

RADIO MIRROR

March

25¢

What I know
about
WALTER WINCHELL
radio's stormiest star



TO INTRODUCE THE NEW BATH-SIZE CAMAY -

\$1,000 a year for life!

[AND 553 OTHER CASH PRIZES]



Just name the girl on the Camay wrapper

And tell why you selected this name

BATH-SIZE Camay is the beauty news of the year! It's bigger! It gives you more luxury, more lather. It brings to all your skin the finest complexion care.

Here's More Wonderful News!

Now here's a sensational contest to introduce Bath-Size Camay! YOU MAY WIN \$1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE, or one of 553 other cash prizes. Just name the girl on the Camay wrapper and tell, in 25 words or less, why you chose this name.

A Few Helpful Hints!

In thinking of a name, think of Camay. The girl on the Camay wrapper is just like Camay itself. She is gentle. She makes friends wherever she goes. She is a symbol of beauty and romance. And . . . well, you can think of lots of other nice things about Camay and the girl on the wrapper! Things that suggest names to you—names that may win a big prize! So enter today!



Get the whole family to enter the Camay Contest!

THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER MAY BE RIGHT IN YOUR HOME!

This Camay Contest is so easy to enter! Even a child might win! Just choose a name you think is suitable. Then complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less "I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper _____ because" These examples may help you:

"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper **HOPE** because any woman can hope for a lovelier skin from head to toes, if she'll use Bath-Size Camay in her daily Beauty Bath."

"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper **SNOW WHITE** because Snow White, the girl in the fairy story, was the fairest of them all."

"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper **GARDENIA** because Camay leaves my skin just touched with a delicate, flower-like fragrance."

READ THESE EASY RULES:

1. Choose a name for the girl on the Camay wrapper. Put the name you choose in the blank space in this sentence, "I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper _____ because" Then complete the sentence in 25 additional words or less explaining why you think this name is suitable.
2. Have your dealer help you with your entry. Get from him an official entry blank or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. In either case, be sure to print plainly your name and address, and the name and address of the dealer who has helped you. If you win a prize, he will win one, too.
3. Mail to Camay, Dept. MX, Box 2178, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by one Bath-Size Camay wrapper and one regular-size Camay wrapper (or two regular-size Camay wrappers) or facsimiles.
4. All entries must be postmarked before midnight March 26, 1948 and received by April 9, 1948 to be eligible. No en-

tries returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

5. Any resident of the continental United States, Hawaii and Dominion of Canada may enter except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and Dominion regulations.

6. The grand prize of \$1000.00 a year for life will be provided by an annuity policy paid for by Procter & Gamble. Or the grand prize winner may take \$20,000.00 in cash instead of this annuity.

7. Entries will be judged on the appropriateness of the name selected and the aptness of the sentence explaining your choice. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. Grand prize winner will be announced on Camay's radio program, Pepper Young's Family, as soon as possible after close of the contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available on request about one month after the close of the contest.

554 PRIZES...

Grand Prize

\$1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE

[Or \$20,000 cash in a lump sum payment, if the winner elects.]

- 2nd PRIZE ... \$1000 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT
- 3rd PRIZE ... \$750 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT
- 4th PRIZE ... \$500 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT
- 50 PRIZES OF \$100 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT
- 500 PRIZES OF \$10 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT

THINK WHAT \$1,000 A YEAR WILL BUY!



ENTER NOW - GET OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK AT YOUR DEALER'S!

"—and stay out, you faker!"

CUPID: OUCH! Hey, Sis, why the rush act?

GIRL: Serves you right, you dime-size double-crosser! Bragging about being the world's best matchmaker—and then falling down on your job!

CUPID: On *my* job? Get this, Gingersnap—I can't land you a lad unless *you* cooperate. Swap that crabapple look for a smile! Give out with some sparkle!

GIRL: Your advice is *brilliant*, Sonny—only my *teeth* aren't. They're strictly dull 'n dingy. I brush-brush-brush, but what gives...?

CUPID: A touch of "pink" on your tooth brush mebbe?

GIRL: Ye-es, come to think of it. So what?

CUPID: So *listen*, dimwit! That "pink" you toss off so airily is a sign to *see your dentist*. Let *him* decide whether or not it's serious. He may find that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise—and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and gentle massage."

GIRL: Stick to the subject, Short Change. Our topic for today was my *smile*. Remember?

CUPID: You remember this: firm, healthy gums are *important* to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So get bright and start now with Ipana care. And don't say I didn't tell you that men really fall for a gal with a gorgeous Ipana smile!

never
ignore
"pink
tooth brush"



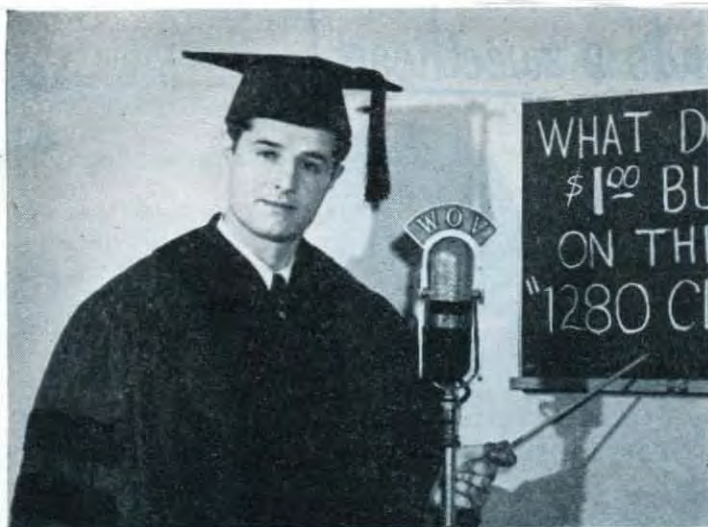
Ipana



Product of Bristol-Myers

for your smile of beauty

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey. Same survey shows that dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.



The pride of WOV's 1280 Club isn't fooling anybody with that somber cap and gown.

Fred Robbins

Professor of Thermodynamics

Pretty Kitty Kallen hears a playback.



Hi Jinx on the program when Falkenburg guests.



Lena Horne adds sparkle.



Here comes Martha Vickers.

ANYBODY with a hep-heart who lives within audio-range of WOV's metropolitan New York wave length knows Fred Robbins and the 1280 Club. He's a disc-jockey, but burns crisp if anyone says it to his face. Instead he's termed himself "Professor of Thermodynamics." Quite a professor. Medium height, husky, so full of life you listen for the bubbles, Fred explodes into the station once a night. The evening I was up there I asked, "Can't we sit down a minute and talk?"

Fred grinned, grabbed up an armful of cookies (records, that is) and said, "Follow me, angel, and we'll bum gums on the way."

I followed. Oh, yes—I followed! We zoomed into the record room, which is like a library, only with records instead of books. Fred had a list with him which he'd made out for the night's show, and he squirreled up and down a stepladder pulling out his selections from the thousand and one partitions. In less than half an hour he had a pile of records about a foot and a half high. I gave up trying to ask more than one question per record or trying to chase him up and down the ladder. "Isn't there someone who can do this for you?" I said sympathetically.

"Honeybun . . ." Fred said seriously, "a good professor outlines his own course of instruction. I gotta pick these biscuits myself so's my chicks and chucks get the good stuff and the best in this field. Gotta do it with the personal touch. Like as Luke, if I leave it up to someone else the show won't be the same.

"Gotta please the members. WOV's 1280 Club's got about 40,000. Coulda been about a million by now but we had to close registration a year ago."

I looked at the clock. "It's 6.25," I suggested, "aren't you kind of late?"

"Kinda" the professor said lazily. Then, as if shot, he snatched up his stack of records, tossed me a 'C'mon!', and tore down the long corridor with me in bewildered pursuit.

While the platters whirled, I got my interview.

Though he is a hep lad now from the tip of his toes to his wavy-hair top, Fred almost became a lawyer instead. Born in Baltimore in 1918, he stuck around for almost 25 years during which time he studied law at college.

Fred's radio beginning was not exactly cataclysmic. He was a chime tester. That is, his job was to see that the chimes which identified WBAL in Baltimore were in tune before they were played. The job ended when the station manager found out that Fred didn't belong to the musicians' union.

After various odd jobs, Fred's persistence finally won out. He landed an announcing berth on a brand new station in Baltimore, WITH. There he had a chance to develop his own program called the "Swing Class," a fast-moving session of jive talk and solid music. The show was such a success that it brought him to New York. Just before coming to WOV to m.c. the 1280 Club, Fred had been free-lancing his talents on the network shows.

Your Cold... develops in many ways... requires quick attention



GERMS called the "secondary invaders," are believed to be responsible for much of a cold's misery. These are already present in the mouth or may be transferred to you if you get in the way of a cough or a sneeze.



WET FEET or cold feet may lower body resistance, and so make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to invade the throat tissue and produce many of the miserable complications of a cold you know so well.



DRAFTS, fatigue, and sudden changes of temperature may also make it easier for germs to stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissue. Reduction of germs is an important step in warding off a cold.

ANYTHING that lowers body resistance makes it easier for threatening germs called "secondary invaders" to enter throat tissues and start trouble.

So, at the slightest hint of a chill, sneeze or cough, begin at once with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and use it regularly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

This pleasant precaution may "nip your cold in the bud", or lessen its seriousness once it has started. Here is why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including "secondary invaders"... helps guard against their staging

a mass invasion of the tissue. In short it gets after them before they get after you.

Germs Reduced Up to 96.7% in Tests

Remember, repeated tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

Also remember that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily in tests had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Here are some types of the "Secondary Invaders" which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

Gargle with **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

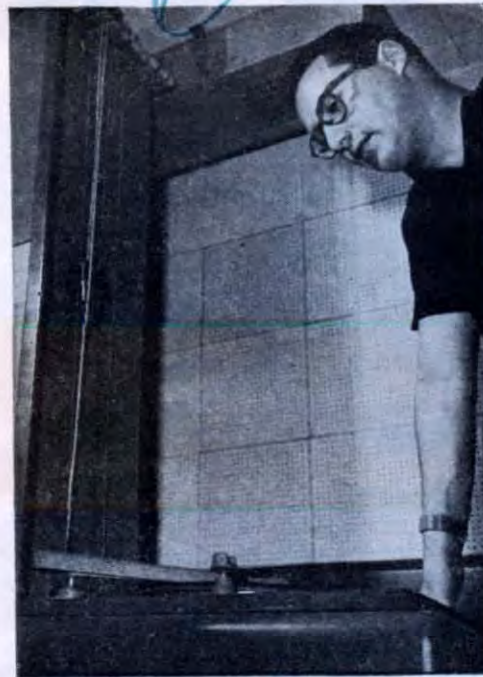
IT'S NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?



Artistry in



Kenton



Eddie Safranski's bass and Stan's piano combine on "Safranski." And the playback, to Stan and Pete Rugolo, sounds right.



To dancers accustomed to routine "swing," Stan Kenton's new music has been a bit of a shock. But the more they've listened the better they've liked it.



Stan and engineer Walter Rivers anticipate a session on the record that's about to be cut.



By JOE

THE interest and controversy created by Stan Kenton's "Artistry in Rhythm" had aroused our interest, too. We just had to find out about the artistry that gave birth to such records as "Artistry in Percussion," "Safranski," "Unison Riff," "Peanut Vendor" and "Artistry in Bolero." Starting out by listening to every available Stan Kenton record, we wound up by "sitting-in" on a seven-hour recording session held in the Pathe Studios in New York.

What about his progressive jazz? Would future generations regard ultra modern music with the same time-honored respect and appreciation as the music of Brahms, Beethoven and Bach?

Although these may well be rhetorical questions, you can be sure that Stanley Kenton himself will keep working and fighting for recognition for his brand of progressive music. This is perfectly evident to anyone who ever spoke to 6-foot-4 Stan or attentively listened to his orchestra. There can be no questions about his seriousness of purpose. More, every member of the band believes in the music, in Stan and in himself as strongly as any patriot ever believed in his cause.

"When people tell me that they don't understand our music, it sort of makes me a little impatient," said Stan. "Understand it? You don't have to understand music to like it—you have to feel it. Music is for the emotions! You can't always dance to our band's arrangements, because music—we believe—ought to be written and played more for the ears than it is for the feet.

"We're placing our hopes in the youth of the world. It's not that the older generation is anti-progressive.

FACING the



MARTIN

Two wars, depressions, unreal prosperity and other uncertainties have been too much of a strain on their emotions. It's the youngsters who will be making the great contributions to the art forms. They're more honest with their emotional selves. They're searching for new colors, new tones, new tempos, new everything. Why, you know, this band of mine is going to play concerts only from now on. No more hotels or ballrooms or theaters after we fulfill the contracts we still have. Right now we are telling the dancers that the next number is a concert arrangement and not meant for dancing. They stop dancing, too, and listen—and like it."

And if there are any doubts about the entertainment value of a dance band that doesn't care about playing dance music, rest assured that the Kenton crew can fill the most staid concert halls in the country with laughter. Who ever heard of a jazz band that dressed in pearl grey tuxedo trousers, blue suede shoes, blue dinner jackets and ascot ties?

And how many bands have you seen and heard lately in which the musicians seem to be having as much fun as the audience? That's the artistry in Kenton that puts the artistry in his music.

Never have we seen a group of musicians imbued with such spirit, with such respect and affection for the leader. No matter whether or not you "understand" the music of Stan Kenton, listen again and again and then watch the group in action. We'll wager an old "Alf Landon For President" button that you'll become a convert. No one who is really interested in modern music could help it. The artistry in Kenton is much too infectious to resist.

MUSIC



Now Rugolo, who's chief arranger, helps singer June Christy set a lyric. At the playback, he listens with drummer Shelly Manne and Stan.



Better Sit Up
and Beg, Pal!



GOSH, YOU'RE
SCRAPPY LATELY, JUDY!
I SPEND MORE TIME IN
THE DOGHOUSE THAN
FIDO! WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE?

JIM, I CAN'T TELL
YOU! YOUR DENTIST
CAN HANDLE A
SUBJECT LIKE
— LIKE BAD BREATH
BETTER THAN
I CAN!

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

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

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DID ALL RIGHT BY ME!
NOW I'M OUT OF THE DOGHOUSE, AS YOU CAN SEE!



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



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

Facing the Music

AT THE time you are reading this Dizzy Gillespie and his band should be finishing up their tour of Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Belgium. Reports from the Continent are that "Be-Bop" music has gained greater popularity there than right here, where it started.

Just as a little memory test, did you ever think that it was ten years ago when one of the most popular tunes on the air was something called "She's Tall, She's Tan, She's Terrific," and that Deanna Durbin was a weekly feature on the Eddie Cantor program?

After so many years as a featured vocalist with Freddy Martin, Clyde Rogers is about ready to leave and do some free-lance work as a singer and saxophonist.

If you've been wondering a little about Tex Beneke dropping the "Glenn Miller" name of the band, we'd like to remind you that Mrs. Miller still has quite an interest in the band—and that she went along with the decision.

When you get to see a movie called "You Were Meant For Me," along with Jeanne Crain and Dan Dailey you'll see a grand actor named Harry Barris. Harry is the one who wrote such hit songs as "I Surrender Dear" and "Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams." More, he was teamed with a guy named Bing Crosby and Al Rinker as the "Rhythm Boys" in Paul Whiteman's Band.

We hear tell that Woody Herman's little daughter Ingrid will have a playmate soon. She's not sure whether she wants a baby brother or sister. Ingrid is 6.

RCA Victor is ready to reissue some wonderful old records that should fill gaps in collectors' shelves. Among the reissues are sides by the Glenn Miller Band, Fats Waller, Tommy Dorsey with Frank Sinatra and Larry Clinton with Bea Wain. Bea and her husband, announcer Andre Baruch, are successful disc jockies on New York's WMCA.

Wonder how Elliott Lawrence made out in his 20th Century Fox screen test?

If you're a Betty Hutton fan, you'll be finding her on RCA Victor records again. Originally, Betty recorded for Capitol, then went to RCA Victor, then back to Capitol and now back to you-know-who.

London Records will, some time in March, release an album called "London Suite" by the Ted Heath Orchestra. "London Suite" is a group of musical impressions of the various sections of London. It was originally written by the late Fats Waller and never issued on records. The master records made by Fats in England were destroyed during the war.

SMART NEW BOTTLE FOR QUICK CURLS



WILDROOT HAIR SET is now available in this smart new boudoir bottle! Just right for your dressing table. Right too for setting your favorite hair-do quickly at home, and tops for good grooming. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves hair soft, natural looking, and at its lovely best. Light bodied. Replaces old-fashioned thick, gummy wave sets. Faster drying. Leaves no flakes. Get Wildroot Hair Set in the smart new bottle today, at your favorite drug or toiletries counter.

NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

Women—Earn Money—Sell
Yours—truly nylons
IN AMAZING NEW FIT SERVICE



Mail Coupon for
FREE OUTFIT
with sample stocking

Enjoy taking orders from friends, in spare time, for amazing Yours-Truly Nylon Hosiery in a new Individual Customer Fit Service. Fit every type of leg; slim, stout, average, short, long, extra long. No twisted seams, no baggy ankles, or binding at the top! Yours-Truly Nylons are more beautiful because they fit perfectly. Delighted customers buy time after time.

Be First! Mail Coupon!

Earn money of your own, build a steady business with Yours-Truly Nylon Hosiery that's more beautiful because it fits perfectly. Mail coupon for FREE Outfit, including actual sample stocking. Enclose a letter about yourself. Put money in the bank and cash in your purse for a few hours easy, delightful, dignified work. No experience required. No obligation. Act today.

AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. B-18, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. B-18,
INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA
Please send me FREE complete selling outfit containing FREE sample Yours-Truly Nylon Stocking. I enclose letter about myself.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ Age _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



Tom Scott

CBS, 8:15 Mon.-
Fri. WQXR, 11:45
A.M. Mon.-Fri.

TOM SCOTT, American troubadour, whose broadcasts are heard over CBS from 8:15 to 8:30 A.M. Monday through Friday and daily over WQXR from 11:45 to 12 Noon, features folk songs that almost all Americans are glad to hear and didn't know they had as part of their national heritage.

The first time you hear this Kentucky born six-footer you somehow get the impression of meeting and talking with a young beardless edition of Abraham Lincoln. It's not so much a matter of skin-deep facial resemblance as heart-deep love of people and the love of the land. Tom gives to the simplest folk songs the dignity of a sound musicianship, plus a sincere and natural interpretation. His musical education was obtained at the University of Kentucky and the Louisville Conservatory of Music. Before that, he had learned to play the saxophone, clarinet, violin, tuba, guitar and piano.

Scott first learned many of his songs during his boyhood from the Negroes and the mountain folk. He still spends all of his spare time searching for more, through the Appalachian region.

When Tom decided to try his luck in New York, he left home in Lexington, Kentucky, with his few belongings tossed into a bag, eight dollars in his pockets, and a box of his mother's sandwiches clutched in his hand. To support himself, he worked with a bridge gang, and he was a singing porter in an ale house. At night he made the rounds of amateur shows, until his winning of so many first prizes got to be a gag among the contestants who eked out a living that way.

A job in Fred Waring's Glee Club, which also gave him the opportunity to do some arranging, was the turning point in his career. Fred became interested in the Southern lad's mountain music, and it wasn't long before he was a full-time staff arranger. An engagement at the Rainbow Room was so successful that he was booked into other supper clubs.

Today he is a recognized authority on this type of music. Over a hundred of his arrangements have been published and are widely used by choral groups. He has composed symphonic and chamber music that has been performed by leading artists, ensembles and symphony orchestras, and several ballets.

Recently, he put the results of his years of painstaking research into a book on American folk music, called "Sing of America," and he has recorded a number of these songs in an album also entitled "Sing of America."



SWEET MOMENT

...for "Lustre-Creme"

Dream Girls Only

SWEET, INTIMATE MOMENT of the dance . . . mutually enchanting to you and that "Sweet Guy" you love . . . as his lips brush caressingly against your hair.

NO ANXIETY besets you after the music stops. How nice to know your hair's witchery lingers on after the dance . . . haunting your escort's memory with its fragrance, brightness and smooth softness. Such trust you rightly placed in your Lustre-Creme Shampoo and its magic gift to your hair of three-way loveliness. You know your hair's gleaming highlights are *lovelights* . . . and when he murmured "Dream Girl," you know he didn't mean "maybe."

MANY A BRIDE with "Dream Girl" hair can tell you there's every reason to prefer Lustre-Creme Shampoo. *Not a soap, not a liquid*, Lustre-Creme is a dainty, new, lavishly lathering *cream* shampoo. Created by famed cosmetic specialist, Kay Daumit, to give hair new, three-way loveliness:

- (1) Makes it fragrantly clean, free of dust, loose dandruff;
- (2) highlights every strand with a lovely, glistening sheen;
- (3) leaves your hair soft, easy to manage.

Lustre-Creme's instant, billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be utterly, *shining-sweet* for sweet moments . . . be a "Dream Girl" . . . a lovely Lustre-Creme Girl!



Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor)
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

For
Soft, Glamorous
"Dream-Girl"
Hair

Before Your Date Tonight

Rekindle your hair's highlights with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. A few finger-tipsful makes a rich, cleansing lather, in hard or soft water. (No special rinse needed.) Leaves hair clean, sparkling, soft and manageable. 4 oz. jar \$1.00. Also in smaller sizes. At all cosmetic counters.

"The most wonderful Lipstick in the World!"

LANA TURNER

Starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"CASS TIMBERLANE"



3 Glamour Changes for Your Type!

When you buy this sensational new lipstick, you, too, will say: "It's the most wonderful lipstick in the world." Select from the Chart the shades recommended for your color type. Whether blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there are three exclusive new reds for your own type of color... 3 glamour changes to match every fashion, every mood. And look for these outstanding features:

- ★ This sensational new lipstick is oh, so s-m-o-o-t-h
- ★ The color stays on until you take it off
- ★ New original formula does not dry the lips

In a modern-design metal case... \$1.00



U. S. Patents
No. 2157667
2211465

THREE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE
correct for your coloring... correct for your costume

BLONDES	BRUNETTES	BROWNETTES	REDHEADS
CLEAR RED No. 1 BLUE RED No. 1 ROSE RED No. 1	CLEAR RED No. 3 BLUE RED No. 3 ROSE RED No. 3	CLEAR RED No. 2 BLUE RED No. 2 ROSE RED No. 2	CLEAR RED No. 1 BLUE RED No. 1 ROSE RED No. 1



Color Harmony Make-Up
PAN-CAKE BRAND MAKE-UP
POWDER • ROUGE • LIPSTICK

Max Factor * Hollywood

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin



"Our Gracie" Fields—the records tell why.

DANCING OR LISTENING

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—No doubt about it, the new Jo Stafford is a great singer. Those Paul Weston backgrounds are excellent. Jo's versions of "The Best Things In Life Are Free" and "I Never Loved Anyone" are just wonderful.

GRACIE FIELDS (London)—Gracie shows us why she has always been "Our Gracie" to the people in England. She also shows why "Now Is The Hour" is England's biggest selling record. Backed by "Come Back To Sorrento."

DORIS DAY (Columbia)—The beautiful Doris lends charm to a silly ditty called "That's The Way He Does It." "Why Should We Both Be Lonely," on the reverse, is in perfectly good dance tempo.

TONY MARTIN (RCA Victor)—"My Sin" is a song that Tony has long featured on personal appearances. Here it is on wax, backed by "Forever Amber." You'll like his tenderness and warmth.

KATE SMITH (MGM)—Kate sings two old-timers as only Kate can sing. If you're one of her many fans, you'll want either "It Had To Be You" or "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes."

TEX BENEKE (RCA Victor)—Both sides of this waxing have a decided sagebrush sentiment. "Lone Star Moon" sounds as though it might be Hit Parade material. "Gotta Get To Oklahoma City" is the reverse.

BUDDY CLARK-RAY NOBLE (Columbia)—Could be that this is more vocal than dance, but any way you pick it it's good music. Buddy and Ray make a delightful combination in French or Spanish in a pairing of "Two Loves Have I" and "Sierra Madre."

GORDON MacRAE (Capitol)—In a gypsy fashion, "At The Candlelight Cafe" is a ballad in a minor key that Gordon sings in major fashion. Backed by "I Surrender Dear," this is a fine pairing. Paul Weston's backgrounds are perfect for Gordon.

* * *

SPECIAL SPINS

ESY MORALES (Rainbow)—It's called a Bongo Rumba, but Esy Morales' waxing of "Jungle Fantasy" is fantastic. Noro Morales' brother plays a very weird flute on this disc. Actual jungle animal noises are part of the record.

PEARL BAILEY (Columbia)—All the innuendoes that the composer thought of, plus a few tossed in by Pearl herself, make this a most interesting record. It's "I Need Ya Like I Need A Hole In The Head" and "But What Are These?"

* * *

JUST JAZZ

NELLIE LUTCHER (Capitol)—The "real gone" Lutchler gal continues on her merry way to fame and fortune with a double-barreled load of raucous rhythm on "Do You Or Don't You Love Me" and "The Song Is Ended."

JACKIE PARIS TRIO (MGM)—Here's another "new" voice that bids fair to arouse much public interest. You've never heard "Skylark" sung the way Jackie does it. "Your Red Wagon" on the reverse is second only to the Ray McKinley rendition. Listen to this Jackie Paris threesome, you'll like it.

JULIA LEE (Capitol)—Either you like Julia's Kansas City style or you don't. You will, however, get many kicks from listening to the background supplied by such jazzmen as Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Vic Dickenson, Red Callendar and others.

* * *

ALBUM ARTISTRY

GOOD NEWS (MGM)—Recorded directly from the sound track of the MGM Technicolor musical of the same name, this album contains four platters by such names as Joan McCracken, June Allyson, Peter Lawford and Pat Marshall. Most popular tunes in the group are "The Best Things In Life Are Free" and "Pass That Peace Pipe."

FACING the MUSIC

Colgate's New Deodorant

Veto

Safe for Skin! Safe for Clothes!

Doubly Safe!

Only VETO, No Other Deodorant, Contains Exclusive New Safety Ingredient—DURATEX

To guard your loveliness, protect your charm—use VETO! Colgate's amazing new antiseptic deodorant checks perspiration, stops odor, yet is doubly safe! Safe for any normal skin! Safe for clothes! Only Veto contains Duratex, exclusive new safety ingredient—it's different from any deodorant you've used before. Use Colgate's Veto regularly to check perspiration, stop underarm odor safely. 10¢ and larger sizes. Drug, cosmetic counters.

VETO IS PREFERRED ALMOST
2 TO 1 BY REGISTERED NURSES
WHO HAVE TRIED IT, ACCORDING
TO A NATION-WIDE SURVEY!



APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS
Better Fabrics Bureau



STAYS MOIST IN JAR! NEVER GRITTY OR GRAINY!

June Cotey's smile wins a career in the clouds —
**THE SMILE THAT WINS
 IS THE PEPSODENT SMILE!**



June Cotey, Airline Stewardess flies the exciting New York-to-Chicago run for American Airlines. Chicago-born June started her Airlines career as a reservation clerk. But soon she was promoted to the reception desk—and there she won her "wings." Now passengers often comment on her sparkling smile. "It's a Pepsodent smile," June says, "I've used Pepsodent for years."

Do you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois. If used in our advertising you will receive regular professional model fees.

WINS 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

People all over America agree with June Cotey. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles! Just recently, families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



Another fine product
 of Lever Brothers Company



**Morton
 Downey**

11:15 Tues.-
 Thurs.-Sat.
 WINS-MBS.

Morton Downey is back on the airwaves for his favorite soft drink at 11:15 P.M. three times weekly, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, over the Mutual Network coast to coast.

In a program which is entirely different from the homespun songs and poems which he used to broadcast during the daytime, Downey is now specializing in what he calls his own kind of soothing: soft, sentimental ballads and tunes.

With Downey on his new program are a quartet of male singers who provide soft, melodic background for Downey's silvery voice, and an intimate orchestra of eight under the skillful baton of Carmen Mastren.

Born in Wallingford, Connecticut, the son of the local fire-chief, Downey is probably the Nutmeg State's most famous good-will ambassador and most popular citizen. Nutmeggers remember him as the kid who used to sing at Elks' benefits for nickels, accompanied by a friend who played the accordion. And they also still talk about how he was bounced from a job as candy-butcher on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad because of his irrepressible yen to whistle while he worked.

It was through one of the talent scouts for Paul Whiteman that Downey really got his first big chance. That was when he was singing at the Sheridan Square Theater in New York, and a representative of Whiteman offered him seventy-five dollars for singing with the band.

Fame came quickly, and soon the Irish troubadour got equal billing with the Paul Whiteman band. The band and Downey went across the Atlantic several times on the S.S. Leviathan, and then Downey toured with Whiteman during the thrilling days of the "Rhapsody in Blue."

Soon, Downey was really on his own, a star in his own right, singing in the smartest clubs and hotels of this country and Europe. His first Hollywood appearance was with Fred Waring and his band in one of the first cinema musicals, "Syncopation." After another seven-month tour of continental night clubs, Downey returned to New York to open his own Delmonico Club, the scene of his first United States radio broadcasting.

In the past sixteen years, Downey has sung over every major network in this country and many in Europe; he has traveled more in foreign countries than any other American singer. Those requests for special songs have come from more than 10,000 people, including the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the Duke of Windsor.

Now! Keep your hands
as kissable as your lips...



with so-completely-new,
so-wonderfully-different

Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion

ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1

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

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

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS . . .

CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN



Its first smoothing touch on your skin tells you why more women are changing to Woodbury Lotion than to any other leading hand lotion. So really and *newly* different. So lusciously rich. Creamy. (Never sticky or greasy.) Beauty-blended to protect as it softens. At drug and cosmetic counters, 10c, 25c, 49c—plus tax.

FREE! MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

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

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) (5023)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

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



Family party at the Bob Crosby stand: Bob Jr., 3; Christopher, 5; and Cathleen, 8, show their dad what happens when the worm turns in a musical family. They can't have heard Bob's Club 15, on CBS.

What's New

FROM

COAST to COAST

By
DALE
BANKS

IT seems as though every time someone finds a slick way to save money, someone else thinks up a way to stop that little thing. For some time, now, there has been a great increase in the number of audience participation shows on the air, quiz programs and such, which attracted vast audiences because they gave away everything including the kitchen sink. There's been a lot of squabbling on this from the actors and writers, because their services have become less and less required. But, now, the pinch is coming from a totally different source. With NBC starting the ball rolling, since January 1, the M.C.s on giveaway shows have a brand new headache. They aren't allowed to identify non-sponsored products which are awarded to contestants, with the result that the producers of such shows now have to buy the refrigerators, washing machines and so on, which they formerly got for the mere plug on the air. The cute twist here, it seems to us, is that the networks weren't getting too excited when writers

and actors were squawking about their jobs, but they went to work as soon as they discovered that this little money-saving scheme could spring a leak in their pockets, too.

But we'll be hearing more and more regular, written, acted and produced shows pretty soon on the air, now the big economy gimmick has folded.

All kinds of news is coming up that's disturbing to the status quo in the radio world. Now, it's the announcement by Frank Stanton, CBS prexy, that CBS engineers have perfected a radar system of measuring audience listening. The system, which went quietly into operation some time in January, is said to be so perfect that it makes Hooper, A. C. Neilson and other rating services obsolete.

We hear that radio actor Tony Rivers has been signed for a feature role in RKO's "The Window," and therein lies a story. Rivers was doing fairly

Parade of Hit Paraders: blonde Doris Day, shown with actor Michael North, was once Frank Sinatra's singing girl friend on his Hit Parade show (Sat., 9 EST, NBC). Now she's in movies; Beryl Davis sings instead.



Young as he is, Donald Dame's son can answer the question about who gets fun out of the electric trains.



Henry Morgan Goes West—to appear in a movie. And his leading lady in the venture was Virginia Grey.

well as a radio actor, until a relative died and left him heir to two million dollars. Radio directors and producers were very happy for him, but naturally decided to by-pass Rivers in casting their shows, preferring to hand out roles to actors who depended on radio for a livelihood. The irony is that Rivers won't come into the money for years!

Come the end of April, Burl Ives says he expects to be practically a wraith of his old self. Since February 1, he's been on a concert tour. Busy as he was, he didn't pay too much attention to the kind of schedule he was getting himself into and he finds that he doesn't have to worry about his diet one bit.

Milton Cross has a book on the market. It's called "Complete Stories of the Great Operas," and it's a quick education in everything about grand opera that you might want to know.



His Views of the News are heard over WTAG
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6:15 P. M.



Moore and MORE NEWS

LESLIE MOORE has always had complete freedom to pick any of the day's happenings and say anything about them he chooses. That may include scathing invective sufficient to melt the snows in the outskirts of Moscow—or it may be simple heartfelt words about the little church in South Charleton, Mass.; the one in which the minister has served for over 20 years—for less than \$100 a year!

It sounds like a full-time job, putting together a quarter-hour of sagacious commentary three times a week. But for Mr. Moore, it's actually a sideline. The eight-page scripts pound out in just one hour, the last hectic hour before broadcast time. That's the way he prefers it—that's the way years and years of newspaper deadlines have molded him to do his best work.

His principal job is that of Chief Editorial Writer for the *Worcester Evening Gazette*. Getting out three or four editorials six days a week is a full time position in itself. Radio provides a welcome outlet for an incisive mind equally forceful in columns or kilocycles.

Leslie Moore was born in Wilts County—a pleasant, picturesque shire in the south of England. When he was twelve, the family moved to America, and Moore became a resident of Whitesboro—a small town near Utica, New York. He was graduated from Hamilton College; taught French and English at Lawrence Academy in Groton, Mass.; then went to New York for graduate study at Columbia University, during and following

When he wanted news on conditions in China, Moore sent a series of questions to XGOY, Chungking; got a transcribed answer.



which he was active in the work of the YMCA.

Next, he tried journalism on for size, and it fit perfectly. The *New Haven Register* acquired an ambitious young man who filled almost every job in the place in quick succession. Then the *Hartford Times* had Moore as a special reporter for a year. Following that he managed the Connecticut bureau of the International News Service for two years.

The move which eventually brought him before the WTAG mikes was his transfer to the *Worcester Telegram and Evening Gazette* in 1933. He has held the *Gazette's* Chief Editorial Desk since 1941. Along with this came an array of sidelines and hobbies, including dramatics, musical criticism, acting and a firm hand in the founding of the Worcester Light Opera Club. It was this last affiliation that helped transform Leslie Moore into a widely recognized authority on Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.

The present Moore program is actually an editorial page of the air. In fact, he once considered that exact phrase as a title, but rejected it as being a bit too unwieldy. But the same freedom of treatment and selection which characterizes a good newspaper's editorial page goes into those three-a-week quarter hours on WTAG.

Leslie Moore's Views of the News crackle with wit and appealing directness. And when a man can make the news glisten—people listen!



Trushay, the "beforehand lotion"—rich, fragrant, fabulously different from other lotions.

A wonderful skin softener, yes. But, OH! so much more. Smoothed on *before* daily soap-and-water tasks, Trushay protects hands *even* in hot, soapy water—guards against drying damage.

Once you see what Trushay's beauty extra can do for your hands, you'll use Trushay for *all* your lotion needs.



• Give your hands the benefit of Trushay's *beauty extra*—its exclusive "beforehand" protection. Apply Trushay before doing undies or dishes to guard your hands from the drying damage of hot, soapy water!

TRUSHAY



The "Beforehand" Lotion



Singing

WHILE THEY WORK

FOR fifteen years Uncle Elmer's Song Circle, has been broadcasting on WEEI each Sunday at 8:30 A.M. During the week, members of the Circle work at their respective jobs, but still find time to visit neighboring churches to assist at fund-raising events, and call on shut-ins who need their help.

