for Archie's business was in Chicago. I picked up my Aunt Fanny role and went on to Breakfast Club. Jan took the opposite course and headed for New York. Just to play safe, she held onto her apartment in Chicago. When Archie returned from the Army, we sublet it.

Her New York venture was a gamble, and I was almost as anxious as she. When she phoned to say she had that first solid booking on a sustaining network program, Archie and I celebrated. Since the program was not broadcast in Chicago, we hurried over to WBBM to hear it. We were delighted that Jan, who had worked so hard, was getting the chance she deserved.

We were much more excited about that than we were about the first Godfrey show. At that time, it, too, was a sustainer—not a sponsor in sight. It makes us doubly happy now that it's built up into such a wonder.

Jan felt the same way when Kukla, Fran and Ollie followed suit. Whenever KF&O or Breakfast Club goes into New York, I spend every available moment with Jan. For me, her apartment has been an oasis of quiet—a place where I can take my shoes off and put my hair up.

Our reunions, however, haven't all been placid. Take for instance, the time she stopped in Chicago after being home to Shreveport and Pine Bluff. Archie and I returned to our carriage house one afternoon to find a huge heap of roses before our door. Puzzled, we hunted until we found a card which read, "Best wishes for continued success—Chamber of Commerce." We hunted some more before we found the other note which read, "I'm at the Ambassador. Jan.

Dashing around the corner, we found her sitting solitary in the Pump Room. Close to tears, she demanded, "Why didn't you meet me? I told you I was coming Thursday!"

Archie whooped, "You're more forgetful than Fran. This is Wednesday."

For all her farsighted wisdom about her career, she's the same old Jan—the girl who, like me, can make mistakes playing Idiot's Delight.

This last visit, however, proved to be
I'm singing in Tripoli, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna. I'm singing in places like the Titania Palace in Berlin, the Palais Chaillot in Paris, Stadt Opera House in Wiesbaden, Wiesbaden—people say on them I'd never heard tell of let alone knew how to spell.

In Vienna I had a hotel bedroom in which we were to hold a track meet. In Charleston, I believe, I was born and raised, my aunt, my five sisters and two brothers and I never had that amount of space for the lot of us.

This isn't the story I've just put down a few of the highlights of a story you probably won't believe because even though it's my story, I can't believe it myself.

Some people call me "Mr. Cindrella." I have to laugh at that. Sounds kind of delicate for a fellow that weighs three hundred and thirty pounds. (I used to weigh three hundred and sixty pounds. That's my normal weight. Now I'm down to where my clothes are getting too big for me.)

Others say at the story of the poor lad who went from the Bottom of the World to the Top of the World in less time than it takes me to draw "Horace Heidt" is the Horatio Alger legend of America. It is sure. It sure is. Not a cookbook or a picture show more than it does in the life of Ralph Sigwald.

I just don't know how this happened to me. I wouldn't presume—not by myself, I couldn't. But I wasn't by myself. I say my prayers every night of my life. I always say a prayer as I stand in the wings just before I go on a stage, so it's not me. That happened to me because He helped me. He is the only One who can really help you.

I started my life so comparatively poor, there's no wonder I can't believe my own story.

I was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on November 11, 1920. My father was a fireman. When I was the age of two, my father died. Not together. That is, we were never together. My mother died first of a heart complaint and my father died of pneumonia. Next thing I knew (and I'm sort of like some chilli.)

Well, Archie knew what to expect, but Bill, who I never saw Jan and me eat sweet corn before, sat down in his chair and I watched the huge stack on the platter diminish and the cobs pile up.

Jan and I love sweet corn, and you can see we eat it, we don't want anything else.

I mean, however, that Bill's enthusiasm for the chilli matched ours for the corn. To demonstrate, he asked for the red pepper and dusted on, and I expected him to go up in a puff of smoke any minute.

I should have known better. Jan and I have been together again about our dream reunion—the one when we'll be able to juggle schedules sufficiently so that we can both go to Cleveland to see the Manns. We were married now, and we want to meet at our home, see her, young'uns, and have a long, lazy visit.

But until that happens, we'll have to be content with phone calls. We aren't letter writers. We just come up without anything. I just have to tell you about the new house I've bought out on Long Island Sound. I mentioned it to all eight of us orphan children under her wing and raised us.

We all of us had to work before we could do any thing we wanted to work willingly. Some ways it was a great thing because we know the value of money. I earned more last year than I can expect to see in a lifetime but I haven't got anything to show for it. I've bought me a few new clothes which I badly needed. My aunt cares money for things like cameos, brooches, watches and things. I brought her some watches from Europe, also a four-hundred-day watch. Other than the items mentioned, I haven't done any shopping.

When you, a poor kid, you learn how to use your hands, too. I know how to use mine. I can do everything with my hands. I can sew. I can cook. I can do carpentry work, machinist work. At Horace Heidt's ranch I got a job as a junior ranch hand and spent my spare time there stringing up chicken wire, fixing up the swimming pool, repairing the plumbing and the like. I say, too—yes, you never can tell when the very good is a tricky thing, will give out, but the work you do with your hands will put bread in your mouth till your day is done.

Our house in Charleston was an old house built in the 1800's. It was small and of shabby and on the wrong side of the railroad and they aunt was often hard put to it to feed and clothe us, but we were happy kids. We loved God, we loved each other and we loved music—so we had good times. We didn't have any money. Of course, for a phonograph or a radio or for outside entertainment, such as the movies, but we made our entertainment. My Aunt pounded the keys of that old upright and we kids crowded round and harmonized. I can say songs that made me cry. I still do. People have noticed that I sing The Lord's Prayer with tears in my eyes. I've got to sing with my heart as well as with my throat for unless I feel a song so deeply it brings the tears to my eyes, I can't sing. Of all the songs I sing, The Lord's Prayer is the one I feel the deepest.

Every last one of my sisters and brothers has a fine voice. One of my brothers is a cantor; the other is a bass basso and all of us, brothers and sisters, hit the scales at over two hundred. I think it's funny that the skimping lot of us—he's not an ounce over one hundred—sixty—is my brother, the bass basso.

Singing with my sisters and brothers was the only musical training I ever had. I sang because it came natural to me to sing and I loved it. I sang in some churches. This comes later on, but while I was working as a janitor I was singing in church. I was singing in three churches from 9-10 p.m. in the Navy Yard Chapel, from 11-11:15 A.M. in a Methodist church and from 8-9 P.M. in a Baptist Church every Sunday. Occasionally I earned a fivish by singing for a wedding party or a funeral banquet. The money came in real handy but even so I earned it by singing. I thought you earned it by sweating. That's what I prepared to do.

I went through public school. Then I took courses at Murray Vocational School where I learned to be a machinist. I didn't graduate from the school. I had to go to work so when, midway through, I got offered a job at the Charleston Yard, I took it.

I stayed at the shipyard about six years. I was satisfied. I was earning my living, supporting my aunt and the kids and that was plenty good enough for me.

When the war came along I was enough to keep me out of the armed services but many times I worked twice and three times around the yard and I've been aboard damaged ships brought into the yard, which gave me the feeling that I was helping my country as best I could.
A short time after the war was over, my old school principal at Murray Vocational, Mr. John Clark, asked me to come back to the school in the capacity of what he called a "maintenance" man. Now the only difference between a maintenance man and a janitor is that a janitor just purely cleans up a place and a maintenance man has to fix anything that goes wrong from a blown-out fuse to a blown-off roof. My real reason for taking the job was that it was my school and it looked shabby and that's reason enough.

I stayed on as school janitor for three years. Happy as could be, too.

Then on January 2, 1949—a date I'm not likely ever to forget—I was told that an advance scout for Horace Heidt, name of Jim Rankin, was in Charleston to audition talent.

I couldn't for the life of me see what this had to do with me until my friends—and my boss, John Clark—urged me to audition for Rankin. At first I just laughed. They urged some more.

Well, sir, they never let up on me until they wore me down to a Yes. Even so, at five minutes before seven, with the audition scheduled for 7 P.M., I still didn't know whether or not I'd enter that audition hall. But I did.

I sang "Thine Alone." When I was asked to sing again (this was unusual but I didn't know it), I sang "Old Man River" (that's the one that proves whether you're a baritone or not) and I won the show—or I wouldn't be writing this story.

A few days later I'm notified that I am one of the five chosen to audition for Horace Heidt upon his arrival in our town.

When I sang for the boss, I sang the same songs I'd sung at the first audition. I also sang "All The Things You Are." I won the the show that night, too, and the boss wanted me to go to Savannah with him right away, that very night, to be guest star on his local talent contest there. He was offering me a job with his traveling "Parade of Stars" show, he explained, which meant a chance at the radio competition.

But I told him no, I couldn't go. I said it was too quick. I told him I'd have to get someone to take over my job as janitor before I could quit.

"There are six hundred students there at the school," I said, "I can't walk out on that."

I went on to say that if I could make it, I'd meet him in Savannah within the week, and be glad to. If that didn't do, I said, why, thanks kindly just the same.

But I went to Savannah bright and early the next morning. They got someone right off to take my job and Mr. Clark, the principal himself, drove me to Savannah in his car.

It was the first time I'd ever crossed the line out of my state. I was crossing more than a dividing line between states, though, and I knew it. I was crossing the line that divided my old life from my new life and I prayed I was doing right.

