

RADIO AND TELEVISION **MIRROR**

AUGUST • 25¢



Rosemary

Bill Roberts



Patti Dawson



Mother Dawson

★ **STORY BONUS: PEPPER YOUNG**

**Louella Parsons — Blondie
Bob Trout — Kate Smith**

★ **COME AND VISIT ROY ROGERS**

"it's Tawny... glowing... glamorous!"

...a Midsummer Dream of a Shade"

Woodbury Tropic Tan

Could be your skin was warmed by the sun to a breathtaking bronze... or could be Woodbury *Tropic Tan* you're wearing! No telling with this summer glamour shade—it's that *natural-looking!*... that perfectly toned to your skin!

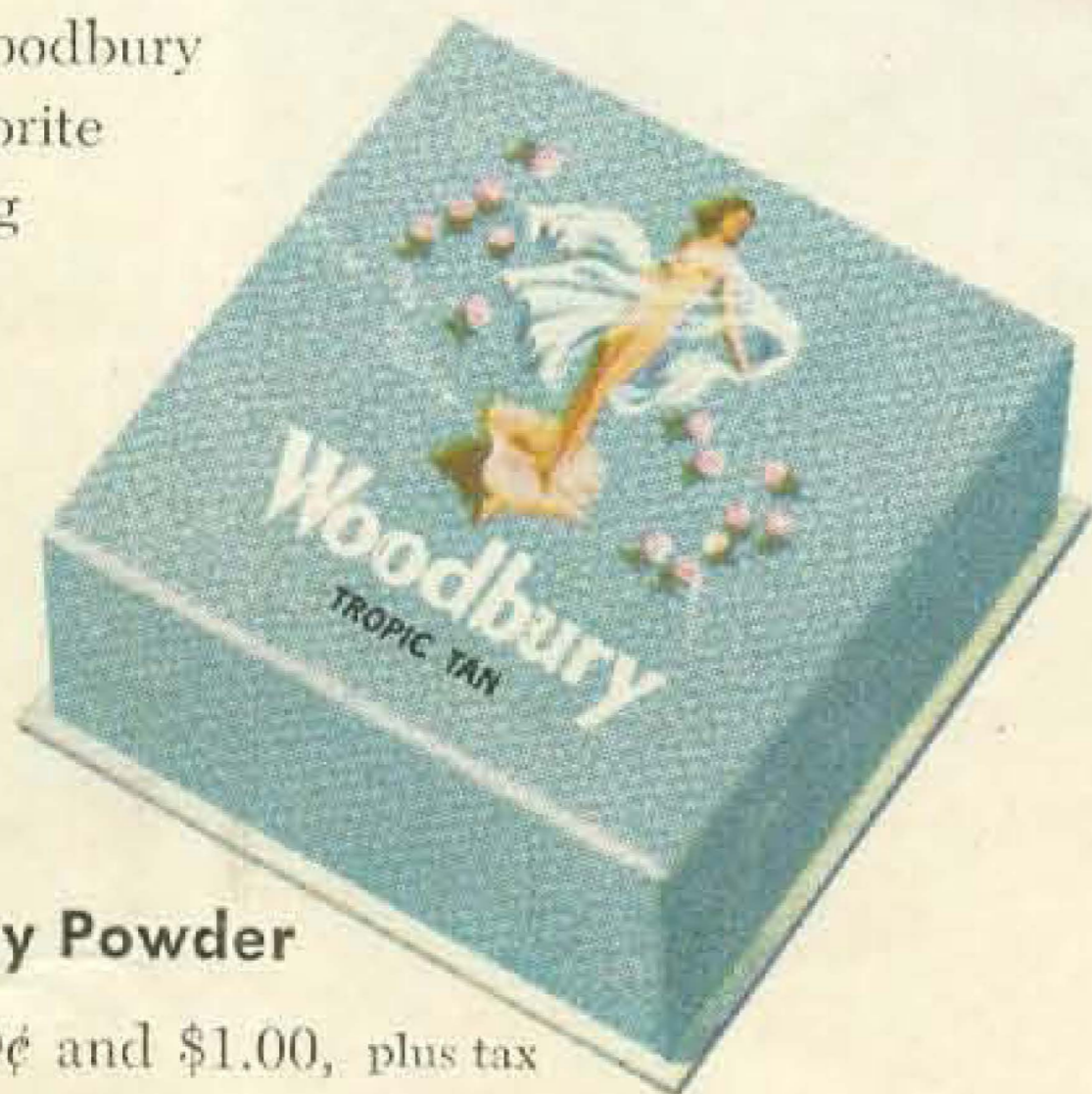
Like Satin on your Skin...

Smooth as tawny Satin!... the smoothest look your skin has ever known, with New Woodbury Powder! Only Woodbury contains the new secret ingredient that does it... gives a Satin-Smooth look that's priceless. Now see for yourself why women from Coast to Coast voted New Woodbury the 4-to-1 favorite over all leading face powders!

New

Woodbury Powder

15¢, 30¢ and \$1.00, plus tax

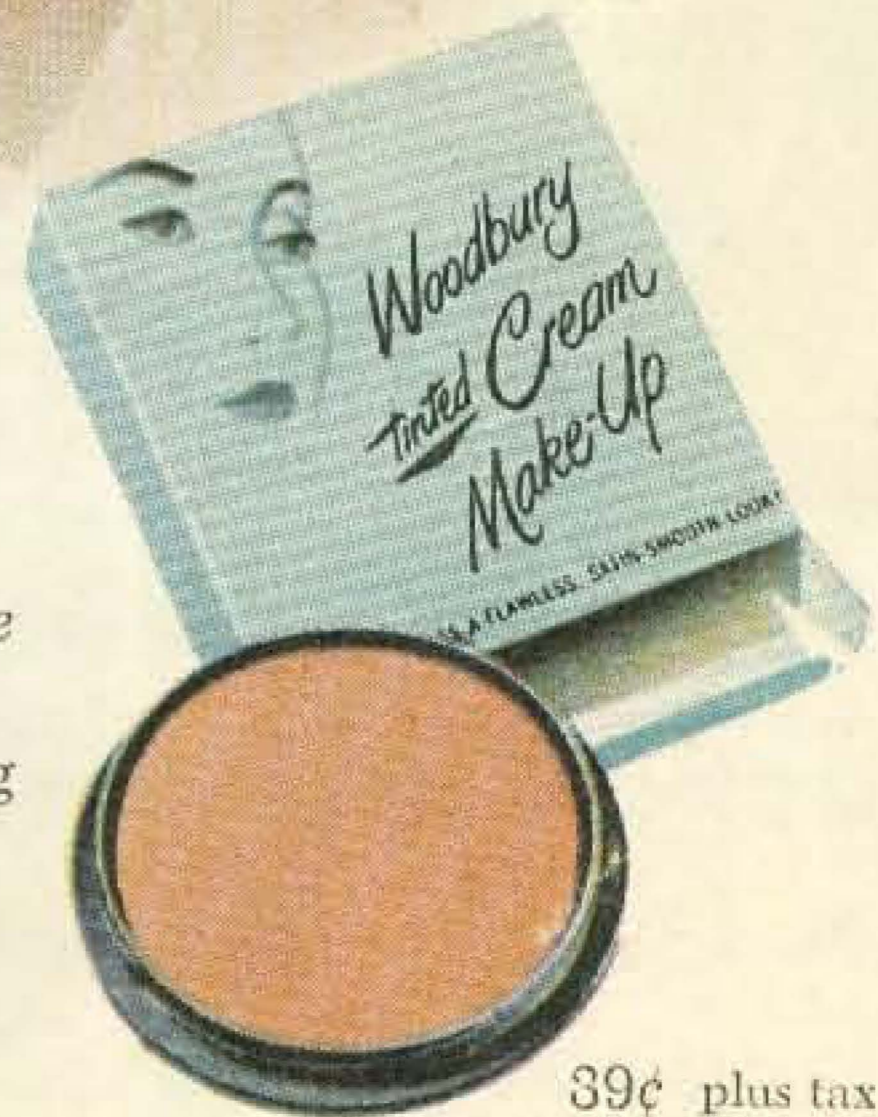


Linda Darnell

starring in "SLATTERY'S HURRICANE"
a 20th Century-Fox Production.

NEW! Tropic Tan in Woodbury Tinted Cream Make-up!

Now — a *new* kind of make-up that veils tiny lines, blemishes, gives a "perfect" complexion! Not drying, not greasy! *Your complete make-up.* Woodbury Tinted Cream Make-up gives the new, fresh-glowing *young* look! Or wear with Woodbury Powder in matching shades. The two together — fabulously beautiful! *Tropic Tan, Brunette, Natural.*



39¢ plus tax



That "Left-Out Feeling"
can crush a flower-girl!

SOMETIMES the prettiest girl can't find a beau to pin a posy on—and all because she's guilty of the fault men don't overlook! So guard well against underarm odor—*never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.*

For sure, long-lasting protection against offending, remember: Mum's formula is modern, unique. Silky-smooth Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. So, be a safety-first girl—get a jar of Mum today!

MUM safer for charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* underarm odor after your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

MUM safer for skin ... Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.

MUM safer for clothes ... No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Always quick and pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.

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

Mum



keeps you nice to be near

Product of Bristol-Myers

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

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

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

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

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

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

Al Madru.....	17
Lurene Tuttle.....	18
William Spier.....	19
Frances Scott.....	20
Happiness Is Easy.....by Betty Clark	26
Here I Am—Blondie!.....by Ann Rutherford	28
Mother and I.....by Anna Roosevelt	30
Kate Smith's Summer.....	32
Having Wonderful Time.....by Louella Parsons	34
Through the Years With Young Dr. Malone—In Pictures.....	36
Kay Kyser's Nonsensical Knowledge.....	40
Jessie Finds A Home—A Rosemary Story In Pictures.....	42
He Sings Before Breakfast.....by Mrs. Jack Owens	46
Come And Visit Roy Rogers.....by Dorothy Blair	60
I Tag Along.....by Mrs. Robert Trout	62
My First Audition.....by Jo Stafford	73

INSIDE RADIO

What's New From Coast to Coast.....by Dale Banks	6
Information Booth.....	8
Facing the Music.....by Martin Block	14
Look At the Records.....by Joe Martin	16
Collector's Corner.....by Kay Starr	23
Inside Radio.....	70

FOR BETTER LIVING

What Makes You Tick?.....by John McCaffery	11
"Warm, Isn't It?".....by Mary Jane Fulton	12
Traveler of the Month.....by Tommy Bartlett	24
Between the Bookends.....by Ted Malone	44
When A Girl Marries.....by Joan Davis	48
Serve Something Simple.....by Kate Smith	64
Family Counselor—Nurse For the Newborn.....by Terry Burton	74

TELEVISION

Baseball TV Roundup.....	52
Up In the Clouds.....	54
The Wheel of Fortune Spins.....	56
Coast to Coast In Television.....	58

YOUR LOCAL STATION

WJR: Kendall's the Name.....	4
CJOR: Canada's Grand Old Man.....	10
CKRC: Detective on Your Dial.....	21
WBEN: Man of Vision.....	22

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Forgotten Acre—A Pepper Young Novelette.....by Evelyn L. Fiore	66
Quiz Catalogue Review: What Can I Win?.....	50

ON THE COVER: Rosemary and Her Family; color portraits by Camera Associates

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NOW! TONI HOME PERMANENT TWICE AS EASY—TWICE AS FAST



Which Twin has the Toni? (See answer below)

new SPIN curler



*Cuts winding time in half—
makes it double-easy!*

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!*

All plastic, all-in-one! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Non-slip grip* holds hair-tips securely so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! *Easy-spin action*—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! *Snaps shut!* Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy!

new FASTER process



*Gives you the most
natural-looking wave ever!*

New Photo Method Directions show how Toni waves many types of hair in as little as 30 minutes!

No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. For the Toni Waving Lotion is the same gentle lotion that has given over 67 million perfect permanents. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER



New Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give you the most natural-looking wave you've ever had—or your money back! Waves many types of hair in as little as 30 minutes! **\$1.00**

Complete Set of New Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands. Makes every wave from now on twice as easy. (\$2 when bought separately.) **\$1.29**

Both for \$2.29

"Now we're both Toni Twins," says Katherine Ring, of Chicago, Ill. "When I saw how easy it was for Kathlene to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni, too!"



A popular team on WJR's Anything Goes (afternoons from 4:30 to 5) are singers Fred Kendall and Marion Gillette.