The group, with Elmer Herskind, the Uncle Elmer of the Song Circle, has been the means of distributing more than five hundred wheelchairs, and thousands of other articles for the poor and needy, the sick and the afflicted of every race, creed, and color.

It all started back in 1932 when the Song Circle went on the air for the first time. A listener phoned to tell Uncle Elmer about a crippled woman who needed a wheelchair. He broadcast the need, and before the program was over, a listener phoned in to say she'd be glad to donate a chair. The following week, other shut-ins and needy families appealed for such articles as canes, radio sets, blankets, clothes . . . even for twin baby carriages.

As the years rolled by Uncle Elmer developed donor-friends like "Sailor Tom" of Reading, Mass., who has donated a hundred and twenty wheelchairs and numerous invalid walkers. Nor are the donors in the adult group always. One Sunday morning a little 8-year old lad heard Uncle Elmer's appeal for a child's crib. He phoned in and offered to give away the crib that belonged to his sister. Imagine the embarrassment when Uncle Elmer's truck called to pick it up and the mother had to explain that her baby daughter was still using it!

During the war, Uncle Elmer got together 492 golf clubs, 326 golf balls, and 62 golf bags for a Veteran's Hospital. One of Uncle Elmer's regular appeals is for old watches. These are for badly disabled veterans who are taught watch-repairing as part of their therapeutic treatment.

A young veteran in the United States Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts, who was afflicted with leukemia while on active duty in China, was brought home by airplane on a stretcher. Uncle Elmer heard about it and suggested that his listeners keep the lad cheered by sending him a greeting card. The boy received such a shower of mail that it took him weeks to open and read the many messages of goodwill. Now, with goodwill and good doctoring the lad is on his way to recovery.



Uncle Elmer's Song Circle, heard over WEEI at 8:30 A. M.

Young beauty:

Dark-haired Jane Wade, charming Conover model and Katharine Gibbs student.

Hand beauty:

"Pretty Gay"—newest, come-hitherest Cutex shade.

Beauty miracle:

"This new Cutex wears longer than any polish I've ever used, regardless of price," says Jane.



DRESS BY FILCOL

*Wondrous New Cutex!
—the "Stay-Perfect" Polish!*

BRIGHT BEAUTIES everywhere are raving about the new, different, magic-wear Cutex. Now wears incredibly long—even longer than "budget-breaker" polishes.

New Cutex dries faster, too . . . sparkles with clearer, fadeless colors. Only 10¢, plus tax.

So use this wondrous polish for your next manicure. And remember—Cutex Cuticle Remover is its perfect companion.



**ANOTHER BEAUTY...
NEW CUTEX LIPSTICK**

Five fresh, kiss-me-quick shades. So creamy-smooth and clinging. Color keyed to make exciting harmony with Cutex polishes. Only 49¢, plus tax.

Try new Cutex Lipstick. And try all the famous Cutex manicure products, from nail files to cuticle nippers. Northam Warren, New York.

Lovely Dresses Given to You!

and EARN
up to \$23
WEEKLY
BESIDES



John
Stanley

Sherlock Holmes:
Sundays, 7 P.M.
EST, MBS stations.



SUNSHINE
COLORS
in slim lines
work magic
for a comfy
casual.



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



RARE FLOWER PRINT
blooms with sparkle
and style.

Free PORTFOLIO OF LATEST
SPRING DRESSES as low as **\$3.98**

MORE REPRESENTATIVES NEEDED RIGHT AWAY!

Right now, more representatives are needed to show a marvelous added feature of FASHION FROCKS—sensational new styles personally designed by the lovely screen star, Constance Bennett, "one of the world's ten best-dressed women". Be the one to present these exciting dresses to friends and neighbors. Remember, they can't be bought in stores, so people must come to you if they want to be admired in stunning Constance Bennett originals. FASHION FROCKS carry the famous Good Housekeeping guaranty seal. You can make good money without previous experience. Our special cooperation plan helps you to exceptional earnings like these: Marie Patton, Ill., earned \$28.84 in a single week—Mrs. Claude Burnett, Ala., collected \$27.10.

GET STARTED NOW—MAIL COUPON

Think how wonderful it can be to get all your own dresses, without cost! Mail the coupon now to reserve valuable Style Presentation Portfolio sent FREE. No obligation—and nothing to pay. Just paste coupon to a postcard and mail it today.

Fashion Frocks INC.

Desk 63039 Cincinnati 25, Ohio

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—Mail Now!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk 63039, 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 full information, without obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____



Constance Bennett

Glamorous star of stage, screen and radio, one of the world's 10 best-dressed women, she designs exclusively for FASHION FROCKS.

When you hear the clipped, British accent of John Stanley as Sherlock Holmes (Mutual, Sundays, 7 PM, EST) you can almost see the fog swirling and eerie as it blankets Baker Street. It's a cinch for actor Stanley to sound as though he was born in London, because he was born in London. Not only that, but during his early childhood, John lived only a half-mile from the famed Baker Street, hangout of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's celebrated sleuth.

Although Stanley was born in England, he was an American the moment he came into the world. John's father was Professor Henry W. S. Stanley and John was born while his parent was teaching diction at St. Mark's College, London.

The wife of Professor Stanley was also an American and all of their four children were raised in England. John graduated from Malvern College.

"When I was twenty-one years old," he explains, "the urge to come to my own country suddenly began to eat away at me. My father had told me so much about his native New England that I decided I just had to see it."

It was quite a decision to make because young Stanley had two successful seasons behind him as an actor-director in the London theater. But he sailed for Providence, Rhode Island, a stranger in his own country.

"I didn't have time to feel lost or lonely," the actor recalled, smiling. "I went to work two weeks after the boat docked. I got a job on station WJAR in Providence. What got me the job was not the fact that I had played Shakespeare, but the station manager's discovery that I could sing a little."

Stanley's radio debut was made as a singer. He did a weekly, 15-minute song recital. It didn't last too long, as listeners were confused by his English accent as he rendered popular ballads. He was switched to announcing, then did script writing, broadcast special events and did spot acting jobs.

When John Stanley replaced Basil Rathbone as "Sherlock Holmes" many listeners could not tell the difference in the quality of their voices. Stanley likes playing the role, although the sound of British voices all around him in the studio sometimes makes him nostalgic for London.

John is married, lives in Rye, New York, and is the father of two sons, Johnny 10, and David, 7. He is a calm, pleasant, reserved man, who likes to play the cello, which he does quite well, and, now and then, engage in a rousing game of bridge.



Sylvie St. Clair

Songs on WABD
Television, Wed.,
8:15 P.M. EST.

With Sylvie St. Clair, television has cast its hat into the glamor ring.

Every Wednesday evening Sylvie may be seen over the New York station WABD, key outlet of the Dumont television network, in a solo program of songs with a Continental air.

Sylvie St. Clair was born in Dunkirk, France, and educated at the Beaux Arts School. The daughter of a manufacturer of bicycles and motorcycles, Sylvie wasn't satisfied with the quiet, simple life led by her family. She studied commercial art and went to Paris for a job. Without any previous experience and very little training, she got one—in a musical comedy. Then came an offer to work at one of the smart Parisian supper clubs.

Sylvie had never even seen the inside of a night club and was enthusiastic about taking the job. But Papa put his foot down. No night clubs. She was to go to London to study art.

This mandate was well intentioned, but it came too late. For by this time the director of the Madeleine Theatre had asked her to join the entertainment staff of the S.S. Normandie on its initial voyage to America, which was an offer Sylvie couldn't resist.

She found New York too fascinating to leave. That she had only \$12 and no immigration visa, didn't seem important. She stayed behind when the Normandie sailed back to France. She stayed right on at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, happily unconscious of the size of the bill she was running up. Luckily, her former colleagues on the Normandie began to worry about her and took up a collection to wire to her. They also contacted the French consul and asked him to keep an eye on her. Later, Papa, hearing about his daughter's straits, also wired money.

When even this money had run out, Sylvie got a job at the St. Regis for three weeks. She was so well liked that she stayed in the famous Maisonette Room for three months. Then, when the war started, NBC put her on the air in patriotic programs and gave her a sustaining show. But Sylvie got restless again. She wanted to be doing something for the war. She enlisted in the ENSA, the British counterpart of the USO.

After the war, Sylvie went to London to make some Decca records and to work for BBC television.

But she had received her American citizenship papers before the war and memories of New York were still fresh. Last Fall she returned and it didn't take the programming heads of the DuMont television network long to sign her on.

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(See answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15 ... the *Toni* only \$2

It's amazing! Yes, and it's true. A Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty shop wave. The Toni twins show it—and you can prove it today. But before buying the Toni kit you'll want to know—

Will TONI work on my hair?

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

Must I be handy with my hands?

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking permanent with Toni. Just by following the easy directions.

How long will it take me?

Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only \$2...

with handy fiber curlers only \$1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just \$1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada).

Which twin has the TONI?

Lucerne and Suzanne McCullough are well-known New York artists. Suzanne, at the right, is the Toni twin, and she says, "My Toni wave was soft and natural-looking the very first day. That's why Lucerne says her next wave will be a Toni, too."



Uncover new, natural

Color

in your hair

with your very first Rayve Creme Shampoo



Yes color you never dreamed was there! Almost magically, Rayve uncovers sparkling champagne tones if you're blonde. Hints of midnight blue in hair that's raven-black. In red hair, catchlights of copper and gold. And see how white hair gleams . . . with blue-diamond whiteness!

Call it a miracle . . . but you'll see it happen.

Before your very eyes, the very first time you use it, Rayve Creme Shampoo brings out new, natural color you never dreamed *your* hair could have! Rayve is not a soap, so leaves no film. And Rayve contains lanolin . . . needs no conditioner, for your hair dries glossily lovely—not over-dry and dull! Try Rayve—sensational billion-bubble creme shampoo. Lathers in hardest water . . . rinses out so thoroughly your hair *whispers* its gleaming, colorful cleanliness! All drug, department and 10-cent stores.

Handy Tube or Jar 10¢, 29¢, 60¢, \$1
No Federal Cosmetic Tax



*Pronounced RAVE—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*Rayve Creme Shampoo

The Creme Shampoo that brings out Color and Gleam!

TELEVISION

in Your home

This is something you've been meaning to do. Why not do it now?

TELEVISION, as a favorite topic of conversation, has nowadays begun to give the weather a good deal of competition. And everywhere questions fly—when can I see television myself . . . when will my home town have a station? . . . when can I get a television set? . . . can I afford one?

Radio Mirror is going to try to answer all those questions, now and in the months to come. On pages 34 and 35 of this issue, you'll find a look at the television situation, with an easy-to-understand map that will tell you about when you may expect a station near you.

As for the big question—the one about when and where you can get a television set—here's an answer to that, too!

On the following pages you'll find an interesting and provocative story about Walter Winchell. As everyone in the United States knows by now, Walter Winchell is the sponsor of the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. Winchell founded the organization after the death of his good friend, Damon Runyon, in order to raise money to fight the dread disease which had killed him.

Now Radio Mirror invites its readers to have a special share in this life-saving work. And, in making your contribution, you will also be giving yourself a chance to own without having to buy it, an RCA Victor Television Receiver for your own home.

Here is the plan: in the box below, you will find space to tell Walter Winchell your own reasons for wanting to contribute to the cancer fund. Say simply and clearly exactly why you want to help fight cancer. Then send the statement, *with one dollar* to Radio Mirror. All contributions will be turned over directly to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund.

To the writer of the most interesting statement, the editors of Radio Mirror will present the magnificent new RCA Victor Television Receiver! (See page 106 for picture and description.)

The winner will be announced in the June issue of Radio Mirror. All statements must reach Radio Mirror before March 10, 1948, and must be accompanied by a one-dollar contribution to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund, and none can be returned.

Dear Walter Winchell:

Here is my dollar. I want to contribute it to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund because

.....
.....
.....
.....

My name is

My address is

Send with your dollar to Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., before March 10, 1948.

What I know about

Flash by flash account of the activities
of a man you either love or hate
—the man behind radio's
“most listened-to fifteen minutes”

By
WILLIAM TUSHER

THIS is the kind of story that Walter Winchell would call a New York novelette:

Probably all the nation wonders about this man's private life. I'll correct that—all the world. Yet relatively few know that the woman most important to that private life exists, and fewer still know her name. Her husband is known and worshipped or cursed—depending on the politics of the particular land—in every tongue of man in every corner of the earth. His fabulous career has become one of the great American legends recited not only in his own country, but all over the universe. But the woman is as anonymous as your corner grocer's wife.

In the intimate circles where she is known, there sometimes is speculation about why she remains so steadfastly in the background, why she does not expose face to lens, name to print, or voice to microphone. There is no reason for this passion for anonymity—except her passion for her husband.

It is not that he demands the spotlight for himself, but that she reserves it for him. On one of the few occasions when she was approached for a picture and story for publication, a magazine implored her to make an exception because it was preparing a story about her husband. She would not yield.

“He's the only character in the family,” she smiled. “You want his picture, not mine.”

“But,” interrupted the magazine man, “we want pic-



1. Grimmer, grayer than he used to be, but not a whit less dynamic, Winchell awaits cue.



4. There's always time for a rehash of the show with the news and control room boys.

tures of you both. You are his wife. Your picture belongs.”

Her smile lingered, but she would not give an inch of ground.

“Then please tell me why,” the photographer persisted.

“Because,” she replied earnestly, “it seems to me that every time you see the photograph of a prominent man in the newspapers, the woman with him looks like his wife.”

The cameraman did a double-take. “What's wrong with that?” he demanded.

WALTER WINCHELL



2. A calm moment: ABC Newsroom Chief Frank LaTourette seems engrossed in the script.



3. Broadcast over, the telephone starts. He takes the first call in the control room.



5. Teletype operator Jacobsen tries to type as fast as Winchell answers the “worry corps.”



6. Telephone calls: “If they take the trouble to call, I can take the trouble to answer.”

“Nothing,” she conceded softly, “except that I want to keep on being his sweetheart.”

Her name—with that punchline, you must have guessed it—is Winchell, Mrs. June Winchell, wife of a prominent radio commentator now in his 17th year on the air, newspaper columnist and man about town, first name Walter. The magazine which approached her for a story? You are reading it now.

This unselfish affection of June Winchell for her guy is neither maudlin nor strange to those who have seen the dynamic word-wizard in action. It makes sense to the newsroom man who gathers the discarded pages of

his script as Walter pours into an ABC microphone the voice heard and heeded 'round the world. It makes sense to the wide-eyed receptionist who greets him when he arrives for his broadcast, to the select coterie in the studio when Winchell sends, to the barber who shaves him after he goes off the air, to all the obscure people for whom he pitches but whom he never patronizes.

Walter Winchell doesn't boast a drawing room manner, but he has a disarming personality. He is real from fidgety toes to gray-thatched head. He generates a magnetic warmth. He has a broad, ready smile, and quick, boyish enthusiasm. (Continued on page 85)

Come and Visit MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

It's live and let live, at the Jay Jostyns'—where any day now there may be waterlilies growing in the bathtub

By ELEANOR HARRIS

If you tune in on Mr. District Attorney—and who doesn't?—you get the definite opinion that away from the mike, Mr. D. A. must be the same omniscient judge and ruler that he is on the air. Not so. At home, which is where Jay Jostyn likes to be whenever he's not being Mr. D. A., he believes in everyone deciding things for himself. "Live and let live—just so we're together," is his motto.

Home for the Jostyns is a big gray fieldstone house in the pleasant residential town of Manhasset, Long Island. Inside it live the four most independent people in the State of New York—and the most mutually affectionate. They are Jay, Mrs. Jay—Ruth—and their two sons, 17-year-old Jean, known as "Jos," and 16-year-old Jon. Also present are John and Josephine, the Negro couple who have been with the Jostyns for four years. And Curley, a nondescript dog. And plenty of new ideas!

The house in which all these ideas generate has belonged to the Jostyns for four years now. It is a big spreading two-story house set in four acres of hillside ground, and from its windows Jay can see several neigh-



It's the downstairs rumpus room that

gets the family vote for informal evenings.



When Jay comes home, the stern "D.A." stays at the studio.



The Jostyns' two-story gray fieldstone house is surrounded by four acres of Manhasset countryside: enough for the outdoor living they like.

Ruth, Jay, Jon and Jos are four of the world's most independent citizens, which makes for a family life more stimulating than the average.



Come and Visit
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



Like everybody's favorite dog, Curley's the most remarkable creature on four legs . . . or two.

Jay Jostyn is heard as the star of *Mr. District Attorney*, Wednesday nights at 9:30 P.M. EST, on stations of the National Broadcasting Company network.



Jostyns are in the mood, amateur theatricals.

Guests may get in a family songfest or, if the

neighbors' homes, and his own barbecue pit and scattered garden furniture. From one window, for that matter, the whole family and an army of friends can see at once. It's the whole end-wall of the living room, made into one great plate of glass—a Jostyn-conceived idea. "The only drawback to it is that birds don't recognize the glass. They fly into it, and we've had three feathered corpses so far," Ruth admits sadly.

The whole house bears signs of Jostyn originality. If ever a home revealed its owners' personalities, this one does. The guest-room bathroom, for instance, has a built-in pale leather easy-chair at one end of the bathtub. "What's it for? For sitting in, of course," the Jostyns explain blandly when guests remark on it.

But the most amazing addition to the house is the bathroom shared by Ruth and Jay, which both of them designed. It's the last word in personalized bathrooms. Jay wanted a bathtub on a raised dais, but still sunken like the Roman variety. Ruth wanted a built-in dressing table along one wall, with a tiny black basin set in the center of it "just for moistening my mascara brush." Both of them wanted a stall shower and a regulation basin on a second raised dais . . . and all of this has come to pass. The bathroom is pink tile, on three levels, and has two basins—one just for mascara. Not

that Ruth makes use of that anymore. "I gave up wearing all make-up right after we finished our dream bathroom," she says, "so the mascara basin is never used!"

Neither is the bathtub. Both Jay and Ruth take showers, never baths. So Ruth has a new idea for the tub—she thinks she'll grow waterlilies in it. "They'd be pretty, and they'd make some use of the tub," she explains.

By this time you get the idea—the Jostyns think for themselves. One of their thoughts has become a firm habit by this time . . . they decided to invite foreign families from the United Nations conference out to dinner, once a month. They have followed this practice for a year now, and they have had a family from every country excepting Russia—from Denmark, France, England, Belgium, and Holland, to name the first five they invited.

Their object was to show foreign visitors an evening in a typical American home, and so far it has been a tremendous success. For one thing, the Jostyns don't give their guests a formal meal with fancy surroundings. Instead, they have everyone eat down in the cellar rumpus room—a room in which no stranger could feel strange. This again, was a Jostyn-addition to the house; and it has all the air of a mountain cabin set down, by mistake, on Long Island. It boasts (Continued on page 82)



Ruth's ingenuity devised many conveniences like this mascara basin in her dressing-table.

Jon helps out on his father's fan mail shift.





IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Wendy

Warren

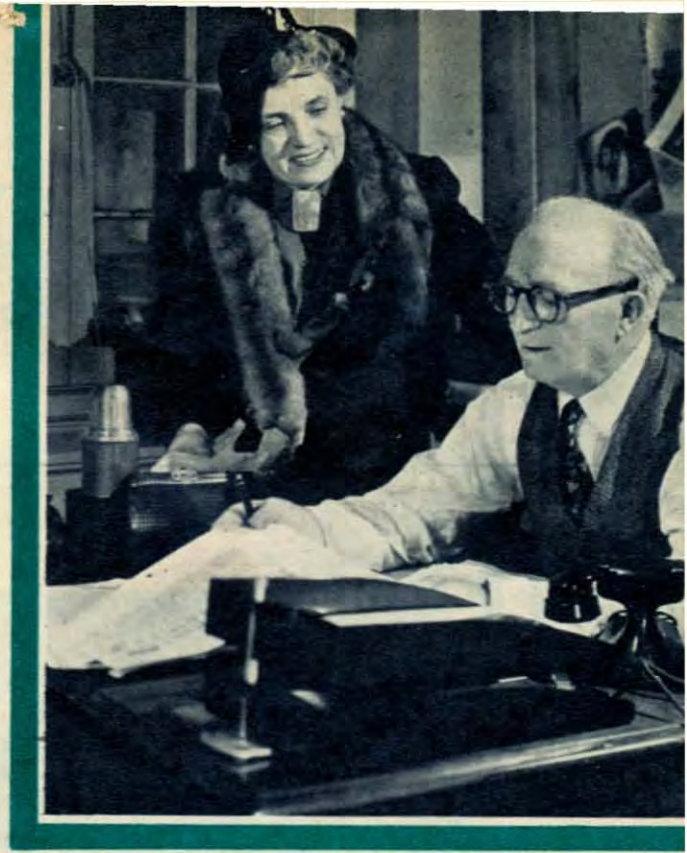
The story of a lovely woman who has learned never to accept second-best

■ WENDY WARREN, bred in the newspaper business, has won a stellar position in international journalism. Wendy's engagement to writer Mark Douglas was interrupted by the war; now new excitement has come into her life with Gil Kendal, millionaire publisher of the *Bulletin*. (Florence Freeman)



■ MARK DOUGLAS, bitter over Wendy's engagement to Gil Kendal, has retreated to his family's farm in Elmdale. But Mark's career as a writer and a man of action is proof that he is not the man for a quiet life. There is potential danger in his friendship with ADELE LANG, who is flirting with Mark not, as she tells her husband, to further Lang's schemes, but because the writer really attracts her. (Lamont Johnson; Jane Lauren)

■ CHARLES LANG, GIL KENDAL and NONA MARSH are involved with one another in mysterious ways. Gil is struggling to preserve Wendy's love for him, but cannot free his life of Nona's possessive determination that no other girl shall ever become his wife. And daily Gil becomes more suspicious of Charles Lang and the peculiar "Parksite Deal" into which Lang has drawn him. (Horace Braham, Les Tremayne, Anne Burr)



■ SAM WARREN, Wendy's father, is known throughout the newspaper world as the crusading, sound-principled editor of the Elmdale, Conn., *Clarion*, "the little paper that speaks with a big voice." His home is run by his spinster sister, DORRIE, who, ever since the death of Sam's wife, has devoted herself to making a home for Sam and Wendy. (Sam is Rod Hendrickson; Doris, Tess Sheehan)



5
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BREAKING the BANK

By JOAN MURPHY



"Oliver Wendell Holmes" won top money of all time for the Fowlers: \$7,440!



Bert Parks, the M. C. with the expensive questions.

the BANK

How it's done by the people who take home
—in cash—the biggest money-awards in radio



Bud Collyer chose Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogers from the audience on lucky night: they won \$5790.



Capt. and Mrs. Nelson won, split with their friends, Lt. and Mrs. Jervis. Not till then did the audience learn both student-veterans are blind.

WHICH President of the United States was born in South Carolina? Who wrote *Over the Teacups*? Who was Vice President when Calvin Coolidge was President? . . . If you can rattle off the answers to those questions, you'd better write for tickets to the highest paying quiz program in the world—Break the Bank. The combined sum of prize money that went to the lucky (and intelligent) contestants who answered these particular bank-breaking questions correctly was (cross our heart) \$14,710.00!

Even in these days of inflation, that is a lot of money; the kind of money to make dreams come true, change your life, send the kids to college—the wonderful, improbable things that a sudden large slice of cash can do. It is exciting and interesting to delve into the lives of some of the big winners, and see how their sudden wind-falls affected them. It would seem, from a poll of a group of those who received the largest prizes, that this is lucky money all along the line. None regrets having won it. It doesn't seem to have brought any of the misfortune that large sums of money have been known to do in other circumstances. It has been used wisely and well to start young couples on their way, bring security

to old folks, buy homes, further educations, and a host of other worthwhile things.

The extraordinary amounts of money involved set this program apart from all the other question and answer shows; the tempo is faster; the excitement higher; and the questions are harder. They are not handing out sums like five, six, and even seven thousand dollars at a clip for the "Who was the Washington Bridge named after?" type of question. Break the Bank questions are designed for intelligent people—not geniuses, you understand, but people who use their heads and who either have special knowledge of the subject at hand or who are widely read and have good retentive memories. Sometimes, however, a contestant knows the final answer only through a very special coincidence, like Dr. and Mrs. Jack Weiss of Chicago, who broke the bank for \$5,220 (remember their story in RADIO MIRROR?)—which was a record at the time. Dr. Weiss was then a Lt. Commander in the Navy. The winning question was "Where is Lake Maracaibo?" (The answer is Venezuela.) The only reason Dr. Weiss happened to know that was because he had flown over the lake while en route to duty in the United States Naval (Continued on page 107)

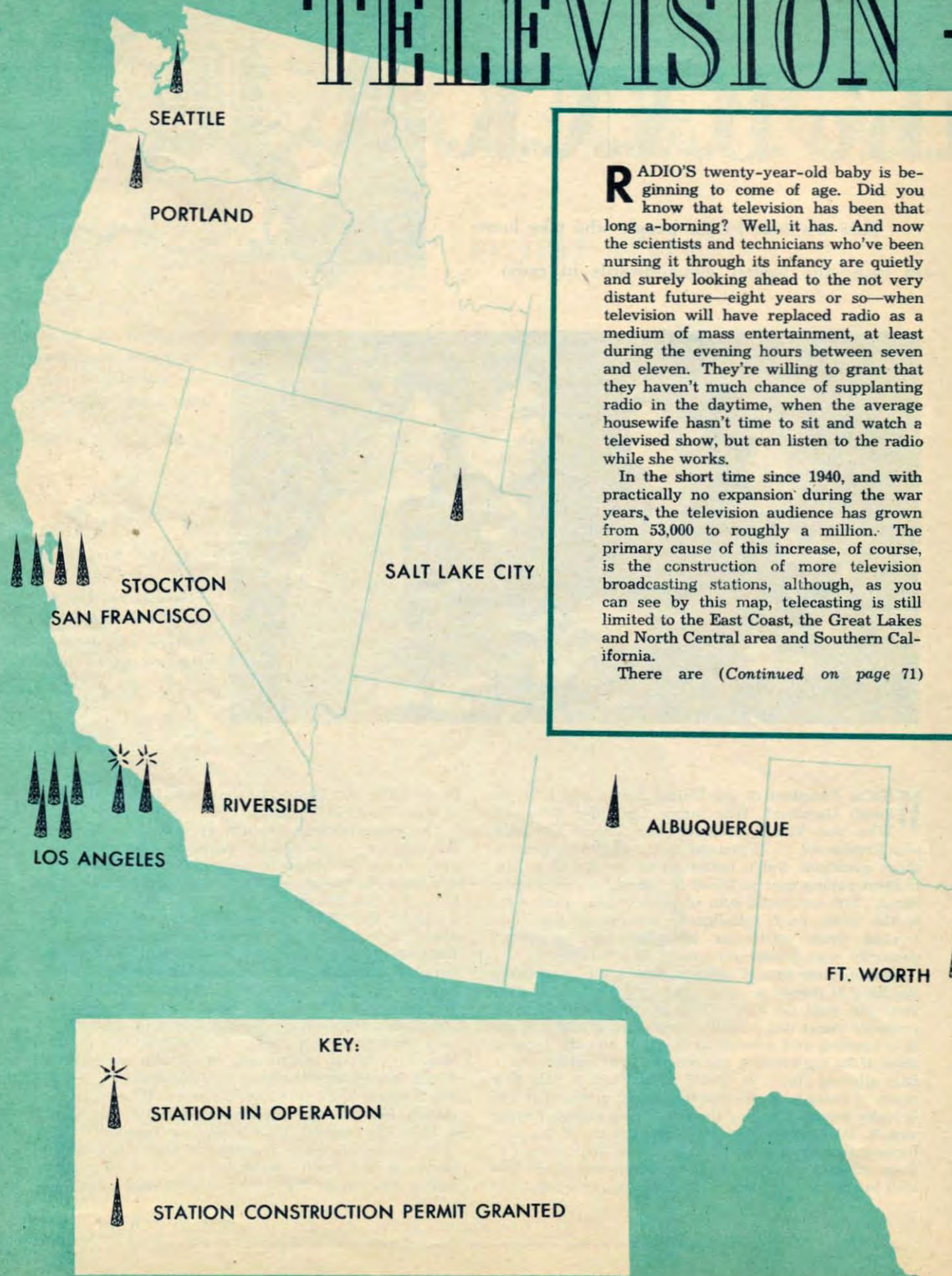
TELEVISION - and the FUTURE

Of course you want television in your home. When can you have it? Here's the answer

RADIO'S twenty-year-old baby is beginning to come of age. Did you know that television has been that long a-borning? Well, it has. And now the scientists and technicians who've been nursing it through its infancy are quietly and surely looking ahead to the not very distant future—eight years or so—when television will have replaced radio as a medium of mass entertainment, at least during the evening hours between seven and eleven. They're willing to grant that they haven't much chance of supplanting radio in the daytime, when the average housewife hasn't time to sit and watch a televised show, but can listen to the radio while she works.

In the short time since 1940, and with practically no expansion during the war years, the television audience has grown from 53,000 to roughly a million. The primary cause of this increase, of course, is the construction of more television broadcasting stations, although, as you can see by this map, telecasting is still limited to the East Coast, the Great Lakes and North Central area and Southern California.

There are (Continued on page 71)



THE BICKERSONS DISCOVER

SOFT, dulcet breezes wafted through the open bedroom window; the night was clear and cool and cloudless; all traffic noises had ceased in the streets outside the Bickerson home. There was everything in the household conducive to sleep . . . to blessed, peaceful, quiet sleep. . . .

"Oh, yeah?" muttered the female half of the Bickerson marriage, as she tossed hopelessly on her bed. "How can anyone be expected to go to sleep between *that!*—and *that?*"

That was the most peculiar conglomeration of sounds ever to come from a man's throat—a weird snuffing, chortling, whining, whistling, chuckling and wheezing—sometimes in rhythm, but more often not. The source of these unmelodious and hideous sounds was the snoring, sleeping form of John Bickerson in the other twin bed.

And *that* was the plaintive crying that came from a new addition to the Bickerson house—a three-months-old cocker spaniel ensconced in his basket downstairs.

"Oh, no—this can't go on! I'm just flesh and blood." Blanche Bickerson sat bolt upright and

switched on the little bedside table lamp. "John, stop it! Wake up! You're driving me insane. Between your snoring and the puppy crying downstairs I haven't slept a wink tonight! John—wake up!"

"Huh?" John Bickerson's eyes blinked against the glare of the light. "Whattsamatter? Turn off that light. Whoever heard of people sleeping with the light on? Blanche, you know my insomnia—you know how I suffer—"

"Your insomnia is a joke."

"Well, can't you laugh with the lights off?"

"For seven years all I've heard is how you suffer with insomnia and can't sleep—and every night for seven years I've watched you sleep like a log. A log with a buzz-saw stuck in it. That snoring!"

John Bickerson sighed wearily and gave up the struggle to keep his eyes closed. "Look, sugar plum—I have a heavy day tomorrow at the office and I'll need all my strength. How can I be expected to bring home the bacon, when you wake me up to chew the fat all night? I have an im-

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

portant deal on tomorrow. I'll need to be in tip-top shape—"

"What's so important tomorrow?"

"I'm interviewing a new secretary. I mean—Blanche, don't get excited!"

"Wine, women and song—that's all you think about!"

"I do not. Wine makes me sleepy and I can't sing a note. Please, Blanche, let me go back to sleep." Suddenly he sat up, attentive. "Listen! . . . well, how do you like that! All these years you've been waking me up every night to accuse me of snoring and now *you're* doing it, yourself!"

"That's not me. It's the puppy you brought home. He's been crying like that, steadily, for four hours."

"Oh, the poor little thing. He can't sleep."

"That's right . . . you can feel sorry for a dog and all I get from you is abuse. You never give me anything."

"Why, Blanche—isn't it your birthday today and didn't I give you a present? Didn't I bring you the puppy?"

(Continued on page 112)



"We're only human." say the

Bickersons. Which leaves their

CBS audience wondering if

that's a boast—or an apology

By
IRIS NOBLE

Frances Langford and Don Ameche play The Bickersons each Wednesday night at 9 EST on CBS, when they co-star with comedian Frank Morgan. This Bickerson incident was written especially for Radio Mirror.



"How much," muttered John to the pup, "can a man stand? Even from Blanche?"

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

Rebellion

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

"Never could stand a bed too short
To wiggle my toes," said Uncle Jed;
"These new contraptions, they make me
snort—
Six feet long from the foot to head.
I must have room, and I'll have it, too!"
He said one day to his faded wife;
And then, in the reckless way men do,
He kicked the slats from his bed of life.

We buried him out where the grasses spring,
And folded the earth about his feet,
(But not too closely—remembering)
And the soft snow fell, like a winding sheet—
Clothing, with quietness, his strength;
And we went back home and let him
be . . .
Calm and peaceful, and stretched full-length
In the long, long bed of Eternity.
—Helen Frazee-Bower

The Glass Turned Down

Today I severed every legal tie
And gave you back the freedom that you
sought;
Now you may meet adventure eye to eye
Without a pause for conscientious thought.
You will not travel far before you find
That ties which hold the heart do not un-
wind.

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

Wanderer

I like a smile that wanders far
From the well-worn path around the nose,
That in its search for laughing eyes,
Seems not to care just where it goes.

No use to try to route a smile
Free as a tumbling fountain's foam—
It must be such a lot of fun
To have a smile that won't stay home!
—Lenore Eversole Fisher

Locomotion

Little Miss Nan never walks to school.
She may hop, she may skip,
But there's no set rule.
She may leap like a rabbit today
Or be a colt running away,
But however she goes, on her heels or her
toes
Her short curls bounce and her short skirts
flounce
And her course is an unanswered riddle.
For little Miss Nan never takes to the middle
Nor yet to the left or the right.
It's a skip over here and a hop over there
And an in-between swirl of delight.
Though I never have seen her perhaps her
demeanor
When once she arrives on the spot
Is to come to a halt with a back somersault
And a handspring or two like as not.
—Alicia O'Donnell Wood

Five o'Clock

Languidly she strolls toward a door
Marked "Dressing Room for Models," steps inside
And kicks bright high-heeled pumps across the
floor,
Letting her weary shoulders shed their pride.
A zipper loosened—then the soft folds glide
Downward, to fall in splendor at her feet.
Once she had dreamed of such a dress to hide
Heart loneliness. And dreaming had been sweet. . . .

In shabby gray, she hurries down the street,
Mingles with traffic, rides the crowded "El."
Her eyes warm up a tired smile to greet
The pale child face that waits the tales she'll tell—
How every afternoon she goes to see
Rich folk, who ask her in with them to tea!
—Esther Baldwin York

Flying Boy

I saw him first on a wild blue March day,
running
bare-kneed and ruffle-headed, with his kite
that tugged against the argosies of cloud,
racing the wind through childhood's changing
light.

I saw him next in a roadside meadow, launch-
ing
his model plane into a gentle gust.
Again he ran, but the frail thing swerved and
shattered.
His eyes were grave as he picked it from the
dust.

Tonight at dusk I saw him running down
the airstrip and his steady eyes were far.
He rose into his heart's own element
and set his wings against the evening star.
—Frances Frost

Precautionary Measure

Come dusk, she fastens
Each window and door,
But to make the rounds
With a candle once more.

Even safely in bed,
Like enough, she
Creeps down the stairs
To try a key.

An old woman, bent
As a crooked pin,
Who bars evil out,
While she locks fear in.
—Ethel Romig Fuller



By TED MALONE

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

Legacies

My mother's father owned a farm
Whose buildings could withstand
The wildest storm; cattle were his,
And rolling, fertile land.