It comes to me here that some kids may not know how the Heidt set-up works. I didn't. So I'll try to explain what we call "Operation Heidt," with the belief that if I can help one talented youngster to the chance Horace Heidt gave me it will be a small down payment on my life-time debt.

It's like this: Horace Heidt keeps eight advance scouts on the road seeking out talented young people who are looking for their first big break in show

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At your favorite store, or write to Honeybugs, Dept. 28 — 47 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.
Have you seen the new "channel" winners, girls? I'm talking about the television channel program winners you see on American Broadcasting Company Television Network shows ..., winners by a mile for great class and style.

Just take a good look at the line-up of shows: "in the swim" these nights on ABC-TV. The famous LONE RANGER rides into view as staff and Silver, along with Tonto, fight for right and justice ... and head into the hills for General Mills.

THE LONE RANGER comes to a full STOP! as handsome BERT PARKS issues the call to STOP THE MUSIC! Now you can see this radio "sweetheart" on TV ... and it's cute! BERT bounces along in a full hour of fun for everyone who tries NEW SQUARE MUSIC and Gold and Admiral are the sponsors.

Business is booming at HOLIDAY HOTEL, so check in for a fine time at this happy hostelry, DON AMEIMCHE, the movie favorite, is the genial, general manager, with the entertainment for TV pleasure. Packard sponsors this ABC treat that's ridin' high with every girl and guy.

You might find this same guy and girl still a-whirl for BLIND DATE. ARLENE FRANCIS fumests this wit-and-woo show that's timed to perfect televiewing. Timed by Gruen, of course.

ABC-TV channel activities get into terrific action with I COVER TIMES SQUARE. Follow newspaper ace, JOHNNY WARREN, as he covers the beat of these famous streets. There's dynamite in the air ... as you watch I COVER TIMES SQUARE appropriately sponsored by Airwick.

You'll see more high-tension TV on ABC's ROLLER DERBY ... a fast-paced, high-speed program that gives you lightning looks at the sport that's sweeping the nation. It's quite lady-like, too, to cool off with Blatz Beer while you watch the torrid whizzing.

The great pig-skinned pro, RED GRANGE, takes over your local ABC-TV Channel with his outstanding PRODICTIVE football games from coast-to-coast. Florsheim Shoes "foots" the bill.

You can see most of these programs on your local American Broadcasting Company Television Channel on Thursdays. However, there's variation in many cities ... so please BE SURE to check your local newspapers' television logs for exact day and time.

business. The boss believes that there are hundreds of performers in every city in America, who have the talent to become professional entertainers but can't afford to leave their homes to take a chance. And so, he has broken with the you-gotta-go-to-New York by taking his show right into the home towns of candidates for fame and fortune. In this way thousands and thousands of young people, one of these thousands, was auditioned in Charleston, S. C. Following the first audition, five contestants are chosen to appear on the "golden" audition hour each week. If one of the judges, Ira, makes the grade and wins a move to the Grand Finale, he is awarded $1,000. In all, three, making fifty-two weeks in all) a quarterly final competition is held in which the outstanding performers of the thirteen weeks just compete. The winners of the four quarter-finals receive an additional seven-hundred and fifty dollars and get into the Grand Finals in which the contestants compete against one another for the grand prize of $5000 and the gold championship belt.

Except for the gold championship belt, which couldn't be won by the first contestant, this was the way it went with me - which is what makes the Horatio Alger story even I am living it, can't really believe it.

In Savannah, I won again and then I, with the rest of the troupe, rolled merrily across the South, working North to Chicago, where I made my first appearance on the air in the Chicago Opera House before an audience of eighteen thousand people I could see and a radio audience of uncounted thousands I could not see.

But just before I went on the air, I said my prayers. I asked God to please help me, and He did. I won with my rendition of The Lord's Prayer.

After the Chicago broadcast, I kept on winning and it was then I got the Lawd-a-mercy-can-this-be-I feeling about the whole thing. In my biography, written about the time I couldn't find me on the air, I write, "I felt that Ralph kept winning after Chicago, his popularity began to zoom." If sure enough did. Letters and phone calls, fans wanting autographs, agents offering to "handle" me, people asking me to endorse everything from toothpaste to television.

As the show travelled West, with me waving goodbye to the whole East, Charleston became Sigwald town. You never in your life heard the like! Every Monday morning the Charleston News Letter carried the headline, "Sigwald Wins Again." My aunt wrote me, "The whole town is in a frenzy—and so am I."

At the Fresno, California, quarter-finals I received the longest wire ever thrown at a correspondent. It was seventy-five feet long and jam-packed with more than twenty-five thousand Charleston signatures wishing me luck in the grand finals. The head of the Western Union office in Fresno brought me the wire himself. After I'd looked at it for five minutes or so, I got all blurred with tears. I was thinking, twenty-five thousand signatures from—twenty-five thousand friends!

After I won the quarter-finals title (and the cash prize of seven hundred and fifty dollars) —this was in May, 1949—the House and the Senate of South Carolina offered to fund a film about me and my career; they asked my friend, Charles William, who was asking me and requesting my appearance at a joint session which was to be proclaimed "Ralph Sigwald Joint Session in Columbia." At the same time the Charleston City Council named a street in Charleston, S. C., the state capital, where a motorcycle escort whisked and whisked me—me!—to the legislature. There, with Governor Strom Thurman in attendance, a crowd of 3,000 legislators and state employees sang under the capital dome for the first time in the state's history. The place was so crowded—some people didn't have a seat—that the Senate couldn't get in and sit down. So I was obliged to sing twice, first for the House of Representatives and then for the Senate. After which, to make up for the hour and a half I was there, the Governor—the Governor himself—drove me back to Charleston, in his own car, too, that I would be on time to catch the Azalea Festival.

Nowhere in the world, except in America, could the like of this happen to the like of an ordinary working man like me.

On December 18, 1949, I went into the Grand Finals of the Heidt show in Washington, D. C.'s Uline Arena. Of the eight thousand audience, a good one thousand were my good friends from Charleston who had come up to Washington, to be with me when I needed 'em and needed 'em, you can count on it, baw.

I didn't think I had much of any chance on that final and fearsome night, the competition being what it was. There was little Tommy Check, twelve years old, from Allentown, Pa.,—a drum major—who'd written, "I'm a drummer!" A little Gene Krupa. There was Al Hirt, a terrific triple-tongueing trumpeter—a twenty-five-year-old Harry James, whose name was "The Shepherd Brothers were on next and again
the applause was a heat wave. Then Al Hirt for whose hot trumpet there
was clapping and cheers.
I knew I needed help from Above. Standing there in the wings I prayed,
as I always pray, for that help. Then I went on. I just went there and
gave it everything I had.

When I finished singing The Lord’s Prayer, first there was a hush like
there is in church. Then there was such applause, such cheering, such cries and
yells as I have not the words in me to express. Even the people from Pennsylvania,
Tommy’s folks, cheered me to a man and to a woman. That’s what did
it. I’ll always believe. Tommy’s folks cheering for me. That’s a feeling no-
body can express. Then the thousand members of the Charleston delegation,
my folks, broke into yells, went crazy, started a parade and I, all 360 pounds
of me, was tossed about by dancing cheering fans.

I felt so proud and, at the same time,
so humble. It made me feel funny,
too, sort of sad—about Tommy Check.
I knew the kid so well, had been trou-
ping with him all that year, and what a
little trouper he was and how his heart
was set on the big prize and the golden
belt. Yet he was wonderful about it, he
was very wonderful. He ran up, put his
arms around me—that is, around most
of me—said he was glad for me, glad
it was me. No wonder it says in the
Bible, “Unless ye be as a little child…”

The only dark note of that night was
sounded by the judges who said that
I’ve told you—that they couldn’t find a
championship belt big enough to go
around my mammoth middle. They
couldn’t have found a belt big enough
to go around my chest, that night, or
the heart in my chest!
Or in my heart today—for Horace
Heidt and Philip Morris.

Immediately following the Grand
Finals we continued our tour of the
USA and then, sponsored by the Air
Force, we went to Europe, all sixty of
us, the whole troupe. It was a stay-at-
home boy’s dream of being Marco Polo
come more than true.

Today I’m still with the stage unit,
occasionally do a guest broadcast, cut
records (I am told that almost half a
million of my Lord’s Prayer records
have been sold) and as I write I am in
New York City where Mr. Heidt sent
me to study singing, for concert work.
with Professor Emilio Roxas, one of the
finest voice culturists in the country.
Mr. Heidt wants me to sing at Carnegie
Hall this winter. He says he wants me
to have “something to look forward to.”

I try to keep my head down to size
because in this business when you start
thinking you’re the best, you’re the
worst. I don’t want to get that way.
I don’t feel I will….

I’ve changed my old life for a new
life altogether, but it hasn’t changed
me. Dating doesn’t really interest
me. I don’t know how to dance. I’ve never
been in love. Never had a romance.
I haven’t a big car or a big house or
any of the so-called luxuries. I never
had them. They don’t interest me now.
My pastimes are reading and listening
to the radio. And I try to do things to
keep the Boss happy. He gave me my
chance.

