

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

MARCH • 25¢

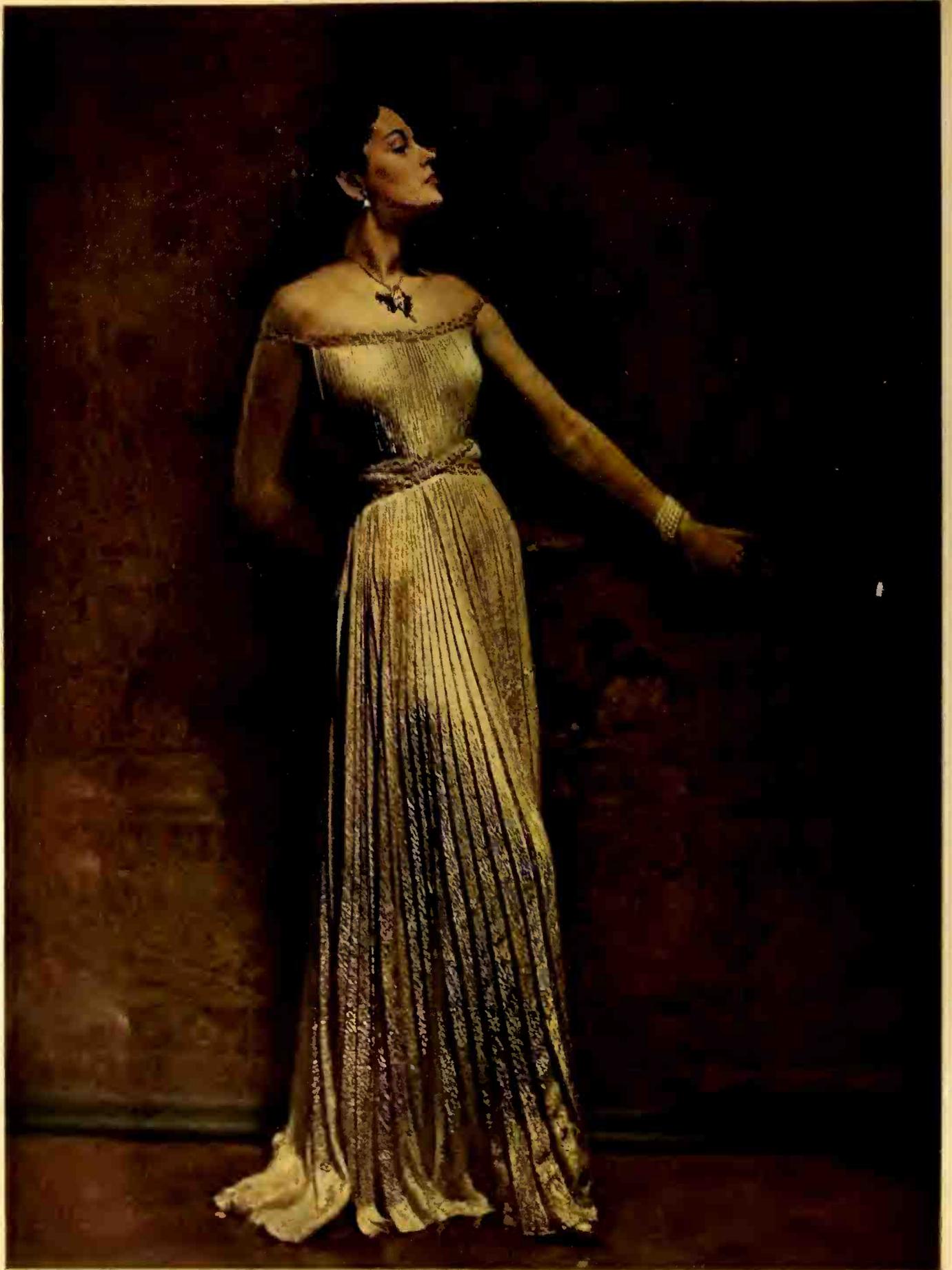
COULD YOU MAKE A GOOD WIFE
FOR BILL LAWRENCE?

FREE! Win A Complete Garden
Selected for you by
Herbert Mitchell

New Pictures
Stella Dallas
Who Can Be Beautiful



BILL LAWRENCE
of the
ARTHUR GODFREY
PROGRAMS



Modess ... *because*

Keep your **WHOLE** mouth **WHOLESOME!**



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. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care* for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles Both!

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to give this double protection*

If you want a healthier, more wholesome mouth, dentists warn you to *protect your gums as well as your teeth*.

For gum troubles not only cause more tooth losses than decay. Unhealthy teeth and gums **BOTH** breed unpleasant breath.

That's why you need to fight tooth decay and gum troubles **BOTH**—with *doubly-effective* Ipana care*.

No other dentifrice has proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For *every* time you use Ipana, you combat the bacteria that cause cavities.

And no other leading tooth paste is specially made to fight gum troubles, too. For

Ipana's unique formula stimulates gum circulation—promotes healthier gums.

So get Ipana's double protection—to help keep your *whole* mouth *wholesome!* You'll like that wholesome Ipana flavor, too. It's refreshing.

*Here's doubly-effective Ipana care

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. Ipana's formula reduces tooth decay, promotes healthier gums—helps keep your *whole* mouth *wholesome!* Get Ipana today.



Healthier teeth, healthier gums... **IPANA** for Both!

That
"Left-Out Feeling"
is no fun!



Why just watch the whirl go by? Guard wisely against underarm odor. Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum. Smooth, fragrant Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Get Mum today!

Mum-Safer for Charm

Mum checks underarm perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of future odor after your bath.

Mum-Safer for Skin

Mum contains no harsh, irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals.

Mum-Safer for Clothes

Won't rot or discolor fine fabrics. Thrifty, too—no waste, no shrinkage.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure...dependable for this important use, too.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Bristol-Myers

keeps you nice to be near

MARCH, 1950

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 33, NO. 4

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Editorial Director FRED R. SAMMIS
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Staff Photographers, HYMIE FINK, STERLING SMITH Assistant, BETTY JO RICE

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Coming Next Month



Jack Berch and son: read his inspiring story in the April issue.

There are lots of reasons for marking a big red circle around March 10 on your calendar. That's the day the April issue of RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands and here are some of the reasons for keeping that date very much in mind: the first winners of the daytime serial counselor feature will be announced and the prize-winning letter will be published. The problem, you'll remember, concerned Vicki of Marriage For Two—what to do about the other woman. Next month, you'll be asked to give counsel to the characters in the daytime serial, Rosemary.

Heading a list of interesting and inspiring stories in the April issue is "This I Believe" by Jack Berch. Jack will re-tell some of the heartwarming incidents which have made up the content of his radio program—incidents that prove his great belief in mankind's good. On RADIO MIRROR'S April cover, you'll find that exuberant redhead, Lucille Ball. There's a story about Lucille, too, and an inside report on the comic king of television—Ed Wynn. You'll also find a report on Captain Video, the TV hero who has found a loyal and unlimited audience among small fry and their elders. And watch for the color picture of Light of the World. It will portray St. Bartholomew and other Biblical characters in the costumes of their times.

Daytime Diary, Joan Davis, Nancy Craig and the other regular features will be back next month, too. Don't forget the date—it's March 10. That's the day you'll be able to buy RADIO MIRROR at your newsstand. Order a copy now!

Which Twin has the Toni?



Jean and Jo Ann Corbett of Burbank, Calif. "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking," says the Toni Twin. Can you tell which is she? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist.

Toni looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent
—feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

Now—any day, 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!

Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. 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 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. Jean, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For complete hair care 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."

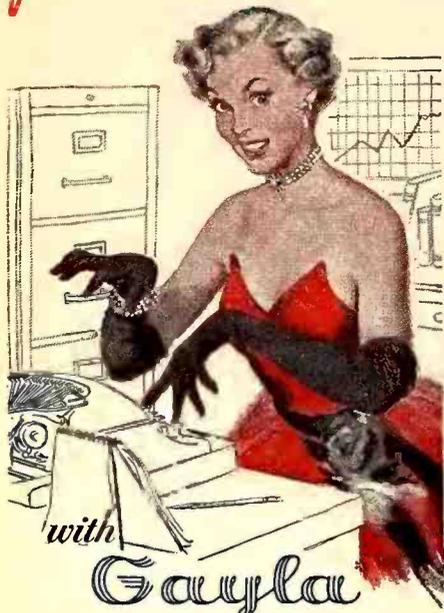


TONI SPIN CURLERS
twice as easy—twice as fast



All plastic. No rubber bands.
They grip the hair . . . spin up the curls
. . . and lock with a flick of the finger.
Available in combination
with Toni Refill . . . only \$2.29

have a
"party hair-do"
 all day long



with
Gayla
HOLD-BOB*
 bobby pins

Lovely hair-do . . . lovely dress—
 of course you feel glamorous when
 you're ready for a party! Now keep
 that "party look" all day long with
 Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins! So easy
 to open. Hold better! Gayla HOLD-BOB
 sets curls beautifully, keeps hair-dos
 lovely. There is no finer bobby pin.



More women use
Gayla HOLD-BOB than all
 other bobby pins combined!

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TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

After months of doctoring in the icy wastes of Alaska, a walk from Anchorage to Tampa was a lark for Robert



Army Air Force doctor Captain Robert Wiese and his dog Brownie navigated the Mississippi during a trek from Alaska to Tampa.

The fifth digit of the right hand is perhaps the most exciting mode of transportation known to man. When all else fails—there's always the thumb. When Captain Robert J. Wiese, an Army Air Force doctor, passed our NBC Welcome Travelers microphone this month we learned further that the thumb is not always a product of necessity.

Captain Wiese and his dog, Brownie, a part Husky and part Chesapeake Bay Retriever, had hitch-hiked most of the 5,000 miles from Anchorage, Alaska to Chicago—and were resting up before starting the remainder of their journey which

will terminate at Tampa, Florida.

It happened like this: The rugged, six foot, two-inch paratrooper had spent eighteen months in Alaska as a member of the tenth rescue squad when the Air Force granted him forty-five days' leave on transfer order to Tampa, Florida. Months of parachuting to air crashes in the wastes of Alaska in all kinds of weather to recover bodies and treat injured air crash victims had so toughened the doctor that a walk to Tampa seemed like a lark. He strapped a twenty-pound pack on Brownie, who had accompanied him on air missions many times, gathered up eighty-five pounds of gear for himself and took off down the Alcan highway. That was August sixth.

"I've always wanted a trip like that," he told me. "I'd seen Alaska from the air and wanted to see it from the ground." The captain and Brownie thumbed and pawed the 2,500 odd Alcan highway miles stopping along the way to fish in Alaskan streams. Fresh fish was their main source of food.

Brownie, lacking somewhat the doctor's fine taste for trout, was more of a gourmet of rabbit dishes, so Wiese would often shoot hares with the .22-caliber rifle he carried. Occasionally Brownie would scare up a bit of rabbit stew on her own. Once or twice, out of necessity, Brownie and the doctor even shared a can of dog food. "It wasn't bad
 (Continued on page 26)



By **TOMMY BARTLETT**

Welcome Travelers, with emcee Tommy Bartlett, is heard Mon.-Fri. at 10 A.M. EST on NBC. The sponsor is Procter and Gamble.



JEEPERS! Buttercup Almost Forgot!

She's learned the Hard Way what it Costs to Forget, and Buttercup's Taking no Chances.

There was that Jolly Bachelor, Fresh from Kalamazoo, with plenty of Lettuce and "Object Matrimony" written all over him, whose First date was his Last.

Ditto for the big, bronze Glamour Boy at the Beach last summer, who Kissed her Once, then gave her the Deep Freeze.

Ditto for that quiet Casanova who took her to the Early Movies then Dropped her on her own Doorstep at half-past-nine.

That isn't going to happen this time. Buttercup's got a new Boy Friend and she intends to Keep Him. She isn't going to let Halitosis (unpleasant breath) Snap the String in

Cupid's Bow. This time She'll be *Sweet Little Buttercup* because she's going back Right Now to let Listerine Antiseptic look after her breath.

She knows Listerine Antiseptic is the *Extra-Careful* precaution against offending. She knows that it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Moral: It's better to be sweet than side-tracked, so, before any date, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

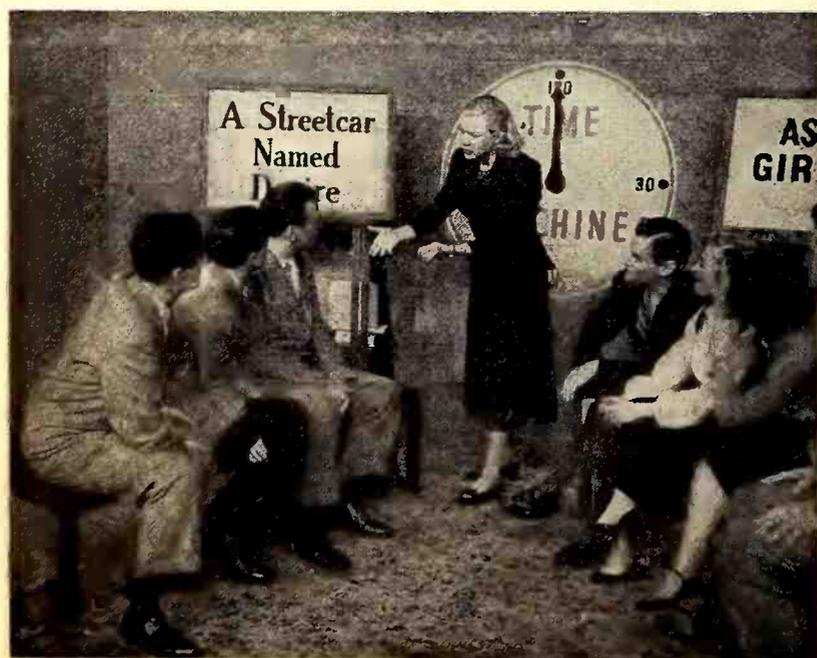
While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

IF AT FIRST



Robert Morley brushes up on his charades technique for Say It With Acting as Morton Gottlieb, Adrienne Allen, Leueen McGrath look on.



Every Sunday evening at 6:30, WNBT brings the great of the stage to New York viewers. Above: Mary Welch acts out a hard one.

It is a generally accepted fact that television is bringing the family closer together, resulting in a revival of parlor games. Proof of this is the success of Say It With Acting, WNBT's version of "The Game," where teams composed of members of the casts of Broadway hits are pitted in stiff competition before the cameras.

This program has all the off-the-cuff appeal of a candid photo of a well-known person. When the viewer watches the dignified Robert Morley, vivacious Carol Channing or dramatic Jose Ferrer trying to put across an idea by means of various postures of anger, frustration, joy or horror, they are really seeing the "great" of the theater with their hair let down.

Say It With Acting debuted on Jan. 19, 1949 and, to date, well over thirty shows have been represented on this series. Ben Grauer, emcee or charades-master of the show, introduces the team members to each other . . . they are given a fast minute to shake hands and then the battle begins. One at a time, each member of the four-man team is called to act out his particular charade. The at-home audience is told by a card what the charade will be but the team is told only what category it is in. There is a two-minute limit on each charade and at the end of the program, the team with the least number of seconds to its credit wins. The Din-oscar-saur, a skeleton-like object similar to the movies' Oscar, which carries with it the right to repeat appearances on the show until defeated.

To date, the longest run on Say It With Acting is credited to the team from "Streetcar Named Desire," which made seven appearances before losing.

At times the contest gets so violent that twice a tie was announced when the difference between two teams was only one second. For a half-hour of acting, that's pretty close timing!

Only once has the usual formula of using Broadway teams been changed. That was when a group of theatrical press agents ran up a record of six consecutive wins and it was the only time when this group of men and women, who spend their working hours singing the praises of thespians, had the opportunity to meet them on their own ground by out-acting them. Though it was fun as an experiment, none of the press agents decided to trade in his typewriter for some greasepaint.

An interesting aspect of this show is that Ben Grauer, the emcee, who has been a radio special events man and announcer now has a chance to act. He started out in the theatre as a protege of Gus Edwards, but switched to announcing. On Say It With Acting Ben has a good time acting out the "mystery charade" for the home audience.



LILLY DACHE, famous designer: "To have this slim figure of the 1950's, you have only to wear **PLAYTEX**—the invisible girdle."



PHILIP MANGONE, holder of Golden Thimble Award: "For me, the supple, slim **PLAYTEX** figure is the figure of the 1950's!"



CEIL CHAPMAN, top New York designer: "The figure of the 1950's is easy for any woman to have—with the **PLAYTEX** girdle."

AMERICA'S GREAT DESIGNERS HAIL INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® GIRDLES FOR THE NEW "FIGURE OF THE 1950's"

Biggest fashion news in a decade is the "Figure of the 1950's," a slim, young, supple figure that has designers reaching for their pencils and sketchbooks in joy.

Well aware that such fashion starts with a woman's figure, U. S. designers are quick to give credit

to the sensational **PLAYTEX** Girdle. For **PLAYTEX** gives the feeling of freedom, the fluid lines, the young, vital silhouette that is the "Figure of the 1950's."

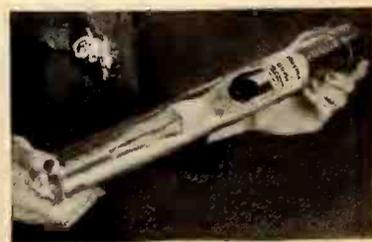
Made of tree-grown liquid latex—**PLAYTEX** combines figure-slimming power with comfort and free-

dom of action. Without a single seam, stitch, or bone, it smooths out your figure, gives you supple, young lines.

PLAYTEX fits invisibly—even under the most clinging clothes. And it washes in ten seconds, pats dry with a towel!



GIRDLE OF THE 1950's is the Invisible **PLAYTEX** Living Girdle. At all modern corset and notion departments and specialty shops everywhere. In these fashion colors: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White.



... in **SLIM** silvery tubes
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE ..\$3.50 to \$3.95
(Extra-large size slightly higher). Buy according to your own waist and hip measurements: extra-small, small, medium, large and extra-large.

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE?

Newest of **PLAYTEX** Girdles—light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you... in **SLIM**, shimmering, pink tubes . . . \$3.95 to \$4.95

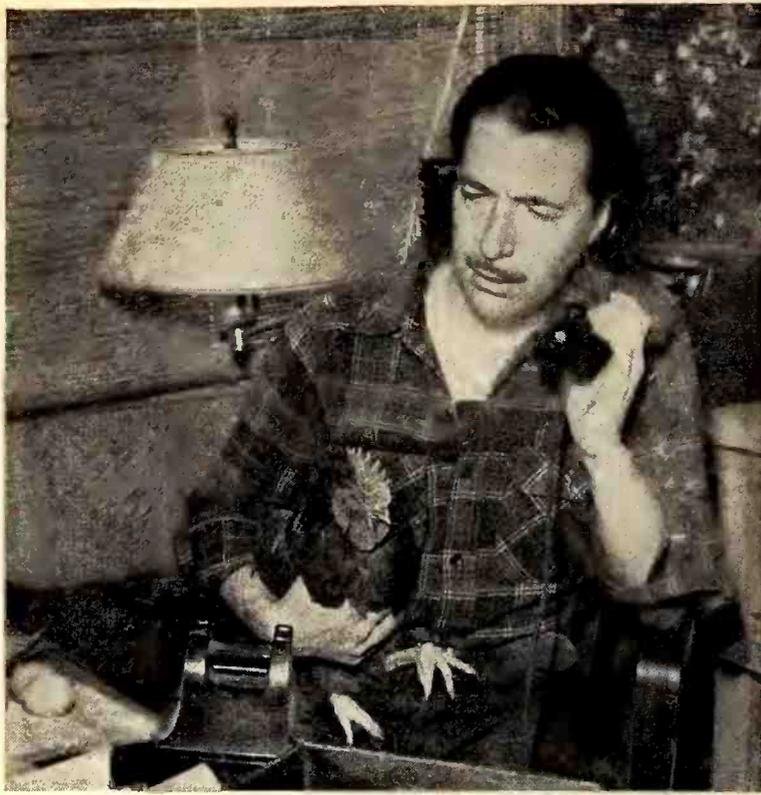
INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.

WHAT'S NEW

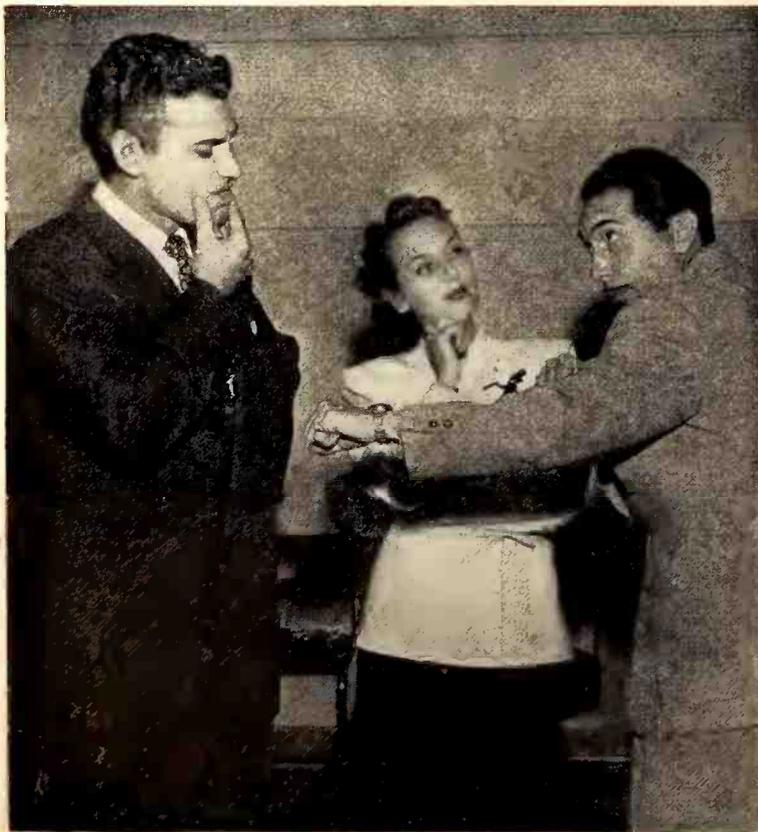
By

DALE BANKS

Skippy Hollywood Theater



Oblivious to the superstition of a show "laying an egg," producer Les Mitchel works best with his pet hen on hand.



H. T. stars Jeff Chandler and Ann Dvorak get pointers on the fine art of self-defense from director Les Mitchel.

To ordinary men, "three-in-one" is oil, but to the folks behind the mikes the phrase is synonymous with Les Mitchel... host, producer and director of Hollywood Theater. Recently, it took the combination of interpretations—the "oil" and "Les," that is—for Mitchel to accomplish a grease lightning recording session in London. When he first received his assignment to fly to London and, in the course of two weeks, record six half-hour shows for Hollywood Theater, Les was not in the least disturbed. However, twenty-four hours after his arrival in the land of the broad "a", he wouldn't have bet a dummy mike that the job could be done. In the first place, BBC facilities and equipment are a far cry from ours. In the second place, British actors are accustomed to rehearsing anywhere from seventeen to thirty hours for a half-hour broadcast. Les' schedule called for four-hour rehearsal periods . . . which he was finally forced to extend to five hours in respect for the unbreakable 4:00 to 5:00 P.M. tea ritual. Nevertheless, with the outstanding cooperation and acting abilities of the world famous Abbey Theater Players, Les not only fulfilled his contract, but came away with the title (to quote the London Graphic): "Les Mitchel, world's fastest radio producer."

Skippy Hollywood Theater, a comparative newcomer to the air, moved up to the rarer atmosphere of a network show when it went CBS. The next move will be to lift it from its present status of a "platter" program. And it is highly probable that by Spring listeners will hear the show "live." This popular program is an "oasis" in the lives of unknowns. Except for the star—generally a screen favorite—this is one program that gives the struggling actor a break. In its short life, Skippy Hollywood Theater has been responsible for the recognition of many a young hopeful . . . Gale Storm, Peg Knudsen and Vanessa Brown, to mention a few. Adding the à la mode to the pie is the fact that all scripts are by unknown writers . . . a feature which has proved in no way detrimental to the program.

FROM COAST TO COAST



While visiting London, Hollywood Theater's director came up with the entire Lyon family in one script. Here Richard, Barbara, Bebe Daniels Lyon and hubby Ben Lyon rehearse with Les.

* * *
News From All Over: It's being rumored around that come Fall NBC will move the Phil Harris show to Tuesday nights following Fibber McGee and Molly . . . an effort to get away from the heavy CBS Sunday opposition and lift the Harris rating out of its present slump.

* * *
In honor of his CBS Youth Opportunity Program, Oklahoma A.&M. has established a music scholarship in the name of Horace Heidt. Applications are now being considered for the scholarship which will be available for the school year beginning in Sept., 1950.

* * *
Lovely Anne Burr is unmarried, and if her acting roles have any psychological effect on her life, chances are she'll continue living alone and liking it. As "Valerie" on Big Sister, she daily hits new lows in marital affairs. As "Nona" in Wendy Warren and the News, she is on the verge of leaving her husband. And as Ralph Bellamy's wife in the Broadway hit, "Detective Story," Anne leaves her husband eight times a week.

* * *
Signs of the times? The Bob Hawk Show and the Groucho Marx Show are the only quiz programs to be represented in the nation's top fifteen evening network (Continued on page 22)



Despite exacting duties as H. T. producer-director-host, Les and his wife keep their ranch home in top repair.

Claude Rains of the movies (l.) and WCAU's roving reporter Charles Shaw listen to playback of interview Rains recorded for In Person.



WORD PAINTER

Have you ever wondered what happens to radio war correspondents once the shooting stops and the boiling pot of international news begins to simmer down?

This is what has become of Charles Shaw, one of CBS's top foreign correspondents during the recent fracas. He's now WCAU's roving reporter—the man who goes around with a tape recorder and covers anything of interest in the Quaker City. He also works with Edward R. Murrow or Don Hollenbeck as CBS's Philadelphia correspondent.

His biggest weekly stint is a half-hour interview program called *In Person*, which is heard each Sunday afternoon. But *In Person* is just one of many things that keeps Shaw busy. He also gives three newscasts a day—and he has just finished a four-part series of programs on Alcoholics Anonymous, which brought him critical acclaim and a great number of letters asking for aid in alcoholic cases.

One of Shaw's proudest accomplishments was aiding in the release of a convict who had escaped from a Southern chain gang and was awaiting extradition to Alabama from Philadelphia. Shaw teamed up with Red Ryan, news editor of Mobile's WCOV, to effect the prisoner's release through a series of radio broadcasts that won a pardon for the convict and the approval of thousands of citizens.

A native of Charleroi, Pennsylvania, Shaw was graduated from Allegheny College in 1932. After being associated with several Pennsylvania papers he started free-lancing. While stopping off in San Antonio, Texas, he landed a job at KTSA as news editor.

Shaw remained in San Antonio until 1943, when he gained the attention of CBS, which sent him overseas as a foreign correspondent. Prior to that he was one of a group of radio, newspaper and magazine editors who toured the United Kingdom as guests of the British Ministry of Information. He returned to the States in the fall of 1946, and joined Philadelphia's WCAU in October of the same year.

Happily married, Shaw lives in suburban Philadelphia with his wife, Nancy, and his two children, Bryan Shaw and Charles C. Shaw, Jr.



Another visitor to Philadelphia and Shaw's Sunday *In Person* show was Sarah Churchill, daughter of Britain's ex-prime minister.

"The Indian bit the dust...but the dust bit me!"

MAUREEN O'HARA starred in UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL'S "COMMANCHE TERRITORY"



SHOOTING INDIANS IN "COMMANCHE TERRITORY" WAS HARDER ON MY HANDS THAN ON THE INDIANS! DUST TORTURED MY SKIN...



I DROVE horses for days with reins rasping my palms...



AND GRITTY alkali dust sifting all over my hands...



BUT JERGENS LOTION kept them from looking rough and ugly...



SO THAT they were soft and lovely for close-ups.



BEING A LIQUID, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend - no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand) as with a lotion or cream that leaves a heavy, oily film (right hand).

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...



YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion

used by more women than any other hand care in the world still 10¢ to \$1 plus tax

USED by Hollywood stars 7 to 1 over other hand cares!



Since 1946 literally millions of Frankie Laine records have found their way into popular collections.

By **BOB POOLE**



The Bob Poole Show is heard M-F at 11:15 A.M. and again at 3:00 P.M. EST over MBS stations.

FACING the

Being a barber or barber's son seems to be good for the voice. Whether that's scientifically correct makes little difference, because Frankie Laine and Perry Como can prove it! Everyone knows Perry used to wield a scissors and comb, but few remember that Frankie's dad was a barber. The lather and larynx combination has certainly worked for two top singers.

Frankie, a Chicago boy, had most modest beginnings as an ordinary "little Italy" youngster who went to school but wanted to be a singer. Hanging around local ballrooms was a decided thrill in those days. Getting a good singing engagement, though, was a decided rarity—until he, the barber's son, met the barber. It was Perry Como who, in 1937, met Frankie and helped him get a job with Fred Croloyes band. Perry was leaving that group for a job with Ted Weems.

Even the band job didn't satisfy Mr. Laine, who started again to work as a vocal single in Cleveland—and eventually in New York. He finally got a sustaining job on NBC in New York and was set to start the day that Germany and England went to war in 1939. Of course, all sustaining programs were cancelled.

As a master of ceremonies on a South American cruise, Frankie found himself well-fed but not quite happy—and this was already 1940. The next year wasn't much better either. At the end of 1941, he was ready

to give up all his vocal ambitions. Fact is he started working in a machine shop. A trip to California started the wheels of music turning again, but it was only in the form of song-writing that Frankie made any headway. Finally, in 1946, came an engagement in Billy Berg's night club in Hollywood. Frankie was a sensation—locally. He did, however, get the opportunity of making a record for Mercury. The first disc under his name was "sneaked in" as the back of something called "Pickle In The Middle." Frankie's second record was of an old-time tune called "That's My Desire."

From that time on, however, Frankie Laine was on top of the vocal heap. Personal appearances in theaters, clubs and hotels as well as radio and record engagements have been successes for Frankie ever since. Literally millions of his records have found their way into disc collections. It'll be a long time before anyone forgets "Lucky Old Sun," or "Mule Train."

And it all started when the son of barber Lo Vecchio (that's Frankie's real name) met barber Como.

And speaking of singers, when Betty Clark, ABC's thirteen-year-old blind singing star went to live in the country she was given a Gordon setter puppy. No one intended the dog to become anything but a pet, but after several months with Betty, the dog seemed to sense her



Ever since he was a youngster in Chicago, Frankie Laine (in hat) wanted to be a singer but things looked pretty hopeless until 1937, when he met Perry Como. For a little while, the future seemed brighter but by the end of 1941 Frankie was ready to give up all his vocal ambitions and take a job in a machine shop.

MUSIC

lack of sight and has turned into as good a Seeing-Eye dog as many of the trained ones.

* * *

Frank Luther, famous in every household where the children have kids' records, has started working for the Yankee network—that's up New England way—for a children's radio series.

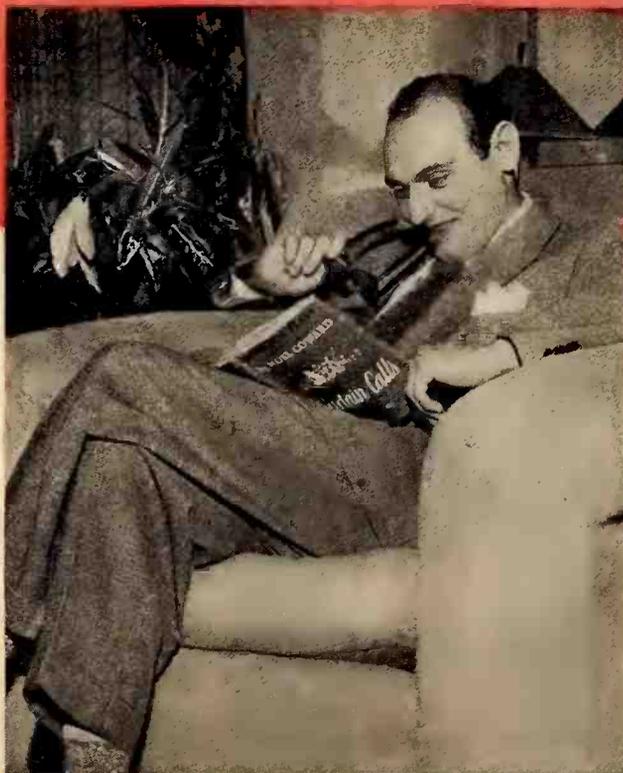
* * *

Another child favorite is Grand Ole Opry folk singer, Red Foley. Red has recently recorded a disc which tells of a small boy's search for "The Prettiest Song in the World." He wrote the music himself, trying it out as he went along on his three daughters.

* * *

Harry Salter, musical director of Stop the Music, finds that he has a kind of Frankenstein on his hands. When Salter first began working on the show, he made a practice of recording all broadcasts of the program so he could study them leisurely Monday evenings in his apartment. Only—his apartment on Monday evenings has turned into a mecca for as many as fifty friends and acquaintances who missed the show the night before and want to hear it.

(Continued on page 24)



A California trip set Frankie thinking about music again, but his only success came from songwriting.

3 reasons for the extra clean feeling



Pleasant...
real mint for
taste and breath.

Gentle...
contains the finest
known polishing
ingredients.

Effective...
made with
antacid
magnesium
hydroxide.



You'd never believe that beautiful Dorothy Kirsten is a sports-woman at heart. But she is! Riding, swimming, golfing and hiking are as familiar to her as singing for radio, movies and stage.



THERE'S *Glamour* IN THE AIR

When a little girl who used to spend all of her time riding horses and climbing trees grows up to be a famous and glamorous singing star—that's news!

When she continued to break precedents, as lovely, blonde Dorothy Kirsten has done—that's personality!

But, although Dorothy's days are filled with music activities she never neglects her first love, the outdoors. She believes that real beauty and health depend upon exercise and fresh air. She still enjoys an early morning canter along the bridge path. And, she's become a familiar sight on the golf course, too. Dorothy thinks that golf is one of the best games an artist can play, because to do a good job, you must relax.

Dorothy Kirsten again proves herself to be an exception by styling her own hair and make-up. Her hair is constantly in a state of change. During the course of one day, she may wear at least five different styles.

Her make-up is a soft, natural-

looking cake type. She achieves varying effects on and off the stage by blending several shades. Dorothy wears little rouge, and delights in experimenting with her mascara and eye shadow. Her lips are expertly outlined with a lipstick brush, and she carefully matches her costume and lipstick shades.

The star never has to follow a planned exercise routine. Her hours in the open air keep her looking and feeling fit. Of course, there are times when she has to spend weeks, sometimes months, away from her extra-curricular activities. But, whether it be the opera season which brings Dorothy to New York every year, her recordings, or her rehearsals with Frank Sinatra for their radio show, *Light-Up Time*, on WNBC, she still finds a way to get out in the air. Dorothy solves her problem by walking everywhere she wants to go.

The radio and music world has taken the exciting personality of Dorothy Kirsten to its heart. And so has a vast, appreciative audience.



Dry skin! "My skin was terribly dry before using Noxzema," says pretty Margaret MacKenzie. "Now it's my regular night cream. I like Noxzema because of its soft texture—and because it's greaseless. It's my regular hand cream, too."



Sensitive skin! "I have very sensitive skin—and need a good protective cream," says lovely Effie Sorenson. "Ever since I started using Noxzema as my regular beauty aid and hand cream, my skin seems to look softer and smoother."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS...OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine! Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're bothered with dry, rough skin, externally-caused blemishes, or similar skin problems—here's news!

A famous doctor, using one cream—*medicated* Noxzema—developed a New Beauty Routine! In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here's all you do:

Morning—1. "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how *really* clean your skin *looks* and *feels*.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how clean it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Noxzema is greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

After using Noxzema only a day or two—notice how the dead, dry cells on the surface of your skin start to flake off. Good! That's what you want! Try it yourself! See if you aren't thrilled to find your complexion looking softer, smoother, lovelier!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was *clinically tested* by doctors with amazing results! Follow the doctor's 4 simple steps for 10 days. If not satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. But you *will* be delighted! See if you don't agree your skin looks softer, smoother, lovelier in 10 days with medicated Noxzema. At all drug and cosmetic counters. **Ask for the Limited Time Special—regular 40¢ jar for only 29¢ plus tax. Get yours today!**

Blemishes!* "I was very self-conscious about the condition of my skin," says attractive Margaret Young. "Then I used Noxzema as my powder base and night cream. Now my skin always looks so much softer, smoother."
*Externally-caused



Want your hands to look softer, whiter in just 24 hrs.?

Are your hands unattractive—or really lovely? If they're red, rough or chapped from dishwashing, housework—try medicated, *greaseless* Noxzema! In actual Doctors' Tests, this dainty greaseless cream helped 9 out of 10 women to softer, lovelier-looking hands—in just 24 hours!

Money-Back Offer

Try it yourself! Tonight—smooth dainty, snow-white Noxzema on your hands. Look for improvement by tomorrow morning. See if you don't agree your hands look softer, whiter, lovelier—in just 24 hours! If not completely satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. Our address is on every jar. But you *will* be delighted to find your hands look whiter—feel softer, smoother. Try Noxzema Skin Cream tonight—and see!

Lee Hunter gets an assist from his twelve-year-old son Stephen as he prepares What's News, one of WFIL's shows slanted for in-school listening.



Dr. Armand Lee Hunter is a combination radio actor-teacher and to many Philadelphia school children, he's as well known as Dick Tracy. Weekdays, he's the guiding spirit of the award-winning WFIL Studio Schoolhouse, a series of daily programs designed for in-school listening. On Sundays he becomes "Uncle Lee" and turns up on WFIL-TV to read the comics on television.

Equipped with a frightening array of academic titles, Lee Hunter—A.B., M.A., PH. D.—spent some four years in Chicago as a radio actor-director. He appeared on such shows as Author's Playhouse, Doctors At War, Hot Copy, the Betty Crocker and Hildegard shows and many others.

In Chicago, he was Chairman of the Radio Department of the School of Speech at Northwestern University and subsequently became co-director of the NBC-Northwestern Summer Radio Institute. In January, 1947, he arrived at Temple University in Philadelphia as Chairman of the Department of Radio, Speech and Theater and, in addition, he became Educational Director for WFIL and WFIL-TV.

A teacher who gets fan mail instead of apples, Lee Hunter appears on four of the five WFIL Studio Schoolhouse shows. (The fifth is a musical program.) Intensely interested in the possibilities of education by radio and television, Lee is active in many nationwide steering and planning committees, among them the Educational Standards Committee of the National Association of Broadcasters. He is also Chairman of the Standards Committee of the University Association for Professional Radio Education.