My father's father claimed his books
And violin alone.
No dwelling his, yet he could call
The earth and sky his own.

He taught my tongue a way with words,
And on his violin
My fingers learned that melody
Makes all mankind akin.

My mother's father disapproved
My song. "You'll need," he said,
"A penny in your pocket, lad,
A roof above your head!"

Now they are gone, and all they had
Is mine. Beneath the sky
What winding roads we might have
known—
My violin and I!

But snugly housed from wind and storm
I live content, instead,
With a penny in my pocket
And a roof above my head.
—Beulah Ridgeway Winans

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

Counter force to

the blustering winds of March, these poems of gentle nostalgia

"Hi,
Normer"



"Last year, when Nicki had to start wearing glasses, I let her choose her own. Bright red, she wanted! I wore sun glasses for a while, so she wouldn't feel different."



No June, no moon . . . Dave Barbour

MUSIC brought Dave and me together. Music is our work, our play, our life. Someone nicknamed us "Mr. and Mrs. Melody" a few years ago and I can think of no name I'd prefer, except of course Mr. and Mrs. Dave Barbour. Dave certainly is Mr. Melody to me. . . .

Patterns for romances vary as widely as those for all the music that has ever been written. Ours, for example, may sound dull or even fantastic to anyone else, but it was right for us and such things are undeniably important only to the two people involved. Ours was not love at first sight. Our courtship was no hearts and flowers affair; instead of moonlight and magnolias we had midnight hamburgers after shows in all-night beaneries. Dave is undemonstrative, seemingly as unromantic as Li'l Abner, and until he actually proposed I didn't know whether he really loved me.

But I wouldn't trade ours for the dreamiest, most cloud-seven romance ever concocted by an imaginative fiction writer. Dave is the perfect husband—a staggeringly broad statement, but true. His heart is as big as the soaring notes of a Bach Fugue. He is warm-spirited, kind, devoted, the possessor of a fine sense of humor. There's no need for him to be eloquent about these things; he is them. We wrote a little song together—you've probably heard it—which could be my own personal theme song—"It's a Good Day." Every day is a good day with Dave, for ours has been and is an ideally happy mar-

Peggy Lee is the singing star of the Jimmy Durante Show.

and Peggy Lee didn't need props to know a love song when they heard one

riage. And I was so afraid Dave never would propose. . . .

I was singing with Benny Goodman's band. The year was 1942 and the place, Detroit. We were playing a personal appearance at one of the large theaters there. One day two girl acrobats on the same bill came dashing into my dressing room and announced almost as jubilantly as if it were news of war's end, "Wait until you see the new guitar player who has just joined the band!"

I was completely disinterested. I was going through a phase. A phase of absorption in heavy music, serious poetry and an equal lack of interest in men. Does that sound absurd? I think we've all gone through it. I was almost twenty-two then, and fancied myself as very knowing and blasé. Men, I thought, had no place in my life at that moment.

But woman's curiosity being what it is, I stole a look at the new man when I went on stage for my numbers. I thought, "He's sort of nice looking," and forgot the matter.

But then I heard Dave Barbour play. Gone was my indifference. There was more poetry in his music than on any printed page. It had been my custom after my numbers to go directly back to my dressing room, change clothes, then read some of that heavy poesy. A few days after Dave joined the band I found that instead of hurrying off to be by myself I would stand in the wings and wait to hear his solo which was several (Continued on page 77)

heard Wednesday nights at 10:30 EST, 7:30 PST, on NBC.

"It's the little things Dave does, like calling me 'Normer'. And his adoration of Nicki is something to see."



By
PEGGY
LEE



"Our songwriting is strictly a matter of inspiration—my humming, Dave's guitar, and Nicki's running comment."



Bride and Groom

WITH COURAGE



Ralph Moore and Mildred Yancey with M.C.

John Nelson . . . "before".

THEY were an attractive couple—Mildred Yancey, blonde and blue-eyed; and Ralph Moore, tall and handsome in his trim naval commander's uniform. Yet they were strangely hesitant and uncertain as they waited to talk with me that morning in the Bride and Groom program office. I was going over last minute details with a young couple who were to be married in connection with that day's broadcast, so it was several moments before I could greet them. By that time, their nervousness had almost reached the "We're-sorry-we-came" stage.

"Frankly, it's because of our ages," Mildred Yancey explained. "We noticed that couple you were just talking with, and the many pictures of former

'Brides and Grooms' on the wall. Their ages seem to average about nineteen or twenty, don't they?"

We had never averaged up the ages of the more than five hundred couples who have appeared on our programs, but I agreed that most of them had probably been less than twenty-five years old. At this, Commander Moore smiled wryly, saying: "I guess that answers the question of our possible appearance on Bride and Groom. You see, Mildred and I are engaged to be married, but both of us are forty-one years old."

"Wait," I said as they turned to leave. "We were talking about average ages. That doesn't mean every couple has been less than twenty-five. Here,



And "after", Pre-ceremony nervousness melts into post-ceremony gaiety as the Moores return from the chapel to the audience's cheers . . . and tears. (Bride and Groom is on ABC daily at 11:30 A. M. PST, 2:30 P. M. EST.)

By JOHN NELSON

let me show you pictures of a Bride and Groom couple that turned out to be one of the most popular ever to appear on the program."

The pictures I showed them were of Marie Carroll and William Hansen. Their ages? Well, Marie had been fifty years old, and William sixty-four! The committee of three which passes on applications for appearance on Bride and Groom had chosen them on the basis of the truly interesting story that had led to their eventual marriage. That's the basis on which the committee makes all its selections: will the coast-to-coast audience be interested in the couple's story?

"You'll be just two kids compared to the oldest Bride and Groom couple," I

pointed out to Mildred and Ralph. They seemed to me in every way well qualified, and I encouraged them to submit their application to our program's Board of Judges. I wasn't surprised when the judges approved the application, for they were two attractive, intelligent persons, and certainly the story of their romance was both unusual and interesting.

It began when Mildred decided to paraphrase one well-known saying into: "Go west, young woman, go west;" and to test the truth of another: "Life begins at forty." She resigned her position as office and credit manager for an Atlanta, Georgia, automobile finance company, and made a long-planned visit to her sister in

The Golden Gate, always a lover's landmark, casts its spellbinding shadow on still another couple



Bride and Groom

WITH COURAGE



Special reason for congratulations from the Kirsches and the Martins.



No Bride and Groom are considered complete without that "happy-ever-after" look; the Moores had two of the best.



At Mildred's side when she met Ralph and when she married him: her sister.

Richmond, California—a brave break with routine. She arrived during the Christmas season; and her sister's husband, Julius Geritz, made arrangements for his long-time friend and Navy-buddy, Commander Ralph Moore, to escort her to a dinner dance in nearby Berkeley.

"It turned out to be a meant-to-be meeting," said Ralph, remembering that first evening. "Something special happens when the right two people meet each other—and by the time that evening ended, at least I was certain that we were the right two people for each other."

Evidently Mildred was in at least partial agreement, for she accepted Ralph's invitation to accompany him to a New Year's party to be held in San Francisco. As it turned out, the morning of December 31st found Ralph hundreds of miles away from San Francisco, and plane reservations were at a premium. But men don't become U. S. Navy commanders by surrendering to such trivial odds, and Ralph did get aboard a plane—the last one to leave the snow-bound airport for several days.

"I found out that Navy men can be resourceful, and that Ralph had remembered certain details of that Christmas party," laughed Mildred. "For, during the evening, a friend of his reached into Ralph's pocket to get some cigarettes, then pulled his hand out with a

shout of laughter—Ralph had brought along a pocketful of mistletoe!"

Other evenings followed the New Year's Eve party—with Ralph and Mildred discovering that they shared a particular fondness for San Francisco. "We had a wonderful time," exclaimed Mildred. "A ride on the romantic old cable-car, dinner at Monaco's, dancing at the Officers' Club at the Fairmont, then a cab-ride across the Bay Bridge to my sister's home in Richmond."

Ralph, who had left active service with the Navy in early 1946, was then employed with the United Airlines; but not even his busy schedule prevented what Mildred described as "the most beautiful letters, at least one a day, many of them written in a plane high above the clouds."

Like many brides of Bride and Groom, Mildred says she doesn't remember exactly when he first started proposing—but she does remember that he varied each proposal . . . for instance, on St. Patrick's Day, the proposal was in an Irish dialect. "She forgave me that," Ralph grinned, "and on a night five months after our first meeting—while we sat in a car high in the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay—she changed her answer from the too-familiar 'No,' to the 'Yes' I had been waiting to hear."

In the meantime, Mildred had accepted a position as

secretary to a soil conservation commission at the University of California, and Ralph had resumed his regular civilian post as Superintendent of Communications with the police department of Piedmont, California. "I began to realize what a truly unusual fiancée I had," he said, "when Mildred calmly announced one night that she had accomplished what I consider a modern-day miracle—finding a two-room furnished apartment in Oakland!"

Then came the application to Bride and Groom. Ralph explained that they and their friends had been long-time listeners to our program, and added: "Both of us had friends and relatives in almost every state in the union. Too, because we are older than the average engaged couple, we felt Bride and Groom offered exactly the type of marriage we would like—simplicity

and informality, with a chance for everyone we knew to 'be in' on the ceremony."

All of us on the Bride and Groom staff were both proud and pleased with our "couple of the day," the morning that Ralph and Mildred came to the studio for the broadcast. Mildred's blonde attractiveness was enhanced by her long blue bridal gown; while Ralph seemed even taller (he is six-feet-one) and more handsome than ever in his uniform of Commander, U.S.N.R.

Their best man, of course, was Mildred's brother-in-law, Julius Geritz, who had arranged the first "blind date" that had led to this romance; and their matron of honor was Mildred's sister, Mrs. Geritz, whose gracefully-draped pink dress added to the charm of the wedding scene.

As listeners to Bride and (Continued on page 105)



Life can be
Beautiful

Never forget that the world holds some
wonderful people; one may speak to you
anytime, anywhere, in any language

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month
THREE DINNERS—PAID

Dear Papa David:

I am a young widow with two children to bring up on a Mother's Pension which provides the necessities of life for us, but definitely no luxuries. My little eight-year-old Mary, who was stricken with polio a year ago, was making a very slow recovery, and because her legs were still very weak she seemed afraid to even try to walk. One day, desperately seeking to give her an incentive to walk, I rashly promised that the day she took ten steps all by herself we would celebrate, she and Danny and I, by having dinner at the biggest and best hotel in town.

The idea worked just fine, and she took the ten steps plus a few besides, that very day. I was overjoyed, but later I began to wonder just how I was going to squeeze out the four or five dollars it was going to cost to keep my promise. I finally wound up by coaching the children to order a hamburger steak dinner which I knew would probably be the least expensive on the menu, and so we all got ready and started out.

We must have looked out of place as we entered the plush dining room of the hotel, all of us comparatively poorly dressed, and Mary in a wheelchair, for the headwaiter came up to me wearing a rather peculiar look on his face. I whispered to him, "We're celebrating—my little girl took ten steps today. Would you have a table large enough to accommodate her wheelchair?" The quizzical look on the waiter's face changed into a broad smile as Mary as he replied "Certainly!" and led us right past the stares of all the other diners to the best table in the room. He seated us gallantly and presented the expensive menu to each of us, from which we all quickly ordered the hamburger steak dinner as per schedule. We settled back then to wait and enjoy the soft music and elegant beauty of our temporary surroundings. It was only a few minutes, however, until the waiter came back to our table and set down an enormous bouquet of lovely flowers which he had taken from the top of the piano. He pinched off one beautiful American Beauty rose and pinned it to Mary's dress, saying "Congratulations." And then he was gone again before we could even say thank you.

The next time he came he was followed by another waiter, both bearing huge silver trays upon which I took for granted reposed our hamburger steaks. But it wasn't. What he began to place before us was the most elaborate and expensive dinner the hotel had to offer. There was roast duck with wild rice dressing, baked sweet potatoes, molded salad, cranberry sauce, and at least half a dozen other items so fancy that we don't know yet just what they were. At first I thought there must be some mistake and glanced up nervously at the waiter, but he just winked, smiled, and said "Winner take all!" There was a lump in my throat for a minute, but the children seemed to think they were in heaven, so we all ate accordingly. And when we finally finished, the waiter came back once more. This time he laid the dinner check down before me, and on it was written "Three hamburger steak dinners—paid." Now aren't some people wonderful?

Mrs. R. B.

Here Are This Month's Ten-Dollar Letters:
A MISTAKE IN TIME

Dear Papa David:

I never had much of a home, because my mother was a widow, and we moved all around the country. Also, she was such a lot older than I was, and, though she tried, she couldn't remember what it was like to be very young, so when I'd make the mistakes a child naturally makes, she'd say, "When you get married, your husband won't put up with things you do, and you'll have to change or he'll divorce you."

But the day after my nineteenth birthday I met an ex-GI just home from overseas, and after I'd taken one look, I said to myself, "That's the man I want to marry." He must have thought the same thing, because we were married almost immediately.

For the first few months I was extremely careful not to show my faults—no more turning over in bed for another nap when the alarm rang, or stacking the dishes at night when I was tired, or leaving the newspaper in a mess when I'd finished with it. I knew he'd find out someday that I had faults, but I was determined to make that day as far away as I could, for I was sure my happiness would end when he did.

We'd been married almost three months when we decided to move almost all the way across the country in the hopes of finding a better place to live. So we piled all we owned into our little red jeep and started out. We didn't have much money, just enough to get us here and last until he started working, but we had fun anyway, even though we stopped at the cheapest places and ate hamburgers.

We were twenty miles from Las Vegas, Nevada, when I tried driving for a while, and, somehow, managed to turn the jeep over while I was going thirty-five miles an hour on a straight road. I was only shaken up a bit, but my husband's head was cut wide open, and his hand was practically hamburger. The jeep was a complete wreck, and everything we owned was dumped into the middle of the desert.

Luckily a car came by almost immediately, and we were taken to a hospital. The next two hours were the worst of my life. I had tried so hard to be grown up, and hide my many faults, yet within five minutes I'd shown just how stupid and (Continued on page 89)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$50 EACH MONTH
FOR YOUR LETTERS

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



★ Harry Babbitt — gets better all the time!



★ Ish Kabibble — are there words for him?



A Salute to Kay Kyser

THE FIRST

TEN YEARS



★ When you've been in the business as long as Kay, you can take things in your stride. Even a big beef—especially this kind!

★ Kay's is the College where no one

"EVENIN', Folks, how y'all?"
 Ten years ago, February 1, 1938, NBC listeners first heard that now familiar greeting, spoken in a rich Rocky Mount, N. C., drawl. They're still hearing it (Saturdays, 10 P.M. EST) when Kay Kyser takes the air. And they're still responding to the homespun friendliness and warmth of that drawl, to the music, fun and shenanigans that the "ole professor" unflinching provides. These have been eventful years for Kay and his gang, years that saw their rise from just another college-boy band (University of North Carolina) to the top ranks of American entertainment institutions.

Here are highlights of the Kyser decade:

At Chicago's Black Hawk Hotel, Hal Kemp had instituted a Celebrity Night. WGN broadcast it, and all

ever graduates—it's too much fun!

the stars within earshot used to converge on the ballroom to take part. It was good—so good that Music Czar James Caesar Petrillo put down a ban. No more Celebrity Nights, no more stars performing or taking bows for free.

Kay and gang had played there before. In the fall of 1937 they were going back. What to do? What to do, that is, to keep the "pull" of Celebrity Night—without celebrities?

And so, out of necessity, the College of Musical Knowledge was born. It must have been a good idea, because with variations it has been thriving ever since.

It was not a sure thing from the start, however. It was sixteen weeks sustaining before a sponsor bought the show for national broadcast. Kay had the same sponsor for eight years before (Continued on page 104)





That Man

Godfrey



Wife Mary, and children named (of course!) Pat and Mike, live on the Virginia farm.



"Irish as McCarthy's pig" Godfrey calls himself—nationwide, people call him a grand guy!

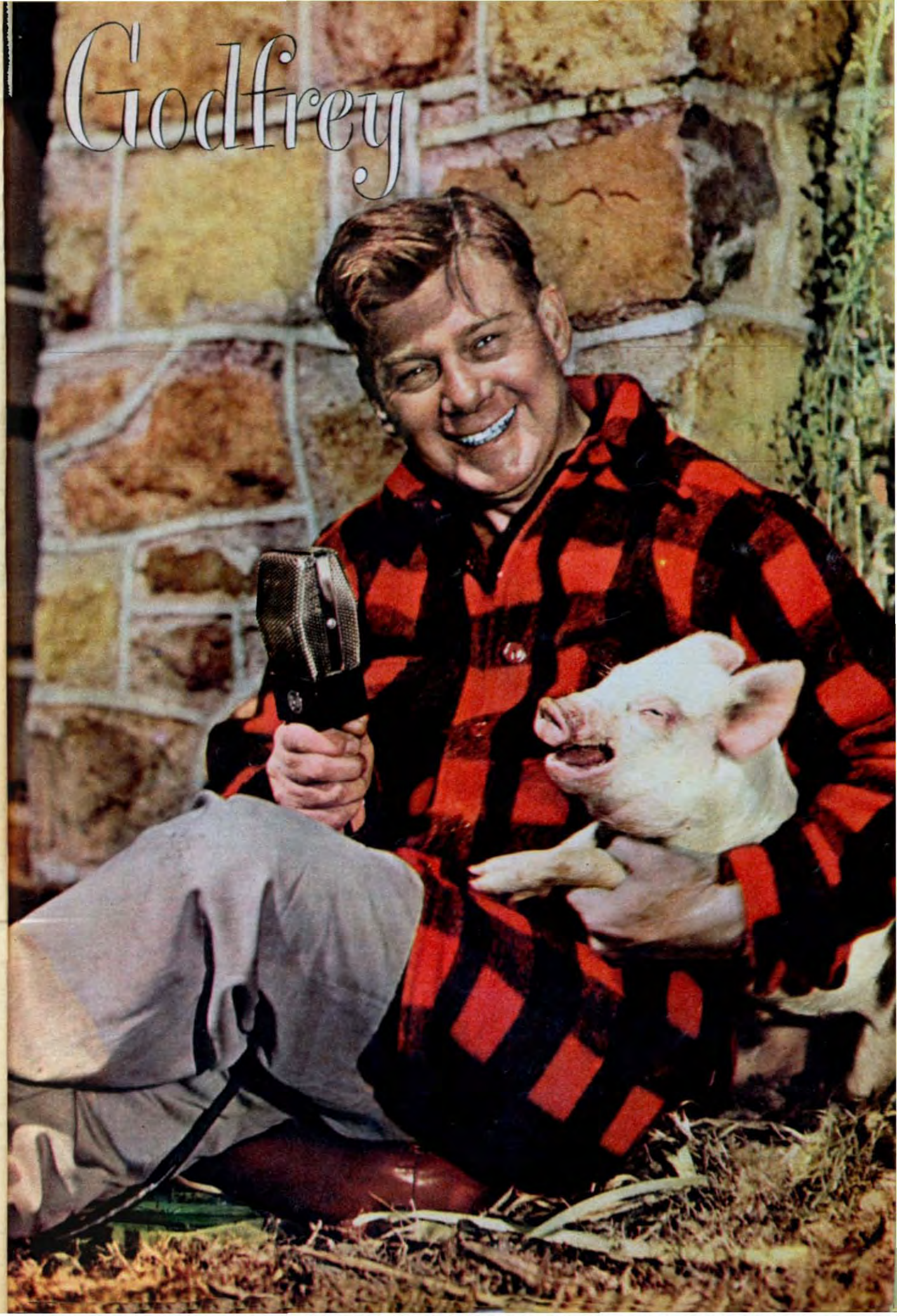
ARTHUR GODFREY likes boiled beef and cabbage. It is a choice altogether characteristic of the man who enjoys such terrific popularity among plain folks up and down our fair land . . . the man whose barrel-voiced drolleries are as familiar in the American living room as the presence of boiled beef and cabbage on the American dinner table.

Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public go for Godfrey largely because they immediately recognize qualities in him that are identical with their own and those of people who live on the same block. Arthur Godfrey might be the neighbor you'd least mind lending your lawnmower to. He might be anyone in your acquaintance: that friendly insurance man, that genial short-order cook down at the corner beanery, that nice chap you worked with on the assembly-line, that truck driver or door-to-door canvasser or farmer—guys you've known, who

By IRA KNASTER



At home or in the studio, Godfrey couldn't get along without good-right-hand Muggsie.





On the early morning show, Godfrey munches breakfast while Mugs does a quick organizational job.

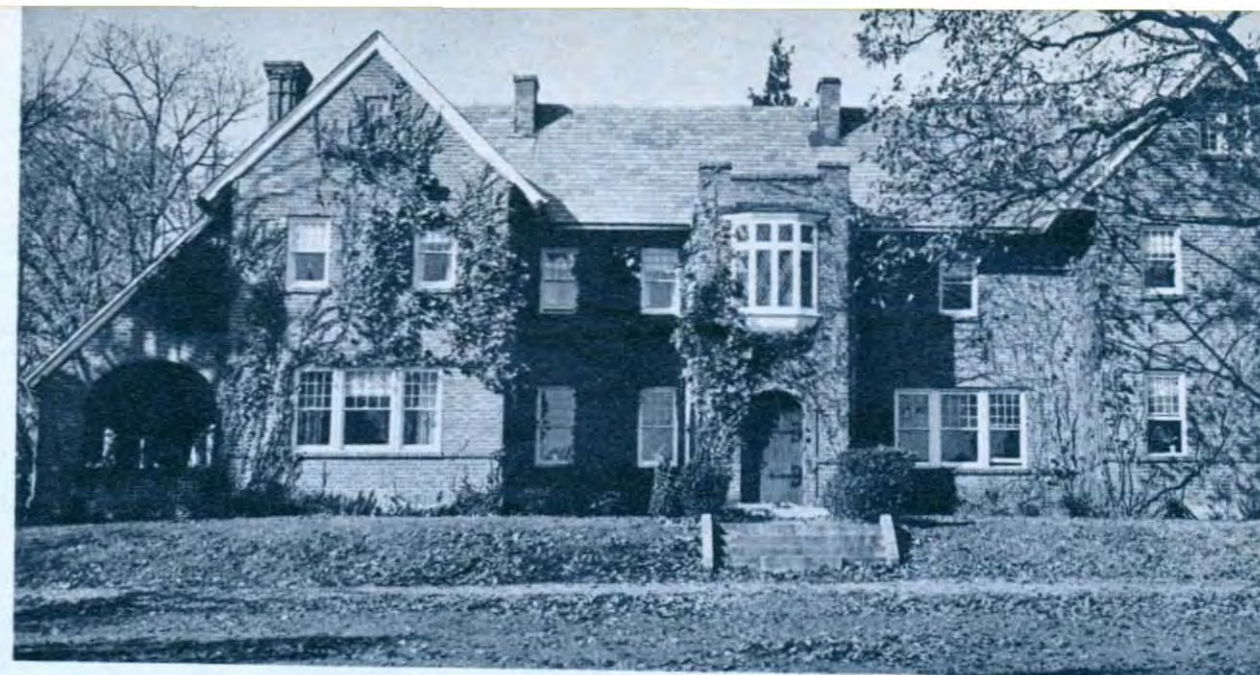


Everybody's welcome, but small (and doubtful) fans get an extra-hearty greeting from Arthur Godfrey.

That Man Godfrey



In New York it's always a mad rush—but in Virginia there's time to relax with Mary, Patricia and Mike.



Eight hundred acres go with this lovely, serene house—acres that are really put to good use!

... speak your language and understand it . . .

He could be any of those people simply because he has been all of them. At one time or another during his 44 years, Arthur Godfrey has worked on the assembly-line making auto bodies. He has been an architect's office boy, a bus-boy, a coal truck driver, a sailor, a short-order cook, a vaudeville entertainer, a vagrant, a taxicab driver . . .

But all these occupations are only a part of the list. They represent only a fraction of the myriad activities that have studded his astonishing career. The complete catalogue of jobs he's held could easily apply to at least two dozen enterprising men. Godfrey has been a rolling stone. Even so, he has gathered plenty of the moss of wisdom and humanity. As for his quick wit, he owned that all along. All three qualities are apparent to the millions who make a habit of listening to his on-the-air gabbing, 90 percent of which is spontaneous, ad-libbed and unrehearsed.

It's a revelation to be on the receiving end of his off-the-air gabbing. A particularly revealing example is one Godfreyism, uttered on entering a luncheon rendezvous, a swank East 55th Street restaurant. The Little Club's decorative scheme happens to suggest the inside of milady's jewel-box. Salient feature of the bistro is a boudoir ceiling draped in coral pink satin, deeply tufted

like a luxurious, inverted mattress . . . a resemblance that caught Arthur's eye the moment he entered.

"Gee!" he breathed. "I bet a guy could curl up on that thing and get some real good shut-eye."

A wacky remark . . . but then, was it? Actually, it contained more wishful thinking than whimsy. It was sheer thought-association. Soft ceiling . . . wonderful sleep. Obviously the Huckster Finn of the air-waves craves more shut-eye than he's getting, when even a ceiling can tempt him. You'd feel the same if you had to put in the hours of work he does.

Earthy Arthur is radio's most prolific personality. He tumbles, or more probably, staggers out of bed shortly after five in the morning. At six he starts broadcasting, "Mugs" Richardson, his invaluable Girl Friday, beside him, and remains at that WCBS microphone until 7:45 at which time the control room switches him over to WTOP, thus taking care of his enormous audience in the Washington, D. C., area. To WTOP listeners he likewise jockies the discs and makes with the chit-chat, keeping at it until ten minutes after nine. During this early morning marathon he eats breakfast at the microphone . . . between wisecracks and commercials.

Except for a spot of (Continued on page 91)



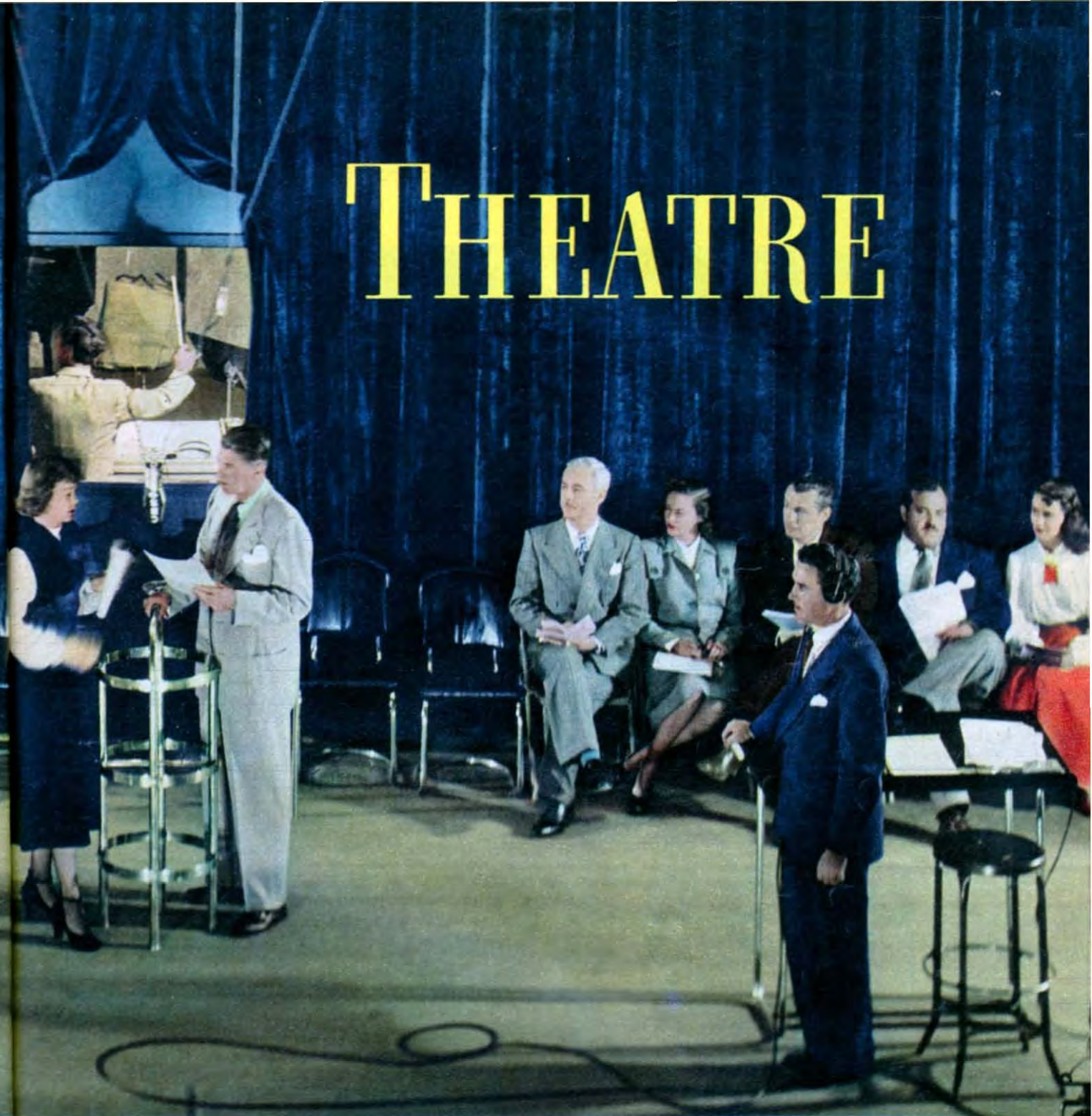
There's usually a moment when any man, no matter how hectic his pace, can find time to stretch out.

Arthur Godfrey is heard on CBS: the morning program Mon. through Fri., 11, EST; Talent Scouts 8:30 P.M. EST, on Mon.

Welcome to the LUX RADIO



THEATRE



★ The first of a new series,
in which Radio Mirror reserves
listeners a front row seat
for their favorite broadcasts!

PEOPLE who live in New York or Chicago or Hollywood are lucky!" countless radio listeners who live in other parts of the country complain. "They can go to see the broadcasts of their favorite radio programs simply by writing in and asking for tickets. But the rest of us— well, unless we can take a trip, we have to use our imagination."

On these two pages, Radio Mirror brings those curious listeners the first of a series of exciting new features, picturing in full color the top-ranking favorite programs

and stars just as they look "on the job."

Above is a studio stage at CBS in Hollywood, in the heart of the West Coast Radio City—a stage on which, on another night, you might see the Dick Haymes show broadcast, or Ozzie and Harriet, or one of the many others which originate at CBS in Hollywood. But this is Monday, and you have a date with Radio Mirror at the Lux Radio Theatre, and you will see "Nobody Lives Forever," with Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. Above, left to right,

are: Herb Butterfield, Producer William Keighley, Announcer John Milton Kennedy, Ira Grossel, Herbert Rawlinson, Eddie Marr, Jane Wyman, Musical Director Lou Silvers (in background), Ronald Reagan, Bill Johnstone, Dorothy Lovett, Tyler McVey, Director Fred MacKaye (standing in foreground), Bill Conrad and Dorothy Malone.

Lux Radio Theatre is heard Monday nights from 9 until 10, EST, over Columbia Broadcasting System Stations.



MY SON

NICKY



The biggest, proudest, fiercest steed of the lot is the only possible choice for five-year-old Nicky and his dad, Ben Alexander, when they're starting off on a tour of the bright spots.

Heart's Desire, with Ben Alexander as M. C., is heard on Mutual stations, Monday through Friday, 11:30 A. M., E.S.T.

The right man to understand anyone's Heart's Desire, Ben Alexander.

He's won his own, already

By ROBBIN COONS



Something for Nicky to grow into, perhaps?

MASTER Nicholas Benton Alexander IV, as of this writing, has made only a limited contribution to radio art and pleasure.

Limited, that is, if you count only the wordage he has spoken actually on the air. Five words, and these somewhat less than immortal:

"I'd like a dump truck!"

The sturdy five-year-old with the cornsilk hair spoke this line from his heart, for he has a deep-rooted passion for things on wheels. Millions of listeners to Heart's Desire (Monday through Friday on Mutual) doubtless oh'd and ah'd over their sets, because here was the voice of the son of their beloved "Uncle Ben" Alexander, m.c. and year-round Santa Claus.

It was a nice, heart-warming moment, but scarcely one to make radio history.

In a larger sense, however, the contribution of Master Nicholas—or Nicky—is inestimable. You can't measure it. You can't weigh it. It's just there—in Nicky's dad who is your Uncle Ben, who does the things he does because Ben Alexander is that kind of guy to start with, (Continued on page 100)



The amusement park offers the right size in new 1948 models. Into this Ben can't get.



Ben and his mother make lots of plans for Nicky—who's always ready with a few of his own.

Line up for Chowder

PERHAPS you have a friend who on a modest income serves meals that are the envy of everyone who knows her, and manages with so little fuss and flurry that even such emergencies as delayed dinner hours and unexpected guests find her serene and gracious. Such women are envied by some and praised by others for their skill in homemaking. Almost no one stops to consider that what seems like a magical secret is no secret at all. It is simply the result of careful planning and dependable recipes. "Accordion recipes," I once heard them called, and it is an apt term because they are suitable for serving a few people but can be extended with salads, simple desserts, fruit or cheese to satisfy a greater number. This month's recipes are of the "accordion" variety. Many can be prepared in the morning and reheated for the evening meal. This means, of course, that they will not deteriorate if dinner must be served later than planned. Any one of them will win instant praise from the gourmets in your life.

Manhattan Clam Chowder

¼ pound salt pork, diced
1 large onion, chopped
1 cup sliced carrots
1 cup diced potatoes
1 cup chopped celery
3 cups (No. 2½ can) stewed tomatoes
3 cups water
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups minced clams

Cook pork over low heat in a large kettle until lightly browned. Add onion and cook until tender. Add remaining vegetables, water and seasonings, cover and cook over medium heat for 1 hour. Add clams and bring to boil. Makes 6 servings.

Brunswick Stew

1 (4 to 5 pound) fowl, cut up
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

By

KATE SMITH



RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks, heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, on Mutual network stations.

1½ quarts water
1 medium onion, sliced
½ cup sliced fresh or canned okra
2½ cups tomatoes
2 cups cooked lima beans
1½ cups kernel corn
½ cup fine bread crumbs

Cook chicken in water with salt and pepper until tender. Remove meat from bones and save the stock. Cut the meat into 2-inch pieces. Combine chicken stock with vegetables and cook until vegetables are tender. Add the bread crumbs and cook for 10 minutes longer. Serve in soup bowls. Makes 6 servings.