By doing what I love to do, which is
sing. I am able to take good care of my
aunt who took such loving care of me.
I’m able to help my sisters and brothers
if ever they need help and, in the ways
that matter to me, to help myself.
I just thank God for everything.
And I could invite everyone who came into the store. Then I wanted trying to be a comic. Coney Island was a fascinating playground. The beach in winter was an air-conditioned desert to be endlessly explored. My pals and I climbed on the silent, unheated sand, and wandered through the empty amusement concessions, now stripped of their summer glamour. The long hallway that led from the main concession area to the wet winter afternoons, and the seltzer machine gave off a weird whirr in the dusk.

One day when I sneaked back into the store for candy, the manager caught my leg and held me. After that, I never again tried to help myself to anything, without waiting for my parents’ O.K. In math, I found myself in need of being sick, because after the castor oil was down my father would let me choose any toy in the store. But when I won a fine fire engine at a Saturday afternoon movie, he put it out on top of the store. No castor oil, no need of a toy, was his philosophy.

By the time I was eleven my candy store and party clowning began to pay off. My father decided I was ready for better things, and we approached the local children’s radio show. I became the big they’s Kidnie Hour, you might say on a coast to coast hookup—from the Coney Island coast to the beach at Far Rockaway.

There must have been forty kids doing imitation radio shows. I have to confess that Lionel was my star act too. I got a chance to work with a little girl who did a Betty Boop number. I thought it would be between you and me all joined in the finale and sing, “Let’s All Sing Like the Birdies Sing,” because I got to do a solo whistle at the end of each line. I also got the bird.

The weekly big deal of the program was a cake, a sort of seven-layer custard payoff (topped with marshmallow) to the youngster who got the most applause. The week I finally won I asked if I could have it home so I could eat it. It came in a box, cold, and quiet the show figures I had now hit the heights and there was nothing more to strive for. My father put the box in the refrigerator, and they’d say to me, “Now show me that you can’t have your cake and eat it too.”

When I got into New Utrecht High School I began going half a dozen ways at once. Of course I was in with the jitterbug crowd, but I also joined up with the Great Intelects, the students of Serious Drama, the commercial art crowd. I wanted to do everything. I couldn’t resist a comic at heart, and pretty soon my favorite subject got to be recess, when I could clown around. Finally, it got so my mother was spending more money than I had, and I figured she’d get the diploma. So I straightened out and kept my marks high. All except my marks for conduct. They were not too high. But if I were realistic I would have resisted playing everything for laughs. My imitation of the principal really killed them, and finished me.

I was a substitute theatrical, except for the annual play. I did Cyrano in a super production of that classic and won a scholarship to the Feagin Dramatic School, but after six hours a raid on us. The others got restless and decided I knew enough. With three or four other students I migrated to Christopher Morley’s Millpond Playhouse, at Roslyn, Long Island, and got a bit part in “The Trojan Horse.” I was a Greek Eddie Arcaro. For twenty weeks, at five bucks a week and room and board, I blacked my face and played a slave.

The trouble was I’d interrupt a rehearsal to give a Jolson imitation of “Mammy.” Morley would remark that even Jolson didn’t date back to the Greek. The rehearsal that would proceed. Finally, half in friendship and I suspect half in desperation he told me I should be doing comedy, preferably a single. He gave me an introduction to Earl Williams, who in turn auditioned me for his Amateur Hour. I won three times and went out on tour.

Those tours with the Major Bowes 4:00 needed a time to develop a fast line of patter. Then if a joke died, I had another ready to follow it. I learned how to hold an audience and put across a comedy song, and in six months I was doing club dates and small theaters. Also a few super market openings. I dropped the regular run of impressions that all the other comics were doing and developed my own comedy style, using fresh new material, interspersed with a few imitations. By the time World War II broke out I was touring with name bands and appeared in The Pearl Harbor Sunday I was playing a theater in Pennsylvania. There was a Japanese juggling act on the same bill and the manager asked me to introduce them as Hawaiians. It didn’t work too well, so next show I called them Filipinos. The audience decided they were Japanese, so we gave up and the act did a comedy act with a hero and spent the duration in bars.

I joined the Hollywood Victory Committee bond drive at nineteen and was sent to the Aleutians and Alaska. Finally, my draft notice caught up with me there, and I went back to New York to report and take my physical. Three days later, after being needed and returned to the same military camp as Private Carter, singing “There’s no place like home.” The doc said my eyes were bad, but they’d put me in the service anyway. The outfit finally landed in was the Medical Corps. I couldn’t figure out why, except that for years I’d been making jokes about doctors, or I’d done Dr. Kildare once too often.

After a year of this, I was sent out with Flying Varieties, an air force entertainment unit, and flown all over the Pacific as the entertainment service center and work for bond drives. Then came the desperate period of The Bulge, and I was thrown into combat training. Rehearsals for a show in the wide open spaces of Texas, I got hit with a grenade, and on V-J Day I got a medical discharge. What got back to work I did theater and nightclub dates and brought a brand-new Army act into Loew’s State, in New York. I thought I was through with uniforms, when a call came through to go to West Virginia, where I was working in a club, offering me one of the top spots in “Call Me Mister,” which was opening on Broadway. I learned the part on the flight to New York and went back in uniform for a full year. Then I was back in clubs, and hoping for Broadway.

(Continued from page 54)
Then it happened. Television, I mean. (Television—that's a Brownie camera with a five thousand dollar lens!) A lot of actors were waiting for it to blow over. Just a fad, they said. But I loved it from the first. It took me right back to where I started—working to a few people grouped together, expecting to be entertained. Back to the neighborhood parties where they'd asked me to perform. To the folks sitting in their own living room. I felt right at home.

Milton Berle put me on as a guest on his NBC-TV Texaco show in the summer of 1948, and I was interlocutor on the Pick and Pat Minstrel show on ABC-TV. When Berle took an unscheduled vacation in the middle of the season I got my first big TV job, as substitute emcee. Everybody thought I ought to be scared of taking over where Berle left off, but I was too dumb to worry about it. So they couldn't have Berle. I figured—they had to take me. I didn't try to do what he did, but what I could do, so it worked out. Then DuMont took me, for Cavalcade, for seven weeks that stretched on and on until NBC signed me to a long-term TV contract and my present program, the Jack Carter Show, on Saturdays.

You still think you want to be a comedian? To be called on for half a dozen benefits a month? (I once played a meat market opening and they gave me a blue ribbon-tied ham. My father didn't sell it, because he was retired. This time I could eat the look.)

So you want to listen to jokes all day? Like the guy who meets you and says he has a brand-new joke for you. Of course you couldn't use it on television but you could clean it up. After you clean it up, there's only one word left: "Hello."

You find the best way to test a joke is to tell it to your wife. If she laughs, you don't use it.

Then, of course, there's the sponsor's joke—the one he starts with, "A funny thing happened..." Jack, at our board meeting this morning. The only way you can get out of using this one is to change sponsors.

Now do you still want to be a comedian? On television? Where you can't even see most of your audience? And you don't know whether they're laughing or yawning? Where you hear a little click on the stage, and it reminds you of all the dials that may be clicking away from you?

If you're me, yes! Would I give up television? I should say not... unless they're tiring of a pianist in the White House and are interested in fresh routines by an up and coming comic!
Pinwheel Sandwiches:
Remove all crusts from a very fresh loaf of unsliced bread. Cut bread lengthwise with a very sharp knife in slices ¼–⅛” thick. Flatten a bit with a rolling pin. Spread with softened cream cheese or any desired soft sandwich filling. At one end lay stuffed olives or small sweet pickles. Beginning at this end roll as for jelly roll. Spread a little soft butter on the last lap of bread to make it stick. Wrap rolls in wax paper. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. When ready to serve, slice ¼” thick. For variety, tint softened cream cheese. Spread on bread. Lay maraschino cherries at one end. Proceed as above. Or lay alternating strips of green pepper and pimiento crosswise, 1” apart, over entire slice of bread. Proceed as above.

Open Sandwiches:
Cut bread into desired shapes using various cookie cutters. Spread with filling and decorate with nuts, red and green cherries, black olives, stuffed olives, watercress or parsley. These sandwiches can be made a day ahead and stored in the refrigerator covered with a damp towel until serving time.

HOT CIDER CUP
2 cups cider
½ cup brown sugar
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 whole cloves
2 whole allspice
2 sticks cinnamon
1 quart orange juice
2 cups lemon juice
Combine cider, sugars, and spices in a saucepan. Place over low heat. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Strain. Return to saucepan. Add orange and lemon juice. Heat very slowly to boiling point. Serve hot in cups or earthenware mugs. Makes 15 servings. Complement this by serving with thin slices of Steamed Fig Pudding and a bowl of nuts.

STEAMED FIG PUDDING
1 pound dried figs
1½ cups milk
1½ cups fresh bread crumbs
2/3 cup shortening
3 eggs, well beaten
1/4 cups sifted flour
2¼ teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt

EXCLUSIVE — June Allyson and Dick Powell with baby Pamela

He likes to shock people, reveals Elsa Maxwell—
he uses bad language, his table manners are primitive, his appearance leaves much to be desired YET he would give a friend his last cent!