When the question of radio versus television arises, the actor-educator says, "Both mediums will continue to develop and expand because there is a place for both in the social, educational and recreational needs of the audience."

Lee Hunter is married and the father of Stephen, twelve, and Katherine Ann, six. He is an avid reader and an off-hours photographer of no mean talent.

NO MEAN TALENT

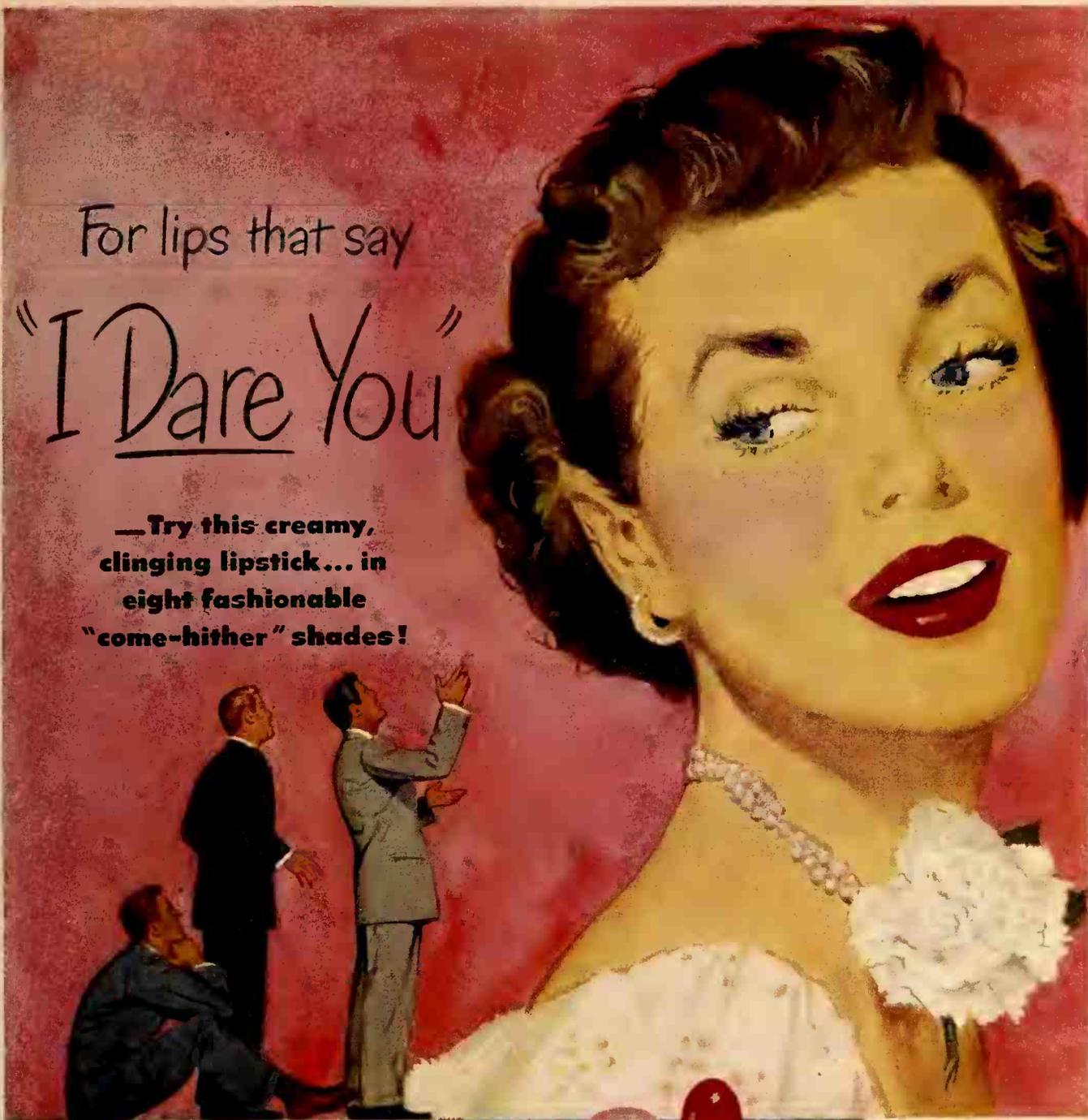


Dr. Hunter is as well-known to Philadelphia school children as Dick Tracy.

For lips that say

"I Dare You"

**—Try this creamy,
clinging lipstick... in
eight fashionable
"come-hither" shades!**



Smoothly, evenly does it with exciting Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick! So creamy, so caressing that you hardly know it's there until . . .



You look and *see* how vibrantly *alive* your lips have become! Vivid, eager, with a dewy-fresh air about them that seems to say "I dare you!"



Then Cashmere Bouquet clings . . . and clings . . . and clings. But seeing is believing, so see for yourself, today!

Colors? No other lipstick, at any price, can better Cashmere Bouquet's range of fashion-right shades!



**Cashmere
Bouquet
Lipstick**

JUST 25¢

(WITH POPULAR SWIVEL CASE)

There's a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!



FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture!
6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time"
loveliness—a *bedtime*
beauty must!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of
spring flowers!

HAND LOTION
Caressable hands in
just seconds!



By KITTY KALLEN

(Kitty Kallen is certainly one of the nation's most talented performers. She has met with equal success on the Broadway stage (the lead in "Finian's Rainbow"), in night clubs, on the radio, and on records (Mercury). She started singing on the original Children's Hour over WCAU in Philadelphia and has parlayed her natural vocal talent and dramatic ability into making herself one of the most sought-after young stars in the show business. She's happily married, too, and the mother of a one-year-old youngster.)

Frankly, I like every kind of music except bebop. Maybe that's because I just don't understand that bop business. To me it sounds artificial and contrived—and can hardly stand up against the artistry of people like Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden and Max Kaminsky.

As for my favorite records—and I have plenty of them—the first that comes to mind is Martha Tilton singing "I'll Remember April." Then, of course, there's the wonderful way in which the great Benny Goodman band of yesteryear plays "Sing, Sing, Sing." When you stop to realize that the trumpets on that record were those of Harry James, Ziggy Elman and Louis Prima, you can readily see why it was such a fine record.

Another artist who never fails to make a good platter is Dinah Shore. I love the way Dinah toys with "Tess' Torch Song." And Vic Damone's virile voice, particularly the way he sings "You're Breaking My Heart," fits in with my favorite group. There's also the immortal Art Tatum pianistics on "Sweet Lorraine." That, too, belongs in the all-time category. There's the record that Helen Forrest made for Decca, "All The Things You Are." It was a big song for many other artists, yet I'll match Helen's rendition with any you can name.

Finally, there's the poignant and beautiful song that the great Ella Logan recorded on Columbia a few years back. The song is called "Something I Dreamed Last Night," and if you haven't heard Ella's wonderful work on this disc, then run—don't walk—to the nearest record shop!



We'll Give You These Lovely Dresses

—and you can earn up to **\$23 WEEKLY, BESIDES!**

Imagine! Take your pick of over 125 new Spring dresses *without its costing you a cent!* Right now we have openings for new Representatives, to take orders in spare time and send them to us. You get paid cash on the spot for every order. You work when and where you please—in your own free time. In return, we give you lovely dresses for your own use—and you can earn up to \$23 a week besides!

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE!

Send for **Free** PORTFOLIO of LATEST SPRING DRESSES **\$2.98**

Anybody can do it—without experience of any kind. Just show your friends and neighbors our beautiful new Spring styles. Every dress carries the

Good Housekeeping Guaranty Seal, and our own ironclad guarantee of satisfaction or money back. There's an amazing variety of colors, weaves, and patterns—famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring. And a complete range of sizes to fit everyone you know—Misses, Half Sizes, Juniors, Stouts. Women can't resist these miraculous bargains—*many as low as \$2.98*. They just can't help but order 2 and 3 at a time! Isn't this a pleasant, dignified, easy way to earn good money in your spare time—and get your own dresses, too, *without a penny of cost*. Begin now! Remember—you need no experience, no investment of any kind. Your Style Portfolio, with samples of America's finest fabrics, is *absolutely free*. There's no obligation, *nothing to pay*. Don't wait another day. Rush coupon at once!

**NO CANVASSING!
NO INVESTMENT!
MAKE MONEY LIKE THIS:**

Marie Patton, Illinois, really enjoyed earning an average of \$39 a week, last year.
Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland says it's easy to take in an average of \$36 a week, the way she did!
Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama averaged \$31.50 a week right in her home community.

Fashion Frocks, Inc.
Desk D3053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—*no mail now!*

FASHION FROCKS, INC.

Desk D3053, 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 cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Age _____ Dress Size _____

ROBERT DONLEY



Bob is heard Mon.-Fri.
on Front Page Farrell.

Robert Donley, among whose regular radio roles is that of Lieutenant Carpenter on Front Page Farrell (NBC, Mon. through Fri. at 5:45 P.M.) is an energetic, resourceful fellow.

Born on a farm near Carmichaels, Pennsylvania, Bob ran away from home at sixteen and got a job in Detroit. He worked for two days without eating and, to get money for food, he had to quit his job and take what he had earned.

After landing a job at a Detroit hotel, Bob went home for a visit and his family talked him into enrolling at Waynesburg College, where he got his first notions about acting.

He got his first professional acting job at a summer stock company in Virginia Beach, Virginia. "It was tough," Bob said. "Sometimes we played to six people. I slept on the stage and I managed to eat by doing odd jobs as a printer, sticking beach umbrellas in the sand and being a shill for the concessionaires on the beach."

Next, he returned to Chicago, but no jobs were to be had. Then, remembering that the small movie houses around Carmichaels had been dark for some time, he went back there and organized the Cumberland Little Theatre.

The group, composed mostly of amateurs, played the local circuit and the townspeople loved it. They supported it as well as they could, but the company was literally frozen out of the theater during the cold winter.

From there, Bob went to Denver and landed a job on a radio show called The Big Top. He later moved to WKY in Oklahoma City, where he got his first full-time paid job. He made thirty-five dollars a week for doing everything around the studio.

Things went more smoothly then and in 1945 Bob decided to take a crack at New York City. By the end of the year, he felt secure enough to go out as a free-lance actor and he's been busy ever since.



Only one soap
gives your skin this
exciting Bouquet

And—

**Cashmere Bouquet
is actually milder for
all types of skin—
than most other leading
toilet soaps!**

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* milder! 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!

Are you in the know?



When walking's hazardous, what's correct?

- You take his arm
- He grips your elbow
- Let him carry you

High heels don't always mix with cobblestones . . . slippery sidewalks . . . heavy traffic. Why wait for him to make like Sir Walter Raleigh, or steer you along by the elbow? Take his arm. And at times when certain other "hazards" beset you, take the precaution of choosing Kotex. You'll have extra protection with that special safety center. So, for accident insurance—say "Kotex." You'll find it's the best policy!



Is a gal most likely to see green—

- When a new cutie comes to town
- On March 17th
- Under her charm bracelet

For some gals, the wearin' of the green isn't just for St. Patrick's Day. They're the belles who live in their charm bracelets—come sleep or showers. Does telltale green lurk beneath your bangles? Remove it—if you'd rate in grooming! Dabbing your wrist with cleaning fluid does the trick. As for banishing telltale lines (on trying days), that's no trick at all, for Kotex. You see, those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!



What does "campus copper" mean to you?

- A monitor
- A prom chaperone
- A sharp shade

Pst—Big *Bother* is watching you! So what? Ten to one he's admiring that bright-as-a-new-penny outfit of yours: the new copper color that's wowing the school. Add copper pearls, coral lipstick—it's knockout! You're fashion-right with any shade of the russet family, if it becomes you. And on problem days, you're right (protection-wise) with any of the Kotex "family" of 3 absorbencies. Learn which suits your needs best!



To win attention, which should you be?

- Stand-offish
- A specialist
- The helpless type

Ever feel like a little lost sheep, in your crowd? Learn to shine at something. Whether your specialty's ice skating, boogie, or beating up delish cookie batters, you'll find it's a magnet to males. Buoys your poise! Builds your confidence! You needn't hug the back-

ground on "those" days, either. Not when you can have the cushion-soft comfort of the new Kotex. Mind you, *this softness holds its shape* . . . for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Let's you be carefree . . . whatever the occasion!



More women choose **KOTEX**^{*}
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



For extra comfort on "those" days, should you—

- Stay in bed
- Go square-dancing
- Buy a nylon belt

Comfort doesn't call for cod-dling—or "square" fests. Your best bet's a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with DuPont nylon elastic—won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Gives 118% stretch, yet it's strong, smooth-feeling; wisp-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new firm-grip fastener is to use! For extra comfort—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:
Pin style
and with new
safety fastener



Kotex Wonderform^{*} Belt

Buy two—for a change

Mary Jane Abeles tries on some wearing apparel advertised on the WBEN-TV Shopper's Guide as husband Seymour looks on approvingly.



TWO of a KIND

The first day Mary Jane Reeves met Seymour Abeles, she sat in his lap. It happened when they were both cast in "Sailor Beware" at the Buffalo Roadside Theater in the summer of 1940. Today, as host and hostess of WBEN-TV's Shopper's Guide, they are television headliners.

Mary Jane and Seymour have been in show business, in one form or another, since grade school days. Mary Jane attended Buffalo's Lafayette High School and, while in her teens, studied dramatics at the Studio Theater school. The high spot in her radio career came two years ago when she was selected as a Buffalo representative on NBC's Big Break show with Eddie Dowling. A few years before, she was Buffalo's first and only female disc jockey when she broadcast a series of record shows on WGR.

Seymour has acted on all Buffalo stations. In addition, from 1937 to 1940 he took part in many NBC and CBS programs which originated in New York City. He appeared on Lorenzo Jones, participated in Columbia Workshop productions and the Pursuit of Happiness with Henry Hull. He also acted in a pageant at the World's Fair and on Broadway in "Empress of Destiny" with Elissa Landi.

In Buffalo's East High School, Seymour was active in hockey and basketball and later played semi-professional sports with suburban teams. He also taught English in Buffalo high schools, following graduation from the University of Buffalo, and his army service was spent in the CBI theater of operations. During the fighting for the Burma Road, Seymour was wounded in the leg and for this he received the bronze star and purple heart.

Mary Jane and Seymour were married on December 7, 1943, a day which the male member of the family says "will live in infamy." They have one lively young son, David, who once "got into the act" by grabbing a soft drink which was "on camera." At the time, the active three-year-old boy was a studio visitor and the sponsor admits that David's action proved one of the best sales stunts that had been seen on Television for a long time.



These Buffalo favorites demonstrate that the Shopper's Guide is not "all work and no play."



WHAT'S NEW From

(Continued from page 9)

programs now heard on the air.

* * *

Guy Lombardo's sense of loyalty is apparent at his East Point House Restaurant in Freeport, Long Island. The restaurant manager is his brother-in-law, the cashier his daughter-in-law, the headwaiter was half of a dance team whose 1933 debut was sponsored by Lombardo, and the hat check girl is the daughter of the maestro's tailor.

* * *

In support of the 1950 Easter Seal sale, Sammy Kaye will make one-minute radio appeals during the fund raising campaign of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults.

* * *

In the department of one thing leading to another is a woman who, upon attending a broadcast of Cinderella Weekend in Savannah, was crowned Cinderella and sent off for a week-end in New York. While in Gotham, she visited the Ladies Be Seated program and was chosen by emcee Johnny Olsen to be one of his contestants. Running true to form, Cinderella won another set of prizes. While receiving her loot from Ray McNulty, Ladies Be Seated giveaway man, she mentioned that she was in New York as a result of Cinderella Weekend. McNulty did a double-take and capped the climax with: "Well, what d'ya know. That's my show. I wrote it!"

* * *

Announcer and commentator Ben Grauer, who as a child appeared in more than twenty films, has received an offer to return to films. In line with the current trend, the movie will be shot in New York City.

* * *

CBS sewed up another. This time Al Jolson. In accordance with the terms of the contract, Jolson will perform exclusively for CBS radio and TV for the next three years.

* * *

In more than fourteen years of broadcasting, Your Hit Parade has rung up some impressive statistics. Over 8,700 tunes have been aired on the show. Singers on the program have included such stars as the late Buddy Clark, Lanny Ross, Kay Lorraine, Bea Wain, Barry Wood, Joan Edwards, Lawrence Tibbett, Doris Day, Beryl Davis, Frank Sinatra and others. Currently, Eileen Wilson and Jeff Clark are the songsters.

* * *

Allen Funt, star and producer of Candid Camera, acknowledges that life on radio was a lot easier than it now is on TV. The success of his show depends upon the victims being completely unaware of Funt, the camera and the mike. Now that he is seen regularly, instead of just being heard, Funt finds that at least two out of every ten persons muff the film by recognizing him before the gag is over. It's rumored that this may force Funt to forsake TV and return to radio.

* * *

Many of those cute incidents and gags you hear on the Lucille Ball, My Favorite Husband, stanza are based on actual fact. Lucille keeps notes on the amusing situations that arise daily be-



Are you really *Lovely to Love?*

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference... and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH Cream Deodorant.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

●Test it. Send 10¢ to cover handling charges to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a jar.



*Constant research at a great American university is your assurance that FRESH is the most effective deodorant and anti-perspirant that can be used.

COAST to COAST

tween herself and her husband, Dezi Arnaz. Then every few weeks she turns over her little "sketch book" to her writers . . . and hopes for the best.

* * *

Some of the most touching letters asking for auditions are those which are sent to NBC, Rudd Weatherwax, and even sometimes direct to Lassie, the dog star of radio and screen. The letters come from children who yearn to be in the collie's supporting cast—not to break into radio, but just to have the opportunity of meeting their favorite canine, Lassie.

* * *

In the raising of her daughter, Beverly Wills of Junior Miss fame, Joan (Leave It To Joan) Davis has never used the phrase, "When I was your age, I did so-and-so." Instead she would say, "I can play a good game of tennis." The psychology behind this was to set up a spirit of competition without raising any feeling of resentment on the part of Beverly. Which was a good idea until Beverly passed her mother in certain fields, such as Spanish and, more recently, sewing. Currently Joan is taking sewing lessons because her well-trained daughter said, "I can sew very well!"

* * *

Did'ja know that Groucho Marx got his first theatrical break when he was eleven years old . . . was cast as a boy soprano in a musical vaudeville act. Following that he toured the country impersonating girl singers.

* * *

After her recent sensational rendition of "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out Of My Hair" on The Goldbergs, Gertrude Berg received a gag telegram from Oscar Hammerstein, author of "South Pacific," which introduced the song, offering her the lead in the road company. Or was he serious?

* * *

Out of the mouths of babes! A woman complained to Juvenile Jury panelists that her four-year-old daughter "likes to flatten and sit on every hat she can lay her hands on." Eight-year-old jurist, Charlie Haukinson, opined: "Looks like she'll be a ladies' hat designer when she grows up. All women's hats look like they've been sat on!"

* * *

OFF THE LINE: Lucille Ball, star of My Favorite Husband, is being considered for the role of Sophie Tucker in the movie version of the singer's life . . . Grand Ole Opry singer, Joe McPherson, left the Metropolitan Opera Company because he enjoys folk tunes more than arias . . . sparked by her regular appearances on the Bob Hope show, songstress Doris Day has sold over two million Columbia records in the past year . . . Marie (My Friend Irma) Wilson has just posed for her seven thousandth cheesecake picture . . . radio fans due to see news commentator Gabriel Heatter "in action" in the new film Champagne For Caesar . . . Fred Allen back on NBC for a series of guest appearances . . . in his school days at Penn State, Fred Waring couldn't qualify for the glee club . . . one major disc company, counting on Dixieland being the next musical craze, due to release a complete library by Bob Crosby and his old Bobcats . . . that's all for now.



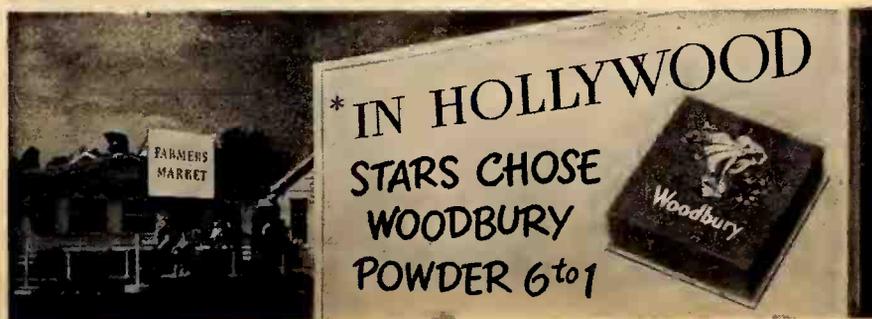
Don't look now...

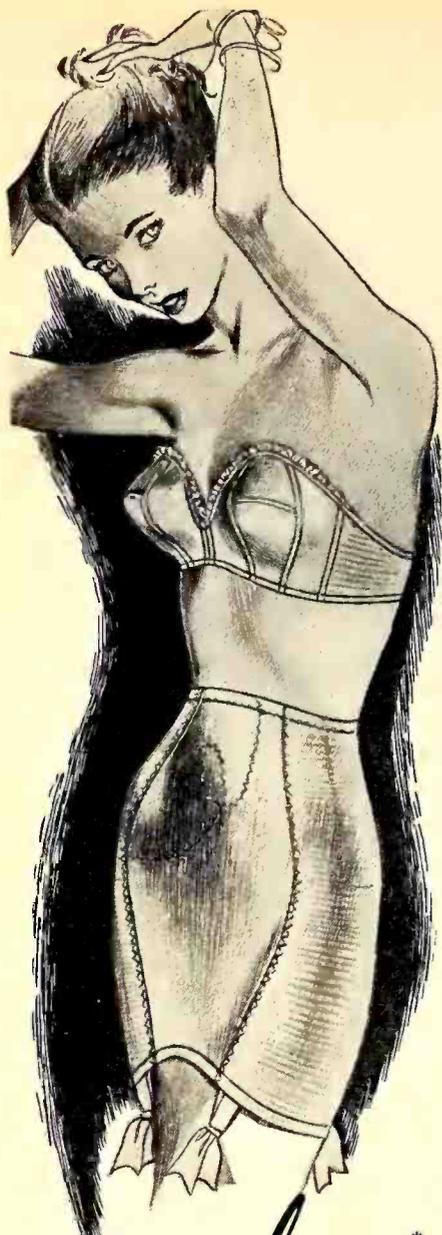
So you're wandering through the Farmer's Market — on your first trip to that Hollywood landmark. Joan Fontaine's at the next stall! She's looking at curios so you can steal a glance. Even if she catches you, do you think she minds? Not at all! It's part of being a star! And she knows the Woodbury Powder she wears (in lovely Rachel) helps her look her beautiful best!



there's
Joan Fontaine ...

In Hollywood, where women are easy to look at, stars chose Woodbury Powder their favorite 6 to 1*. And no powder can make you look lovelier! A new ingredient gives a satin-smooth glow to your skin. And u-m-m! The exciting fragrance clings like this unbelievably fine-textured powder! For every skin type . . . in seven heavenly shades. 15¢, 30¢ and \$1.00 plus tax.





IT'S THE

flexees

FIGURE

It's a young, active, lovelier figure . . . and it can be yours! These whisper-soft nylon nets, sleek Nyralon satins, have amazing powers to mold and control. They give you beautiful bosom curves, a slimmer waistline, lovelier hip contours!

Under pared-down new fashions . . . you'll want this new *Flexaire Strapless Bra*, shapely yet secure, \$2.

Mate it with this pliant *Corsees, Jr., Girdle*, light as air, a joy to wear. Step-in, also *Pantie-Girdle*, \$5.95. Both by *Flexees*, in your size and preferred color, at your favorite store now.

Other *Flexaire Bras*: \$1.50 up
Corsees, Jr., Girdles and Panties, \$5 up

*t.m. reg.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 13)

My—my—see what happens when you get started being a celebrity! After awhile, for most stars, life begins to have a "nothing's sacred" feeling. This is what's been coming Margaret Phelan's way during the past year while she's been rising deservedly and rapidly in the musical world—but pick any other star and it's very much the same kind of story. Along with a lot of fairly flattering awards and citations, Margaret has been named "Miss Sharp Look of 1949," by the Associated Cutlery Industries. Will you forgive us if we say, "Ouch!"?

Table hopping is an accepted custom in Hollywood, but Meredith Willson learned—the hard way—that the custom has not spread to New York. At least not to the big city's famous Luchow Restaurant. While dining there with his wife, Rini, Willson spotted Helen Traubel at a nearby table and rushed over to speak to her. He didn't even get "Hello, Helen," out before he was jolted by a terrific shoulder block, thrown by a Notre Dame type. The opera star, unperturbed, proceeded with introductions, "I want you to meet my husband—and Margaret Truman," she said. Light dawned and Willson looked around. The bruising blocker had company—Margaret's two other Secret Service men who had Willson surrounded.

That Sammy Kaye is an enterprising kind of a fellow. Sammy feels strongly that orchestras need some novel instrumentation, having pretty well used up all the possibilities of existing musical instruments. So, he's working on an invention which he predicts will revolutionize the reed section of every band in the land.

Lyn Murray believes that "incidental" music on radio programs has been too long overlooked by both critics and public. Therefore, next year a group of radio critics will award a prize to the composer who does the top "incidental" musical job—incidental music is anything from sound effects to brief compositions—and meanwhile Lyn's preparing a handbook on such music for people who judge radio dramatic shows.

Have you heard Johnny Long's recording of "Gossip"? There's a tale hanging on the ad libbing at the beginning of the number. Seems that Ray Brandhoff and Jimmy James who did the ad libbing thought it would be a cute idea to use names of real girls, so they picked the names of the girl friends of four of the musicians in the band. The ad libbing goes, "Have you heard about Jeannine and Lyn?" and "Yeah, Ann and Mary, too!" But, since the recording date, every one of these romances has gone Pfft.



Frank will catch it...

Frank groans when his pipe tobacco spills all over the newly cleaned rug. His wife will have to get out the vacuum again. And don't think she won't mention her trouble to Frank—LOUD!



Fred won't...

Fred spills tobacco, too. But he whisks up the mess in a minute, with their new Bissell Sweeper. Fred's wife has the perfect sweep-up team . . . a vacuum for heavy cleaning, a handy Bissell® for quick clean-ups.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"* brush action

This miracle-action brush adjusts itself automatically to thick rugs or thin, without any pressure on the handle whatsoever! It even gets the dirt under beds, where you can't press down.



New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.45. Illustrated: The "Vanity" at \$8.45. Prices a little more in the West.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.



Mary plays Miss Spalding on CBS' Life with Luigi (Tues.)

MARY SHIPP

Only in radio can it happen that an actress can step from bobby-soxer roles right into the part of a dignified and mature schoolteacher. That's what pretty, blonde Mary Shipp has done. After years of playing Henry Aldrich's girl friend, Kathleen, on The Aldrich Family, she's now appearing as the sympathetic Miss Spalding on the comedy series, Life With Luigi (CBS, Tuesday, 9 P.M., EST).

Mary was born in Los Angeles. She began studying ballet at an early age and was a child actress at eight. While still a youngster at school, her outside activities included a tour in "The Little Princess" and other stock company stunts for the old Egan Theatre.

Following her graduation from high school, Mary majored in drama at Los Angeles City College. Fresh out of college, she auditioned for the Becky Thatcher role and got it. Carroll O'Meara, veteran radio producer, gave her the job and he also gave her the first big break on a coast to coast series, The Packard Show.

In 1938, Mary Shipp was signed for a five-a-week show, The Phantom Pilot, starring Howard Duff. That was when she met Harry S. Ackerman, the program's producer. She became Mrs. Ackerman a year later and the newlyweds moved to New York City.

"I retired from radio for a while," she said, "but I found I missed acting so much I had to go back to work. I joined The Aldrich Family and The Milton Berle show.

In the summer of 1948, Harry Ackerman was appointed CBS Director of Programs in Hollywood. So, the whole family, Harry and Mary, four-year-old Susan, sixteen-months-old Stephen, nine-year-old Scottie Gramps and Ermentrude, the family cat, all packed up and moved to California. Harry Ackerman has since been made a vice president of the network, and continues as head of the Program Department.

Mary Shipp Ackerman combines home-making in suburban Westwood, with her radio career, these days, appearing regularly on the Life With Luigi program, as well as doing both comedy and dramatic roles on other programs. She happily adds that she has no other hobbies than home, radio and French lessons. "I leave hobbies to Harry," she said. "He has more of them than you can imagine and has enough enthusiasm for every one of them for the whole family."

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, too! \$1.00

From the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

ENRICHED CREME

Shampoo

with egg



It's the real egg in Hudnut Shampoo that makes hair more manageable. Home permanents "take" better

*powdered, 1%

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network Sunday Nights.

**NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH
RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!



**Exhaustive Research by Eminent
Dental Authorities Proves How Using
Colgate Dental Cream Helps
Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!**

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay!

Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!



**No Other Dentifrice
Offers Proof of These Results!**

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!

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



TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 4)

either," Bob declared with a smile. "Surprisingly enough, rides were pretty frequent on the Alcan," he said. "I remembered to shave every four days. That way people were more apt to pick us up."

On the whole, the two travelers were lucky, but they broke down and went "ritzy" and boarded a train when they arrived at Okotoks in the province of Alberta, Canada.

They weren't tired—it was just that no matter what they did, for one reason or another, people were refusing to stop for them. The captain tried shaving oftener, but that didn't seem to help. But even with all that, the Alcan trek took him and Brownie a mere twenty days to complete.

Arriving in Minneapolis he immediately recognized the call to high adventure. Understand, Bob wasn't destitute—he was just having fun. He spent one hundred and seventy-six dollars for a seventy-pound canoe which he bought in the Twin Cities and, from there, he pushed off into the Mississippi River—heading south. Seventeen days later found him four hundred miles downstream in Davenport, Iowa.

"I averaged forty miles a day whenever the wind was with me, and only twenty when it was against me," he smiled.

Their food problems were again solved by fishing. Every afternoon about four he pulled up to the bank and set up camp for the night. Possibly because the water was calm, fishing was best at that time of day and Bob usually managed to haul in a good catch. Only once during the entire trip was he marooned by rough water. On that day he lounged about with Brownie and "just thought."

At the end of the forty-first day, having shipped his canoe from Davenport to Chicago, the adventurer arrived by train at Chicago's LaSalle Street station where he was greeted by his father, an insurance broker, his brother Ray and another doctor-brother Jack.

After spending some time in Chicago with his family, Bob planned to continue on his journey down to the Florida base. As to what he was going to do with Brownie, Bob said, "She's going right to Tampa with me. She's some hound, she is."

The one thing Bob is afraid will be missing in Tampa is a piano. The young doctor is an accomplished pianist and, while in Alaska, played in a small sweet-swing band. But even if there is no piano at the base, Bob says, "I guess I'll get in a few licks while I'm at home."

CORRECTION

In the February Radio Mirror, Aunt Jenny was referred to as a widow in the introduction to the Reader Bonus novel, "Investment in Happiness." Actually, Aunt Jenny's husband is very much alive. His name is Calvin Wheeler and he is the editor and publisher of the Littleton newspaper.

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

EVERYBODY'S SAYING IT! "STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC!" I heard the

famous conductor Leonard Bernstein shout it at a symphony rehearsal. You may have heard José Iturbi say it in "That Midnight Kiss" . . . and, of course, if you're like me, you just don't miss bouncy and bright BERT PARKS saying it Sundays, 8 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station . . . "STOP THE MUSIC" for fabulous prizes! Bert, for my money, is a honey of an emcee, and I kind of like the way charmin' KAY ARMEN, DICK BROWN and HARRY SALTER'S ORCHESTRA provide the tunes. This super-scintillating show is jointly sponsored by Smith Brothers Cough Drops, Old Gold Cigarettes and Speidel Watch Bands.

WHAT'S - DOING - MAID'S - NIGHT-OUT-DEPT.: At our house we whip up a quick fried chicken-and-fritters supper and then settle down to a treat instead of a treatment in radio listening. Ever since I can remember, I've been mad-about-Mack, TED MACK, that is . . . the genial gentleman who's helped so many aspiring performers to successful futures. You all know Robert Merrill, Frank Sinatra, Paul Winchell . . . well, they were once nervous, eager young amateurs, too . . . awaiting their big "break" through the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR. Every Thursday night, 9 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station, Ted tees off with talent that spells future fame for those with gold-dust in their dreams. You and I might be "in" on the discovery of a new personality . . . and that's what makes listening to TED MACK and the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR one of the big treats that can't be beat in radio. (You probably don't have to be told that the happy sponsor is Old Gold Cigarettes!)

ANOTHER THURSDAY-AT-HOME-TREAT comes earlier in the evening when DAVID HARDING, Pepsi-Cola's COUNTER-SPY calls at 7:30 P.M. (EST) on your local ABC station. I was told the other day that COUNTER-SPY has often been cited for outstanding public service and I can understand why DAVID HARDING, COUNTER-SPY, deserves the honor. He proves the old adage "Crime doesn't pay." COUNTER-SPY's a chiller-diller . . . and you can enjoy it not only on Thursdays, but also Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M. (EST) for a twin bill of tingling drama. It hits the spot!

TAKE-A-TUNING-TIP

For comedy, drama, variety
Keep tuned to programs on ABC!

Joan Lansing

Advertisement



Ivy's best work is in neurotic character parts.

IVY BETHUNE

Ivy Bethune's a tiny brunette who has been in and around radio for five years but hasn't managed to grow very much older in that time. Five years ago, she started out at NBC, playing the part of a nine-year-old girl. She has come far enough to land jobs as a character ingenue nowadays fairly regularly on My True Story—ABC, Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EST—and a host of other programs.

Ivy was born in Buffalo, but her family moved to New York while she was very small. Theatrical tradition is strong in her family. Ivy's mother, an actress, was well-known in Europe and her father was a talented singer. They met while on the stage there and came to America shortly after their marriage.

With this background, theater, music and acting were the favorite topics of discussion at Ivy's home. She didn't get any formal training in acting as a child because she was quite ill most of the time. But in New York's Julia Richman High School, Ivy began to emerge as an actress.

After finishing school, Ivy set about looking for work in radio. She made the usual rounds, doing general auditions for all the networks and agencies. "And I got my first part at NBC through such a general audition," she said. "In fact, that's the way I always get work, the plain, ordinary way of knocking on someone's door. I never got any part either in radio, or on the stage through any contacts, or luck, or special favors.

"An interesting thing," she said, "is that I'm always being cast in Irish parts. The funny thing is that I can't convince the Irish themselves that I'm not Irish, no matter how I try to prove that I'm of Russian descent. Not that I mind. I love the Irish people so much and I'm with them a great deal, so that I've come to feel the way they speak. As a rule I'm not a very good dialectician, but with Irish, it's different. I really speak it and I enjoy playing the parts."

Ivy is married and she keeps house for her interior decorator husband in a five-room apartment where she manages to deal with a small baby, two dogs and three cats. The animal section of this menage is very happy and productive, so that the house is always full of puppies and kittens. It's a rich, full life that Ivy leads, but she still finds time for home and work—and to study at the American Theatre Wing, where she works as a volunteer actress, in what she calls her spare time.

THIS
MONTH

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

CALL FOR SPECIAL HOME PROTECTION



How Mothers Help Guard Family Health

TO HELP PREVENT disease germs from striking at family health, alert mothers, the country over, take this simple precaution: they disinfect with potent "Lysol" brand disinfectant when cleaning their homes. Floors, walls, woodwork... *everywhere*.

IF SICKNESS should be carried in from outside, then dependable "Lysol" becomes even more a *must* in the sickroom. The patient's bed, bedding and utensils all need disinfecting with "Lysol"... 2½ table-spoons to each gallon of cleaning water.



TAKE SPECIAL CARE, with sickness in the home, in cleaning bathroom and all sick-room utensils. Use potent "Lysol" disinfectant solution, to fight disease germs.

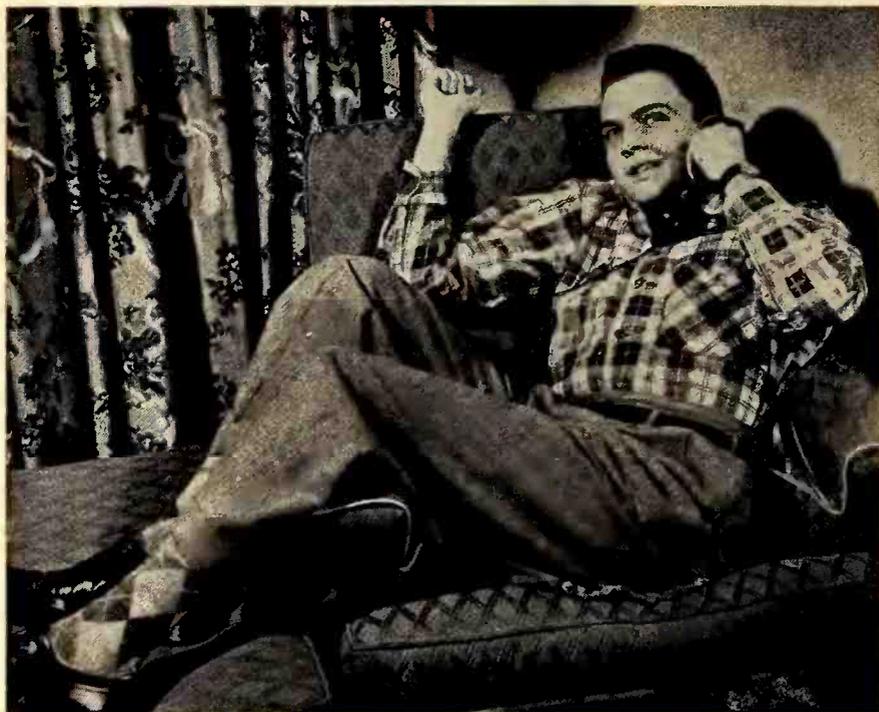
Look to your Doctor and your Druggist

Call on their knowledge and skill whenever needed. Be prepared, *before* sickness may occur, with basic Sickroom Needs! Your druggist is featuring these items now. Check with him today!



HELP PROTECT *your* home against disease germs. Remember—many healthy, happy homes, coast-to-coast, depend on powerful "Lysol" to help guard family health.

What I want



By BILL LAWRENCE

She needn't be pretty, she
needn't be witty, but
the girl Bill marries will
have to have that
certain quality which is best
defined as "nice"

Bill doesn't rate himself as a great catch, but there are thousands of girls who think otherwise—and they'd be more than willing to prove it to him!

The only thing I know about romance is that any girl who gets me will get a lemon.