Mexican Bean Soup

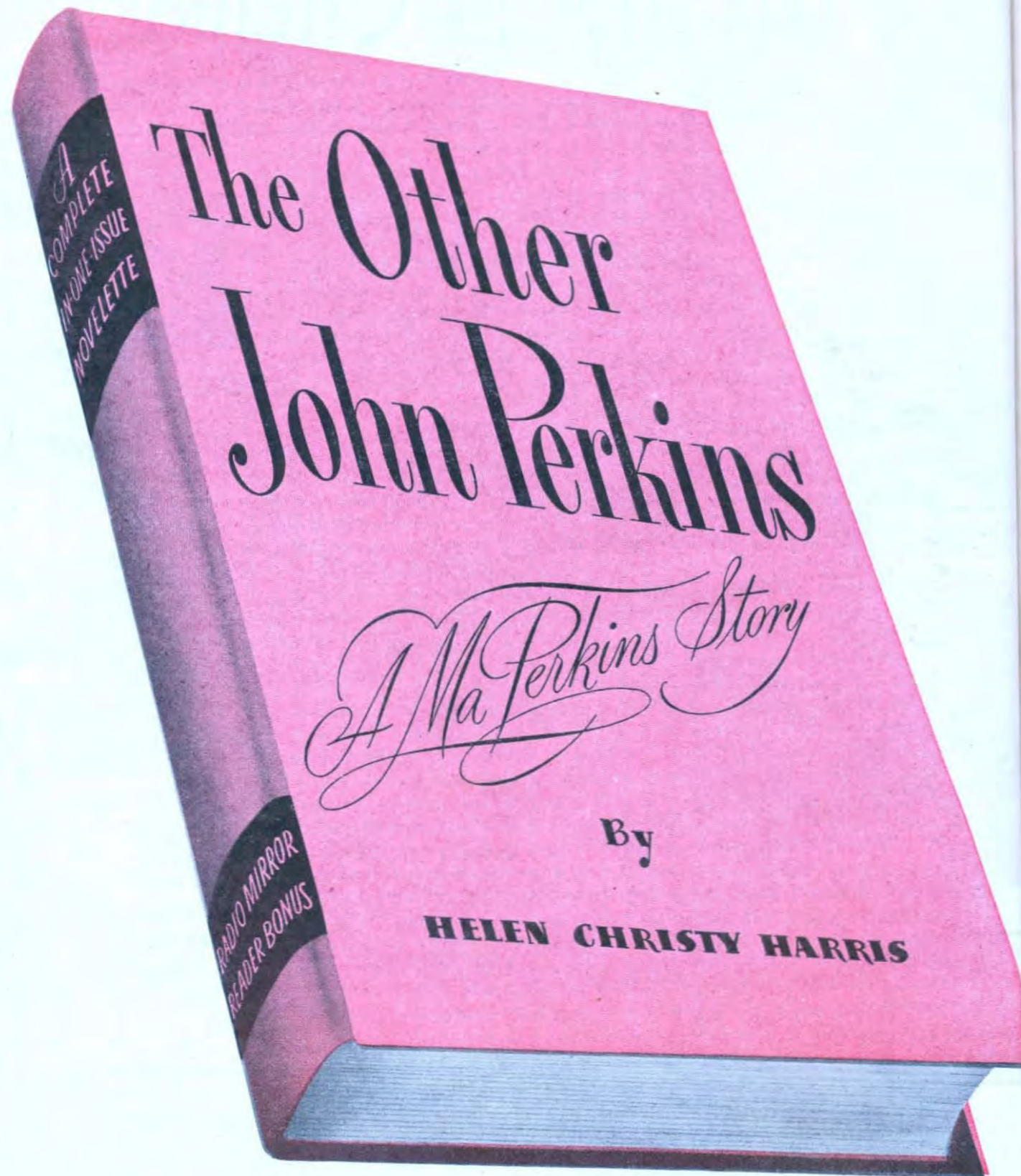
½ cup dried pea beans
3 cups cold water
1 large onion, minced
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped cabbage
2 tablespoons drippings
1 cup canned tomatoes
2½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup uncooked elbow macaroni
Parmesan cheese

Let beans stand in water overnight. Add enough water the following morning to cover beans and cook until tender, 1½ to 2 hours. Cook onions, celery and cabbage in hot drippings, over low heat, until soft. Add to beans with tomatoes and seasonings. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Add macaroni and (Continued on page 74)

Steaming, savory—and stretchable—
chowder is a quick-meal star.

RADIO MIRROR for Better Living

Radio Mirror retells the story, first heard on the air, of the time Pleasant Haven turned Ma Perkins' life almost upside down



The story of Ma Perkins' life in Rushville Center is heard daily on two networks: 1:15 CBS; 3:15 NBC (EST).

IN the Perkins parlor, John Perkins' picture stood on the mantel, just as it had before he went away. It was John to the life—the fine, serious face, the good, clean line of cheekbone and jaw, and the smile . . . the rare, quick smile that, Ma always said, seemed to come straight from his heart and go straight into yours. But John was dead—killed, somewhere in Germany, buried in some unmarked grave.

Ma knew it. She had accepted it, never once surrendering to the treacherous hope that her son John might somewhere be living, breathing, walking the earth. He lived only in her heart, in her memory, and she lived—for all she had left. For her beloved younger daughter, Fay, and Fay's little Paulette, for her older daughter, Evey, and Evey's husband, Willy Fitz, and their Junior. And for all her friends and neighbors in Rushville Center.

And yet, here she was, on a February night when the snow was hip-deep on the fields around the town, sitting beside Shuffle Shober in the sumptuously redecorated drawing room of the old Hamilton place, waiting to see John. No, not John. She knew that. She mustn't let herself pretend even for a minute that this boy she was going to see was John. He was a religious teacher, a Dr. Joseph. But everyone who had seen him—Fay, Willy, Shuffle—had told her, warned her, that he looked exactly like John, had John's walk and John's voice.

Ma hadn't wanted to come. She'd been pressured into it. In January the old Hamilton place had been sold, had become Pleasant Haven, a refuge for the bereaved, the heart-sore, the world-weary. Its director was Professor H. B. Bassett, by his own admission an unworldly man, but one of magnetic voice and compelling personality. Gladys, Banker Pendleton's restless, spoiled daughter, had discovered Pleasant Haven first, had been fascinated by it, and by Professor Bassett. She had taken Fay to a "reading"—one of the meetings, and Fay had been shocked at the resemblance between Professor Bassett's young assistant and her dead brother, John. Fay had brought Willy and Shuffle to see for themselves, and the three of them had been a long time telling Ma about it, had told her finally only because they were afraid of the shock she would suffer if she should meet Dr. Joseph accidentally. But by that time Ma herself had become involved in Pleasant Haven, unknowingly, without lifting a finger.

Professor Bassett wanted to enlarge the retreat, and, because it was run entirely by contributions, wanted money from the town to do it. Banker Pendleton was heartily in favor of the plan. He saw people coming from all over to study and meditate at Pleasant Haven, saw more business for Rushville Center. He saw a growing tourist trade, saw realty values rising. There were other supporters—Gladys, of course, and through Gladys, Fay. Grocer Charley Brown and his wife, after attending one reading, declared that they had found there such comfort as they hadn't known since their boy Bradford had been killed in the war.

And yet, the success of the whole plan depended upon Ma. Everyone in town knew what Ma's faith meant to her; everyone asked, "What does Ma Perkins think of

it?" Simply by saying nothing, trying to keep out of it, Ma had found her old friends, her very own family turned against her. Her old friend Mark Matthews, devout and staunchly honest, had told her she was only paying lip service to her religion. Charley Brown said that she was only trying to hang onto the money Fay had inherited from her husband. Augustus and Mathilda Pendleton said she was a trouble-maker. Mayor Ross said that she was standing in the way of the town's progress. "Seems a lot," Mae told Shuffle drily, "for a person who's done nothing but just set."

But now here they were in the drawing room at Pleasant Haven, with an organ playing softly in the distance, waiting for the reading to begin. And somehow, all she could think about was John. John, trying to make himself the best basketball player in the state. John, coming to her shyly to ask about his girls. John—Chimes sounded; Ma wrenched herself back to the present as the doors opened and the regular tenants of Pleasant Haven began to fill the room.

"Why," she exclaimed, "they're nice looking folks, Shuffle! So sweet of face, such nice expressions! Oh, Shuffle, wouldn't it be nice if this place turned out to be just everything everybody thinks it is? Where they really do good work, and it's sincere and honest, and—"

Shuffle leaned forward eagerly. "Ma, you got some idea this place ain't what it's cracked up to be?"

But Ma evaded him. "No, Shuffle," she said. "I just don't know nothing at all about it." Shuffle grunted disappointedly. They were interrupted by a sweetfaced old woman, a city woman, from her dress and her manners.

"Good evening," she said. "Don't bother to get up—I'll sit here with you. You're new in the abode, aren't you?"

"Our first time," Ma agreed. "We live in town, Rushville Center."

"Oh, yes." The woman nodded. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, who are coming to stay with us—they're from your town, I believe."

Ma frowned as Shuffle muttered something that sounded like, "Yep—they're coming soon as Charley sells the Busy Bee and gives all his money to Professor Bassett."

"That's right," she said quickly. "My name is Perkins. This is Mr. Shober, Mrs.—"

"I'm Mrs. Liss. May the heavenly radiance shine on you, Mrs. Perkins. Every blessing, Mr. Shober."

Shuffle turned beet red. "Er—uh—thank you, I'm sure. And the same to you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Liss," said Ma gently. "I take it you live here—you're one of Professor Bassett's students?"

"Student." She was gently mocking. "I'm sixty-eight years old—hardly a real student. But the lesson they teach us here is so simple a child could learn it . . . no, maybe not a child. I think you must have lost those you loved the most. Dear Professor Bassett says that only the hungry heart, the grieving heart, is the open heart."

"Um," said Shuffle. Ma said sympathetically, "I'm sorry if you've lost dear ones, Mrs. Liss. I—has everyone

THE OTHER JOHN PERKINS

here lost a dear one?"

Mrs. Liss nodded sadly. "That's why we're here, of course. To find the answer to those old, old questions—'Why?' 'Why tears, why heartbreak?' As you yourself, are asking yourself—otherwise, you wouldn't be here."

"I—" Ma choked, but Mrs. Liss didn't notice. She'd risen swiftly to her feet. "I do beg your pardon," she exclaimed, "but there's Miss Finney, and I must sit with her. Poor Miss Finney—hers was that terrible fire, forty years ago! Sisters, mother, father, and the young man she was going to marry—gone, just like that! Please excuse me—it's been a great pleasure—"

"Thank you," said Ma. "If you ever come to Rushville Center, I'd like you to visit me—"

Mrs. Liss laughed gently. "I recommend that you come here. You won't know the meaning of peace until you do. May the spirit guide you both." And she hurried off.

"Ma," said Shuffle in a low voice, "be we in a den of loonies, or is this something so big and wonderful that my mind can't rise to the occasion and comprehend the grasp of it?"

"I—" Then her hand descended upon Shuffle's arm in a grip that, he said, he felt for a week afterward. "Shuffle!"

The room was suddenly hushed. A young man had come in, was approaching the desk, book in hand, a finger marking his place. He was thin and pale, and a little stooped, not straight as John had been. But otherwise—

"Oh, Shuffle," said Ma in a strangled voice. "You was right. It's—he's—"

The young man read, "Life and death are one, for who shall measure the infinite? The outmost star, the unreamed of stars beyond, space and time without end . . . in all the world no ending. Who can then speak of a life that ends? Lay your sorrows aside, you who suffer, for there will be time for joy in all the eternity to come."

Ma cried soundlessly, and wiped her eyes, and cried again until the reading was over.

"He's good," she said over and over again. "I—Shuffle, don't you think he's a good man?"

"This Dr. Joseph?" Shuffle asked. "Tarnation, Ma, he sure is!"

She sighed as if a weight had been lifted from her heart. "I've got to see him, Shuffle. Talk with him—"

His heart ached for her. This was what he'd been dreading. Drat Bassett, and Pendleton, and the town, for forcing her into it. "Oh, no, Ma! Please—" And then Professor Bassett came up. He was sure handsome, Shuffle admitted grudgingly, for a middle-aged fellow. Dressed well, carried himself well. And his voice was as soft as a pussy-cat's fur.

"Good evening, my friends. I hope you enjoyed the reading."

Ma swallowed, tried to force a hint of a laugh. "I hardly know what to say, Professor Bassett. I thought what was said tonight was real sincere and true. But whether I enjoyed myself—"

"Of course," said Professor Bassett softly. "You're referring to that tragic resemblance—your late son, and my young son-in-law."

"Son-in-law!" Shuffle exclaimed.

"Didn't you know?" asked Ma. "Dr. Joseph's married to Professor Bassett's daughter, the girl with the pretty name, Starr."

"If it would soothe your mind," said the professor, "you can meet Dr. Joseph. Of course, if it would cause you pain—"

"The pain's been caused already," said Ma heavily. "And since I'm bound to be meeting him in town sooner or later—yes, I'd like to see him. Could—could I see him alone?"

Professor Bassett didn't like that so much, Shuffle thought. But he gave in gracefully.

"Alone? I think—yes, certainly. He—he's rather an unworldly young man, you know. Perhaps I'd better explain to him that you— If you'll excuse me just a moment." He bowed. "Your servant, madame."

"Ma," begged Shuffle, "why should you plague yourself? You ain't got the terrible delusion, the absolutely hopeless idea that this boy is—"

"Is John himself?" she finished. "No, Shuffle. This is—something else. What brought us here, what brought that boy here, and brought all these other folks here—it

ain't simple, Shuffle. It's—I can't help feeling it's part of a—part of a great plan."

"Everything's part of the great plan, Ma," he grumbled. "But I just don't see why you want to cause yourself more pain and heartache."

"I didn't mean just the heavenly plan," Ma said. "I meant—hush, here's Professor Bassett."

And so Shuffle had to contain himself. He felt in his bones that there was something wrong at Pleasant Haven; he felt that Ma felt it, but she would say nothing more about it, not that night, nor for some time afterward. All Shuffle knew was that when she saw Dr. Joseph that night, she asked him to come to dinner whenever he could. And the next day, when Dr. Joseph called the lumberyard office and said that he and Starr would be delighted to come to dinner that very evening, Ma's face lighted as if the rising sun were upon it.

"You'll come, too, won't you, Shuffle?" she begged. "I want you there. And—land o' Goshen! What'll I do about Evey and Willy? I just don't feel like asking them—"

"They're going to Pendleton's tonight," said Shuffle drily. "Mathilda made up with Evey after she found out you went out to Pleasant Haven last night. Sure made a difference, that visit. Charley Brown calling to ask for your trade back this morning, and Mark Matthews apologizing . . . Ma, why'd you ask Dr. Joseph to dinner?"

"To fatten him up," said Ma. "He's real thin and peaked." Then she said honestly, "Oh, Shuffle, I can't explain it! I been thinking about my garden. Each winter it goes; each spring I fix it up and it comes up again. In the same way I guess I'm reaching for someone to take the place of Johnny. Oh, I know this Dr. Joseph is different from John in many ways, but he's honest and serious and gentle, and—you see what I'm driving at, Shuffle. It's like Johnny himself is living again, since his main qualities are still living."

THERE was something in what she said, Shuffle admitted to himself as he met Starr and Dr. Joseph in Ma's parlor that night. The boy was like John—a thin, serious John. Starr was a little thing, kind of oriental-looking. Shuffle thought, in her straight, robe-like dress and sandals, but pretty, with her red-gold hair and her great dark eyes that hardly ever left her husband's face. And he noticed Fay smiling approvingly, as if she felt as he did about them.

"It was very nice to be asked here," said Joseph. "We don't know very many people—"

Ma was beaming. "After we get acquainted," she promised, "we'll talk about asking other young folks in to meet you. It's right that young people should take part in the life of the town, such as it is, even if you are philosopher."

Starr looked uncomfortable. "We—we don't know if we can get out every often. He—my father—" Rapidly, she changed the subject. "This is a very pleasant room. So comfortable and homelike—"

"I knew it would look like this," Joseph spoke almost to himself. "I used to live in a place like this when I was a boy. In a real home. Some day I'd like to live in a home again, wouldn't you, Starr?"

Ma's eyes narrowed slightly; she'd suddenly become very quiet. "Er—uh—you'd rather have a home of your own than live at Pleasant Haven?"

"I must live at Pleasant Haven," said Joseph sadly. "I owe Starr's father so much money. And he saved my life."

"Please, dear," Starr begged. "These friends aren't interested in that!"

"Aren't you interested?" Joseph asked naively—and then the doorbell rang. Fay went to answer. Ma saw Starr and Joseph start as Professor Bassett's voice floated into the room.

"Good evening, Mrs. Henderson. Are my daughter and son-in-law here? Ah—there you are! You've been quite naughty, my dears! You've caused me no end of trouble. Starr, my child, there's no reason to look so frightened! I'm not here to eat you up. In fact, I'll join you if I'm invited."

Joseph himself looked scared half to death, Ma thought. But he was defiant. "But you weren't invited!" he burst out. "And I—I was looking forward to



Fay

an evening to which we were invited—Starr and I. You shouldn't have come!"

"My dear boy, please—" said Professor Bassett reprovingly. He turned to Ma. "Mrs. Perkins, you should understand. My son-in-law has been ill. I've gone to great pains to shelter him—"

"Why am I so delicate?" Joseph demanded. "I'm cured. I'm well—and I'm restless at the place. It does me good to get out in the world. Coming here isn't—isn't going to a bazaar. It's not going into the flesh pots. I don't see why I should be in the wrong!"

Shuffle had had all he could stand. "Now, Professor Bassett," he said, "pears to me like we was having a real fine time until you bust in without no invitation. And now, if I can put it plain, we're having a real terrible time. You know what it looks like to me? Looks like you're following these young people around in order to spy upon them!"

"Shuffle!" said Ma, and Fay wailed, "Oh, Shuffle, what an idea!" But Professor Bassett even smiled.

"You're right. I admit it. I'm over-zealous where my son-in-law is concerned. Have you never heard how Joseph and I met? This boy was a wanderer—a common vagabond. One hot summer night I'd left my hotel and had gone for a walk. I saw a little crowd on a street corner, laughing, jeering. I went up. There was this boy, speaking to them, pouring out his message! By twos and threes the crowd scattered until only I was left. But the boy never noticed. His eyes were fixed upon heaven, or on the inner mysteries of his own heart. His face was white under the street lamp, and his body shook as with fever. And then, before I could take a step, he crumpled—fell. I had him taken to a nursing home . . . and we have not been separated from that day to this. Mrs. Perkins, you know how it is with young folks. We give them everything—our tears and our fears, but some day they leave us. And when we try to hold on, they resent us."

"I know," said Ma in a low voice. And then—"What had you been sick with, Son, that you fainted in the street?"

"Malnutrition, exhaustion," Professor Bassett answered for him. "But he's well now, and it's my own weakness that makes me worry about him."

Shuffle muttered, "When a person sees a weakness in himself he ought to fight agin it—especially a philosopher."

And Professor Bassett just laughed. It seemed he could smooth anything over with that chuckle of his, with a phrase. "Quite right again, Mr. Shober! And I'm afraid Joseph and I have been behaving rather more like pugilists than like philosophers. I am ashamed. It's good of you to take an interest in us, Mrs. Perkins—"

"I'm interested, too," Fay spoke suddenly. "I have an announcement to make. In order to smooth the friendship between Pleasant Haven and—and Perkins Haven, and—" she was very serious now—"and because your son-in-law, Professor Bassett, is a good and sincere man, who is very like someone terribly dear to all of us . . . I'd like to announce that in the memory of my brother, John Perkins—you could be his twin, Dr. Joseph, so it's really for your sake—anyway, in memory of my brother, John, I wish to announce that I am investing in expanding Pleasant Haven and spreading the great work you're doing. I promise a down payment of a thousand dollars, and when all the plans are made, a total of five thousand dollars."

"Father!" Starr cried. "Joseph! Isn't it wonderful?"

Shuffle felt sick. There, as he saw it, went a good part of Fay's inheritance from Paul Henderson. And when he looked around the room, he saw that there was one other person who wasn't smiling. Ma. She was trying to smile, but she couldn't manage it, not at all.

With all her heart Ma wanted to believe in Pleasant Haven. Not just because of the boy, Joseph, but because if Professor Bassett wasn't all he seemed to be, he would be—something just too terrible to imagine. But she had to be sure, with the town looking to her for guidance, with Fay investing money in the place. To that end, she put in a telephone call to Pleasant Haven the next morning, and then repaired to the lumberyard office to await results. They weren't long in coming, in the form of Augustus Pendleton and Professor Bassett.

"I can't stay long," said Augustus, sidling up to the

warmth of the pot-bellied stove. "Ma, the Professor just came over to tell me that you want to go out and spend a little time at Pleasant Haven."

Ma nodded. "Yes, I would. Everybody in town's been telling me how their preaching is so much like the things I myself hold by. And besides—you want me to get up at this big town meeting you're going to have, and tell folks how they should put their money into Pleasant Haven. If I'm going to do that, I'd like to be sure of what I'm talking about."

"Dear lady," said Professor Bassett smoothly, "we are very grateful for your interest. Our plans for developing Pleasant Haven will have a great ally in you. Therefore, I'd give the world to make a place for you—but I simply can't. We're so overcrowded now!"

He was very convincing. Ma almost believed him—until she remembered that there'd been no mention of overcrowding when Charley Brown spoke of selling his store and moving to Pleasant Haven with his wife.

"But suppose folks still have doubts after I speak at the meeting?" she asked. "Suppose they ask me questions—questions which I won't be able to answer? Then I make a bad impression; Pleasant Haven makes a bad impression. Oh, I just don't see how I can do it, 'less I got more to go on!"

"Bassett," said Augustus, "Ma's got a point. Isn't there any way you could give her a room for a few days? How long would you want to stay, Ma?"

"Just a few days," she said. "A week, maybe. But if the Professor don't want me to go, then I just don't go. As a matter of fact, I've been needing a little change. Maybe I'll go out to Fort William for a few days, spend a—"

"Ma," said Augustus sharply, "you're blackmailing us! You're saying that if Bassett don't give you a room, you won't be in town for the meeting!"

"Land o'Goshen," Ma exclaimed, "I wouldn't do nothing like that! Maybe I'd come to the meeting, and then when Professor Bassett speaks, I'd ask some of the questions, from the floor, which I'd be going out to Pleasant Haven to have answered, only I ain't."

"My dear Pendleton," said the Professor dryly, "I'm afraid we've caught a tartar here. Mrs. Perkins, could we leave it this way? I shall make every effort to find a room for you at Pleasant Haven—if you'll give me a little time."

"No hurry at all, Professor Bassett," said Ma sweetly. "And—say hello to your little daughter for me, and to John—I mean, Dr. Joseph. You, Augustus, greet Gladys and Mathilda for me—"

"Gladys—hmf," grumbled Augustus. "I never see her myself. Don't know what the girl finds to do in a town this size until one o'clock in the morning. See you soon, Ma."

Ma went to the window to watch them go down the walk. They shook hands on the sidewalk; then Augustus tramped off down the street toward the bank. The Professor turned toward the long, new black limousine that always made Shuffle Shober remark that the philosophy business must be real good. And then—Ma stiffened. Someone popped up in the front seat as the Professor got in. A woman. And the Professor hadn't been expecting her—Ma could tell that from the one glimpse she got of his startled face.

The car rolled away. Ma back, shaking, sat down at the old-fashioned roll-top desk. The woman had been Gladys Pendleton—and she'd been waiting for Professor Bassett in his car!

Gladys herself came calling at the Perkins house that night, but not to see Ma. As Fay opened the door, Gladys said rapidly, "Fay, I want to talk to you, alone. Put on your coat and come on outside."

"Come into the kitchen," Fay suggested, "and we'll make tea. What is it, Gladdie?"

"It's—" She tiptoed after Fay through the darkened dining room, into the kitchen. "Fay, I want you to do something for me—back me up in something. Tomorrow I'm going to tell my folks that I'm spending the night with you. I—I've got to go to Fort William and—and buy something—and they don't want me to spend the money. And I don't want to drive back at night over the slippery road—Fay! Stop looking like that!"

"Like what?" asked Fay (Continued on page 94)



Shuffle Shober



THE New Sound

No single factor, naturally, is more important to a radio actress than her voice. And it's Vicki Volva's belief that any girl's voice can be a great asset—or liability.



By Mary Jane Fulton

VICKI VOLVA is one of the busiest gals in radio. She plays so many different parts that you wonder how she manages to get them all in. But she does. She also finds time to run a happy home for her radio director husband, John Wilkinson.

Of French-Italian ancestry (she was born in Denver, Colorado), Vicki sparkles with vitality and friendliness. She's a pretty, petite little number, with dark brown eyes, hair that's more auburn than brown, and skin that's glowing and healthy looking. She keeps the tan acquired during the summer by using a sun lamp all winter long.

You may know her best as the voice of Miss Miller, the efficient secretary on NBC's Mr. District Attorney program. You may also hear her on other networks. She's Stacey McGill on the Christopher Wells program, has often been heard on the Radio Reader's Digest, The Ford Theater, The Greatest Story Ever Told, as a gangster's moll, crook, and murderess on The Fat Man, and on numerous other shows.

When characterizing the part of a sweet, romantic

lead, she speaks in soft, pleasant, appealing tones. If playing an unsympathetic type, she uses hard, strident tones edged with a decided coolness.

Vicki points out that the voice is an important character clue, and since her audience does not see her, she must convey the type of person she's playing by her voice alone. A well-bred voice, for instance, has great control, even in emotional scenes. But one that isn't cultured becomes loud, excited, too high pitched and harsh in emotional crises.

Many people, she says, have really pleasant-sounding voices. Yet because they don't breathe deeply, speak too fast or not distinctly enough, much of the pleasant quality is lost. So if, after listening to yourself speak, you decide that your voice could be improved upon, she suggests that you concentrate on deeper breathing, and speaking in lower, softer, pleasanter tones. Enunciate so clearly that a whisper can be distinctly heard across the room. Also strive for more emotional control in moments of emotional stress or excitement.

No matter how lovely a voice you have, its effect can be ruined if you don't keep your teeth and mouth clean with an antiseptic mouth wash. And remember to gargle, not only to ward off colds, but also to loosen up tired throat muscles.

RADIO MIRROR *for Better Living*

Information Booth

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

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

No More Teaching



Georgia Burke

Dear Editor:

Please tell me something about the actress who plays Lilly on the When a Girl Marries program. Please print a picture of her, too.

Miss L. B. M.

Chicago, Ill.

Georgia Burke, who was born in Atlanta, Georgia, the daughter of a minister and a nurse, was one of eight children. She is a graduate of Claflin University in South Carolina and taught school in

North Carolina for several years. In 1928 she arrived in New York to take a summer course at Columbia. She was persuaded to audition for that successful revue, "Blackbirds" and was immediately hired. She has never taught school since. From "Blackbirds" she jumped into radio and countless Broadway plays. At this writing, Miss Burke has been temporarily written out of the When A Girl Marries script to act in the London production of "Anna Lucasta." But she'll be back!

Sara

Dear Editor:

I listen to Rose of My Dreams every day and like the program very well. I would like to see Sara's picture.

Mrs. F. F.

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Here's dark-eyed Charita Bauer, the Sara of Rose of My Dreams, heard Mondays through Fridays, 2:45 PM., EST, CBS. She is as well-known on the stage as on the radio, having appeared for a year and a half in the original cast of "The Women." Charita sings, plays the piano, and speaks three languages.



Charita Bauer

Here's Nick

Dear Editor:

I would like to ask you a favor. Nick Carter has been one of my favorite programs. I would appreciate it very much if you would print Lon Clark's (Nick Carter) and if possible Charlotte Manson's (Patsy) pictures in your magazine. I am anxious to know what the characters of this program look like.

Miss R. P.

Detroit, Mich.



Lon Clark

Here's Lon Clark in one of his more jovial moods; quite a contrast with the suave Nick Carter, isn't he? You saw Charlotte Manson in our Inside Radio column in the July Radio Mirror. She's also Dr. McVicker in Road of Life.

Nurse Nora Drake

Dear Editor:

I listen to all the daytime serials and keep a scrapbook of the pictures of each program. Would you please tell me who plays in the following roles: Stella Dallas, Just Plain Bill, Maggie Lowell (in Road of Life) and Nora Drake. Please print a picture of Nora Drake.

Mrs. J. D. L.

Lumberton, N C.



Charlotte Holland

Anne Elstner portrays the title role in Stella Dallas, and has been doing so since October 24, 1937 when the program had its premiere. Arthur Hughes is Bill Davidson (Just Plain Bill), and Julie Stevens is Maggie Lowell in Road of Life. Charlotte Holland, who plays Nora, the nurse, in This is Nora Drake, is unusually consistent in her choice of radio roles; she formerly played Hope Allison (also a nurse) in Joyce Jordan. And here's Charlotte as she appears in This is Nora Drake.

Puzzling Voices

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Helen Trent. However, for reasons unknown to us here in Tucson, it stopped. Please print a picture of Gil Whitney. Also, does he play Leland on Katie's Daughter and the producer or playwright on Backstage Wife? All these voices sound alike.

Mrs. C. B.

Tucson, Arizona



David Gothard

Many sponsors have cut down on the number of stations they use for their programs. If The Romance of Helen Trent is not listed in your local paper's radio log, it can no longer be heard in your neighborhood. Here's David Gothard (Gil Whitney to you). And you guessed it! He does play Leland in Katie's Daughter. But he isn't Tom Bryson the playwright in Backstage Wife. Chuck Webster is Tom.

Radio Came to Her

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Front Page Farrell. I have listened to it for a long time, and I would like to know who plays Sally.

Miss J. A. T.

Clinton, Indiana

Sally is played by Florence Williams, who is as well known on the stage as she is on the radio. Born in St. Louis, Mo., she attended Washington U where she studied the piano and the violin as well as dramatics. Her avowed ambition was to become a concert pianist, but secretly, Florence always wanted to be an actress. She got her chance when a producer spotted her in an amateur performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan." She didn't come to radio—radio came to her. When she was playing the role of Dee in "The Old Maid," Florence was invited to play Barbara Ware in an NBC serial. Since then she has appeared regularly on the

Florence Williams



air and on the stage at the same time.

Paul Lucas

RADIO CAREERIST



Assistant Program Manager at WTIC and collector of first editions at home.



For seven years Elisha Wright, Editor of the Wrightville Clarion, was a character favorite with WTIC audiences.

WTIC's Paul E. Lucas is now rounding out his nineteenth year with Southern New England's only 50,000-watt station. Paul's diversified talents have won him recognition as an announcer, vocalist, character actor, author, director and producer. And because these are the things that good radio executives are made of, Paul is assistant program manager for WTIC and program manager for frequency modulation station WTIC-FM.

A York Stater by birth, Paul resided in Poughkeepsie and Red Hook until his fourteenth year. Since then his home has been in New Britain, Connecticut, where upon finishing school he joined the staff of the local newspaper as a cub reporter and soon became its radio editor. That early experience stands Paul in good stead. He writes easily and fluently and his first copy is usually the finished job. It wasn't that particular talent, however, which opened the doors to radio for him. Rather, it was his mastery of dialect and the ability to do a bit of vocal harmonizing.

As an original member of the Three Jesters, who later moved on to network fame, Paul announced the act over WTIC, sang in the trio, and delivered monologues with a rich and amusing French-Canadian accent. When the Jesters accepted the call of the networks, Paul accepted the invitation of WTIC to join its announcing staff which eventually proved the better part of wisdom. It wasn't long before he answered to the title of chief announcer and then production manager.

In the meantime a young Connecticut chap by the name of Phillips H. Lord had dreamed up what turned

out to be one of radio's most successful shows. Seth Parker and his Old Fashioned Singing School, it was called. Long before the show hit the networks, it was a regular feature over WTIC with Paul Lucas in the title role. Paul really created that lovable, old rural character of "Seth," even though that part was assumed by the author himself in later network presentations. The WTIC production inspired many church and fraternal organizations to conduct their own Seth Parker Singing Schools.

After a run of three years, the Singing School was replaced on WTIC by The Wrightville Clarion, written, directed and produced by Paul, who also played the principal role of Elisha Wright, editor of a small-town newspaper. Starting as a daily feature, the production lasted for seven years and established Paul as one of the outstanding rural-character players in radio.

Paul's dramatic work at the station, of course, came under the heading of extra-curricular duties. The growing demands upon the production department required more and more of his time. For some years now he had been producer for the Guy Hedlund Playhouse, the station's dramatic company, in which such celebrated network and radio stars as Gertrude Warner, Edward Begley and Michael O'Shea learned the ABC's of acting. Paul's hobby is the hoarding of first editions of famous works, of which he now has a treasured collection. His proudest boast, however, is his family, his charming wife, Dorothy, fourteen-year-old Paul, Jr., and nine-year-old Bobby.

Television—And the Future

(Continued from page 35)

reasons for this limitation, one of the biggest ones being the difficulty of programming on an isolated station. Unlike radio stations, telecasting studios cannot fill ten hours of broadcasting time with transcriptions and recordings. If they don't fall within the proper channels to become a part of existing television relay systems, they are unable to pick up telecast network shows, the way radio stations can pick up radio network broadcasts. They are dependent on local talent and such films as are suitable for telecasting. At the moment these are few and very expensive, although several film companies have already been set up to produce films especially for telecasting.

Prospects are brighter, however, since networks have started expanding their relay systems. NBC has already lengthened its four city hook-up to six cities, so that now NBC telecasts can go from Washington to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, New York, Schenectady and up to Boston. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is doing the pioneering in coaxial cable and radio relay hook-ups and is bearing the great burden of financing these experiments, has applied for permits to build relays from New York to Chicago, passing through Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit.

It's interesting to know a little about the difference between the two methods of transmitting television: the *relay system* and the *coaxial cable*.

The *relay system* is a series of towers which literally bounces the television images from tower to tower. This system can only be used over terrain in which there is no physical obstruction between the towers, that is, no mountains or masses of very tall buildings.

The *coaxial cable*, to put it in the simplest terms, is a large, hollow tube, which is laid very much like telephone lines, and which is capable of carrying millions of megacycles and transmits telecasts from station to station. Ordinary telephone cables can carry only thousands of megacycles. To give you an idea of the difference, the coaxial cable which can carry only one television broadcast, is capable of carrying about 240 telephone calls.

The services of coaxial cable and radio relay systems still cost so much as to be prohibitive to individual stations operating on a non-commercial basis.

As more advertisers begin to realize the value of television, more and more stations will be able to pay for themselves and for relay services from A. T. & T. In addition, the prospects of healthy commercial accounts will stimulate investment in the construction of more telecasting studios. Right now, the cost is pretty high when compared with the cost of putting up a first class radio station. A telecasting studio costs about \$250,000 to build, and then has to foot the bills for talent, renting high cost films, maintaining a complete staff. A radio station costs approximately \$35,000 and has the added advantage of being able to operate with a skeleton staff because of the ease of getting program hook-ups with major radio broadcasters.

Probably the most important factor in the growth of the television audience is the gradual scaling downward of the price of television receiving sets. A good set can now be bought for \$250 and one company has a small table model, with a 7-inch screen, for about \$169. Restaurants, bars and theaters have begun to install television receivers in large numbers, thus raising potential audiences far beyond the number of actual sets. A few hotels already have receivers in some of their higher priced rooms and suites.

The improvement made in the telecasting of sports events is largely responsible for the growth of the popularity of television receivers in public places. Experiments are being made constantly to raise the level of the entertainment, but here progress is slow. Movie companies are investing in these experiments and beginning to show results. One of the most exciting developments is Paramount's new process for telecasting news events.

Now, there are two ways of telecasting news. One is to photograph the actual pictures from the face of the television tube and send the finished film by plane, or messenger, to the theater for projection. This was the method used to bring those fast newsreels of the Royal Wedding to the screens of American theaters. Another method is to pipe the actual telecast directly to the theater projector and through it to the screen. This is very unsatisfactory, because the images are fuzzy on the screen and there is not enough light for sharp pictures.

Paramount's new system is capable of telecasting an event, photographing from the face of the tube, printing, developing, drying and threading the film directly into a theater projector in 66 seconds. In other words, if a major event is being picked up while you're in the theater, the picture you're watching can be interrupted, a special projector shifted into place, and you can watch the event happening a little more than a minute after it has taken place and keep that kind of pace with it from then on.

In spite of the prohibitive costs and all the other factors that tend to slow up developments, fifty-four station construction permits have been granted by the FCC. So you can see how television is shaping up for you, here's the breakdown on these. Remember, each of these stations will be able to service an area of only about 50 miles in any direction.