Don’t miss Elsa’s penetrating article on Marlon Brando, the man of many moods and much talent in December

PHOTOPLAY
On Newsstands Friday, November 10

SPARKLING FRUIT PUNCH
2 ½ cups orange juice
1 cup pineapple juice

2 cups cold water
1/2 cup powdered sugar
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon honey
6 whole cloves
2 ½ teaspoons nutmeg
2 ½ teaspoons cinnamon
6 cups glugier ale

Combine all ingredients except ginger ale and ice. Chill thoroughly for at least 3 hours. Strain into a punch bowl, over ice, just before serving. Add ginger ale. Makes about 3 quarts. Serve with cookies.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS
1 ½ cups shortening (half butter)
1 cup sugar
Grated rind of one orange
2 ¼ cups flour
1 ½ cups shredded coconut
1 ½ cups chopped nuts
1 ½ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
1 cup sifted flour
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar

Work shortening with a spoon until soft. Blend in sugar. Add orange rind and eggs. Beat together until thoroughly mixed. Stir in flour. Wrap dough in unwaxed paper. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Break off small pieces. On a lightly floured board, roll with the palm of the hand to a stick about 6 long and ¼” thick. Form each piece into a circle. Bring one end over and through in a single knot. Leave ½” end on each side. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Bake egg white until stiff but do not dry. Gradually beat in 2 tablespoons sugar. Brush tops of wreaths with egg white mixture. Decorate with bits of red candied cherries and green icing. Bake in a slow oven (400°F) 10 minutes. Makes about 6 dozen cookies.

TOYLAND COOKIES
3 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup shortening
1 ½ cups sugar
2 eggs, beaten
3 tablespoons, sour cream
1 ½ teaspoons vanilla

That's My Bill
(Continued from page 59)

spend the week-end with her. We both loved to ice skate, and we decided to try the skating rink near her house. I had secured for this occasion a magnificent outfit—at least that was my impression at the time—consisting of a bright red wool skirt and jacket, topped off by a squirrel cap, which I had borrowed from my mother and hastily re-modelled. The tail of the cap part stuck out a little in back, giving it a rakish Danboe beauty.

Feeling distinctly superior to anyone in Brooklyn, I swirled around the rink doing figure eights, and tricky loops, positive that I was cutting a very dash- ing figure. I was extremely pleased with myself, and completely oblivious to the fascinated stare of a young Brooklynite who was standing by the sidelines, apparently mesmerized by the squirrel tail at the back of my cap.

I had just completed a graceful turn when suddenly a blurred figure hurtled toward me. I felt a hand grab for my cap, and the next thing I knew I was knocked square on the ice. The figure materialized into a boy with red head, who was also sprawled on the ice. Apparently there had been a slight mis-calculation. But he didn't stay around to explain. He scrambled to his feet and whizzed away into the crowd, before I realized what was happening.

Irish temper boiled inside me. My skirt had a rip from stem to stern, and my cap—my beautiful cap—lay mortally wounded on the ice.

Ellen came rushing over to me. "Did you see that?" I sputtered furiously. "Did you see what that . . . that creature did to me?" I was so mad I could hardly talk, which was very unusual for me. "If I just knew who he was."

"I know who he is," Ellen said. "He goes to school with my brother. His name's Bill, but everyone calls him Red. His last name is Deegan or something like that. No—Gargan. That's it—Bill Gargan."

"Well," I said, meaningfully, "that's very nice to know. Gargan, huh?"

The main problem, the next few weeks was to figure out when I could manage to meet this Gargan fellow again. Ellen told me there was going to be a school dance, where he would probably be, and we decided we should go.

Through Ellen's brother I maneuvered an introduction to red-headed Mr. G. Before the evening was over, Bill Gargan, boy steambroller, was following me around like a dreamy-eyed spaniel. "Gee," he'd say every once in a while, "You sure look familiar." And I would smile innocently up at him.

Revenge was sweet. I decided to let Bill take me to the next dance, where I promptly ditched him and gave all my attention to his arch rival, the baseball captain. Then I'd accept dates for the movies, and just not show up. I did all sorts of terrible things to him, and he'd just look more bewildered and crestfallen—and keep calling me up.

One day I let him take me for a walk in Central Park. We were just walking along, with me chattering away a mile a minute, when all of a sudden I looked at him, and I felt funny. I don't know what it was—the red hair, the hurt look in the blue eyes that met mine so squarely, or maybe a touch of spring. Whatever it was, that's when I fell in love with Bill because that's when I
“I've really got to reduce!”—how many times have you promised yourself that and then kept putting it off. Delay no longer—let Sylvia of Hollywood tell you how to reduce The Common Sense Way. There is no magic at all about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood’s brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star’s legs—how she reduced that star’s waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

New Edition Now Ready
A brand new edition of Sylvia’s famous book, No More Alibis is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book on personality development entitled Pull Yourself Together, Baby. Now get Sylvia’s secrets of charm as well as beauty! The price of this new edition is only $1 postpaid. Order today while supply is still available.

Partial Contents—New Edition

told him that I was really Square Cap. He just looked at me in horrified amazement, and then we both started to laugh. It was a beautiful moment! From then on there was never anyone else for either of us. We started going together and just never stopped, that’s all—although we didn’t actually talk of marriage until years later.

We used to scrap a lot at first, but even that was fun. Bill’s sense of humor always got the better of my temper. It’s a private joke between us that no matter what happens, I always end up having things my way. Bill bases this largely on the fact that once Bill had girls, we have sons, boys being my preference. But Bill made just as much fuss about Barrie, our oldest child, as any father possibly could. He went around for six months with a book on child care under his arm, and behaved more like an anxious mother than a proud papa. He was the same way with Leslie, our second boy.

I hadn’t even finished high school when Bill got his first part on Broadway. A speaking part—that is, if you use the term loosely. He played a Handsome Indian in something called “Aloma of the South Seas.” For this he spent two hours every night applying the dark makeup, which in those days came in buckets and beheld, he’d use of “Tun” and dried glue. Actually this was what he must have been paid for, because his time on the stage was a matter of seconds, and the speaking consisted of just one word... “Ugh!”

“It’s always tough in the beginning,” he told me. “I’ll get something better, you’ll see.”

And he did. In a few months he’d persuaded the director to let him understudy the leading role, which was then being played by Harry Bannister. Then one night, as in every understudy’s dream, he became sick and Bill’s chance to go on as a real live actor came at last.

He marched out on the stage as though he’d played the role a hundred times, and performed so well that the Shuberts were impressed enough to let him continue in the lead when the show went out on the road. From then on, Gargon became one of the regular leading men for the Shubert productions. He got top billing in practically all the shows which followed.

During this time I finished school and managed to get myself a few small parts in musicals around town. I never had any great ambition to act or be on the stage, but I did want to be part of the world that Bill lived in and loved.

It was fun, though. We’d meet after our respective shows and spend hours over coffee with other theatrical people in those little restaurants where show people inevitably gather. The only thing that disturbed us both was that when Bill went on the road it got terribly lonely. I was grateful when he was playing a ten-week run in Baltimore, I packed my mother and father and we went to visit him. The folks were very fond of Bill and had no objections to us being there. Although they were a mite concerned about his being an actor. They were tolerant people, however—they told us we were crazy to go into show business, and went on loving us anyway.

When the three of us appeared at the station, Bill raised his eyebrows in that way of his and a glimmer of appreciation came into his eyes. He looked at my father and said, “Oh?”

In beaming innocence Dad came over and shook Bill’s hand. “How are you, my boy?” he greeted him fondly.

“Fondly,” I said, but I kissed him again. “Whatever gave you the idea I wanted to marry you?”

“I couldn’t possibly imagine,” said Bill, his eyes bright with amusement. “It’s just that I got to thinking. These long distance phone calls every night. Do you know they cost me practically a week’s salary? I figured you’d be a nice kid and help me cut expenses. I can’t think of a better reason for getting married,” Bill finished and the smile on his face grew wider. “I’ve never had a tennis out of his smile. We started making plans on the spot, and two weeks later we were married.

There didn’t have to be any more long distance calls, but we still didn’t have much time together at the beginning. We didn’t even have a honeymoon. Bill had to be at the theatre every night. It’s just barely managed to have dinner alone.

To this day, as a matter of fact, we still don’t have dinner alone very often. Bill’s one of the most gregarious souls I’ve ever met. He loves people, and he loves to cook for them. He won’t let
Little Lulu

Sneezin's greetings! It's Kleenex'!

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barely eighteen and none of us drank, but it was. So I asked him. He nodded and mumbled something about a jug in the rumble seat.

By the time the boys in blue arrived, the incriminating evidence was safely out of sight.

The man was so grateful for having been saved from what probably would have been a nasty time in court that he couldn’t seem to thank me enough.

“Thank you,” I began, “but there really isn’t...” And then an incredible idea exploded in my mind! “See him!” I said, pointing to Bill who was standing nearby talking with the others. “Well,” I went on, taking a deep breath, “I want his hair dyed red.”

The man looked at me questioningly. “But it’s red now,” he said. “Auburn, anyway.”


Bill looked up, and saw me eyeing him.

“Hey,” he said coming over, “what’s going on here?”

I grinned at him. “A secret,” I said, and refused to tell him until we were alone. When I did tell him, he let out a roar of protest that must have been heard for miles. But remember what I said? There’s a family joke (?) that I usually get my way.

The next day my erstwhile auburn-haired husband emerged from a shop in mid-town Manhattan a little pale around the gills, but with the least color in his face of Killarney.

“I feel terrible,” he kept moaning.

“You don’t either,” I told him. “And you look grand.”