I'm stubborn, and I get into ridiculous moods, and it takes a long time to knock an idea into my square Dutch head. Probably the only good thing about me is that at least I have the chivalry not to ask any girl to put up with me yet.

I've changed a lot in the year I've been on the Arthur Godfrey shows. I was twenty-three last December 28, so I have time to change a lot more. It would be tough on a girl to ask her to share that process, so I don't plan to take a chance on marriage for a few years yet, though I am old enough to know that you don't plan those things. When the right girl comes along and love hits you, that is the end of plans. I've just seen it happen to my brother—and it looks wonderful.

Just the same, that's my plan. Before I get serious about any girl, I want to get a good foothold in my career. By "foothold" I mean when I recognize that I won't have to worry about getting jobs so I can be perfectly sure I can take good care of the girl I marry. Everybody keeps telling me that I'm over, that I'm set, that I have arrived because I am on the Godfrey shows. I know I've had the greatest break any young singer ever had. I know I'm shot with luck to have had the chance to work with wonderful people like Arthur and Janette and all the rest on a really top show.

But I have enough sense not to be carried away by that success even though it has been quick and big. I'm just not the carry-away kind, I guess, and I want to be positive that I have security to offer a girl, because I want to take care of anyone who ties to me, and I want to do it right. Besides, I have a pretty clear picture of what I want, and I expect to spend some time looking for it.

Love to me is companionship. What attracts me in a girl is not looks. I've seen a lot of beautiful girls that leave me cold as a mackerel. It helps if a girl is pretty, but I really don't care. That's just a physical deal. Pretty eyes and legs have nothing to do with what a girl is really like, so her looks are the least important thing about a girl to me. What I look for and what I like is a certain expression. It is hard to describe. It is a certain warm, friendly look. It isn't in any way sophisticated or stagey. It's a sort of naturalness. It's direct and unaffected. It's something a girl can't put on because there is no pretense about it. It isn't exactly sweet. It's a look of being honest and sincere. In a way, it's sort of a quiet look, as if the girl has a lot of sense but isn't impatient to prove it to everybody.

There have been two wonderful girls in my life so far. Both of them had that look and that way of acting—kind, natural, nice. By "nice" I mean no rough talk, no showing-off, no pretending (Continued on page 83)

Bill Lawrence can be heard on the Arthur Godfrey Show, 10:15 A.M. EST, M.-F. on CBS. He also appears on the Godfrey TV show, Wednesday, 8:00 P.M. EST, WCBS-TV. Sponsored by Chesterfield. Sponsored M., W., F. by Wildroot; Tues. and Thurs. by Toni.

in a Wife

Bill with two people he thinks are tops: co-workers Arthur Godfrey and Janette Davis.





Blueprint for the kind of man Janette will say "yes" to: about six feet tall, with blue eyes, black hair.

What I Want in a Husband

By JANETTE DAVIS

They called her "little mother" at home—and she still is!



When I sang "I Want to do Homework" on the show recently, everybody was very nice about the way I did it. They said, "That was good going—you put a lot of imagination into it, made it sound as if you really meant it."

That made me laugh. I didn't have to use imagination to put real meaning into those words. All I had to do was think what I want out of life and the emotion came through. Because what I want more than anything else in the world is a home.

I don't mean that I am having housing trouble. I have a very comfortable apartment. When I say "home" I mean a happy marriage—because what is a home without a husband?

This isn't any vague romantic dream such as every girl has about her future. I know exactly what I want. I also know what I *don't* want, which is almost as important. I could draw you a blueprint of the kind of a marriage I expect to have. I even know what the husband I want will probably look like, though his looks aren't as important as his temperament and his background and his age.

The kind of man I want to say "yes" to probably will have black hair and blue eyes and stand about six feet. He will be thirty or a year or so older. I have two reasons for picking that age.

In the first place, I think it is a shame for a man and a girl to rush into marriage almost before they can vote. I have seen too many very young couples get married only to discover in a few years that they have grown up in quite different directions. In so many cases, both are wonderful people—not a thing wrong with either one except that they were no longer right for each other. (Continued on page 81)

Janette Davis is heard on the Arthur Godfrey Show, 10:15 A.M. EST, M.-F., on CBS. Sponsored M., W., F. by Wildroot; Tues. and Thurs. by Toni. She also appears on the Godfrey TV show, Wednesday, 8:00 P.M. EST, WCBS-TV. Sponsored by Chesterfield.

STELLA DALLAS

Here are all of the people you've come to know and love in this warm and appealing story of a mother's devotion

During her occasional visits to the Grosvenor home on Beacon Hill, Stella Dallas often spends time in the nursery with Stella-Louise and Rickey, her daughter Laurel's children. Stella is seated on the floor with her granddaughter while her old friend, Minnie Grady, and Laurel, standing next to Minnie, look on. Laurel's husband, Dick Grosvenor, assembles a train for Rickey. Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's mother, disturbed by the noise, is at the doorway to investigate. Playing their parts as you hear them on the air are:

Stella Dallas	Anne Elstner
Laurel	Vivian Smolen
Minnie Grady	Grace Valentine
Dick Grosvenor	Spencer Bentley
Mrs. Grosvenor	Jane Houston

These episodes in the later life of Stella Dallas are based on the novel of that name by Olive Higgins Prouty, and are written by Anne Hummert. Stella Dallas is heard Monday through Friday at 4:15 P.M., EST, on NBC. Sponsored by Phillips Milk of Magnesia, Ironized Yeast and Bayer Aspirin.





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This is the story of a man who was able to struggle back from
a tragic wasteland after discovering a new set of values for an old way of life

The other day, a teen-age boy stood across the desk from me, here in my office in New York's Radio City and said, "I'm in trouble, Mr. Brokenshire," and when I asked, "What kind of trouble, son?" he said, "I am an alcoholic."

We think of alcoholics, generally, as men—and women of mature years. As a matter of fact, research studies show that there are about half as many women as men alcoholics in the United States—and here is a lad who, at nineteen years of age, has lived through nearly all the horror and torment, through all the sordid, sad and shabby experiences I have suffered, and caused those who love me to suffer—for I, too, am an alcoholic.

Those who have worked with me and played with me in the recent busy active years may pause here to ask themselves, "What does Broke mean by saying 'I am an alcoholic'—he hasn't had a drink in seven years!"

Nor have I. For me to take a drink now would be exactly like an intelligent man putting his hand on a red hot stove to see if it would burn. Just as unthinkable. Just as idiotic. Nevertheless—and I can't say it too often—once an alcoholic always an alcoholic, and when one finally "dries up," as I have dried up, he stays dry only when he keeps in mind the fact that he is an alcoholic and accepts the fact. You accept it only when you no longer say, vaingloriously, "I will never take another drink as long as I live!" but instead, and humbly, "I have not had a drink today—please God I will not take one tomorrow."

I am trying to help this young lad I have mentioned, as I try to help others, by helping him to help himself. I tell him, as I tell each and everyone, that alcoholism is no respecter of persons—the truck driver and the movie star, the chorus girl and the school-teacher, they

have all come to me with their problems and I am glad they come to me, for these contacts are very potent reminders that I am an alcoholic and that the meagre measure between their stagnant hopelessness and my joyous activity is—just one drink.

Why they come to me may be difficult to understand—unless you realize that alcoholism is a disease of body and mind which fact, for years, has brought it beyond the ken of the purely physical or purely mental healers. The pleadings of wives and sweethearts, the terrifying threats of physicians and psychiatrists, the sincere well-intended help of spiritual advisers make no lasting impression on the alcoholic for the simple reason that the understanding is not there and the consequent approach is always wrong.

It seems that *only an alcoholic really understands an alcoholic*. When this teen-age boy tried to justify himself by saying, "My father is an alcoholic, my mother a drinking woman so what but alcoholism should be expected of me?" he knew that I could talk his language when I promptly punctured his alibi by telling him, "I am the son, the grandson of ministers and missionaries. My home atmosphere and teaching were of the very best—so what but total abstinence should have been expected of me?" I added that just as no man and no woman can be held responsible for causing the disease of alcoholism in another, so no man and no woman can be expected to cure it.

"Then to what, or to whom," the lad asked me, "can I turn for help?"

"To your own desire for a full and happy life," I answered him, "and to faith in a power greater than yourself."

"What is this power greater (Continued on page 105)

Norman Brokenshire is heard twice daily on his own shows, at 9:15 A.M. and 12:15 P.M. EST, M-F. for NBC. He also can be heard as announcer for Theatre Guild On The Air, Sundays at 8:30 P.M. EST, over NBC, and for Inner Sanctum, Mondays at 8:00 P.M. EST, over CBS.

My LOST seven years

By NORMAN BROKENSHERE



Finding himself again was no small feat but Norman Brokenshire is now back on top in radio. Here with assistant Virginia Laffey.



“WHICH MAN DO

*Three men love Chichi
of Life Can Be
Beautiful. For each of
them Chichi has
a special affection. But
which is the true
love that will give her
lasting happiness?*

Barry Markham on her right, Toby Nelson on her left—and between them, Chichi, whose mind and heart remain undecided.

"I think Chichi was foolish to break her engagement to Doug Norman!" That's the way a letter from a RADIO MIRROR reader-listener begins. Another says: "Why doesn't Chichi marry Toby Nelson—he's her own kind of person." Still another speaks up for Barry Markham, saying: "Chichi ought to marry him—maybe he won't wait around forever."

Now RADIO MIRROR asks all of you how you think that Chichi should decide, in this, the third of a new series of RADIO MIRROR features in which readers are asked to help solve the problems of their daytime serial favorite's.

So many of you have written, offering advice based on your own experiences with similar problems, or on experiences of your friends or neighbors, that RADIO MIRROR decided to offer you a place, each month, in which to air your views, to share them with others who are regular listeners to daytime serial dramas, perhaps to have your letter considered interesting enough for RADIO MIRROR to purchase and publish.

This month's question is one which young women have asked themselves since the beginning of time: "Which one of the men I know, the men to whom my heart turns, do I really love? Which one of them is the right man for me, the one with whom my true happiness lies? Which one do I love in the way a girl loves the man she would like to marry?"

This is the question that Chichi, of Life Can Be Beautiful, asks her heart—the question to which there seems to be no answer which she can be sure is the right one. Perhaps you can help her.

On the next pages you will find the story of Chichi, of Papa David, of Doug and Barry and Toby, and of the others whose lives revolve around Papa David's Slightly Read Book Shop. Each day on NBC you can hear another chapter of the story. When you have read about these people, listened to them, perhaps you will feel that you have the right answer, the key to real happiness for Chichi.

**RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$50.00 FOR
THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS!**

Turn the page for the story and complete details.

I REALLY LOVE?"

Doug Norman—his is the inspiration good for Chichi.



Barry Markham—he can offer Chichi wealth and position.

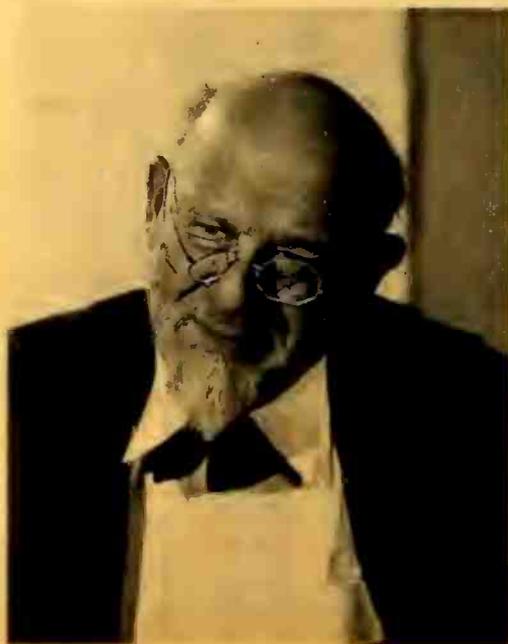


Toby Nelson—he is Chichi's own kind, understands her.



Advice drawn from your own experience may provide the clue to

Papa David—wise friend, kindly advisor to all of his "children."



Papa David has said: "In my little book shop here I have also my home. In my home I have for many years, also, had like a family . . . even though no one in my home was my real son or daughter. God has been good to me, sending from time to time substitutes for the real children I would have liked to have had. I thank Him every night for the blessings he has seen fit to bestow on me . . . Chichi, Toby, Douglas, Alice, Barry, and many others, are no less dear to me than if they had been my own flesh and blood."

David Solomon is known as Papa David to his friends and neighbors—the, people who love, trust and respect him—all up and down East Avenue, on New York's Lower East Side. The "little shop" Papa David speaks of is the Slightly Read Book Shop which has sheltered through the years, besides Papa David himself, many a homeless person, sick, frightened, needing the kindly comfort and guidance that are Papa David's very way of life.

First of these homeless ones was Chichi, a street waif who, many years ago, blundered into the shop. Locked out of her sordid tenement home, the frightened and defiant girl sought shelter. But she found more than that—a permanent home, a lovable old man to whom she became as close as a daughter. Best of all, the opportunity and inspiration to change herself into a worthwhile human being.

Soon Toby Nelson, street boy and companion of Chichi's old life, came to the book shop too, learned to love Papa David, to believe his gentle philosophy.

Later, when Chichi had blossomed into radiant womanhood, others came into their lives. Barry Markham, a typical rich young playboy when they first knew him, who has changed and matured through knowing Papa David and Chichi. More recently, Douglas Norman, a writer, who, during an illness, was also sheltered in the book shop's living quarters. Now, Alice Swanson, Douglas' partner in

Chichi—to which of these men will she give her warm heart?

Chuck Lewis—not a suitor, he has known Chichi many years.

Alice Swanson—her happiness depends on Douglas Norman's.



Will help Chichi decide to whom her uncertain heart belongs . . .

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Chichi—lovely, volatile, impulsive, always the champion of the hurt, the underprivileged—loves Barry and Douglas and Toby, each in a different way.

Barry Markham is a theatrical producer and the only son of a wealthy father. Chichi was once engaged to him, broke it off because she could not be sure that this was real love. Barry insists that she is the only girl for him, and he seems to be waiting for the right moment—the moment when Chichi's sisterly love for him will change to another kind. With his money and background he could give Chichi all the material things some women cherish so much—and his sincere love could give Chichi all that any woman could ask of that precious commodity.

Toby Nelson is Chichi's counterpart—a child of the city streets. Each has fought with and for the other many times. Chichi has advanced a little more in the social scheme of things than Toby, but he is "regular—a tough little guy with a heart of gold." He loves Chichi, although that love is tinged with sadness, for he feels little hope of ever having her for his own. As far as compatibility is concerned, Toby can offer understanding, a deep appreciation of Chichi's innermost feelings. Chichi loves him, too, but she is inclined to fear that this love is "sisterly."

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RADIO MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Which Man Does Chichi Really Love?" Best Answer, \$25.00; next five best answers, \$5.00 each.

On these pages you have learned more about Chichi's three loves—Barry Markham, Douglas Norman, Toby Nelson. But which is the real, the true love, the kind upon which a lifetime of happiness can be based?

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State your answer in a letter of no more than a hundred words, telling both the man's name and your reasons.

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NAME.....

STREET or BOX.....

CITY or POSTOFFICE..... STATE.....

Doug Norman—his is the inspirational good for Chichi.



Barry Markham—he can offer Chichi wealth and position.



Toby Nelson—he is Chichi's own kind, understands her.



Chichi—to which of these men will she give her warm heart?



Chuck Lewis—not a suitor, he has known Chichi many years.



Alice Swanson—her happiness depends on Douglas Norman's.



Advice drawn from your own experience may provide the clue that will help Chichi decide to whom her uncertain heart belongs . . .

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STREET or BOX

CITY or POSTOFFICE..... STATE.....

Papa David—wise friend, kindly advisor to all of his "children."



“He makes you proud to be a member
of the human race!” That’s what one of
the many who’s benefited by Jimmy
Durante’s kindness and generosity says

By JUDITH FIELD

He's got

Some people waste most of their lives away before they find out what really makes them happy. Some never find out at all. Jimmy Durante—call it luck, if you want—seems to have known the answer since he was a child. It’s a knowledge he has never had to question.

Another person might have.

“Why do you keep helping guys like that?” someone will ask Jimmy, when a favor of his is repaid with ingratitude.

All earnestness, the Schnozzola will try to explain. “I can’t take da chance. Suppose I get sore and turn da next guy down? He might be just da one who needs it. I can’t take da chance.”

Some people never find the secret of happiness. But

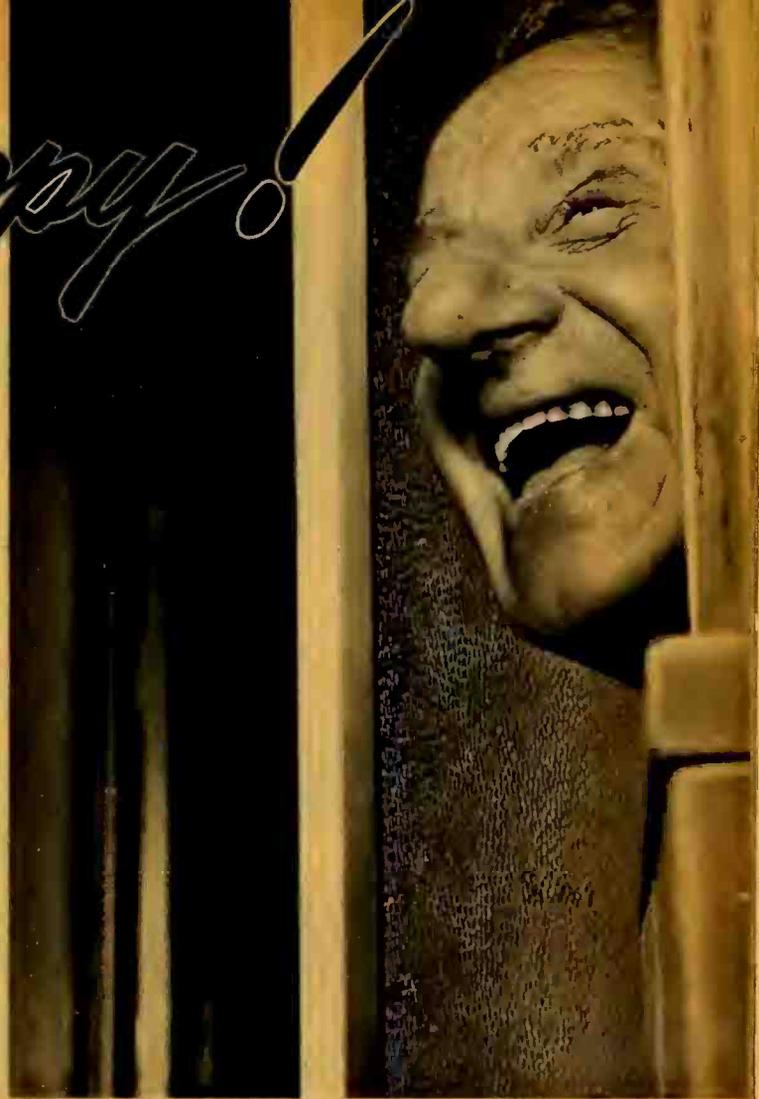


to be Happy!

long ago, when he was growing up on New York's lower East Side in the 1900's, Jimmy Durante discovered that life was a wonderful thing when you could help another person out. As far back as anyone can remember, Jimmy has been a one man "friend-in-need" movement—with his own ideas about who rated his help.

Recently Jimmy's friends were surprised to find out that he was giving business backing to a man who was universally disliked. Down on his luck now, the fellow had once been a big shot and a hard, merciless man when he wielded power. Jimmy's reason was simple: "Who's gonna help da guy if I don't? There ain't no one has any use for him. Where he made his mistake—he didn't know da friends you (Continued on page 78)

Jimmy Durante shares his laughter with listeners to National Broadcasting Co. stations Friday nights at 9:30, EST. Sponsored by Camel Cigarettes.



Only safe steeds, Jimmy says, are those at left and below.



Jimmy's proud of his home, keeps an eye on the running of it.





America loved this pair, best known as the Happiness Boys—Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. They achieved huge success in the new medium.

Concert singer Graham McNamee (r.) wandered into a radio station out of curiosity, stayed to become one of its top announcers.

RADIO'S



Wendell Hall's the name, but audiences knew him as the "It Aint Gonna Rain No Mo'" boy.



1923: It was only four years since the very first regularly scheduled broadcasts had been heard, but within those four years radio had swept the country. It was estimated that there were a million sets in use. Sober thinkers doubted that figure. One set for approximately every hundred people? Incredible! Impossible! But the boom continued. This year \$136,000,000 was spent on new sets and soon the shout, "Turn down that radio!" became a common cry in the black of the night.

Stations were opening by leaps and bounds. At the end of the year there were nearly a thousand. Most of them blithely ignored frequencies assigned to them by the Department of Commerce, and switched happily from one wave length to another at the whim of the engineer on duty. This produced utter chaos in the air, with sometimes as many as half a dozen different programs roaring out of the loud speaker at the same time.

It was maddening. No wonder when Emil Coué arrived from France for a lecture tour that his soothing slogan, "Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better," caught on like wildfire, and his "auto-suggestion"

Part III: The biography of the air waves continues
to reveal the fascinating past, not only of the medium
itself but of America—its manners and mores—in the twenties

OWN LIFE STORY



President Warren Harding, seated left in the touring car, was first chief executive to use radio for broadcasting. His speech on the World Court was heard on three stations simultaneously, a 1923 miracle.

was used to steady the nerves of the irritated set owners who were beginning to wonder if radio was worth the trouble when there was so much else to talk about—like Jack Dempsey knocking out Luis Firpo in two rounds, and Helen Wills winning the National U. S. Tennis championship and also the nickname, "Little Poker Face."

This was the year when the word "debunking" entered the language, and when you wanted to say "Yes," you said "I'll tell the world." Mr. Ford's Tin Lizzie cost about \$300, not including such extras as the horn—a brass affair worked by squeezing a black rubber bulb. The movies that everyone had to see were Lon Chaney and Patsy Ruth Miller in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Lois Wilson and Ernest Torrence in "The Covered Wagon," and Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." The novelty hit tunes were "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and "You Gotta See Mama Every Night, or You Can't See Mama at All," and a new game, Mah Jong, became a national fever.

Radio's other big rival for attention was the Marathon Dance. In thousands of ballrooms all over the country,

exhausted couples staggered on, day and night, week after week, in endurance contests for prizes of varying amounts while huge crowds turned out to watch, cheer and bet on favorites.

Radio survived both of these challenges, though there were strange ugly rumors afloat. One farmer claimed that a new station had ruined his crop. He said that the waves passing over his cornfield had stunted the ears. Another said that radio waves made his hens so nervous they refused to lay. In Louisville, a woman threatened to sue. She said that all of this new disturbance of the ether had given her "radio poisoning" in her arm and it hurt just as much as rheumatism.

President Harding died, and the nation was urged to "Keep Cool With Coolidge" in the next election. Harding was the first chief executive to speak on the air while in office when his address at the burial of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington was broadcast November 11, 1921. He went on the air again on his way to the Pacific coast just before his death. He spoke about the burning question of the day, participation in the (Continued on page 92)

THEY DID IT



In front of the fireplace he built himself, Len holds a read-aloud session for Aggie and the boys.

By IRA KNASTER

Radio's Len Doyle turns master builder and shows how far a little imagination and a lot of elbow grease will go

A haunted house? Well, not exactly. The fact that it had thirteen rooms was merely coincidence. Besides, the rooms were so ramshackle that no self-respecting ghost could be expected to take tenancy. Floorboards sagged. Plaster hung precariously from ceilings. Cobwebs were everywhere.

Treading gingerly, a ruddy-faced, blue-eyed man stepped off the rickety front stoop. A dozen paces took him across an unkempt lawn where he paused and turned, the better to view the ancient dwelling. Sharing his quiet contemplation of the dismal scene was a slim, extremely attractive young woman.

Finally the man spoke in a voice which would have been instantly recognizable to millions of radio listeners:

"Aggie, this is it. The place has terrific possibilities."

She would have been entirely justified had she retorted, "Yes, terrific possibilities for a horror movie." Instead, Aggie—Mrs. Len Doyle—merely smiled and waited for Len to develop his theme. She knew better than anyone that her husband's radio exploits as Harrington on Mr. District Attorney, although thrill-packed enough to keep several million Americans on their chair-edges, were sometimes mild compared with Len Doyle's real-life exploits. These include his adventures at sea, his big game hunts in Canada's backwoods country and—rebuilding old houses. So Aggie listened while Len began to do some verbal blueprinting. . . .

That episode took place in a quiet residential section

THEMSELVES!



BEFORE: The ramshackle turn-of-the-century house dismayed everyone except Len. "This," said he, "is it!"



AFTER: Two years later, with Georgian columns, stone walls, landscaping, it is hard to believe it's the same place.



BEFORE: What, you might ask, could anyone do with this? Ugly radiator, uninspiring windows—what indeed?



AFTER: Len found the solution via this picture window. Functional and decorative, it gives illusion of added width.



BEFORE: This dismal area of the kitchen was vacated by a big, black pot-bellied stove with coal bucket nearby.



AFTER: Len built a Dutch oven with fireplace grill to fit in with tradition of the Pennsylvania countryside.

THEY DID IT THEMSELVES!

of the village of Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania, on a bleak afternoon in 1946. Today, the Doyle's thirteen-room mansion is the architectural showplace of Milford—a beautiful, impressively tall house whose exterior only hints at the wonders within.

As a guest on a first visit, you're likely to find Len waiting to greet you outside on the front steps. You get a quick impression of tall, tall columns supporting a third-story sundeck. You are conscious of the massive stone-work walls; you're aware of the neatness of green lawn, trees and shrubs; you spy inviting terrace furniture in bright canvas.

Most vivid impression of all, though, is Len himself—he's a technicolor blaze of rugged glory in his fawn-colored windbreaker, his brilliant pink sports shirt and his pale lemon corduroy slacks.

"We've got about half an hour until Aggie gets a few things ready," he explains. "Meanwhile, let's go down to the inn."

With Len guiding the way, a few minutes drive along Highway 6 brings you to the geographical meeting place of three states—New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Its name is Port Jervis and it happens also to be Len Doyle's home town since boyhood. There, built on the site of the historical Delaware River toll bridge, is the inn. You are introduced to its proprietor (and Len's good friend) Harold Dalrymple. You are shown an authentic item of Americana: the original "Rate of Tolls" hanging huge on the taproom wall. It makes fascinating reading. For example:

Curricie, Chaise, or Sulky, Drawn by 1 Horse—25c
Sled, or Sleigh, drawn by 2 Horses, Mules or Oxen—25c
Score of Sheep, or Hogs—20c and so in proportion for
More or Less.
Person and Push Cart—10c

Len fondly polishes the mantel which he cut and finished with his own woodworking tools.



But presently another, more contemporary subject dominates the discussion as Len brings out a sheaf of "before" photographs of his house. He shows them with a grim sort of pride for they are documentary proof of everything you've heard concerning the former haunted-house appearance of his place. And, you ask, it is really true that Len, a veteran stage and radio actor, brought about the magical transformation unaided by architect, contractor or carpenter?

"I did everything except the masonry," Len declares. "Never once smashed a thumb. Never once fell off a scaffold. Never once missed a broadcast of Mr. District Attorney. But I'd like to emphasize one point. There wasn't anything magical about the transformation. It wasn't a case of playing Harrington coast-to-coast on Wednesdays and alternating that role with another character part—you know, the busy little beaver merrily whistling "There'll Be Some Changes Made" while rap-a-tapping away with hammer and nail. Let's face it. Many a time I said, more in sorrow than in anger, 'Len, you've bitten off more than you can chew.' A lot of sweat and heartache and old-fashioned cussin' has gone into the toil of Mr. Doyle."

Glancing at his watch, Len decides it's time to return, meet Aggie and the kids, have something to eat, and then make the grand inspection. Driving along Highway 6, the radio star points off to the left. "I recently bought a lot of acreage along the Delaware here. Been toying with the idea of starting a unique summer theater. A showboat. I think it has terrific possibilities but—"

But—?

"Well, if I got started on it, I'd probably end up with buying an old garbage scow and rebuilding it from the waterline up. Aggie's getting kind of fed up with that sort of thing."

Aggie, when you meet her at the house, strikes you as being the person least likely to be fed up with any of Len Doyle's enterprises. You get the impression she'd go to bat for him even if he decided to reconstruct Boulder Dam. It's been that way with her, you find, for nearly fifteen years.

The Len-and-Aggie romance began to the strains of music in three-quarter time. The year was 1936. The place, Joyland Park Roller Rink in Port Jervis. Conspicuous in the crowd was one young swain, Len Doyle, resplendent (so he thought) in French beret, ascot scarf, sports jacket and knickers.

"I was trying to look like a Hollywood director," he confesses. "Being an actor, I just had to dress different from any of the local boys. The fact that I was an unemployed actor was merely incidental. I was 'between shows'—in other words, flat broke."

Broke but having a heap of fun. Typical of most roller rinks, there were the customary "exchange skates"—a little fanfare, then music to which all the skaters changed partners. To the "Moonlight Waltz," Len found himself lirting along with a most attractive young gal. She was brown-haired, cream-complexioned and an enchanting smile radiated the warmth of her personality. Len was captivated.

"Looking back at that evening, I realize that Aggie was a brave girl, skating with (Continued on page 86)

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



By JOAN DAVIS

The problem of Mrs. J.R.K., in December RADIO MIRROR, concerned her sister's fiance, who declared his love for Mrs. K., and became engaged to Mrs. K.'s sister, all in one evening. Should she tell her sister? Mrs. K. asked. I think that Barbara Dale, of Houston, Texas, has summed up best the feeling of the majority of you, that Mrs. K. must do as her husband advised her, and keep the secret. For her letter, below, Miss Dale has been sent RADIO MIRROR's check for \$25.00.

Dear Mrs. J.R.K.:

One of the dangers of young couples double-dating with single people is that a young man like Fred can misconstrue the freedom and ease that a woman can have with other men when she is secure in the love and trust of the man to whom she is married. Her friendliness and ease of manner can be easily misunderstood.

I feel that such is probably the case with Fred. After all, on such short acquaintance he could not have meant what he said; more likely he had some idea of "trying you out" to find out more about the sister of the girl he wants to marry. You have taken what he must have meant for "kidding" entirely too seriously. After your outburst he saw how impetuous he had been, and even if he half-meant what he said to you he must have realized that he loved her and her alone, when he rejoined your sister—otherwise why tie his hands by becoming engaged to her?

I would keep this secret just between my husband and me, unless, during the engagement, you find concrete evidence that Fred is not on the level with your sister, is not worthy of her. Loving Fred, your sister, in all probability, would not believe you anyway, and even if you could prove it would find some way to hold you at fault. So keep your counsel and prove to Fred that you are mature enough to know that he spoke impetuously. Help him to overcome the embarrassment he must feel and pave

the road for their happiness and a congenial relationship among you all.

Now, here are the letters that I have chosen to answer this month. At the end, you will find the monthly problem letter which I ask you to help me in answering.

(Continued on page 88)

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 February 24. 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.

IT'S A Beautiful Day

And not only in Chicago, but in Amarillo and Broken Bow, in Muncie and Memphis
—in fact wherever that exuberant Mitchell voice reaches, it's a beautiful day!

By EVERETT MITCHELL

Just as surely as I know the sun will rise in the morning, I can tell you exactly how it will happen.

Millie—my wife—and I will be sitting in the deep chairs of the upstairs room which is study, office, trophy museum and general loafing place. Millie will have a dish of chocolates beside her and a bit of sewing in her hands. I'll be trying to catch up on my reading. We will have agreed that since a storm is raging and I have to start for the studio at 4:30 A.M., it's a good night to get to bed early.

The reading will be important—a bulletin from the Department of Agriculture containing information Farm and Home Hour listeners will want, or perhaps a new book on animal husbandry—but I won't get very far with it. I'll have a memo pad and pencil, but soon, instead of making notes, I'll catch myself drawing a big rectangle shaped like our land. Inside it, at one end, with light strokes, I'll sketch a smaller block the same proportions as our house. Then in the open space at the side and back of the house I'll swing a series of lazy curves which somehow nip deeper and deeper into what is left of the clear space.

I'll have dropped all pretense of reading, by now to mark in symbols meaningless to anyone but me. A star shows the spot the Christmas poinsettia will be set out; a circle indicates a clump of chrysanthemums; an x is a rose bush, and a sprinkle of dots are the tulips. As the picture comes clear in my mind, my pencil moves faster and faster. I'm as out of the world as a bebopper listening to Dizzie Gillespie until I hear Millie's voice, "Ev, you'll just have to

leave a little room around the house for grass."

Startled out of my complete concentration, I'll jump, and I'll look up sheepishly into Millie's gray-blue eyes. She'll laugh then, for she knows what to expect.

After twenty-eight years, I still have my original wife, my original fervor for gardening, and my original enthusiasm for radio, all so intermingled I no longer try to separate my feelings about them into emotional compartments. Together, they are the things I love and which make life worth living. Together, too, they dictated the outcome of the most decisive day in my life.

Millie understands this, and because she does, she has anticipated this moment when our Springtime begins. She brings out the new seed catalogs which arrived during my last swing around the country and sets the stack down on the maple desk. She pulls a chair close, and together we pore over them.

It may be a wild night outdoors, but from then on Spring gardening is in full swing at the Mitchells'. Instead of going to bed early, we're so engrossed in that most alluring of dream books, a seed catalog, that when at last we go to bed I darned near meet myself starting out to do my 6:30 A.M. Town and Farm show on WMAQ.

Gardening has been vital to me ever since I was a small boy growing up in a neighborhood of wide open spaces on the fringe of Chicago. The other kids envied me because my father was a railroad engineer, and I envied them because their fathers were farmers.

TURN PAGE FOR GARDEN CONTEST YOU CAN ENTER

From the first crocus in spring to the last chrysanthemum in fall, the Mitchells' garden is a source of great satisfaction to them. Everett feels that the methods he and Millie use can be made to work for anyone.



IT'S A Beautiful Day

As soon as I was able to swing a pitchfork, I found part-time jobs helping them with the chores, but even earlier, at the age of eight, I started digging in the big kitchen garden which provided food for our family all winter.

It took a while, however, for me to realize that the soil would determine my way of life. On graduating from Austin high school, I went to the University of Illinois for a couple of years. When my money ran out, I was still undecided. Perhaps I would go into business, perhaps I would sing, perhaps I would farm.

Judge Hazen, a friend of our family suggested I give myself some thinking time, and that whatever I did later, I'd find a little banking experience useful. Armed with his letter of introduction to an official of the First National bank in Chicago, I went to work as vice president in charge of filling ink wells, supplying paper clips and running errands. Eventually, it led to a job as teller, to which I brought the stiff and touchy dignity of a twenty-year-old.

The dignity melted, however, the day the personnel manager brought in a new girl. At a distance, I took one look at her ash-blonde hair, her tip-tilted nose, her eyes which crinkled at the corners when she laughed, and grabbed the arm of the guy next to me.

"Look," I said in an excited whisper, "there's the girl I'm going to marry."

He stared at me pityingly. "Man, you're crazy. You haven't even met her yet."

Mildred Roddoz said essentially the same thing, but in more kindly terms (*Continued on page 89*)

In corn almost as high as an elephant's eye, Everett conducts a Farm and Home Hour interview.



Everett's agricultural savvy is based on first hand o

Here's Your Opportunity to Have
An Everett Mitchell Garden All
Your Own—And Absolutely Free!

Through the cooperation of The National Garden Bureau, six readers of RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE will have, next summer, beautiful Everett Mitchell gardens—complete selections of seeds, bulbs and shrubs delivered to them at proper planting time.

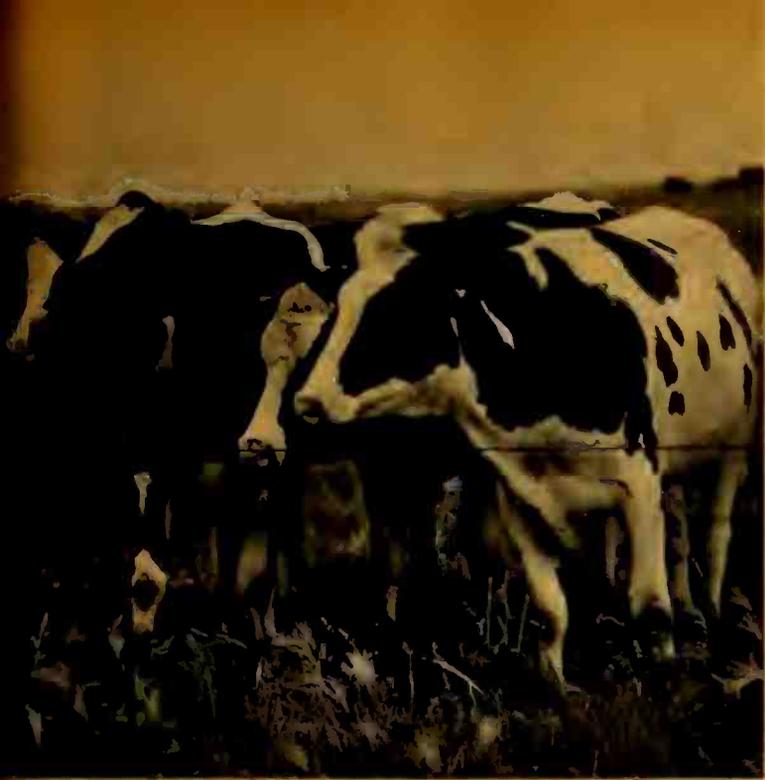
Here is all you have to do: write to Everett Mitchell, care of RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y. Use the coupon on the opposite page, or separate piece of paper, and tell Mr. Mitchell, in fifty words or less:

"What My Garden Means To Me"

Mr. Mitchell and the editors of RADIO MIRROR will be the judges; choice of winners will be based on originality, sincerity and interest of the statements. To the writer of the most interesting statement will be awarded:

Seeds, bulbs, shrubs—retail value \$50.00

The writers of the five next best statements will be awarded gardens valued at \$35, \$25, \$20, and two at \$10 each. The National Garden Bureau, an association of the country's outstanding seed houses, will select seeds, bulbs and shrubs best suited to the soil and climate of each winner's home. Statements must be postmarked no later than midnight, March 1, 1950. All statements become the property of RADIO MIRROR; none will be returned to writers.



on now, but a lot of his knowledge of cattle and crops came out of a book.

A plump and placid ram gets the benefit of Everett's opinion at a livestock show in Chicago.



Using the space below (or a separate sheet of paper) tell in fifty words or less:
"What My Garden Means To Me." Be sure to fill in your name and address.