In California, around Los Angeles, 6; San Francisco, 4; Portland, Oregon, 1; Seattle, Washington, 1; Salt Lake City, Utah, 1; Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1; Fort Worth and Dallas, Texas, 3; New Orleans, Louisiana, 1; Ames, Iowa, 1; Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota, 2; Chicago, Illinois, 4; Detroit, Michigan, 2; Indianapolis and Bloomington, Indiana, 2; Louisville, Kentucky, 1; In Ohio, Dayton, 1, Columbus, 1, Toledo, 1, Cleveland, 3; In Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, 1, Johnstown, 1, Philadelphia, 1; Richmond, Virginia, 1; Washington, D. C., 1; Baltimore, Maryland, 2; Wilmington, Delaware, 1; Newark, New Jersey, 1; New York City, 3, Buffalo, N. Y., 1; New Haven, Conn., 2; Providence, R. I., 2; Boston, Mass., 1.

In addition to these stations, most of which are already under construction and a few in operation on an experimental basis, ten more applications have been filed with the FCC. These, if granted, will bring television to the environs of Bakersfield, Cal.; Miami, Florida; Atlanta, Georgia; Charlotte, N. C.; Akron, Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio; Allentown and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

It might interest you to see how investors whose fields are threatened by the rapid growth of television are getting in on the ground floor of this new medium. Roughly the interests involved in television so far look like this: There are a few companies established strictly for telecasting purposes. There are a few stations owned by large department stores. Paramount Pictures already has two stations, and will probably have more. Television stations being operated by radio broadcasting companies now total twenty-three, with more in the offing. The same number are being operated by newspaper publishers throughout the country. General Electric has one station and so has Westinghouse.

If this rate of television interest and service grows, it may not take as long as the dreamers now expect for television to replace radio. There are still some problems to lick, the most important one being programming and finding the particular techniques in writing, acting, staging and lighting for the most effective kind of entertainment. But we shouldn't complain too much. There's still a lot to be done in this respect in radio, too, and look how long broadcasters have been experimenting in that medium!

*"Real life condensed into 25
thrilling minutes"*



... so writes one of the thousands of women who never miss listening to "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program, brought to you in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. Here are real people in real life experiences. A complete drama every morning. Monday thru Friday. Tune in your American Broadcasting Station—10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 11:30 MST, 10:30 PST—for radio's greatest morning show!



You are fluid, you are a changing thing,
 you are never finished, you are always becoming.
 Get away from the thwarting idea that you must continue
 to be the way you are. You can change yourself!

The two women who are YOU

MANY WOMEN live constantly with a sense of self-realization missed. Yet any normal woman may achieve personal distinction. And the success that goes with it.

There exists within you, waiting to be used, a tremendous force that can transform your whole world. It grows out of the *close inter-relation* between the inner you and the outer you, and the power of each to change the other. You know, for example, how a sense of well-being, of inner confidence can radiate from a woman who has lifted herself out of physical nondescriptness . . . into distinction.

This power of *outer* change to effect *inner* change has to do with the basic nature of a woman. As the generalized fears of the male have to do with the loss of *strength*, so, when a woman's *appearance* is even threatened it arouses in her the deepest anxiety.

But—every effort a woman makes toward realizing her *physical* possibilities strengthens her constructive impulses . . . those that reach toward new experience, love, friendship, achievement. And these

They can make you over

same efforts tend to neutralize the destructive impulses—the feelings of self-doubt, loneliness, defeat.

If you will resolve to work each day for self-realization, *your* whole world can change. You needn't feel dull and drab—always on the outskirts of life, never in the center. You *can* gain new power over yourself and your life. You can stand out as a personality, be vital, lovely, surrounded by people who love you, admire you.

The great *laws of beauty* haven't changed. They are: a strong, healthy *circulation* that will help keep you, year in and year out, almost outside of time! A balanced *diet*. *Cleanliness*. *Relaxation*—do you know that one of the chief causes for the look of age is tenseness?

Organize your day *now*—so that there's a time for each of these rejuvenating habits. Exercise. A few minutes of conscious relaxation during the day. Plenty of sleep. Deep breathing while walking in the open. Plenty of water each day.

And for the face, the *You* that others see first, practice the rites that follow. Your reward can be a face brought to a higher pitch, starchy and fresh, happy, brightly alive.

You will find that if you will maintain these regular, thorough, careful renewal disciplines, it will affect your ability to organize your *whole* living and thinking.

Start *today!*

A New Face Treatment

Your skin—like a window—has two sides. To clean *one side* only is *not enough*. Pond's, working with distinguished dermatologists, has studied the needs, behavior and possibilities of facial skin—and now brings you the special new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that *acts on both sides of your skin at once*. It "capsules" your face care

Into four quick beauty-stimulating minutes that even the busiest of women can easily find time for.

FROM THE OUTSIDE the Pond's Cold Cream itself is working for you as you massage. The fine, light, perfectly blended oils in Pond's have a satisfying way of softening, loosening and carrying off the day's surface dirt, make-up, dried-skin particles. These same light oils throw a protecting veil of softness over your skin.

FROM THE INSIDE—every step of this Pond's face treatment stimulates the circulation of your face. Tiny blood vessels speed up in their vital work of bringing in skin-cell food, and carrying away skin-cell waste.

How to give your skin Pond's new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Twice each day—better three times—give your face this new approach to skin health and beauty:

Hot Water Stimulation—

use face cloth—press it comfortably hot and wet against face to stimulate blood flow to skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin—

1) *Cleanse* . . . coat face thick with Pond's Cold Cream. Work it over warm, damp skin in brisk circles—throat, too. Pond's thorough demulcent treatment sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

2) *Rinse* . . . massage briskly with more Pond's Cold Cream to search out and rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation—

first splash with cold water—then pat on with moistened cotton the astringence of Pond's Freshener.

This "Outside-Inside" Pond's Face Treatment helps smooth away temporary lines of fatigue—wakes up lazy skin—leaves face toned and freshened.

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., says:

"I've never done anything for my face that has given me such good results as this 'Outside-Inside' Face Treatment of Pond's."

To help you look the woman you want to be—the world's most famous beauty aids.

Is yours a "Special Skin"?

DRY? Give your skin the extra benefits of a very rich lanolin cream—Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Homogenized—to soak in better. Has a special emulsifier, for extra softening aid. Each night smooth it on over face and throat and leave on 5 to 15 minutes—or overnight for very dry skin.

OILY? Use a light-textured cleansing cream—Pond's Liquefying Cream—for your "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment.

DULL? Darkened by Exposure? Whenever your skin has been overexposed to wind and weather . . . looks rough and coarsened and darker than it should—a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream will restyle your complexion quickly. Spread the cream lavishly over your face—all but eyes. The "keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves off curling dead skin cells. After one minute, tissue off. Your face looks brighter, clearer, feels softer. Make-up goes on with silky ease—clings.

And now your make-up!

Pond's Angel Face

A sensational new make-up that's easier to apply—no water, no greasy fingertips. And it stays on longer than powder! A smoothing "cling" ingredient is pressure-fused into Angel Face. Makes it go on evenly—stay on. Not a cake make-up though . . . not drying, gives a softer look. Not greasy. (Can't spill in your handbag either!)

Play with your face a bit, too!

Sit down in front of your mirror and try on some different faces! Be bold—experi-

You can gain new power over yourself, be more vital, more lovely.

ment with new dramatic make-up colors. Just for example . . .

. . . take two wonderful blue-pink lipsticks, Pond's "Lips" in Black Blaze and Heart Throb. With the darker shade, outline the curved lipline. Smooth the lighter shade all over the lips. This highlights the sweet curve of your lips—makes them look rounder! Try other experiments in color—Pond's has eight "Lips" shades for you to play with.

. . . blend a little Pond's "Cheeks" up around cheekbones, over eyes—very youthifying!

There are fascinating new possibilities in your face. Find them!

Charting a New Way of Living can be Fun!

It's easy to break an old habit and make a new one, if you follow certain definite steps.

FIRST, IMAGINE it! Picture yourself as you want to look! That image of the New You is the first step of action.

SECOND, PREPARE for it! Make a little ceremony of ribboning back your hair, setting out your jars.

THIRD, START it! Today! Not tomorrow!

FOURTH, PERSIST in it! Don't miss a single day.

FIFTH, SUCCESS! Each time you complete your beauty work successfully, you get a glow of increased self-esteem that makes it easy to continue the good work!

REMEMBER—the You that others see first is in your face. To develop the beauty of your own face is not vanity—it makes you a more worthwhile, distinctive person, brings the real You closer to other people.



Your Whole hand is beautified by this new lotion sensation!



BEAUTIFIES SKIN

because New Hinds has special "skin-affinity" ingredients—makes hands feel softer instantly—gives longer-lasting protection!

"SATINIZES" PALMS

because New Hinds helps protect them from work-roughness—soothes and helps soften calluses... yet never feels sticky!

SMOOTHS KNUCKLES

because New Hinds contains emollients that absorb... "work into" roughened knuckles—soothing and smoothing miraculously!

SOFTENS CUTICLE

because New Hinds is enriched with lanolin—helps avoid unsightly, ragged edges—keeps your manicures lovelier longer!

Now in NEW Beauty Bottle



Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

IN FOUR GENEROUS SIZES—10¢ TO \$1.00

Line Up for Chowder

(Continued from page 59)

cook 10 minutes longer. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese before serving. Makes 6 servings.

Mixed Vegetables and Fish Dinner

- 2 pounds fish fillet (cod, haddock, etc.), fresh or frozen
- 4 tablespoons butter, divided
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 package frozen mixed vegetables
- Water
- ½ cup milk
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons flour
- Salt
- Pepper
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Place fish fillets in shallow greased baking dish. Spread fish evenly with half the butter and sprinkle with salt. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 15 minutes. Cook vegetables in water, following directions on the package. Drain vegetables and reserve the liquid. Add the liquid to the milk to make one cup. Cook onions in remaining butter until golden brown. Stir in flour and blend well. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly until thickened. Add seasonings to taste, and vegetables. Pour over fish in baking dish and bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes longer. Makes 6 servings.

Spaghetti Italiane

- 1 8-ounce package spaghetti
- Water
- 1 clove garlic, finely minced
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
- 3 cups (No. 2½ can) tomatoes
- 2 small bay leaves
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Cook spaghetti in large kettle of boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Brown garlic in oil, add mushrooms and cook until tender. Add tomatoes and seasonings and cook over very low heat about 15 minutes. Remove bay leaves. Place spaghetti and sauce in alternating layers in greased 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Hot Potato Salad

- 3 tablespoons vinegar
- 6 tablespoons salad oil
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- Dash of pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- 4 cups diced, cooked hot potatoes
- 6 frankfurters, cooked and sliced

Combine vinegar, oil and the seasonings in a sauce pan and stir until blended. Bring to boil over low heat. Combine the remaining ingredients, add to vinegar mixture and blend carefully. Makes 6 servings.

Hot potato salad brings to mind a variety of good things that seem to "go with" it perfectly, and which when combined, one or many of them, with the salad, can provide any type of meal from snack to feast. Cold meat plates, baked ham, liver sausage, head cheese, cheeses of all varieties and dark sour breads or crisp, crusty ones to provide contrasting texture—all these add up to perfect goodness!

"how to give the Folks a 'Break' for Breakfast"

NOTHING LIKE a cheery start in the morning...and a good breakfast 'll do it every time...

Like, frinstance...

Piping hot pancakes...made extra tasty by adding two tablespoons of KARO* Syrup to your favorite batter...drenched with dee-licious, energizing KARO...or maybe a few special deluxe Cinnamon Buns so easy to make with KARO...

Well...what more do I hafta say?...

Excepting...perhaps...these are about as low in cost as any hearty breakfast a thrifty gal can fix...

the KARO Kid

*KARO is a registered trade-mark distinguishing this product of the Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y. © C.P.R. Co., 1948



RICH CINNAMON BUNS

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label	4 teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1 cup milk

Place first three ingredients in a saucepan; bring to a boil over medium heat and boil 1 minute. Pour into 9-inch square cake pan. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt; cut in shortening with pastry blender or two knives. Add milk to make soft dough. Turn out on floured board. Roll into rectangle $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Spread with Raisin Nut Filling. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices and place cut side up in syrup. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 45 minutes. Let stand in pan about 2 minutes. Invert pan to remove buns. Makes 16 buns.

Raisin Nut Filling: Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label and 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine; spread over surface of dough. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nutmeats.

For other KARO recipes, write Home Service Department, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

america's loveliest colors

—the choice of Hollywood's
glamorous stars! And Tangee goes
on easier, stays on longer!

MERLE OBERON—

A reigning Holly-
wood beauty, says
"I've tried dozens
of lipstick colors...
and the one that's
best for me—and
for every woman
of my coloring—
is Tangee Red
Majesty."



GAY RED

RED RED

MEDIUM RED

THEATRICAL RED

NATURAL

TANGEE COLORS are recognized everywhere
as the world's loveliest, smartest lipstick shades. And
Tangee's own secret, exclusive formula means that
Tangee goes on easier—stays on longer. No wonder
more women have used Tangee than any other lip-
stick on this globe. *Let your next lipstick be—Tangee!*

Red Majesty
NEWEST HIT SHADE BY *Tangee*

RED MAJESTY—

New hit shade by
Tangee...a rare red...
a truly Royal Red...
and you'll love what it
does for your lips.



"Hi, Normer!"

(Continued from page 41)

numbers after mine was heard.

Someone finally got around to introducing us and we began talking about music. We had coffee a few times between shows and talked about music. We'd sit backstage—and talk about music.

And after only two weeks of knowing Dave I decided that he was the man I wanted to marry. Naturally, I didn't tell a soul, but my mind was made up! I forgot about heavy music and somber poems. Then began my year of scheming, and don't ever underestimate the scheming power of a woman!

Dick Haymes was male vocalist with the band then, and Dick and I were old friends. I would suggest quite shamelessly—I blush as I recall it now—that Dick invite me to dinner and also ask Dave to come along, and Dick, the lamb, would do it. I'd manage to sit next to Dave when we'd get on trains. I'd be around—so casually but so contrivedly—after shows when it was time for those midnight hamburgers.

We worked up and down the East Coast. New York, Atlantic City, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore. They flash through my memory like a montage in a movie. But the important part always was Dave.

For hours as we traveled from city to city Dave and I would talk. Not just about music now, but about us, too. I learned of his childhood on Long Island, of his home in which music was an integral part inherited from Italian and Irish forebears. I learned of Dave's father, Nicholas, a real estate broker, and mother, both of whom encouraged their son's love for the banjo from the time his fingers were long enough to stretch over the frets. I learned, but much later for Dave is so modest, that he became something of a child prodigy with his banjo, played at Carnegie Hall when he was eleven and just a few years later was playing professionally in New York, then switched to guitar when banjo passed out of popularity.

And I told Dave of my childhood in North Dakota, of my Scandinavian heritage—my real name is Norma Egstrom—of starting to sing in a small night club when I was seventeen for the magnificent sum of \$2 a night. Of my seesawing success until I finally was hired as vocalist at the Buttery in Chi-

cago's Ambassador Hotel where Goodman heard me and signed me for his band.

Our favorite record in those days was Duke Ellington's "Perdido," a title which fortunately was not prophetic, for it means "lost," and that was the time when Dave and I really were finding each other. I know now that he liked me more than he let me know, but he certainly kept it a secret then!

We had known each other almost a year when the band came to Hollywood. I loved California, even in the rainy season, for my two sisters were here. Dave liked California too, so much that when it was nearly time to return east he gave notice that he was leaving the band to stay in Los Angeles. I was miserable; I felt sure I'd never see him again.

As vividly as if it were yesterday I remember a rainy day in March of 1943. I was shopping on Hollywood Boulevard and because of the down-pour had on old slacks and a beat-up raincoat. I bumped into Dave, and my first thought was how awful I looked! He suggested that we get some coffee—musicians seem to drink quarts of it; this is not a plug for a java sponsor—and I agreed readily, despite my appearance. Every moment with him was precious. But I just could not be gay for I was feeling lower than the last bars of "Asleep in the Deep." I was griping about going back to New York and leaving my family. Finally I realized it was time to go home for dinner, started gathering my packages and making motions of leaving.

"Wait just a minute," Dave suggested.

"No, it's later than I thought. I must go."

"Let's get married," he said quietly.

"No, I must go. . . . What did you say?" I did a double-take straight out of a screen comedy.

"I said let's get married," Dave repeated.

We did. Three days later, at noon on March 8, 1943, in the Los Angeles City Hall, with a woman judge, Ida May Adams, officiating. There we were, two people whose life work is music, without even a strain of the Wedding March. We've sometimes talked about being married again in church, with all the trimmings, but even if we had said our vows in Heaven they could not

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

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

(Advertisement)

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A Gripping Tale



DeLong Bob Pins hold your hair as firmly as a thriller holds your attention . . . The Stronger Grip DeLong boasts about is no mere slogan dreamed-up by ad-writers . . . It's a fact as cold and hard as the high-carbon steel that goes into these quality bob pins . . . Try them and see how much better DeLong Bob Pins stay in your hair, how much longer they keep their strength and springy action . . . You'll never go back to the wishy-washy kind of bob pin that's in your hair one minute and in your lap the next. Always remember—

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS

have been much more meaningful. Although we married quickly after Dave proposed, our marriage was not entered into lightly. We both regarded it very seriously, as it should be. Neither of us wanted anything but a permanent marriage. Dave admitted he had been thinking about it for many months, and of course I had for a year! My wedding dress was a soft grey crepe, and with it I wore a purple hat, which I think now was an absurd idea, but at the time I liked it with my orchids. Dave had asked my nephew to hire a car for us that day and we both nearly fainted when it arrived—a huge limousine with a chauffeur! So we went riding all over town.

My family attended the wedding, of course, but Dave's, back in New York, was unable to be there. So we telephoned them. In fact, we spent most of the afternoon telephoning relatives and friends to tell them the news. After our wedding dinner we went to one of my sisters' homes and the next day we both had to go to work. Our honeymoon was delayed until a year later when we went to Palm Springs!

I resigned from the band a few weeks after we were married because I didn't think I could manage a career and marriage; the latter was much more vital to me. Besides, Dave wanted to stay in California and I wouldn't have dreamed of going to New York without him. We found a small apartment, best described as rather tumble-down, but neither of us cared. We were starting on a shoestring because neither of us had been too careful of finances before, but we became very systematic about planning for our future. We immediately began saving for a house. Permanency, stability, real family life were what we both wanted and worked for.

Dave had to sit out time until his musician's union card could be transferred so he could play in Los Angeles. I had given up singing. We literally had time on our hands, and that was when we started writing songs. It wasn't a matter of deliberately sitting down and deciding to whip out a ditty. It happened. We had what we thought were a couple of good ideas and worked on them. They evolved into "What More Can a Woman Do" and "You Was Right, Baby," which later became successes but then weren't worth their weight in doughnuts. Undeterred, we went on writing more.

We didn't even have a car in those days; we walked and walked. Dave is a wonderful cook, especially clever with Italian and Spanish food; I do well

on casserole dishes and together we'd concoct culinary masterpieces out of low-cost ingredients. What our lean days accomplished was to draw us closer together. We didn't think it was possible to be any happier—till Nicki came along. She was named, as you might surmise, for Dave's father.

I didn't sing for two years after we were married. I had several offers, but kept refusing until Nicki was about a year old, when Capitol records asked that I do some recordings. I realized then that Nicki was old enough to leave with someone for a few hours, so I agreed. With Dave conducting the band, we pressed our own first two songs. We were so lucky—the public liked us and our songs. Gradually we made more and more records. Then last year I was asked to go on the Bing Crosby show, and now I'm with Jimmy Durante. Dave works on several programs and leads his own band for our records.

Two years ago we were able to build our house, high on one of Hollywood's hills. It's small, according to movie-town standards and even for our own needs, but it's wonderful. There's a patio where we enjoy dining in the warm months. There's a yard where Nicki can play.

In the living room we have lots of copper, which gleams when our celebrated sun isn't sulking behind smog. It's been fun collecting that and even more fun hunting bargains. There's the old dining room table which was cut down and refinished for an enormous coffee table before the fireplace. A few months ago we finally bought a piano. Before, we used to do our composing solely with my humming and Dave's guitar playing. Neither of us plays piano very well, but we amaze ourselves trying.

Dave let me go all-out on the kitchen. I was tired of conventional kitchen colors, so ours is white with pale blue and soft pink. I like to paint, especially peasant designs, so I did Scandinavian motifs on the cupboard doors. Over the stove I hand lettered a motto in Norwegian which means "Good food, better health and a lucky home," and over the arch to the breakfast nook another one in Swedish, the translation of which is "You're always twenty years old in a corner of your heart."

And then we have Martina. No description of our home is complete without a mention of Martina. She is Nicki's nurse, but actually she mothers all three of us. (Continued on page 80)

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HEART'S DESIRE

Daytime—Monday through Friday
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DRAMA

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Do you want your dream to come true? Read the HEART'S DESIRE feature in this month's

TRUE ROMANCE Magazine



Ben Alexander, granter of heart's desires.

"You're adorable!"



JUNE ALLYSON is adorable indeed as she plays opposite VAN JOHNSON in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "THE BRIDE GOES WILD"

"I'm a Lux Girl"
says JUNE ALLYSON



Another
fine product of
Lever Brothers
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Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time!

June Allyson, famous Hollywood star, finds beauty facials with Lux Toilet Soap really *work!* She smooths the fragrant lather in *thoroughly*, rinses and then pats with a soft towel to dry. Don't let neglect cheat you of romance! For softer, smoother skin, try June Allyson's beauty care!



YOU want the kind of skin that's lovely to look at, thrilling to touch. This beautifying care famous screen stars use will help you to have it.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

Are you in the know?



What's best if winter gets under your skin?

- More "fuel" for your frame
- Stock up on sweaters
- Firemen's flannels

Get the chilly-willies? Stoke your system with warmth-giving foods—extra lush with Vitamin A. Guzzle lots of liquids: fruit, veg and sky juice. All to keep you cozy, help guard your skin. For comfort on "calendar" days, there's nothing—but nothing—like the new, softer Kotex. With downy softness that holds its shape. Made to stay soft while you wear it.



She is telling the world that she's—

- A curfew dodger
- No cover girl
- The dentist's delight

Comes the yawn—and all too often it reveals more mouth than manners. A smooth gal will cover those yawns—to spare her glamour and etiquette rating. You can rate an A for assurance, if you know how to spare yourself problem-day embarrassment. Simply choose the napkin with the exclusive safety center (Kotex!) That gives you extra protection.



When in doubt about whether to "dress up"—

- Don't be a Plain Jane
- Don't go
- Don't

Will the wing-ding be informal, or a fluff-and-flowers affair? Naturally, you'd like to look your loveliest—with competition what

it is these days. But when in doubt about dressing up—don't! Better to err on the casual side; at least you're less conspicuous. At certain times, there's never a doubt about confidence—with Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And your new Kotex Sanitary Belt fits snugly, comfortably; doesn't bind. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic!



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from page 78) She is so wonderful with our little girl! Last year when Nicki had to start wearing glasses I let her choose her own so she would not resent wearing them. She selected bright red frames! I wore light sun glasses around the house at first so Nicki wouldn't feel different, but Martina topped me in psychology. She painted the frames of her glasses with red nail polish so Nicki wouldn't think she was a bit unusual.

DAVE and I love to do things together. We swim, go to football games and the movies. We like quiet evenings with friends. Last summer we went boating a lot with Axel Stordahl from Balboa to Catalina, and now we'd like a boat someday.

Yet those things are not enough for the ideally happy marriage. It is difficult to analyze why ours is. One reason, I believe, is that we like each other as well as love each other. We're friends in addition to being man and wife. We have a mutuality of taste and temperament. When we get moody—and find me a person who doesn't occasionally—we have understanding.

We work in complete accord. Our song writing is strictly a matter of inspiration, not schedule. One of us may wake up in the middle of the night with an idea for a tune or lyrics, will waken the other and we'll get to work. We've recently finished the score for a George Pal Puppetoon, "Tom Thumb," and have started scoring another short subject. Two of our other songs you may know are "I Don't Know Enough About You" and "Everything's Moving Too Fast."

It is odd that Dave, the Latin, is undemonstrative, and I, the Scandinavian, am the reverse. But Dave shows his love without mentioning it. He never has written me a love letter. He's had little occasion, for we've been separated only when I made a trip to New York last year, and when I got off The Chief he was so obviously glad to have me back I needed no letters to tell me I had been missed. One time he bought me a bangle bracelet and had it engraved "Love, Dave." He admitted one of the toughest things he'd done in his whole life was telling the jeweler that inscription, which makes me treasure it all the more.

It's the little things he does which are so endearing, like nicknaming me "Normer." Or the times he found me a hand wrought silver pin in the shape of a guitar and a clock in the form of that instrument, because I love his guitar playing. And his adoration of Nicki is something to see.

I'm so perfectly happy with what we have now, a good living and the prospects of a comfortable future, and for them I am humbly grateful. But with Dave and Nicki I could be happy with much less, just as we were when we were first married; without them, material things would mean nothing.

This I realized fully last year when Dave was gravely ill. He had a serious stomach operation, after which doctors gave up hope of his recovering. One day he was so low he even lost his vision. Our friends were wonderful. They offered blood for transfusions, their cars, money. They offered to take care of Nicki, but most important they gave their prayers.

When suddenly Dave woke up out of a coma, was obviously going to recover and quietly murmured to me, "Hi, Normer," I really was aware of how much a good marriage means—and ours is a good marriage.

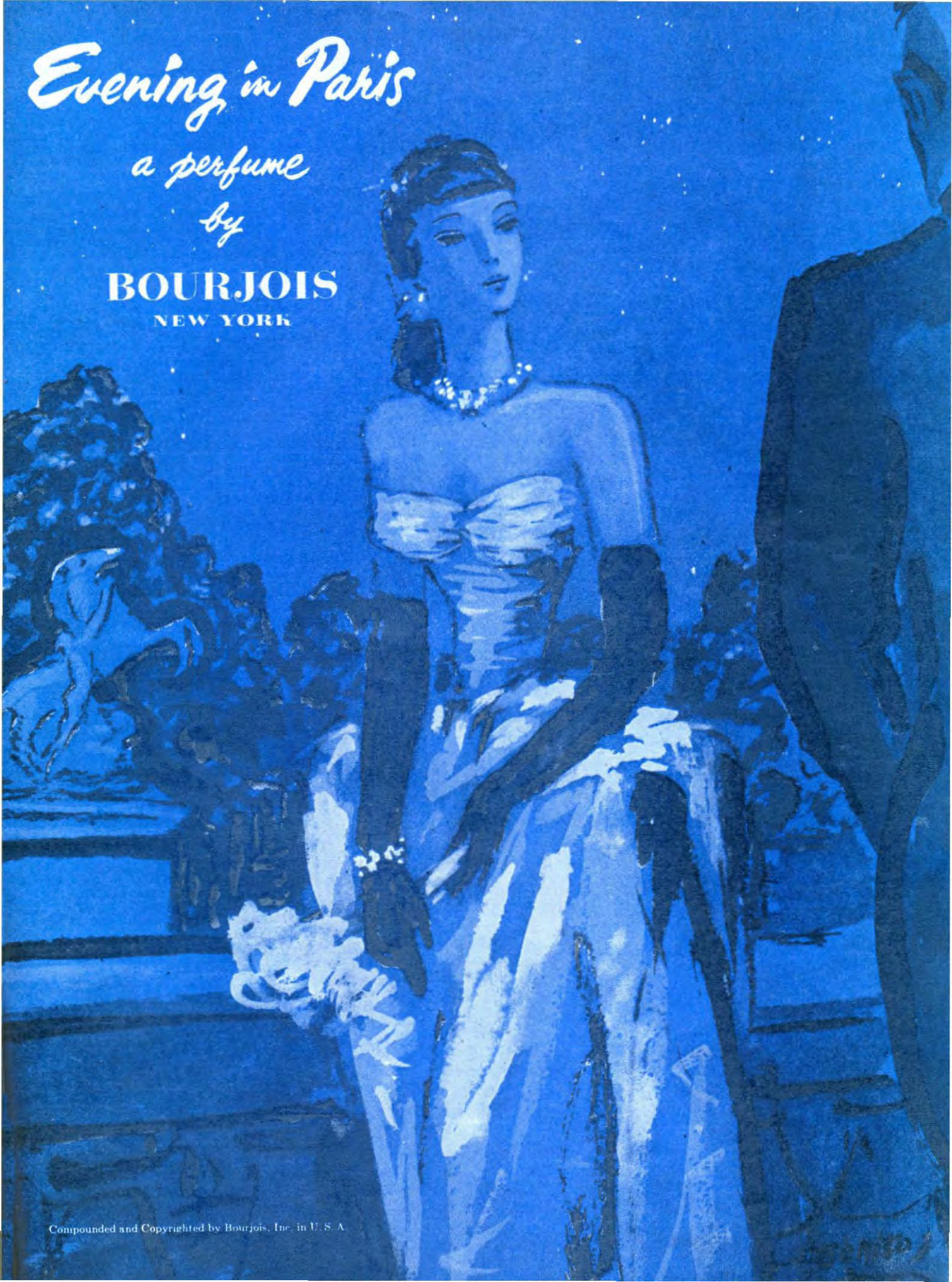
Evening in Paris

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Pre-viewing THE STYLES

WITH



Dorothy Cox

talented young designer for McMullen, gives a Spring fillip to the Gibson Gal trend with a gay shirtwaist and skirt outfit in exclusive Lonsdale cotton plaid. Like so many top designers, Miss Cox advises, "Starch all cottons with Linit."

This penetrating starch keeps washables lastingly crisp, resistant to muss and soil.

This is a dress you'll want to wear often. And do so, confident that each starching with LINIT* will restore the original finish of the blouse. This superior starch is perfect, too, for lingerie, men's shirts, curtains, sheets, pillowcases—all cottons. LINIT makes them look and feel just like linen. The cost is about \$30 for this skirt and blouse combination, now on its way to America's smart shops. Cost of LINIT? Just a few cents... at all grocers.

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LINIT... ADDS THE

Finishing touch

Come and Visit Mr. District Attorney

(Continued from page 29)

two doubledeck bunk beds, a great stone fireplace, deers' heads on the walls, a white polar bear rug, and a tiny stage, complete with curtain—where the Jostyns often put on impromptu plays, with the whole family acting.

Most of all, their foreign guests find that the meal fits the setting. It's served on a long trestle table on bright-colored pottery. John, the butler, aids the service from a side-table, but mostly it's "pass it yourself, or don't eat." This casual meal has delighted all their guests, after their dozens of formal banquets; and all of them have timidly suggested that they come back soon again!

In asking foreign guests to a meal in the rumpus room, the Jostyns are just doing what they'd do alone anyway—the elegant green dining-room on the first floor is as neglected as Ruth's and Jay's bathtub. No one ever eats in it. "For that matter, no one ever even goes into it—except for Curley," says Jay, grinning. Curley, that indescribable dog, regards the dining room as his own by this time. As independent as the rest of the Jostyns, he has his own bench by the dining room window. No one else ever uses it; and here Curley perches, peering out into the garden, for hours at a time.

AROUND him the family carries on its busy collective life. In the living room, Jos practices on the piano for hours a day—except during football season, when he's too busy playing on the field to bother with the keyboard. In the den, Jos spends hours painting scenes in watercolors or oils, with a card table to rest his elbows on. Upstairs at his bedroom desk, Jay answers his pounds of fan-mail and decides what charities he will aid this month—he's all over New York State every month, talking at luncheons and over the air, trying to help build new schools or raise money for various causes.

But his most earnest project is the Manhasset Youth Group, which he heads and over which he has worked for the last three years. "This group was started to keep kids out of trouble, and it's certainly worked," Jay says proudly. "We've got all kinds of groups going—acting, music, art, everything. And every kid in Manhasset can belong, whether he's the banker's son or the butler's. You'd be surprised how much fun it is—and what good plays we put on, out at the country club theater!"

Ruth is as interested in those plays as he is. Both of them direct plays, and both sons act in them—Jos with the idea of making acting his career. Ruth also helps with the work at a mental home nearby; every week she spends a day there.

"I suppose some of our screwy ideas around the house and all of our do-good work is due to the same thing—our long and poverty-stricken years when we had no time for either original ideas or helping anyone but ourselves," Jay says. He's right. He and Ruth met in a small and impoverished stock company in the State of Washington, both of them young, and Jay very poor. They got married over the objections of Ruth's family, and they were determined to make a success of their marriage. But some of their hurdles were almost insurmountable.

They are still looking for a California grocer who allowed them to charge hundreds of dollars worth of groceries during one terrible period. He's moved, leaving no trace, except in the Jostyn memory. They still remember the birth of their two sons, when they were too poor to afford writing materials to notify their friends of the boys' arrival. They remember best of all the time Jay, then a door-to-door book salesman in San Fernando Valley, got a ride from a friend—who told him about an opening in radio that changed Jay's whole life. It not only was the beginning of the fortune Jay has since made, but it moved the entire family from a weatherbeaten shack in California to the big house in Manhasset.

MOST people try to forget their lean years by giving away all their reminders of them—but not the Jostyns. Most of all, they have preserved their mementoes of their courtship and marriage. On Ruth's dressing table is a picture of Jay as she first met him, with the platonic message scrawled on it, "To a dear sweet little girl, wishing her the best of everything." On Jay's desk is her picture with an enigmatic message: "Hoping we'll always be friends—I'm sure I want to be," she had written. On the white marble mantelpiece of their bedroom is still another souvenir: under a glass bell are the Cupid-doll bride and groom that started life together on the Jostyn wedding cake.

Despite all these marital reminders, however, Ruth wears no wedding ring. "I lost it nineteen years ago and never bothered to replace it!" says she. Jay, meanwhile, received a turquoise ring from his wife at the same time that she mislaid the wedding ring. He's never removed it since!

Inside the house, the four Jostyns go their own ways—but once outside, they're inseparable. Every weekend finds all four of them, dressed in blue jeans and checked shirts, heading for a riding stable at Westbury, Long Island. They spend long hours on horseback, all four of them, following trails all over the territory. Back home again, all four change their country clothes for city ones, and get back into the station wagon—this time setting out for New York City, dinner, and the theater. The play that is not seen by the Jostyns hasn't been produced.

Oh—forgot! There's still another weekend ritual that the original Jostyns go through: Saturday morning

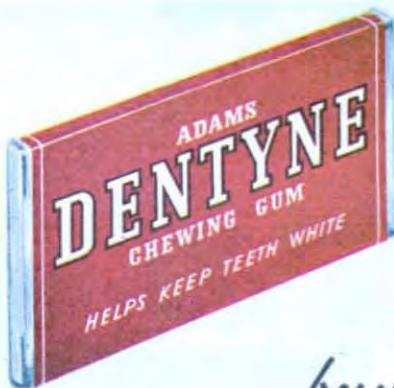


*"That's dating sense Pal
-girls all like Dentyne"*

Dentyne's flavor-refreshment is sure of a welcome in any crowd—it's *keen* chewing gum!

And Dentyne not only has delightfully different, long-lasting flavor, but its pleasantly chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling.

Enjoy Dentyne often and pass around the pleasure. For variety, try the other delicious Adams quality gums, too. Always—



buy gum by Adams



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The WINNERS

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RADIO MIRROR AWARDS

will be announced in

APRIL RADIO MIRROR

How many of your favorites
are everybody's favorites?