Kendall's

THE NAME



Fred likes to sing—but better still others like to hear him. Proof of this are his guest appearances with the Detroit, Dallas and Houston Symphonies.

The most popular male singing voice in the Motor City is that of tenor Fred Kendall, singing star of WJR's Anything Goes. Fred gave his tenor voice its first try-out on July 23rd, 1918; and regardless of the uncontrolled quantity of sound, Papa and Mama Kendall were the happiest people in Buffalo, New York. Almost from that first day, "that Kendall boy" has been singing.

During the summer of 1939, he studied voice at the Juilliard School of Music, and later enrolled with the North Texas State Teachers College as a music major. Even while studying, Fred made public appearances, which were brought about mostly by word-of-mouth advertising.

In 1942, Fred entered the United States Army and went through the usual routine of army life, but it didn't take long for someone to find out about his voice. The result was immediate assignment to the Special Services Division.

When Japan finally surrendered, Kendall was stationed there with the 8th Army Special Services Unit. While in Japan, he married Evelyn Ambler, a Red Cross worker, on Thanksgiving Day, 1945. Now there's another member of the Kendall family, a three-year-old blue-eyed blonde named Lynn Ambler Kendall.

Re-entering civilian life, Fred joined the staff of WJR, in June, 1946, singing with the Don Large Chorus. After several months of choral work, with occasional solos, he was made soloist for an afternoon variety show, Anything Goes. His success was assured when in the fall of 1947, he was provided with his own program, A Young Man Sings. It featured Fred Kendall, tenor, an eighteen-piece concert orchestra and an occasional guest star. Termination of this program due to prior commercial commitments to CBS brought a deluge of mail. There are still those who write to ask: "When are you going to give Fred Kendall a show of his own again? . . ."

However, at present all you have to do to hear him sing is tune in WJR any afternoon at 4:30.



HE GAVE HER THE AIR . . .

and was it frigid!

THERE HE WAS . . . that wonderful boy she met last night at the hotel dance! Suzanne uncorked her most glamorous smile, batted her most luscious lashes. No recognition. She waved her shapeliest arm, "yoo-hoo-ed" her most musical "yoo-hoo." No response. All of a sudden it dawned on her that he was deliberately giving her the air . . . *and was it frigid!* She hadn't the foggiest notion why he should snub her so.

Your breath may be beyond suspicion most of the time. And then, when you want to be at your best, you can be

guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) . . . *without realizing it.*

You Can't Always Tell

If you're smart, you won't fail to guard against offending this way. You'll use Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution that so many rely on.

Listerine Antiseptic is no mere makeshift of momentary effectiveness. Its wonderful cleansing, freshening effect is a *continuing* effect . . . helps keep the breath sweet and agreeable . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but

for hours, usually!

Never Omit It

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

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

Before any date... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

VACATIONING? Take Listerine Antiseptic along—Because of safe germicidal action, it is an efficient first-aid in cases of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. By the way, it helps take the sting out of mosquito bites.



WHAT'S NEW FROM

COAST TO COAST



Jack Bailey crowned Ruth Cavert not only Queen For A Day, but Queen of Paris, too, when her wish to visit brother-in-law's grave in France won her trip there.



Ruth and her husband inspect an artist's canvas in the Montmartre, Paris' Bohemian quarter.



Tour of Rome was high spot of the Cahills' trip. That's the Coliseum in background.



Writing the best letter on why he'd like to visit Italy's Lake Como won a trip to that country for Robert Cahill and his wife. Perry Como made award.

By DALE

BANKS



The Caverts' brief whirl of Paris included a visit with Josephine Baker back stage at the Folies Bergere.

At this writing WOR expects to have the first segment in its projected TV network in operation sometime this summer, maybe by the time you read this. The transmission tower being constructed in North Bergen, New Jersey, is the tallest structure in that state. Towering 760 feet above the ground, it is higher than any of the industrial skyscrapers in Newark, the state's largest city.

You probably won't read anything directly about this, but we hear rumors from Hollywood that a lot of the filmtown's radio stars are spending their summer vacations in the hands of competent plastic surgeons and toupee-makers. Video is forcing them into competition with the glamour boys and girls in Hollywood and they're fixing up their facades to be able to get into the tussle.

Howard Duff and Wally Maher, who work together on the "Adventures of Sam Spade" radio stanza, have just completed a motion picture stint together in Universal International's "Partners in Crime," in which Howard Duff is starred.

The way to get genial Jack Carson livid these days is to mention cream pie. On that recent stage tour made by Carson and his troupe, he was whammed in the face 400 times with pie liberally

topped with whipped cream. The pie toss was the highlight of a skit in which Carson burlesqued the Hollywood stand-in, a skit in which his fellow actors manhandled him, poured buckets of water on his head, tore off his shirt and finally threw pie in his face. Pie is off the menu at the Carson menage for some time to come.

Rumor has it that The Case Book of Gregory Hood will go national network this fall, now that it has been sold to a sponsor by Mutual. This is the Elliott Lewis starrer that's been a West Coast feature for some time.

Lorna Lynn, blonde actress on the David Harum series, has been selected by swank Salon Lenthéric to introduce its new Guillaume de Paris hairdo. Lorna is a professional model, in addition to her radio work.

Jim Ameche has reached the point where anyone who offered him a job which would enable him to stay put in one place might find a welcome hearing. Jim's numerous radio assignments as announcer and emcee have been keeping him dashing all over the map for some time, now, but one weekend, recently, the thing kind of piled up too high for Jim. He was flying to Fort Wayne, Indiana, for a Saturday (Continued on page 9)



Back home in Waterbury, Conn., the Cahills survey the souvenirs of their two weeks' trip abroad.



Have "SECOND LOOK" Legs!

Kept smooth and
hair-free longer... by
Nair... the safe, odorless
depilatory lotion...
that removes leg hair
quickly, easily...
leaves legs smoother...
more exciting...

Lady—throw your razor away—use safe, odorless, new Nair lotion to keep legs smoother... more exciting.

No nicks... no bristles... no stubbly regrowth. No irritation to normal skin.

Nair keeps legs hair-free longer... because it dissolves the hair itself closer to skin.

Have "second look" legs! Get Nair today.

For free sample mail this ad before November 30, 1949, to Dept. 419, Nair, 53 Park Place, New York 8, N. Y.



COSMETIC LOTION
TO REMOVE HAIR SAFELY

79¢ plus tax

For Legs that Delight
Use **NAIR** Tonight

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., New York. 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.

TOPS IN COMEDY

Dear Editor:

I am writing for information on a radio actor, Clarence Hartzell. I have enjoyed his work on the Lum and Abner Show (as Ben Withers). Now, may I have some facts on Mr. Hartzell's background? If I'm not mistaken, I believe I used to hear him on the Vic and Sade program in the part of Uncle Fletcher. I believe him to be one of the best comedians in radio, and I shall look forward to hearing more of him in the future.



Clarence Hartzell

Mr. B. B.

Dover, Delaware

You're right... Clarence Hartzell did play the part of Uncle Fletcher on Vic and Sade, and you will be hearing more of Mr. Hartzell—he is a regular member of the Henry Morgan show and also plays the role of Peter Piper in NBC's Today's Children.

UNCLE CORNY

Dear Editor:

I often wondered who Uncle Corny was on Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood. Could you tell me?

Mrs. V. E.

Fort Wayne, Indiana

Uncle Corny was Tom Breneman himself.

IDENTIFICATION



Jone Allison

Hannah, Ky.

Penny Gibbs is played by Jone Allison. And Don MacLaughlin is Jim Brent; he is also David Harding in ABC's Counterspy.

Dear Editor:

I am a faithful listener of Hearts in Harmony and would like to know who plays the role of Penny Gibbs. Also, who plays the part of Jim Brent in Road of Life?

Miss F. E. W.

PAT NOVAK

Dear Editor:

Who plays the title role in Pat Novak For Hire, heard Saturday nights on ABC? Also, who plays the part of Jocko Madigan?

Miss R. E. Sterling, Michigan

Pat Novak is played by Jack Webb, who formerly starred in the Johnny Madero series. Tudor Owen plays Jocko.



Jack Webb

TWELVE PLAYERS

Dear Editor:

There is a program called Hollywood Star Theater on Saturday nights that deals with giving unknown but up and coming motion picture actors a chance to star in a radio program to make themselves known. I enjoy this very much; but here's my point in writing you: wasn't there at one time a program like this which dealt with giving radio actors and actresses a chance to appear in leading roles?

Miss G. C.

Austin, Texas

The show you have in mind was called Twelve Players, a stock company composed of a dozen of the best radio actors in Hollywood; they were Lurene Tuttle, Jack Moyles, Jay Novelle, Bea Benedaret, Edmund MacDonald, Cathy Lewis, Virginia Gregg, John Lake, Ray Buffum, John Brown, Howard McNear and Herbert Rawlinson. Each one had a chance to star on the program which consisted mostly of original plays. Unfortunately, this series did not last long; it had its premiere on February 9, 1948 and left the air eight weeks later. Here's Cathy Lewis, one of the Twelve Players.



Cathy Lewis

ONE OF THE BEST

Dear Editor:

I consider Wyllis Cooper's Quiet Please as radio's best dramatic program. Does he write for any other show?

Mrs. J. H. G. New York, N. Y.

If you have a television set you're lucky because Cooper is the writer for ABC-TV's Volume One, Numbers One to Six. Incidentally, he originated the now-famous Lights Out.



Wyllis Cooper

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

Meanwhile, we can't get anything but rumors concerning NBC's big effort to counteract CBS's inroads on talent line-ups of rival studios. We hear that plans are beginning to jell for the giant give-away show NBC is cooking up to compete with Jack Benny next season. Current indications are that the show will originate from the coast and use film celebrities and that the contemplated jackpot will be around \$35,000. From where we sit, Jack Benny, that penny pincher, should feel proud that NBC considers such a sizeable piece of change necessary to woo dialers from his show.

* * *

Johnny Long has his own way of cooling off patrons during heat waves. We hear that on some of the hottest days of this summer, Johnny's been dragging out and playing his bouncy arrangements of "Jingle Bells" and "Winter Wonderland," much to the amusement and refreshment of dancers and theatre patrons.