MY NAME IS _____

MY ADDRESS IS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

IT'S A Beautiful Day

As soon as I was able to swing a pitchfork, I found part-time jobs helping them with the chores, but even earlier, at the age of eight, I started digging in the big kitchen garden which provided food for our family all winter.

It took a while, however, for me to realize that the soil would determine my way of life. On graduating from Austin high school, I went to the University of Illinois for a couple of years. When my money ran out, I was still undecided. Perhaps I would go into business, perhaps I would sing, perhaps I would farm.

Judge Hazen, a friend of our family suggested I give myself some thinking time, and that whatever I did later, I'd find a little banking experience useful. Armed with his letter of introduction to an official of the First National bank in Chicago, I went to work as vice president in charge of filling ink wells, supplying paper clips and running errands. Eventually, it led to a job as teller, to which I brought the stiff and touchy dignity of a twenty-year-old.

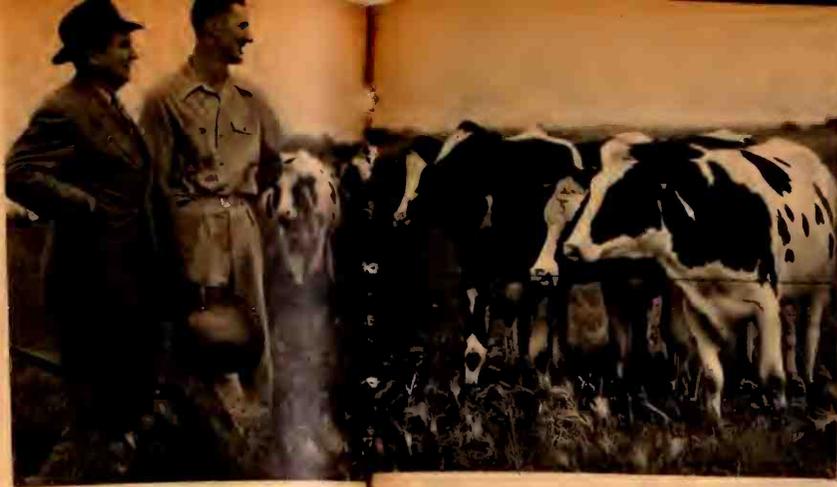
The dignity melted, however, the day the personnel manager brought in a new girl. At a distance, I took one look at her ash-blond hair, her tip-tilted nose, her eyes which crinkled at the corners when she laughed, and grabbed the arm of the guy next to me.

"Look," I said in an excited whisper, "there's the girl I'm going to marry."

He stared at me pityingly. "Man, you're crazy. You haven't even met her yet."

Mildred Roddoz said essentially the same thing, but in more kindly terms (Continued on page 89)

In corn almost as high as an elephant's eye, Everett conducts a Farm and Home Hour interview.



Everett's agricultural savvy is based on first hand observation now, but a lot of his knowledge of cattle and crops came out of a hook.

A plump and placid ram gets the benefit of Everett's opinion at a livestock show in Chicago.



Here's Your Opportunity to Have An Everett Mitchell Garden All Your Own—And Absolutely Free!

Through the cooperation of The National Garden Bureau, six readers of *RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE* will have, next summer, beautiful Everett Mitchell gardens—complete selections of seeds, bulbs and shrubs delivered to them at proper planting time.

Here is all you have to do: write to Everett Mitchell, care of *RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE*, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y. Use the coupon on the opposite page, or separate piece of paper, and tell Mr. Mitchell, in fifty words or less:

"What My Garden Means To Me"

Mr. Mitchell and the editors of *RADIO MIRROR* will be the judges; choice of winners will be based on originality, sincerity and interest of the statements. To the writer of the most interesting statement will be awarded:

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For inexpensive company dinners:
hot tea punch; canapes and olives; baked potatoes
with salmon; and stuffed eggplant.



Simply Fancy

It's such a pleasant evening when Aunt Sue drops in for dinner! And at our house relatives drop in quite often. They love to see the children. So I must be careful to keep the budget balanced. I take full advantage of the fact that fish is popular and economical in the month of March and an extra special sauce turns food—even the simplest—into company fare.

Try serving a few simple canapés with a soothing hot tea punch just before dinner. It will create a party mood! It's a treat the children can enjoy, and a little luxury for the grown-ups. Here are my favorite menu ideas for windy March evenings.

SPRING GARDEN CANAPÉS

Cut out rounds of bread with a biscuit cutter about 2" in diameter. Spread each round with mayonnaise. Cut radishes cross-wise in thin slices. Arrange slices around outer edge of bread. Top with a thin slice of cucumber. Garnish with a thin slice of stuffed olive or a sprig of parsley.

SHRIMP CANAPÉS

Work with a spoon until soft:

½ cup butter	3 tablespoons horse
1 teaspoon lemon juice	radish sauce

Spread on crackers or toast rounds. Top each with a cooked or canned shrimp. Garnish with a border of finely chopped parsley.

HOT TEA PUNCH

Makes 10 cups

<i>Pour:</i>	<i>Add:</i>
5 cups boiling water	1 cup orange juice,
<i>Over:</i>	strained
4 tablespoons tea	¼ cup lemon juice,
2 tablespoons whole cloves	strained
Allow to stand 5 minutes.	½ cup honey
Strain.	3 cups boiling water

Stir until ingredients blend. Serve hot, garnished with lemon slices.

STUFFED EGGPLANT

Makes 4-5 servings

Wash 1 large eggplant well. Cover with boiling water.

Simmer gently 10-15 minutes. Drain. Cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out center pulp leaving a ½" shell. Chop pulp.

<i>Combine:</i>	
1½ cups cooked rice	1 teaspoon salt
1 can condensed mushroom soup	¼ teaspoon pepper

Add to chopped pulp. Fill cavity in each half of egg plant.

<i>Mix:</i>	
½ cup bread crumbs with	2 tablespoons melted butter

Stir until crumbs are moistened. Sprinkle over top of eggplant. Place on a baking sheet in a moderate oven (350 F.) 15 minutes.

BROILED TOMATOES

Makes 6 servings

Wash well 3 large tomatoes.

Cut in half crosswise and place on a broiler pan. Season each half with: salt, pepper, oregano. Pour 1 teaspoon oil over each. Place under broiler and cook 3-5 minutes or until lightly browned.

SPECIAL BAKED POTATOES

Makes 6 servings

Scrub until clean: 6 medium sized potatoes.

Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) 45 minutes. Cut off a slice straight across the top of each potato. Scoop out potato, reserving shells and mash. Season.

<i>Heat:</i>	
¼ cup butter	½ cup milk

Add to mashed potatoes. Beat until light and fluffy. Fill shells. Make a slight groove in the center of filled potatoes and fill each with: 1½ tablespoons flaked salmon. (Continued on page 85)

NONSENSE and



To start off on a cheery note, here's what the Old Farmer's Almanack says about the weather prospects for the Month of March: Spring will be late, cold and wet. And here are some March dates to remember: 1, State Day, Nebraska; 2, Texas Independence Day; 7, Burbank Day, California; 15, Jackson Day, Tennessee; 17, St. Patrick's Day; 25, Maryland Day.

* * *

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE SAID IT:

"Liberty is the only thing you cannot have unless you are willing to give it to others."

* * *

YOUR HOME STATE—

ALABAMA—known as the Cotton State, the Yellowhammer State; state flower: goldenrod; state motto: We Dare Defend Our Rights; capital: Montgomery; rank in area: 28th; rank in population: 17th; much of the state's foreign commerce passes through the city of Mobile, one of the nation's largest ports; agriculture is the chief interest, although there has been a steady growth of industry during the last thirty years; raises one-tenth of the nation's cotton, along with peanuts, corn, sweet potatoes, tobacco, sugar, oats, hay and fruit as other important crops; coal underlies about 8,000 square miles of the state, and there is enough iron ore to keep the state's blast furnaces going for 160 years; cement and clay products are also important in the state's economy; there are nine colleges, two professional schools, four teachers' colleges and normal schools, four junior colleges, and seven institutions of higher learning for Negroes in the state—Tuskegee Institute being the most important of the latter; Alabama was settled by the French in 1702, ceded to the British in 1763, acquired by the Spanish as part of West Florida in 1779, and became a part of the United States in 1783-1813.

* * *



VERSE—OR WORSE:

So I said, "Old Man, for whom diggest
thou this grave
In the heart of London town?"
And the deep-toned voice of the digger
replied.
"We're laying a gas-pipe down!"

IF YOU'RE A JUGGLER—

don't ply your trade in Hood River, Oregon, without a license—there's a law against it!

* * *

IT HAPPENED IN—

660 B. C.—The Japanese empire was founded by Jimmu Tenno, legendary descendant of the Sun Goddess. 64 A.D.—First persecution of the Christians under Emperor Nero; among the martyrs were the apostles Peter and Paul; the persecutions continued at intervals until the reign of Diocletian, 303-313. 1497—John Cabot explored the east coast of Canada; his son, Sebastian, accompanied him on a second voyage the following year. 1770—Boston Massacre, March 5; three killed, eight wounded by British troops. 1814—Francis Scott Key composed the Star Spangled Banner while watching the British attack on Baltimore, September 13.

* * *

FUN AND GAMES DEPARTMENT:



Here's a party game that requires no preparation or equipment, and no particularly specialized knowledge on the part of the players. Any number can play, but half a dozen to a dozen usually works out best. One person is chosen "it", and he thinks of three categories, such as "animal, vegetable and mineral" or "books, movies and songs"—any of three general items will do. "It" stands in the center, and the rest of the players are in a circle around him. He points to one of the players, mentions one of his categories, and the player must respond with the name of a particular item in that category inside ten seconds. Example: "It" says *animal* and the player must respond *zebra* (or any other animal) within ten seconds. If he doesn't answer in ten seconds, he's out. Play continues in this manner, and the winner (who is next "it") is decided by elimination—he's the last player left. A player is also "out" if he names an item which has been named before by another player.

* * *

VERSE—OR BETTER:

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity. —Sir Walter Raleigh

Art Linkletter emcees House Party, heard Monday

SOME-SENSE

QUICKIE QUIZ:

Who was the first President of the United States to speak over the radio? (a) Taft (b) Harding (c) Coolidge. Where was Benjamin Franklin born? (a) Boston (b) Philadelphia (c) New York. In what year were the Dionne Quintuplets born? (a) 1934 (b) 1931 (c) 1929. (Answers at bottom of page)

* * *

CHILDREN'S HOUR:

Teacher: Johnny, how do you spell "hermit"?

Johnny: H-E-R-M-E-T.

Teacher: The dictionary says H-E-R-M-I-T.

Johnny: But you asked me how *I* spelled it!

* * *

A LITTLE LEARNING:

In a recent three-year period Americans lost \$771,000 to passers of counterfeit money. Here are some "know your money" tips to help you to tell whether the money you get is the real thing: On a counterfeit bill, the portrait is likely to be dull, smudgy, or unnaturally white and scratchy-looking. The tiny squares in the oval background behind the picture are usually dark and broken. On the seal, the saw-tooth points around the rim are usually broken and uneven. The paper generally has no tiny colored threads running through it, but they may be imitated by fine pen lines of red and blue ink. If you think you have a counterfeit coin, drop it on a hard surface—most counterfeits sound dull, while the genuine article will have a clear ring. Feel the coin, as most counterfeit coins feel greasy. The corrugated outer edge of counterfeit coins is generally uneven, crooked, or the corrugations may be missing in spots. Most counterfeit coins can be easily cut with a knife; the genuine resist cutting.

* * *

CAN YOU—?



Feel like counting up to billion? It can be done—that is, it can be done if you have nine-and-a-half years to spare for the task. Let's see how that works: at a rapid rate you can count up to 200 per minute; 12,000 an hour; 288,000 a day; and 105,120,000 a year. Taking these figures into consideration, you can

see where nine-and-a-half years would go. That's something probably even flagpole sitters, goldfish eaters or marathon dancers wouldn't attempt.



Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense will be a regular feature each month in RADIO MIRROR.

* * *

LITTLE WILLIE DEPARTMENT:

Little Willie, in the best of sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.
By and by the room grew chilly—
No one liked to poke up Willie!

* * *

Department of Q and A: Question: How can table salt be kept from caking in damp weather? *Answer:* Keep the spout closed and the package on a low shelf; never store over the stove—steam is humid, hardens and cakes the salt. Use small salt shakers with only a few small holes, clean and refill regularly, being sure they're dry before you refill them. A few grains of rice in the shaker helps absorb moisture.

* * *

VICTOR HUGO SAID IT:

"Nothing is more dangerous than discontinued labor; it is a habit lost. A habit easy to abandon, difficult to resume."

(a) 1934

(a) Boston

(b) Harding

ANSWERS QUICKIE QUIZ



Howdy Doody made a special trip to the Smiths' for this portrait with Mildred, Robin, Bob, Ronnie and the canine members of the family, Happy Talk and Toddler, taken in the basement broadcasting studio.

MY HUSBAND,

He's the hero of the Peanut Gallery, and for more reasons than the one known as Howdy Doody

VISION SECTION

There it is still, in my fourth-grade autograph book. The poem that Robert E. Smith inscribed to me. We had been classmates at P. S. 53 in Buffalo, N. Y., since the first grade, but until then I didn't know he cared. This is what he wrote:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Garlic is strong,
And I'm garlic for you!"

A girl simply can't overlook a tender sentiment like that. I began to notice Robert Smith and, somehow or other, after that day he never let me forget him for very long.

I'm probably the only one who ever calls my husband "Robert." To everyone else he's "Bob" or "Mister Smith." Even when our eight-year-old Robin and six-year-old Ronnie are talking about what happened on the Howdy Doody Show they'll say, "And then Mister Smith told Howdy to talk to Clara-bell," or "Mister Smith asked the kids in the Peanut Gallery to be very quiet." At home, of course, he's just plain Daddy, but on the show he's Mister Smith, the same as he is to millions of other children who watch him from 5:30 to 6, five afternoons a week on the NBC television network. And Howdy is as real to them as he is to other (Continued on page 97)



Football or photography, Bob knows what he's doing and that, of course, makes him something of a hero to sons Robin and Ronnie.

Howdy Doody, with Bob Smith, is telecast M.-F., 5:30 P.M. EST, WNBC-TV. Sponsored by Unique Art Mechanical Toys.



Mister Smith

By MRS. BOB SMITH

the



In the serenity of her apartment, Mrs. Bradley works on the composition and score for *We, The People* of which she is musical director. She took over the job in memory of her late husband.



Mrs. Bradley aided her husband for many years before his death and the *We, The People* orchestra still bears his name.

This is a love story, and a success story, set to music. The love story began when Jessica Lewis Bradley, now musical director of *We, The People*, was fifteen years old and met fellow music student Oscar Bradley, whom she married three years later. The success story dates back to the time when she gave up her own career to help Oscar with his work. It continues to the day in 1940 when she became his right hand—literally his right hand—when paralysis made his arm useless. It goes on to the date of Oscar's death on August 31, 1948, when Jessie finished up his next night's radio and television program and continued right along with his job. The job is supervising the entire musical background for an important commercial program, something no woman had ever done.

Oscar Bradley had been musical director of *We, The People*, ever since his sponsor took it over in 1941. Even before that he had been associated with the sponsor for some ten years on other programs. And always, Mrs. Bradley had worked along with him. It was to her, after his illness, he had dictated the original music he created for each program—music that now adds up to about a hundred unbroken hours of Bradley melodies. It was to her that he

SHOW goes on —

Jessica Bradley's inspiring story proves the sometimes difficult but nevertheless unalterable fact—that life, like the show, must go on no matter what. . .

looked for small details that go into planning musical background for a human-interest show.

"I was close to his work, as a wife should be," she explains, "but I never interfered. I made suggestions."

Then tragedy struck, on that last Monday in August, 1948. Oscar died, his work for the next night's show practically completed, except for the inevitable loose ends and unexpected demands of any program based on current events. Jessie put aside her personal feelings to be ready for those demands. And on that next night, when the announcer gave the usual credit line, "Music by the Oscar Bradley Orchestra," one brief spot was reserved at the end of the program for a tribute to the man whose music had given it so much for so long. The tribute was a medley of numbers from hit Broadway shows—"Show Boat," "Desert Song," "Student Prince," "The Ziegfeld Follies"—shows that Oscar had helped make hits by his fine musical direction.

That axiom of their business, "the show must go on," was already ringing in her ears. When the sponsor asked her to continue her husband's work, Jessica was ready to accept. The music that had brought them closer together links them, even now.

The music library where Mrs. Bradley keeps the score records.



THE COMEDY

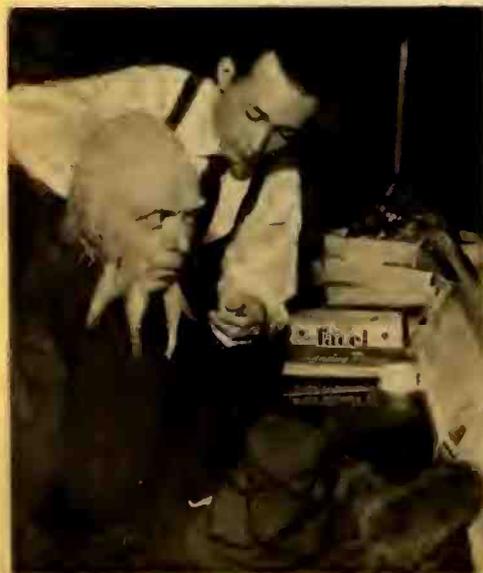
Shakespeare and TV combine on the Kraft Theatre to



Vaughan Taylor gives his attire a discreet once over before facing the camera. He played Angelo, the goldsmith, possessor of the crucial chain.



Harry Townes, r., fresh from "Twelfth Night" on Broadway, was one of the boys from Syracuse, Dromio by name: Wilson Brooks, l., an officer.



One Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain, a mere anatomy.—Act. V, Sc. I. Donald Keyes lets Dick Smith turn him into that lean-faced villain.



Confusion of identity begins: the Merchant (Edwin Cooper), Angelo (Vaughan Taylor), Antipholus of Ephesus (James Daly), his Dromio (Kurt Richards).

Video seems to be the ideal medium in which to display Shakespeare. Or perhaps it's Shakespeare who's the ideal writer for video. At any rate, the Bard needs no more than a good condensation job in order to fit the demands of TV. The Kraft TV Theatre demonstrated this with its production of "The Comedy Of Errors." Done with taste, talent and a feeling for farce, it also marked some milestones in Kraft TV Theatre history: twelve days in preparation, three run-throughs on some days, and two dress rehearsals. Sounds like a lot of work, but there's only one chance to succeed on television. Other distinctions in the TV Theatre's brief history (three years next May): first two-director system, first show to go out over coaxial cable and the first one to present "The Comedy of Errors."

The Kraft TV Theatre is telecast on Wed., 9:00 P.M. EST over NBC-TV.

OF ERRORS

show how ideally suited they are to each other



Confusion of identity ends but the Duke (Fairfax Burgher) seems befuddled still. Says he: "Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which."



There's no confusion here. Antipholus of Syracuse (Stewart Bradley) is certain that lovely Luciana (Neva Patterson) is "my dear heart's dearer heart."



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Shakespeare and TV combine on the Kraft Theatre to show how ideally suited they are to each other



Vaughan Taylor gives his attire a discreet once over before facing the camera. He played Angelo, the goldsmith, possessor of the crucial chain.



Harry Townes, r., fresh from "Twelfth Night" on Broadway, was one of the boys from Syracuse, Dromio by name; Wilson Brooks, l., an officer.



One Pinch: a hungry leech-faced villain, a mere anatomy.—Act. V. Sc. 1. Donald Keyes lets Dick Smith turn him into that leech-faced villain.



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Waltz King turns badman: believe it or not, but that's Wayne King, r., on his new TV show from Chicago.



The Squeakin' Deacon seems to like what he's just seen on the stereoscope. (KECA's Down Home Doin's)



COAST to COAST

They're going all out for authenticity on the sets of ABC's *Mysteries of Chinatown*, seen every Wednesday at 9 P.M. on KECA-TV in Hollywood.

Props and furnishings for the program, three truckloads of them, are valued at more than \$10,000. There's a teakwood tabaret, twenty years in the making, that costs \$3,000, and a Chinese sacred urn that couldn't be replaced at \$1,500.

Four exterior and four interior sets add up to a staggering figure and lighting costs increase it.

All of it to provide the proper setting for the adventures of Dr. Yatfu, Chinese owner of an herb and curio shop, with Robert Bice as the Doctor.

Here are some telefacts about us telefans, according to public opinion analyst Elmo Roper:

We go out less in the evening than non-owners of TV sets, but we work less around the house and in the garden (what's become of that sturdy old admonition to Watch and Work?).

We go to more sports events, when we do go out, because we became interested in them on TV.

Women look at the screen more than men (more of 'em have time, presumably). Young people watch more than older ones.

And the people who buy television sets? Well, they're apt to be those who own their homes or are quick to buy any modern appliances.



The College of Musical Knowledge takes to television its collegiate orchestra and the Honey Dreamers. It's seen on the

KTTV's Pantomime Quiz has Katherine McLeod miming for Jack Baily, Frank DeVol and Vincent Price.



Everybody's doing it, why not the Aces? Jane, Goodman and canine friend on their DuMont TV show.



in TELEVISION



With Professor Kay Kyser in charge, his ABC-TV channel, Thursdays, 9 P.M. EST.



Mysteries of Chinatown, telecast over KECA-TV, brings an exotic note into the parlor. L. to r. Marya Marco, Wong Artarene, Robert Bice and Edmund MacDonald.

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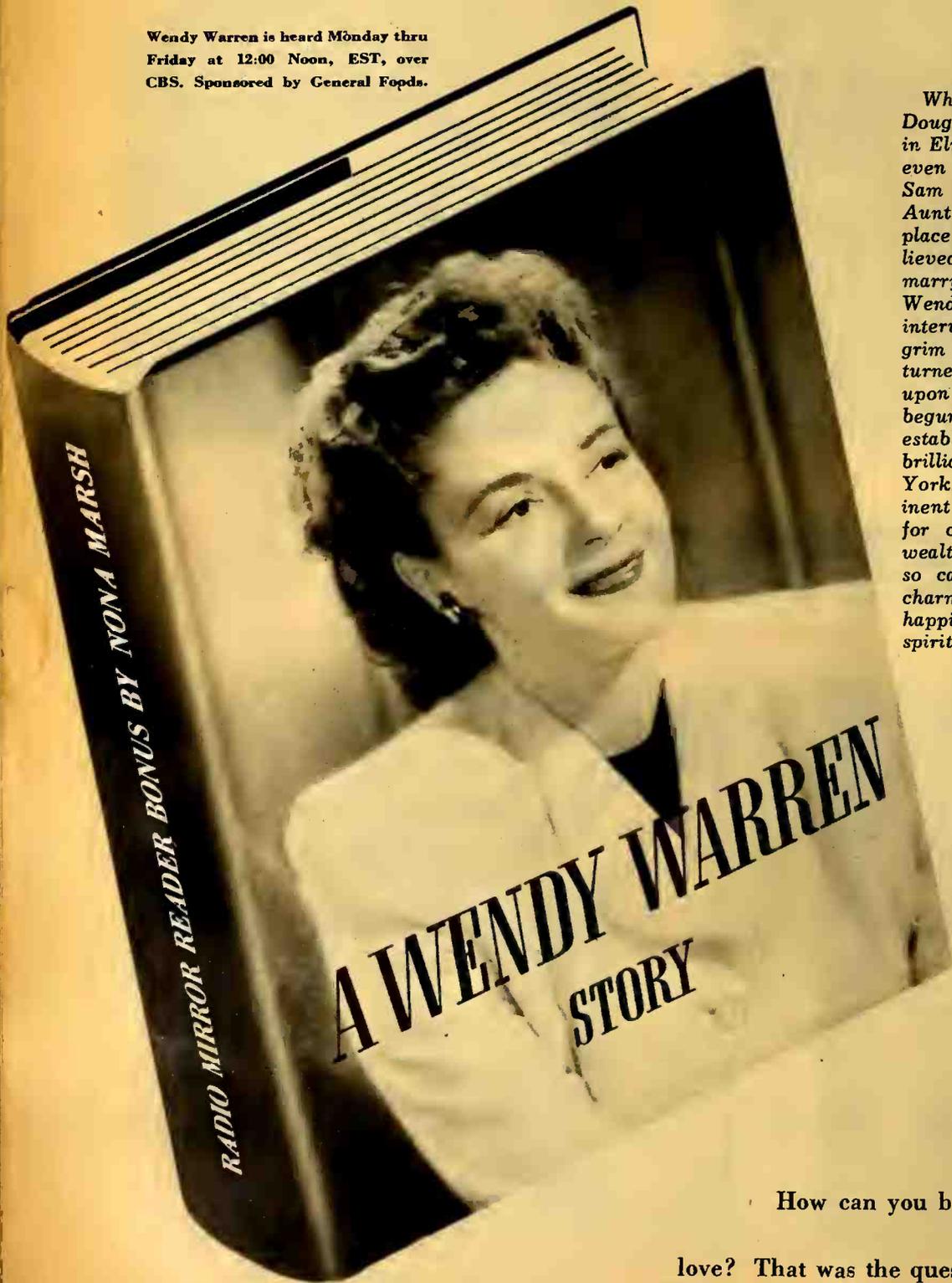
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ONE KIND

Wendy Warren is heard Monday thru Friday at 12:00 Noon, EST, over CBS. Sponsored by General Foods.



When Wendy Warren and Mark Douglas were growing up together in Elmdale, Connecticut, everyone, even Wendy's adored father, editor Sam Warren, and her devoted Aunt Dorrie, who had taken the place of Wendy's dead mother, believed that one day they would marry. And so, perhaps, did Wendy herself . . . until the war intervened. When, after a long, grim period of service, Mark returned, Wendy's life had been set upon a different track. She had begun the career which was to establish her as one of the most brilliant newspaperwomen in New York. When she married prominent Gil Kendall, Mark turned for companionship to glamorous, wealthy Nona Marsh, and was soon so captivated by her gaiety and charm that he married her. Unhappily for Nona, the light-hearted spirit in which she had married

How can you be sure of your husband's love? That was the question Nona asked herself.

When the answer came, her heart was prepared to accept it

of HAPPINESS

Mark deepened into genuine love, and when Gil Kendall's tragic death freed Wendy, Nona's jealousy began to embitter her life and Mark's. The crisis which she retells for RADIO MIRROR this month occurred some time ago, and describes how, and why, she found the courage to go on with Mark.

But even today Nona does not know if she made the right decision. Nobody does. Wendy herself is not certain that if Mark were free she would marry him. For though she knows she will always love Mark . . . in a way . . . she has never been sure that fate really meant her to find her happiness as his wife.

When a travel agent sells you a ticket to Bermuda, he does it with a broad, encouraging smile. "You," he seems to be saying, "are going to have fun! You're

going to have a holiday in a million!" And when he sells you a pair of tickets, his glee becomes almost uncontrollable. Then he seems to be saying, "You are going on a honeymoon! Or to celebrate some milestone in your marriage. You've picked an ideal spot!"

The man who sold me my tickets acted that way, at any rate. I wondered what he would answer if I snapped at him "Look here, stop beaming like a fool. I'm going to Bermuda to celebrate the end of my marriage, not the beginning, so could you manage to look not quite so cheerful about it all?"

To be quite fair, the agent had something on his side. I did buy two tickets, and I did offer one to Mark when I told him I was going. But after the nightmare quarreling and bitterness of the past few days I knew he wouldn't come. In a way I was relieved. Perhaps the

time had come in our marriage—as I've been told it comes in other marriages—when we needed to get away from each other and think things over.

Perhaps. But how gladly I would have torn up my ticket and my pitiful chance to "think things over" if he had asked me to! At each stage of the journey I looked for a reprieve. When Mark left the apartment that morning I held my breath, waiting for him to say "Nona . . . don't go." But his perfunctory kiss and his frowning, worried "Have a good trip, dear," put an end to that hope. Then later, in the limousine that was threading its swift way from the Airlines Terminal on Forty-second Street out to LaGuardia Field, I had to keep telling myself not to look for him among the friends and families and lovers who would surely be there (Continued on page 98)

This is Mark Douglas, Nona's husband—and long-time friend of Wendy's.



This is Nona who wonders what her husband would do if he were free.



DAYTIME DIARY

Up-to-the-minute reviews of all the daytime dramas—cast, background and recent events. You'll find it a good guide to good listening.

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Mary Noble
heard on
NBC 4:00 P.M.

CAST: Mary Noble, wife of Larry Noble, popular Broadway actor; Maude Marlowe and Tom Bryson, old friends; Rupert Barlow, wealthy backer of the play in which Larry is now starring; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent who finds Larry very attractive. **BACKGROUND:** Rupert Barlow's original interest in the Nobles centered around Larry's play, but he has become increasingly preoccupied with Mory. Now that Larry's play is an established success, Barlow is free to shower Mary with attention. **RECENTLY:** Mary is caught in an embor-

rossing situation. She cannot avoid the realization that Barlow's attentions to her are so insistent that they amount to pursuit, but she cannot remonstrate with him, or complain to her husband, because it is Barlow's financing that has made possible the production in which Larry is having so much success. Busy with his work, Larry is not yet aware of the uncomfortable dilemma in which his wife is being placed by the determined millionaire who has become so important in the Nobles' lives. But how long can Mary evade Barlow?

BIG SISTER



Dr. John Wayne
heard on
CBS 1:00 P.M.

CAST: Ruth Wayne, wife of Dr. John Wayne of Glen Falls; Dr. Reed Bannister, John's associate; Valerie, Reed's wife; Dr. Ken Morgan, a friend of Reed's; Carol Dana, ex-army nurse who married a wealthier man—but still loves Ken; Porker, power-hungry millionaire. **BACKGROUND:** John's eagerness to accept a gift of \$50,000 from Parker for the Health Centre which he and Reed built up has strained his friendship with Reed, who refuses to allow Parker to become connected with the Centre. Ruth is heartbroken over

the rift, but feels that in loyalty to John she should not make overtures to the Bannisters. **RECENTLY:** Reed believes so strongly in young Morgan's ability that he is anxious to have him work at the Centre. This disturbs John of first but as time goes on, the more he knows of Morgan the more he likes him. Morgan, meanwhile, faces a personal problem as Carol Dana pursues him to Glen Falls. She says she has left her husband for him . . . but the last time Morgan believed in her, she failed him. Will history repeat itself?

BRIGHTER DAY



Althea
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Elizabeth Dennis, twenty-six-year-old daughter of Reverend Richard Dennis, who mothers the rest of her family: beautiful Althea, outspoken Patsy, Bobby, the youngest, and Grayling, the only boy. **BACKGROUND:** Liz always felt that there was an exciting future in store for her glamorous younger sister Althea. Now that Althea is Mrs. Bruce Bigby, wife of the young student son of the wealthy Bigby clan, it would seem that Liz's feeling was justified. But Althea and Bruce, back in Three Rivers on a visit, are not leading the

idyllic life Liz imagined for them. **RECENTLY:** Money, it seems, is at the root of all the trouble in the Bigby family—money which Dad Bigby controls, and which Althea is determined to get the benefit of. When Bruce's father refuses to buy her a too-expensive house, Althea confides that she is going to have a baby, and this of course changes the entire picture. Liz, realizing that the baby is a complete lie, enlists her father's aid and together they remonstrate with Althea—with tragic results to the whole family.

DOROTHY DIX AT HOME

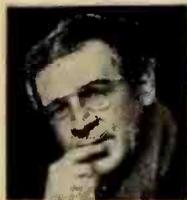


Roxanne Wallingford
heard on
NBC 10:45 A.M.

CAST: Dorothy Dix, the woman known all over the world for her advice on the problems of others; her handsome nephew John, who is presenting her with a family problem of her own; Roxanne Wallingford, reckless seventeen-year-old heiress whose association with gangster Sherman Lang worries her mother, Lela. **BACKGROUND:** Dorothy Dix is drawn into the Wallingford affairs when John is offered \$10,000 by Roxanne's banker to break up the affair between Roxanne and Lang. Suspecting a sinister influence as the basis

of Roxanne's dependence on Lang, Dorothy learns from Lang that Roxanne's chief aim in life at the moment is to force her mother, Lela, to leave the Wallingford home. **RECENTLY:** Though at first John is light-hearted about the request that he win Roxanne away from Lang, Dorothy sees that he is becoming seriously infatuated with the girl. When he confides in her, she wonders what to tell him: Should he withdraw from the tangle, or is Roxanne really the girl for him, and should he fight to take her from Lang?

DAVID HARUM



David Harum
heard on
NBC 11:45 P.M.

CAST: David Harum, leading citizen of Homeville; Aunt Polly, his sister; Elaine Dilling, who comes back to town to claim an inheritance belonging to her daughter, Dorothy; Jack Wallace, Dorothy's fiance; Hilda Jackson, a wily old woman posing as Elaine Dilling's mother.

BACKGROUND: Suspecting from the actions of Jack Wallace and the girl known as Dorothy Dilling that there is something amiss, David investigates and decides that "Dorothy" is an impostor. When young Ralph Cunningham recovers from an injury

he sustained on the Dilling estate, he is able to confirm David's suspicion, and they conclude that the real Dorothy is being held prisoner, probably by Hilda Jackson. . . .

RECENTLY: David's questioning of Hilda Jackson leads to the discovery that he and Ralph were right in suspecting that the real Dorothy Dilling was a prisoner. Now, with the schemers completely exposed, David looks forward to passing on the inheritance to its rightful owner and thus bringing long-delayed happiness into the life of his friend, Elaine Dilling.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



David Farrell
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M.

CAST: David Farrell, star reporter on the *New York Daily Eagle*; Sally, his wife.

BACKGROUND: David Farrell's newspaper career has not been orthodox, for instead of simply reporting the stories he is assigned to cover, he always ends up reporting the story behind the news. Keen-witted and curious, he has often been of assistance to the police by unearthing details that might otherwise escape notice. Sally, a former reporter, tried for a short time to be a housewife, but she has proven a valuable assistant to David in many a difficult situation and

now he seldom goes out on a story without taking her along.

RECENTLY: One of David's recent cases involves him in the exciting world of the movies, when a beautiful star commits suicide. The Farrells are not satisfied that it is suicide and finally succeed in obtaining proof for their suspicion that the star was really murdered. But before they can bring the murderer to light Sally is caught in one of the most frightening and dangerous spots of her career as Front Page Farrell's right-hand woman.

GUIDING LIGHT



Charlotte Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M.

CAST: Charlotte Brandon, whose marriage to lawyer Ray Brandon becomes meaningless when she agrees to give up their adopted son, Chuckie, to his real mother, Meta Bauer; Ted White, Chuckie's father, who is pressing Meta to marry him; Dr. Ross Boling, who loves Meta; Trudy, Meta's sister, who loves Ross; Bill, Meta's brother, just married to Bertha Miller.

BACKGROUND: Meta's emotional problem becomes crucial when Mama Bauer dies, for only to Mama could Meta really confide what was in her heart. Now she

does not know where to turn for advice . . . and Ted presses his advantage and tries to force her to consent to a quick marriage. **RECENTLY:** As Charlotte and Ray draw further and further apart, Charlotte begins to suffer physically from insomnia. She gets from her doctor a prescription for a sedative which enables her to get the sleep she needs. Desperate with unhappiness, she gradually finds that by increasing the dose she can blot out temporarily her whole bitter existence. She hasn't stopped to realize what a dangerous game she is playing.

HILLTOP HOUSE



Julie Paterno
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Julie Paterno, assistant to Mrs. Grace Dolben, supervisor of Glendale's orphanage, Hilltop House; Michael, Julie's husband; Kevin Burke, whom Julie once loved; David, Kevin's son; Clementine, whose father, Clement Arnaud, has reclaimed her.

BACKGROUND: Kevin Burke's request that Julie care for his son David while he, Kevin, underwent a possibly fatal operation is suspected by Michael, who thinks that all Kevin wants is to get back into Julie's life. But Julie does not feel she can sever relations with Kevin by refusing to care for

David, for this would be denying to a child the comfort she has pledged herself to give to all children.

RECENTLY: In addition to her personal problem, Julie is distressed by Mrs. Dolben's attitude toward the Arnauds. Through Julie's help, Clement Arnaud overcame his hatred of Clementine and is now anxious to make a home for her. But Mrs. Dolben had almost arranged to allow the Jessups, of Glendale, to adopt Clementine. Since they can give the child everything, Mrs. Dolben resents what she feels was interference by Julie.

JUST PLAIN BILL



Nancy Donovan
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M.

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter, wife of lawyer Kerry Donovan; Wesley Franklin, whose recent murder involved Bill's good friends, John Ross and his daughter, Karen; Vera Franklin, Wesley's embittered wife; Wiki, Bill's sharp-eyed young grandson; Harold Franklin, Wesley's brother.

BACKGROUND: Karen Ross, who flirts with Wesley Franklin in a desperate attempt to keep him from ruining her father, finds herself on the brink of tragedy when, shortly after he has been furiously ordered by her

father to leave her alone, Franklin is murdered.

RECENTLY: At first John Ross is suspected of Franklin's murder, but later the suspicion turns against the dead man's wife Vera, for she makes no secret of the fact that she hated him. But it is Wesley's brother Harold who interests Bill and Kerry, who has been acting as Vera Franklin's lawyer. The evidence which conclusively proves Harold's guilt is actually uncovered by young Wiki, who has learned from grandfather Bill to keep his eyes and ears open.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Chichi Conrad
heard on
NBC 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Popo David, proprietor of the "Slightly Read Book Shop"; Chichi, his young friend and protegee; Douglas Norman, the writer Chichi expected to marry; Alice Swanson, Douglos's partner of the *East Side News*, whose husband, missing many years, has been declared legally dead. **BACKGROUND:** Though Chichi's engagement to marry Douglos was broken some time ago, they remained good friends. In fact, it looked almost as though their romance might come to life again. But all at once, in a strong burst of self-knowl-

edge, Doug decides it is Alice he really loves—Alice, who has loved him all along, though she thought it was hopeless.

RECENTLY: Too late, Chichi is sure of her love for Doug. Heartbroken, she watches the progress of his affair with Alice. Fully aware of her suffering, Doug and Alice try to spare her by slipping off to get married quietly. But this only emphasizes Chichi's heartbreak. Never before has she been quite so grateful for the consolations of Papa David's philosophy. Meanwhile, who is the stranger making inquiries about Alice?

LIGHT OF THE WORLD



Isaiah
heard on
NBC 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Light of the World recreates the turbulent life of Biblical times centering around a family who lived in Jerusalem during the early days of the New Testament. Through their dangers, trials and hopes the eternal meaning behind the best-loved stories of the Bible is dramatically interpreted. **BACKGROUND:** A tragic love affair between the young maiden of Jerusalem, Miriam, and the Roman centurion, Anthony, causes Miriam's parents to send her to live for a time with relatives dwelling near the Sea of Galilee.