You'll find out in

APRIL RADIO MIRROR

ON SALE MARCH 10



Pineapple treats for Party times



*PINEAPPLE PARTY PARFAIT

First Herald of Spring—ice cream heaped in sherbet glasses, and crowned with golden drifts of the new Dole Crushed, dressed up with crumbled macarons and a bright red cherry. Dip in—and delight in the firmer, richer goodness of that Crushed Pineapple topping. It's a Dole secret—and you'll say, *tantalizing!*

—they're "picture" dishes with **DOLE**

*PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN GINGERBREAD

Like Pineapple Upside-Down Cake? You'll take to this version, too! Line buttered-and-brown-sugared pan with glistening Dole Sliced Pineapple, cover with your favorite gingerbread mixture—packaged or homemade. Bake, then turn out, Dole-side up—for a new thrill in fragrance 'n spice—every bite *nice!*

**By Patricia Collier,
DOLE HOME ECONOMIST*



is hair-cutting time, with Jay as barber! "I haven't had a real barber cut my own hair in twenty-five years," says Jay, "and the boys haven't seen the inside of a barbershop yet!"

Hair-cutting is the only home-done art as far as appearances go, however. None of their clothes are home concocted. "Mine are Jay-bought, entirely," Ruth says, smiling. "I wouldn't think of buying a thing without Jay along to help—not even a pair of shoes!" One time recently she broke her own rule, and wandered into a smart Fifth Avenue store alone. There a salesgirl talked her into a pale pink hat. Ruth brought it home nervously and tried it on for Jay.

"Don't like it," said he promptly.

"Then you can return it," said she just as promptly—and most unfairly! But Jay, after a lot of brooding and balking, did return it—by giving it to the store's doorman, along with a \$1 tip! Meanwhile he raced away so as not to face the salesgirl whose sale he had ruined.

Nobody ever returns the clothes Jay picks out alone for Ruth as surprises, which are all her evening gowns. Every birthday, every anniversary, and on any other occasion he can think of, Jay goes into a store and demands an ice-blue evening gown... his favorite color on Ruth, ever since he successfully bought her one twelve years ago. Since then, however, cagy salesgirls have foisted every shade but ice-blue on him; gray, beige, and pale pink. Unaware of this, he always carries them contentedly home, and they always look fine on Ruth.

FOR his own clothes he has a much snappier buying routine, however. He buys four suits a year by the simple method of telegraphing a Los Angeles tailor: "Send me four to the old measurements—and make one plaid." For twenty years now he's been ordering his suits by wire, and finds it highly satisfactory. "I just pull 'em out of the box, onto an ironing board, and then on me," says he.

Ruth has one brand-new idea for clothes that is worth noting—although it has nothing to do with wearing them. She owns a tiny lace petticoat she wore as a baby that she loves to look at. "It's so pretty, I couldn't see any point to hiding it in some bureau drawer," says she.

In spite of their original thinking—or maybe because of it—the Jostyns have a bulletin board in the kitchen, on which they pin all the messages they want to remember. On it are party invitations, future theater dates with each other, and—being the Jostyns and therefore unpredictable—also a lot of yellowed clippings on how to grow chrysanthemums!

One message that's never missing among this collection of notes is: "Dinner with the Lew ('Monkeys are the funniest people') Lehrs," or "Sunday with the Dick Willards," who live across the street from the Jostyns. The Lehrs and the Willards are part of the Jostyn family—along with the boys' high school friends, and half the neighbors. The casually independent lives of the Jostyns draw people like magnets.

"No, nobody's the boss here," Ruth says. Then she laughs. "And a good thing, too! Otherwise one of us might object when Jay reads a murder mystery on a free afternoon—instead of mending a broken lamp!"

Then she looks around at her independent husband and grins.

What I Know About Walter Winchell

(Continued from page 25)

These qualities endear him to strangers. It should be no wonder that they would endear him to his wife. Considering the army of jealous imitators and sworn enemies in the field, any of whom would gladly surrender a year's salary to spring the first indication that all is not serene with the Winchells, it is an amazing tribute that there has never been a breath of scandal about his domestic life.

One of the obvious reasons that all remains well with the Winchells is that they are so unpretentiously genuine. Winchell may not be the model of dignity and gentility that many a doting mother would set up for her own boy, but he is the true article.

He is not a good family man because he thinks that is what is expected of him. He is a good family man merely because he happens to be. It's no act, because the fact that he happens to be an exemplary father and husband probably never has occurred to him.

"I wonder what June thought of it," is invariably his first post-broadcast remark every Sunday night.

His children, too, constantly occupy his thoughts. If he had no other incentive, Winchell would rather fry in the fat than risk giving any of his offspring the slightest reason to be ashamed of anything he has done.

Winchell is a garrulous man who loves people and conversation inordinately. After a recent broadcast in Hollywood, he held forth in an ABC newsroom bull-session, and told how the slanders of his critics had been visited upon his son, Walter Winchell, Jr., during the war, and how deeply one particular incident had pained him.

It was the day his son came home in tears from the park that Winchell balked. His boy was ashamed and bewildered because his friends had taunted him. They had picked up the whispered and printed slanders, and shouted that his father was a coward.

That was when Winchell asked President Roosevelt to transfer him to combat sea duty. "I could take the other abuse," the radio commentator told FDR, "but I can't do that to my son. I can't have him thinking his father is shirking his duty."

Roosevelt nodded understandingly, but he was not cordial to Winchell's plea for action.

"Walter," he tried to placate him, "you're doing too much good where you are. Besides, you're too old for active sea duty."

"What about General MacArthur?" Winchell countered. "He's a lot older than I am."

FDR smiled. "Walter," he sighed, "some men go into battle to be shot in the face. Others remain home to be stabbed in the back."

There is reason to suspect that it is Walter's secret dream that some day the boy to whom he has given his name will carry on, over the air and in the press, in the tradition his father has engraved in one of the most unorthodox and colorful personal chapters of American history.

Walter, Jr., is a slender, dark-haired, alert-eyed youth of twelve. His snapshot is a proud adornment in his father's wallet, as are photos of his



LITTLE LULU SAYS:

Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see that no other tissue gives you *all* the advantages of Kleenex.

America's

Favorite

Tissue



With Kleenex you save time, trouble, tissues.



Pull just one double tissue at a time.



Next one pops up ready for use!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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the
youthful

SILHOUETTE

- No bulges
- No ridges
- Not even a wrinkle

Not only slimness, but *smoothness*, helps a woman's figure to look young. And she cannot count on a smooth silhouette if bulges or edge-lines show themselves under her dress or suit. . . . Millions of women are now using *Tampax* for monthly sanitary purposes, and this form of protection *cannot* cause any outward unevenness because it is worn *internally*.

Don't let your standards down on "those wretched days" of the month. *Tampax* is another word for neatness. It's small, dainty—only 1/15 the bulk of the other kind. Whole month's average needs slip right into your purse. No belts or pins to bother with—just *Tampax* itself, pure surgical cotton contained in slim dainty applicator.

Invented by a doctor for use among women generally, *Tampax* is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Its design is based on the well-known medical principle of internal absorption and its wide acceptance is proof of the willingness of American women to try new methods and accept modern ideas. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by
the Journal of the American Medical Association

other children, Walda, twenty; and the two Chinese youngsters: June, four, and brother Jim, six, whom he adopted when their father, a New York boy, was killed in action in Italy. He's proud of and willing to talk with parental boastfulness of the whole lot.

Young Walter, to his dad's mixed discomfiture and pride, has and uses a mind of his own. He dislikes being called Walter as strongly as other children shrink from the names of Percy and Archibald. However, indications are that Walter Winchell the second is concerned not so much about sissified nomenclature, which Walter is not, as he is about his own identity.

He has had various flings at renaming himself, all of which his old man takes delight in recounting. Young Winchell happens to be an aviation enthusiast who can name and describe on sight anything that soars through the slipstream. When, through his dad's good offices, he met Captain Eddie Rickenbacker he wouldn't talk to anybody unless they called him Rick.

THAT phase lasted until Wally, Jr., flew with Dick Merrill. Thereafter all who came in contact with him were required to address him as Dick under pain of ostracism. When Winchell took his boy to Hollywood, the youngster palled around with the commentator's genial West Coast aide, Jack Diamond. There was no living with him unless he were greeted as Jack.

From the twinkle in Winchell's eyes, it was plain that he expects his boy to get this quirk out of his system, and to stick to the magic name to which he was born by the time he is ready to take up where, when and if his pappy leaves off.

However, it was not always thus. His son is a rabid rod-and-reeler, and for years it was the lad's abiding ambition to grow up to become a commercial fisherman. When he did waver—and that was rarely—he dreamed of becoming a pilot.

It might be reasonable to suppose that Winchell nursed hopes that his son would some day consider the job of a newspaperman. Mrs. Winchell made an abortive try at nudging the boy along these lines last year at Miami Beach.

In typical preoccupied wifely fashion she could not remember which paper, the *Miami Herald* or the *Miami News*, was her husband's local outlet. Needless to say, she phoned the city room of the rival outlet, the *Miami News*, and asked, since her husband's column "appears in your paper," if the city editor would mind having one of his reporters take young Winchell to the Miami Beach air show. The city editor was good natured about Mrs. Winchell's error, and gallantly complied with her request.

Winchell Junior was convoyed to the air spectacle by two male reporters and a female of the species. He rode with them in a press car and enjoyed it very much. Everything went along swimmingly until the journey back to the city. The two newspapermen ribbed the sob sister unmercifully, and Wally, not realizing that the byplay was all in fun, was shocked at their ungentlemanly conduct.

When the newsmen dropped him off, one asked him what he wished to be when he grew up.

"Not a commentator!" he snapped. He has been slowly undergoing a change of mind, however. He listens religiously to his father's broadcasts, and passes critical opinion. "Not bad,

Dad," is his usual comment. In his more grudging moments, he will say, "Oh, it was all right, I guess."

About a year after the Miami incident, Mrs. Winchell called her husband aside and proudly showed him the paper published by the upstate New York school which their boy attends. It carried an editorial young Walter had written.

"It was a typical Sunday night editorial," Winchell recalled, beaming.

His son had blasted two youngsters who had ganged up on another school-mate when he was down.

"To take advantage of a little boy who is not strong enough to fight back but might be mentally defective, is pretty rotten," the boy wrote. "Don't you think? Hmmm?"

As Walter debarked for Hollywood to unload more contributions for cancer research in the name of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, he wanted to embrace his son.

"I guess I didn't realize how fast he's growing up," he chuckled. "He stepped back and offered me his hand."

Then the lad whispered into his father's ear, "If anybody ever asks you what I want to be when I grow up, I think I will become one of those gentlemen of the press."

When Winchell came to Hollywood for a stay last year, the personnel at the American Broadcasting Company quivered. His reputation as a walking hurricane had preceded him. He was known for wanting to do things his own way, for being finicky about the location of microphones. When he went on the air, the water pitcher and the pencils had to be in just the right place. His chair was too low, and he commandeered two cushions to give him elevation. There was too much of a glare on the glass top of his desk. He wanted a blotter or cloth to absorb it.

SUPERFICIALLY, the fears seemed to have been justified. But Winchell wasn't broadcasting from ABC's Hollywood studios two weeks before he had completely won over every man who had any connection with his broadcast.

A gab session would follow each broadcast, and Winchell used no rule of caste, applied no pedigree test to determine the membership of his audience. Anyone who was interested was welcome to listen. That included the script girl, the sound effects man who had nothing to do because Winchell operated the telegraph keys himself, the announcer, and a half-dozen other unidentified persons in the studio for one reason or another.

He sought out everyone's opinions and remembered by name studio personnel whom he had met in the most casual manner only once before. This in spite of the fact that he was not on his good behavior. Walter Winchell is never on his good behavior. For better or worse, he's always himself, and the undeniable fact is that he grows on people, even the most hostile.

In the flush of broadcast preparation, I have seen him go off the handle, rant and snap, and throw up his hands in disgust. He is nervous and jumpy. He is given to moods. Often, before airtime, he is so tensed up that it takes a brave man indeed to cross his path. But all this sound and fury, everyone at Hollywood ABC has learned, is part of the operation.

Privately ask anyone what they think of this walking powerhouse, and they shrug their shoulders helplessly, and say, "You can't help liking the guy.

There's something about him that gets you."

That something is susceptible of analysis. Winchell is so completely in earnest. He wants so much to be nice to everybody. He unflinchingly remembers everyone to whom he has addressed a harsh word in the course of a Sunday afternoon, and he feels so utterly contrite that he would not think of leaving the studios before personally apologizing to each possibly offended person for flying off the handle. If the men and women of ABC were to sing a song to ex-hooper Walter Winchell, I'd bet that it would be, "You may have been a headache, but you never were a bore."

There have been efforts to represent this miracle man with fifty million listeners and twenty-five million readers as a person without a sense of humor, but nobody who watches him in action can find evidence to support this slander.

Nothing is more important to him today than his warning against the peril of attack from Russia. He has done history-making broadcasts on the subject, and devoted scores of columns to it.

YET Henry Morgan panicked him when he kidded him about it. Winchell met Morgan in a Hollywood barber shop the weekend that Morgan severed relations with his sponsor. He thought it would be a good gag if Henry broke in on his broadcast—the most expensive and sought-after fifteen minutes in radio—to insert a want ad for a sponsor in the Jergens Journal. Morgan fell in with the idea.

In the studio, Morgan was droll. "Why I should help a guy who's trying to make me a corporal again, I don't know," Winchell roared.

A few minutes before they went on the air, Winchell noticed Morgan writing out his lines. "Now, don't take too much time, Henry," he cautioned.

"The more time I cut out of your talking about Russia," Morgan responded, "the longer I stay out of the Army."

Again Winchell howled.

For someone who is not supposed to be able to take ribbing, Winchell gave an excellent account of himself. He was still chuckling after the broadcast.

Today, the older, grimmer Winchell still moves like an express train with the agility of a pogo stick.

The lines on his face, the circles under his bright, searching eyes, cry out vainly his need of rest. But Winchell still talks, works, thinks, and no doubt sleeps at lightning speed. That's why he types his copy himself, and writes most of his correspondence in long-hand.

When Winchell is in Hollywood, there are more things on his mind than usual. Invariably, he vows to leave the ABC newsroom in five minutes, but he rarely gets away sooner than an hour later. He couldn't bear to pass up his teletype post-mortem on the broadcast with his official worriers in the New York ABC newsroom.

Single-handed, he carries on a good-natured trans-continental war of words with the worrying corps, reading, from left to right, Tommy Velotta, chief of ABC news and special events in New York; Ernie Cuneo, his personal attorney; Rose Bigman, his girl Friday, and, sometimes, Henry Alexander, attorney for the Robert Orr agency.

For them, too, he frequently thinks and talks too fast, and hits too hard.

Mrs. White Uses FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP



This is lucky Mrs. "White", fast asleep on Washday Night—
Washday dreams improve her rest, since her laundry soap's the best.
It will soon be lucky you, if you use Fels-Naptha, too.

Mrs. Gray Uses... SOMETHING ELSE



Here is restless Mrs. "Gray", haunted by the coming day—
She knows she must rub and scrub, victim of the Washday Tub.
Mrs. G. will find there's hope, if she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap.

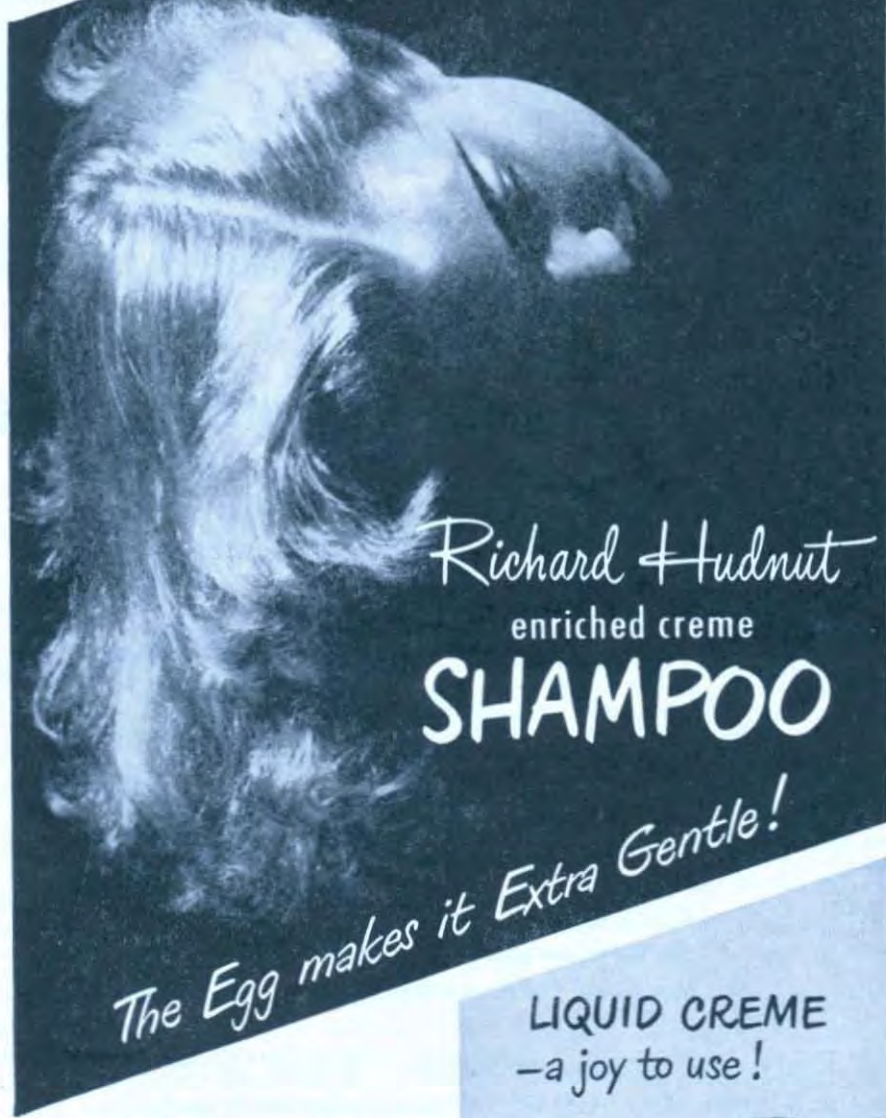
Every week there are more Mrs. "Whites" in the world—and fewer Mrs. "Grays". Women who want to make washing easier—who want their washes completely, fragrantly clean and sweet—naturally turn to golden Fels-Naptha in place of lazy laundry soaps. Or tricky "soap substitutes".

Why not mark your shopping list now?
For whiter washes, brighter colors,
easier washing, Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPHTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

TONIGHT!
Bring out all the "LOVELIGHTS" in your hair!



Richard Hudnut
enriched creme
SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

YOU'LL love the soothing, caressing, kind-to-your-hair effect of the egg in Richard Hudnut Shampoo. Modern science has found that just the right amount of plain, old-fashioned egg in powder form makes this grand shampoo extra mild, extra gentle. It's a new *kind* of shampoo, created especially for the beauty-wise patrons of Hudnut's exclusive Fifth Avenue Salon.

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

LIQUID CREME
—a joy to use!

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.



He has little patience for legal bottle-necks when he is convinced of the justice of his cause. When he does acquiesce to the fine points of law laid down by his protective counsel 3,000 miles away, it is with extreme reluctance. He would rather trust his instinct than the unbending statute books.

As he stands over the teletype operator, reading the messages from New York as the words are registered on the paper, Winchell sways from side to side, dictating answers. Some of his retorts are serious and angry, many of them spiked with wit. He frequently circumvents the censors with epithets in pig latin bearing a strong flavor of Yiddish.

RIVALRY among radio commentators is razor sharp. Yet whenever Winchell has surplus exclusives on his broadcast, he does not relegate them to the basket or hoard them for his newspaper column. He turns them over to Louella Parsons, who follows him on ABC.

Following his broadcast of last July when he announced "Arrest Cancer—It's Wanted for Murder!" as the winning slogan in the contest sponsored on the air in behalf of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research, the switchboard in Hollywood was deluged with calls.

Milt Fishman, who answered the phone in the newsroom, asked Winchell if he wanted him to take a message.

"Hell no," Winchell boomed. "If they took the trouble to call, I can take the trouble to answer."

Walter Winchell, through his appeals on the radio, has done more than any other one man in our time to spur the search for a cure for the dread disease of cancer. He has accomplished fund-raising miracles—in the name of a friend who was felled by cancer, Damon Runyon. Hospitals and clinics across the land have adopted Runyon's name.

Someday a simple truth will occur to a simple person in high places, and a cancer hospital will be named in honor of Walter Winchell. Perhaps it is strange to consider the name of a Broadway columnist for such a purpose, but who, by dint of unselfish effort and deed, has more richly earned this niche? And it's very easy to believe that Damon Runyon would be the first to endorse such an idea.

Laugh
with emcee **BERT PARKS**

Thrill
to **RADIO'S BIGGEST Cash Payoff Show**

Listen
in when **CONTESTANTS** try to

"BREAK THE BANK"

Every Friday Night—ABC Stations
9:00 P.M. EST 8:00 CST
7:00 MST 9:00 PST

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 47)

careless I could be. I was sure that the next time I would see my husband would be the last time—that he would tell me our marriage was a mistake.

Suddenly, a nurse came in with my husband, said, "He insisted on seeing you," and left. I braced myself mentally for what I was sure he would say. He looked at me for a minute and then his mouth smiled under the bandage that covered most of his head. Finally he said, "Don't worry, honey, everything will be all right."

I cried myself to sleep that night, not because I was hurt, but because I had had a mistake understood and forgiven for the first time in my life.

L. D. F.

THEY'LL UNDERSTAND

Dear Papa David:

I am president of the sisterhood in our community temple. In conjunction with the Child Rescue Committee we have adopted a war orphan in France. Besides regular monetary donations each "foster guardian" corresponds with Robert and sends him gifts from time to time.

Robert is thirteen years old, the same age as my son, Teddy. When Ted heard of the work we were doing he was eager to correspond with Robert and they became fast pals. The boys have corresponded now for the past eight months. While Robert has learned much about America and American life Ted has learned new and poignant meanings for war, Gestapo, fear, death and destruction.

In about two weeks both boys will be confirmed or "Bar Mitzvah-ed". They have been corresponding on this subject for some time now. From Robert's letters his communion will be no big affair. There will be no proud parents, no happy friends or relations. There won't be any of that new-born grown-up feeling . . . Robert has been grown up a long time, in fact he was never really a boy. I wished that there were something I could do; I felt sort of helpless. While thinking about it Ted came to me with his "I've got the world on my shoulders look" and said "y'know Robert's going to have his Bar Mitzvah about the same time I am and I'm going to send him the same kind of clothes I'm going to wear for my Bar Mitzvah and also some presents and a prayer book and everything. I have some money saved and I'll be making some more after school and . . ." I didn't hear the rest. A lump was swelling up in my throat; sort of blocked my ears, too. I was as proud as a mother could be.

When my husband came home that night we discussed the situation. I know Robert will be happier when he learns that for every gift Ted receives he will receive the same, even to his communion suit and prayer books. We have already made arrangements for a phone call to go through to France so that Ted and Robert can congratulate each other. They don't speak the same language but I think they will understand each other!

Mrs. R. P.

THE GIFT OF WARMTH

Dear Papa David:

We had moved to the country from the city, my husband, little son and I,

St. Moritz...

and that FATEFUL HAND KISS



Skiing—we stopped for breath. I offered him some chocolate. Then lost my breath completely—he kissed my hand! "I like this European custom," he said. And later . . .



Lunching on the ice rink, "The softest hands!" he said. Made me glad I had my Jergens Lotion to keep my hands smooth and soft. Because . . .



Not long after—"Don't let other fellows kiss your darling hands," he said. "So smooth and soft. I want your hands for mine—for always." So . . .

I'll have to keep my hands soft—always. I know I can, with Jergens Lotion.

You can be very sure of even smoother, sweetly-soft hands today. Jergens Lotion is finer than ever, now—thanks to recent skin-research. Protects even longer, too.

Many doctors rely on two special ingredients to help smooth-soften the skin. Both

ingredients are in today's Jergens Lotion. Hollywood Stars know—they use Jergens Lotion hand care, seven to one. Best for you, too. Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling.

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



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

R
M



**If your hair
looks like THIS**

**... when it should
look like THIS**

use **HELENE CURTIS**

Suave

**the Cosmetic for hair
greaseless... not a hair oil**



50¢ and \$1

WHAT SUAVE IS...

The amazing discovery beauticians recommend to make hair wonderfully easy to arrange and keep in place... cloud-soft... romantically lustrous... alive with dancing highlights... control-able even after shampoo... safe from sun's drying action! For the whole family, men-folks, too. Rinses out in a twinkling.

WHAT SUAVE IS NOT...

NOT a greasy "slicker downer"... NOT a hair oil, lacquer or pomade... NOT an upholstery "smearer"... NOT a dirt collector... NOT smelly... NOT drying; no alcohol... NOT sticky...

**some pronounce it "suahv"... others say "suayv"... either way it means beautiful hair.*

AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP, DRUG STORE, DEPARTMENT STORE

when the National Road was a muddy pike, and the country people had not dreamed of telephones.

One November morning, a man on horseback came to the door, with the message that my father was dangerously sick, and was asking for us. We hastened to start on our forty-five mile journey. I had given special attention to our little son, but for us, we had scarcely realized how cold it was.

Hour after hour passed. The journey seemed long, at only five miles an hour. The twilight was falling, and we were feeling the severe cold.

We knew that somewhere along the road, there was a small settlement, with a general store. Soon lights came in view, and we drove up to hitching post. My husband entered the store and told our needs. He was sent to the stove, while the owner came out to us. He took the baby in his arms and helped me into the light and warmth. Never before had heat and light seemed such a blessing. The lady came from her rooms upstairs, and invited us up.

Supper was ready, and they insisted that we share their sausage and steaming coffee. We had grown very comfortable, but not only was there warmth of body, but the warmth that kindness and good will brings. We offered money to our hosts, but what these folks had given us we knew could never be paid in silver.

When we went out to the carriage, we found that the horse had been fed and watered. More too, there was a soapstone for our feet and a heavy comforter. "Leave it sometime as you come by," they said.

These friends have passed on now, and the family is scattered, but is it any wonder that as we sail along now over a paved highway in a fleet machine, I look at the little building, re-sided and painted white, with a feeling of real reverence?

Mrs. J. H. W.

BEAUTIFUL DAY

Dear Papa David:

Happiness and unhappiness had both been mine but I think the time I found that life can be beautiful was the day my husband asked me to marry him.

I can never forget that he looked at me as though I were truly beautiful and not just a girl with a twisted spine.

That was fourteen years ago and each day has been a confirmation of my happiness and sometimes when I watch the little sister and brother that we adopted seven years ago, growing up before me, I feel that surely no woman, no matter how well, how beautiful, could find her life more fulfilling.

Mrs. D. E.

SCRUBBING THE BLUES AWAY

Dear Papa David:

No matter how unhappy I may feel, all I need do is to get a pail of water and soap and scrub the kitchen floor—then begin my "cure for the blues."

Just seeing the floor begin to shine beneath my power makes me feel that with just a little more effort I too can be happier; my troubles seem to disappear as if they, too, were being "washed away." Then, as my disposition becomes more cheerful so does the kitchen floor.

Naturally my mother appreciates the fact that I love to scrub the floor. I have nine brothers and sisters and I must say they do get the floor quite dirty. But the harder I scrub the happier I get!

J. P.

That Man Godfrey

(Continued from page 53)

rehearsal, he has nothing to do until eleven a. m., so he hightails it to his pent-house suite atop the Hotel Lexington for a quick shower and shave. Has to spruce up, you see, because at eleven he faces a live audience . . . mostly women . . . in CBS's Studio 21 for his cigarette-sponsored program. That show, featuring the tuneful talents of songstress Janette Davis, The Mariners and Archie Bleyer's Orchestra, is heard five days a week. One highlight on this show is the Tuesday through Thursday guest appearance of a winning contestant from Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scout Show, aired coast to coast on Monday nights.

Add up all this air-time and you understand why Mr. G. is willing to sleep even on a ceiling. He's tired. He's at the microphone seventeen hours and thirty minutes each week!

"SOMETIMES I kind of hanker for the good old days," he will tell you. There's a nostalgic tinge to his voice as he talks of the time, sixteen years ago, when life was less complex; when he had one desk instead of six offices scattered around New York and Washington . . . a single jalopy instead of a couple of cars, a couple of boats and the private plane which he pilots himself . . . a simply furnished apartment instead of the pent-house in New York and the beautiful home on his 800-acre farm near Leesburg, Virginia, where his charming wife Mary and their children, Mike, seven, and Pat, five, are living the wholesome life. Another son, Dick (by a former marriage), spends summers there, too. Dick is 17.

"As far as material possessions go," he says, "I don't think I was any less happy when I had my very first program down in Baltimore, billed as 'Red Godfrey, The Warbling Banjoist'."

Punctuating his story occasionally with that famous chuckle, Arthur continues: "I learned to play ukulele and banjo during my four-year hitch in the Navy. When I was fifteen I quit high school and enlisted. Told 'em I was eighteen. That was peacetime service. The only thing we fought was boredom, so we'd frequently put on those ship-board shows."

But when his hitch was up: "I found a job, finally—bus-boy in a greasy spoon. Before long, I was promoted to counterman."

Godfrey's chuckle is extra-heartily at this point. "I was getting all steamed up about my skillet career," he relates. "One day, I walked into the Book-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit's biggest. I introduce myself to the head chef and began to sell him a bill of goods about my culinary genius. Very cocky, I ask him to start me off as his second chef. All the while I'm making my pitch, he's staring at me. Then he says, 'Look keed, I like your spirit. Tell you what—I'm gonna geev you break. You come work here—watch me—learn ev' thing I do. Who knows? Maybee some day you make fine second chef.' Brother! When he said that I was almost deliriously happy. For a moment, that is—until he told me what the job was: cleaning vegetables and peeling spuds!"

Arthur wasn't too insulted. He did clean vegetables.

Until his friend, the head chef, died. Arthur no longer had a benefactor and the new régime was so unsympathetic to his ambitions that he quit in disgust.



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WALTER THORNTON, originator of the Pin-Up Girl, says: "I recommend Flame-Glo Lipstick to all of my pin-up models for extra beauty, extra glamour...no blurry edges!"



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DOLORES DOYLE, one of the popular Thornton Pin-Up Beauties.



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... an exciting shade for most types. *Royal Wine*... deep blood-red with purple.

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... dramatic deep pink, good for evening. *Dynamic Red*... romantic dynamite bespeaking love itself. *Pinwheel Red*... true glowing red blood tint.

"Bull's I" ...

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Cupid's arrow will hit *your* mark if you *keep kissable* with Flame-Glo's new wonder shade... "BULL'S-I." Here's a vivid red, accented with a touch of violet, making it a flattering shade for all types of beauty. Flame-Glo lipstick assures magnetism and allure in an instant. Keeps your lips *alive* with the fire of youth *hours* longer, because of its water-repellent beauty film... *never* a blurry edge! And you'll like Flame-Glo's new all-metal case!



KEEP KISSABLE

WITH
Flame-Glo LIPSTICK

Then a blind ad led to a job as salesman of cemetery lots!

"At the end of one year I'd sold most of the real estate in that Detroit cemetery. I made a mint of dough," he says.

Arthur's rendezvous with destiny came at the close of that highly profitable year, when his bank balance was in five figures. That very special sales technique he'd been following was door-to-door canvassing, pure and simple.

On the fateful day in question, young Godfrey called on a lady who said her husband was a "hooper." When Arthur went back that night he wound up not by selling them a cemetery lot, but by buying a half interest in their vaudeville act—for \$11,000!

And that's the inside story of how Arthur Godfrey crashed show business.

The Godfrey grin is broad and infectious as he tells how swiftly his disillusionment (and bankruptcy) came. He had become angel, it seems, to a very corny song and dance act featuring six or seven performers who did their routines in Spanish gypsy costumes. Arthur used dark make-up himself to match the Latin complexions of his fellow artists, and stuck with it until he was broke.

"I HANDED the act back to my fellow troupers," Arthur relates. "Sold my share of the props for \$300. That rhinestone decorated backdrop alone cost \$3,000. I kept going west, doing a solo—but not on any stage."

The rolling stone rolled hopefully to Hollywood—and then less hopefully, he entrained for parts East. Bummed his way on the box-cars, that is. He arrived in Chicago so broke he didn't have the price of a street directory. Now, Arthur wanted a street directory and he did acquire one, although exactly how it came into his hands he is either unable to remember or reluctant to tell. For twenty-four hours straight he studied the guide, memorizing Chicago's main thoroughfares and key points. Then he walked into the offices of a taxicab company, talked glibly and got himself a driver's job.

"I really didn't know one street from another," he laughingly admits, "but I wiggled out of that one by politely asking my passengers which route they'd prefer to travel. That kind of courtesy was rare from a hack driver, those days, so they'd practically draw me a map."

In a matter of weeks, Arthur knew his way around. He switched to night-driving. The tips were larger and life was seamier, for that was Chicago in the Prohibition era. One midnight, while cruising along Michigan Boulevard, he picked up a boisterous fare, a man in Coast Guard officer's uniform. Arthur instantly recognized him as a former shipmate. It was a one-way recognition because Arthur was unshaven and dressed in his old coat and cap. His passenger was lit up and loquacious and began outdoing Baron Munchausen with wild tales of his adventure and bravery at sea. All the while, Arthur sat at the wheel, egging him on and grinning to himself. Then, his voice innocent as a babe's, Arthur began filling in with the real details. Flabbergasted and chagrined, the officer leaned forward and got a good look at his driver's face. Their reunion reached bacchanalian proportions, continuing far into the dawn and its outcome was that Arthur re-enlisted... in the U. S. Coast Guard.

That brought him eventually to Baltimore, to his try-out on WFBR's ama-

MATCHING ROUGE, FACE POWDER AND CAKE MAKE-UP AT ALL 10c & 25c COSMETIC COUNTERS

teur show, to his first radio job as "The Warbling Banjoist" and launched him on a career that has had no parallel in the history of broadcasting.

Since acquiring that first canary-food sponsor in Baltimore, Arthur Godfrey has made a fortune. It is well known that he will not take on a product he doesn't believe in. Be it canned hash or ash cans, the product has to be everything the client claims before you hear Arthur extolling its worth. He has a deep-rooted dislike for anything that is phony, stuffed shirt or high-falutin'. Or misleading. Several years ago, one of his sponsors was a used car dealer who at the beginning of their relationship operated honestly. Godfrey, absolutely convinced that his statements about the firm's square dealing were based on fact, built up phenomenal business for the account. When some of his listeners later complained to him that they had been gypped, Godfrey had a fiery showdown with the sponsor and dropped him, even though it meant a personal loss of \$25,000 income annually.

When the talk centers on himself . . . on an appraisal of his well-earned and fabulous success, on where he's headed and on what goal he seeks, Godfrey is thoughtful for a moment.

"Yes, I suppose this is fame," he agrees. "But I don't believe I'll ever feel a really deep satisfaction until, along with this fame or whatever you want to call it, I have power, too."

A REMARKABLE statement . . . one that leaves you somewhat shocked . . . until Arthur explains.

"Look," he says earnestly, "if I've been successful it's because somehow I have a talent for making each listener feel as though I'm talking to him personally. I'm able to persuade them to buy a pack of cigarettes or a gadget or some other article that helps make life just a little more enjoyable. Yes, and I can also persuade people to come to my studio and give of their blood. I've demonstrated that with GAPSALS—"

(You immediately recall the GAPSALS . . . Godfrey's "Give A Pint . . . Save A Life Society" . . . to which, on September 15, 1944, despite a hurricane that disrupted most transit facilities, 478 persons responded to his personal pleas to donate blood to the Manhattan Blood Bank. By June, 1945, his subsequent pleas collected more than 6,000 pints.)