* * *

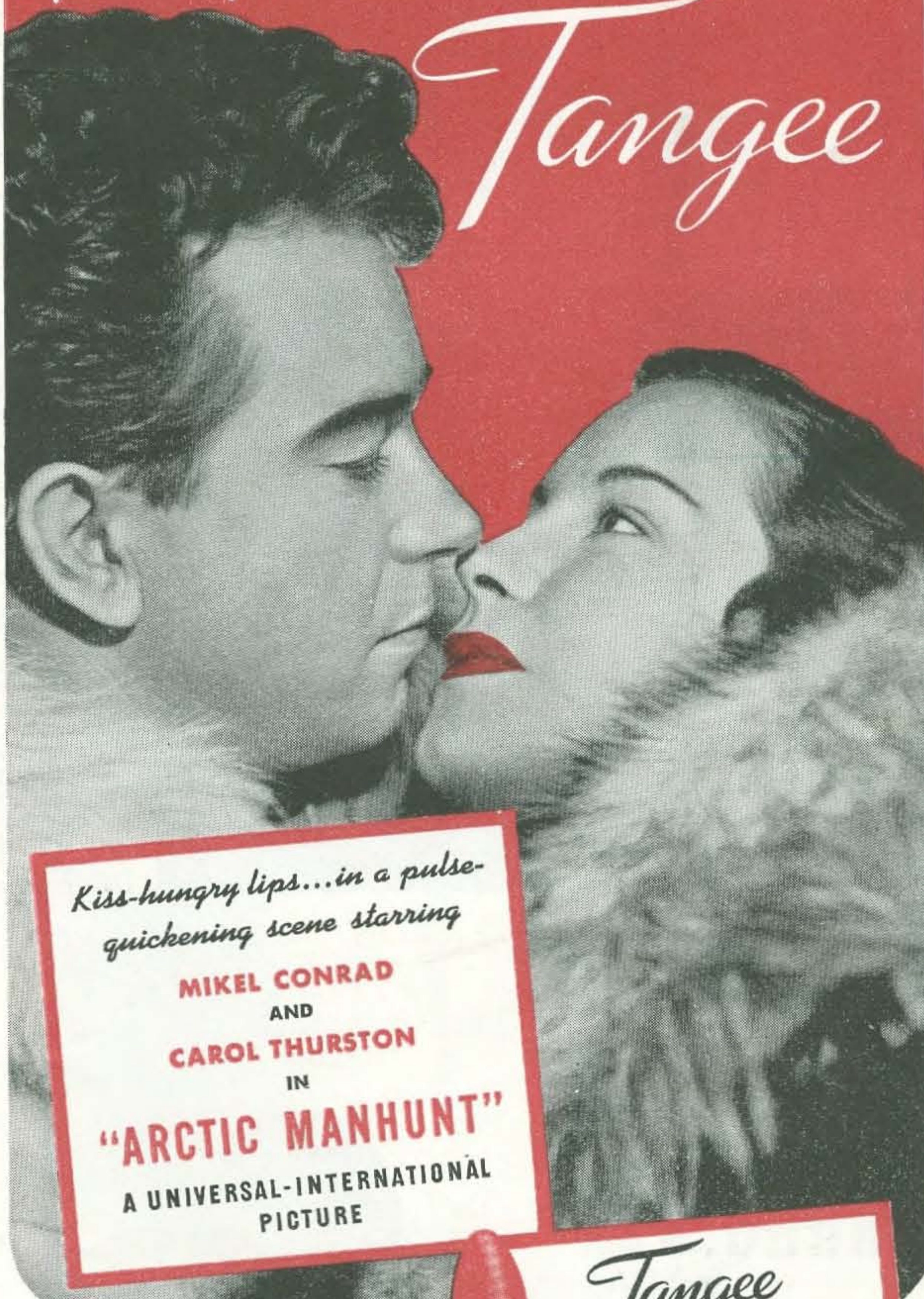
Here's a sidelight on the Suspense shows. Seems the producers get a bang out of using radio stars in their shows who are known to audiences for a very different kind of work. And they've been very successful with Frank Sinatra, Fibber McGee and Molly and such in their chiller-dillers. But they also have to make sure that comedians and singers, et al, aren't going to spoil the sustained mood of suspense for which the show is famous. So—when they signed Bob Hope to do his stint on the program recently, the contract Bob penned specified "there shall be no ad libs, asides or other extraneous comments," which Bob must have found very limiting.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Lucille Ball is doubling her radio stint with work on the new Bob Hope movie, "Where Men Are Men" . . . Paul Stewart almost busier in pics than on the air, his latest soon to be released film, "The Window" . . . Bob Hope reported setting up a new recording company with his brother and Louis Prima . . . Hope Emerson on the Jack Benny show working in an important role in Sam Goldwyn's "Roseanna McCoy" . . . Frank Sinatra will turn disc jockey in the fall, five times a week for MBS . . . Mutual is considering Joan Edwards for a musical quiz as an evening ainer . . . CBS is readying a new soaper, Other Women's Children . . . Dinah Shore will be missing as a regular on the Eddie Cantor show next season. Budget trouble . . . James Mason and his wife, Pamela Kellino, auditioning for a new mystery series over NBC . . . Milton Berle's success on video has several movie studios dickering for his flicker services . . . Bill Todman and Mark Goodson have a new book on the stands, *Winner Take All Home Quiz Book* . . . Inner Sanctum was named radio's top mystery program . . . Agnes Moorehead, Marilly to Mayor of the Town fans, is considering a manuscript which is scheduled for fall production on Broadway . . . And that's all for now. Good listening.

You'll feel his burning kisses on your lips... when you use

Tangee



Kiss-hungry lips...in a pulse-quickenning scene starring

MIKEL CONRAD
AND
CAROL THURSTON
IN

"ARCTIC MANHUNT"
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
PICTURE

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—Puts your lips "in the pink" to attract loving looks...and lovelier kisses!

TANGEE RED MAJESTY—Lush and luscious...ideal for a man-hunting brunette.

TANGEE RED-RED—It's redder than you thought red could be...and definitely "kissterical."

TANGEE MEDIUM RED—A happy medium for the girl whose man needs—a little encouragement.

Don't trust your romance to anything less than Tangee!



Tangee

KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS and L-A-S-T-S!

CJOR commercial manager Don Laws, left, "The Grand Old Man" and Mac Stewart admire a sketch of Billy taken from a recent CJOR poster.



Billy Browne—who made his first stage appearance at the age of six, and who has been in Canadian radio since 1921—has well earned the title of "Grand Old Man of Canadian Broadcasting."

Billy, who does Breakfast With Browne every morning on CJOR Vancouver, has worked for stations in half a dozen cities west of the lakes. Since 1928 he has been in Vancouver and has definitely taken root there. Sunday nights he's heard on CJOR in Remember When, a program built from his library of old recordings which contains practically every big hit recording since the turn of the century.

Browne was born in Sunderland, England. From the time of that stage appearance at the age of six, and until he was eleven years old, he took child parts in dozens of plays. Then followed a three-week stint of driving a pony in a nearby coal mine. The next move was to Canada, where he landed at the home of an aunt and started selling papers the same night.

Then he joined the circus for two more years to do blackface comedy and, at fifteen, he joined the Canadian Active Militia as drummer and bugler. He was still in service at the outbreak of World War One and was sent overseas.

After taking his discharge in England he toured that country in a vaudeville group known as the Richard Jerome Musical Rebels. By 1920 he was back in Canada again and a year later was singing on CJCG in Winnipeg. Soon after, on CKCK Regina, Billy organized one of the most successful radio clubs of that era—the How Do You Do Club. The trip to Vancouver in 1928 was for a holiday—which Billy says is still going on!

Today there's another Billy Browne on CJOR—Bill Jr., the elder of Billy's two husky sons. Junior is establishing his own radio niche as Billy Fortune of the Jumbo Jackpot.

Billy Sr. is an ardent radio listener, preferring drama and comedy. Other hobbies include gardening and home movies in color. TV should be a natural for Billy Browne—veteran of almost every branch of show business.

Canada's GRAND Old Man



Bill Browne Jr., who is known to Vancouver listeners as Billy Fortune of CJOR's Jumbo Jackpot, is like his father (right) in his appreciation of good jokes and loud ties.

What makes YOU tick?



John McCaffery, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri.), has compiled another set of questions designed to help RADIO MIRROR readers determine what kind of persons they are. This month's question is "How Frustrated Are You?" You'll know the answer when you've added up your score to the quiz below.

- | | Yes | No |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Do you ever feel like just getting away from it all? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Do you feel that people in general are "just no good" more often than you should? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Do you sometimes think that love as an institution is over-rated? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Does it make you feel bad when a surprise you planned for your husband (wife, or sweetheart), is not accepted with the enthusiasm with which it was presented? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Do you sometimes think you could have made a better choice in the matter of a husband (wife or sweetheart)? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Does a gloomy day make you feel depressed sometimes? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Are there certain aspects of life and living which you admit are too much for you to cope with? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Do you get annoyed easily with those you love or yourself when you can't seem to understand them or yourself? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Did it ever make you tense and nervous when you had to hold a particularly strong emotion in, such as anger or jealousy? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. If you had your life to live over again, are there many things about it which you'd change, knowing what you do now? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Give yourself 10 points for every yes answer. Frustration is the thing which licks most of us and as one grows older one protects himself from the pangs of frustration by becoming either more tolerant or more cynical of the world. The best protection is a combination of both, that is, to take things in their stride and adapt a reasonable attitude toward disappointments. 80 through 100 points would suggest considerable frustration. It's quite possible that you have been subjected to some of the situations in the questions and can speak from first-hand experience. 30 through 70 points would seem to suggest frustration of a sort, but chances are you've got enough resilience to get up and dust yourself off and try again. 20 points or less would seem to suggest two things—either an extreme tolerance and understanding of life and its problems or a callowness which suggests you haven't experienced the emotional barbs found in these situations.



ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT. PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM

PUT FRESH, THE NEW CREAM DEODORANT, UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

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

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

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.



R
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Beauty

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on

Hold-Bob®



...because HOLD-BOB bobby pins really hold. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

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



... a GAYLA®
hair beauty aid

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"WARM, Isn't it?"



Marion Hutton has found
—and passes on to you
—a way to keep cool
and crisp, even on the
hottest days of summer.

by Mary Jane Fulton

About now, uncomfortable temperatures may have sapped so much of your energy that you have decided to give in to being lazy—in attempting to present a cool, attractive appearance. For it takes more effort, in the heat of the summer, to do everything.

However, take it from Marion Hutton, lovely singing star of the Jack Carson Show, looking as dainty as a freshly plucked lettuce leaf is half the battle of nerves during a warm spell. Since she is noted for her unusual vitality, there is no better person qualified to give a few hot weather beauty tips.

Marion advises getting lots of rest, taking things more calmly, eating with greater care, and being especially meticulous about cleanliness and grooming. Planning is also important. For you just can't sit down and do nothing, much as you'd like to. So whatever your duties do them according to a pre-planned schedule. Then you'll be able to dispense with them leisurely, with a minimum of effort, and still have time left for relaxation and pleasure.

She feels that the refreshing value of scented, lukewarm tub baths, the use of refrigerator-cooled colognes, the daily application of a deodorant for underarm daintiness, and fragrant bath powders cannot be too much emphasized. So have these things in good supply. When freshly bathed and dressed, Marion saturates a cotton ball with a scent and tucks it into her bra where it will enhance her fragrance.

As soon as you feel yourself becoming tense and irritable, stop whatever you're doing and hum a gay little tune to yourself—out loud, if possible. As a singer, Marion realizes how spiritually refreshing a song is, and suggests that you try this, too. At once, you're sure to find that the song will take hold, making it impossible to feel cross. You'll find yourself getting things done faster, and more pleasantly.

You might borrow her trick of relaxing mentally and physically for ten minutes, several times a day. Put your mind completely at ease by filling it with pleasant thoughts. In other words, daydream!

By the time this little period of complete relaxation is over, you should have renewed energy to tackle anything you must do. One good way to put this theory into practice is to lie down in a darkened room with cotton balls soaked in witch hazel, or soothing eye pads, over your closed lids. If you're a working girl, keep a bottle of eye lotion in your desk drawer and give your tired eyes an occasional refreshing bath.

There's no reason why you shouldn't enjoy the entire summer—even the hottest days, if you will try to maintain your energy and looks at par as Marion has helpfully suggested.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

Coming Next Month



In September: we leave our calling card at Gordon MacRae's house.

The wives have it. They usually do, of course, but this time they have it in RADIO MIRROR—in next month's issue. There's where you'll find three wives telling all (or almost all!) about their famous husbands. The trio includes Mrs. Gordon MacRae (there are color pictures of the whole handsome MacRae family), Mrs. Dick Powell (sometimes known as June Allyson) and Mrs. Jim Ameche. These dispatches from the distaff side are only one reason why you'll find more than your money's worth in the September issue.

* * *

RADIO MIRROR, as you know, is famous for "firsts" and here's one we're especially happy about. We know you will be, too, because for the first time—anywhere—pictures of Galen Drake will be published. The pictures are in color, taken at Galen's home. It's the scoop of the month—in a month of scoops. We're also visiting another gentleman at home—Ted Steele on his Bucks County, Pa. farm. This, too, is in color.

* * *

There's lots more in next month's issue—a Living Portraits feature on that beloved daytime serial, Hilltop House; a list of the Grand Slam contest winners (Irene Beasley is on the cover, by the way); and, of course, all your regular friends—Ted Malone, Kate Smith, Joan Davis, Kay Kyser—will be on hand in the September issue of RADIO MIRROR, on sale Wednesday, August 10.

"I dress for a beach party... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "At business I wear a soft linen suit. Its tucked-in jacket is held by a rainbow of belts whose circles are echoed by bands of hem tucking. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "At the beach I don braided, bright straw sandals, an apron copied from a Portuguese fisherwoman's, take off my jacket, and get down to work in my pretty yellow linen peasant blouse. I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant!



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.)

FACING the MUSIC

By MARTIN BLOCK

Martin Block conducts Make Believe Ballroom daily on New York's WNEW. He's also heard on NBC's Supper Club, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 P.M. EDT.



Songstress Monica Lewis and Columnist Frank Farrell have pooled their talents to make up a new Mutual musical-commentary program. Broadway's Ray Bolger (right) was one of show's first guest stars.



Dick Brown, young baritone on Stop the Music, has succumbed to the new fad of wearing a matching tie and belt.



Dorothy Lamour's young son, Ridgely, finally got to meeting his favorite movie star—Lassie—at a recent party.



Two gentlemen with a lot in common—Larry Parks and Al Jolson—together on the Kraft Music Hall. Larry, you remember, played Al on the screen.