RECENTLY: Accompanied by her brother Bartholomew and her Aunt Rachel, Miriam sets out with an uneasy heart. Bartholomew too is unhappy, since the journey means separation from the young widow Dagna, whom he passionately loves. The trip is known to be perilous, and they survive many dangers. But as they draw closer to Galilee, they hear more and more of a Man who is traveling in the neighborhood, teaching and preaching. He is called Jesus, of Nazareth. Will they learn of Him when their paths cross?

LORENZO JONES



Belle Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M.

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, who earns his living as a mechanic at Jim Barker's garage, but who thinks of himself as an inventor; Belle, his wife, who would love Lorenzo no matter what he did; Muriel Muggins, wealthy woman who claims she is interested in Lorenzo's latest invention.

BACKGROUND: After the recent adventure which ended with Lorenzo helping to turn a counterfeiter over to Treasury agents, his fame as a detective spread surprisingly far. Even Belle, who has always appreciated him, is a little astonished.

RECENTLY: Success really brushes Lorenzo when a representative of a famous detective agency requests his help in a puzzling case. But Lorenzo remains faithful—part time—to his first love, inventing, and his new quick-drying plaster (though it hasn't dried yet) has attracted the attention of Muriel Muggins. Belle, her womanly intuition going quickly to work, suspects that Muriel's real interest is in Lorenzo himself. In fact, Belle Jones is getting just plain jealous about Muriel and Belle, when roused, has quite a temper!

MA PERKINS



Ma Perkins
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M.

CAST: Ma Perkins, who runs a lumber yard in Rushville Center with the help of her old friend Shuffle Shober; Evey, her daughter, married to Willy Fitz, who works at the yard; Foy, her other daughter; Joseph, the young milkman Ma has practically adopted; Mr. Boswell, who makes Ma an exciting offer; the Hammachers, who take advantage of it. **BACKGROUND:** Mr. Boswell's offer is that Ma take over a lumber yard in nearby Middleboro. Ma is interested but there is no one around who can run the yard—until the Hammachers come along.

RECENTLY: Cousin Bonito Hammacher and husband Ed never seem to "make out." Things were always going against them. But now they want to invest their life savings in a good business, and it is decided that Ed and Willy together will buy Mr. Boswell's yard. Though Shuffle warns that the Hammachers' savings are probably a myth, Ma goes ahead and mortgages her own yard to put up Willy's half. Then they wait for Ed's money to come from Alaska. Shuffle isn't surprised when a message comes, saying the Hammachers have been wiped out.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO



Mrs. Adams
heard on
NBC 10:30 A.M.

CAST: Vikki, married to irresponsible but charming Roger Hoyt; Pamela Towers, still pursuing Roger; Loretta, Vikki's friend, estranged from her husband Mike.

BACKGROUND: Though the Hoyts can't really afford a maid, the house Roger insisted on renting is so large that Vikki cannot manage it alone. But no maid will stay, because of the noises in the cellar which have already frightened Vikki half to death. Her peace of mind isn't improved when she learns of the murder that took place in the house forty years before. Finally, Pamela

Towers recommends her former maid, Mildred.

RECENTLY: Vikki realizes at once that Mildred is only there to make trouble but she cannot prove it because whenever Roger is present she is the very soul of courtesy. And yet even Vikki does not suspect to what lengths Pamela will go in order to break up Roger's marriage. She does not realize that when she rents her garage apartment to Mike that she is putting the means to create scandal into Pamela's hands.

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Lord Henry
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M.

CAST: Sunday, married to Lord Henry Brinthrope; Lewis and Florence Carter and their daughter Hazel, neighbors of the Brinthropes in Fairbrooke, Virginia; Roy Kingsley, allegedly a government agent; Clifford Steele, who has recently become a business partner of Lord Henry's; Joyce Irwin, the beautiful ward of Lewis Carter.

BACKGROUND: Fearful that she might be accused of disrupting the marriage of the Carters, Joyce Irwin left their home abruptly—and shortly later plunged to her death from a hotel in Richmond. Apparently she

was a suicide, but Sunday refuses from the first to believe Joyce took her own life.

RECENTLY: Sunday's suspicions take form when Clifford Steele, accused of murdering Joyce, is apprehended by Kingsley. But, still unsatisfied, Sunday continues her investigation and discovers that the situation is exactly reversed—Steele is the true government agent. Kingsley, fearing discovery, makes a last-minute effort to do away with Steele, but—largely because Sunday risks her life to prevent him—he loses his grim battle.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Pepper Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M.

CAST: Pepper Young, red-headed, youthful Mayor of Elmwood; Mother and Dad Young, his parents; Peggy, his sister, married to Carter Trent; Linda, his wife; Mrs. Ivy Trent, Carter's willful and wealthy mother; Gil and Min, who work for Mrs. Trent; Edie, whose husband, Andy, has been missing in a plane crash.

BACKGROUND: Long after Andy is given up for lost by everyone except Edie, word came of an unidentified man sighted in a remote port of South America who might be Andy Hoyt. Jerry Feldman, young pilot

friend of Pepper's, goes down there on a reconnoitering mission, and though the rest of the family tries to keep Edie from hoping too much, they cannot control their own excitement as they await word from Jerry.

RECENTLY: Meanwhile in Elmwood Mrs. Trent starts mixing in affairs that are none of her business. Through Gil she tries to find out what is going on in Pepper's office—what building contracts are being awarded, what plans are being made. What use does Carter's mother intend to make of this information?

PERRY MASON



Della Street
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M.

CAST: Perry Mason, now working on one of the most complex cases of his long career as a lawyer-detective, Della Street, his secretary; Paul Droke, his associate; Martho and Don Smith, his clients, on trial for murdering blackmailer Wilfred Palmer; Audrey Beekman, who could save Martho . . . by ruining her own life.

BACKGROUND: Though Perry fights valiantly, prosecutor Robert Noble scores telling blows against him in court. Only if he can find the mystery woman who was in Palmer's apartment the night of the murder

can Perry save Martho. But, though he and Paul and Della have several times almost closed in on Audrey, she manages to evade them and keep her secret.

RECENTLY: For the sake of Audrey's family, Martho tells the frantic woman that she will not bring her into the case unless she must do so to save her own life. But Perry's scheme, designed to bring Audrey into the open by offering free dental care for children—which she needs—may make all Audrey's precautions useless. Will Perry contact this woman before the verdict is rendered?

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Portia Blake
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M.

CAST: Portia Blake Manning, brilliant lawyer whose latest case is the defense of her husband, Walter, against the charge of murdering Joan Ward; Clint Morley, the district attorney whose bitter prosecution is almost a persecution of Walter; Sarah McCann, Morley's housekeeper; Steve Ward, the dead woman's husband, whose alibi depends on gambler Nick Evans.

BACKGROUND: As the case draws to its tragic climax Nick Evans appears and testifies that Steve Ward was not present at the card game which gave him his original

alibi. But nevertheless Walter is found guilty, sentenced to life imprisonment.

RECENTLY: Puzzled by the evidence against Ward, Portia cannot believe him guilty. Then an accident to Sarah, Morley's housekeeper, plus several other peculiar occurrences, transfer her suspicions to none other than Morley himself. Can the district attorney himself be the killer? In an audacious attempt to prove that he is, Portia sets a dangerous trap for him . . . dangerous not only to Morley but to herself, for the proof may cost her her life.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Dwight Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M.

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, whose divorced husband, Dwight Kramer, is awarded custody of their son Skippy; Miles Nelson, Carolyn's fiance, whose political career interfered with his conduct of Carolyn's case; Dr. Dick Campbell, an old suitor of Carolyn's; Annette Thorpe, head of a newspaper chain which is backing Miles in his campaign for the governorship.

BACKGROUND: In Carolyn's bitterness over the loss of Skippy's custody, she cannot refrain from blaming Miles for his desertion of a critical time, though she re-

alizes that his whole future might have suffered if he had not obeyed his party's call. Furthermore, she distrusts his new association with dynamic Annette Thorpe, whom she suspects of being interested in more than Miles's career.

RECENTLY: Moved by Carolyn's desperate plea, Dick Campbell agrees to allow her to bring Skippy secretly to his sanatorium in a neighboring state, thus removing him from the jurisdiction of the court. But, by her rashness, Carolyn may have sown the seeds of more trouble . . . and possibly tragedy.

ROAD OF LIFE



Dr. Jim Brent
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, whose wife Carol reappears after a year-long absence; Frank Dana, friend of Jim's, who suspects that "Carol" is not quite what she seems, though he does not know that she is Beth Lambert, an actress trained to impersonate Carol by a gang headed by Rockwell, who wants data about Jim's top-secret work at Wheelock Hospital; Maggie Lowell, in love with Jim, but gradually drawing closer to Frank. **BACKGROUND:** Beth's mission begins to suffer when she realizes she is falling in love with Jim. She attempts to deceive Rock-

well with falsified information, but he becomes suspicious enough to plant another agent as Maggie Lowell's literary adviser. Meanwhile, Frank Dana receives confirmation from his agent in Europe that "Carol's" story about her absence was a lie. **RECENTLY:** On the verge of confessing to Jim, Beth is forced to flee to New York to escape Rockwell. But suddenly Jim is injured during an experiment, and when Carolyn learns of this she rushes back to him, though she knows her action will mean exposure and ruin for her.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Agatha Anthony
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M.

CAST: Helen Trent, Hollywood gown designer, who, with the help of her fiance, attorney Gil Whitney, is fighting the accusation that she murdered producer Rex Carroll; Karl Dorn, strange associate of Carroll's, who is really guilty; Francine, maid of Cynthia Swanson, who hates Helen. **BACKGROUND:** Like all successful people, Helen has enemies—Cynthia Swanson among them—who are ready to believe in her guilt. But Gil Whitney's devotion is unswerving. He succeeds in scraping up enough evidence against Dorn and Francine to war-

rant their arrest, but Dorn, suspecting that Whitney is on his trail, escapes, forcing Francine to accompany him. **RECENTLY:** Dorn and Francine find shelter in the cabin of the hermit Jules, a friend of Dorn's. Francine, who was hypnotized by Dorn at the time of Carroll's murder, now realizes how deeply she is involved, and makes a frantic effort to turn Jules against Dorn. Another hope for Helen opens up as the doorman of Carroll's building, shot by Dorn when he fled out of town, begins to recover. Will his evidence help Helen?

ROSEMARY



Rosemary
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Rosemary, who leaves Springdale to be with her husband Bill Roberts when he gets an exciting new job in New York; Blondie, with whom Rosemary strikes up a friendship that Bill doesn't approve of; Mrs. Wilson, wife of Bill's boss; Mrs. Dawson, Rosemary's mother; Jessie, young daughter of Bill's first wife and gangster Lefty Higgins. **BACKGROUND:** In spite of the new job and the magnificent apartment they have been loaned, Rosemary isn't comfortable, as yet, in New York. Blondie appears to be

the plain, simple kind of person she was used to back in Springdale, and she cannot understand Bill's insistence that she see less of Blondie and more of Mrs. Wilson. **RECENTLY:** Mutual misunderstanding seems inevitable as Mrs. Wilson begins to feel that Rosemary is deliberately evading her invitations. Bill becomes slightly resentful when he cannot convince Rosemary that her discomfort in Mrs. Wilson's sophisticated circle looks to the other woman like coolness, and may have an unfortunate effect on Bill's position in the agency.

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Terry Burton
heard on
CBS 2:00 P.M.

CAST: Terry Burton, wife of Stan Burton, Dickston merchant; Brad, teen-age son of Stan's first marriage; Wendy, the baby; Mrs. Burton, Stan's mother, who makes herself very useful when the Burtons suddenly enter on a strange new kind of life. **BACKGROUND:** After their horrible experience with the psychopathic Helene Gruner, which ended with the destruction of their home and Helene's commitment to a mental hospital, the Burtons "baard out" while looking for a place to live. One day a government agent visits Stan, and reveals

that Stan's record with Army intelligence during the war has suggested him for an important overseas mission. Will Stan accept this possibly dangerous job? **RECENTLY:** Astonished, but determined to succeed, Stan is sworn in, and learns that he must keep his mission secret even from his wife. He and his family are to go abroad for an extended stay, presumably for business. Stan's double life begins as he finally puts his mother in charge of the store and manages, without arousing suspicion, to get his excited family on board ship.

STELLA DALLAS



Stella Dallas
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M.

CAST: Stella Dallas, self-sacrificing mother who refuses to interfere in her daughter Laurel's life until she suspects that Laurel's marriage to wealthy Dick Grasvenor may be in danger; Mrs. Grasvenor, Dick's mother, who is deluded by the adventurer Gordon Crale; Mercedes Crale and Ora Mount, Gordon's accomplices in his effort to obtain the Grasvenor fortune. **BACKGROUND:** Against Stella's repeated warnings, Mrs. Grasvenor goes ahead with her plans to marry Gordon Crale. Not even the objections of her own son, Dick,

who is convinced by Stella that there is something wrong with the Crales, are sufficient to move the foolish dowager. **RECENTLY:** Fate takes a hand, however, when Gordon Crale is murdered. But it may be a terribly tragic hand for Stella and all those she loves, for it is Laurel who is the chief suspect in the case. Mercedes and Ora, still living in the Grasvenor home, are in a good position to arrange things to their liking. Through their clever management, suspicious circumstances continue to entangle Laurel in a web of false evidence.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Charles Dobbs
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M.

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse in love with attorney Charles Dobbs; Suzanne Turrie, Nora's young friend; Tom Morley, embittered son of dead politician Big John Morley; George Stewart, Charles's wayward brother.

BACKGROUND: Tom's vengeance against Charles, whom he holds responsible for his father's death, begins when he sues George for forgery. Charles puts up bail for his brother, and is nearly bankrupted when George, for twisted reasons of his own, disappears. Then Tom begins to work on

Suzanne, making her his ally by proving that her love for Charles is hopeless—that Charles loves Nora.

RECENTLY: Suzanne falls deeply in love with Tom. Nora, suspecting that Tom is only using the girl for his own ends, persuades Charles to come with her to talk to Tom. They come upon him at a critical moment. George, suddenly trying to atone for the harm he has caused Charles, has come to Tom's hotel room to kill his brother's enemy! Though Charles saves Tom, the young man only turns more angrily against him.

WENDY WARREN



Nona Marsh
heard on
CBS 12:00 Noon

CAST: Wendy Warren, successful newspaperwoman; Don Smith, her new editor; Mark Douglas, whom Wendy expected to marry after his wife, Nona, divorced him.

BACKGROUND: After Nona's announcement that she is going to have a baby and wants to give her marriage with Mark another try, Wendy tries to withdraw from the Douglasses' lives—though Nona keeps calling on her for encouragement which Wendy, as a good friend, cannot refuse. **RECENTLY:** Don Smith's personality makes it easy—in fact, necessary—for Wendy to

concentrate on her work, for his critical attitude, which makes her angry at first, becomes stimulating when she knows him better. And it looks now as though she will know him very well indeed! Together, they uncover information that turns out very valuable to the U.S. Government, and with this bond between them they begin to see each other socially. One evening at a night club Don is embarrassed when the vocalist appears. She is a girl he jilted in Detroit. What will this do to Don's friendship with Wendy?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Harry Davis
heard on
NBC 5:00 P.M.

CAST: Joan Davis recently reunited with her husband Harry after his disappearance in New York; Angie Ward, to whom Harry became engaged during loss of memory; Anne Dunn, who brings Angie to Beechwood in the hope of ruining Joan's life.

BACKGROUND: Harry is driven to desperation when he meets Anne in Beechwood, for contrary to what he has allowed Joan to believe, he has not fully regained his memory, and recalls Angie and his life in New York. He is on the point of confessing to Joan when she suddenly collapses.

RECENTLY: Joyfully Harry learns that he is going to become a father again . . . there will be another baby to join Sammy and little Hope. He makes up his mind to undergo a delicate operation in a last attempt to regain his disordered memory. And after a breathless crisis, the operation is successful! The Davises are a family again. But Angie Ward, made frantic by the fear that Harry is forever lost to her comes out to their Beechwood farm with a gun. Fortunately, before she can enter, she is disarmed by her own son, Whitey.

YOUNG DR. MALONE



Dr. Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M.

CAST: Anne Malone, superintendent of the Dineen Clinic in Three Oaks, separated from Dr. Jerry Malone, director of a research institute in New York; Lucia Standish, who runs the institute—and Jerry; Sam Williams and his son Gene, both in love with Anne; Mrs. Malone, Jerry's mother.

BACKGROUND: At last Anne decides to go to New York, to try to come to an understanding with Jerry. They realize they are still in love, but when Anne takes it for granted they will return to Three Oaks Jerry is astonished. How can he give up

his exciting life in New York?

RECENTLY: Knowing that while Jerry remains in New York he will be under Lucia Standish's thumb, Anne returns hopelessly to Three Oaks without him, convinced that her marriage is over. Gene Williams, much younger than Anne, infuriates his father by telling Anne he loves her, and the two have another in their long series of quarrels. Meanwhile, Mother Malone bustles off to New York to see Jerry, but finds the situation more tangled than ever. For now Jerry has decided he is in love with Lucia.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Ellen Brown
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M.

CAST: Ellen Brown, who runs a tea shop in Simpsonville; Dr. Anthony Loring, whom she loves but cannot marry as yet because her children, Mark and Janey, object to him as a stepfather; Glen Halliday, rich and elderly, who has just returned to town with a flamboyant young wife, Mitzi; Bruce Weldon, who used to know Mitzi.

BACKGROUND: Ellen is startled, as is the rest of Simpsonville, at meeting Mitzi, who is a far different person from the first Mrs. Glen Halliday, who died a while ago. But for Mr. Halliday's sake she tries to become

friendly with his gay young bride.

RECENTLY: Bruce Weldon's love for Ellen makes her very uncomfortable, for she cannot hold out any encouragement to the young man while she is still so much in love with Anthony. Finally she tells Bruce this, and says they must stop seeing one another if they cannot meet merely as friends. Reckless and unhappy, Bruce begins looking for trouble, and finds it ready-made in the form of Mitzi. He sees a great deal of her, and doesn't seem to care that this may break up her marriage.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	String Quartet		Old Fashioned Re- vival Hour	The Garden Gate Memo From Lake Success
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Wormwood Forest Bach Aria Group Male Quartet	Happiness Hour Dixie Quartet	Sunday Morning Concert Hall Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Family Time	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Morning Serenade News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	Foreign Reporter Frank and Ernest Hour of Faith	Allan Jackson News Newsmakers Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Silver Strings Eternal Light	College Choirs Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Roundtable	Doubleday Quiz American Warblers	Dr. W. Ward Ayer National Vespers	Meaning of the News Elmo Roper Sammy Kaye's Sun- day Serenade
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	NBC Theater	Mutual Chamber Music Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Musical Notebook
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	One Man's Family The Quiz Kids	Treasury Variety Show Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood The Lutheran Hour	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Living 1950 American Forum of the Air	Hopalong Cassidy Martin Kane Private Eye	Voices That Live Milton Cross Opera Album	Sunday at the Chase
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Radio City Playhouse James Melton	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Casebook of Gregory Hood Greatest Story Ever Told	Music For You

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Henry Morgan	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Music With the Hormel Girls	Family Hour of Stars Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Mystery Show Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Adv. of the Falcon The Saint	Think Fast Amazing Mr. Malone	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Adventures of Sam Spade Theater Guild on the Air	A. L. Alexander Enchanted Hour	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen Red Skelton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	American Album	Opera Concert Rebuttal Sheilah Graham Twin Views of News	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Chance of a Lifetime	Corliss Archer Horace Heidt
10:00 10:30	Take It or Leave It Bob Crosby Show	Music Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler Jackie Robinson	Carnation Contented Hour



HOWARD K. SMITH—CBS European news chief whose World Affairs Report at 11:15 A.M., Sun., is widely acclaimed for its authenticity.



ARNOLD MOSS—who is heard daily as Ted White on CBS' Guiding Light (Mon.-Fri. at 1:45 P.M.) is also a college professor and a Phi Beta Kappa. His father, a silent movie pianist, used to wheel Arnold to the movie house and keep him beside him while he played. Arnold met his wife in Eva Le Gallienne's Repertory Company and his most recent theatrical venture was as Malvolio in "Twelfth Night."

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45 8:50	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlough Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix at Home	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	This Is Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garraway Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Home Towners	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gai Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Boston Symphony George Hicks Bradford & Romano	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Note- book	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies' Fair Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom 2:55 Walter Kiernan	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Pick a Date 3:55 Ted Malone	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Carter Family Tune Time Melody Promenade	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Bobby Benson Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From The Tropics H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Straight Arrow Peter Salem	Ethel and Albert Henry Taylor Buddy Weed Trio	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Cities Service Band of America	Murder By Experts Crime Fighters	Kate Smith's Music Room	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Mystery Show Dave Garraway	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Arthur Baeth News Phil Brestoff Orch. Music by Ralph Norman	My Friend Irma The Bob Hawk Show



FANNY BRICE—the ex-Ziegfeld Folies girl who is best-known for her portrayal of Baby Snooks (NBC, Tues., 8:30 P.M.), first created the character for radio in 1938. Fanny was born in Brooklyn just prior to the turn of the century and began her career by winning first prize in an amateur contest. She has been "playing characters" since childhood when she says, "I'd make up the darndest lies just to see how they affected people."

W E D N E S D A Y				
A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Local Programs
8:45			Pauline Frederick	
8:50				
9:00	Eddie Albert	Robert Hurlleigh	Breakfast Club	This is New York
9:15		Tell Your Neighbors		
9:30	Clevelandaires	Tennessee Jamboree		Missus Goes A Shoppin'
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Bing Crosby
10:15				Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Marriage For Two	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home		Victor Lindlahr	
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	Grand Slam
11:15	Dave Garraway	Bob Poole	Quick As a Flash	Rosemary
11:30	Jack Berch			
11:45	Lora Lawton	Doughboys		

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Local Programs
8:45			Pauline Frederick	
8:50				
9:00	Eddie Albert	Robert Hurlleigh	Breakfast Club	This is New York
9:15		Tell Your Neighbors		
9:30	Clevelandaires	Tennessee Jamboree		Missus Goes A Shoppin'
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Bing Crosby
10:15		Falth in Our Time		Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Marriage For Two	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home		Victor Lindlahr	
11:00	We Love And Learn	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	Grand Slam
11:15	Dave Garraway	Bob Poole	Quick As a Flash	Rosemary
11:30	Jack Berch			
11:45	Lora Lawton			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Hometowners	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster		Big Sister
1:15		Harvey Harding		Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks	Harold Turner		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Bradford & Romano	Misc. Programs		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Queen For a Day	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World		2:55 Walter Kiernan	The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere
3:15	Road of Life			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young			House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness		3:55 Ted Malone	3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Carter Family	Garry Moore
4:15	Stella Dallas		Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoedown Party	Melody Promenade	4:55 Hite and the News
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Bobby Benson	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Tom Mix	Jack Armstrong	
5:30	Just Plain Bill			
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Hometowners	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster		Big Sister
1:15		Harvey Harding		Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks	Harold Turner		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Bradford & Romano	Misc. Programs	Art Baker's Notebook	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Queen For a Day	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World		2:55 Walter Kiernan	The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Club Time	Nona From Nowhere
3:15	Road of Life		Pick a Date	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young			House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness		3:55 Ted Malone	3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Carter Family	Garry Moore
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoedown Party	Melody Promenade	4:55 Hite and the News
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	Sky King	Hits and Misses
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—
6:30	Sketches in Melody	Local Programs		Curt Massey
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Frank Sinatra	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Edwin C. Hill	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Echoes From the Tropics	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	I Love A Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	This is Your Life	Can You Top This?	Dr. I. Q.	Mr. Chameleon
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	International Airport	Adventures of Sherlock Holmes	Dr. Christian
8:45				
9:00	Break the Bank	Mr. Feathers	Dance Music	Groucho Marx
9:15				
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	Family Theater	Buzz Adlan's Playroom	Bing Crosby
10:00	The Big Story	Frank Edwards	Lawrence Welk	Burns and Allen
10:15		Mutual Newsreel	On Trial	Lum and Abner
10:30	Curtain Time	Dance Bands		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—
6:30	Sketches in Melody			Curt Massey
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Frank Sinatra	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Edwin C. Hill	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Echoes From the Tropics	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	I Love A Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Count of Monte Cristo	Carnegie Hall	Mystery Theatre
8:15				
8:30	Baby Snooks	Official Detective	Lee Fitzwell	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:55		Bill Henry		
9:00	Bob Hope Show	John Steele Adventure	America's Town Meeting of the Air	Life With Luigi
9:15			Erwin D. Canham	Escape
9:30	Fibber McGee and Molly	Mysterious Traveler	We Care Drama	
9:45				
10:00	Big Town	Frank Edwards	Arts Quartet	Pursuit
10:15		Mutual Newsreel		
10:30	People Are Funny	Dance Bands		



HARRY ELDERS—leading man of NBC's Curtain Time (Wed. 10:30 P.M.) might have become a doctor if illness hadn't forced him to leave California's Lewis Institute. On returning to his home town (Chicago), Harry became interested in Little Theater work and from there graduated to legitimate roles. In 1934, a radio offer transferred him from behind the footlights to before the mike, where he has been ever since.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		8:50 Pauline Frederick	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Hometowners	Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Bradford & Romano	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom 2:55 Walter Kiernan	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Club Time Pick a Date Hannibal Cobb 3:55 Ted Malone	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Carter Family Tune Time Melody Promenade	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Bobby Benson	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake Hite and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Boulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Fishing and Hunting Club	Blondie Date With Judy	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Guild Duffy's Tavern	Comedy Playhouse	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Chesterfield Supper Dragnet	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics Someone You Know	Hallmark Playhouse Skippy Hollywood Theatre



LORNA LYNN—plays Babby on CBS' Brighter Day (M-F, 2:45 P.M.). One of radio's busiest young ladies, Lorna has been on over 1000 radio shows (including Let's Pretend), has had a featured TV singing role and has appeared in twelve Broadway productions. She's also a top fashion model but has resisted all movie bids, preferring radio because it offers a variety of roles and doesn't interfere with her home life.

DON AMECHE—known to hundreds of movie-goers as the inventor of the telephone, is now entertaining a like number of radio listeners as Jimmy Durante's stooge (NBC, Fri., 9:30 P.M.). Don has been shuttling back and forth between radio and the movies for the past twenty years. Born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Don was the son of "the best saloon-keeper in Wisconsin"—no man ever left his father's place drunk.



F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		8:50 Pauline Frederick	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Hometowners	Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Bradford & Romano	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For a Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom 2:55 Walter Kiernan	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Pick a Date 3:55 Ted Malone	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Carter Family Tune Time Melody Promenade	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Bobby Benson Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Program	Local Program	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World The UN is My Beat H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Boulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy We The People	Russ Morgan Show Music	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	The Goldbergs My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Life of Riley Jimmy Durante	Army Air Force Show Meet the Press	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff	Joan Davis The Show Goes On— R. Q. Lewis
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Director's Playhouse Sports	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Fights	Young Love Capital Cloakroom

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Kelvin Keech	This Is New York
9:15	Coffee in Washington			Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00	Fred Waring Show		At Home With Music	Galen Drake
10:15	Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols Helen Hall	Jr. Junction	Joe Di Maggio Show
11:00	Lassie	Coast Guard on Parade	Joe Franklin's Recordshop	Let's Pretend
11:15	Stamp Club			
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Man on the Farm	Roger Dann	Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affair	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Archie Andrews	Campus Salute	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Joseph McCaffrey Jerry & Skye Symphonies For Youth	Concert of America Jazz Old, New, Borrowed & Blue	Stars Over Hollywood Give and Take
1:15				
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	Musicana		Metropolitan Opera	County Fair
2:15				
2:30	Edward Tomlinson Report From Europe	Dance Orchestra		Get More Out of Life
2:45				
3:00		Dance Orchestra	Metropolitan Opera	Reports From Over Seas Adventures in Science Cross Section U.S.A.
3:15	Local Programs			
3:30		Caribbean Crossroads		
4:00	Your Health Today	Dunn on Discs	Metropolitan Opera	Straight Facts For Veterans Treasury Bandstand
4:15				
4:30				
4:45	Contrasts Musical			
5:00			Tea and Crumpets	
5:30	Report on America Hollywood Closeups	Radio Harris Hollywood Quiz		Local Programs Stan Dougherty Presents
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Albert Warner News	News From Washington
6:15	Religion In the News		Bible Message	CBS Views the Press
6:30	NBC Symphony Orchestra	Mel Allen	Harry Wismer	Red Barber's Club House
6:45		Preston Sellers	Harmonaires	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Rex Koury	Young Love
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Richard Diamond Private Detective	Comedy of Errors	Chandu the Magician	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45		7:55 John B. Kennedy		
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Superman	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Sophisticated Rhythms	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Meet Your Match	Dick Jergens Orch.	Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova	Guy Lombardo	Hollywood Byline	Broadway's My Beat
9:45				
10:00	A Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Voices That Live	Sing It Again
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Dance Music	



**BILL
HENRY**

Having personal news contacts throughout the world is one of the reasons for the outstanding coverage pattern on Bill Henry's five-minute week-day broadcasts (Mutual, 8:55 to 9 P.M. EST). For example, recently the International Olympics Committee voted to hold the 1956 summer Olympics in Melbourne, Australia, thereby setting off a hue and cry about the changed climatic conditions and their effects on the athletes. Bill Henry picked up the phone in his office at MBS in Washington and via transatlantic phone contacted his old friend, Frank Beaurepaire, in Rome. Beaurepaire, a former Lord Mayor of Melbourne, gave Bill the headline story that the summer Olympics in Australia would be held in September or October to "offset changes in climatic conditions for athletes."

Bill Henry is a fellow who's really been around—around the world, that is. Yet, despite all the war, peace, and war again that he's seen, despite all the tragedies, this veteran of forty years of reporting—twenty-five of them on radio as well as for the columns of his paper—is always ready with the famous Henry smile, a smile that has won him hundreds of friends and radio fans.

This straightforward cheerfulness of his can be attributed to his family background, his wide experience in reporting major sports events and in covering all the news of headline proportions.

He started his meanderings in grade school. First he went to Chicago, then Yonkers. Later, he studied in Switzerland and in England. The high schools he attended were in New Jersey, Ohio and California. His globe-hopping was continued through college, starting at Occidental College in Los Angeles and winding up at the University of Sydney in Australia.

All through these globe-trotting school days, Bill Henry was an active participant in football, swimming, track, basketball and baseball. That his interest in athletics continues today is evidenced in the verve and spirit with which he is able to cover such major sports meetings as the Olympics, although these days he is usually found reporting world events of a more serious nature.

Globe-trotter Henry first broadcast from KHJ, Los Angeles, in 1923, when most listeners were still using crystal sets. In the 1930's he broadcast coast-to-coast descriptions of sporting events. He even spoke to his audiences from England, Finland, Portugal, Hawaii and Australia.

Naturally, Henry has collected a huge store of anecdotes, rich with humor, pathos and drama. Typical of his every-ready sense of humor is this story of an experience in 1939 in Arras, France, shortly after the outbreak of World War II.

"We were casting about for something to make a story," he recalled, "when a British officer showed us a new armored car which would travel 45 m.p.h. The correspondents howled when he killed their stories—but he said it was Army policy to release no figures. On a hunch I told the gang to rewrite their stories, writing out 'forty-five miles per hour' instead of using the numerals. The stories passed the censor without a murmur."

MIRIAM WOLFE—although you'd never suspect it, is one of the most wicked women on the air! Sometimes she's a witch or a cruel stepmother or even a dragon. However, Miriam isn't all bad. Occasionally, she's a fairy godmother or a kind stepmother and she also plays fairy tale animals. Miriam is one of several young people who have been appearing on Let's Pretend (CBS, Sat., 11:05 A.M.) ever since they were *that* high.



FAMILY
COUNSELOR

200
ROOM
HOUSEKEEPER



Wanda Edwards, America's youngest hotel executive and Miss American Hotels of 1949, told Terry, "Housekeeping is a glamorous profession."

Housekeeping is a glamorous profession." That's what twenty-four-year-old Wanda Edwards, America's youngest hotel executive, had to say when she visited the Burtons recently.

Wanda was selected Miss American Hotels of 1949 following a country-wide contest conducted by the 500,000 hotel employees in the nation's 6,000 leading hotels. She was chosen on the basis of courtesy, service and personality as well as for beauty.

When I asked Wanda how she happened to become a housekeeper rather than something more glamorous, she replied, "I tried my hand at acting and did some modeling, but you become dated so fast. Housekeeping is glamorous in itself and is actually a fascinating business. So many women look upon it as a drudgery. But they're wrong. For like anything else, it's a challenge—to the housewife with one room just as well as a hotel of 200 rooms."

Wanda told us that she's responsible for keeping the Bannock Hotel in Pocatello, Idaho, in top-running order, and each year she "keeps house" for over 50,000 guests. I know the trouble I have taking care of seven rooms, and I asked Wanda how she manages taking care of 200.

"It's a chore I'll admit," she said. "But there's one rule that I follow which is a rule that will help housewives ease their duties. That's to set up a strict schedule."

"Just what kind of schedule," I inquired.

"A schedule that includes everything," was Wanda's

reply. "You know most men when they hear the word 'housekeeping' think only of the obvious things like bed-making, vacuuming and so on. Women often have that idea too. But like the rest of life, it's the small things that count and it's taking care of these small things that makes for a better household."

Wanda told us that every Monday, all mirrors and tiles are cleaned. Tuesdays, closets, mop boards, medicine closets and light fixtures are gone over. Wednesdays, shower curtains are changed, and the woodwork is done, and so on for the rest of the week. "Every maid in the hotel carries a schedule with her and once they get used to the system, they're surprised how well it works," Wanda added.

In addition to Wanda's other duties at the hotel, she supervises all interior decorating. She mentioned that room by room she's re-decorating the hotel in a completely modernistic style—using bright colors, such as chartreuse, brick red and canary yellow predominantly. I was interested to learn that from her experiments, she's found that vivid colors are more restful than quiet ones.

Wanda concluded by saying, "Once a guest sleeps in one of the more modern rooms, on his next visit he will always request the same type of room. And many women write me at the hotel to say they have tried several similar color schemes in their own homes and that the reaction has been grand."

By TERRY BURTON

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, which is heard on CBS Monday through Friday from 2 to 2:15 P.M. EST. The sponsor is General Foods.

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you, when you know you *look* lovely. But—it can also plunge you into self-reproach, when you feel you haven't looked your best. This is the reason you should never belittle the daily attentions that can add so to your *outer* loveliness—your *inner* contentment.

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Clip this easy treatment, tuck it up in your mirror—so you'll never forget to do it! Then—*always* at bedtime (day-

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Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face to soften, sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another Pond's Creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment actually works on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Captivating Nancy du Pont says, "It's fun to do this Pond's treatment, and your skin looks wonderful after it."

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you feel your face is saying lovely things about you, you have a happy confidence in yourself. The *Inner You* is brought closer to others.



Nancy du Pont

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Beauty and sheer joy in living sparkle in Nancy du Pont's bewitching face—leave all who see her warm around the heart. For her face gives out the eager interest in everything and everyone, the fun-loving friendliness, that are so expressive of her *Inner Self*.



Miss Nancy du Pont—one of her great beauties is her complexion. She keeps it looking soft and velvety with Pond's Cold Cream. "It is the most wonderful cream I know," she says.

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He's Got to Be Happy!

(Continued from page 41)

make on da way up are da ones you have on da way down." They say Jimmy got that way from his parents. They say he got that way just because he's a darn sweet guy. What Jimmy, himself, says is: "The most important thing is to feel contentment in yourself—like when you do some good."

Almost any tale of hardship will move him to generosity. But he's especially soft-hearted when it comes to the people he knew on his way up. A few years ago when Jimmy was playing in a Broadway show, his cousin, Frank Sposi, visited him at the theater and saw a fair-sized crowd of men and women standing about the stage door. Frank asked the door man what was going on.

"Oh, they're all waiting to get an answer from Jimmy," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"It can't be possible that Jimmy's going to stake that whole crowd," Frank thought to himself. But Jimmy set him straight.

"Dey wuz all friends of mine when I wuz an ordinary piano player," he declared, "and now I'm hittin' da sky. Well, I'm only too glad to see them and help them—each and every one."

Jimmy's big-brother feeling toward the old-timers he knew way back is well known around Broadway, and there are some who say that he lets himself be imposed on. They don't understand that he doesn't care about being imposed on as long as he's really helping out.

Many old pals will look up Jimmy when he appears at the Copacabana, the New York night club where he made his sensational comeback in 1942. Nick Antrotti, the Copa's manager, was with Jimmy in his dressing room once, when a man came in, reminded Jimmy of his name, and asked for a loan. Jimmy talked with him for a while and then pressed two hundred dollars into his hands.

"Will dat help ya out?" he asked.

When the man left, Antrotti asked Jimmy: "Was he a good friend of yours?"

Jimmy shook his head sadly. "Gee, dat guy must be plenty hard up to do a thing like dat. You know da name he gave me? Da man's been dead a few years already."

But generous as Jimmy is with everyone he meets, he will do anything in the world for the people who are close to him. One of his friends now testifies to that dramatically. "That's not God up in heaven," he says. "It's Jimmy Durante."

He and Jimmy reached the dizzy heights of success in the '20's when they scored triumph after triumph as a comedy team. But when Jimmy was about to take off for Hollywood, his partner decided to break away and Jimmy went to the West Coast without him.

With Jimmy gone, he found another partner and set out to duplicate his first success. But it didn't go. The team failed and he had to look for engagements on his own. It wasn't easy. Added to his business trouble, his marriage had broken up, and all in all he was having a bad time of it.

Jimmy knew very little about what was happening to his old friend. It wasn't until several years had passed that he came to New York and heard

some news from a reporter who had come to interview him at the Astor.

"I saw your old partner a few days ago out in Akron, Ohio," the reporter mentioned casually. "He's doing some kind of singing waiter routine at a cabaret there."

Jimmy couldn't sleep that night. Early the next morning he was on the train for Akron, a twelve-hour ride away. When he walked into the cabaret, his friend stood at the mike, performing. When he saw Jimmy come in, he stopped in the middle.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I'm awfully sorry but I have a lump in my throat, and I can't go any further. I've just seen my old partner come in, Jimmy Durante."

Jimmy walked up to him and the two put their arms about each other.

"Let's show 'em something," Jimmy whispered.

Just like old times, they did a turn together then in that obscure, little cabaret. Afterwards, Jimmy made a proposition.

"Quit your job and come back with me," he asked. "Whatever money you make here, I can give you and a little more. I don't want you to work in this kind of place."