"—and I've shown that I can get people to respond to other good causes. I'll agree that I've achieved something worthwhile only when I have leisure enough and power enough to influence people on something even more important than giving a pint of blood. I mean persuade them to take a stand against all this fascist bigotry, this intolerance and race hatred that's drifting into our way of life. Why can't people realize that it's tearing our country apart? There's been too much poison from those haters on the lunatic fringe. Those phonies!"

Arthur Godfrey has spoken with a force that suggests a long pent-up anger.

"I'm as Irish as McCarthy's pig," he says, "but I don't care if a man's skin is white, black or yellow or if his faith is Protestant, Jewish or Mohammedan. All I want is for him to be a man!"

Arthur Godfrey's ultimate satisfaction will come when he has successfully used his powers of persuasion to make every last one of his listeners take a stand against the haters . . . the "phonies."

Amazing!

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"DULL" DAYS
CAN BE
GAY DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a difference
Midol makes"



The Other John Perkins

(Continued from page 63)

quietly. "You're going to Fort William. Do you want me to go with you?"

"Oh, no, I can't ask you to go along. I—" She began to cry. "I'm sorry, Fay. I take it all back. I shouldn't—"

"That you, Gladys?" Ma's voice came from the other room, and Ma herself followed.

"Oh, Ma!" Gladys wailed. "I've been such a fool! I'd like to throw myself off the nearest bridge!"

"Gladys," said Ma, "you mustn't talk like that. Nothing's ever so bad—"

"Oh, no?" said Gladys sharply. "What if you were in my place? I've got everything, yes—a mink coat, a convertible, money—everything but contentment. What if you were restless, unsatisfied—and then you met someone you really had faith in. Someone who understood you, who could help you organize your life. And—" her voice lowered—"maybe you tell this someone things you've never told another living person. And this someone begins to take advantage of you. First you don't see it—you're grateful, happy. And suddenly you discover that this person is just—just using you. Where do you turn? What's left for you?"

"THE best place to turn is away from ourselves," said Ma gently. "Like doing something for other folks. When Fay lost her husband and all, she found that thinking of her baby, planning for it, helped—"

"That's true," Fay put in. "There's this place Pleasant Haven, Gladys. They seem to be doing fine work there for people who've suffered. Maybe you could get interested in them, Gladys."

"Pleasant Haven!" Gladys began to laugh, a laugh that turned Ma's blood to ice. "Fay, you baby, you innocent!" She caught herself. "Oh, I guess Pleasant Haven's all right," she amended.

It was then that Paulette cried out in her sleep. Fay turned swiftly, automatically toward the stairs. Ma took the kettle off the stove, set out tea things on a tray. "Come into the parlor, Gladys," she said in a low voice. "I—I think maybe you and I can help each other."

In the parlor, she poured out tea, arranged the cups and saucers while, as carefully, she arranged her thoughts.

"A moment ago," she said, "you spoke of a person's taking advantage of your restlessness, your discontent. Well—suppose a person took advantage of other folks' unhappiness, played on their emotions, on grief and sorrow... sold them 'comfort'? And in return got—I don't know what. That's where I need your help."

Gladys was very still, very pale. "It would be cruel, wouldn't it? It can't be that bad, Ma."

Ma nodded. "Just one thing could be crueller—and that's what I may be doing right now... thinking bad thoughts about people who may be good and kind and who only want to help others. If I'm guilty of such, I've only got one excuse. It ain't just for myself that I'm thinking. It's for all of us. Will you help me, Gladys?"

Gladys began to cry again. "Oh, Ma," she choked, "how can I? You're asking me to—to— And I can't! I love him!"

Ma prayed, those few days before the meeting. There was nothing else she could do. Her one hope was Gladys,

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and Gladys was a woman bewitched. But then, just before the meeting, when Shuffle was waiting in the parlor to drive Ma, Gladys phoned.

"I can't talk over the phone," she said. "But will you meet me, Ma?"

Shuffle was curious, but he asked no questions. Downtown, he dropped Ma on the corner as she directed.

"Land o'goshen," said Ma, dodging a puddle of slush. "The snow's sure running away, and it ain't even the first of March! Gladys, child, you look sad."

"Bloodhounds always do," said Gladys with a mirthless laugh. "That's me—Bloodhound Gladys Pendleton. Oh, Ma, I tried to believe him—but he's not telling me the truth. He has plenty of room there. One of the old gentlemen died the other night. That room's empty, and—"

"Somebody died out there?" said Ma breathlessly. "I didn't hear about that!"

"He kept it quiet," said Gladys. "Got a doctor and an undertaker from Fort William. But that isn't all. He told me he doesn't want you there. Just doesn't want you around."

"Then," Ma said slowly, "I'll just have to go through with the announcement like I planned. Just announce that I— Oh, Gladys, you ain't the only one who's disappointed! You don't know how much I hoped for something better! All these folks here, coming to this meeting because they got faith."

Ma's long-awaited speech that night was an anti-climax. Charley Brown told simply and movingly why he and his wife were selling their store, putting all their worldly goods into Pleasant Haven. Augustus Pendleton spoke in glowing terms of business for the town, Mayor Ross of glorious civic improvement. And Ma—

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is all I have to tell you: I been out to Pleasant Haven, and everything I seen there leads me to think the work is wonderful, just as fine as can be. Could there be any work in the world more blessed than helping those who need our help? But me—I ain't no hand at investments. As soon as I sit down, Banker Pendleton will tell you more about the investment side of it—how the money will be put in the bank, and I'm sure only our own committee, which we'll set up tonight, can take the money out of the bank, and the business details like that. And at the same time, I myself—I'm going to be living out at Pleasant Haven."

THERE was a spatter of applause; then Banker Pendleton was speaking. The pledge slips were being passed around, and in the confusion Professor Bassett sought out Ma.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Perkins," he said. "That was a very clever trick you pulled, telling everyone that you're coming out to Pleasant Haven! I had already informed you, dear lady, that we are full to overcrowding."

"Well, now," said Ma, "the meeting ain't broken up yet. Should I tell the folks you don't have room for me there? If it's necessary, I will."

He stared at her, then said bitterly. "Yes, I believe you would. No, Mrs. Perkins—I've changed my mind. I'll be very glad to make room for you. But—let's be frank—it's understood that you are coming as an enemy. You're not my first enemy."

Ma was shocked speechless. "But that ain't so!" she exclaimed finally. "The work you're doing—well, if folks like Charley and Mrs. Brown get the comfort, the peace they want, wouldn't I just be the cruellest person in the world to take it away from them? And—"

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



WHY DOES SHE SPEND THE EVENINGS ALONE?

- A.** Because she keeps her home immaculate, looks as pretty as she can and really loves her husband, BUT she neglects that one essential... personal feminine hygiene.
- Q.** Is this really important to married happiness?
- A.** Wives often lose the precious air of romance, doctors say, for lack of the intimate daintiness dependent on effective douching. For this, look to reliable "Lysol" brand disinfectant.
- Q.** Is "Lysol" safe and gentle as well as extra effective?
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- Q.** How about homemade douching solutions, such as salt and soda?
- A.** They have no comparison with the scientific formula of "Lysol" which has proved efficiency in contact with organic matter.

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"Lysol"
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there's Dr. Joseph. I—I want to believe in Dr. Joseph. He *must* be good!"

"Then I apologize," Professor Bassett said. "We are not enemies after all."

Ma had been at Pleasant Haven four days. She had learned several things. That the telephones were disconnected, for instance—although the one in Professor Bassett's office seemed to be in use. She learned that she was forbidden to talk with Dr. Joseph alone, although he sought her out one day when the professor was in town, and asked wistfully about her in her home, complained that he and Starr were never allowed outside the Haven. And, over breakfast coffee with Mrs. Liss, she learned about Miss Finney. Miss Finney had died only the week before, had been buried quietly from Fort William, and had left the professor over a hundred thousand dollars. A hundred thousand dollars—when the professor had been beseeching Rushville Center for the eighty thousand it had managed to scrape up.

The picture was coming clearer. Just one piece didn't fit—Gladys Pendleton. Using her, Gladys had said—but how? That afternoon Gladys came to see her.

"PAY called me," said Gladys. "That's why I'm here. But about the telephones, Ma, you mustn't blame Harold—"

"Harold?"

"Professor Bassett—that's his first name. He *had* to disconnect the telephones. Some of the old ladies took to calling up and spreading the wildest stories! Believe me, Ma, he's a fine man."

So the wind had changed, Ma thought.

"I guess he has," she agreed. "Folks here seem to think a lot of him—so much that they leave him money, lots of money, in their wills."

"Money?" said Gladys. "Wills?"

Ma blinked. "I thought you knew. One of the old ladies told me about it. The old man who died—he left fifteen thousand, and just last week Miss Finney died and left a hundred thousand."

The radiance was gone from Gladys suddenly; she was very pale. "You're a smart woman, Ma," she said, choking. "Land, no!" Ma flushed. "I ain't smart. I just try to be a little smart about right and wrong."

"But what is right and wrong?"

"If you're right," said Gladys heavily, "you've saved me from making my life a nightmare. What do we do next?"

Ma shook her head. "Nothing. We haven't any proof. And I got to have that, if only for my own satisfaction." "Perhaps," said a voice, "I can help you."

Gladys jumped. Ma raised her eyes. "Ah." The professor bowed. "I see. I am on trial. Well, I've been persecuted before."

"Nobody's persecuting you, Harold," said Gladys. "But there are some questions I'd like to have answered. Why were the two deaths so hush-hush?"

"Do you want me to lose my life's work?" asked the professor. "You forget that I'm engaged in a profession involving people who aren't quite normal. If they get frightened, I'm ruined!"

"Yes," Ma agreed. "But why didn't you say anything about your legacies?"

The professor sighed. "So you've heard about that, too! This is a cross-examination! However—I *haven't* received a legacy! I *may* receive some money, but there is a very good chance those wills are going to be contested. And anyway—the money comes not to me, but to Pleasant Haven!"

BE ROMANCE-READY WITH

that Always-Fresh look

The radiance was coming back to Gladys' face. "Yes," said Ma, "one more question. Why do you treat your son-in-law like an invalid, like a mental case . . . afraid to have him talk to a soul? Who is this Dr. Joseph?"

"You see, Gladys?" The professor was pitying, even tender. "Ma Perkins had one son. She became even more fond of him when she was widowed—and then she lost him. Now, in Dr. Joseph, she sees—"

"No!" cried Ma wildly. "It ain't so!"

"It is so!" cried the professor triumphantly. "Your great love for your son has turned toward him! Don't you see, Gladys, how it's necessary for her to destroy me, destroy my work, in order to claim the young man?"

Ma turned to Gladys. "You think it's the truth, Gladys? That I ain't right in my feelings about my son, and Dr. Joseph?"

"I—" Reluctantly, Gladys took her eyes from the professor's face. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, Ma."

"Oh." It was the smallest whisper. "All right, Gladys. I guess I can't help you none, and you can't help me none. And—I guess I'll be going home."

Shuffle, at Gladys' bidding, came for her that afternoon, drove her back to Rushville Center. But the poisoned word had spread before her. She'd hardly sat down with Shuffle and Fay before Willy Fitz stormed in.

"Ma!" he shouted. "Do you know what they're saying? Banker Pendleton just been down to the lumber yard! They're saying that Professor Bassett psychoanalyzed you and you're trying to ruin Pleasant Haven because you think Joseph is really John—"

Shuffle roared. "Willy Fitz, I guess you hold the All-American, catch-as-catch-can championship for crazy remarks, but this is the craziest yet!"

Ma had no time to concern herself with the talk. She conferred with Shuffle, dispatched him early the next morning to Fort William. She herself had a long talk with Fred Sweeney, the railroad station master. And by the following noon she had her information. Fred Sweeney reported that Professor Bassett had bought two tickets, pullman, to New Orleans—a town not on his lecture itinerary, and a good jumping-off place. Ma thought, for almost anywhere. Shuffle came back from the county clerk's office at Fort William with the information that the professor had paid inheritance taxes of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars.

"ONE hundred thousand clear!" Shuffle marvelled. "And I got affidavits to prove it. Got the revenue men to give me proof in black and white!"

Ma interrupted him. "Shuffle, you and Willy belong to a lot of lodges, don't you?"

"Lodges?" Willy began to laugh. "What are we, Shuffle? Volunteer Firemen, Sons and Daughters of King Agamemnon, Kiwanis, Rotary, Elks, Moose, Lions, Chamber of Commerce, Knights, Regular Political Marching and Chowder Club—"

"That's enough," Ma said dryly. "Between you, I guess you ought to know just about every justice of the peace in this county and the next. How many you figure you know—say within driving distance?"

Shuffle's head came up. "Driving distance? Oh—I get you, Ma. Willy, you and me's got some telephoning to do."

It was late, after midnight. In the little town of Three Rivers, some miles from Rushville Center, Gladys Pendle-



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My Son Nicky

(Continued from page 57)

and is even more that kind of guy because he is Nicky's dad.

Being "that kind of guy to start with" began, for Ben Alexander, in Goldfield, Nebraska, where he was born—it's a ghost mining town, now. His parents, Tennesseans, had gone there for mining wealth that failed to materialize. They moved to California. In Hollywood, a small, cherubic blond boy was a natural for the movies. Ben, as a child, played with Theda Bara, Bessie Barriscale, Eugene O'Brien, the Gish sisters, and other big-name stars of the era. Once, for D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World" he went to France in wartime.

Ben was also starred on Broadway in "Penrod", and he was making \$1,300 a week in films when he "retired" as a concession to gangling adolescence, high school, and college.

"Most of my time in pictures," he recalls, "I was making \$35 a week. It was different, then. I was pretty well known, I guess, but nobody made much of a fuss over me, the way kid stars get it now.

"NOWADAYS, it's almost impossible to keep a youngster in pictures from knowing how 'important' he is, and that's one reason why we'd just as soon keep Nicky on the sidelines. We want him to grow up normally—with public school, kid games, ordinary work, camping—all the things little boys ought to do and have most fun doing."

Ben, as you can see, had good training for that fast, easy, pleasant line of chatter that Heart's Desire listeners like so much. Somewhere along the line he must have had good training for hard work, too, and a rugged constitution. As we said, you can't measure or weigh Ben's worth to his listeners, nor can his worth to many another person, never heard of on the air, be measured. Consider the things Ben does, the quiet things above and beyond the call of duty as an m.c. on a giveaway program. Things he does despite the fact that his is one of the air's busiest voices.

Ben is up at 6:15, five days a week, for a news analysis with Rex Miller (Mutual) at 7:30. At 10:30 (Mutual) he's on with The Ben Alexander Show, his own half-hour of personal comment, stories old and new, chatter, opinion, humor. At 2 P.M. (11 A.M. EST) there's Heart's Desire. Frequently he plays Bashful Ben on The Great Gildersleeve (NBC) and is on Baby Snooks (CBS) too. Besides all these, he does occasional guest shots and recordings.

Heart's Desire has attracted as many as 50,000 hopeful letters in one week. From these hospitalized veterans and other readers, including members of the studio audience, select several for each broadcast, the writers to be granted their "heart's desire." Gifts pour out to the lucky few each day, and Ben m.c.'s the proceedings wittily, sympathetically, alertly. That is his job and he does it well. He could let it go at that—but he doesn't.

He doesn't have to throw in, for instance, an ad lib suggestion that each listener toss in a penny to buy a church bell for the Columbus community church in Colorado—the heart's desire of a friend of the little congregation. Because Ben asked it, 227,000 pennies came rolling in—enough to buy a bell for \$660, bell house and

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The two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

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wishing well and fifty trees, plus a new pulpit Bible, with enough left over for further good work.

He doesn't have to wear out shoe leather, on his own time, trying to arrange for a large flagpole for a little girl down San Diego way who wanted to fly the flag her soldier daddy left her.

He doesn't have to follow through, on his own, any number of "cases" that the program brings to his attention—like that of the young veteran at Kingsbridge hospital, in the Bronx. This boy, shot down over Germany on his 19th birthday in 1944, was flat on his back until someone wrote to Heart's Desire about him. The letter was chosen, the boy received the bedside radio he wanted, plus the "heart box" of other gifts. The gifts so cheered him that he literally "took up his bed and walked." Ben met the lad on a flying trip to New York, learned that he was interested in photography, and promptly promoted a fine camera for him. Still not content, he enlisted a camera-expert friend of his to give the boy regular instructions in camera art.

Ben doesn't have to beat the drums for aid and understanding for the mentally or emotionally unbalanced, a cause in which his friend Dr. Otto Gericke of Patton State Hospital interested him. Ben's pleas for books—for mental therapy—have brought in tons of reading matter.

BEN owns three filling stations, all staffed by ex-Navy men who served with him on the baby aircraft carrier, U.S.S. Steamer Bay, through six Pacific campaigns from Saipan to Okinawa. When Ben found a little family—mother, daughter, son—sleeping in one of the stations, he didn't have to bother about finding them a home. But he did.

If you pick up the trail of such extra-curricular activities of your Uncle Ben and ask about them, he's likely to fumble a bit. He's a hearty guy with a fresh line of chatter, and he'd hate to pose as a pious do-gooder.

He'd rather tell you about his weakness for fancy cars: he has a slick Lincoln Continental and a few smaller models he keeps to lend to friends. Or about his weakness for eating: he doesn't drink (when would he find time even if he wanted to?) but he does like good food. He'd rather tell you about Jack, his ageless Guamanian cook, ex-Navy, who was torpedoed three times in the war. Or pretend to be worried that Heart's Desire fans insist on calling him "Uncle Ben."

"I believe most of them think I'm old, bald, and weigh 300 pounds," he'll say lightly. "You can see for yourself—I'm 36, my hair is my own, and I weigh 190—even after meals!"

But now, Uncle Ben, about those extra-curricular deeds?

"Well," he says seriously, "maybe there's something about that show. Anybody who's around Heart's Desire a while just naturally gets his faith in people boosted and wants to help all he can. Did you know that more than sixty per cent of our letters come from folks who want things, not for themselves, but for others? We get so many letters from kind, thinking people that—well. . . ." And he tries to shrug it off.

Actually, however, Ben was that way long before the show—a "kind, thinking" man, thinking about a little better and kinder world, for Nicky and all others Nickys of the earth.

If you like Ben—and who doesn't?—you ought to meet blue-eyed Nicky.

A few studio audiences at Heart's Desire, there in Tom Breneman's Hol-

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HERE'S A CAKE that's not only a treat for the palate, but a treat for the eye... with its alternate pattern of purple prune and golden apricot.



10 to 12 servings... everybody will come back for another piece

BOTTOM OF PAN

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter

1 cup cooked sweetened "Tenderized" Apricots
1 cup cooked "Tenderized" Prunes

BATTER

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup fat
3 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Bottom of Pan: Combine water, sugar, and butter and stir to blend. Pour into greased paper-lined pan (about $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches). Arrange fruits over mixture, alternating apricots & pitted prunes.

Batter: Cream sugar and fat together, add beaten egg yolks and flavoring and stir to blend. Add milk alternately with flour sifted with baking powder and salt and mix. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour batter over fruit. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F) about 1 hour and 10 minutes. Invert pan onto serving plate and remove paper. Serve with whipped cream.

☆☆☆☆

Eat 'em like candy! **SUNSWEEET** "Tenderized" Prunes and Apricots are a wholesome and natural confection just as they come from the package. Children really go for them!

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San Jose, California

SUNSWEEET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots and Peaches... also SUNSWEEET Prune Juice

lywood restaurant, have already met the boy. Last summer Ben brought him around regularly one day a week for the program warm-up.

First time this happened, Ben surprised Nicky as well as the audience.

"You know, folks," Ben rambled around chattily, "once upon a time I was a boy movie actor. Right across the street where NBC now stands. I was four when I made my first picture, and I played Cupid in a Fannie Ward film called 'Each Pearl a Tear.' I was strung up on a wire and they lowered me, shooting arrows, every time Fannie and her hero made love. I had a long, fancy name then—Nicholas Benton Alexander the Third. No kidding. Oh, I see a little boy at a table over there, about as old as I was then. Come here, little boy!"

Nicky clambered onto the platform. "What's your name, sonny?" "Nicholas Benton Alexander the Fourth."

The audience gasped with delight—and Ben gasped inwardly. What he had not anticipated was the youngster's assurance, his stage presence and complete absence of shyness.

(I've got a little ham on my hands! thought Ben.)

"How old are you, son?" he asked. "Five—going on seven," said Nicky. (And a comedian, yet! thought Ben.)

THE audience loved it, Nicky loved it, and Ben—well, Ben wondered. He wondered still more, although he couldn't help enjoying it, the time he had Nicky up again and asked, with reference to a large "shiner" the boy was sporting:

"Say, where'd you get that black eye? Run into a door?" "No," piped Nicky. "I ran into an old friend!"

After one appearance Ben asked him: "What do you like best about the show?"

Nicky thought it over. "The clapping," he said frankly.

(His father's son! thought Ben.)

The "clapping" was probably loudest the day Ben asked Nicky, in front of the audience: "Well, now that you've seen your dad working as a big m.c. what do you want to be?"

"A truck driver," said Nicky, with no quibbling.

These dialogues, unrehearsed, were obviously Nicky's meat, so much so his dad began to worry. Especially when it became clear that Nicky, a trouper in the making, was beginning to plot "gags."

"Daddy," he requested one day when they were driving to the show. "When I get up there with you today, you ask me this. You say, 'Nicky, how did you get that blood on your hair?'"

"Huh?" said Ben, startled, but seeing no sign of blood. "And what will you say?"

"Oh, you wait and see," said Nicky mysteriously.

The mystery is still unsolved. Ben decided he'd better not risk the question, and Nicky (probably saving it for later use) never has volunteered the answer.

School bells in September ended Nicky's budding career. Nicky repaired to kindergarten at his neighborhood public school and—in the press of other business—he seemingly has forgotten his public.

"This suits Liz and me fine," says Ben. "We don't want him in show business—at least, not unless it turns out to be something he himself wants very much, later on."

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Liz is Nicky's mother, the former Elizabeth Robb of Nebraska, young, blonde and beautiful. She and Ben are divorced but, as sometimes happens, much better friends than ever before. Liz and Nicky live with her parents, Ben with his in the family home in Hollywood's Los Feliz section. But Nicky still has both a father and a mother, and never has cause to doubt it. Ben can, and does, drop by to see Nicky whenever he pleases, which is often. Whatever differences in temperament may have parted Ben and Liz, they are still united about Nicky and his welfare.

Sundays, Ben often drives Nicky, and sometimes Liz, to the beach. If Ben takes a trip, one of his "must" stops is a toy store, to see if he can add to Nicky's collection of miniature motor cars and trucks.

Nicky's cash register, a battered old model which still works, is a gift from his dad. Nicky keeps it in a hall near his room, where a caller seldom can resist the temptation to push the keys and insert a penny or two. This is Nicky's main source of "earned income", and he does right well—as does his little girl friend in the neighborhood, whom Nicky woos with gifts.

ON Nicky's fourth birthday (September 13 is the day) the boy had one supreme heart's desire. He wanted a ride in an ambulance! Ben pulled strings. At a time of day when traffic was light, a shiny ambulance pulled up at Nicky's front door, attendants came hurrying with a stretcher. Liz, cast as the "victim," lay on it realistically to be carted away. Nicky stood beside her, holding her hand and playing "doctor", while he had the ride of his life. With sirens, too!

"This next year," Ben confides, shuddering a little, "all Nicky wants is a Good Humor wagon. I've not figured that one out, but I'm trying!"

No doubt about it, Ben's crazy about that boy—and vice versa.

Take the way Ben spends his rare evenings off, traipsing around the countryside making personal appearances on his own, for a cause dear to the hearts of all the growing Nickys.

One such appearance recently, in Long Beach, netted \$800 for the cause. And here's the story:

Ever since he was a kid around Hollywood, Ben has belonged to the YMCA. He loved, especially, the summer Y camps, which give any youngster a mountain vacation for a nominal fee. Through his years as a boy star in films, his fade-out, his return in "All Quiet on the Western Front," his college days at Stanford, his beginnings and ultimate success in radio, Ben has never forgotten those Y camps.

For the past thirteen years he has been on the board of the Los Angeles and Hollywood Y, working on camps. It is the camp equipment that is his continuing problem. Buildings need repair, tents wear out, facilities get shabby. Ben's end of the job takes about \$5,000 a year. There is a large gap between camp needs and what he can raise among sympathetic friends.

And that's why those "Ben Alexander in Person" signs go up, periodically, in neighboring towns.

Ben has no time for personal camping any more, but he's looking forward to the time when Nicky is old enough.

"I expect he'll be a good camper," he predicts confidently. "And say—" grinning paternally—"Nicky being the ham he is, he ought to be great for campfire shows!"



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Salute to Kay Kyser

(Continued from page 49)

going to another.

"Y'know," Kay drawls, "we always kept a drawerful of ideas ready just in case. Six years went by before we thought we'd better open that drawer. Our agent was on the train for New York to talk over a new format, and what d'you know? While he was heading east, the show's rating picked up four and a half points, and they said to let 'er ride the way she was."

The decade saw Kyser and Company crash the movies, or get dragged into them. Despite offers, Kay couldn't see himself in films. "I can't look romantic, act romantic, or be anything but myself," he protested. "I'm doing all right in radio and theaters, and I'll stick in my own backyard." But Director David Butler convinced him. "That's Right, You're Wrong!" was the first of ten Kyser films. . . .

The decade saw a war begin and end—and Kyser in it pitching. Long before Pearl Harbor, Kay and his band were bringing cheer to training camps where the morale, in those days before the shooting war, was deep down low. They gave 500-odd camp shows, and they're still visiting hospitals. On February 26, 1941, they gave the first full-hour broadcast from a military base, at San Diego. Helping out on that show was a movie starlet, Georgia Carroll.

OAK KNOLL Navy Hospital at Oakland, California, needed a swimming pool. Kyser's band played a four-hour dance program. Total take: \$26,430. Oak Knoll got its pool, plus a hall!

In 1945 the Kyser troupe hitchhiked its aerial way to the Philippines, Okinawa, Iwo Jima and way stations. Biggest thrill: "I guess it was the time we were putting on a show in northern Luzon, just behind the lines, when word came of the Japs' first tentative offer to surrender—and we got to break it to the GIs."

The decade brought romance. Beautiful Georgia, the starlet Kay met at the 1941 San Diego show, soon was singing with the band. Three years later, June 8, 1944, they were married in Las Vegas. Now they have a daughter, Kimberly Ann (Kim for short), who's nearly two, and by now probably has company in her nursery.

The years saw new talent rise—and old comrades still in harness. Ish Kabibble (Merwyn Bogue) still gives with his yokel haircut and dialogue. Harry Babbitt is back with Kay after Navy duty. Sully Mason is off on his own, as is Ginny Simms.

That Pacific tour of Kay's made him want, more than ever, to spread cheer and do good. His current private crusade is for public hospitals and health services.

His tenth anniversary philosophy: "I like show business and I'll keep pitching while I'm in it. But I'm a lucky man. I'm not the richest man in the world and don't want to be. Got enough for my family, and don't need much for me. I'm not racing a soul, not out to get my name in bigger lights. And when time comes to bow out of show business, it won't ruin my life because there's so doggone much work to be done. You take hospitals, now. . . ."

RADIO MIRROR salutes Kay Kyser—and hopes many more decades will pass before he drawls that final "So long, Ever'body!" to his radio listeners.

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Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....
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 Address.....

Bride and Groom

(Continued from page 45)

Groom know, the actual ceremony is held privately in the beautiful wedding-chapel adjoining the broadcast-studios in the Chapman Park Hotel of Los Angeles. Reverend Alden Hill was the minister of their choice that day—a stately, white-haired pastor, who has been for thirty years with the Highland Park Christian Church in a Los Angeles suburb.

In his pre-wedding talk with Ralph and Mildred that morning, Reverend Hill explained why rings and witnesses are traditional parts of marriage. "They are important symbols," he explained. "The ring is made of precious metal—for surely the true marriage is a precious happening between a man and a woman. Too, it is a circle—for a true marriage becomes a thing without end.

"There is a meaning, too, behind the presence of witnesses," he added. "Marriage is a personal agreement between two people, yes; but also it is a compact in which all society has an interest. That is why each wedding must include at least two witnesses—who act as society's representatives at the joining of two people's lives."

WHILE the white-haired minister went to await the couple in the chapel, Ralph and Mildred and I had a friendly discussion about the broadcast which was to start in a matter of minutes. "Most of all, we want it to be a happy and informal sort of thing," I explained. "None of it's rehearsed, but it doesn't have to be—we'll be talking about the easiest subject in the world: things that really happened. There'll be three or four million listening in—but, from experience and from all the letters and comments we've had, they'll be pulling for you just as much as the personal friends who are here in the studio with you!"

As I had anticipated from our first meeting, Mildred and Ralph proved to be outstanding as a Bride and Groom couple. Nervous? Of course—who isn't on their wedding day? But their charm and their very evident sincerity and intelligence were unmistakable during the many minutes they were "on the air." I could judge the approval of the listening audience by the response of the audience present in the studio—everyone sharing laughter at the couple's quick humor, then leaning intently forward in their seats to catch every word as the radiant Mildred described the traditional "something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue." The something old was a 1903 penny, given her by her father as a symbol of her parents' wedding in that year; the something new was a dozen things, including her beautiful gown and flowing veil; something borrowed was a good-luck piece loaned by her matron-of-honor; and the blue was both her gown and the tiny wisp of a handkerchief.

Final proof of how highly they rated as a popular Bride and Groom came when they returned from the chapel as newlywed man and wife, to appear on the closing moments of the program—women in the audience started shedding the tears that go with every "happy forever after" marriage.

When the broadcast ended and they hurried from the studio—almost too excited even to notice the imposing array of gifts they had been presented with: silver service, modern gas stove,

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New "ROYLEDGE"
Pattern on shelves



Trade Mark "Royledge" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

1. Give your kitchen a new color scheme monthly! How? Simply change gay Royledge Shelving design each month—costs less than a penny a day.

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Name
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)
Address
City Zone State

matched luggage, camera, radio-phonograph, beauty kit, picture and record albums of the broadcast and ceremony.

And so we of Bride and Groom sped the newly-wedded Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Moore off on their honeymoon, which they were to spend at a famous resort in Carlsbad, California. We've had many exciting events at the studio, but few have ever topped this as forecasting a Bride and Groom future that would fit into that familiar line from the old fairy tales, that best line of all: "And they lived happily forever after."

Television

IN YOUR HOME



To the winner in Radio Mirror's contest—the reader whose one-dollar contribution to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund is accompanied by the most interesting statement of why the contribution is being made, the editors will award the exciting new television set pictured here. It's RCA Victor's famous new table model—Model 721TS. This receiver provides a large 52-square-inch picture in a handsome cabinet. Its pictures are bright, clear and steady, tuning is simple, and the receiver brings in programs on all television channels. Also incorporated into this set is the Golden Throat tone system, finest in RCA Victor history.

Now take note, please, all readers living in areas in which television broadcasts are not yet available. As an alternate prize Radio Mirror offers a new RCA Victor console radio-phonograph, combining standard broadcast and FM radio, a phonograph with automatic record changer, and a self-contained record storage cabinet.



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Breaking the Bank

(Continued from page 33)

hospital at Trinidad! The Weisses used the money to set up his practice in Chicago, and Dr. Weiss reports that even now, eighteen months later, the prize is still a topic of inquiry and comment among their friends, and many of his patients want to know all about it even before they tell him what's ailing them!

All this being true, it might be a good idea to get all the inside information on this program, because you never know when you might find yourself facing Bert Parks, the gay young Master of Ceremonies of Break the Bank with thousands of crisp greenbacks right out on a table on the stage—yours for the answering!

Break the Bank is broadcast from the ABC Ritz Theater, at 9:00 P.M., EST, on Friday nights; and although the doors do not open until 8:15, the line of ticket holders starts to form about 6:00. In all seasons and all weather there is a large number of people willing to stand and wait two hours or more, the idea being that they can pick out seats where (they think) they will be most likely to be chosen to participate in the program. Bud Collyer, who directs the men with the portable mikes to people seated in the audience, is an expert at spotting "regulars"—that species of radio meanie who makes a habit of quiz programs, attends them all, attracts attention by loud talk or conspicuous clothing, and tries to spoil other people's chances for winning the prizes.

THESE professional quiz-goers are adept at accents and dialects. If Bud asks for someone from Nevada for instance, they raise their hands without hesitation, and instantly develop lazy, Western draws that would do a cowboy proud. Bud has worked on innumerable quiz shows, so he knows most of these "regulars" by sight and the rest by instinct. They never get on Break the Bank. And he doesn't choose from just the down front seats either; his gaze roams all over the orchestra and he is just as likely to pick a couple in the last row or up in the balcony as one who has rushed down the aisle to get seats near the stage.

In direct contrast to the "eager beaver" contestants are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogers, of Long Island, New York. They almost didn't go at all, but finally decided not to waste the tickets! Mr. Rogers is a co-pilot for a large airline and he was terribly tired the night Mrs. Rogers got tickets for Bank; however, he should be a shining example to other husbands that it pays to give in to your wife, because they went and won \$5,790.00! That "giving in" brought them a down payment on a new home and the yellow roadster of their dreams!

About fifteen couples (man and wife, brother and sister, two buddies—a combination that happens to be together) are chosen, and they come up to the stage. Ed Wolfe, producer of the show, talks to each couple briefly, and selects the order in which they will appear on the air according to what they have to say in those short talks. Since only about five pairs of the fifteen get on the air, you can see that many are called but few are chosen—the people who are so near and yet so far get \$5.00 each for coming up on the stage.

This is how a couple is matched with

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Get "SWEATER GIRL" Curves!

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Zonitors are a brilliant scientific contribution to a problem which has long troubled women—intimate feminine cleanliness. They are one of the most satisfactory and effective methods ever used—easier—daintier—more convenient—so powerfully germicidal yet absolutely safe to tissues.

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a category, and tested for something interesting to say when they are introduced: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fowler, who won \$7,440.00 (the largest single amount ever won on the show) are both in their seventies and were both teachers, so that fitted them for the category "Life Begins at 75." (When they were asked why they were in New York, they said it was their anniversary, and when asked how long they'd been married they said "forty-one years and fifteen minutes.")

Their big prize eased the Fowlers of financial strain due to the high cost of living, made possible badly needed repairs on their house, and permitted them to give generously to their favorite church organizations.

The exact wording of their final question was: "A famous author wrote *Over the Teacups* at the age of seventy-nine. His son was a famous Supreme Court Justice. Who was this great writer?" Since the Fowlers had spent a lifetime teaching and studying, they didn't hesitate before answering "Oliver Wendell Holmes." Of the many results their prize-winning has brought about, Mr. Fowler says: "One of the most important incidents is that we received an autograph of Oliver Wendell Holmes, senior; a gift from an elderly lady who lives in the suburbs of Boston. This autograph is dated 1868, and we prize it highly."

THE game of Break the Bank itself is simple and the money adds up very quickly. Each category consists of eight questions, which are worth progressively, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, \$300, \$500, and the last question is worth whatever the "Bank" is worth. That starts at \$1,000, but every time someone misses the Bank, an amount equal to that they have managed to win is added to the Bank. For example, say you had just broken the Bank. The next couple to compete would start with a Bank of \$1,000. However, let's say that couple only answered six questions correctly, and even after the one mistake which is allowed (this is one of the unique features of Break the Bank) they can't get any more. They are given their \$300; and that amount is also added to the Bank. Then the next couple is competing for a Bank of \$1300. That's how the jackpot gets so big so fast.