Show people have always had a reputation for being somewhat superstitious. Call it what you will, they do get into certain habits that are hard to break. Editor Dave Dexter in the *Capitol News* editorialized recently that Clyde McCoy insisted on kissing his cornet after every solo. Dave went on to report that Harry James allegedly lets a band clinker (bad note) go through on every record he makes. Nappy Lamare wears the same shirt for each recording date, Guy Lombardo carries his fiddle along with the band's instruments even though he hasn't played it in years, and Margaret Whiting kicks her shoes off before singing into the recording microphone. Strange? Not if you're in show business!

Claude Thornhill recently announced that he felt that he and movie director Alfred Hitchcock had something in common—they both use suspense to try and hold an audience. Claude went on to say that by blending his piano tone with a French horn and reeds he gets the listener to try to anticipate what is going to happen next. Just thought you'd like to know.

Looks like the people in England will have to go without Frankie Sinatra for at least another year. This year, as he did last year, Frank found that his proposed per-

sonal appearance in London had to be cancelled at the last moment. Movie work is the reason.

The U. S. State Department has paid me the singular honor of making me the official disc-jockey for the Voice Of America broadcasts. I'm going to short-wave and record an International Make Believe Ballroom program that will be beamed to all the countries of Europe—including those behind the Iron Curtain, to Latin America and much of the Far East. It certainly makes me very happy to think that my voice and my pair of record players will be bringing American music to so many different kinds of people. It most certainly is an honor.

Believe it or not, there is a strong possibility that Rudy Vallee will be waving a baton again this coming Fall. Rudy's recent nightclub appearances have convinced him that his famous old style of crooning is still a favorite with lots and lots of people. Well, Rudy, quick as you make some new records—"My Time Is Your Time."

Even baseball has gotten itself mixed up with bebop music! Jazzman Chubby Jackson's recent disc "Father Knickerbopper" is a musical impression of an afternoon

at the Polo Grounds—home of the N. Y. Giants. At least, that's what Chubby says it is.

Heaving a sigh of relief, now that National Donut Week is over, we'd like to report that National Dunking Association of 3,000,000 members (count 'em) has elected singer Jack Smith as "The Man They Would Most Like To Dunk With." Whew!

This may not be news to some, but it was certainly news to us to learn that Cole Porter didn't write *all* the lyrics for "Kiss Me Kate." Mr. Porter himself makes the admission that William Shakespeare was responsible for the words to "I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple." "Kiss Me Kate," you know, is based on Shakespeare's "Taming Of The Shrew."

Sorry, but reports from the majority of the critics who attended the opening of New York's Bop City were very much anti-Artie Shaw. The bandleader alternated between waving a baton and playing his clarinet in front of a forty-piece symphonic orchestra. Evidently the audience didn't expect this, and it appears, didn't like Artie's music any more than the critics did.

Only a Goon Would Waste a Moon!



BILL, THE CHILL HERE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! WHAT AM I — A BAD BREATH CHARACTER OR SOMETHING?

JOANIE, I NEVER COULD HAVE SAID IT, BUT—SOMETIMES A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND IS HER DENTIST!



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

THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BILL AND I ARE ON THE BEAM!



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



ECONOMY SIZE 59¢ ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

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

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin



Dick Contino, as you can see, has more qualifications than his ability as an accordionist. He's also one more reason for the continued popularity of Horace Heidt's program.

FRANKIE CARLE (Columbia)—Even if the wedding season is over, you'll like Mr. Carle's new song, "Save A Piece of Wedding Cake For Me" as sung by Bob Lochen. Marjorie Hughes sings "Tulsa" with the aid of the Sunrise Serenaders on the other side of the disc. That's from the movie of the same name.

SAMMY DAVIS, JR. (Capitol)—Sammy sounds very much like Frankie Laine, but with an added touch of bebop to make his discs sound so much more modern. Two old-time tunes are paired on this record. They're "You Are My Lucky Star" and "I Ain't Got Nobody."

ZIGGY ELMAN (MGM)—The trumpet-playing maestro, who starred with both Goodman and Dorsey, has come up with a top grade dance record in "Cheek To Cheek," from the pen of Irving Berlin. The reverse, "That Wonderful Girl Of Mine" shows off his horn-tooting.

SAMMY KAYE (RCA Victor)—The Swing and Sway band has a hit platter in "Kiss Me Sweet." The Laura Leslie-Don Cornell vocal is cute as a button. "A Chapter In My Life Called Mary" is properly sentimental.

MARLENE DIETRICH (RCA Victor)—While both sides are sung in German, you don't have to know the language to understand what the lady is trying to get across. The two titles are "Kinder, Heut' Abend Such Ich Mir Was Aus" and "Ich Bin Die Fesche Lola."

DICK CONTINO (Horace Heidt)—The sensational rise to stardom of the youthful accordionist is easily explained after seeing his good looks and listening to his playing. This album includes such show pieces as "Czardas," "Lady of Spain," "Canadian Capers," and "Chiribiribin."

BLUE BARRON (MGM)—Hit records, it seems run in pairs. After "Cruising Down the River" here comes "Open the Door Polka." "Whose Girl Are You" is sung by the entire ensemble.

MARGARET WHITING-JOHNNY MERCER (Capitol)—There's no doubt about the public reaction to this record. "Baby, It's Cold Outside" is probably one of the most clever songs ever written. Perhaps, you may prefer the Buddy Clark-Dinah Shore version—they're both fine.

BOB CROSBY (Columbia)—Bob and his Club 15 cohorts, The Crew Chiefs and Jerry Gray, offer "Old Fashioned Song" and "Don't Call Me Sweetheart Anymore." "Don't Call Me" is done in shuffle rhythm.

BILLY ECKSTINE (MGM)—Mr. B, as they've taken to calling Billy, was never better than when he recorded "A New Shade of Blues" and "Night After Night." This guy is one of the finest singers to have come up in many and many a year.

RAY ANTHONY (Capitol)—While Ray also offers "A New Shade of Blues," you'll get the biggest kick out of the silly ditty "The Wreck On the Highway." Watch this band rise to the top.

FACING the MUSIC

Al Madru

Many curious folks who listen to the Saturday night shenanigans of Duncemaster Tom Howard and his crackpot crew on CBS's *It Pays To Be Ignorant* (9:30 PM, EDT), write in to ask the identity of that anonymous cast member billed simply as the "Ignorant Baritone." Here's the answer—Al Madru, comedian, staunch citizen and servant of justice in Tenafly, N. J.

Al's one fixed chore is to open and close *It Pays To Be Ignorant*, singing the theme song of the same name. How far he gets, depends, of course, on how many or how few seconds can be spared for his deep, rich baritone, and he seldom finishes before heartless technicians cut him off the air. Over in Englewood, N. J., the illustrious Bum's Club, whose membership boasts such local dignitaries as judges, lawyers, industrial tycoons and a U. S. Senator or two, takes bets every week—whoever guesses the word or line where Al is silenced gets the kitty. Otherwise, Al serves contentedly as a jack-of-all-trades on the show, doing his job with a spirit undampened by his anonymity.

Born in Jersey City in the Gay Nineties, Al has dedicated his life to preserving the boisterous spirit of those times. In his long career of clowning, he has worked on the stage, in vaudeville, radio and television and as an entertainer for private parties and benefits. He has been a close friend of Tom Howard's for twenty years and has appeared often with Howard and George Shelton in vaudeville and club dates. He is married and the father of four-year-old Thomas Albert Madru, named for the duncemaster himself and godfathered by Shelton. With such a start, it is not strange that Thomas A. already shows definite signs of following in his father's comic footsteps.

Al confines his entertaining these days to the CBS comic quiz and to emcee engagements at private socials and benefits around northern New Jersey in behalf of hospitals and charities. On weekdays, he assumes the mantle of justice as sergeant-at-arms in the District Court in Englewood, N. J. A handy man around the community as well as on his radio program, he upholds law and order performing such duties as serving summonses on lawbreakers and auctioning off the goods and chattel of delinquent taxpayers. Once, he auctioned off a mule named Virgil whose master, a Wild West rider, neglected to pay a \$500 feed bill at a local livery stable. Virgil had the last hee-haw, when Al artfully knocked him down to the irate stable owner for \$400. In 1945, Al was sued for \$1½ million by an Italian baron, who was deeply offended when Al auctioned off his valuable art collection on charges of non-payment of rent. The U. S. Government rescued Al from serious embarrassment by deporting the baron as an undesirable alien.

Al prides himself on being the only living soul collecting old porcelain pots. Among his rare 50-piece collection are a relic of the Napoleonic era, a unique model boasting a glazed, wide-open human on the bottom and another dating from Valley Forge.

Richard Hudnut

enriched creme

SHAMPOO

contains egg!



Gentle! Lustre-giving! Leaves hair more manageable...more receptive to home permanents!

It's the real egg, in powdered form, that's the magic in Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo. By actual test the egg makes your hair easier to set! You'll twirl pin curls smoother, so they're bound to last longer. And how much better your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent "takes"! Try this gentler, kinder shampoo for hair that shimmers!

Richard Hudnut Shampoo is better because:

1. Contains egg (powder, 1%)—proved to make hair more manageable.
2. Not a wax or paste—but a smooth *liquid* creme!
3. Easy to apply; rinses out readily.
4. Removes loose dandruff.
5. Same shampoo Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon uses for luxury treatments!



FIRST and



LASTING!

First choice
of millions of people
throughout the nation.

Lasting in flavor enjoyment . . . with unvarying high quality that can be depended upon, always.

**Beech-Nut
GUM**

It's "Always Refreshing"

Lurene Tuttle



Sam Spade's (and William Spier's) indispensable lady.

Producer William Spier would feel lost without petite, titian-haired Lurene Tuttle, who plays Effie Perrine on *The Adventures of Sam Spade* (CBS, Sundays, 8 P.M., EDT).

It isn't just that Effie, as played by Miss Tuttle, is a special kind of Girl Friday—it's Lurene's ability to play almost any kind of feminine role. Whenever the script calls for a gun moll, a slinky confidence woman, a grandmother, an adventuress, a Main Line debutante, it's Lurene's name that Bill Spier pencils in for the part. Actually, Lurene's favorite part on the show is not that of Effie, but Spade's talkative landlady. There's scarcely a radio program on which Lurene hasn't been heard, but she's no radio Cinderella. She came to radio as a stage actress seasoned by seven years of trouping in stock. She played her first part—at seventeen—in a Burbank, California, garage. And for a considerable period, she was a pillar of the Pasadena Playhouse group.

Lurene was born with actor's blood in her veins. Her father, O. V. Tuttle, was a minstrel man and her ninety-year-old grandfather, Frank Tuttle, taught dramatics in college and at one time managed the opera house in Angola, Indiana. From the time she was five Lurene wanted to be an actress, and her first appearance was as a ring-bearer in a minstrel show.

The Hoosier-born trouper has always had a soft spot in her heart for her home state. And she frequently returns to Indiana to visit her family at Pleasant Lake. The home folks have been able to see as well as hear their favorite actress since 1947. For in that year she made her screen debut as a featured player in "Heaven Only Knows" with Robert Cummings, Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Reynolds.

Orson Welles afterward featured her in his "Macbeth" and then she was cast as Girl Friday to Cary Grant in "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House." Only her many radio billings prevent her from appearing in more movies.

An actress all her life, Lurene Tuttle, still "dies several deaths" before each performance, but once she's made her entrance on a movie sound stage or steps to a mike, she forgets herself in the part she is playing. Right now she teaches a class in acting at the University of Southern California. At home, her chief interest is her teen-age daughter, Barbara, who yearns to follow in her mother's footsteps. The girl is already developing into a promising singer with an unusual style.

William Spier



Director of CBS's Philip Morris Playhouse and Sam Spade.

A bearded veteran of twenty years in radio, William Spier, director of the Philip Morris Playhouse, heard Fridays at 10 P.M. EDT over CBS, is generally rated radio's top-notch creator of suspense-type dramas.

Born in New York City, October 16, 1906, he began doing things upon graduation from Evander Childs High School. When nineteen, following a series of small jobs, Spier went to work for the *Musical America* magazine. Deems Taylor was then editor of the magazine and it was under his watchful eye that Spier rose to the position of chief critic during the five years he remained with the magazine.