That was a few years ago, and they have been working together ever since.

Actually, Jimmy doesn't spend much time figuring out the whys and wherefores of being generous. Doing good isn't a carefully worked-out philosophy with him. It's a way of life. He likes people, he's concerned about them, he worries about them. He wants to lighten their troubles. As it turns out, accomplishing that also makes his own life satisfying.

He will go out of his way for others in a way they never forget. There is the advertising agency receptionist, for instance, who still talks about the evening that Jimmy made her the guest of honor at the Copacabana where he was performing. It was during the war, and Sally's husband had been overseas for some time.

Jimmy's radio show was handled by the agency where Sally worked, and he came in often for rehearsals. As he passed through the reception room, Jimmy would always stop to talk for a few minutes and crack some jokes. One day, when he stopped by as usual, Sally was feeling very blue.

"Where'd you pick up all dat gloom?" he demanded.

Sally told him. She missed her husband, she was lonely, and there didn't seem too much to smile about any more.

"I'll tell ya what," Durante told her. "Why don't you get hold of a girl friend and come be my guests at the Copa tonight. You can take in the supper show, so you'll get home early."

"That evening," Sally says, "is one of my most pleasant memories."

When she arrived at the night club with her friend, Jimmy was out in front waiting for them with flowers. He conducted them to a choice table, and had them order the best in the house. He played his whole show to them, throwing the spotlight on their table. And, afterwards, he brought over the other members of his act, sat down with the girls, and kept them convulsed with laughter.

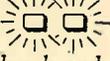
"When we left," Sally recalls, "Jimmy

(Continued on page 80)

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went right out to the door with us, called a cab and paid the driver. It was all wonderful—just plain kindness, but you don't find it like that often."

The one thing that will bother Jimmy is the feeling that he's hurt a person or passed by someone who needed him.

A few months ago, Jimmy was driving back along the highway to Los Angeles, trying to make time so that he'd get in for his rehearsal. He saw a young fellow in a soldier's uniform step forward and put his thumb out for a ride. But Durante's car was going too fast. He couldn't stop.

For weeks, Jimmy remembered. "Why did I have to go so fast?" he would say. "I could'a pick dat kid up."

When Jimmy was in New York recently—a trip he made for a benefit performance—he stopped in at an Italian restaurant to have a quick dinner. He was, of course, with a group of friends—Jimmy always has people with him. As soon as he came in, the proprietor recognized the famous Schnozzola and rushed over, bringing his chef with him. The chef insisted that Jimmy come back into the kitchen and inspect his handiwork.

"Now tell me what you want to eat," he said. "I'd like to make something special for you."

Jimmy knew he had only a few minutes to spare for dinner, but he saw that the chef would be disappointed if he didn't accept. He asked for a chicken dish. The chef worked with great pains. But, unfortunately, time was pressing, and Jimmy could only take a mouthful before he had to leave.

As he dashed over to the radio station where he was to perform on an Army broadcast, Jimmy kept saying: "Gee, I wish I could'a stayed. I hope the chef ain't mad."

He wants to make people happy. Ever since he skyrocketed into the big-time when his Club Durante opened in 1923, Jimmy has been able to do this in different ways. For his own reward, he hopes for just one thing. He hopes that those he helps will be grateful to him.

"Thanks a million," says Jimmy, "when someone says that to you and you know he means it . . . it's better than money."

But suppose you don't get any gratitude for your pains? Many people will turn bitter and regret their generosity when it isn't appreciated. Jimmy says: "It don't make no difference. I'm gettin' paid back all I want. I'm gettin' paid back in God's respect."

He wants to make people happy, and that's the best part of his success as a performer. It makes him feel he's doing that. Maybe he's doing even more. Durante not only makes people laugh, he makes them love him. The way one writer put it: "He makes you proud to be a member of the human race."

Jimmy has always been very conscious of his responsibility to those who hear him. This mild, warm-hearted man is one of the toughest enemies of offensive humor in the business. When he started out in the twenties, everyone told Jimmy he was crazy not to use suggestive material. "You'll never get to first-base unless you do," they said. But, as Jimmy puts it: "I feel awful bad inside if I'm afraid that somethin' I'm saying is gonna hurt anyone."

The closest Jimmy comes to telling an off-color gag is the old chestnut about the guy whose girl went off to Atlantic City for a vacation. In a few days, this fellow receives a postcard from his girl: "Having a great time.

Room with running water."

Whereupon the young swain sends her a stern message. "Glad you're enjoying yourself," he writes. "But get that Indian out of the room."

Jimmy made his way up using humor that the whole family could take in together, and it's worked for him instead of against him. The customers not only came back, they brought their children with them when they did. It's still true that for all Jimmy's devoted audience among the grown-ups, he always has a fanatic following among the young fry—and their parents like nothing better.

Recently, Jimmy's writers cooked up an idea for a new running gag on his radio show. One of the performers was to come on and speak a few lines with an intonation that gave them a double meaning. Jimmy turned thumbs down. "We got kids listenin' in," he said, and that was that.

One of Jimmy's most deeply-rooted sentiments is the conviction that most of his fellow-men are good-hearted and well-meaning. For all his affection and warmth toward others, however, he's very quick to tell you that there are people he doesn't like.

"The overbearin' ones, the ones that put on airs . . ." he shakes his head with distaste. Then he grins out of the corner of his mouth as though he's just thought of a joke. "It ain't that I don't like 'em," he adds. "They don't do nothin' to me. I just averds 'em."

He can't understand self-centered, small-hearted people. Can't understand them, but feels sorry for them. How anyone can think and feel no further than their personal success and ambitions puzzles him. Whether he's on the East or West Coast, Jimmy makes a weekly trip to the cemetery to place flowers on the graves of his mother and father or his wife. Often he will stop to point at the array of tombstones, while he shakes his head with an almost-pitying gesture.

"Look," he'll say to the friend with him, "everybody reads the same. There ain't no difference. Some of da big heads ought to take a look. They're all gonna wind up here like everyone else."

Since his wife passed away in 1943, Jimmy has been without any immediate family—a sad irony for a man so blessed with the capability and need for close ties. Jimmy was an exceptionally devoted son while his parents were alive. And all of show business knows how he went into semi-retirement during his wife's last years of illness, cancelling engagements and turning down jobs in order to be at her side. Unfortunately they had no children. Sometimes, though, Jimmy likes to talk about what he'd want for children of his, how he would bring them up.

"Da most important thing," he says, "is for a kid to have a personality dat makes people like him. Ya got people to care about and to care about you—and you'll always be okay."

Jimmy has definite ideas, too, about the kind of career a youngster should take up.

"I'd want a kid of mine to work at somethin' he really loved. Success don't mean a thing, without dat. Take me," Jimmy will go on, "when I started out everyone considered a piano player was a bum. So suppose I gave it up on account of dat? I'd a been miserable all my life."

If somebody starts bewailing the loose ways of today's young people, Jimmy will lose his patience.

"Listen," he'll say interrupting them. "You know what I'll tell you about

these kids? We're lucky we come up with 'em—even in the conversation."

Although he has no immediate family left, Jimmy is hardly alone. No man could have a greater number or a closer group of friends. Many of them—like Lou Clayton, Eddie Jackson and Jack Roth—have been like brothers to him since the beginning of his career. Wherever he is, you'll never see Jimmy without friends around him. Once when he did happen to go into a famous Hollywood restaurant all by himself, the headwaiter couldn't believe his eyes.

"Either something is wrong," he exclaimed, "or you are not Jimmy Durante."

Besides Jimmy's close friendships, he is in daily touch with his uncles and with his nephews, two of whom live near him in California with their families. One nephew, who lives in a New York suburb, has a little girl of four. When Jimmy came East last Spring, the circus was in town, and he found out that Rosemary with all the single-mindedness of a four-year-old wanted nothing in the world except to see it.

"Don't worry," Jimmy assured her parents. "I'll get tickets for Rosemary and her friends."

It turned out, however, not to be that simple. Circus tickets apparently were impossible to get. Jimmy was to be in town for only four days and his schedule was jammed tight with appointments during that time. But he made up his mind to get the tickets. Hour after hour, while his staff went wild trying to get him to his engagements, Jimmy sat at the phone calling up everyone he knew who could help him.

"Jimmy," one friend argued, "so suppose the kid doesn't get to the circus? She's young. She'll go next year."

Jimmy looked at him with the stubbornness of twenty mules.

"The kid'll be heartbroken if she don't go. I promised her."

Then he added with a tone of finality: "Heck, what good am I, if I can't give my own nephew's child a little thing dat's gonna make her happy?"

Rosemary and her friends had a wonderful time seeing the wonders of the three-ringer. But the one who got the biggest kick was her great-uncle Jimmy who couldn't even get to go.

What gives him the biggest kick of all, though, is when he sees other people giving of themselves with the same generosity. That's one reason he is still talking about the Easter radio program which he appeared on last Spring. Jimmy is a deeply religious man.

"I was brought up dat way," he says. "I come from God-fearin' people."

When Jimmy was asked to donate his talent to the hour of prayer, he was delighted. His name would be mentioned only once, together with the other performers at the beginning, and that was perfectly fine with him. Then came time for the program to be rehearsed and Jimmy's eyes opened. Some of the biggest stars in the movies and the theater were appearing also—all of them with no build-up, no publicity.

"I'm tellin' ya," Jimmy says, "it's nice when you see somethin' like that. Unless you'da recognized the voices, you'd never know who they were. It makes ya feel good to see people do a wonderful thing like that."

Jimmy has been doing wonderful things like that all his life. Too few people are as lucky as he. Jimmy is one of the most gifted performers of our day, but his greatest gift could be anyone's—he has always known how to be happy.

What I Want in a Husband

(Continued from page 30)

In the second place, I want to marry a man a few years older than I am because I want him to be the boss in our house.

That doesn't mean that I haven't a will of my own. I have. A good strong one. You don't make a career for yourself as a singer without knowing what you want and fighting a certain amount of battles to get it. I have had to make independent decisions for myself since I was in my teens. When I was fourteen, I won an amateur contest and that gave me my own radio program on a Memphis station. That showed me what I wanted to do, and for the next two years I paid for my own singing lessons by singing on a station in Quincy, Illinois, and for my keep by living with my great-aunt who was very old and needed companionship. Before I was seventeen, I had my own radio show in Shreveport. My family is strict Methodist, so they were right there to watch and protect me, but I have been boss in my own career long enough to learn a very important lesson about show business—one that is just as important in marriage. It is that you never have a good show when you have two people trying to direct it, any more than you can keep a ship on a straight course if you have two captains giving orders. So I really mean it when I say I want to marry the kind of a man who will be boss in our own home.

It won't be any hardship on me to let my husband make the decisions because the kind of a marriage I want is life shared by two people who understand each other so well that their ideas about all important things are the same. As for the unimportant things—they are not worth quarreling about. I just don't understand a wife who has to have her own way all the time. What satisfaction does she get? Suppose she wants to paint the living room blue and he wants it green? Suppose she wants to go to the movies and he wants to stay home? What happiness can she get winning her point if she knows it makes him miserable? Even though I have a career, I still have the good, old-fashioned idea that homework is a woman's biggest job—and that means working to make a home serene, pleasant and fun.

People are always saying, "Will you give up your career when you marry?" Of course I won't, because I will marry the kind of man who will respect what I have accomplished, and be proud of it. He will also understand it, just as I will understand his, because I am very sure that I couldn't fall in love with anyone who isn't in show business.

People in show business are just like people in any other business. But the demands on them are different, and it is very hard for an outsider to understand.

For instance, no one realizes that being a singer is a full-time job and that I put in just as many hours a week as anyone else earning a living. I am forever hearing "What a wonderful job—just singing a couple of songs and then you're through for the day." That couldn't be farther from the truth.

I am up every morning at 7:30 because I am due at the studio for rehearsal at 9:15. I am lucky, at that. I get the latest rehearsal call because I'm the girl on the show. The musi-

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cians, the Chordettes, the Mariners, and Bill Lawrence are all there before me. We work until show time. Then we are on the air every weekday morning from 10:15 to 11:30. Then the work really begins. First there is a session with Arthur Godfrey and our producer, Bill Roland, to block out the next day's show. Lunch is usually just a fast sandwich. On Tuesdays, we see from twenty to forty song publishers. We give our reports on the songs they left the week before, and try out their new ones with our conductor, Archie Blyer.

On Wednesday, we rehearse straight through after the morning show until we go on the air with the television show at eight. All of us make recordings, and I have to spend at least two afternoons a week looking for clothes that will be good on television. That takes a lot of time because they have to be telegenic as well as becoming, and they can't look too much alike.

And every time I think, "I feel like going out and having a little fun tonight," do you know what I have to do? Go home and pin up my hair. It is naturally curly and looks too set if it is done in a beauty shop. Besides, I haven't time to sit under a dryer during the day, so I have to wash it myself at home about every five days to keep it looking right.

That kind of a routine would drive a business man crazy. Only a man in show business would like it. But he would understand my job, just as I would understand his, and instead of keeping us apart our careers would give us just that much more in common.

Having certain things in common is essential. You are off to a flying start if you come from much the same backgrounds, with the same manners and ideals. So my ideal man will have grown up in a big family. I am the oldest of eight. They call me "little mother" at home, and they do now on the show because I am always fussing over everybody in the cast. Growing up in a big family gives you a fine workout in the give-and-take of life.

The question of money is a terribly important one—not to me, personally, but to my marriage. I have never lived extravagantly. I think it is absurd to spend all you make on a penthouse apartment and the kind of living that goes with it. What do you prove, anyway, except that you don't know how to manage money, if you spend all you have on flash? And when I was trying to get on the big time I sang in a cocktail bar for four dollars a night, and made it pay all of my expenses, too. But, because I have lived on very little and also on quite a good deal, I know how very important money is.

For that reason, if I should happen to marry a man who makes less than I do, I would insist on one thing. I would insist on living within his means, no matter what they are. I would expect him to be reasonable about letting me pay for my own clothes, because they are a heavy professional expense. But I will see that our rent and our food are geared to his income. You take away a man's pride if you make him feel that he can't do anything for you, and pretty soon he begins to feel like a boarder instead of the boss of his home.

Money is one thing I think should be talked out with complete frankness. Whether he makes half what I do, or twice as much, we'll set up a schedule and we'll live on what he can afford. I'm not so sure that I will talk everything over with that same frankness. In marriage, one of the most difficult

things is to be completely frank—and one of the most dangerous.

On the show, we are told if we do a good job, but if we are bad, we are told that, too. We take it in a business-like fashion. Nobody is one hundred percent everyday. We all know that, and feelings aren't hurt. You take criticism in business in the way it is meant—for your own good. But curiously enough, it is harder to take that same kind of thing in marriage.

I don't mean I am going to be dishonest and keep things I think a secret from my husband. I mean I am going to be very sure I am right before I try to change him—and then I'm going to think twice. After all—I could be wrong—the reason they started putting erasers on pencils is me.

I have noticed that nearly everybody wants to change some little thing at the beginning of a marriage. Maybe the husband is always late. Maybe the wife is untidy. They may be crazy in love, but they still start trying to remake each other, and that is the time to go slowly. If you are really in love, your imagination is going to tell you those things in time, and it's better not to put them into words. The kind of love I want makes you diplomatic.

The kind of marriage I'm talking about is a complete merging of two personalities, but with each one maintaining individuality—if you change each other too much, you lose that individuality, and you fall out of love. Let the guy throw the newspapers all over the place if he wants to. What do I care, so long as he thinks of it as "our" home instead of a place where things have to be done my way?

One of the most overworked words in marriage is the pronoun "I," and it is a dead giveaway that something is wrong with a marriage when you hear it. I know a husband who is always talking about "my" car and "my" apartment, and I know a wife who talks about "my" children. I feel sorry for them—they don't know what love is.

In the kind of marriage I want, "our" is going to be the word, because the kind of a man who says "our" is the kind you can tie to for life. It means he will be thinking not for himself alone, and not for me alone, but for what will be the best for the two of us. My career won't bother that kind of a man. He will be proud of it, because he will know that he is the boss at home—that he is the star under his own roof.

Actually, I never did want to be a big star though I've had that, too. I was starred in my own CBS network series before I joined the Arthur Godfrey show in 1946. It was nice to know that I could do it, but I have much more fun now. As a matter of fact, I have exactly what I want. . . . I'm a little star on somebody's else big show. That's what I want from marriage. I want to have second billing in the best co-starring job of all—marriage.

Now you know why it was a cinch for me to put meaning and emotion into "I want to do homework."

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What I Want in a Wife

(Continued from page 28)

to be something they aren't. I hate a girl who thinks she has to prove she's sophisticated by using all of the words you can hear in smokers.

I met the first girl I thought a great deal of when I was in high school in East St. Louis. She was just as crazy about music as I was. We used to listen to records by the hour, and when we weren't listening we talked about music. She used to buy records just for the way somebody played a couple of bars. She would put it on, and I would say, "I don't think so much of that," and she would say "Wait—you'll pick out the part I like," and then the one terrific way somebody did just one little thing would come out, and we would both start talking at once about how great it was. She didn't want a musical career of her own. She just loved music for itself, and I always felt at home and sure I was understood around her.

There is one thing a girl really has to have to be perfect to my way of thinking. She has to have an understanding of music and be just as fascinated by it as I am. Otherwise we would bore each other stiff, because I am not particularly fond of reading, and I really dislike hanging around clubs night after night. I love to sing in clubs. I like working directly in front of people, and I like doing the kind of songs that people in love like to hear. But I don't like to sit around in clubs all evening long, just for the sake of being out. I don't go to a night club, except to work, more than once every couple of months. Then I like to take a girl with me who really appreciates singing and see her enjoy a wonderful performer.

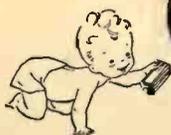
The second girl who was important in my life I met when I went to California. I was working as an usher at the Marcal Theatre to keep myself going while I was trying to break into radio. I didn't have much money, but she didn't care about that. Companionship has nothing to do with how much you spend. We had good times when I had enough to take her dancing, but she knew how to have fun just going to the beach, too. She was the same type as the first girl—both wonderful companions and friends, and both understanding about my childish tantrums.

I used to blow off at both of them when things weren't going right. I don't blow off so much any more, but I still get into ridiculous moods. They are unreasonable and childish, especially as they make me explode at the people I love the most. That is a silly thing. I've thought about it a lot, and have decided that maybe I explode at the people I love and trust because I know that they will forgive me and that before I go too far they will explode back—but not so angrily that it will spoil our friendship.

I exploded a few times at both girls, and I got told off, too, on occasion, but mostly they put up with me because they knew I wasn't mad at them—that I was just using them as a backstop when something went wrong.

That happened too many times when I was trying to break into show business—people saying "Sure, I'll do this or that. It's all set!" when they had no intention of following through. Now one of my faults is that I don't believe anything anybody says any more. Except Arthur Godfrey. I would believe anything he would tell me. He is an

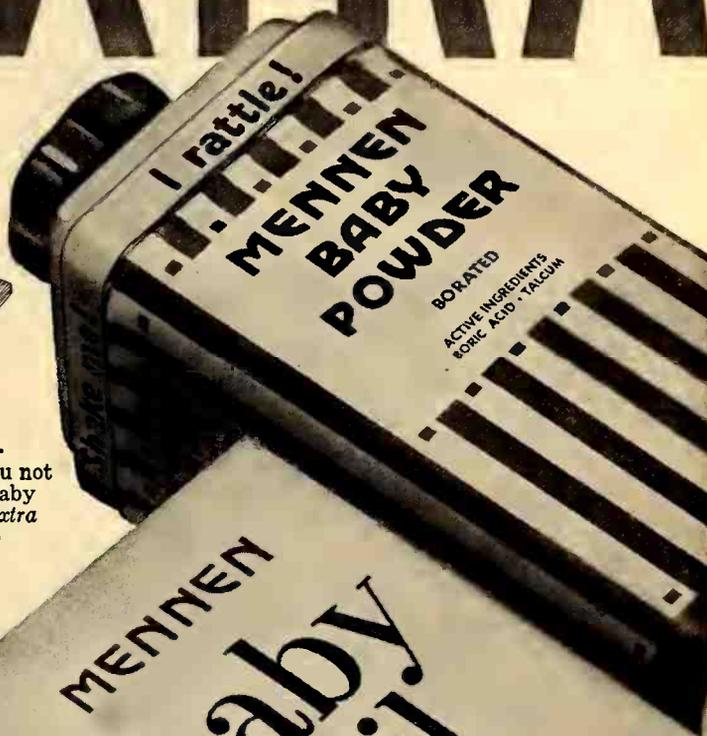
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absolute straight-shooter. He is the kind of a person you could take any problem to. No matter what it was, he wouldn't laugh. He would think it over, and get the right answer for you.

When I first went on the show, I thought I knew just what songs were best for me. Arthur and Janette and our conductor, Archie Blyer, could all jump on me with arguments about why a song was wrong for me, and I wouldn't listen. I would have none of it. I would really fight. Sometimes they would let me have my own way. Then I would find out that their advice was right and that all they were trying to do was to help me.

What was confusing was that once in a long while, I would be right like the time I wanted to do one special song. I argued for it and everybody said, "No. It won't go. It's the wrong time to program it, Bill." I kept right on saying "I'm sure it will go," until they all heaved a sigh and said, "Okay. Try it, you square-head, and be sorry."

So I did, and the song turned out to be a real hot hit. Don't think I didn't enjoy rubbing that in. But that was just once, and since that I've picked a lot of lemons. So I have begun to listen to people I know are really experienced, and that is a big step ahead.

I respect knowledge of show business, but I think I will have a better chance at a good life with a girl who has never been interested in a career for herself. I have known some wonderful girls who have careers. They have discipline and a lot of sense, and they are wise and fair and generous, but it stands to reason that a girl who makes a success in show business has a lot of personal ambition and aggressiveness. Some of them do marry and settle down happily, but nearly always they keep a lot of that bread-winning mood and drive.

As I said before, looks really don't matter to me. However, I am pretty sure that the girl for me will be my own age rather than any younger. Ever since I was a little kid I have enjoyed people older than I am, and all of my friends are older. I also will be happy if she can cook. My mother is a sensational cook. She came on from East St. Louis a few months ago to live with me and keep me supplied with pies. They are terrific. They have crusts that melt in your mouth, and it is wonderful to get back at night to home-made soup, steak cooked just the way I like it, three fresh vegetables and a blueberry or chocolate chiffon or apple pie with whipped cream. You can have your restaurants. I like home cooking. I also like the mood that goes with a real home. I love to ask Janette or some of the fellows from work to come home to dinner because I know that my mother will make them welcome without a lot of flurry. That's my idea of home—a place always open to friends.

My idea of love is what my brother has. He is going to be married. He was back here for a visit recently, and all he did was to sit around and talk about his girl or write letters to her. He did not want to go out because she wasn't here to go with him. That's the way I want to feel about a girl, and it is worth waiting for.

The other day someone asked me what my favorite song is. Without thinking twice, I said, "Where are you, now that I need you?" Maybe that means I'm thinking about marriage more than I realize, but I still feel sorry for the girl who is rash enough to put up with me. I give her fair warning—she is going to get a lemon.

Simply Fancy

(Continued from page 53)

BAKED FISH PIQUANT

Makes 6 servings.

Wash well under cold water:

3 small mackerel

Wipe dry with a clean cloth or paper toweling. Cut along the stomach of each fish almost as far as the backbone. Insert thin slices of onion inside the fish. Place in a baking dish.

Combine:

1 cup white wine

1 clove garlic finely chopped

½ cup lemon juice

½ cup oil

Pour over fish. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 25 minutes. Baste occasionally. Serve with remaining sauce.

BEETS A L'ORANGE

Makes 6 servings.

Combine:

¾ teaspoon orange rind

¼ cups orange juice

1½ tablespoons sugar

1 teaspoon salt

Place in a greased casserole:

3 cups home-cooked or canned beets, sliced

Add sauce and dot with butter. Cover

and bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

COMPANY CASSEROLE

Makes 8 servings.

Cook in boiling salted water until tender:

1 (6 oz.) package egg noodles

Drain. Melt in skillet over low heat:

1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Add:

1 green pepper, chopped. Cook slowly until soft.

Add:

1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup

½ cup milk

¼ lb. American cheese, grated

1 (7 oz.) can tuna fish

Stir until cheese melts. Then add:

2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped

Remove from heat and combine with cooked noodles. Place in a 1½ quart greased casserole.

Mix:

2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

½ cup bread crumbs

Stir well until the crumbs are moistened. Sprinkle carefully over the top of casserole. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes.

CAULIFLOWER-CRABMEAT CASSEROLE

Makes 6 servings.

Separate into flowerets:

1 medium sized cauliflower

Wash well. Boil until tender. Drain, then place in a greased casserole.

Combine:

1 (6 oz.) can crab meat, flaked

1 can condensed cream of celery soup

¾ cup milk

Stir until well blended.

Pour over cauliflower.

Top with:

½ cup grated cheese

Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes.

FISH CAKES

Makes 6 servings.

Combine:

3 cups cooked flaked fish

2 medium potatoes, boiled and diced

1 cup dry white bread crumbs

2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

1 teaspoon salt

¼ teaspoon pepper

1 clove garlic, chopped fine

3 eggs

Add gradually:

½ cup water

Shape into small, flat cakes. Cook slowly in ½ inch of hot fat until they are golden brown. Serve steaming hot with ketchup or chili sauce.

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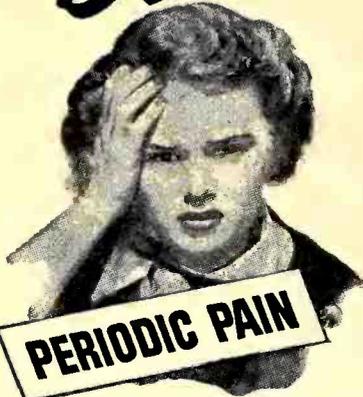
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They Did It Themselves!

(Continued from page 46)

me. She didn't make one comment about the wacky get-up I was wearing," he recalls.

Len lost no time in establishing the fact that he was a member of the acting profession. Aggie appeared properly impressed.

They met often after that night. And in August, 1937, they were married in a little New Jersey town. They were enroute to New York City. Len felt he'd been away from the Main Stem too long. They'd get a small apartment, somehow, and he'd start making the rounds on Broadway.

They hit New York with scarcely the price of room rent between them. It promised to be a depressing honeymoon until a friend of Len's obtained a two-room apartment for them. Not only obtained it, but put up the thirty-five dollars rent for it. The newlyweds were inordinately happy, airily disregarding the fact that their new home was utterly without furniture.

Christmas loomed. Len couldn't make any headway whatever with the Broadway managers, and a dismal Yuletide seemed inevitable. Things were so tough for the Doyles that Aggie found herself scavenging the apartment for empty milk bottles, turning them in at the corner grocer's for the few cents refund they brought.

"And then at six o'clock on December 24th," Aggie relates, "Len dashed into the apartment. He opened his fist and a shower of bills—beautiful, wonderful greenbacks, honest-to-goodness currency!—covered the livingroom floor. I just sat down on the carpet and began washing my hands in it."

What happened was this: that afternoon Len got an offer to direct a play, "Thirty Days Hath September," and his fee was to be \$2,000 plus one percent of the box office gross. Len talked the producer into a \$500 advance check and Len scrambled madly all over town trying to get it cashed.

"That break ended the jinx for us," he says. "Oddly enough, the play was never produced, but right afterward I went into one that proved to be my greatest Broadway vehicle—'Shadow and Substance.'"

From then on Aggie had no need to scrounge for milk bottle refunds. From then on she could concentrate on mak-

ing a comfortable home for Len—and, presently, for their youngsters.

Aggie now introduces them—Dennis, age five (he will pout unless you call him Dinty), Lee, ten, and Terry, eleven—three of the handsomest little fellows you'll ever meet. And then Aggie leads the way to the dining room, where a buffet lunch is waiting.

Aside from the food itself, two things catch your eye: one is the tremendous plate glass picture window (large as a shop window, almost) that frames a wide expanse of pleasant greenery beyond. The other is a gleaming silver object gracing—no, nearly filling—the table. It's a huge Lazy Susan, closely resembling in size and looks the Davis Cup recently won again by the American tennis team at Forest Hills. A recent gift, this, to Aggie from Len.

The double livingroom, viewed in detail after luncheon, contains positive proof that Len Doyle's talents are far more versatile than any of his Harrington fans suspect. A wedge-shaped brick hearth features two fireplaces, each jutting into its own section of the livingroom. As in the diningroom, out-sized picture windows have been used with impressive effect. Two of them admit floods of light, keeping out the weather but letting in the outdoors.

Tremendous semi-circular divans and several strategically placed armchairs take care of the lounging (although you wonder: does Len Doyle ever lounge?). Richly hued rugs are surmounted by large, thick-pelted bearskins, black and polar. One wall boasts an almost mural-sized nineteenth century oil painting showing cattle drinking at a brookside.

Your admiration keeps returning to the room's construction details. How, for example, did Len achieve that marvelous wall paneling? How did he piece together the wood so precisely?

"I didn't work with a blueprint—wouldn't know how to read one," he says. "I have some wonderful wood-working machinery up in the attic, so I'm able to get it cut and finished to precise measurement. Those panels were cut from fine-grained walnut and mahogany. They complement each other, I think."

You think so, too, and you keep struggling to remember that these

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AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS



things are the handiwork of a man who is an actor, not a master carpenter.

In the Doyle home, you can't say "kitchen" and be quite adequate. Kitchen-snackroom-bar describes it better for it has space and equipment for all three purposes. Plus another fireplace.

"Len sketched out the kind of fireplace he wanted," Aggie relates, "and the mason went to work. Len looked at the whole effect and said, 'You know, I think a Dutch oven design might be better.' So he ripped it all out."

"Aggie didn't find that quite as discouraging as the picture window incident," Len comments.

Aggie shudders and say, "You suffered so, you tell it."

Len tells it: "I'd searched all over the county and finally found a good plate glass window of the right size. So Aggie and I began to install it. There I was in the back yard, standing on a carpenter's horse and supporting fifty pounds of plate glass on one knee, with Aggie struggling to help me hoist it into position. We couldn't manage it. Finally I told her, 'You've got to fetch help.' So Aggie leaped into the car and drove hell-for-leather to Charlie's place—six miles away!"

Meanwhile, Len remained perched atop the wooden horse. "It was like holding on to the lion's tail," he says. "I didn't dare let go of it. After what seemed like an hour, Aggie and our friend came to my rescue. It was when I learned that she spent ten minutes trying to convince Charlie that I almost blew my top."

Upstairs there's further evidence of Len's craftsmanship. For the master bedroom Len has designed subdued lighting effects controlled by switches at the head of an ultra-wide double bed. Within equally easy reach is a hidden radio and a recessed bookshelf.

In the boys' room, Len went all out to design a double-feature attraction, for Terry and Lee. Spaciousness and knotted-pine walls lend it a sort of lodge atmosphere, and two sets of double-decker bunks add to the illusion. But Len's payoff gadget is a source of constant delight for both lads. What Len did in their room was construct two secret sliding panels leading to two secret passageways!

"To date, Terry and Lee have discovered only one of them," Len grins. "A good gimmick, because it keeps them from being bored on rainy days."

Bedrooms, in the Doyle scheme of things, do not have mere clothes closets. They have smaller rooms in which to store hats and other wearing apparel. "They're all lined with either cedar or camphor wood," says Len, "imported from Borneo especially for these closets. Stops moths cold."

The moth is not the only creature Len has stopped cold. When you go down to his cellar, you find pheasant, goose, wild duck, guinea hen and partridge, and a variety of four-footed creatures such as deer, rabbit, all neatly stacked in his vault-sized freezer. Not store-bought meat, but the product of Len's expert marksmanship during periodic hunting trips.

Seeing all this, you're puzzled. Len Doyle has been an accomplished actor for more than a score of years. He's been starred or featured in about forty Broadway plays. He created the Harrington characterization in 1939 and has been winning fans with it since.

The puzzle is this: with all his gadget-making, re-building and hunting, how does Len ever find time to act?

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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 47)

Dear Joan:

Our son died at the age of seven, and I was told we could have no more children. After his death, we wanted to build a real monument to a fine boy and we thought of just about everything—church windows, etc.—and decided they were all too cold. Instead we have adopted three children, and love them very much. They did not have desirable backgrounds or histories, but they have turned out to be excellent children, lovable and intelligent.

What can I tell these children about their parents? They know they are adopted. How can I tell them what they want to know without making them hate their parents or build "halos" around them? What attitude can we foster about parents who went off and left desperately sick babies to die?

Mrs. J.A.G.

Dear Mrs. G.:

First let me say how wonderful I think your monument is! There could not in all the world, I am sure, be a more fitting way to keep the memory of a child.

Now, about telling the children—I strongly feel that in this case the least said the better. However, when children ask questions I know it's impossible—and wrong, too—not to answer them. Under the circumstances I'd feel, if I were you, completely justified in those small distortions of the truth known as "white lies." As you say, it would be very undesirable to tell the children so much that they would feel "different" from other children, and on the other hand, young minds tend to romanticize anything that seems to be mysterious. In your place I would say, in effect: "Your mother and father left you for some reason that we do not know, but there must have been a reason, as there is for everything. Perhaps they felt that someone else would be better able to take care of you than they were. Your daddy and I are very glad that they did, whatever the reason, because now you are our little boy." This, varied of course to suit the age of the child, should serve the purpose; any further questioning for particulars should be met with a straight "I don't know" without any attempt to make the answer mysterious, nor to imply criticism of the children's original parents—I say "original" not "real" for I am sure that you are the real parents, in the eyes of these children!

Here is a problem with which R.M., a young girl, faces a very serious decision. Can you suggest a solution? Your letter of advice may earn \$25.00.

Dear Joan:

I am a girl of fifteen and I live in a small town. My mother and I live in a shabby apartment. Mother works in a local bar. She comes home early in the morning and sometimes she doesn't come home. I know she has a bad reputation.

Because of my mother's reputation none of the kids will have anything to do with me. I am a sophomore in high school, but my mother insists that I quit school at sixteen. I want to finish because I would like to be a teacher. I've learned to take care of myself, but I would like to have friends of my age, and I want awfully to finish school.

What can I do, Joan? I don't want to hurt my mother because other than wanting me to leave school she's always been very good to me.

R.M.

It's a Beautiful Day

(Continued from page 50)

when I confided it to her on our first date. I, however, had no doubt. She looked like the ideal girl I had pictured to myself, and when I learned to know her better, I found she had a disposition to match. From then on, my primary objective was to make enough money to support her.

First step in that direction was to find a new job selling insurance and adjusting claims. To add to my income, I sang. The director of a church choir had discovered my bass-baritone voice when I was fourteen and had urged me to study. Church solo work, appearances at meetings and finally concerts had kept the career going, but with a future wife to work for, it wasn't enough. When a friend dared me to audition at KYW, one of Chicago's first radio stations, I beat on the director's door as though he were an insurance prospect. I sold him, too. For a one-hour program, five days a week, I was paid thirty-five dollars, but when I totalled up the time my program, rehearsal, and the insurance job consumed, I had only an hour a day left to have dinner with Millie and four hours to sleep.

It was the insurance job I dropped. My boss, when I quit, took a very dim view, saying sourly, "Young man, you'd be wise to forget this new-fangled, fly-by-night thing called radio. Some day you'll come crawling back on your hands and knees looking for a job in a good substantial business."

His words bounced off, for I'd found a higher salary when WENR opened and the station manager asked if I could announce as well as sing.

Radio itself was as new as its employees in those days and none of us knew much about it. I said, "Sure, why not?" Millie was waiting, and for Millie I would have attempted endurance sitting on the transmitter antenna.

Our waiting ended with one of the quietest weddings you ever saw. Just her folks and my folks were present, but a very happy young couple kissed each other knowing they meant every word of it when they promised, "... till death do us part."

Housing, in 1921, was troublesome as today. We were lucky to find an apartment on Chicago's west side. Only one thing ailed it—there was no yard. We solved that by renting a nearby vacant lot. I wish you could have seen the place. It had as fine a crop of broken bottles, tin cans and weeds as you'll ever find. I never expect to work as hard as I did getting that ground in shape to plant. Millie, who had never before grown as much as a geranium, worked right along with me, and that Summer she also discovered the mysteries of canning and preserving. Just as we had done at home when I was a kid, we ate out of that garden all winter. We might be city dwellers, but we were still close to the soil.

The soil was furthering my radio career, too. Those were times when we thought all rural listeners needed was a weather report and a hillbilly tune. Our first venture beyond it was a farmers' swap program where a man with twenty tons of hay could get in touch with one who had ten Hereford calves and arrange a deal. Talking to farmers who came in convinced me I had plenty of ignorance.

I needed knowledge, so I got in touch with my friend Dean Mumford of the

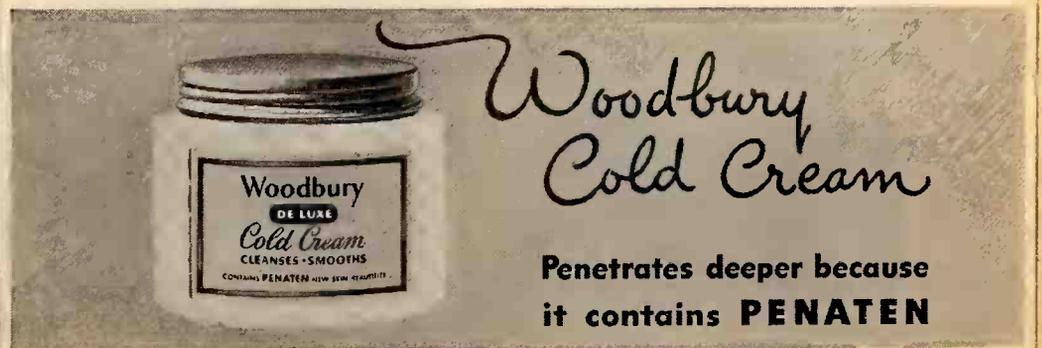


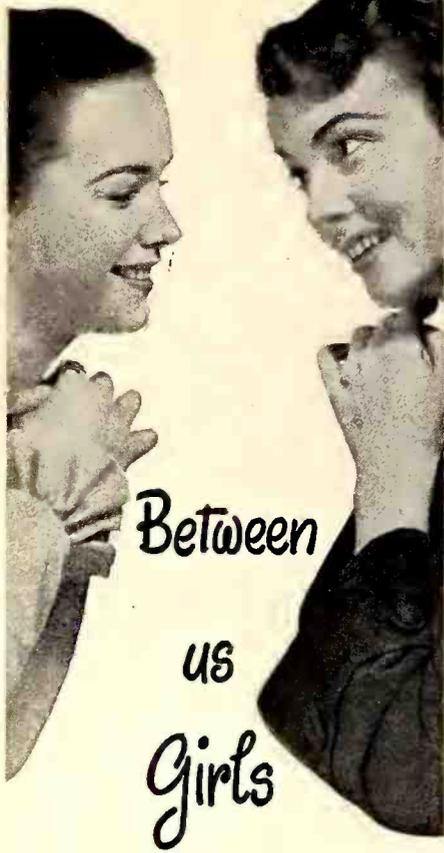
Deep Secret...
to a fresher, younger-looking skin

The loveliest, *youngest*-looking skin your mirror has seen in years! 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.