Another nice thing about the Bank set-up is the fact that the cash is right there on hand and it is counted out and put in an envelope for you on the spot—with the exception of the big Bank winnings; then payment is made by check—but immediately. This is for your own protection, because it wouldn't be too bright an idea to go out into midtown New York like a walking vault.

While we're on the subject, perhaps the most wonderful rule in playing Break the Bank is the one which provides that any pair not finishing their category when it is time for the program to get off the air may come back the following week and finish. Sailors Richard Ebert and Lyle Hanson took advantage of that. The boys had successfully gotten half way through questions on South America when the program came to an end. They spent the intervening week in the public library poring over almanacs and studying maps, so when the next Friday rolled around they were experts, and the final question "What South American capital city is located almost directly on the Equator?" didn't faze them. "Quito, capital city of Ecuador," they said,

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Name _____ Age _____
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quick as bunnies, and walked off with \$3,170. The first thing they did with their winnings was throw a party for buddies from their ship, which was in the Brooklyn Navy Yard at the time.

Bert Parks, the focal point around which the program revolves, has charm of manner and a genuine enthusiasm which keeps the show moving at a swift pace. Bert has been in radio fifteen years, although he is only thirty-two years old. That most unusual record he accomplished by starting on a small station in his native Alabama at 17, then getting on the staff of CBS at 18. That would be almost impossible today, and it probably wasn't exactly easy then. He went on to become one of the top CBS announcers. Then he took up singing and was featured with both Xaviar Cugat and Benny Goodman. When the war came along he enlisted and became Captain Parks, of the United States Army.

It was while he was overseas that the Great Give-Away Craze really caught on in America, and he remembers being amazed when he returned to find what fabulous gifts and prizes radio programs were giving away. Break the Bank was a summer replacement at the time, and using a guest M.C. each week. His friend Bud Collyer got him a chance to appear as M.C. one week, and he did such a good job that when the show went on a regular schedule Bert became its permanent Master of Ceremonies.

BERT has been married for five years, and he and his wife live in Manhattan with their twin sons—who are 19 months old. He admits that twins are quite a handful, but he is so darn proud of them that he manages to mention them on almost every Bank session.

When you ask Bert to tell you about the contestant who stands out most vividly in his mind, he recounts the story of the beautiful blonde with the soft Southern accent, who somehow got through the pre-airtime questioning. It wasn't until she was actually at the microphone that it became apparent to one and all that the young lady was more than slightly intoxicated. Bert, after the first second of panic, decided to play it for laughs, so when he gave her the question "Who was the queen of torch singers who sang about 'My Bill'?" and she had answered playfully, but correctly, "Helen Morgan," he laughingly asked if she could sing the song—expecting the timid few bars that most contestants give out with. No sooner had he asked the question, however, than the fair participant took a step backward and let forth a rousing rendition of the song from beginning to end—not permitting anyone to interrupt her. The studio audience loved it, but Bert's nerves took several days to recover.

Bert's pet peeve is the contestant who is led up to the microphone and introduced to him and then proceeds at length to tell how he comes from Bert's home town in Alabama. It isn't that Bert doesn't love the home folks—it's simply that it might make the audience think Bert knows the people or that they will be given special consideration. There is no such thing as special consideration on Break the Bank in either the selection or questioning of contestants. The integrity of the show and the absolutely fair and impartial manner in which it is run are always uppermost in the mind of everyone who has anything to do with it. Because such large sums of money are involved they have a great responsibility to both

GOODBYE HEADACHE



Alka-Seltzer brings Relief No matter where you roam. It pays to keep an EXTRA At work and in the home.

There's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer! Millions have discovered bubbling, effervescent Alka-Seltzer brings wonderfully fast and dependable relief from the pains of a headache.

Upset Stomach



You can depend on Alka-Seltzer for quick relief for stomach upsets and acid indigestion! Next time try Alka-Seltzer yourself—and discover why it's so popular!

Aches and Pains

Alka-Seltzer's analgesic brings fast, effective relief from muscular aches, neuralgia and similar pains. Alka-Seltzer is popular with millions because it's dependably effective.



Discomfort of Colds



Alka-Seltzer's unique formula brings quick relief from the "ache-all-over" feverish feeling and other discomforts of a cold. Makes an effective gargle, too.

BUY 2 PACKAGES INSTEAD OF 1

It's wise to buy an extra package, so you'll have it when you need it. 30c and 60c—all drugstores, U. S. and Canada.

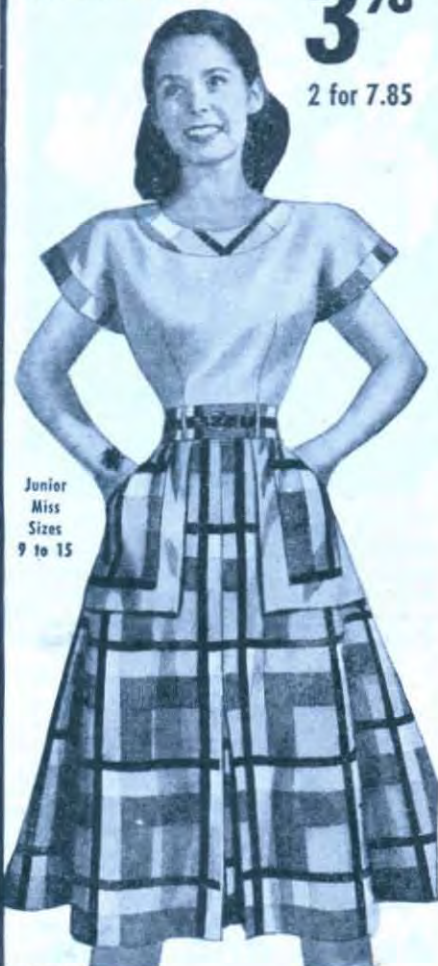
Alka-Seltzer

\$10...? NO!
\$7...? NEAR!
\$5...? WARMER!

YOU'RE RIGHT! It's the most beautiful dress in the world for the money.

3⁹⁸

2 for 7.85



Junior Miss Sizes 9 to 15

LOOK... at the gorgeous plaid... the 2 big pockets... the simulated patent leather belt with double buckle... the full, longer skirt!

SEE... the smart spring color combinations in beautiful "Beautitex"... washable cotton.

ORDER your beautiful "Beauty Belle" now. Gray top with gray plaid, Blue top with Blue plaid, Pink top with Brown plaid. Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15.

SEND NO MONEY—WE MAIL IMMEDIATELY
 Full satisfaction or money back
 Write for FREE Style Folder

Even if you've never ordered by mail before, this is one time you should.

florida fashions, inc.

FLORIDA FASHIONS • SANFORD 591 FLORIDA
 Please send "Beauty Belles" at \$3.98 each (2 for \$7.85) plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not fully satisfied, I may return purchase within 10 days for refund. (You save C.O.D. fee by enclosing purchase price, plus 20c postage. Same refund privilege.)

Circle Size: 9 11 13 15

Circle Colors: Gray Blue Pink and Brown

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

the public and the sponsor to see that the program is conducted in a way entirely beyond reproach.

Just how well they have succeeded is shown by what the Reverend Markley found in his mail. Reverend and Mrs. Harry Markley, of Rapid City, Michigan, won \$2,300 by answering the question that appears at the beginning of this story. "What President of the United States was born in South Carolina?" The answer is Andrew Jackson. The Markleys are both in their seventies and they were visiting their daughter, a commercial artist, in New York. She got them the tickets, and when Bud Collyer asked from the platform for a couple who had been married more than 35 years, they were it—having been happily wed for 46 years.

Of his winnings, the retired Reverend Markley reports: "I paid a tenth to God's work—the Foreign and National Missions Board and the Presbyterian Church and to the Restoration Fund for worldwide restoration following the war. The rest we laid aside against inflation and for a few comforts we could never have otherwise had. We received letters from all over America (three quarters of them from people we did not know) and none of them asking for money. Just heartily congratulating us, and wishing us luck. That speaks volumes for the American people." It speaks rather well for the scruples that back up the program too.

THE inevitable result of giving so much for nothing—or virtually nothing—is that Bert and everyone else connected with the show are constantly hounded by people with a touch of larceny in their souls, who want to see if it can't be "fixed" to get someone on the show. These unattractive people range from top advertising executives, who should know better, through to those people who offer to split their winnings if they get on, down to people who buttonhole Bert, Bud Collyer, or Ed Wolfe with pathetic hard-luck stories—either their own or a friend's—the point being that getting these poor unfortunates on the program would mean a new start in life with the money won. Whether these stories are true or false is unimportant; the fact remains that Break the Bank people simply cannot make even one exception to the hard and fast rule under any circumstances.

There is one way and only one way of getting on Break the Bank, and that is by writing for tickets, attending the program, being picked at random from the audience and then managing to be one of the lucky couples to get on the air.

The sponsors want everyone to be picked and to compete on an equal footing. For example, Captain and Mrs. Randall Nelson got on in this way, and chose "Our Government" as their category. They went on and broke the Bank—winning \$3,670.00. It wasn't until then that Bert announced that Captain Randall was blind. The audience cheered him to the rafters. Incidentally, the Randalls split the prize with a Lt. Jervis, also blinded in the war, and his wife, who attended the program with them. The Randalls are both attending the University of Michigan, and saving their half of the prize money for a home when they complete their education.

Innumerable times, believe it or not, Bert is asked for the questions beforehand along with an offer to split the "take." These people are classified

WHY BE UNHAPPY BECAUSE OF GRAY HAIR

USE "SUN-RAY" AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Restore your gray hair back to its own former beautiful color with "Sun-Ray" Hair Color. Rub in like hair tonic. Quick results. No streaks, no stain, nobody can tell. Used by men and women. Money-back guarantee. Only \$1.25 for large 6-ounce bottle. Send check or money order to save C.O.D. charges. Holdstrong Chemical Co., Dept. M, 2400 Patten St., Bronx 61, N. Y.

ORDER BY MAIL NOW!

Asthmador SAVES THE DAY!

ASTHMA ATTACKS without warning—be prepared with *Asthmador* Cigarettes, Powder or Pipe Mix—for relief from the painful, suffocating paroxysms. Breathe *Asthmador's* aromatic, medicated fumes and you'll find this time-tested inhalant tops for convenience and dependability.

At all drug stores

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S
ASTHMADOR

Never-TEL

Perfumed DEODORANT

Dancing, walking, working, playing... There's no better way to freshen yourself underarm (delicately than NEVER-TEL.)

140 North Dearborn Street Chicago, Illinois

OLD LEG TROUBLE

Easy to use Viscose Home Method. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial if it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

R.G. VISCOSI COMPANY
 140 North Dearborn Street Chicago, Illinois

SPARE HOURS BRING \$\$\$

Make Money Fast

Sell EVERYDAY CARDS

Easy earnings showing smart Everyday Greeting Cards to friends, others. Fast-selling 14-card assortments of Birthday, Get-Well, and other cards pay you up to 50c profit. 11 other assortments, retail 60c up. Stationery, Gift Wrapping. Send for a Sample Box on Approval. ACT NOW!

PHILLIPS CARD COMPANY
 941 HUNT STREET, NEWTON, MASS.

SUIT YOURS AS A BONUS

And Big Money in Spare Time, Too

We want you to wear this fine made-to-measure suit! Make it yours by sending a few orders, and earn BIG CASH PROFITS in spare time. Your suit will help you get more orders with scores of the quality fabric, tailored-to-measure to newest styles. Also Ladies' Tailored Suits—complete line. Write today for FREE SAMPLES. No experience, no money needed. For quick action, tell us about yourself. **J. C. FIELD & SON, Inc.** Harrison and Throop Sts., Dept. C-1835, Chicago 7, Ill.

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS

When dazzling Zircons from the mines of the far-away mystic East are so effective and inexpensive! Thrilling beauty, stand acid, fire tests, flashing brilliance! Exquisite gold mountings. See before you buy. Write for FREE catalog.

National Zircon Company
 Dept. 1-R
 Wheeling, W. Va.

Catalog FREE!

Tiny RADIO!

Fits in Your Hand!

REALLY WORKS TOO! Unbreakable RED Plastic Cabinet. NO TUBES. BATTERIES OR ELECTRIC PLUGS! Works on new Patented "Perma-crystal" and Roto Tuner! EASY TO USE! SHORTEST LAST FOR YEARS! GUARANTEED TO WORK!

ANYWHERE FOR YOU on local radio program! Only \$3.99 Postpaid or send only \$1.00 bill, money order or check, plus postage on delivery. COMPLETE READY TO PLAY—MARVELOUS GIFT—BARGAIN PRICED! GET YOUR TINY RADIO NOW!

PAKETTE PRODUCTS CO., INC. Dept. TMW-3 - KEARNY, NEBRASKA

OH! my aching leg!
AH! how the muscle pain eases with ABSORBINE JR.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. **Cautions:** Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1104, Detroit 4, Mich.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Get Well QUICKER
 From Your Cough Due to a Cold

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

GLOWING CROSS GIVEN AWAY

Just Send Your Name and Address We will mail you this beautiful GLOWING CROSS. Also FREE CATALOG showing many VALUABLE GIFTS that are GIVEN with FULL INFORMATION on HOW TO RECEIVE THEM. Enclose stamp or coin for mailing GLOWING CROSS. **THE RELIGIOUS HOUSE, Dept. MAC, 7002 N. Clark St. Chicago 26, Ill.**

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW and SENSATIONAL in EVERYDAY CARDS

Gorgeous Satin and Velour Designs Show rich Satin and Velour Cards. Get easy orders FAST! Astonishing value—15 for \$1. Up to 100% profit. Limited Stationery. 14 other assortments retail 60c to \$1. SAMPLES on approval. Write today. **PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 815-C, St. Louis 3, Mo.** **Make Money Easily**

CALLING FOR PRACTICAL NURSES!

EASY TO LEARN AT HOME

Help fill the need for Trained Practical Nurses in your community or travel. Wayne Training Plan, welcomed by doctors, prepares you for experience—at home in spare time. Many earn while learning. **NO HIGH SCHOOL NEEDED.** Ages 18 to 55 accepted. Nurses Outfit included. Easy payments. Information & sample of lessons Free. Write today. **Wayne School of Practical Nursing, Inc., 2301 N. Wayne Av., Desk G26, Chicago 14, Ill.** **Excellent Earning Opportunity for Full or Spare Time**

LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. Begin a profitable business in spare time. Low cost, easy terms. **LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY, 225 North Wabash Avenue, Dept. 193, Chicago 1, Ill.** Please send me your FREE catalog describing your training course in professional millinery. **Print Name Address**

somehow below those who just ask to be assured of getting on the program. Bert brushes them off as fast as possible and tries not to lose his temper. If the truth be known, Bert couldn't help such schemers much anyway. Because he doesn't see the questions until the program is on the air.

The only man who does know the questions is Joseph Nathan Kane, and Joe Kane is as likely to give anyone even a hint of the questions as President Truman is to give someone a key to Fort Knox. How does Mr. Kane come to be the keeper of radio's most expensive secrets? Well, Mr. Kane writes the questions. He has a remarkable storehouse of knowledge, is the author of a book called *Famous First Facts*, and he has spent twenty years investigating facts and visiting almost every library in the United States in search of odd bits of intelligence.

HE EVEN goes up to people on the street and shoots queries at them to test whether a question is too easy or too hard. Once he has compiled his questions, he groups them into categories, giving each category a name that hints at the nature of the questions—like "Men in the White House," "Will Shakespeare," "Bugology," etc. He carefully types each question with its answer on a separate little card himself—no leaving this job to a secretary—then seals each group of cards in a separate envelope. On the front of each envelope he puts the name he has invented for the category therein. He takes them personally to the Ritz Theater on Friday night, and the envelopes remain unopened until air time.

The "boss man" behind all this careful planning and executing is the producer, Ed Wolfe, a calm, radio-wise individual, who believes his program is one of the most entertaining on the air and spares no effort to keep it that way. He likes to tell an interesting sidelight about how Break the Bank started. It seems a young man came to him one day with what he (the young man) thought was a terrific idea for a radio show. He called it Break the Bank, and it was a very ordinary quiz program, at the end of which some lucky contestant had the honor of smashing a piggy bank with a hammer and claiming the bounty within. Well, Mr. Wolfe didn't think much of the program idea but he loved the name; so he and his associates worked out the present format around the name. In too many radio stories like this the original young man is given \$500 for his title and sent on his way—made to feel very lucky. But in this case the fellow appears on Mr. Wolfe's budget and receives \$250 every single week simply for the use of the title Break the Bank.

It looks as though you can't lose when you get on the Break the Bank band wagon. It's no wonder that everyone connected with Break the Bank—Ed Wolfe, Bert Parks, Bud Collyer, Peter Van Steeden, Joe Kane, and the others—and even the advertising agency and the sponsor—are so proud of the program. It's fun to make people happy.

Don't Forget Radio Mirror Awards Winners
 in April Radio Mirror Magazine
 on sale Wednesday, March 10

"When Acid Indigestion sets me all a-twitter, Tums set me right"



Says **BILLIE BURKE** Beloved Hollywood Actress

"Fluttery stomach and a smooth performance just don't go together. So when I suffer acid indigestion, I reach for Tums. Their relief is sweet—and fast!"

When acid indigestion hits you, get almost instant relief with Tums. And when it won't let you sleep, don't count sheep—count on Tums for a refreshing night's rest. There's nothing surer, nothing faster! Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums sweeten sour stomach. Relieve that bloated feeling, gas and heartburn jiffy-quick. Tums contain no soda—no raw, harsh alkali—so Tums won't overalkalize and irritate your delicate stomach. Tums are handy, too—no mixing, no water needed. Never overalkalize, always neutralize excess acidity with Tums. Get Tums today—genuine Tums for the tummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!

10c Handy Roll

STOMACH DISTRESS TUMS 10c
 FAT LIKE CANDY

3-roll package, a quarter—everywhere

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR (Nature's Remedy). Get a 25c box today.

Amazing New Plan!
DRESS for YOU
FOR ORDERING 3!



THRILLING NEW PLAN!
Your choice of Gorgeous New Dress or Suit—in your favorite style, size and color, given to you for sending orders for only **THREE DRESSES** for your neighbors, friends, or members of your family. **THAT'S ALL!** Not one cent to pay. Everything supplied without cost.

Experience Unnecessary SAMPLES FREE!
Famous Harford Frocks will send you big, new Style Line showing scores of latest fashions, with actual fabrics, in dresses—cottons, woolens, rayons—at sensationally low money-saving prices. Also suits, sportswear, lineries, hosiery, children's wear. Show styles, fabrics to neighbors, friends, family—send in only 3 orders and your own dress is included without paying one cent.

EARN CASH, TOO!
Up to \$22 in a Week in Spare Time!
Yes, you can earn big cash income—up to \$22.00 in a week besides getting complete wardrobe for yourself... **EASY!** Mail coupon for complete **STYLE LINE** today!
HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. J-9001
CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE OUTFIT

HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. J-9001
CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

Please rush me the new Harford Frocks Style Line and full details of your offer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

don't let hard water
be hard on your skin

Bathasweet

softens and
perfumes
the bath

BEST PROOF that Bathasweet ends hard-water hazards to skin is that no hard-water ring is left on tub. Bathasweet makes water soft as rain. Soap billows into lather. Your skin is cleansed *immaculately*. How beautifying that is! And oh what a delight to loll in this fragrant, restful bath! No wonder thousands of women insist on Bathasweet Water Softener. Also other bath needs. At all drug and dept. stores.

FREE a gift package of Bathasweet, in 2 fragrances (in U. S. only). Paste this coupon on postal and send to Bathasweet, Dept. N-3, 113 W. 18th St., New York 11.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

The Bickersons
Discover It's a
Dog's Life

(Continued from page 37)

Pretty Mrs. Bickerson propped her chin in her hand and stared reflectively, moodily, at her yawning husband. "That's right, dear, you did remember my birthday. Though when I hinted I wanted something warm and soft and furry, I was thinking of a mink coat—not of a dog. Just the same, it's a sweet puppy and it was sweet of you to think of it. Are you sure you love me as much as you ever did, John?"

"That's not fair. At four o'clock in the morning I'm going to say something that will get me into trouble. I need a lawyer—I need advice of counsel—I stand on my rights—"

"Then why did you marry me?"
"You're wondering, too?"
"John!"
"I didn't mean it. I meant I was wondering how you came to marry me—I mean, what did you ever see in me? When you met me I was nobody—just a good-looking guy with a steady job and money in the bank. Oh, darn that pup! What do you suppose he wants?" He threw back the covers and got himself, groggily, out of bed. "I suppose I'll have to go down and scold him."

"**D**ON'T you dare scold him. A puppy as little as that doesn't know any better. He's lonely and he's frightened and you just leave him down there in his basket while you're warm and snug and fast asleep in your bed."

"While I'm warm and fast asleep in my bed! What a sense of humour." He padded to the closet for his dressing-robe and then down the stairs.

Blanche could hear him talking. "Well, old fella—what's the matter? Oh, so you climbed out of your basket, did you? You're not supposed to do that. You'll get in trouble. Oh... oh!"

"John, don't you dare scold that poor, innocent little thing."

"Okay—" his voice came heartily up the stairs. "But I hope you didn't care about your curtains."

"Why?"
"Because your poor, innocent little thing has just chewed the bottoms of them to rags."

"Oh, no." Blanche held on tight to her curly head. "And I wanted a mink coat!"

But at least the whimpering had stopped. John tiptoed back up the stairs.

"See?" he whispered. "It just takes psychology, that's all. A firm hand. You have to let a puppy know right away who is master in the house. Let him know you mean what you say. Give him a few simple rules—"

"John."
"—teach him to obey, right from the start, and he'll—"

"John!"
"—he'll be obedient and happy. Show him who's boss—"

"John!"
"—What's the matter?"

"The puppy's crying again, boss."

"Oh." Warily John climbed out of bed again. "I knew I shouldn't have bought a female pup. If that isn't just like a woman."

"There you go—abusing the puppy just because it's a female. Now I know what you think of women. You're the big boss and I'm just a servant. You'll

WHEN KIDNEYS
Work Too Often

Are you embarrassed and inconvenienced by too frequent elimination during the day or night? This symptom—as well as Smarting Passages, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains and Swollen Ankles may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. In such cases the very first dose of the scientifically compounded medicine called **Cystex** usually goes to work right now helping you these 3 ways: 1. Helps nature remove irritating excess acids, poisonous wastes and certain germs. 2. This cleansing action helps nature alleviate many pains, aches, soreness and stiffness. 3. Helps reduce frequent night and day calls, thus promoting better sleep.

Get **Cystex** from your druggist today. Give it a fair trial as directed on package. Money back guaranteed unless **Cystex** satisfies you.

STOP Scratching
Relieve Itch in a Jiffy



Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles, are praising cooling, liquid **D.D.D. Prescription**. This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D.D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Graceless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription**.

10¢ LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Send postcard for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address: **HALDEMAN JULIUS CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk M-2447, GIRARD, KANSAS**

MAKE THIS SUIT YOURS NEW PLAN

Earn CASH Showing to Friends!
Write at once if you want this fine made-to-measure suit! You can get it by taking a few orders from friends, and earn up to \$10.00, \$12.00 in a day. Your bonus suit helps you take more orders with latest style, made-to-measure guaranteed suits at amazingly low prices. Also complete line of Tailored Suits. No experience, no money needed. Write today for **FREE SAMPLES**—telling about yourself—age, etc. No obligation—act now!
PIONEER TAILORING COMPANY
Congress and Throop Streets, Dept. C1235, Chicago, Ill.

YOU EARN STEADY INCOME ALL YEAR

Good business proposition by well established firm. You can make good money showing new and wanted line of goods—used by every home every day in the year. Start earning at once—Send for ***FREE SAMPLES***
FANMOUR CO., 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

IMITATION DIAMOND RINGS

\$1.95 each or **\$2.95** both for
Beautiful Solitaire and Wedding ring set with lovely imitation diamonds in 1/30 14kt yellow Gold Plate or Sterling Silver. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay Postman on delivery plus 20% Federal Tax and postage charges on Money-Back Guarantee.
CLARK RING CO., Dept. 794
Box 5151 Chicago 80, Ill.

Amazing! \$25 Is Yours!

For selling only 50 boxes greeting cards. Sells for \$1—your profit to 50¢. Costs nothing to try. Write for samples on approval.
MERIT, 70 William Street,
Dept. F. Newark 2, N. J.

CONFIDENTIAL LOAN SERVICE

Borrow \$50 to \$300.00

Need money? No matter where you live you can borrow **BY MAIL** \$50.00 to \$300.00 this easy quick confidential way.

IT IS EASY TO BORROW BY MAIL! Completely confidential and private **CONVENIENT MONTHLY PAYMENTS**

NO ENDORSERS NEEDED
EMPLOYED MEN and women of good character can solve their money problems quickly and in privacy with loans **MADE BY MAIL.** No endorsers or co-signers. We do not contact employers, friends or relatives. Convenient monthly payments. Send us your name and address and we will mail application blank and complete details **FREE** in plain envelope. There is no obligation.

STATE FINANCE COMPANY
216 Savings & Loan Bldg., Dept. B-119, Des Moines 8, Iowa

**JIT-JIT
JITTERY
NERVES**

**TRY
MILES**

When your nerves occasionally get Jit-Jit-Jittery try Miles NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nerve or Effervescent Tablets.

NERVINE

INGROWN NAIL

Hurting You?

Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allowing the nail to be cut and thus preventing further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. MWG, N. T. 15, N. Y.

SELL FAMOUS SUNSHINE 21 EVERYDAY CARDS \$1. WITH FLORAL LINED ENVELOPES \$1.

Earn big money. Sensational Value. Sells on sight. Costs 50c. Sells \$1. Worth \$3. Other 1948 creations: Sunshine Notes, Birthday Get-Well, Gift Wraps, Monogrammed Floral Stationery 50 for \$1. Write for samples on approval today.

THE SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS
115 Fulton St. Dept. MA-3 New York 8, N. Y.



Baby Problems Answered
by *Dr. Dafoe*

Now—a book on baby care by Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D., the world's most famous baby doctor. A book written in simple, everyday language—a book that solves the problems you are faced with every day. Dr. Dafoe tells you how to get the fussy child to eat . . . gives simple tricks for training in toilet habits. Then Dr. Dafoe gives you valuable suggestions for preventing diphtheria, infantile paralysis, smallpox, scarlet fever, tuberculosis and other common ailments. He also discusses the nervous child, the shy child as well as jealousy in children. Dr. Dafoe tells you what your child should be able to do each year—how he should act, talk, walk, play etc. Send for your copy of *How To Raise Your Baby* at once. Only 50c a copy—we pay the postage.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC. Dept. RM-348
205 East 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.

Watch the Smoke Curl →

Kentucky Tavern BARBECUE ASH TRAY

ALSO AN INCENSE BURNER! It's different! It's beautiful! It's useful. . . attractive for home and office. Handcolored to look like the real firestones. Smoke curls out the chimney. Holds generous supply of cigarettes and matches. Has metal fireplace grill cover which lifts out to remove ashes. Ideal gift. \$1.98—includes a package of incense.

Rush this COUPON

SEND NO MONEY! ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
Dept. 1481D, 1227 LOYOLA AVENUE, CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS
() Rush Barbecue Ash Tray C.O.D. for \$1.98 on money back guarantee.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

teach me to be obedient . . . do tricks, I suppose. It's worse than a sweatshop around here, with you cracking your whip. I can just see myself, bending over my sewing machine, my poor, tired, worn-out fingers trembling because I can't sew your shirts any faster—"

"Blanche, for heaven's sake! You've got the wildest imagination. I'd never—stop crying, Blanche!"

"John." It was a wail.

"Yes, darling."

"J-John, why don't you oil the machine for me?"

"I give up!"

He plunged down the stairs again, muttering to himself. "Women. They don't make sense. No logic. All emotion—imagination . . . sweatshops! . . . sewing machines—oh, there you are, doggie. Come on, get back in your basket. Get under the cover. Don't you know when you're well off? Here am I, dying to get under a warm blanket and go to sleep and all you want to do is crawl out from under yours and get cold and cry."

"Maybe some warm milk would help." His wife's voice floated down from above.

"Yeah, maybe some warm milk would help. And maybe next time it will be your turn to come down here and take care of your dog. After all, he is your birthday present, not mine." Still grumbling, John made his way into the kitchen. "Let's see—" switching on the light—"where would I find the milk?"

"NOT in there—" sweetly came his wife's voice, above. "That's the breadbox, dear."

". . . ears in the back of her head," he muttered to himself.

"And not in there, either. You're in the cupboard where I keep the mustard and the pickles. And that's the shelf where the potato chips are—John Bickerson! Are you going to make yourself a sandwich at this hour of the night?"

"Aw, honey—I just found a little slice of ham while I was waiting for the milk to heat and—"

"Then make one for me, too!"

The warm milk seemed to do the trick for the puppy, and the feast of sandwiches the Bickersons shared on a tray propped up on Blanche's knees put them both in the mood for sleep, too. Peace descended once more.

Quietly John crept into his bed and under the still-warm covers; quietly he settled himself for sleep. He listened for the sounds of his wife's even breathing that meant she had succumbed first—tentatively he essayed a tiny little snore (one that just rattled the windows, slightly)—then blissfully he let himself drift away into the deep regions of Sleep, where only those of complacent conscience may go—when—suddenly—

Trilllll!

"John!" Blanche moaned at him. "What did you put in his milk? Why does he make sounds like that?"

"It isn't the puppy. It's the telephone!" He fumbled in the dark and finally found the receiver. "Hello—hello—hello—"

"Don't keep saying that. Talk to them."

John Bickerson replaced the receiver in a quiet mood of desperation. He looked like a man pushed to the brink of something dangerous. With an effort, he kept his voice down. He was breathing hard. "How can I talk to them when nobody says anything but

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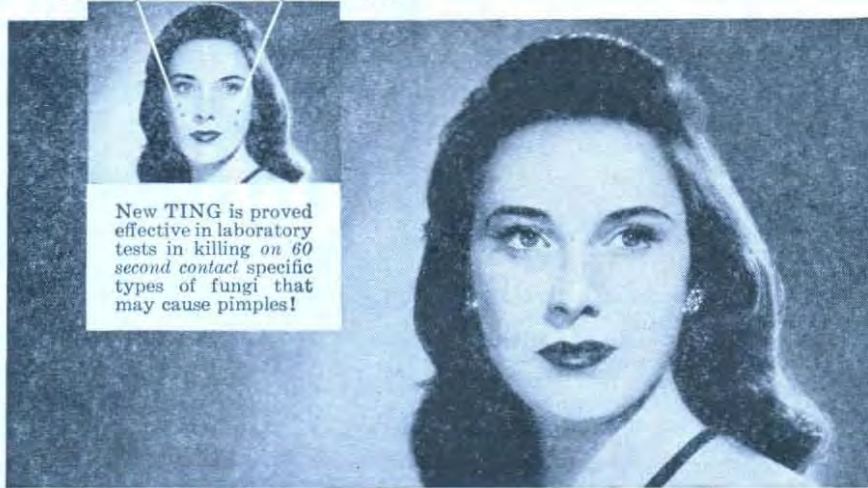
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'wrong number'? Can you beat that? Waking me out of the first sound sleep I've known in years—just after we get the puppy quiet—"

"Sssh."

But it was no use. From below the dark well of the staircase came sharp protests in the form of yips and barks and whines that rose in volume as the puppy again realized he was awake and alone.

For a while the Bickersons just lay there and waited, hoping he'd stop. But the yips grew more demanding, and finally John could no longer close his ears to their insistence.

"It's your turn, Blanche."

"I can't move. I'm too tired. If I ever close my eyes I'll never open them again."

"You say it but you won't do it."

"John!"

"Oh, what am I saying . . . I'm sorry, Blanche. I'm not responsible. I'm just a tired, worn-out man, driven to an early grave because of lack of sleep, old before my time—"

"You're not too old to notice Gloria Gooseby's blue eyes."

"I never notice her eyes! I mean—oh, well—" hastily he changed the subject. "What about the dog? What'll we do now?"

SHE stifled a yawn. "I've heard somewhere, that if you put a ticking clock in the basket with a new puppy they'll go right to sleep. It gives them a sense of having company, of not being alone. It comforts them. Why don't you try it?"

"I'll try anything." Doggedly, the martyred husband climbed out of bed, seized the alarm clock and trudged downstairs.

He came back, triumphant. "I think it's going to work! That was a wonderful idea, dear. The puppy snuggled right up to it and went to sleep. That was a brilliant thought, Blanche."

Complacently she nodded. "You should listen to me more often, then."

"How can I help listening to you?"

But his retort was good-natured. He was at peace again. Calm had come again to the downstairs region—silence reigned—he slid one foot, appreciatively, under the bed-covers and started to climb in—

Brrrrrrr!

Husband and wife stared at each other, wildly.

"The alarm! It went off! It woke him—her—up again!" John was a man goaded beyond description. He was losing his mind. "Blanche—did you set the alarm for five o'clock in the morning?"

"That's right, I did." She tapped her cheek with her forefinger, reflectively. "I forgot all about it. It's always just about five o'clock that you wake me up snoring and it's so terrible to be waked up by those awful noises you make so I decided that this morning I'd set the alarm and let that wake me up so I could wake you up. Do you follow me?"

He sat down heavily on the bed, and then got up, pulling himself upright with an effort.

"John—what are you going to do?"

"Never mind. I know what I'm doing."

Without a word he marched down the stairs again, and, wordlessly still, he marched back up. But this time he had a squirming bundle under his arm. Blanche watched him, apprehensively.

"What are you going to do with my dog?"

With elaborate patience John ex-

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plained. "Since I am doomed not to sleep this night—and since the pup is determined not to sleep either—we might just as well share our pain-racked couch, together. I—will—not—go—down—those—stairs—again! I can be pushed just so far, and no farther!" He set the basket down between the beds.

"Oh, the sweet little lamb! You know I just love your big brown eyes and your brown hair and—"

"Why, Blanche!"—sheepishly— "I didn't know you cared."

"I'm talking about the dog, silly. Look—she likes me. She likes to have me talk to her. She likes the sound of my voice."

"She's crazy," he muttered.

"No, John—really—watch her. She's going right to sleep—going beddy-bye—the sweet little precious—"

"Ye Gods. Beddy-bye!"

It was true, though. The puppy whimpered softly once or twice, licked Blanche's outstretched hand, curled up into a furry ball, closed her eyes and went soundly to sleep. But—

"Blanche, do you hear that? That dog is snoring! Now how am I supposed to go to sleep, listening to that horrible racket?"

"Do you call that snoring?" indicating the gurgling wheezes and snuffles that came from the basket. "After what I've put up from you for seven long years, that is a lullaby. Besides, I know that when I call up and they say you're 'in conference' that you're fast asleep in your office, and you take a nap every day you come home before dinner and one after dinner and anyway I'm so sleepy—so sleepy—goodnight, John—"

And she, too, curled up and went to sleep.

But poor John Bickerson. He had met his match.

"Oh, no, not that!" he groaned as the puppy triumphantly chased an imaginary cat through his dreams. "Stop it!" he moaned, clutching his hair, as imaginary delectable bones were crunched between the puppy's teeth. "Grrrr yourself!" he growled, hiding his head in the pillows in a fruitless effort to escape the puppy's slumbering battle growls. "Why did I ever bring man's best friend into this house? Didn't I have enough troubles? She wanted a mink coat—why didn't I get her one—why didn't I mortgage the house—why didn't I go into bankruptcy—why didn't I rob a store? Anything for peace and quiet! Oooh—I'm only flesh and blood. I can't stand this. Blanche—Blanche—wake up!"

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