Spier's next important assignment was that of producer-director for the Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn Agency in New York City. During his years with BBD & O, leaving there in 1941 to join CBS on the West Coast, Spier produced such radio programs as the Atwater Kent Radio Hour, General Motors' Family Party, Bond Bakers, Ethyl Tune-Up Time and many others. His outstanding dramatic radio achievement, other than four years spent at the production helm of Columbia's Suspense series, was the direction and partial writing of the March of Time which enjoyed more than 450 performances on the air.

During his work on the March of Time, he brought to the mike, and to subsequent greatness, Orson Welles, Agnes Moorhead, Joseph Cotten, Nancy Kelly, Ellis Reed. What many people don't realize is that the man behind Sam Spade and therefore the one who brought Howard Duff to his present eminence, is also Bill Spier. Currently the Spade program is part of his weekly activity.

Bill Spier has been referred to as a juvenile Monty Woolley because of the capillary effusion that hangs from his chin, and by some of the people who work for him as "The Old Man," but Bill, though he's spent twenty years in radio, and incidentally those are the twenty years that radio itself has been part of the American scheme, is only forty-two years old.

Spier is a talented pianist and composer; his record collection is one of the most complete in Hollywood. It has been said of him that he knows Bach, Beethoven and Brahms as well as he knows the composers of modern music and they're all included in his collection.

Married to June Havoc, star of stage, screen and radio, Spier lives quietly with his wife in Brentwood.

... dream girl, dream girl... Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
... hair that gleams and glistens... from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP! NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering
Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar \$1; 10-oz. economy size \$2.
Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same
magical secret-blend lather plus kindly
LANOLIN... for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

**Your loveliness
is Doubly Safe**



Because

**Veto gives you
Double Protection!**

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

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

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Frances Scott



Femcee of *It Takes A Woman* doesn't know the word can't.

All anyone has to do to get Frances Scott going on a project or an idea is to tell her it can't be done. Miss Scott is the well known "femcee" of a number of radio and television shows, most of which she not only appears on but helps to write, cast and direct. One of the most popular of her shows at the moment is a transcribed series presented locally, throughout the country at different times and on different networks. It's called *It Takes A Woman*.

Frances Scott was born in San Francisco. Her father was an advertising man. It was this fact that led indirectly to Frances' present career. Like all children, Frances had imagination, but hers took a very practical turn. Radio was then an infant industry and in Frances's fertile mind the idea grew that someday radio would be a wonderful medium for advertising. So, when she was graduated from high school, she hied herself to New York.

She wound up in the office of the manager of WHOM in Newark, N. J. The manager listened tolerantly, but skeptically, to her idea about radio advertising and, perhaps by way of lessening the shock of rejecting her big idea, suggested that she ought to go on the air herself. Frances had never thought of that but the following week, she turned up for an audition.

"At that time women on radio either read recipes or sang," she said. "I didn't know about cooking or singing so I thought up a little, humorous program kidding the news. I called it *Razzing the News* and found my audition turned into a live broadcast. The fans loved it but the newspapermen hated it."

One newspaperman, however, Tom Brooks of the *Journal-American* radio department, offered her a job on their radio station. He let her put on a funny, gag-filled cooking program. Following that, Miss Scott did a *Lovelorn* feature on the air.

Frances next got the idea that she would like to do special events broadcasts from a woman's angle. She did special events for WMCA and other stations for three years, doing impossible things like climbing a flagpole to interview Shipwreck Kelly, when he was breaking flagpole-sitting records.

She likes people which is one reason why she has special success with audience participation shows. She never talks down to participants.

Frances's hunch about radio having proven correct, Frances now has an idea that television will be the evening entertainment medium in five years.

Al Blondal portrays the role of a detective—a musical detective. On such shows as CKRC's Musical Showcase and Everybody's Hit Parade Al must discover, then play the music his listeners want to hear. To music-lover Al, this sort of detecting is a pleasure.

Comparatively new to radio, Al has been on the Winnipeg station's announcing staff for just over a year. Intending to follow in the footsteps of his late father, Al began a course in medicine at the University of Manitoba, but fresh out of the R.C.A.F., he was too eager for a home life to spend the next six years working towards an M.D. Since brother Tony was already carrying on the Blondal tradition, Al returned to his childhood interest—radio.

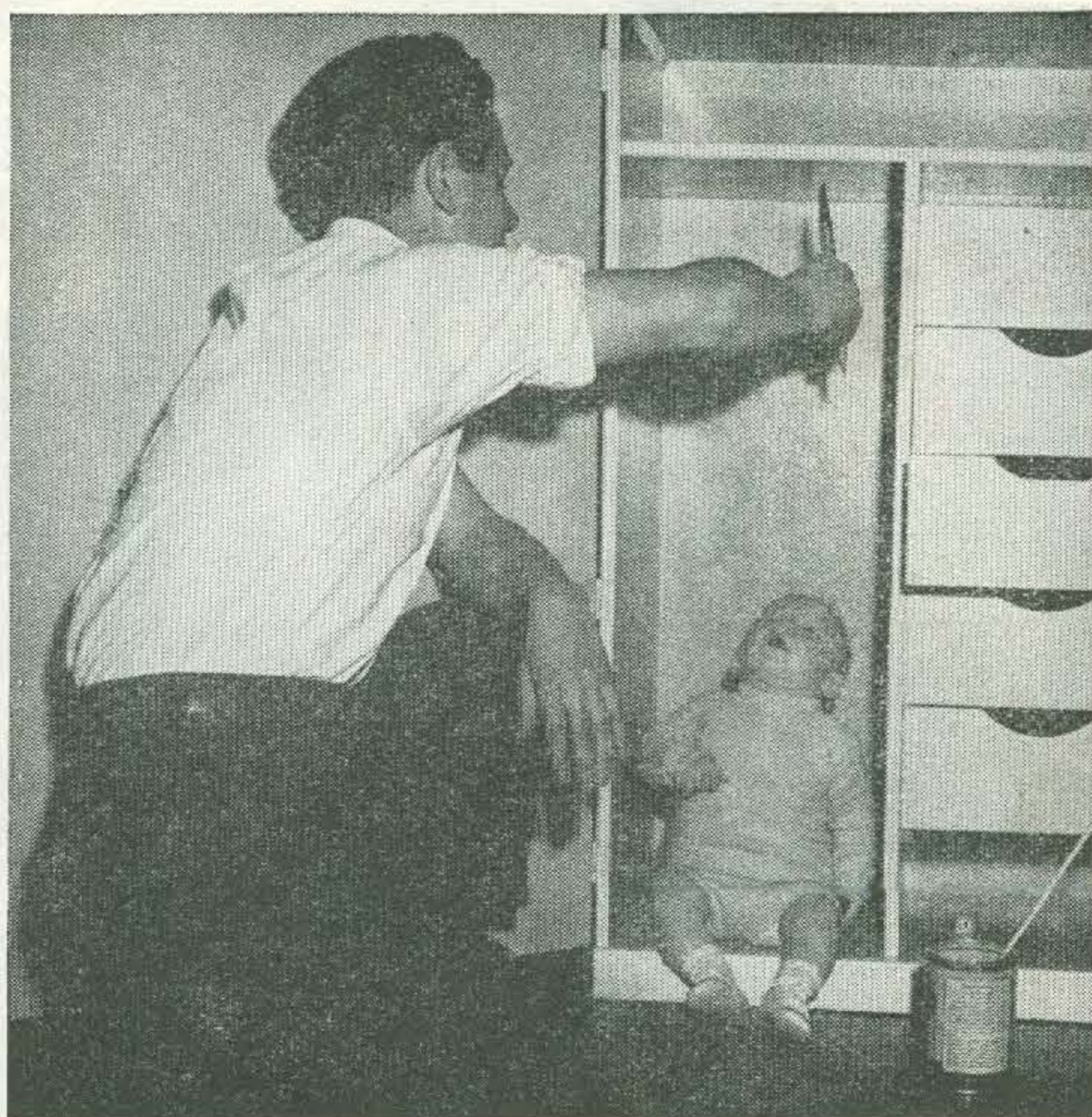
On the staff at CKRC, the feeling of dejection that comes with being a 'greehorn' was soon overcome by a will to work and the encouraging words of his wife.

The handsome pair (she was Marjorie Waterhouse) are the proud parents of seven-month-old August Theodore. A big, twenty-five pound baby, Gus is a sure bet for the gridiron. Al, a carpenter of note, has put his woodworking ability to good use in making several household articles.

Al's other hobby, singing, has won him city-wide acclaim. Beginning as church choir soloist, Al continued taking part in high school and university choral and operatic productions. His musical education, temporarily discontinued by the war, is now in the hands of James Duncan.

In the future, Al hopes to combine announcing and singing and broadcast regularly on a coast to coast hook-up.

If CKRC's Al Blondal ever loses his voice he can always turn to woodworking. Supervising is son August Theodore, 7 months.



DETECTIVE on Your Dial



A homebody at heart, for Al it was a case of love at first sight but Marjorie needed a little convincing.

George Donald McDaniel, two, goes for a ride on Rin Tin Tin III at Laube's Old Spain as the movie dog's master, Lee Duncan, and emcee John Corbett (with mike) look on.



With four relatives physicians, John Corbett's family envisioned for him a career in medicine. But Johnny set his sights on a career as a radio executive—and is well on the way to his goal. He is co-emcee of Buffalo's most popular audience show; he's a night-time disc jockey and he's a television celebrity. He televises very well, indeed.

Johnny is best known for his announcing work with emcee Ed Dinsmore in Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain over WBEN, Buffalo, Monday through Friday mornings from 9:15 to 10:00. He also pilots the only six-nights-a-week half-hour show in all Buffalo radio, Club Canandaigua, every week-night from 11:30 to midnight on WBEN. In between times Johnny announces over WBEN and appears in WBEN-TV programs.

Twenty-five-year-old Johnny played varsity hockey for three years at Central High School in his native Syracuse and enrolled at Syracuse University, where he met Chuck Healy, assistant sports director of WBEN. Johnny haunted the studios of WFBL, Syracuse, so much that in 1940 they made him a part-time announcer.

His university career was interrupted in 1942 when Uncle Sam tapped him for the air force. He served as an air cadet for two years with the 52nd Wing at San Antonio, Texas, studying at Butler University. After the war he returned to Syracuse University and won the award for public-speaking in 1946. He enrolled in the University's School of Business Administration and there met Ada Jane Kreinheder of Buffalo. They were married in May, 1946 and daughter Patricia Anne was born in September, 1947.

Young Mr. Corbett had a rugged schedule when he left the Army in 1945. He worked forty hours a week as announcer at WFBL, Syracuse, while attending university classes for an average of twenty-two hours weekly. He joined WSYR, the NBC station in Syracuse, in July, 1946 and became one of that city's best-known voices.

Because his wife was a native of Buffalo, he thought he would like to broadcast over WBEN. He auditioned informally at the station in 1945, "just to look around," he said. He did not join WBEN until September 17, 1948. When asked whether he still has his sights set on a radio executive job despite his success as an entertainer he usually answers, "You know of any better way of learning the executive end than by working all angles as a broadcaster?"

His hobbies are ship-model building, fishing and hunting, and he is a member of Psi Upsilon fraternity.

MAN of VISION



Co-emcee John Corbett (r.) helps Ed Dinsmore query two contestants on WBEN's participation show, Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain, aired Monday through Friday mornings from 9:15 to 10.

Collector's Corner



By KAY STARR

(The beautiful Kay Starr, guest collector of the month, possesses one of the most pliable voices in the music world. While blues songs have been Kay's forte on records, her recent Capitol disc of "Wabash Cannonball" has presented a new Starr to the record buying public. A look at Kay's list of favorites offers an insight to her singing style.)

* * *

It must be obvious that every singer collects records. Aside from the fact that it makes for an interesting hobby, the collecting of records is, to a singer, an educational necessity. Actually, people in the music world are avid record buyers, but not as often avid record collectors. You see, if I were to keep all the records I bought I'd have to maintain a warehouse and an inventory system to take care of them. So I go through my new purchases and sort out "keep" records from the "listen-once-or-twice" records. Here, then, are five records and three albums that will always remain in my "keep" department.

Way back when Ella Fitzgerald was singing "A Tisket, A Tasket" with the late Chick Webb's orchestra, I was a great admirer of her vocal abilities and musical tastes. The one Ella disc that I cherish above all others is her version of "Stairway To The Stars."

Of all the wonderful records that Frank Sinatra has made, I'll take "Nancy," that wonderful song dedicated to Frank's little girl.

I wonder if you remember the great Artie Shaw band of pre-war days? Remember his little jazz group within the band that was called the "Gramercy Five"? Their version of "Summit Ridge Drive" is nothing less than great.