A few days later we were at the dock waiting for the Howards. They came down the gangplank, eagerly searching us out in the crowd. Then Leslie saw Bill. He took one look, and his eyes widened in amazement. Then he said in a kind of awed whisper, “Red Reagan!”

It was the beginning of a new career for Bill. It was his first part of any dramatic significance, and the one which brought him national recognition. It brought him his first Hollywood offer, for Lewis Milestone came across the country to see “Red Reagan,” then persuaded Bill to come to California to play the part. So forthrightly and in a motion picture he was about to make. Perhaps some of you remember “Rain.” It was Bill’s first picture.

We had every intention of returning to New York after the picture was over. “Don’t buy anything we can’t take on the Chief,” Bill kept warning me.

I didn’t intend to buy so much as a pair of Mexican jumping beans. All I was thinking about was how lovely it was back in New York.

The thing that changed my attitude toward California was simple— an invitation to Palm Springs. In the old days, before the Springs became famous as a resort for the wealthy and the weary, it was just another hole in the desert. But there was something about it that got me. The “land for sale” signs began to tantalize me, and a few days later I found myself writing a check payable to a real estate man.

When I got back to Hollywood and the magic had dimmed slightly, I felt that I’d been a weak and foolish female. Whatever would Bill say? Well, we could always sell it back, I decided, and with this reassuring thought I confessed to my husband that I had made a purchase we couldn’t possibly take with us on the Chief.

When I finished, he said, “Well, I guess I better go have a look at it. Man ought to see what his wife’s been up to. For better or for worse, remember?” He gave me one of those funny, quick grins and patted me on the head with an air of paternal forgiveness.

The next thing I knew, Bill had collected an architect, and a contractor. Six months later we had a ranch house in Palm Springs. And a few months later still, we had the beginnings of a bora bora ranch.

Bill said there was no point in just pretending to be ranchers. Besides, it would be good for us to have a sound investment like a ranch to fall back on if times ever got tough. It was an unromantic approach I felt, but then Bill is much more of a realist than I am.

There was certainly nothing romantic in the way Bill went about learning to be a rancher. It was sheer, unadulterated hard work. He approached it as he did everything else—with all of him. He read some books, but mostly he just went out and tried it out with his own hands.

If I had any regrets, it was that we’d have had a fortune.

The boys and I spent most of our time at the ranch while Bill was in pictures, and then we weren’t there or trekking through the desert we stayed at home in Beverly Hills. Life was pleasant, and the kids and the ranch and Bill’s career all grew and prospered.

Then came 1941, when life stopped being pleasant and predictable for everyone.

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Bill tried to enlist, but they wouldn't have him. He did, however, join the USO and spent most of the war years overseas. He was the first actor to fly the Hump, and the first to reach the boys in India. Those were agonizing times of worry for me, even though I know that I can't do anything about it. But I've always been a boundless optimist. I never thought of giving up. I recall once telling a friend that I'd be a success tomorrow. It was a call from Leslie Howard's daughter, "Doody", who had landed in New York just that day.

To me it was a wonderful omen. Doody, who is really named Leslie after her father, seemed to me to be a kind of sign that Leslie's spirit was not forgotten, bringing Bill luck at the beginning of his new career. Leslie had always brought Bill luck. So I insisted that Doody come to the show, but I didn't tell Bill.

When Bill saw her, we walked out of the client's booth as Bill was delivering the last handshakes. He looked up, and saw me. Then he saw Doody.

He suddenly shot up in amazement. He let out a wild yell and came tearing over. "Doody" he shouted as he lifted her into the air with one of his huge bear hugs.

"She called just before I left tonight," I explained when Bill had simmered down. "I knew it meant good luck."

Bill gave me a quick understanding smile. He looked at Doody for a quick second, and with both his hands in his "Good old Leslie," he said in a kind of choked whisper. That Gargan is a very sentimental guy.

It's an odd thing that our younger son, Leslie Howard Gargan, who is also named after the famous actor, resembles him in so many ways. He has something of the same shy, pensive quality. And that same look of quiet amusement when he's observing people. When our son was four, the elder Leslie had the best portrait painted. It's still hanging in our living room. I remember Leslie saying, "It isn't so much like him now, Mary, but he'll grow up to be it. Your son's an old soul. Like me."

Barrie, our older son, is very different. He's the garrulous extrovert and his energy is as boundless as his father's. He looks so much like Bill it's a little startling. Except for the fact that Barrie's several inches taller and a good thirty pounds heavier, they look almost like twins.

The boys adore their father, and I think the main reason is that Bill was always on their level with them. Even when they were little, he was a stern disciplinarian, but when they behaved badly, he was ready to admit when he was wrong, too.

Bill's that way with everyone. He believes in being honest about what he likes or doesn't like. Not being honest means being a phony to him, and he hates phonies. And the illness he is afflicted with, that air of conceit that marks so many actors. In fact he hates talking shop when he's away from the studio. He'd much rather talk about cooking or horses.

"I can't relax and think about my work at the same time," he says. "Besides, if more actors left their roles at that, the audience would have more to look forward to.

Right now, however, Bill seldom sets out of the studio. Doing a television show keeps him constantly on the run. If you have to talk to him, you'd better look for him elsewhere. Unlike the movies there is no chance for a "re-take" on TV.

Bill loves it though. He likes the change. The change of going forward with something new as far as we know he'll continue with Martin Kane for at least another year. What will happen after that I can't tell. But as long as Doody stays around anything can happen.
year," seventeen-year-old Mindy told me, "I've got to give up singing."

I might have thought she was joking if it hadn't been for her looks. In show business, beginners as well as stars usually give the lily and sometimes shed a few petals of their own where nature is remiss. Nature had given Mindy as much beauty as woman has a right to. But Mindy looked as if she had chosen her clothes while playing blindman's buff.

You've got charm and a wonderful voice," I advised her cautiously, "but, well, you're using it improperly."

"How should I dress?"

That was a sensible question but she stamped me. After all, like most men, I had always had my opinion of a woman looked right or not, but now I realized that training in aeronautics and the music business had hardly prepared me for grooming a young woman.

"The only thing I'm sure of," I told her, "is that a band-leader, for example, would not want a vocalist who looks like a fugitive from high school. Beyond that I'll give no advice."

So friends of mine looked at Mindy. And their counsel boiled down to this: "Dye your hair blonde. Use heavy make-up. But don't change your personality."

"Eddie, what do you think?" Mindy asked.

I was confused. I valued their opinions but couldn't agree with them.

"I like you the way you are," I told her frankly. "Let's see if we can find some clothes that match your personality."

So I accompanied Mindy on shopping excursions and, believe me, it was quite a strain. I was never able to acquire the suavity of movie characters who accompany women to a dress salon. I was strictly awkward and embarrassed.

I should have known then that to go through this for any girl, I must have been in love. Mindy must have known, too, but we never talked about it. Actually, there didn't seem to be any "falling in love" as if it had been there all the time.

But to get back to gowns. I'm not much help in that.

"You aren't," I agreed. I discovered that Mindy was one of those rare women who could walk by the most fashionable dress shop in New York and never glance at the window.

"I'm thinking of more important things," she explained.

"Like baseball."

That, I said, with a grin, was true.

Strangely enough, my trying to convert Mindy from a girl who dressed and acted like a tomboy was quite similar to the problem of the boy confronting his mother. The Carson children consisted theoretically of two boys and a girl. But Mindy was a girl by fact, not by choice. In their Bronx neighborhood, she was regarded as a hot infelder with a batting average as good as her male playmates.

Her family doctor has recorded two black eye, a loose tooth, and a split head that Mindy suffered in rhubarbs. You can realize the work that had to be done in making her into the girl America once knew to be "so feminine and graceful." And you can appreciate that her mother didn't know whether Mindy would grow into a lady or the Yankee ball club's first woman short-stop. But the Carsons let Mindy make her own decision except on one point: her becoming a singer.

And every two months on the dot she reopened the subject with her parents and each time they said no. But it was more and more noticeable with Mindy. She has a great deal of independence.

She proved that in high school when she took an after-school stenographic job with a candy company. "Why did you do that?" I once asked her.

"Well, I needed more spending money," she explained. "I didn't want to ask for bigger allowance."

By the time she proved it, she advanced to assistant-sales-manager in the candy company—quite a lot of responsibility for a seventeen-year-old—and6ner her a winter vacation at her aunt's Florida home. Her singing ambition got another lift in Miami. A night club owner heard her voice in a community sing and offered her a job at a hundred twenty-five dollars a week. She turned it down—but came back north with a new argument for her parents.

The first night home she spoke eloquently, as only a teen-ager can. She spoke rapidly, not allowing them to get a word in edgeways. Then she sat calmly, perfectly at ease, and prepared her rebuttal.

Instead of arguing, her father asked, "Do you think you could get this idea of singing out of your system in a year?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then go ahead. "

I met Mindy only a month after her parents had said no. For several weeks, she had learned that at dozen important people may like your voice but nothing comes of it. But her luck changed after she recorded "Rumors are Flying." I played the disc for Harry Cool, who was taking his band into the Glen Island Casino.

"By the way, I haven't got a vocalist," he said.

"Do you have anyone in mind?"

He shook his head and, as an afterthought, said, "I like the girl on this record. Who is she?"

"Yes," I said. "You know her right now," I told him. "She's out in the reception room."