Between us Girls

Vicki: I've been dying to tell you what I discovered about that you-know-every-month business. You just use Tampax and it makes all the difference in the world!

Meg: Why Vicki, I've heard that too. The fact is I'm getting fed up with the old belt-pin-pad routine.

Vicki: They say Tampax just won't let you be self-conscious at such times. You actually forget all about it.

Meg: The way I look at it—if millions already use Tampax, why should we hang back?

Vicki: Right you are, so here I go for a month's supply to put in my purse.

Invented by a doctor for internal absorption, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton contained in patented applicators. No belts, pins or external pads. No odor. No chafing. Invisible and *unfelt* when in place. Quick to change. Easy disposal. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

University of Illinois and asked him to outline a course in agriculture I could study while I went on earning a living.

My friends thought I was crazy. I had been made manager of WENR, and when announcers came in to discuss a show they'd find me with schedules and promotion plans laid out on my desk and a book on agronomy plumped down on top of them. Study paid off, however, for when WENR was sold to the National Broadcasting Company which then had both the Red and Blue networks, I was assigned to the National Farm and Home Hour, broadcast at noon six days a week.

While things were happening to me, plenty was happening to the rest of the country, too. The United States was in the middle of the depression and gloom was so thick it wrapped you like a heavy suffocating blanket.

Millie and I were no exceptions. We went through the financial wringer and a day came when, instead of having money enough to build a house, we found our bank account had shed its figures like leaves falling in autumn. We had to decide what to keep and what to give up. A house, with some ground to dig in, turned out to be the one thing we couldn't sacrifice. We took our last few dollars and went out to one of the western suburbs as renters. It was thanks to that move that I found the phrase which was to become my trademark in radio.

It happened on a cloudy May morning in 1932. On the long train trip into Chicago, five of my fellow commuters and I had rehashed all the woes of the world. When the train pulled into Union Station, we had ourselves in a very deep purple state of mind.

A lashing little shower pinned me back against the doorway of the station and I had to wait for it to end. Then, abruptly, the shower was over. The gray scud of cloud parted for an instant and the sun broke through. I dashed for the studio, reaching there just as the rain pelted down again and the black sky closed in.

But the break had been enough. In that little splash of sunlight, I had found a new point of view. I pictured the change that shower would make in my new garden. I thought of how the plants would be washed fresh and green and surge upward with new growth. I remembered the wonderful smell of moist earth, and I thought, too, of the harvest coming to reward my work. Surely,

with all such beauty and strength in the world, the little troubles of men, too, would eventually return to their proper proportions. It was, for me, one of those rare times when faith becomes not an abstract word, but a dominant, pervading feeling of unity with God.

The power of my enlightenment was still upon me when I stepped up to the microphone. Before me, the huge studio audience turned long faces toward me. The orchestra, too, was dour. I couldn't see a single smile.

Then it struck me with great urgency. I had to make these people and the people at home understand the new faith, the new feeling of confidence which had come to me during the break in the rain clouds.

Ignoring my script, I put all my rising emotion into my voice as I proclaimed, "It's a beautiful day in Chicago!"

People exchanged looks as though asking, "Has Mitchell gone crazy?" But a moment later they smiled—and the show that day had a new lift and enthusiasm.

Encouraged, I made it my opening phrase for a number of weeks. It caused talk around NBC, but I stuck to it until the crank letters arrived. I remember a particularly sour one from Florida which stated that the writer knew how such things were arranged. I must be in the pay of the Chamber of Commerce.

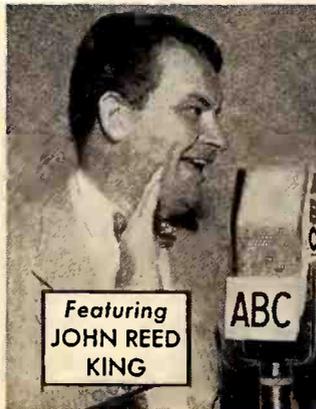
That did it. Everyone was queasy in those days. The program director made me stop.

We found then what power an audience could pack. From every state in the Union came the thousands of letters. They were fortified by long distance phone calls, telegrams and newspaper editorials. Some went so far as to say a subversive group which wanted to make sure the country went to hell in a handbasket must have suppressed Mitchell.

Somehow, to the audience as well as to me, "It's a beautiful day in Chicago!" had become a rallying cry, a few words, ordinary in themselves, which to both listeners and speaker carried defiance against adversity, assertion of eternal hope, and reassertion that the human spirit cannot be crushed.

For Millie and me, the morning it originated will never be forgotten, for it marked a turning point in our own lives. The feeling every day is a beautiful day if we will only have eyes to see how it fits into God's plan has sustained us through happiness, sorrow, sickness

OVER \$500,000 IN PRIZES!



Listen to Your "Chance of a Lifetime"

Every Sunday Night—ABC Network

9:30—10 P.M.	7:30—8 P.M.
Eastern Standard Time	Mountain Time
8:30—9 P.M.	6:30—7 P.M.
Central Time	Pacific Time

and health. We have only to view our garden to have that faith renewed.

I became, in time, NBC's director of agriculture, a job which carries with it the privilege of going all over the country to interview farmers at live stock shows, fairs and conventions.

It is satisfying to have someone ask how I make a garden, for a garden is so individual a thing it becomes the finest compliment one human being can give another—an invitation to enter into his life.

No two gardens are alike, any more than two human faces can ever be identical, for a garden, too, is an expression of personality. I can't tell you how to grow a garden, but I have found a general workable plan.

As I told you in the beginning, my garden usually starts the blizzard night I decide where to set out the fading poinsettia. It is fitting, I think, that the Christmas flower should be the symbol of continuity of growth through all the seasons, for it is almost always a gift of love which you want to preserve.

To carry it from one season to the next, permit it to rest by cutting the stalks close to the earth. Place the pot in a warm, humid room and don't let it dry out. When the frost leaves the ground, transplant it to a secluded corner of the garden where it has room to flourish out of the way of Summer blooming plants. Pot it early, set it on a porch so its transition from outdoors to indoors is gradual, and bring it into the house before the heat is turned on.

Going on to the paper planting which begins when Millie and I pore over the seed catalogs, color and calendar are my starting points. I plan to have something blooming from the first bold crocus to break its way through the

icy earth until frost takes the last rugged chrysanthemum, leaving the pines alone standing stately in the snow.

In choosing flowers to mature in such sequence, seed catalogs again are my guide books, for information on the date of bloom. Taking this into consideration as well as climate and type of soil makes it as impossible to set down rules for planting as it is to tell a woman how to buy a hat. I can tell you, however, how the plan works for us. Our ground is well graded, the soil is sandy and spots of deep shade are few.

I'm fortunate to have a neighbor who has a little lean-to greenhouse, and we make our gardening a cooperative proposition. I supply the seeds, he contributes the growing space, and we divide the plants.

It's interesting, I think, that the last flowers to bloom in the Fall—the chrysanthemums and that precious poinsettia—are the first to be set out when danger of frost is over.

In late March, Millie and I look for the first crocus. Daffodils follow, bringing with them our little joke that if they weren't daffy they wouldn't pop up early enough to risk freezing.

Our garden begins to flower in earnest with the first tulips in May. In buying new tulip bulbs, I make my selections when they are in bloom. This permits me to control color combinations. I mix early and late varieties so that the tulip display lasts until the peonies bloom for Decoration Day and the first roses appear in June.

My rose garden deserves a special mention. Since Millie and I are particularly fond of them, we have a good assortment of the ever-blooming variety mingled in. Last Fall they gave us table flowers as late as November. I

feed the roses with commercial fertilizer every ten days, beginning at the time the first leaves appear.

It's a wise idea, I find, to keep a record of both feeding and spraying. And here's another tip to the beginning gardener: if you use commercial fertilizer, be sure to follow religiously the directions on the package. Two tablespoonfuls are not twice as good as one. Two may create too strong a concentration and kill the plant.

June also starts the profusion of Summer flowers. Before the first roses fade, the pansies, painted daisies, gailardias, shasta daisies, poppies, phlox and Madonna lilies are on their way. Their brilliance lasts through July and longer.

In August come the colorful prophets of Fall, the snapdragons, asters, and the nicotianas which remain open all night, following the moon in its orbit just as a sunflower turns with the sun.

September brings the final gorgeous climax of the garden, the mum display. With chrysanthemums, the variety is infinite. There are bright ones, pale ones, white ones, and they range in size from pompoms to buttons. What's more, they last even after killing frosts, for they transplant easily, enabling you to bring your garden inside. By planning, you can have mums up to Christmas.

And at Christmas, there's your poinsettia. You're around the calendar again and it's time for the seed catalog. You see what I mean when I say a true gardener never stops planting?

Even more important than the harvest of blooms is what my garden does for me. Thanks to it, I'm likely to be the announcer who never finds he has our occupational malady of stomach ulcers. I can always look at my garden and say, "It's a beautiful day!"

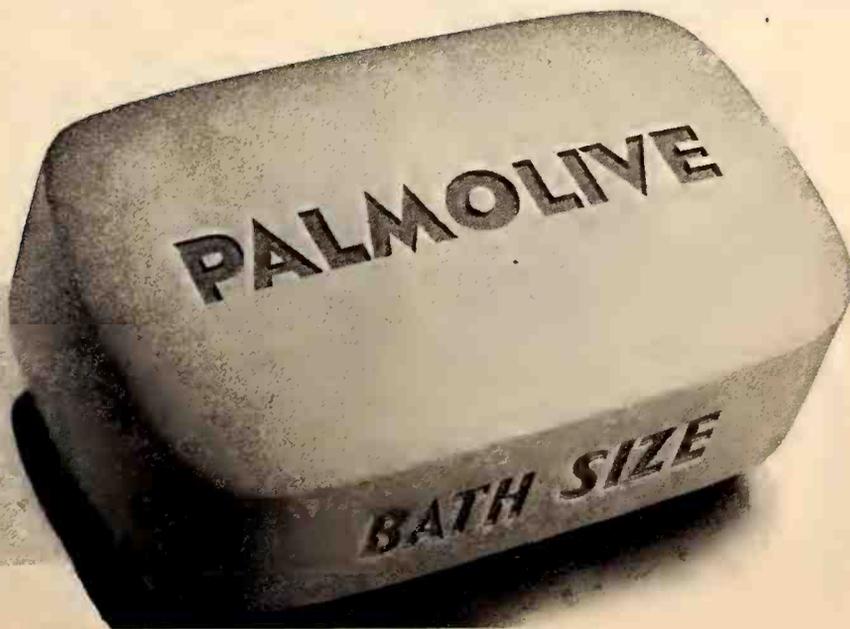
Get the Luxurious Big BATH SIZE!

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

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 thrifty Bath Size smooths and softens 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 marvelous beauty lather means you, too, may have a lovelier complexion head-to-toe.



GOOD... any old time!



the cracker with that swell cheese flavor



America's largest selling cheese cracker!

Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.

MAKE ALL THE MONEY IN MY SPARE TIME!
EXTRA MONEY
 NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED! THIS EASY, PLEASANT WAY*
 \$50 IS YOURS
 for selling 100 boxes greeting cards at \$1. Stationery or napkins with name on. Send for selling plan & samples on approval. Costs nothing to try
MERIT, 370 PLANE ST., DEPT. 6, NEWARK 2, N. J.

BIG PAY-EVERY DAY
 FOR YOU WITH THESE FINE COSMETICS, HOSIERY, etc.
 Send for FREE SAMPLES
FINE \$15 SALES OUTFIT PROVIDED
 MEN AND WOMEN WORK FULL OR SPARE TIME. No experience necessary. We show how to make up to \$75.00 per week and district managers make more. Fine cosmetics, hosiery and household items needed in every home. Large profits and a life-time repeat business of your own. Write NOW for FREE SAMPLES and details.
CORO, 17 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. Y-3, Chicago 2, Ill.

"PAID FOR HOME ... FROM \$40 A WEEK WITH BOARD"

Mrs. M.A.S., Benton, Ill.

- Ambitious and energetic. Mrs. M.A.S. learned how to be a trained, practical nurse through the physician-endorsed home-study methods of the Chicago School of Nursing. Now she has steady income, doing work she loves.
- High School Not Required. Whether you're 18 or 60—you can benefit, as have thousands of men and women, by studying practical nursing at home in your spare time. Nurses are always needed!
- Nurse B.D.E. writes: "Have all the work I can do at \$35 a week." Lessons easily understood.
- Earn while learning. Trial plan, easy payments.
- Equipment included. 51st year. Write TODAY!



CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 23, 41 East Pearson Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
 Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____
 City _____ State _____ Age _____

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 43)

World Court, from KSD in St. Louis, and was heard on two other stations at the same time: WJZ in New York and WCAP in Boston. What a miracle!

This hook-up of three stations was a sensational step ahead. The very first "chain" broadcast had just been achieved, a hook-up between WEAF in New York all the way to WBAC in Boston, and there were dreamers wild enough to prophesy that in the future stations might be linked coast-to-coast.

Two other big strides made 1923 memorable. The first really big show, The Eveready Hour, made its bow, and sports broadcasting as we know it had its beginning when one of the most colorful personalities radio was to know strolled into WEAF for no better reason than that he had an hour to kill.

He was Graham McNamee, a young singer who had just given his first concert at Aeolian Hall in New York. It had been cordially received by the critics, and he was looking forward confidently to a career on the concert stage. If he had not been called for jury duty, the history of radio might have lacked a dazzling chapter.

WEAF was then located far downtown, near the courthouse. When the jury was dismissed the afternoon was still young. On impulse, McNamee dropped by to see for himself what a radio studio looked like. One thing led to another. When he started home, he had a new job—as an announcer. He was not getting too many engagements as a singer, so why shouldn't he pick up a few dollars in this fantastic new field until his concert career started? It couldn't hurt his standing as an artist, because after all, who would know? Announcers were not identified by name. His family could be trusted to keep his secret.

Almost immediately his breezy, "Good evening ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience," and his "Good-night all" were famous, and sports announcing came into its own when he was assigned to cover the World's Series. He invented the play-by-play report and it was a sensation, the greatest thing sports fans had ever heard, wonderful! McNamee had played ball in college and knew what he was talking about. Carried away by his personal interest at what he saw in the ball park, he began to describe strikes and home runs with a zest and a contagious dramatic tension that set a completely new style.

This was long before the days of audience polls, so no one knew how popular he was becoming until one fateful broadcast. McNamee sang out his final "Goodnight all!" and a fan cut in with "Hello, mom, it's ME," right after. The sound man was quick, but not quick enough. He cut the circuit, but only after the first syllable of "Hello" and roared out—a resounding "HELL" that sounded as if it had come from the announcer, himself.

No doubt in the minds of his employers that people were listening to McNamee after that. Letters poured in, and McNamee never did go back to the concert stage. He stayed with radio, giving it the benefit of his vivid personality until his death in 1942—the first of the famous sports reporters.

It is hard to believe, but television was getting its start as long as twenty-seven years ago when a picture was

sent from Washington to Philadelphia and "facsimile radio" which later was to be called "Wirephoto" was an achieved fact. After some debate as to whether or not it was dignified to allow the proceedings to be broadcast, the opening of Congress went on the air for the first time this year; and Dr. Walter Damrosch gave a lecture-recital that was to astound everyone with its success. There was a good deal of doubt that the highbrow music of symphony orchestras would be understood by radio audiences, though broadcasters were ambitious to raise the standard of air entertainment. Dr. Damrosch suggested that it might help if he ran through the score and rapidly explained what the music meant before the concert began. This was the start of his famous Music Appreciation Hour which was to run on and on, and more fan mail poured into WEAF.

These things drew the attention of sponsors to the new medium, even though what was called "direct advertising" was frowned on. Commercial announcements were considered dreadfully bad taste, and the big brains of the industry were still hoping that public-spirited millionaires would start endowing radio stations so that they could operate without commercialism entirely in the public interest. Some stations began to sell time, but many refused to "degrade" the air by mention of any product, especially after Secretary of Commerce Hoover called an informal meeting of station owners in 1922 to discuss the welfare of radio.

"It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for news, for entertainment, for education and for vital commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter," he said.

The broadcasters agreed that this was straight thinking, so, for a while, sponsors were allowed to pay the bills, but the only plug for a product permitted was a mention of the brand name in an indirect fashion. For instance, WEAF ruled that "anything so intimate as toothpaste" could not properly be mentioned on the air, and only after lengthy conference was the sponsor allowed to call his singers The Ipana Troubadours. Listeners had to find out for themselves what Ipana was.

The Cliquot Club Eskimos was another famous show of this time. They were allowed to broadcast the jingle of sleigh bells and the barking of Eskimo dogs to suggest cooling drinks, but no mention of club soda. Just the same, radio advertising began to pay off, so this year saw the start of The Silver-town Cord Orchestra. No mention was made of tires, but "the tenor with the silver mask" was their star. The repetition of the word "silver" being the nearest they came to crass salesmanship. The mask really was made of silver, and the unhappy star, Joe White, wore it in all of his public appearances for Silvertown. The A & P Gypsies were another popular musical show starting this year, and the Gold Dust Twins also took to the air, though there was no persuasive lecture on the virtues of their cleansing product. Goldy and Dusty became famous, though few listeners ever learned the names of the performers who played the parts. It was not considered at all proper to give the personal names of announcers or of

entertainers. So Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot were eagerly awaited under the names of "Trade" and "Mark" on the Smith Brothers Cough Drop Show. There was no mention of what the product would do for a sore throat, of Smith Brothers, or "look for the label." Instead, the introductory rhyme referred in subtle, hopeful fashion to the famous trademark whiskers.

"They're always in the way.
The cows eat them for hay.
They cover the dirt on the front of my shirt.
They're always in the way."

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare were outstanding among the early stars, though at first they were identified only as The Happiness Boys. The Happiness Candy Stores sponsored their program, and later they were known as The Interwoven Pair, The Best Foods Boys, The Taystee Loafers and The Flit Soldiers. Fans discovered their identities quickly, however, because they were famous as vaudeville and record artists before they took to the air, and their popularity gradually broke down the resistance to personal names of performers in a broadcast. They started on WJZ in 1921 and became sensationally popular when they went under regular sponsorship in 1923. They were the Amos 'n' Andy of their day, and people rushed home to hear their latest jokes and songs for the next ten years.

They occupied a unique place in the early days of broadcasting, and anyone who remembers those days will be interested in the end of their story. In the late twenties, following the lead of one of radio's greatest innovators, Rudy Vallee, the trend was toward huge musical shows featuring enormous casts of musicians, singers and variety acts. Until this blew over, Jones and Hare returned to vaudeville, where they were enormously successful. They made a comeback, finally, on the air in 1937 to the delight of all who had known radio in its beginnings, but two weeks after their return to radio, Ernie Hare died of pneumonia. The team name went on, however. Ernie's daughter, Marilyn, continued in her father's place until in 1940 Billy Jones joined his old partner.

By the end of 1923, sponsors were getting restive under all of the restrictions against direct advertising, and the singing commercial was invented as an attempt to slip over a plug under the guise of song. The heavy responsibility of creating this debatable art form is claimed by Radio Frank Bessinger.

Bessinger with his various partners was billed in those days as The Radio Franks, and soon teams turned up all over the place, calling themselves Radio Bills, Radio Jacks, Radio Georges, all melodiously giving tribute to the sponsor before they swung into *Barney Google With His Goo-goo-googley Eyes* and other hot hits of the day, and the golden age of art for art's sake was no more.

The Eveready Hour was the first really big show on the air. It featured not only a jazz band, but a concert orchestra and many distinguished guest stars.

"We are just striking out into the blue with such a diversified program," the sponsor confessed to Gene Lockhart who was starred in a dramatic skit on the opening show. "Do you think so many changes of mood will hold the

LITTLE LULU



They're better one at a time - like Kleenex*!

Little Lulu says: SICK OF FUMBLING FOR TISSUES?
ONLY SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX TISSUES
SERVE YOU ONE AT A TIME, NOT A HANDFUL!
ENDS WASTE, SAVES TROUBLE, SAVES MONEY.
YOUR BEST BUY IN TISSUES.

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

\$30 FOR YOU! Sell only 50¢ boxes beautiful Every-day Cards from FREE SAMPLE DISPLAY! Friends, relatives buy on sight! Complete line to choose from—New Metallic Cards—Imprint Stationery—Novelty Gifts—Gift Wrappings. FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG! Deluxe boxes on approval! Send no money. CREATIVE ART PUBLISHERS, Inc., 45 Warburton Ave., Dept. Q5, Yonkers, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING ENVELOPES

Do the profitable easy work in the Privacy of your home in spare time, experience unnecessary. Our complete instructions show you how, and also reveal names and addresses of many firms who constantly address thousands of envelopes. Send only \$1—with your name and address and we will send you everything to get started immediately. 1019 Congress Bldg. MIAMI, FLORIDA
 The Congress Co., Dept. A455

MAN'S BEST LAXATIVE

Grows in Fields and Forests



10 HERBS IN TINY TABLET

Folks who need help in keeping regular should look to herbs and roots—for the help provided by Nature.

10 such herbs and roots, scientifically compounded, are found in Nature's Remedy, NR Tablets. Countless thousands of folks have found an NR at night the best way to assure regularity in the morning. So gentle—no griping. It is wonderful—leaves you feeling refreshed, invigorated.

Try NR at our expense. 25 tablets 25c. Buy a box at any drug store and try it. If you are not completely satisfied, return the box and unused tablets to us. We will refund your money plus postage.

PLAIN OR CANDY COATED

Nature's Remedy
 NR-TABLETS-NR

Thrilling Work COLORING PHOTOS
 Fascinating vocation learned at home by those with aptitude. Thrilling pastime. National method brings out life-like colors. Free booklet. NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL, 1315 S. Michigan, Dept. 1383, Chicago 5
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NERVOUS STOMACH

ALLIMIN relieves distressing symptoms of "nervous stomach"—heaviness after meals, belching, bloating and colic due to gas. ALLIMIN has been scientifically tested by doctors and found highly effective. World famous—more than a 1/4 billion sold to date.

ALLIMIN Garlic Tablets

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SECRET

YOURS!

Nona Croft, whose fashion column is in every major Hollywood motion picture studio.

Now, for the first time, Nona Croft, famed Hollywood fashion editor long noted for her personal beauty, has revealed the secret of her "Formula 99"—a recipe for home-made Beauty Cream, that you can prepare yourself, from simple ingredients that cost only a few pennies. Use "Formula 99"—on face, neck, hands, arms—even on your feet!—see how it cleanses, conditions, and stimulates—you'll be beautiful! . . . Order your "Formula 99" today—includes recipe, complete instructions, "Beauty Hints" booklet, and written guarantee—\$1, postpaid. Zenith Company, 1001-D North Vermont Ave., Hollywood 27, California.



Have "SECOND LOOK" Legs!

Kept smooth and hair-free longer...
by Nair...
the safe, odorless depilatory lotion...
that removes leg hair quickly, easily...
leaves legs smoother...
more exciting...

Lady, throw your razor away—use Nair, new cosmetic lotion that keeps legs hair-free longer! Dissolves hair skin-close—no ugly razor stubble. Easy to use—rinses off quickly. No clinging depilatory odor, no irritation to normal skin. For "second look" legs—get Nair today!



FOR LEGS THAT DELIGHT
USE NAIR TONIGHT **79¢** plus tax

"Psychoanalysis and LOVE!"

A frankly candid survey of the mind and the emotions and how they affect one another.

PERMABOOKS

35c At Newsstands

NEW! smart idea!

For home permanents, cosmetics—special top holds wave lotion, package gives you clean cotton as you need it! Get it today.



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CAN'T SLEEP

due to
NERVOUS TENSION

Try MILES NERVINE

If jittery nerves occasionally keep you awake, try MILES NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or effervescent tablets.



attention of the audience?" Lockhart's answer was waited anxiously, because he was an authority on what audiences liked following his invention of spoken narrative to set the mood of a song. He was a writer as well as a well-known stage actor, and he enchanted the listening world when he insisted on such copy as "There is a soft-flowing river in Scotland that meanders through the rugged hills toward the Irish Sea. As it winds its way through the rocky cliffs and bosky dells, it murmurs past the small town of Doone that lies dreaming in the heather. It was of this river and of this quiet town that Robbie Burns wrote when he began his song—" and with that the singer on the show took over with "On yon bonnie banks, etc." This was a crashing novelty, and audiences loved it. Lockhart was to gain fame in Hollywood, too, but not until he and his wife, Kathleen, did one of the first of the breakfast shows. It was The Gilbert and Sullivan Hour in the late twenties, and since the sponsor was The Edison Company, they chatted extensively about how the toast was doing in the electric toaster and the coffee in the electric percolator before they turned to singing light opera. After them the deluge.

During the next years the Eveready Hour was to make history. It not only reached out for famous performers. It paid them! The day of free appearances for the sake of publicity was drawing to a close. Eveready persuaded the best to appear. Matinee idol John Drew (uncle of Lionel, Ethel and John Barrymore), Julia Marlowe, George Gershwin, Irvin S. Cobb, Moran and Mack (later to become famous as The Two Black Crows) and the Flonzaley String Quartet were among their shining stars, and Will Rogers made his first air appearance on this show in 1924. He is believed to be the first star to receive \$1,000 for one broadcast, at the time a staggering figure. (Many movie stars get as much as \$5,000 per appearance today.)

Will Rogers, of all people, suffered one of the first cases of mike fright of which we have a record though it was a malady already well known to insiders, and already the career of Whispering Jack Smith was due to the reasonless panic induced by the harmless little piece of metal. A few months before, young Mr. Smith had found himself alone at show time. He was accustomed to broadcasting as part of a quartet, but his partners had been delayed on the way to the studio. There was nothing to do but fill up the air as best he could until they arrived. He stepped confidently to the mike, but, as he waited for the hands of the clock to touch the hour, a new sensation paralyzed him. His hands trembled. His heart pounded and he had a sudden inability to draw a breath. His throat constricted. All he could bring out was a faint wispy whisper. Pallid, shaken, certain that his career was ended, he staggered from the mike a broken man. Not until the fan mail began to pour in asking "Who was the whispering baritone? Give us more of him," did the station realize that a star had been born. Whispering Jack was careful never to sing in full voice again.

Will Rogers was a great Ziegfeld star at the time he almost became "Whispering Will," used to all kinds of emergencies with huge audiences, and famous for his resourceful ad-libbing. He was scheduled to do one of his casually

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humorous commentaries. Subject: the presidential campaigns for Coolidge and Davis which he had been cracking about for weeks. It was surefire. He started confidently, but without warning the mike began to work its deadly spell. Rogers began to dry up. Only the quick action of the station manager saved the day. He rushed out, rounded up all available staff members and hurried them to the studio. In front of the hastily assembled audience, the great Will relaxed.

1924: This was the year the Charleston caught on. Skirts grew shorter to accommodate the wild gyrations of flung arms and legs. As the girls shed clothes, the boys put more on. Nearly everyone wore horn-rimmed glasses. A college man without a racoon coat was a sorry sight indeed.

Colleen Moore, a little girl with big round eyes and a black bob reached stardom (Ella Cinders who made her bow in the comic strips the following year bore a striking resemblance). Rintin-tin, the first of the great dog stars, was another sensation. Knute Rockne's great backfield for Notre Dame, The Four Horsemen, were galloping over everything that came their way. Their nickname came from Valentino's film, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," released in 1921 and still going strong. Rube Goldberg invented the glorious Boob McNutt and people began to say "Baloney" and "I'm the guy who put the pep in pepper."

Mah Jong and the Marathon Dance were still going at top speed and radio was assaulted by still another challenge. Two young publishers, casting about for a novelty, took a chance and brought out a crossword puzzle book. It started a fad that raged for two years. It really raged. Edition after edition was struck off. People carried their puzzle books to lunch. Trains put dictionaries in club cars. Women waiting for a "comb set" in beauty parlors (the shoppe came later) had that thoughtful look peculiar to those trying to remember the two-letter word for Egyptian god.

Just the same, the sale of sets boomed. This year \$350,000,000 went into new ones, almost three times as much as the year before. On those sets the sound of the ukulele was loud in the land. The ukulele fad had been gaining momentum for some years, and in 1924 close to a million were sold. There was hardly a front porch in the country that was not made hideous by the labored banging of beginners learning to chord, and underprivileged indeed was the school girl whose finger tips were not blistered from strumming.

Three great performers were mainly responsible for this fever for Hawaiian music. A round-faced comedian named Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike) used one in his headline vaudeville act and was soon to bring it to the air. Also to become famous were May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, "Sweethearts of the Air," with more than two hundred and fifty arrangements of songs for the ukulele. Best known in 1924, however, was Wendell Hall who was fast becoming one of radio's first authentic stars. He was billed as "The red-headed Music Maker."

Wendell Hall became an enormous favorite on the Eveready Hour. (Incidentally, most shows were called Hours in those days for the sensible reason that nearly all lasted an hour—or even two.) The fan's interest in Wendell Hall and his personal life was

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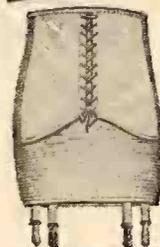
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feverish. When he was to be married, the fans were invited to listen to the ceremony which was to be performed in the studio. At the last minute consternation reigned. WEAf had no organ. A wedding of such importance could not possibly take place without an organ pealing "Here Comes the Bride." What to do? The engineers found the answer by inventing something new, as they were to do a thousand times in the future. They ran lines to the show-rooms of the Skinner Organ Company, blocks away, and piped the wedding march across town. It was the first remote control to be used on a big broadcast—a stunning novelty.

Wendell Hall was a composer as well as a singer. He had published "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'" the year before, and developed the habit of strumming that song at the beginning of each broadcast as a sort of trademark. This set a style. Soon everyone was experimenting with what was then called an "identification melody," later "airmark" and finally "theme song."

There were a lot of "firsts" this year. The presidential nominating conventions were covered for the first time in 1924, bringing the workings of our democracy in vivid detail into millions of homes. Graham McNamee went to Cleveland to cover them and reported the classic exchange between Will Rogers and William Jennings Bryan. In all seriousness, the great exponent of free silver generously offered to help the humorist by passing along anything funny that he heard. Rogers cracked his gum and offered to tell Bryan if he heard anything not funny.

Two great reporters started this year. Norman Brokenshire's "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen. How do you do?" was to become known all over the world. He was one of the trail blazers of great air reporting, covering every presidential inauguration from Coolidge to Truman, officiating as announcer on scores of important shows, and now lending his distinguished measured tones to Theatre Guild On The Air.

A thin, energetic young man by the name of Edward B. Husing had just started as an apprentice announcer. He opened the station at nine in the morning and closed it at eleven-thirty at night, taking time out only to change to dinner jacket for his evening chores. There were no audiences in studios yet. Just the same, announcers dressed. Naturally, a black tie was only proper for evening—white tie for special occasions.

Husing broke into big time sports

reporting one eventful day when he went with his chief, Major J. Andrew White, to cover the Penn-Cornell football game in Philadelphia. White went to pay a call on his family and when broadcast time arrived, Husing was dismayed to find himself alone. He knew nothing about the teams, so he frantically described the crowds, the rain, the bands, the cheer-leaders, desperately filling in with local color until his chief turned up. The listeners loved it, and that started his great career as a sports specialist. It also started the country saying "Believe you me!"

The most important development of the whole year, however, was the birth of the first small networks. A network, contrary to what most people think, is nothing mysterious. It is no more than the linking together of two or more stations by telephone wire so that one program may be enjoyed in two areas at the same time, and what is most important, at shared cost.

By 1924 the novelty of hearing anything, just because it was on the air, was wearing very thin. It was obvious that radio was not going to prosper unless it offered better than free local talent. Small stations outside of the big centers began to beg stars to go on the road. This was not practical. In the first place, the stars did not care to spend their lives travelling. In the second place, the individual station could not afford a tempting fee. Chain broadcasting was a wonderful solution. It caught on rapidly. Dozens of stations formed combines with others nearby. More people were hearing more programs than ever before.

Curiously enough, it was the Telephone Company which had done so much to advance radio that held back chain broadcasting somewhat at this point. During the evening hours it was happy to lease its long distance lines for the broadcasting of the current hits like "California Here I Come," "What'll I Do," "Tea For Two," and "Hinky Dinky Parley Voo." In the daytime it was reluctant to spare the lines when business men needed them. After all, radio was all right, but hardly so important as the big business of long distance communications.

NEXT MONTH

Whatever happened to Jessica Dragonette? Why Nashville tried to ban Grand Ole Opry. The formation of NBC and CBS.

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We earnestly ask you to help this serving Army.

THE EDITORS

My Husband, Mister Smith

(Continued from page 57)

children. Sometimes I think he's real to Bob. When the pictures were being taken to illustrate this article, Bob brought Howdy home to pose with us. While photographer Ozzie Sweet was setting up his lights and the boys and our two Welsh Corgie dogs, Toddler and Happy Talk, were waiting restlessly, Bob steadied Howdy on his knee.

"Be happy, Howdy," he said. "You're with the family now."

But who am I to laugh? Don't I remember the time when the sound went off suddenly in our television set and I found myself reading Bob's lips on the screen and then trying to read Howdy's, quite forgetting that puppeteer Rhoda Mann was pulling strings to open and close Howdy's mouth!

Although the Howdy Doody Show is more than two years old, it was Bob's morning show on radio, the Bob Smith Show, that brought us from Buffalo four years ago to our present house in New Rochelle, near New York City.

Many exciting things have happened to us since then, but apart from the fact that we have a two-hour radio broadcast from our house five mornings a week, our home life is quite normal. Except, of course, for our schedule of meals. I'm the cook, because who else would be willing to prepare three different sets of meals a day?

All this comes about because the radio Bob Smith gets up at 5:30 to do a broadcast from our basement, and the television Bob Smith doesn't get home from his Howdy Doody Show until after 8 o'clock at night.

The home studio is attractive and, except for the NBC microphone and the adjoining control room, it looks like any music room. Two walls are painted Egyptian red, with record cases in the same red, lined with black. Cream-color draperies cover two walls. Insulation reaches to depths of nine inches, doors leading from the studio are extra thick, and a special sound panel is arranged to keep the sound from going dead. Not being technical-minded, that's about all I understand.

Bob tried out literally hundreds of pianos in the Steinway showrooms before he bought our ebony concert grand on which he plays for his morning show. Some other instruments he plays are on the shelves—a mandolin, a guitar, clarinet, saxophone and accordion.

Our dogs go downstairs with Bob in the morning, but the children have time for the studio only on school holidays. Then, very occasionally, they get into the act. I listen in when I can find time and make some suggestions.

No matter what the boys may be doing at Howdy Doody time, they want to be called. The boys and Bob talk over the show at night and on Saturdays and Sundays. Unless he plays golf on Saturday, Bob is always with the children—except when a personal appearance calls him away. All the children in the neighborhood come over and discuss what's to be done with Mr. Buster (Ronnie suggested recently that they "knock him out and just carry him away"). They decide how Clarabell should be handled, what to do about the Lollapalooza, the Flub-a-dub and Dilly-Dally.

Maybe you've wondered how Howdy Doody came into being. Well, Bob had done many children's shows on radio, and when we came to New York he had a half-hour Triple B Ranch program on NBC. There was a character on the show named Elmer who greeted everyone with "Howdy Doody." And that's what the kids began to call him. When NBC decided to put on a children's television show, Howdy Doody just naturally became a character in his own right.

Besides the basement studio, there's a basement playroom where the whole family spends a lot of time in winter. Here Bob keeps his two valued citations—the George Foster Peabody Medal he got in 1948 for the Howdy Doody Show, voted the most outstanding children's show on radio and TV and the 1949 National Baby Institute Award for his "outstanding contribution to children's entertainment."

We have no idea yet whether the children will want to be entertainers. Last fall they both planned to be football players, but in the spring the boys who swing the bats in the big league become their heroes again. Their father's connection with radio and television leaves them unimpressed. In fact Robin gets bored with it all at times because his schoolmates ask him for tickets so they can sit in the Peanut Gallery on the Howdy Doody show. Robin complains, "I wish they wouldn't ask me, because I can't do anything and it bothers me to have to tell them so."

It's Bob himself who never gets quite used to the wonder of it all. He still says that one of his biggest thrills is coming home on the New Haven train after his telecast and seeing the Howdy balloons floating up from small hands all down the train. I think he takes the train, instead of driving, just to see those happy children who have just met Howdy in person.

We're sort of glad we met him, too.



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(Continued from page 65)

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to kiss my fellow-passengers goodbye.

I looked for him, of course. I couldn't believe he'd let me go like that, with no word, knowing what the separation might mean to our marriage. Even after my flight was called, I kept thinking I would see his thin, tweed-coated, hatless figure hurrying across the field. My eyes ached and my neck was stiff with looking. Only when the ground fell away beneath my window and I knew we were irrevocably airborne did I stop looking. "That's that," I thought, and leaned back, wondering what kind of combination airsickness and heartsickness would turn out to be.

I never found out. Some time later I came awake with a start to discover I had been sleeping soundly for at least two hours and was ravenously hungry. Outside there was nothing but the feathery white of cloud-stuff; inside, above the reassuring purr of the motors, I heard the indistinct murmur of many conversations being carried on at once.

Glancing sidewise, I took in with complete approval the slim elegance of my seatmate, and since at the moment she was doing the same to me we exchanged our first smiles of the trip. "You have been sleeping," she commented. "How fortunate! I can never learn that trick of resting when there is a motor up ahead of me."

"Usually I can't either," I confessed. "I think the only trick is to be absolutely tired out when you get on."

Conveniently, the stewardess stopped beside us just then, balancing a pair of trays. "Madame Dourel—and Mrs. Douglas. Enjoy your lunch! We'll be in in about two and a half hours."

My companion turned back the black-dotted veil that covered her face, with one deft motion making a halo of it around her small beige hat. "So, we need not stiffly introduce ourselves. That's better," she said, smiling. "We go more easily now."

We went very easily indeed, for a while. I gathered that she was a Parisienne who had lived for some years in New York, a widow, and that she added to her income by designing rare pieces of jewelry for a world-famous firm. In return, she learned that I was a New Yorker, had traveled a lot, had had things perhaps a little too much my own way when I was young, and was married to a writer with a couple of successful books and plays behind him and big plans for the future.