"Perfidia" by Benny Goodman is just a record to many people, but it's a musical education to me.

Whether or not Charlie Barnett deserves the nickname of "Mad Mab" has nothing whatsoever to do with the great bands he has had and the great music he has played. While his newest band is considered the best he ever had, I'll take his three-part harmony band of "Cherokee" days.

My album favorites run the gamut from Errol Garner's modern piano styling, through Buddy Cole's music and right back to Benny Goodman.

Please don't think that my likes or my records stop there, it's just that the space I'm filling stops here.

Are you a young wife who knows only half the truth?



Then read this scientific knowledge you can trust about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

It's really a pity when you consider how many young women continue to enter matrimony without first learning the *real truth* about these intimate physical facts. So often a young wife finds her husband's honeymoon devotion rapidly cooling—yet she doesn't realize the wife is often the guilty one.

Every young woman has a right to be instructed on how necessary vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, married happiness, after menstrual periods and to combat offensive odor.

And even MORE IMPORTANT, she should be told that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE!

Developed By Famous
Surgeon and Scientist

A great surgeon and scientist developed

the ZONITE principle—the *first* antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing and deodorizing action yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues. ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as you want* without the slightest risk of injury to most delicate tissues.

A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective*—it kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can FEEL CONFIDENT that ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete douching instructions come with every bottle. You can buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-89, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

NAME _____
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TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

Hitch-hiking can be
more than just a
means to an end—
it can be an adventure

By TOMMY BARTLETT

An English instructor, who is studying for his Ph.D., has his own following among the devotees of jazz and who likes to go hitch-hiking, is half of a team we have chosen as our Travelers of the Month. The other member is a little six-year-old. They are John Parker and little Johnnie, Jr., from Orangeburg, New York.

We've had quite a number of father and son teams before our ABC microphone, at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, but the story told by the Parkers is one of the most interesting.

The minute John senior started talking we knew that he was not a native

New Yorker. His soft, low, friendly voice sounded like Texas to us, and that is just where he hails from. But he reached New York by way of California and Nevada.

Little Johnnie looked on and smiled while his Dad told their story. "The trip," he said, "from New York to Chicago, was just an elongation of what I do every day to get to work at Columbia University, where I am teaching, as well as taking a full study course.

"We live in Shanks Village in Orangeburg. As Camp Shanks, it was one of the largest army posts during the war. Now part of it has been converted into 8,000 living quarters, where

Tommy Bartlett (middle) with John Parker and his son, Johnnie, Jr.—a pair who successfully substituted the thumb for a ticket.



Tommy Bartlett and his Welcome Travelers program can be heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EDT, over ABC stations.

staff members of Columbia and pupils, ex-service personnel, live with their families. It is a 60-mile round trip for us daily to Morningside Heights, where the University is located. We get there by car pools and organized hitch-commuting as we call it.

"It's standard operation practice for Shanks residents to stand on the roadside and flag a ride. And it works fine."

I couldn't help but think about the appropriateness of Shanks village to Shanks mare as Mr. Parker told his story. But let him continue.

"Last fall Johnnie and I decided it would be fun to take a longer trip than just the daily one. So we took a shake-down trip to Montreal, to prepare for this junket to Chicago. We had a lot of fun, no trouble and Johnnie saw a lot of the northeastern part of the United States. We planned that the first week I had free from teaching would be spent in Chicago, so here we are."

I could think of a lot of questions to ask the Parkers. Like why do you travel so casually, taking chances on the elements, time, discomforts and the like. Also I was curious to know how many miles they averaged a day, how they were treated on the road? How did a little boy of six feel about it?

Johnnie answered the last question by saying, "Most of the time we have good luck, but when it's bad, well there just isn't anything to do about it, but walk. And I like to walk."

Later on his Dad concurred on that score. He said that little Johnnie is a tireless hiker, whether it is on a country road or in Marshall Field and Company's big State Street store.

Mr. Parker started answering some of our questions. "I want Johnnie to know the country, to meet people, to see how others live. On the road everyone is our friend."

Johnnie agrees with his Daddy, because when I asked him if he had fun, he answered, "I sure do, but of all our friends, I like truck drivers best. When I grow up, that's what I want to be."

On their trip to Chicago the Parkers averaged 300 miles a day. But to save time our touring Parkers took the night bus from Cleveland and it landed them

WATCH FOR
THIS IS GALEN DRAKE
Exclusive first photographs of
GALEN DRAKE
In September RADIO MIRROR
On Sale August 10

in front of our microphone, where little Johnnie made friends with the big audience in the College Inn. With his appealing eyes, and his wistful smile, we all knew why his father said that on the road Johnnie was treated like royalty by all who met him.

But let's pick up Mr. Parker's story from his college days which were spent at Texas Christian, majoring in music. After a hitch in the army, he decided that a musician's career was somewhat insecure, so he crammed at the University of Southern California and ended up with a M.A. degree in English.

It was while he was appearing in a night club in Reno, that he heard of a position open at the University of Nevada for an English instructor. He applied for the job, got it, and his new career was launched.

From Nevada to New York was his next move, to complete work on his Ph.D. Mr. Parker told me that his Doctor's dissertation is being written on Robert Greene, the Elizabethan writer, poet, rogue and swashbuckler, whom it is said, referred to Shakespeare as an "upstart crow." Research reveals that the English author's life was far from monotonous. It was ended with an overdose of Rhenish wine.

"What do you do in your spare time?" I asked Mr. Parker.

"Oh, I play the piano," he answered. "A few weeks ago I appeared down at the University of Virginia. I frequently play for my students."

"Old English airs, I suppose."

"Jazz, New Orleans, Chicago and pure Dixieland," he answered. "And every other Friday night I play at the Central Plaza in Greenwich Village. J. P. Johnson and I take turns. As a matter of fact I've just cut some records for Paradox which I hope collectors will be putting on their record shelves next to Johnson's. They'll be out in a few weeks."

My poor old red-head was spinning from the story. Ph.D., Elizabethan authors, jazz, hitch-hikers, but I did remember to ask the Parkers if there are any more at home like them.

And they answered yes. Back in Orangeburg, Mrs. Parker is busy taking care of four-months-old Jimmie. But three-year-old Tooky, Johnnie's little sister, is already talking about the trip she is going to make with the traveling members of her family.

It's all planned, Johnnie tells me. The first time his father has a summer vacation they're going to make a circle tour of the country. It will take them three months and they plan to get back home just in time to get to school the day the new semester starts.

I finally waved goodbye to the Parkers. But just as they left I made one request. I want one of those jazz albums . . . autographed please.

Happy
Swimming
days
with
Tampax



Tampax is discretion itself at swimming time. Because this remarkable monthly sanitary protection has no outside pad... Give this one fact your full consideration—and you'll realize that Tampax can be trusted in the water and out of the water with your bathing suit wet or dry. So get Tampax for the next occasion and enjoy those additional "stolen" swims!

Made of highly absorbent surgical cotton, Tampax is worn internally and comes in efficient easy-to-use applicators. When in place it is not only invisible but unfelt. No chafing is possible. No edge-lines can show under soft summer dresses. No odor can form. Changing is quick and disposal no trouble at all.

This Tampax was invented by a doctor and is by no means intended as an occasional convenience. It meets the demands of this special hygienic need every month of the year. Millions now use it. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into purse; economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Back stoop choir: Betty lets the neighborhood kids sing for her—usually it's just the other way around.



Happiness is

Easy



Betty types show script in Braille as Brother Tom dictates.



No protest at practice time, Betty's mother supervises.

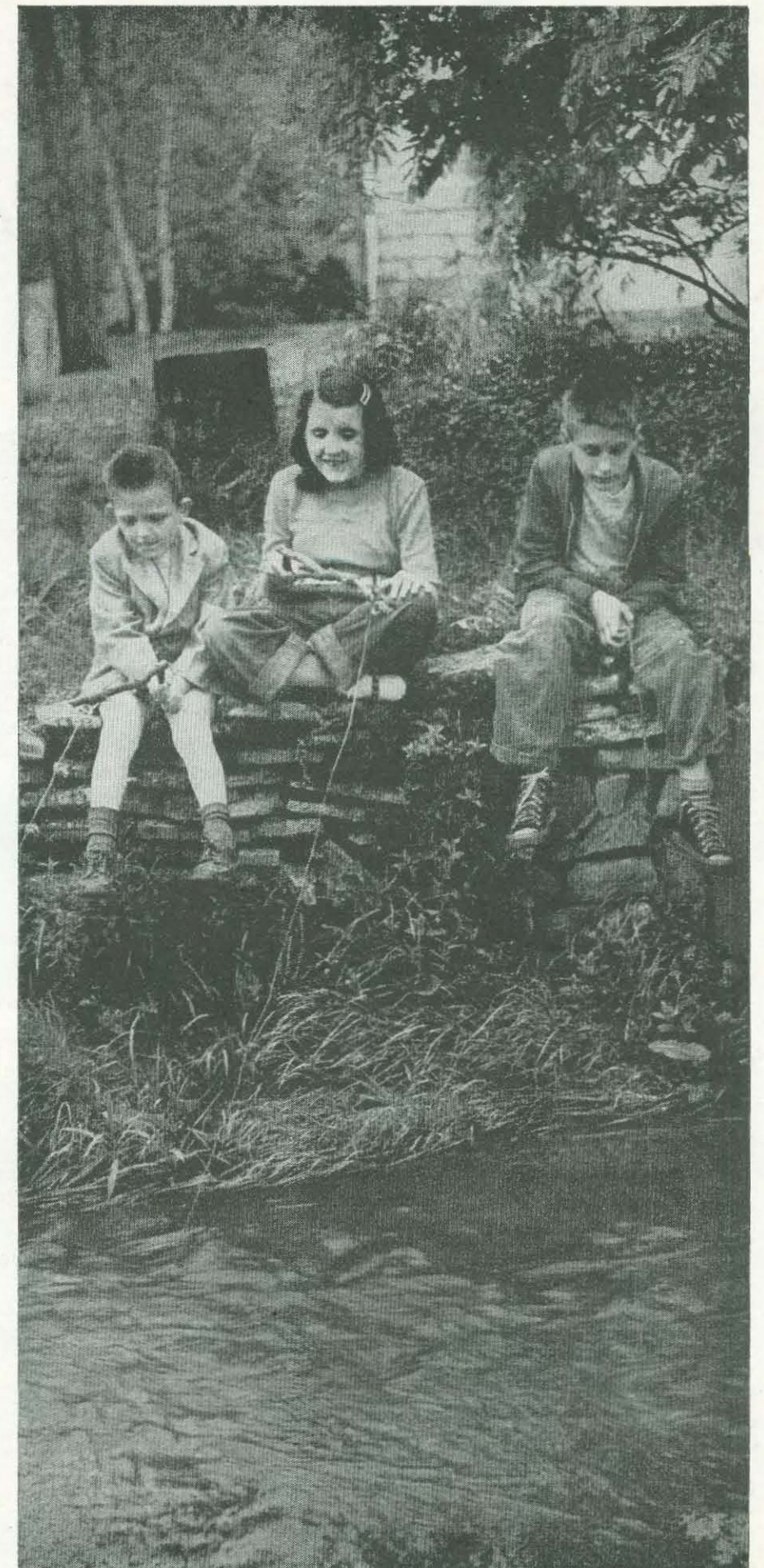
The Betty Clark Sing's show can be heard every Sunday evening at 6:30 EDT on ABC stations.

Hope, courage, faith . . . in
these qualities a little blind
girl found the formula
for success—and for happiness

By BETTY CLARK

I've found it's easy to be happy. All you have to do is sprinkle a little sunshine in another person's life and your world just naturally will become rosy, too. Even blindness doesn't dampen your spirits—at least, not mine.

Ever since I can remember I've been blind; and yet I believe I act and feel the same as any other twelve-year-old girl. I roller skate, dance, play basketball, even go to the movies. On Sundays, I do my radio show, Betty Clark Sings on the ABC Network. It's a fifteen-minute program with novachord, electric guitar, harp, celeste and organ, and songs by me. I start memorizing my script on Thursdays, rehearse Sundays at noon and sing the opening theme of the show, "Somewhere Over the (Continued on page 84)



Shades of Tom Sawyer: Betty and her pals try their luck in her backyard brook.

Here I Am-Blondie!