I kept my fingers crossed, for to a bandleader the appearance of a vocalist is almost as important as her voice. Mindy came in wearing a simple, tailored suit she had just bought. To me, it was like seeing an awkward girl on high heels. But Harry took his time talking to her and watching her.

"She'll do," he said and hired her for the engagement.

Mindy and I knew that we were headed in the right direction. And it was then that I, too, made a decision. I had returned from the army to my former business. When Mindy came along, I decided to try my hand at being a manager. Naturally, she was my first client.

"We're starting out together," she said.

In a subtle way, she became an important part of my personal life. I realize now that someone should have written a song, "You'd be so Nice to Adjust To." It would have applied to Mindy, although our meetings always appeared to be for business reasons—engagements, or auditions that I was
continually trying to set up for her. We saw so much of each other that it was inevitable we would come to hate each other—or loving each other. With us, love. But our business tie-up complicated terribly any opportunity we had of courting one another. I couldn’t very well get Mindy an audition or a job if people in show business knew we were engaged. They'd think I'm nuts. Getting her bookings with other persons in the business. I don’t know when the romance began, Mindy says now. “It just grew.” It grew in spite of the fact that most of the time it was hard to make her improve her poise and grace. And when her first big chance came, I was as eager and tense as she. That happened in June. We’d been up six months of the year her parents had allowed. Paul Whiteman was auditioning for his program, Stairway to the Stars, and he agreed to hear Mindy.

She had every reason to be nervous. With only two months of actual singing experience, she was about to audition for the most famous band-leader of our time. Pops Whiteman sized up the state of her nerves immediately. “Relax,” he told her, “just imagine you're singing at home.” “I'll try,” she said. Pops grinned, saying, “That’s foolish advice. You’ll be scared anyway.” And she went to get the microphone. But when she sang you knew that she was thinking only of the song. Pops was so pleased he didn’t have his little show without her. It was a wonderful experience for her, but when the radio series came to an end he had other plans.

“You need night club experience—but it’ll have to wait,” he announced. I explained that a singer must have real showmanship to hold her audience in a club. The people must fall completely under her spell and you can’t rattle their glasses and start table conversation. Clothes, appearance and voice, which have no significance on radio, mean everything in the audience. And in these departments, Mindy still had a short-stop-ish appearance. “I moved like an all-star athlete,” Mindy freely admits. “Eddie says I walked around the студии like as though I was going to first base after hitting a home run.”

We began rehearsing immediately with me—and I can think of nothing funnier—teaching Mindy to walk gracefully. My experience had included neither acting nor female impersonation, so I was not an expert in that standard male tradition. But there I was demonstrating how a woman should walk from her hips and carry her shoulders and head.

“Now, Mindy, let’s see you curtsy,” I finished.

Two days later, as we traveled to Baltimore in a train compartment, I was still teaching Mindy to curtsy. It looks simple enough: you merely put one foot behind the other and sort of sink at the knees. Every time I repeated the lesson, I felt my ankles and lost my balance. When Mindy tried, she tripped over her skirt and fell flat on her face. Just before show time I discovered that I was unable to teach her how to curtsy. Mindy learned all right—but the first time she tried before an audience, she dropped so low that she had to use her hands to help her up.

Just the idea of being prejudiced during the engagement and other offers came in. Mindy then made a swing around the country preparing for her biggest night club job at the New York Copacabana. And when she arrived there, she made history. After her initial four-week tour, she was held over for another month and upped to star billing, becoming the youngest performer ever to be so honored. That was followed by a movie contract offer. “You open at Ciro’s in a few days,” I told her. “Why don’t you decide what movies after you get to Hollywood?” “Will you be coming with me?” she asked.

“I want to go with you,” I told Mindy. “But in a new capacity. Wouldn’t you rather introduce me as your husband than your manager? I’d like it a lot better that way.” We’d been officially engaged—for business reasons, as I explained. Now there wasn’t time. So we announced our engagement and our wedding all at the same time—three hours after we were married!

“Now I’m a boss, too,” was Mindy’s comment. I was right. I like it a lot better this way.

When we are both in Manhattan our day starts at ten in the morning. Mindy comes down to her office, which is next to mine. She begins her day by checking her music files, plans her NBC programs and answers fan mail. During the day, I am still boss. After work, however, she takes over. And as a housewife, she manages very well. Although, at first, she had her problems. “It won’t jell,” she told me, after following the “simple” instructions for getting the radio series through. Watching her mother, but it’s another matter when you do it yourself.”

Of course, Mindy had been playing ball when many girls were in the kitchen. But her mother generally came through with advice. The first month Mindy averaged about ten telephone calls per meal to her mother. Now her specialities are so far as I’m concerned, are fried chicken and French toast.

About every third week end we get away from Manhattan for relaxation at my father’s home on Long Island. There we try to act like a normal couple, lounging and talking. And Mindy spends a lot of time playing with the children of other guests. “I want a large extended family,” she tells everyone. “About three children.”

She wants that medium-size family very much—and so do I—but at the present Mindy’s work is too demanding. When you realize that such established stars as Jack Benny and Bob Hope tour the country two months a year, maintain their own prestige and you can understand why it’s so important for such a young entertainer as Mindy to be on the road. But I’ll never forget her telephone call from San Francisco last spring. I knew at once she was blue. “What’s the matter?” I asked. “Are you sick?”

She told me. She had left her hotel that morning with her music cradled in her arm. In the lobby she met a young woman, carrying her baby in a stroller. The way Mindy carried her music.

So you can see everything isn’t candy and cake for a young singer. But Mindy has made the transition from tomboy to star. She was well aware that she has left the baseball mitt behind. But I like best the way Mindy’s mother phrases it: “This is truly the age of miracles,” she says. “Mindy has become a real lady, and married a nice young man!”
A Good Place to Be
(Continued from page 83)

my coffee to cool it. I said, "No kidding, Charley? Rushville Center got this big honor?"

"No kidding, Shuffie." Charley shook open a magazine, one of those big slippery ones, and turned it around on the counter so I could see. And so help me, there was a picture of Main Street, looking North, with the Camp and Prince's Store and the General Drug all showing up big as life. At the top of the page was "The Town that Tells America's Story." It was real exciting, like suddenly seeing a familiar face in a crowd you thought was all strangers. "Well gosh," I said to Charley, "that's something for sure, ain't it?"

"Sure is. And you know what? He leaned over the counter and pointed to the cover of the magazine. "See this? People USA, that's the name of this world, and it goes all over the world, Shuffie. Right now maybe in London, England they're looking at this picture and reading all about us here. Makes you think," Charley said soberly, taking back the magazine and carefully putting it beneath the counter.

I bent down and hooked my rubbers up over my heels. I wanted to hurry down to the Perkins Lumber Yard and talk this big thing over with Ma--like I usually do with everything that happens, I guess. Having a friend like Ma Perkins is sure a wonderful thing for a feller like me. I'm alone, you know--got no family anything but myself. That is, I've got no family but Ma's. She's made me part of it. I know she'd be hopping mad if she heard me say I hadn't any of my own. Ma's got a feller name Shuffie," she'd say--matter of fact she has said it, couple of times when I hurt her feelings by not coming straight to her when I had a problem. "What are we, Faw and Evey and Willy and me? Aren't we your family? Land, Shuffie, you been a part of this family so long we couldn't get on without you. That makes me luckier than--What are we, Shuffie?" she'd say--matter of fact she has said it, couple of times when I hurt her feelings by not coming straight to her when I had a problem. "What are we, Faw and Evey and Willy and me? Aren't we your family? Land, Shuffie, you been a part of this family so long we couldn't get on without you. That makes me luckier than--What are we, Shuffie?"

When I got to the office, what do you think—there sat Ma with a copy of this magazine, People USA, open in front of her! "Well," I said, "Sure takes the pleasure out of life, the way you get to finding things out so fast a feller can't be the first to bring you the good news." I went over in the corner and took off my rubber and hooked my umbrella over the clothes-horse, taking the opportunity to see if Willy's coat was hanging up there. For a wonder, it was. Willy—Willy Fitz is Ma's son-in-law, married to her daughter Evey—he's not the earliest bird in town. But he's been shaping up well since he began working with us at the Yard. Ma's blue eyes were sparkling behind her glasses. "It's good news, isn't it, Shuffie? My land, how proud it makes you to be a part of this town of ours. All the things it says here about us—they must have had somebody down here reporting on us, Shuffie, you know that—and taking the pictures and all."

"You always been proud of this town, Ma," I reminded her. "Don't know of another citizen that's felt the way you do about it. Matter of fact, don't know of another one that's done more'n you have to make it worthy of this great honor."

"Well now, that's a speech you ought to have left Mayor Faw to make." Willy had come in behind us without me seeing him, and now he stood there grinning. "Say, Shuffie, you turn a right pretty phrase when you want. They ought to talk you part of the welcoming committee."

"What welcoming committee?"

"Wait'll you hear!" Willy sat on a corner of the desk to tell us. "They're sending a delegation to present something to us for winning this. From New York City, or wherever this magazine has its office. Right down here to Rushville Center they're sending it. Shouldn't wonder if it was a silver cup or something like that."

Ma shook her head gently. "Now wait, Willy. We don't know for sure they're doing any such thing. This being mentioned in the magazine and all, that's honor enough for us. We don't need silver cups to remind us."