It sounded well, put like that. I was congratulating myself on how easily I had managed to tell no lies and still not tell the truth when I began to see, from her expression, that my light-hearted picture of a young wife taking a reluctant vacation without her overworked husband just wasn't going over. "I'm overdoing it," I thought, and stopped in the middle of a half-witted joke about American husbands who thought of nothing but work. "Let her think what she likes," I told myself glumly. "If I go on talking about Mark this way I'll end up in tears."

There was a brief, tactful silence. Then she said, "It is too bad your husband could not see you off. One could not help seeing, when we left, how you were disappointed."

I shot her an outraged glance. But she remained composed, and her dark eyes were kind and, I saw with sur-

prise, faintly worried, as she went on. "Men can be extremely thoughtless." She added, with a laugh, "Women too—at times!"

"You're very observant," I said coldly—more coldly than I meant to, really, but at the touch of sympathy I couldn't help springing back like a turtle beneath its shell.

"I am unforgivable," she responded cheerfully, but I knew that she felt my abrupt withdrawal and it seemed to me she was a little disappointed.

I tried awkwardly a couple of times to bridge over the coolness I had created. She was pleasant and seemed willing to continue the conversation, but the friendly spirit had gone out of it. Finally I gave up, and pretended to go to sleep again.

That was a mistake. Like a homing pigeon my mind shot back to Mark. What was he doing; what was he thinking; was he using the chance to take Wendy to lunch? How much did he remember of the hysterical nonsense I had flung at him . . . How long would it take him to forget it? For that matter, how much did I remember myself? Not what had started the fight, or even much of what had been said. The white tenseness of his face—I could see that, and the magazine he had twisted and crumpled and finally flung away violently; and my own voice over and over, "You're still in love with Wendy—you're still in love with Wendy." But had I really said it aloud? Perhaps it was just because I had shaped the thought so often in my own mind, and because it tapped there so insistently whenever I saw them together . . . maybe I had never really been so stupid as to say it aloud.

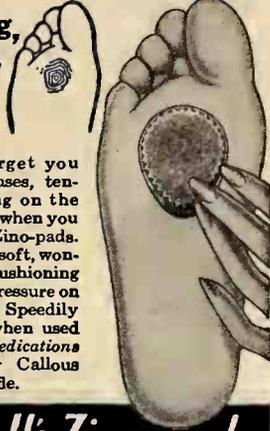
No. I had said it. I heard his answer above the plane's thrumming, clipped and desperate and furious: "I married you. I love you. But if you go on this way I don't know what may happen—I won't be responsible."

A slight change in the engines' sound brought me awake again. The plane's nose had angled forward, and we were beginning to drop toward a brown jumble that looked, in the surrounding green-blue of the water, exactly like islands on a map. As we lowered toward them the brown untangled and became brilliant green, shining white; then the colors resolved themselves into shapes. We slid past hangars, came gently and finally to a stop. We were in.

I lost sight of Madame Dourel when we left the plane. As quickly as possible I went through the brief customs routine and found the station wagon that was bound for the Inniscap, where I'd made my reservations. Dozens of times in the past I had done these things for myself, but suddenly it was an acute annoyance not having a man to do them for me. I don't know why; maybe the effect of all the honeymooners around me, the girls bemused, the boys with an unmistakable "let me attend to everything, dear," expression on their nice young faces. As we jogged along the leaf-canopied roads I watched the sun glinting on water and thought, in a sudden burst of self-pity, that I had a man who was supposed to do those things for me, too. To love and to cherish . . . had I thrown it all away? Or was I right, was it Wendy he wanted to love and to cherish, and

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It seemed to be the desk clerk's opinion that I ought to have a man with me. Holding his pen just out of my reach, he looked from my telegram to me and said, his English accent making it sound even more disapproving, "Mr. Douglas is coming on a later plane?"
"I'm not sure," I said, making a futile grab for the pen. He withdrew another inch, and his blond, girlish face grew scarlet with embarrassment.
"But . . . ah . . . we're holding a double room for you." He acted as if we were discussing something not quite nice.
"Exactly what I asked for," I said tartly.
"But Mrs. Douglas. If you plan to be alone . . . we are so full—we have a most desirable single suite . . ."
I glared at him. "I cannot sleep unless there are at least two beds in my room," I said firmly. "Your advertisement positively guarantees a restful vacation, and that's what I came for. Now will you have me taken upstairs or must I try another hotel?"

I couldn't blame the little man. If I hadn't already been so angry about being alone I wouldn't have bothered fighting it out. After all, a single room would have suited me as well. Better. I'd probably be kept awake by the other bed, standing there empty when Mark should have been it . . . reproaching me, frightening me . . .

But my room was worth the fight. I could look down into the turquoise-colored water, and away across the bay to what the bellboy said was Hamilton. The hypnotic soft plop of the ripples against the stone terrace beneath my window held a promise of sleep. In spite of the empty bed, the empty dresser, the lonesome-looking second closet where Mark's clothes should have been hanging.

Down below on the terrace two of the honeymoon couples, already in bathing suits and robes, sprawled around a table, chattering away.

One of the boys had a laugh that was too like Mark's. I left the window and prowled restlessly around the room.

It was about four-thirty. Too early to dress for dinner. Too late for a swim. I could go down and play my part in the overwhelmingly British atmosphere of the island by ordering tea. I could go for a walk. And I had to check the schedule for the little ferry that took one to Hamilton. There were all those exciting shops I'd been hearing about for years—china and tweed and French perfume at fractional prices . . .

Oh, what was the use! Perfume and turquoise water and air like iced champagne—they were fine if you were happy. They made you happier. But for me they were a mockery. Mark was in New York—with Wendy—and I was here alone.

I had a sudden, frantic urge to talk to him. If he'd been there I might have said something foolish. "Mark, don't go away from me. Even if you can't love me, if Wendy still holds you, please let's be friends. Let me share some of your life." I might have pleaded like that, who knows? My hand gripped the phone. There was always long distance. I could lift the receiver, speak the right words, hear his voice from hundreds of miles away, saying in astonishment "Nona!" Maybe even "Nona—darling."
I lifted the phone. I heard myself saying "Madame Dourel, please."

Sometimes I'm sorry, even now, that I did not call Mark. But most often

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I'm glad. Wouldn't it have been a bitter joke if he had jumped at the offer, answered eagerly, "Oh yes, Nona, that's what we should be—friends, not lovers. Not husband and wife. It's been a makeshift from the beginning." No, I couldn't risk it. I'm still glad her name intruded itself between me and the words "I want to call New York."

"So I found myself talking to my plane passenger. I asked her if she would have dinner with me and was delighted out of all proportion when she said yes. There, I thought; now I too have a date. Something to look forward to. A proper matronly date with a proper feminine companion. And only—I checked my watch again—only two hours to wait for this tremendous occasion.

When we met in the lobby at seven I took one look at Madame Dourel and thought, "If she were a man I'd call her dashing. As it is . . ." well, as it was, she looked worldly. I'm rather used to being looked at myself, when I come into a room, and with any other woman I would have been piqued that she, and not I, was getting all the attention. But her distinction was so overwhelming that I was simply proud to be seen with her. It was a humbling experience, and yet, perversely, I enjoyed it.

After we ordered she sat back and smiled at me a little teasingly. "Have you recovered yet from your war with the desk clerk? I admired your generalship, there."

"Good heavens! Does the whole place know about it?"

She laughed. "Oh, no. I was somewhat behind you there, waiting my turn. I gave myself the pleasure of being very curt with him when I arrived at the desk. On your behalf."

"He wouldn't have bothered me if I hadn't already been upset," I said unhappily. I wanted her to know that I was hoping to re-establish the very personal directness with which she'd spoken on the plane, and was ready to short-cut past the usual meaningless preliminaries to friendship. Ever since the moment when I'd spoken her name into the phone, I had been thinking about her, and I knew now that I wanted to talk to her about myself. I had an odd, superstitious conviction that I might learn something from her. Learn about what? Well, I hadn't thought that far. About living, I suppose. She looked as if she knew quite a lot about that, and I felt I could use any help that came along!

Her next words told me that she understood and accepted my overture. "You are not used to going about alone. You have the look of a woman always well attended."

"I dislike it intensely, since I've been married. I hate being here alone. My husband found it . . . inconvenient . . . to come along."

"Yes," she said. "Your resentment was quite obvious." She paused while the waiter changed plates, and then went on. "Quarreling is a profound waste of time, is it not?"

My eyebrows went up. "Don't you think there are some things worth quarreling over? If it helps to straighten them out?"

"If it helps," she said, and laughed. "Young people are always discussing, discussing. They have yet to learn that the behavior of the emotions cannot be controlled by words. A quarrel over who shall purchase the theater tickets, yes. That serves a purpose. But over anything more basic—" She shook her head. "Useless. Like the sea, the in-most feelings of others follow their own pattern. One may learn the pattern, but never control it."

I ate my fruit cup in silence, thinking this over. When I looked up she was frowning. "I assume the privilege of an older woman," she said. "But if I assume too much we will talk of something else. I do not wish to disturb you more."

I said eagerly, "No, please—I want to speak of it. I have a feeling you can help me."

She nodded. "Yes. I felt too that you did not care to discuss the weather. Then I am treading on no toes. Ah, the cutlet!"

The waiter, with a flourish, uncovered a steaming platter from which he helped us lavishly. But it might as well have been breaded shoe leather for my portion. I ate it, because the next time I looked at my plate it was gone, but I never tasted it. I was too absorbed in the luxury of talking about myself, telling Jeanette—as she asked me to call her—all about Mark and me. And Wendy . . .

Boiled down, it wasn't so tragic-sounding as it seemed when it was locked up in my mind. Mark and Wendy had been high-school "steadies." They'd worked together, gone out together. They were an accepted combination in Elmdale, where they grew up. Then they started on their careers. When the war came along, Wendy was on a newspaper, Mark knew he was going to

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"When Mark came back, everything went wrong," I told her, remembering gloomily how I'd pieced together for myself, out of bits and pieces that they'd let drop, what must have happened to both of them. "Mark had been lost for five years in a remote village in China. He wasn't altogether the same when he got back to civilization. And Wendy . . . well, she was involved with a man named Gil Kendal. She and Mark got sidetracked."

"And what of you?" Jeanette asked. "When did you arrive?"

"I'd been around. I liked Wendy—I wasn't even too jealous of her career, because there's no doubt she's a brilliant person and I'm just a nice-looking girl with plenty of money. And I liked Mark. When Wendy finally married Gil, Mark and I started seeing a lot of one another. But I had liked lots of other men without taking them seriously. I was pretty surprised when I woke up one morning and realized I wanted to marry him." I paused, and the reckless gaiety of that day came back to me—the day I knew Mark would ask me to marry him, knew I would say yes. "He was what you'd call on the rebound from Wendy, and I knew it then; but he meant what he said. He did want to marry me. Only now . . ."

"Now you can't forget that once he loved another woman," Jeanette said quietly. "Do you think then that he regrets marrying you?"

"Now that Wendy's husband is dead and she's free again?" Bitterness clogged my throat. "Of course he regrets it. He's still in love with her. If there were any way—if she'd have him—he'd give up in a minute this pre-ense he's always making that he feels like a brother toward her."

Jeanette, pouring coffee, said thoughtfully, "Are you so sure? There is more than one kind of love, you know, even between man and woman. There are as many shades, as many kinds, as there are people in the world." Her eyes glinted suddenly. "I am not so sure you know everything that is in your husband's heart. It is possible that he retains a love for this woman and yet it is of the past, a memory of his youth that has no real vitality today. You cannot be certain you know this thing. I myself learned very painfully that it is folly to believe we know the whole heart of another person. Consider . . . how often is it that your own motives are clear to you yourself?"

Often? Practically never, I thought. I stared at Jeanette, wondering if she made as much sense as she seemed to make. Because if she did, I had some thinking to do.

"You mean I may be taking something for granted and suffering over

it and it may be so any longer?"

"One can hope," she said. "He is, after all, your husband."

We sat out on the terrace after dinner until quite late, talking. People with problems are intensely selfish. I just took it for granted that she had nothing better to do with her first night in Eermuda than spend it hashing over the problems of Nona Marsh Douglas. But how expertly she built up my confidence! I drank it in like a tonic.

Her experienced eyes, measuring me from head to toe, warmed with amusement. "You know, my dear, you are not precisely a violet. More the orchid type—distinctly noticeable. However beautiful this Wendy may be, I am certain there is no reason to believe she puts you in the shade. Perhaps you are taking everything—yourself, and life—too seriously."

Something within me that hadn't stirred for weeks seemed to come to attention, but it wilted again. "It's not physically she overshadows me," I said hopelessly. "It's deeper. They've shared so much, so many years. Sometimes Mark and I don't seem to be talking the same language, but when he's with her there's a sort of spark—"

"Perhaps only because you are searching for it." Her voice took on a remembering quality. "During the war I was with the Red Cross in China and India. I saw then that the most important thing for the men of your generation, the most vital experience most of them would ever have in their lives, was what happened to them then. From what you say of Mark his adventure with the war was more meaningful even than the average. This most shattering of his experiences he cannot share with Wendy. Nor with you, either, so far—but what of that, since in this very important regard she has at least no advantage over you?"

Perhaps that's true, I thought with a surge of hope. Maybe Wendy's biggest advantage all along had been my own belief that she had an advantage. I hadn't fought hard enough.

Whatever the tonic was that Jeanette had administered, it survived the night and was still with me when I awoke to the next day's brilliance.

Scrambling into slacks and shirt, I went briskly down to breakfast, beaming at everyone I recognized and remembering, as I passed the desk clerk in the lobby, to give him a special smile that clearly confused him.

Never, I thought, had there been such grapefruit, never such perfect eggs and coffee! Even the sea-breeze was special. The ones I was familiar with, on Long Island and Cape Cod, always came up and slapped you in the face, and were supposed to be stimulating. This one danced gently in through the open French windows, tickled the marigolds on the table until they danced, and

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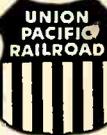
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crossed your cheek so teasingly... All of a sudden there seemed to be a lot of point in being alive.

After breakfast I went down to the end of the terrace and struck up a conversation with two brown young men in dungarees who were fitting out a huge sailboat for a day on the water. One turned out to be not very interesting, but the other had a cool, clipped British voice that intrigued me. Just for practice I flirted with him a little, and it didn't hurt my mood any when his British reserve cracked and he asked if I wouldn't care to join their expedition. "Nona, you're back in form!" I told myself buoyantly, and said how sorry I was that I had a previous engagement. Jeanette and I had planned a shopping tour through Hamilton, and I wouldn't have missed a minute of her company for the world. But when I said that I would love to come some other day, his eager "It's a date, then!" was very gratifying.

Jeanette, who had claimed that an occasional breakfast in bed was the privilege of her age, appeared very soon, trim in blue slacks and a striped blazer jacket. We acquired a bicycle apiece and then discovered we would have to fly if we wanted to make the ferry.

I couldn't have taken life seriously that day if I'd tried. The combination of Jeanette and Bermuda had blown me sky-high in reaction to the doubt and gloom of the weeks behind me, and I wanted to skim along the sober, sun-baked streets of Hamilton. But the crisp click of the carriage-horses' hooves set a completely different pace, a rhythmical sort of rocking that made you realize speed was out of place. It was a sound that predominated even though plenty of cars, at which Jeanette frowned disapprovingly, were noisily chugging up and down picturesque Queen Street.

Parking our bicycles, we ambled down the street, peacefully discussing the old-fashioned, unelaborate window displays that somehow managed to look very enticing. In Trimmingham's, the largest department store, I bought some grey flannel for a suit, and hesitated over a bolt of heather tweed in which Mark would have looked just right. Mark! It was the first time all day I had thought of him! I tested the thought, and discovered that it held no pain. I felt like any wife, wondering if she dared invade her husband's privacy by choosing the material for his next suit... in the end I decided that it would be wiser not to buy it, and we

went out again into the clean, tidy street.

At noon everything shut up for a two-hour siesta. We found a small restaurant with a balcony jutting out over the street, facing the waterfront that lapped at the curb opposite us. As we ate, we watched the bustle around the great white Queen of Bermuda, which had docked that morning.

Afterward I stretched my legs and turned my face up to the sun. "I feel like a jungle cat after a good meal. All relaxed and revived. Maybe it was a good idea after all, my coming down here alone."

Jeanette nodded. "I agree. May I hazard a guess. I think you are feeling more like yourself today, less like a woman who has been pulled this way and that until you hardly know what it is you honestly are and believe and want in life."

I wasn't quite sure what she meant. She explained. "Since we talked last night I believe I understand one part of your difficulty, and I will tell you what I think. This Wendy Warren is a woman, evidently, who is of a serious, questing temperament. The very fact that she has never been able to decide what she feels about Mark has told me that. She questions herself... Do I really want this? Do I sincerely believe that? Will I always be so? And so on. Emotionally, one may say, she takes herself seriously."

I poked thoughtfully at the ice in my glass. "You think that I, on the other hand, am light-minded? That with me things come and go without making much impression?"

"Not precisely. No, not light-minded. But you are not a seeker. Basically you do not believe in such things as perfect, complete happiness—true love that lasts forever. I think you are born cynical, a trifle; and always before in your life when things have gone against you, have you not let them go with a laugh? Oh, you have made a fight, of course—I can see well that you are not one to give up easily. But if you have lost the fight, have you not been able to shrug your shoulders very prettily and forget the incident?"

I grinned at her. "If you're speaking of men, I've seldom lost. But—yes, once or twice I've had to admit failure. And you're right; it was never a big thing to just let go, forget, go on to the next thing. But I never felt this way about anyone else. Mark..." I sobered, and for the first time that day a little of the sparkle went out of me. "Mark is for



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always. I'm very sure of that."

"Perhaps so. I hope so, if you want it," Jeanette said. "But you are not fighting for him in your own way. It seems to me that you have been unconsciously trying to make yourself over into a copy of Miss Warren, acting as you think she might act if she were faced with your problem. The deep emotional depression you have gone through... is it not what you think she might feel if she were in your place, and suspected as you do that her husband loved another woman?"

A blast from the Queen's foghorn set the glasses to rattling and drowned out my startled protest. When I could be heard again, I wasn't so sure I wanted to protest. Was there some truth, peculiar and twisted, in what she was telling me? Had I tried to make myself into a carbon copy of Wendy Warren? If so—what a fool I'd been! Thinking back, I said slowly, "You may have something there. I was happy and secure at first, when Mark and I were married. Even though I knew it wasn't the greatest love affair of all time... still, it was love, and it was wonderful sharing it. And when I began to suspect that Wendy was still at the back of his mind—you're right. If I'd been myself I wouldn't have made scenes to bring it all out so dreadfully into the open, put things into words that spoiled everything... I would have waited, hoped, fought quietly for myself."

"Yes," Jeanette nodded. "That would be Wendy's way, would it not—to have the clear understanding, the cards on the table. And so you have been forcing yourself to act. It seems more honest. But for you—" she shrugged. "It's not your style. You will not get what you want by speaking up and demanding it. You will plan and even scheme a little, and only that way you will be successful."

"It makes me sound dreadful," I objected.

"No. Merely female. There are several different kinds of women, you know, as there are those different kinds of love we spoke of... My child," she added, with a laugh that mocked the elderly-aunt tone she'd been using.

When we finished lunch and descended into the street, we met a group from the hotel and, by silent consent, joined them. It was time, I thought, that Jeanette gave some consideration to things other than my troubles, such as having the holiday she had come for. For the rest of the afternoon we traveled in a congenial pack, admiring the whites and vivid blues and pinks of the small flat-roofed houses. Though the sun never became unbearable, because of the sea-breeze, the buildings seemed to shimmer in the heat-haze, and this quivering in the air, with the brilliant, oversize blossoms that grew so lushly in every tiny garden, gave the place a fairy-tale quality, a dreamlike, unreal enchantment.

The ferry, however, kept a very un-dreamlike schedule, and once again we had to race to make the trip that would get us back in time for tea.

Jeanette and I had it on the terrace, watching the water as it purpled and darkened under the fading light, not talking much. A gull plummeted downward like a falling stone, and pecked under the water. Jeanette, shivering slightly, looked apologetically at me. "This hour is always to me like someone walking over my grave," she said. "I never feel I can meet it with tranquillity. There is no such peace in the



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world as this hour seems to promise." I said incredulously, "You! Why, you seem to me the most tranquil person I've ever known." "You think so?" Her lips twitched. "Well, perhaps. Now. At one time you could not have described me so." "Jeanette," I said hesitantly, "I've been wanting to ask you . . . there's so much I'd like to know about you, and you've been so kind to string along with my aches and pains." I felt confused and clumsy, but I persisted. "Remember, you said you had learned 'very painfully' that you couldn't really know what another person was like, underneath . . ."

She kept her eyes on the water. "Yes, I will tell you," she said. "Not because I care to talk about it, it is far in the past and no longer important. But I may help you somehow by telling. Once, you see, I was terribly in love. With my husband, you understand. We had fifteen years of great happiness. Then . . ." she moved her shoulders and her voice became brisk. "Then, briefly, came the war and almost at once he was killed in a plane accident. And only then did I learn that for five years before that he had been unfaithful to me."

I gasped as if she'd flung icewater in my face. But she was smiling as she continued. "I am not abnormal, I cannot say that I did not suffer most bitterly. Most violently. But then . . . it was over. He was, after all, dead. And you see, do you not, we had had all those years of happiness together. I had believed in it, and so it had been real; it could not be dismissed or forgotten. Had he not died—well, perhaps I should never have known. But in any case he was gone; yet my happiness had been complete and unspoiled, while I had it. If it was built on an illusion . . ." she reached over and touched my hand lightly . . . "at least he too cared to preserve the illusion, and I was content. That is why I am tranquil now . . . because I know that what happiness I manage to have, that is real. I do not concern myself with regret, with what might have been and with what may be going on beneath the surface of the happiness."

"Yes, I am tranquil. I am also late to dress for dinner, as are you, Nona." Her changed tone put a period to what she had been saying, and roused me abruptly. I couldn't make out what time it was in the almost-faded light. "Let's dress gaily tonight," she said. "We shall descend upon the dining room in all our finery and be very social and perhaps even come out to the terrace later for the dancing—what do you say?"

She had a touch of magic, that

woman. In an instant my spirits had soared with her own. "Yes, let's! I've got a grey chiffon—"

"Have you indeed?" said a voice behind me. "How come I've never seen it? What other secrets have you been keeping from me?"

Jeanette's face wavered and disappeared into spinning darkness. Clutching the table for support, I thought, *This must be fainting!* And still through the whirling I seemed to be hearing Mark's voice in my ears. *Impossible, I thought dazedly; it's impossible.*

After a long time the whirling began to slow down, the tumbling shapes to take form again, and I discovered that I was staring up at Mark and the whole thing could not have taken more than a few seconds. In the dusk his face was lean and sharp, but I could see the warmth of his smile and it confused me even more. He sat down in the chair out of which Jeanette seemed to have disappeared. Blankly, I watched him.

"May I join the lady?" he asked. I found my breath again. "What an entrance," I said in a trembling voice that sounded like someone else's. "You must remember to use it in your next play. Like something falling from the sky."

"It was pretty good, wasn't it." He gave me an exaggerated smirk. "Actually I did fall from the sky—took a late morning plane. I just got in."

I was half afraid to speak. The memory of how we had parted was suddenly so fresh in my mind that it seemed almost possible his next words might be *Nona, I want a divorce*. But the way he was looking at me, and the strange expression around his mouth, there was a tenderness in his face that didn't go with words like that. He looked almost—

"Nona," he softly interrupted my unsteady thoughts. "I'm glad I came. Are you?"

"Oh, Mark!" Forgetting it was too dark for tears to show, I put my hand up to shield my eyes. *Funny, I thought, I've never been a weepy woman—how things have changed!* "Mark—do you mean you're here? I mean, with me? In spite—"

"In spite of nothing." He squeezed my hand and his face turned rather grim. "Don't look back. You'll just see a couple of fools there. There's nothing to remember. I don't know how else to say it, Nona, except that you're my wife. And I'm your husband. We'll take it from here, darling, if you're still willing."

"I'm willing," I said. Then I laughed. Willing . . . what a word for the swooping and churning that was going on inside me!

It seems to me that Americans can make no greater contribution to all mankind than to stand united, without a state imposed uniformity, for the achievement of that peace and freedom for which all people everywhere pray.

—HARRY TRUMAN

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My Lost Seven Years

(Continued from page 35)

than myself?" he asked quietly. I said, "I choose to call it—God."

The story of how I tried every human agency before I found the Truth that made me whole is the story I now wish to tell the readers of RADIO MIRROR—the story of my lost seven years. Not merely a "lost week-end," mind you, but the story of seven lost years at a time when I should normally have been at my best and of how a meeting with others like myself made the difference between the outcast that I was and the happy man that I am.

Friends have said of me, "In the beginning, it was just innocent social drinking with Broke—just going the usual rounds of social and business parties, being one of the boys!"

Nonsense. Kindly and well-meant rationalizing, but—nonsense. It was never just "innocent social drinking" with me. My drinking right from the start, was secret drinking.

Since it was considered a sin at home to take a drink, I "snuck" my first one when I was a senior in high school. Nothing particularly ominous in this, mark you. A fairly routine gesture of boyish bravado, nothing more. The evidence that I was an alcoholic was handed down when, long after maturity had removed the necessity for secret drinking, I found myself avoiding the bars where my pals drank, preferring to go off by myself and drink solo, or with complete strangers. To me, drinking was a sin. This, had I but known it, was the first symptom of alcoholism.

I didn't know it. No man knows, no boy, girl or woman knows whether or not he, or she, is a potential alcoholic. Like other dread diseases, alcoholism attacks in the dark. It is gradual and by the time it can be diagnosed, it is mighty serious and the victim is in a bad way. But, also like most diseases, there are symptoms—and a sense of guilt in your drinking is one of them.

The "social drinker" indulges in alcohol as a beverage, to stimulate fellowship or to loosen his inhibitions. The alcoholic drinks for an anodyne and for the escape it gives him. The social drinker never thinks of drinking as anything but a social pastime—he wants to relax and have fun openly, and does. The alcoholic soon finds himself alone and unhappy in his drinking. It is as though each drink was added to the last drink in an effort to keep reality at a distance, an effort to stay in an alcoholic suspension where Conscience cannot reach. In my seven years of alcoholism, I can't remember one happy moment, drunk or sober.

There are other warning symptoms,

too, and I had them all. It took ever-increasing amounts to give me the lift others got with one or two drinks. I always wanted to be the last one at a party and when the festivities were over and the social drinkers went home, I went on, and on . . .

Let's flash back, momentarily, to those years before the symptoms in my case became apparent. From school days through high school and college, I had worked at some forty different jobs—printer, mechanic, the "repertoire"—such as the average boy undertakes. After World War I activity in the Students Training Corps, there followed several years of welfare work. From YMCA "hut" secretary, I went on to campaign work and lay preaching for the Near East Relief. The transition to radio took place in 1924, at which time I became staff announcer for station WJZ. Among my earliest assignments were the now historic broadcasts of the National Democratic Convention held in the old Madison Square Garden, the inauguration of President Coolidge, the Zev-Epinard race, the first two-way conversation between a plane in flight and myself on the ground, the first air interviews with movie, radio and theatrical stars, the funeral of William Jennings Bryan, the Lindbergh "Welcome Home" reception and many others.

Yes, as early as 1926 mine was one of the two best known voices on the air—the other being that of the late Graham McNamee. When, as the result of a popularity contest, New York's Mayor, the beloved Jimmy Walker, crowned me "King of Announcers," I was earning five hundred a week and no ceiling on potential. My fan-mail was phenomenal.

This brief brochure on the early Brokenshire is not to boast, but simply to make the point that, from the very beginning, I was a potential success in this new medium of radio—and I was scared! I found myself in a job that I felt was too big for me. Each day, each program was a fearful thing. I was afraid I couldn't do the wonderful things expected of me. I wanted to hide. I wanted to get in a hole and pull it in after me. I did. I drank. I drank to find courage to work and I drank in relief when the work was done. When I had enough alcohol, I wasn't the simple lad born in an Ontario backwoods cabin, son of an unknown circuit minister. I wasn't the misunderstood youngster being "let go" from job after job. When I was drinking I wasn't tired or worried, I wasn't afraid . . . In my cups, I could keep pace with the glamorous life I was living, could rub elbows casually



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with the name men I was meeting. When I was drinking I had, in short, escaped reality altogether.

The habit-patterns of alcoholics are all the same. Every alcoholic has a "reason," an excuse for his excessive drinking. Some alcoholics drink to "steady their nerves," some because they're so happy, others because they're so sad. Each individual thinks his, or her case is different from every other case in the annals of alcoholism, but this, too, is a common denominator of the disease. Basically, these are all attempts to rationalize a behavior we inwardly know is wrong.

Flashing back once more to my early days in radio, I got through the first year without manifest mishap. But by 1925, I began to be late for appointments. I drank at rehearsals and before broadcasts. I had an over-abundance of jubilation. During one such moment I smashed the window of the control room. When my escapades became such that they could no longer be overlooked, I was punished by being sent to a local station in Washington, D. C.

Not long afterward, as a reward for good behavior, I was recalled to New York and made Chief Announcer, of the super-power station—for WJZ had been given a license to operate at 80,000 watts. However, restlessness was soon to overcome me, for I was under very restraining rules as a staff announcer. I was offered the job of heading up the Beauty Pageant in Atlantic City by the municipal radio station there. This and other offers prompted me to go free-lance. Broadcasting from all the gay night spots and the atmosphere of the "world's playground" added fuel to the fire, and I soon hit the skids again.

Others could see it, if I could not. My bosses, for instance, and a wonderful girl—the girl I married.

My wife married me because she loved me. Since she had worked in the publicity department of Station WJZ and, later, in charge of the station's announcers, she married me in the knowledge that I had a problem. She also married me, I have no doubt, with the idea of helping me and straightening out my faults. This, believe me, seldom works out.

I took, in the course of my seven lost years, many so-called "cures" and when I left the last "cure," I was waved off with a cheery, "Bye, now, but you'll be back old man—all our friends come back!" So they do. All but those who have been blessed, as I have been, by the revelation that the cure for alcoholism is not entirely in human hands.

For two years, I worked with a psychiatrist and during those two years I

dried up. My habit pattern improved. I hung up my clothes. I thought a little straighter but became very egotistical about the fact that I was "dry." I boasted that I could now eat in bars without drinking in them, could look at other unfortunate drinkers and pity them—and this very attitude proved that I was not on the right track. Done with no recognition of, or reliance upon, God there was nothing to sustain the habit-patterns the psychiatrist had given me. This being so, the patterns fell apart—and so did I. But this comes later . . .

Meantime, I was still wearing the crown of "King of Announcers," still getting by with it . . . In the earlier stages, the alcoholic usually manages to pull the wool over the eyes he wants to blind. Or he thinks he does. And so did I. But although my assignments continued to be king-size, so did my lapses and I was warned that if ever again I came to work with so much as a suspicion of liquor on my breath, "You're through." It happened one day at a rehearsal. The word that I was through spread over the entire field of radio like a flash of lightning.

Unable to get work in New York, I made a tour of the West Indies and the Canal Zone as narrator for a travelogue of which, it soon developed the director, like myself, was an alcoholic. The tour turned out a complete dud.

Still *persona non grata* in New York City, I went to the West Coast but an alcoholic knows better than anyone else that you cannot run away from yourself.

During the next year, a few independent stations gave me work but not for long. In between the spot engagements that became spottier and spottier, I worked as a carpenter, an odd-jobs man, anything I could get in order to keep going. In my sober moments, I worked on completing my own house.

In my better days of the early Thirties, I bought a piece of land, a little acre among the birches of Long Island's Lake Ronkonkoma and there, with the understanding help and love of a few relatives and friends evolved the house which I believe, I do believe, was the basic interest that kept me fighting all through the years—fighting to hold on to it. It is curious, but no matter how discouraged I might be, that dream of a home-to-be stayed with me and, in some far reach of my sick spirit, sustained me.

When I dried up in 1943 that house, the now finished home we call Tri-anglen, was the only thing that was left me from the lost years.

But busy as I was in those early Thirties, together with trying to "dry

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up," the struggle was like the losing fight. By the end of 1937, I "retired."
 The days, the weeks, the months and years that followed are, mercifully, almost oblivion . . . until, one day, walking down Broadway, I met a man I'd known in radio. He, too, had been an alcoholic. Now, he was clear-eyed, had a spring in his step, a happy smile. He told me that he was in Alcoholics Anonymous. He asked me to come to a meeting with him. I went. This was in 1943. I haven't had a drink from that day to this day—and God give me the strength and the courage to hope that I won't have a drink tomorrow. That I say this, say it every day of my life, tells the story of what A.A. did for me.
 "Dry" A.A.'s have learned there is a power greater than ourselves and that in the recognition and use of this power lies our healing and our hope.
 My spiritual experience was, as great experiences are, very simple.

There in a quiet room were men and women, who, until these meetings, were completely alone, but here they came to the knowledge that many others had the same fears, and had gone through the same dark abyss. Now they seemed secure in the knowledge that they were no longer alone, for the Power that had aided these others was around them, too. Each new meeting one lent strength to the conviction that this was the way to normalcy and to freedom. So many alcoholics, including myself, resist for years the simple message of A.A., for in them is the fear that in giving up their bottle, they are giving up their freedom—when, in truth, there is no greater slave than the alcoholic. Only when he is enabled by right thinking to drop forever the chains of habitual fear that drink is to the alcoholic, is he truly free.

There lay ahead of me now the challenge of the "come-back." It wasn't going to be easy. "You can get a job, Broke," friends told me, "but you'll never get one in New York."
 We went to Washington, my wife and I, and for a year I worked there. Upon returning to New York, I began making the rounds of everyone I had ever known in radio. But doors, once so wide open, were closed to me.

Finally, after months of trying to get the attention of averted eyes or close my ears to the repetitive "Sorry, old man," one day Phillips Carlin, then program director of Mutual Broadcasting System, decided to give me a job announcing.

This was the first hand-up, the first stone in the build-up.
 One and one-half years later, U. S. Steel asked me if I would be available every Sunday night for five years!

The lapse of another year—and Chesterfield called me for minute spots. It was the most constructive thing that could have happened to me for my old sponsor to call me. It healed an old wound.

Later I was approached by WNBC for the Take It Easy Time show. And in four months I was offered the 9:15 morning program. Now, five days a week, comes the old familiar greeting, "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how do you do?"

When I go off the deep end now, it's for things like porterhouse steaks, barbecue, or the swimming pool—or chess or rummy. And am at peace as of today. "As of today," for I must still take it twenty-four hours at a time, thankful for today and believing that, by the grace of God, I will have reason to be thankful for tomorrow.

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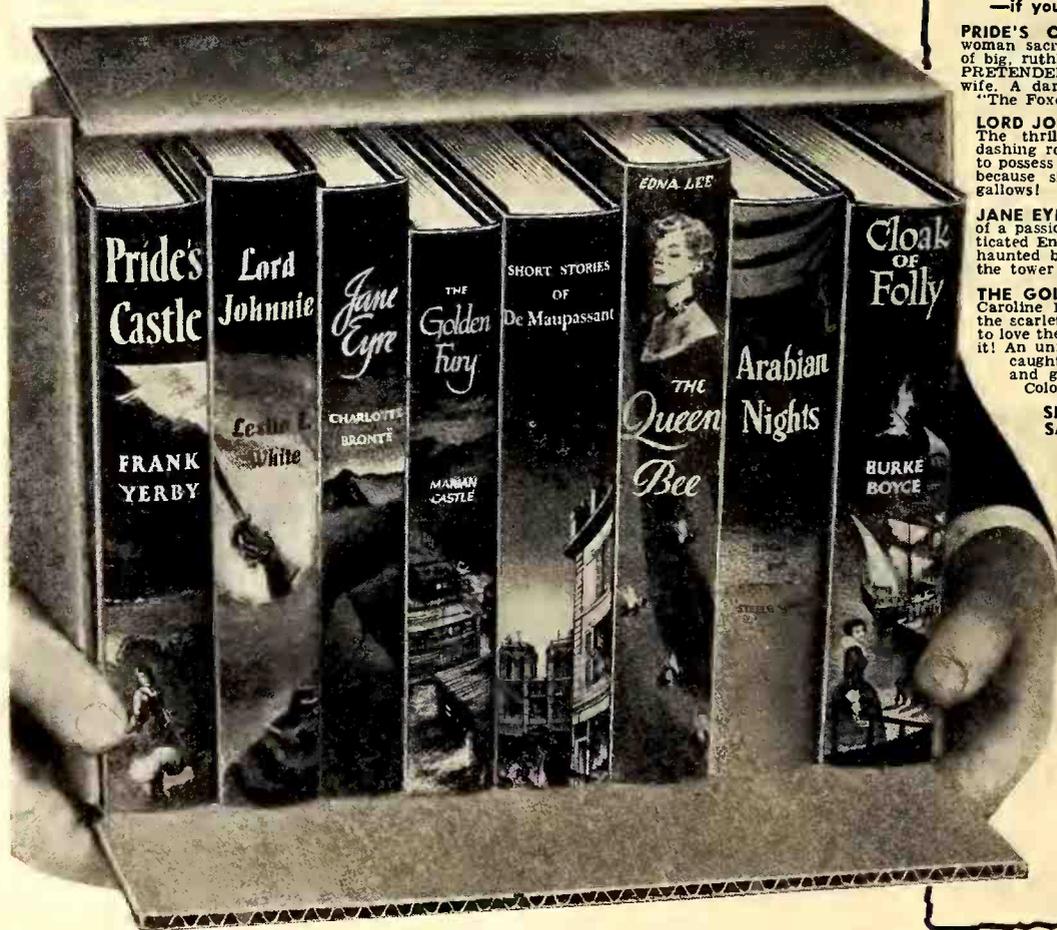
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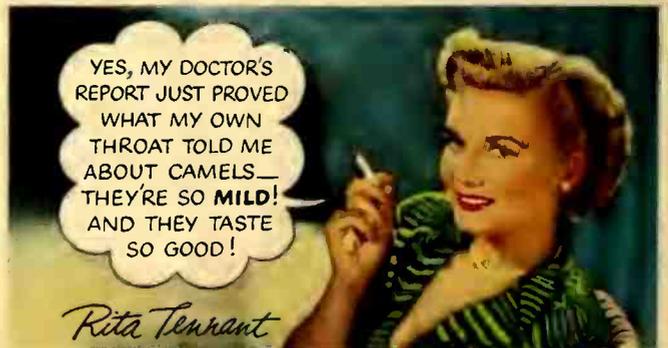


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