Although I've been Blondie only a short while, people say to me, "The Bumsteads are so *real* to us. Is Blondie *real* to you?" I always laugh lightly and murmur something polite between clenched teeth. Is she real to me? You should see her bill for clothes!

This summer I bought two new wardrobes. One for myself. One for Blondie. How real can that Bumstead girl be?

I found, the first night I *was* Blondie on the radio program, that she and I had a number of different tastes. That night I had a new dress. Black. Simple. If I say so myself it was nice for Ann Rutherford. But I hadn't slipped it over my head before I knew it was wrong for Blondie. It was too striking. It made Blondie look as if she were wearing someone else's clothes. And she was. I phoned home and had another dress brought down in time for the show.

And people ask if Blondie is real to me.

I wear a great deal of black and navy blue. I wear simple, tailored things. Blondie doesn't. She wears pastels and frills. It's not even like having a sister with whom you can exchange clothes. Blondie and I may be one, but we are unalterably two.

It was Arthur Lake who came up with the solution to Blondie. Arthur, after all, should be an authority. He probably knows the Bumsteads better than anyone in the world except for Chic Young who created them and the writers who put words in their mouths every Wednesday night on NBC. He has been Dagwood on the air and in pictures for more than a decade.

Arthur got to thinking about the incident of the dress that wasn't right. He had nothing much more on his mind that evening after the show than his wife, Pat, his two children, the picture he is making at Columbia, the pictures he intends to produce, and next week's program. So, faced with this leisure, he thought about Blondie. He decided that Blondie was not only an actress, a character in a cartoon strip, a voice on the radio, but beyond these, a state of mind.

I will go along with this theory. Blondie is an attitude toward life. I've read about her for years. I've felt about her as many people do—that she was a person I knew, a friend, a neighbor. In a

good many ways I've wished I was like her. She is sympathetic, tolerant, eager to help and generous. She's a girl who manages to guide her little family with humor and understanding, with wisdom and a clear conception of her own and their shortcomings. These things I've long admired about Blondie. But I must say that being two people, after the relatively uncomplicated existence of being just one, holds a number of surprises. It also solved a very real personal problem for me.

It began on an afternoon several months ago when the phone rang in my house just as I was leaving for a luncheon. The call was from my agent. He wanted to know if I could go to NBC immediately and audition for a radio show.

I've been in show business for a long time—since in fact, I was thirteen years old, an item I shall file later under *How Time Flies*. I know about these calls. I know you tear, breathless, to the station or to the (Continued on page 81)

Blondie, says the girl who's just recently become the new Mrs. Bumstead of the air, is not only comic strip character, actress, and voice on the radio. More important than all those—Blondie is a state of mind!

By ANN RUTHERFORD



What but "Blondie" would the Bumstead family laugh at in the comics? Dagwood (Arthur Lake), Blondie (Ann Rutherford) and Cookie (Joan Rae).

MOTHER and I

By
ANNA ROOSEVELT



Making the most of it: the Roosevelts seldom have chance for a pre-broadcast conference. Anna speaks from Hollywood, Mrs. Roosevelt from wherever she is—sometimes it's Paris.

At the outset of my program with Mother over ABC, I made it clear that Mother and I would not rule out honest differences on the air for, like any two human beings, we don't always agree. But there was a time, I must admit, when I lacked the maturity to discuss differences of opinion rationally. I remember one episode in particular in which Mother and I did not see eye to eye. I did not reason with her—instead, I pouted like a child.

I was in my late teens when it happened. Mother suddenly made it plain that I was to work in the summer. It wasn't that I minded working; I was perfectly willing to do anything on our own farm. But Mother had other ideas—ideas that clashed with mine.

In my foolish stubbornness, I did not explain to Mother my chief reason for not wanting to go away to work, as she wished. I had just made what to me was an extremely important adjustment at private school. For the first time in my life, I had run into snobbery and cliques. I could not become reconciled to the strange way of life I had encountered at the school. I loathed it. But when finally I had made friends, I had no desire to leave the surroundings I had conquered.

Since I did not confide in her, Mother had no way of knowing the motivation of my misgivings. If she had, I am sure she would have convinced me of how silly they were. Mother looked upon summer employment as a character-building experience rather than as an added source of family income, of course, but I was too rebellious to appreciate this in the first flush of her gentle, but firm, ultimatum.

Yes, I did have words with Mother before her put-Anna-to-work-plan became an accomplished fact, but I did not speak them with anything approximating an open mind. My part of the discussion consisted solely of unwavering opposition. I blurted out that I would never, never work in a stuffy office.

Without my saying so, Mother calmly took this to mean that I would be much happier working on

Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt are heard Monday through Friday at 4:45 P.M., EDT, on ABC.



Interview in the field: Anna, like all good reporters—and her mother—believes in going out and seeing for herself.



Anna Roosevelt's home is alive with mementos willed to her by her father. This is the chair FDR used when he worked in his office at the White House.

a farm. The next thing I remember is a journey of several hundred miles from Hyde Park to the New York State Agricultural Experimental Station in Geneva. Mother sat next to me during the entire trip, but I was so furious that I did not once open my mouth as I drove the car. And Mother resolutely returned the compliment with her own judicious silence.

After it was over, I was terribly contrite. I realized—as Mother must have known I would—the truth of the old bromide that Mother knows best! I was profoundly grateful to her, in fact. My summer at the Agricultural Experimental Station opened exciting new horizons. I not only enjoyed my work immense-

ly; I experienced the fascination of getting to know new people and coming in contact with new points of view and broader outlooks. How reassuring when I learned how easy it really was to make friends.

It is so difficult to measure fully Mother's uncanny judgment. Results, and results alone lighted up her insight.

Life with Mother always has been rich with her inspiration. Her aim never was to mold me in her image, but to guide me along lines of intellectual independence, social awareness and understanding. If I am able to bring any of these qualities to our radio program, I recognize how deeply indebted I am to Mother—even when I have the temerity to

take issue with her on a subject.

Neither Mother nor Father ever courted sycophants among their children. And if I have learned to speak up, I can trace my assertiveness to the family hearth. Although the family has arrived at broadly the same general philosophy, it would be an error to suppose that we agreed automatically on every social and economic question of public interest.

Certainly there was nothing to support such a notion at our spirited family gatherings where everyone was free to express opinions, where sometimes even Father would have to shout to get the floor. The dictum that children should be seen and not heard was (Continued on page 77)

Much has been written about the woman the world knows so well, but only her daughter could tell this story

KATE SMITH'S

SUMMER

The lady with the voice doesn't ever quite get away from it all—even on an island. But then who would want her to?



"If she's not in the garden, look for her in the kitchen." They're talking about Kate Smith, the lady whose talents are many, and not all musical. For Kate, though she's supposed to be vacationing, puts in an active summer on her island in Lake Placid. She grows eleven different vegetables, frequently does all the cooking and hardly ever has less than a dozen house guests. Kate discovered Camp Sunshine—as she calls her idyllic spot—when it was just an abandoned farmhouse. She supervised the renovations herself, keeping the interior as colonial as Yankee Doodle. Kate's 2,000 piece antique collection, which she says is her "big indulgence," helps preserve the early American atmosphere she likes so much. But Kate's manager, Ted Collins, prefers the twentieth century. He and wife Jeanette live near by—in a strictly functional house. Kate does make one concession to the streamlined age, however, and that's in her kitchen. It's as modern as tomorrow and is Kate's favorite room. For, after all, when she's away from the microphone, that's where she's most at home.

Kate Smith's program can be heard every day at twelve o'clock noon, EDT, on Mutual stations.



Patience and planning, plus Kate Smith, turned a dream into a reality. And Camp Sunshine is the happy result.

No one tarries when the dinner bell sounds at Camp Sunshine — especially when Kate does the cooking.

Kate's Buck Island neighbor always lends an assist at broadcast time. His name? Ted Collins, of course.

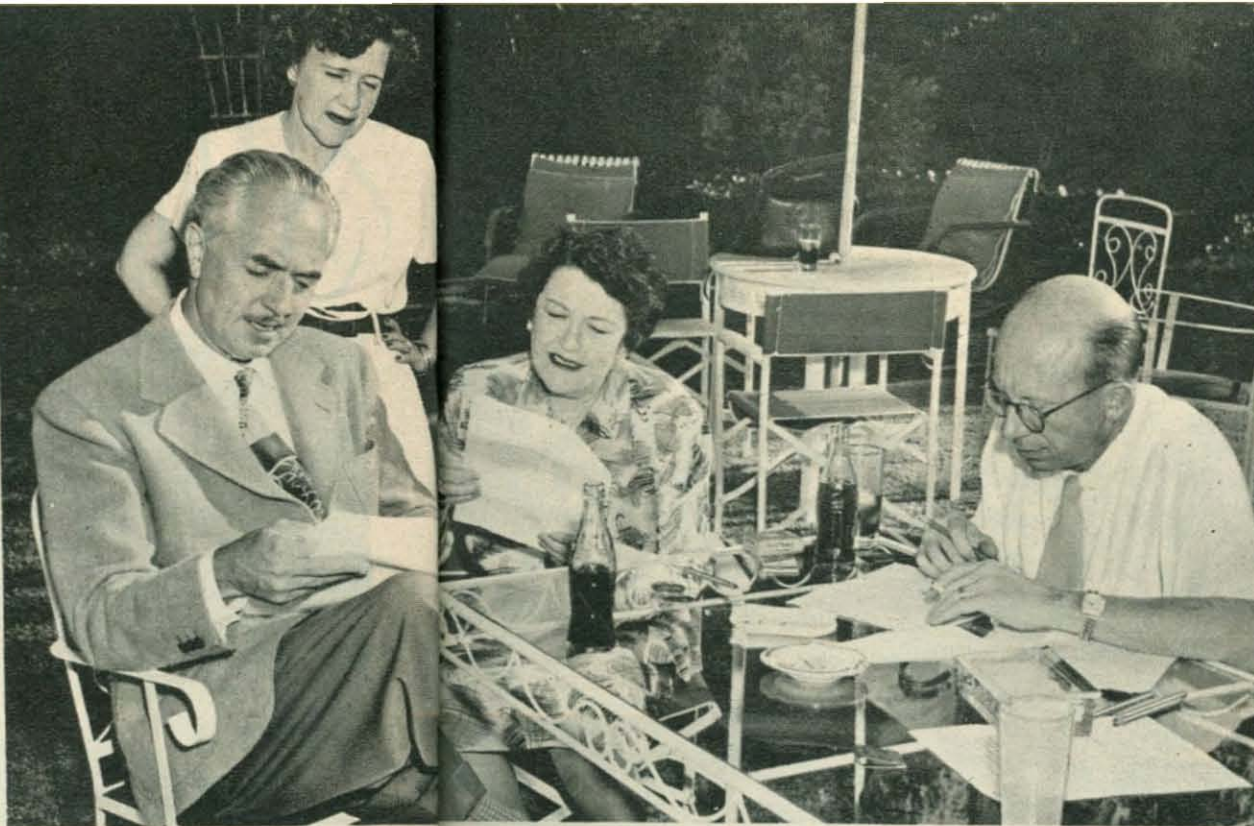
When you live on an island, you have to be a sailor. And Kate, as you might know, makes a very good one.



Kate's house guests are usually so numerous that she has been accused of running a small hotel. But once in a while, at tea time, it's just the family circle: Grandmother Hanby, Aunt Martha and Jeanette Collins.



Having Wonderful Time



At-home rehearsal—guest William Powell, writer Ruth Waterbury and producer Richard Diggs enjoy a “run through” with Louella in her lovely garden.

“AREN’T YOU,” ROARED HER PRODUCER,

“THE FIRST LADY OF HOLLYWOOD?” ALL OF A SUDDEN, BROADCASTING WAS FUN!

Jack Benny’s always full of compliments and puts Louella at ease.



By
Louella
Parsons

Out here in Hollywood, land of superlatives, it’s the thing to do to boast a little about yourself, and how and why you’re a little different from the rest. I might as well start out that way, too. What can I tell you about my radio show that will fall into any of those categories? Well, I can safely say that no one else in the business can boast that her program was almost a radio casualty because of a toothache, a can of soup, and Audie Murphy’s cold! Likewise, I’m the only woman in these parts who’s had the dubious distinction of being almost “stood up” by Clark Gable. . . .

Mr. Gable put me through the paces when he was scheduled for an appearance on our old Hollywood Hotel program. Our rehearsal had been good, and we were looking forward with considerable anticipation to the actual broadcast. This, we were certain, would be one of our best shows to date.