"Well, maybe not a silver cup. But Evey was to this luncheon thing yesterday—the Garden Club, you know—and she heard it from somebody who heard it from Mayor Ross's office. They're getting up a whole reception with bands and stuff. Great, isn't it? A little excitement around town after all this quiet." He rubbed his hands together happily. I snorted. "All this quiet! Willy Fitz, you know darn well you like this town just the way she is, I know I do. What do we need with excitement and com-

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mittees and silver cups and whatnot? We got everything we need right here in Rushville Center, and we had it before these smart sellers came down here and told us to have it. What they're just finding out I know about all the years I been here, that this is the best place in the whole world to be living—this and I'm sure of it. They don't have to give us silver cups to go on being the kind of place that's fit for decent human beings to live.

The little office was so quiet I could hear the echo of my last words. Ma and Willy were both looking at me in some such manner as when they said, "Shuffle, Ma," Ma said at last, "maybe Willy here is right. Maybe they ought to put you up there making speeches. I don't know when I've heard a nicer way of thinking." She couldn't have been as if she was just getting to know something new about me, and I went over and sat down at my own desk and started shuffling around, but that was feeling a little uncomfortable. Bashful. Wasn't like me to go shooting my mouth off that way.

Tell you the truth, though, Shuffle and Willy," Ma's voice had a very surly tone in it now. "I got to thinking myself last night, after Evey came home and told me about that silver cup, if Evey didn't hear the truth about what they got planned for us down there at the magazine—well, there's some feeling down in town in town to celebrate this. And I just hope nobody does... well, nothing foolish. Like... Ma shook her head again, not quite knowing what it was she wanted all this time knowing just how to say it, so as not to hurt anyone's feelings. "Oh, Willy," Ma said. "I get you. You're afraid the Pendletons, maybe, will promote themselves a big slice of celebration. All dressed up in fancy clothes and such, furs and jewels and whatnot."

"Well..." Ma sighed. "It just ain't Rushville Center, really—not the plain folks who live here. It would be a shame if Mayor Ross got talked into doing something that didn't really look like the rest of town."

"Sure would," I said. "It wouldn't be representative, that's what—wouldn't represent anybody going down here in town. And after all that's what we got this silver cup for, for being representative."

Speaking of representative, what were we doing that morning at the Lumber Yard was absolutely representative of what was going on all over town. It must have been, because the people hadn't heard about it. For instance, over the news all day they couldn't have come up with all the different stories about what was going to happen that were going on around town by that nightfall.

Stories! You never heard such! First the whole staff of the magazine was coming down in a body with the key to New York City in its hand. Then Mayor Ross was getting called to go up to New York to get the silver cup and all that, and dinners, and all thereabouts as part of the award.

Joseph, the young feller who's practically like a son to Ma—Joseph came round to Ma's house that night after dinner and reported that they were planning to send President Truman himself was going to make a speech about Rushville Center. Having just had one of Ma's good dinners, finished off with apple dump-
I just got on the train that was bringing the writers from the city. Old Miss Marcella Purdy, from the high school, said Ma that they were going to put on a parade with a band and have the prettiest girls dressed up in majorettes, twirling batons, and Ma got so unhappy over that that she did something about it. I don't know what. I suspect she kind of made a chance to have a little talk, informal-like, with Mayor Ross about her going off of talked him out of it. Ma appears to keep pretty quiet as a rule, but she can sure get around when there's something she wants to get done!

Whatever she did, it got done thorough. There weren't going to be any drum major or majorettes or much of a committee either. Just enough to make the newcomers feel welcome. I guess Rushville Center, and help them find their way around. You see, in her quiet way I don't know of another single person that's got as much influence in Rushville Center as Ma Perkins. She don't always use it, in fact I don't know as she knows how much of it she really has, but there are times when she feels so strongly about the town or somebody in it that she just naturally puts forth her hand to help it come out right. Never saw the time when it wasn't the right thing that she tried to get done, either. For instance in Rushville Center, they're likely to listen to what Ma has to say, and I guess Mayor Ross lent an ear that time.

But there was one person I should've known you couldn't keep down, and that was Mathilda Pendleton. I never will forget the day I got that letter in the mail at the rooming house. I had to tear through about six envelopes and then it finally fell out, and I turned it all around and even then it looked so strange to me I barged right on down to the Lumber Yard without even stopping for breakfast. “Say, Ma,” I says to her almost before I was really in. “Ma, look here—did you get one of these too? What in tarnation is it?”

“Why, it's an invitation, dear,” Ma glanced at it and nodded. “I got one this morning too. It's what's called a formal note of invitation, Fay tells me.” Then, because she can't help being just plain nice-natured, she added, “I expect it'll be a fancy party, or reception or whatever. I believe I'll get me a nice new dress for the occasion.”

“Just like a woman,” I snorted. “For gosh sakes, Ma, this sounds like Mathilda Pendleton is going to do just what she hoped she wouldn’t—have one of them parties with finger bowls and all.”

“I don't know, Shuffle,” Ma said. “Seems to me it might've been so much worse, with the Water Carnival and all... Pay tells me this Mr. Sinclair is a famous writer. Wrote some books about the war. He's all excited about meeting him.”

“I'm right to know,” I said grudgingly. “She reads more'n anybody I know. She wants to meet him, eh?” I folded the card and put it away in my pocket. Ma was right, I guessed. I supposed I didn't go off the deep end with it, a plain party might be as good a way as any to have them meet Rushville Center folks. Just then Willy walked in, and I took the occasion to ask him something that was bothering at the back of my mind.

“Assuming you got one of these here invites too, Willy,” I began, and Willy nodded about yes, they'd got one that morning. “Well,” I says, “you figuring—that is, you aim to do anything about getting yourself a new suit for this affair?” I'd begun to wonder, what with the printed-up invitation and all, if I had anything grand enough to wear to this ton'y set-up.

“I didn't figure on it, Shuffle,” Willy said sad-like. “I don't think the budget runs to it, right now, what with Evey going to have to get herself decked out like royalty. Nope, I'll just brush up the old blue gabardine.”

“I'll join you, son,” I said. Fact was, I was relieved to hear he wasn't getting a new suit. “I'll stick to the old faithful serge I got. I'm too old and ugly to be setting myself off in a tailcoat.”

Ma laughed in her comfortable way. “Now Shuffle, you know the Pendletons don't expect anyone coming in a tailcoat. Land o'goshen, old friend, they're just Augustus and Mathilda same's they were way before this Alfred Sinclair or this Miss Morrison was thought of. We'll all go together and have a fine time—like always. And it'll be interesting to see what these folks make of Rushville Center, now won't it? That's the big thing, Shuffle. What they'll be thinking about us, and the pictures they'll be taking—I believe it's this Miss Anne Morrison who takes the pictures. We got to see they get the true impression of our town.

It was that night of the party finally came around, because I don't believe anyone could've stood another minute of suspense and waiting. Like it says in the Bible, I arrayed myself splendidly, and in to the yard—pardon me, on the grounds—they'd stuck a couple of lights on poles, looking like street lights. I guess they were trying to keep the old mansion-house in England, or something. Then, if you please, when we got up to the door and rang and it opened, there was this maid in uniform.

Well, at the Pendleton house that's not so strange. What was comical was noticing behind her as she took our hats and things, there were two other maids going through their thing, making three altogether, and in these fancy uniforms that looked like something off the stage.

Willy breathed in my ear, “Gee, Get that, Shuffle.” Then Evey gave him a twitch on the elbow and kind of dragged him forward, and I followed with Ma. When we got to the living room, we came face to face with the Big Wheels themselves—the Pendletons, I mean, and two people I figured were Alfred Sinclair and Anne Morrison. Well, Mathilda Pendleton was in red,
and she fairly blinded me so I couldn't really see the face I was looking at. It wasn't till we had passed into the room and had found ourselves a kind of corner that I had a chance to look back, casual-like, and get myself a peek at her; and then I saw she was doing the same, and so was Joseph—practically everybody in the room, in fact, excepting Ma, who had too good manners about taking control, too. She sat down next to Marcella Purdy and was calmly chatting away. But not the rest of us. We were too busy trying to size up the visitors.

This Sinclair fellow, now... he was a tall, thin chap. Bony. I was surprised to see there was some gray at the side of his hair. He was fairly young, then. Not one of these young smart-alec types. He had a thin, bony face, with small dark eyes that looked very piercing, and a mouth that seemed to smile at you. His voice was not so very strong. Her dress was gray, and her hair was light—maybe gray, too. They were so enormous I could see that enormous family was in the room. Her hair was short and curly, and redish. But what was making Joseph stare wasn't anything you can put it in words. It was a something—a certain kind of personality. I could see the look in her eyes and in the roll of her hair, too, that kind of caught you and made you look twice. I felt suddenly sorry for Joseph, and yet in a way, I felt sorry for being young, I guess. For being able to feel that struck by a girl, and hope she might throw a look his way.

"Gee, she's beautiful," Gay's voice came out. "Hey, Fay, beside me, nodded, without looking toward Anna Morrison. She'd seen enough in that house, I guess, as a woman can. She was the girl, I think, in the long black dress. "She's very sophisticated-looking, too. So is he."

"Just what I was thinking," Evey said. She turned up to look at Joseph again. Willy's gabardine suit. "I wish Willy would get himself one of them..." her voice trailed off. It was plain enough that no matter what Willy ever got himself he would always look so much better looking like Alfred Sinclair. Even Evey could see that. She sighed and turned her attention to the rest of the room.

"Some party!" I thought to myself. Why, the few people who were speaking were doing it in whispers, like in a museum. I got to do something about it. I must make a clean throat to begin. I don't know what I would have said, but just that minute I caught Willy's eyes, and I saw he was doing the same as I was, trying to think of something to say. We shut up and let him do the thinking.


He stood there with his mouth half open, just looking at me. He hadn't meant to shout like that. He hadn't any idea just how his voice was going to come out. But it did. In the quiet room something terrible. We stared at each other, and then I couldn't help it —the corners of my mouth began to twitch. Gosh knows what would have happened if we had never come round right then with a tray with some glasses on it. She shoved it between us, and Willy took one and I took one. Five minutes passed over.

Without meaning to, we had helped things somewhat. After that noise Willy made people started to talk a little louder. I heard the laughter coming down the room. Things were warming up a bit. Folks began moving around from place to place, and I was reminded of a movie I'd seen down at the Cameo with one of those big orchestral tail parties in it, where dressed-up people rushed around from group to group, chattering away and nobody being able to hear a thing anybody else said. That was what Mathilda Pendleton wanted us to do. I guess; act like those people in a Hollywood movie. Well, she'd be lucky if she got any kind of a party at all, the way things were going. Rutherfordville folks just ain't the cocktail-chatter type, and you couldn't make them into it by sending out a printed-up tally sheet.

"Say, when do we eat?" Willy's voice was low now, but worried. "I'm hungry. We got to do something besides stand around."

Just as he spoke, some doors at one end of the room were opened, and people began going into another room. It looked as though it might turn out to be food, so we went too. It was all right. Around and about, though we went, and you never saw such a table. All I could think was the Pendletons must have hired the plates and silvers and all of it. They could've outgrown owned anything like that. It was like a palace. It was just too good to be true. And furthermore the danged food looked so fancy nobody had the heart to lay a fork to it. We just kept pushing one another round and round.

Finally I decided I'd had enough, and I got up and put plateful of something I still can't make head nor tail of. But it didn't matter, because right about then I happened to look up and see Joseph and Anne Morrison, and my appetite went away.

There they stood, just staring at each other. It's a mystery to me how they ever got together, but as I said it was a family thing, and plateful of something I still can't make head nor tail of. But it didn't matter, because right about then I happened to look up and see Joseph and Anne Morrison, and my appetite went away.

She looked over where I'd been looking, where Joseph and Anne Morrison were now at last starting to talk to each other in the corner.

"But Ma," I said, "it's no good for Joseph to get interested in a woman like that. She"

"He's only met her, Shuffle, dear," Ma said softly. "Oh, I know what I mean—I saw how he was looking at her, when we came in. I know he's not just talking to her like to any stranger..."

The rest of it was something between them, when there was such a look in his eyes. I don't know. She hesitated. "You know, Shuffle, how I feel. It's just like you're going to spare him getting hurt. And yet there are some things we can't any of us do.

This page contains a section on handwashing, titled "ANALYZE Handwashing," which includes several paragraphs discussing the importance of handwashing and providing tips on how to do it properly. The text is written in a formal tone and includes references to various individuals and institutions, such as "Glenwood College of Nursing," "Analyse School of Nursing," and "Analyzing School of Nursing." The content is arranged in a structured format, with headers and subheadings, and includes bullet points to highlight key information. The text is dense and technical, with a focus on educating the reader on the importance of proper handwashing techniques.
for those we love, much as we'd like to. Saving them from getting hurt is one of the things. Sometimes we can make it easier, but most of the time they've just got to learn in their own way." She sighed, and I sat down again, knowing she was right. What could I have done anyway—gone over like an old bear and broken up Joseph's talking with this girl? And then what?

"And anyway," Ma added, "a little flirtation might be just the thing for Joseph right now. He's been sort of unhappy lately, just drifting.... A little flirtation never hurt anybody, Shuflle.

"Somebody laughed behind us, and I turned to see Alfred Sinclair standing there. "Those are wonderful words, Mrs. Perkins," he said. "It is Mrs. Perkins, isn't it? Something tells me I ought to have a long talk with you. You say the kind of things that I like to hear."

"Ma said calmly, 'I'd be glad to talk with you, Mr. Sinclair, any time.'"

Mr. Sinclair was looking at her closely, as if he was trying to find out something by just looking, without asking any questions. Finally he said, "I don't mean to be impertinent, but I wonder... have you lived here a long time, Mrs. Perkins I mean—do you know the town well?"

"The town, Mr. Sinclair?" Ma smiled, friendly, and she smiled back. "You don't mean do I know the names of the streets and so on, I guess. You want to know if I know the people? I think I do. I've been friends with many of them for so very long now... and I've been fond of many of them."

"Yes," Mr. Sinclair said, "I believe you do know and love the whole town, I want to talk to you very much. I want to learn something about this town from you, if I may—"

Suddenly, listening, I remembered what I'd lost sight of completely in all the excitement about Mr. Sinclair and Miss Morrison—the reason they were in Rushville Center at all. We had won a title, I reminded myself. America's typical town—the town that tells America's story. They were after us, trying to find out what makes us tick. It wasn't likely, as Ma had said, that a man like Mr. Sinclair would be fooled into thinking that this house and this party were real Rushville Center. Not on your life. He knew too much. He'd been around too much, anybody could see that. He must have seen in a minute how Mathilda Pendleton was putting it on for show, and how underneath this was a place for plain and simple folks. For the first time that night I began to really relax.

"I want to see the way people here really live," Mr. Sinclair was saying. "The only way I can do the job I was sent down to do is by getting to be a part of Rushville Center."

"Come and see us, Mr. Sinclair," Ma said graciously. "Come tomorrow night if you can, and have dinner with me and my family, and Shuflle here. And maybe Joseph will come too. That'd be a good way to start."

"Perfect. Just the—"

"Ah, Mr. Sinclair. Like a school of sharks, Mayor Ross with the Pendletons behind him surrounded us. Mathilda was trying hard to look sweet, but you could see she really wanted to glare at us. I guess because her guest of honor was sitting there beside us as if he liked it. "We were just wondering about tomorrow night," Mayor Ross said, looking at me. "Unfortunately, culture is... well, we can't offer much in the way of culture, Pictures you know, and music... and... He stopped, his mouth open.

"Ballet," Augustus put in helpfully. "Can't take you to a ballet, say—"

Mayor Ross had figured out what else to say. "But there are certain things we feel you should see. The old church out on the back road, for example. They dig up some Indian tools there once. Arrowheads. Flints."

Ma smiled. "Please don't go to any trouble," he said. "As a matter of fact Mrs. Perkins has been kind enough to ask me to have dinner with her family tomorrow night, so I—"

Mayor Ross paused again. He seemed to having a hard time talking to Mr. Sinclair, who just looked at him patiently and nodded for him to finish. The Mayor fiddled with his watch chain. "You have found a true gold mine of information in Mrs. Perkins," he said. Never have I wanted to take a poke at a fellow so much as I did right then, but in another way I was enjoying myself too much. A gold mine, indeed! "She can tell you a great deal about... about people and the things that are done."

And yet it was—even as he said it—like he didn't like it. I—"

"No, I'm very pleased."

Mayor Ross paused again. He seemed to having a hard time talking to Mr. Sinclair, who just looked at him patiently and nodded for him to finish. The Mayor fiddled with his watch chain. "You have found a true gold mine of information in Mrs. Perkins," he said. Never have I wanted to take a poke at a fellow so much as I did right then, but in another way I was enjoying myself too much. A gold mine, indeed! "She can tell you a great deal about... about people and the things that are done."

"Yes, Mr. Sinclair," Ma said, "Mr. Sinclair..."

I thought he'd begin writing a recipe book instead. Ma was very happy when, just before they left Rushville Center, she was downtown. Mr. Sinclair and Anne Morrison decided to be married. Turned out Mr. Sinclair himself was from a town just like Rushville Center... so what can you say! I—"

"Mr. Sinclair kind of unfolded himself. He was very tall, very solemn as he stood looking down at Mayor Ross. His voice was real gentle, like talking to a child.

"These things about Rushville Center are probably extremely interesting," he said in that quiet way. "But I believe I'll wait for a while before I see them. You see... I have an idea that it's more important for me to learn the Rushville Center that Mrs. Perkins knows." He turned slightly and smiled down at Ma somehow as though he knew what was going on in each other's minds.

"You see," he went on, "I have a feeling that Mrs. Perkins is Rushville Center."

Mayor Ross got red as a beet. Mathilda gasped out "Well!" Augustus, he didn't say anything, and right then I felt he was the smartest of them. What was there he could do, when you got right down to it?

I don't know as Mathilda ever got over what happened after that. Mr. Sinclair just concentrated on Ma like nobody else mattered in the whole room—"I don't mean he showed bad manners, but he was pretty plain and he found her real interesting to talk to. Not just that evening, but all the rest of the time he was in town. Matter of fact his long-time friend from a while. Mr. Sinclair spent most of his days just sitting and talking with Ma, and I noticed that he never turned over or asked her for any wonderful meals either. Said he hadn't tasted that kind of cooking in so long, he'd almost forgotten it. Ma's apple cake and chicken pies and potato pancake and the best dressed meat ever so much."

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