But when we had only a few minutes left before air time and our leading man was nowhere in sight, half a dozen of us began collectively to chew our fingernails, make frantic telephone calls, and juggle last-minute changes in the script to account for the lack of a hero.

I was suffering the tortures of a woman in such circumstances when suddenly the door burst open, and there stood Clark. But, instead of the usual suave Clark Gable we’re all accustomed to on the screen, he looked as though he had just tangled (Continued on page 82)

Louella Parsons is heard Sundays, 9:15 P.M. EDT, on ABC. Miss Parsons begins her summer vacation on July 24.



Pleasant interlude in an all-talk show is the recent addition of singers, like Dinah Shore, to the program. It’s working out well, according to letters from listeners—some four thousand a week!



NEW, 20,000, 300, 100,000

Through the Years with YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

A doctor's life is dedicated to service—to kindness and consideration. So dedicated is the life of Jerry Malone.

In this Radio Mirror review of the career of Jerry Malone, you can follow the life of the brilliant young doctor—his wife, friends and associates—just as it is presented on the air. And the players who act out the roles on these pages are the ones you hear when you listen to the Young Dr. Malone program on the radio:

Jerry Malone.....Sandy Becker
Ann Malone.....Barbara Weeks
Lynne Dineen.....Donna Keath
Roger Dineen.....Barry Thompson
Dr. Ralph Munson.....Larry Haines



2. Rebeling against the futility of unrequited love, Ann resigned as Jerry's assistant. But before she could leave town, Jerry realized he was losing more than an efficient nurse, and he ran after her at the station. Jerry was able to convince Ann that he really did love her and she accepted his proposal.



3. After their quiet little church wedding, Ann and Jerry settled down to a full and satisfying life together—both at home and in the office—for Ann returned as Jerry's assistant. They saw service in China during the war and when peace was declared, they returned to their happy, useful lives in Stanhope.

1. When Dr. Jerry Malone opened an office in Stanhope early in his career, he hired a trained nurse, Ann, who soon fell helplessly—but hopelessly—in love with him. Jerry was too absorbed in his work to notice the depth of Ann's feelings, even when she managed to see him after working hours.

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



4. Ann again resigned as Jerry's assistant—this time to have a baby. It turned out to be a girl and the happy parents named her Jill. Shortly after their daughter's birth, Ann and Jerry moved to Three Oaks, a town badly in need of a good doctor.



5. Three Oaks was a small community, dominated politically by the unscrupulous Roger Dineen. He and Jerry soon brushed when Dineen tried to get Jerry to condemn an old reservoir so he could buy and re-sell it to the railroad at a fat profit. But Jerry refused to be bribed by Dineen.



6. Angered by Jerry's refusal, Dineen tried to frame him, but he was defeated and had to leave town. Some time later, Dineen returned to Three Oaks—a reformed man. He donated his wealth to a new hospital which Jerry was to head. The Malones and the Dineens became good friends.



7. Trouble began for Ann and Jerry when Jerry's widowed mother came to live with them. Mother Malone didn't like Ann, and in trying to regain the important place she had once held in her son's life, she resorted to lies and tears to cause disharmony.



8. Mother Malone succeeded in her efforts to break up Ann and Jerry. Heartbroken, Ann took Jill and fled to a lake resort. There she met kindly Ralph Munson, also a doctor. He fell in love with Ann immediately, but she could think only of Jerry.



9. Back home, Jerry suffered a nervous breakdown because of the separation. Hearing about it, Ann rushed back to Three Oaks, Dr. Munson following. Ann realized that Jerry loved her deeply, that nothing could ever come between them. Mother Malone, ashamed, begged forgiveness.



10. Dr. Munson, staying on in Three Oaks, stifled his love for Ann and helped her nurse Jerry back to health. After his recovery, Jerry was offered an important research job by Dr. Thomas of the New York Medical Institute. Munson knew Thomas to be an opportunist, but Jerry was tempted.



11. Certain of success, Jerry made up his mind to take the job in New York. Ann was doubtful of life in the big city, but loyally decided to accompany Jerry. They left Jill temporarily with Mother Malone and said goodbye to life in Three Oaks.

NONSENSICAL



OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Wed forty-six years, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sims, of E. St. Louis, recalled their courtship while attending college. Mrs. Sims explained that when her husband proposed, she asked for two hours to think it over. "Where did you go to think it over," inquired the professor, bringing this reply: "I was sitting on his lap."

FUN AND GAMES—

Any number of people may engage in this game, and the one with the most retentive memory is likely to win. Guests are arranged clockwise, and someone starts by saying, "I had apricot pie for breakfast." The next person must pick it up alphabetically, saying, "I had apricot pie and beans for lunch, etc." Each successive person continues in this wise, including all the previous edibles mentioned, and adding one beginning with the next letter in the alphabet. It's a fun-loaded verbal endurance test, and the one who holds out longest wins. You name the prizes—or the penalties.

A LITTLE LEARNING—

Wondering all these years what happened to the end of February? It was grafted on to the month of August. Honest. To make August equal to July—only democratic, you'll admit—the Roman Senate borrowed one day from February and added it to August. This eighth month of the modern year was named for the Roman emperor, Augustus.

August is pretty shy on legal holidays. August 1 is Colorado Day. August 16 Bennington Battle Day in Vermont, and August 30 Huey Long's birthday in Louisiana. It's the late Kingfish's birthday elsewhere, too, but they observe it in Louisiana.

LET'S FLAG BETSY DEPT.—

Betsy Ross, so long credited with designing the American flag, doesn't rate those historical bows. It was designed by one Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.



HALF-MINUTE QUIZ (1)

Who is famous as "The Mad Russian"? Check one.

- Andrei Vishinsky ()
- Joseph Stalin ()
- Bert Gordon ()

YOUR HOME STATE—ARIZONA—

Capital: Phoenix. . . . Admitted to the Union: 1912; the last state to be admitted. . . . Population, men vs. women: 258,170 men; 241,091 women. . . . To Marry: With parental consent, men must be 18, women 16; without consent, men 21, women 18; no blood test, no waiting period. . . . Origin of the Name: Arizona was named after "Arizonac"—or Ari, meaning small, and Zonac, meaning spring. So called by the Papagao and Pima Indians. . . . State Motto: Ditat Deus (God Enriches). . . . State Flower: saguaro cactus. . . . State Nickname: The baby state. . . .

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Robert Brown, a student from Colorado Springs, Colo., cheerfully told the class about a mishap that befell him when he was trapped in the path of an onrushing train. Fifteen cars ran over him. He suffered thirty-seven broken bones, lost his right leg and left foot, and was in the hospital thirty-five months. "It took a little dough," he smiled philosophically, "before I got on my feet again." Artificial feet, as a deeply moved student body realized for the first time.



KAY KYSER (born 1905) SAID IT—

"There's many a tune left in an old accordion if you know how to squeeze it."

HALF-MINUTE QUIZ (2)—

An old proverb warns you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. In that case, check each of the following statements, which is true.

- Before you can become a butterfly, you first must be a caterpillar. ()
- Before you can become a horse, you first must be a donkey. ()
- You can make glass out of sand. ()

YOU'D BETTER NOT—

Commit suicide in Chicago—it's against the law. Loiter on bakery shelves in Massachusetts—it's against the law. Buy chickens between sundown and sunrise in Idaho without first notifying the sheriff—it's against the law.

KNOWLEDGE

FILE AND FORGET—

The annual bill for the radio talent you get with the twist of a dial is \$50,000,000 and going up steadily.

Thirty-four million American homes are equipped with radios—no doubt many more since the last count.

Twelve million of those homes have secondary sets, bringing the total to 46,000,000 sets.

Six million autos—probably a couple million more since they stopped tallying—are equipped with radios.

The nation's annual radio repair bill equals that of the talent tab—fifty-million dollars.

ALEXANDER POPE (born 1688) RHYMED IT—

"Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

WILLIAM PENN (born 1667) SAID IT—

"Truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders than from the arguments of its opposers."

OSCAR WILDE (born 1865) SAID IT—(and I'm glad!)

"Experience is the name everybody gives to his mistakes."

HALF-MINUTE QUIZ (3)

Which of the following great American presidents provided in his last will and testament for the freedom of his slaves? Check one.

- Abraham Lincoln ()
- Ulysses Grant ()
- George Washington ()

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Russ Simmons, a sensitive citrus grower from Altadena, California, taught the class an unusual lesson in semantics. The term, smudge pot, incurred his displeasure. "Smudge pot is an ugly expression," quoth student Simmons. "It's like spit. We call it an orchard heater."

THE CLEVER AND THE GOOD

If all good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.

But somehow, 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should;
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good.

—Elizabeth Wordsworth



HALF-MINUTE QUIZ (4)

Although he rose to a million-dollar-a-year band leader, this famous personality never sang or played an instrument with his orchestra. Who is he? Check one.

- Ozzie Nelson ()
- Tex Beneke ()
- Kay Kyser ()

(Answers to all half-minute quizzes will be found upside down on this page.)

- 1—Butterflies do emerge from caterpillars, and glass is made out of sand. Donkeys do not become horses.
- 2—Bert Gordon
- 3—George Washington
- 4—Kay Kyser

QUIZ ANSWERS

Jessie

finds

a home—

A ROSEMARY STORY IN PICTURES



1. Shortly after Rosemary Dawson's marriage to Bill Roberts, an amnesia victim, he remembered that he had a wife and a six-year-old daughter, Jessica. Heartbroken, Rosemary took Bill to her home town of Springdale, then set out to find his family for him; for his happiness was more important than her own.

Rosemary is the story of a girl who not only had faith in the future—future happiness for herself and for her husband—but who was willing and eager, as so many women are not, to work and fight in order to make that dream of happiness come true. Rosemary and her husband Bill live in Springdale with Rosemary's mother, her sister Patti and Jessica, the little girl whose story is told here. In these pictures you see Rosemary and her family playing the same roles in which you hear them on the air.

ROSEMARY CAST MEMBERS

Rosemary..... Betty Winkler
 Bill..... George Keane
 Mother Dawson..... Marion Barney
 Patti..... Patsy Campbell
 Lefty..... Larry Haines
 Jessica..... Joan Lazar



2. Rosemary located Bill's wife, Audrey, at a party with gangster Lefty Higgins. Audrey agreed to return to Bill because of his money, but afterward made life utterly miserable for Bill and Jessica.



3. At last Bill remembered his relationship to Rosemary. Then he learned from Lefty that his marriage to Audrey was not legal—Lefty told Bill this because he, and not Bill, is Jessie's father. Leaving the little girl with Lefty, who loved her, longed to be a real father to her, Bill returned to Springdale—and Rosemary.



4. While Rosemary and Bill were happily reunited in Springdale, Lefty was involved in a bank robbery in which one of the guards was killed. Lefty, a gang member, escaped to the mountains, leaving Jessie in a hotel room where she was discovered by the police and questioned. Terrified, the child telephoned to Bill.



5. Bill went after Jessie, brought her to Springdale where she was warmly welcomed by Mother Dawson and Rosemary's sister, Patti. For the first time, Jessica knew the warmth and security of a real home.



6. With authorities closing in, Lefty had to flee the mountains. He worked his way to Springdale and hid in the Dawson cellar. There Jessie discovered him and fed him secretly, afraid he would be found.



7. Finding a plate in the cellar, Mother Dawson felt something was wrong, and was sure of it when Jessie dropped a coffee pot—a signal to warn Lefty that someone was about to go downstairs to the basement.



8. Lefty's love for Jessica exceeded his fear for himself—he knew he must leave. Jessie helped him slip away. When Bill and Rosemary kissed her goodnight, her feelings of insecurity vanished for good.

Rosemary is heard every Monday through Friday at 11:45 A.M. EDT, over CBS stations.



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 11:30 EDT over ABC

Hello There:

Of all the months in the year . . . we're sometimes apt to look on August as the least welcome.

Summer is dying . . . the roses that bloomed in June are about gone . . . dog days come along . . . everybody is concerned with "how to beat the heat . . ." and a lot of us not very anxious for tomorrow's sun.

In August, as they say in the song . . . "life gets tedious."

Same old temperature . . . same faded roses . . . the same memories . . . and about the same kind of tomorrow.

And yet . . . what day is ever the same . . . ?

In August, as in January . . . Tomorrow is a whole new day to explore and discover new adventures.

At the end of summer the same old memories can take on new magic; our house . . . our town . . . our life . . . can take on new meaning.

So here's a page of August poetry . . . with some magic for another Tomorrow.

—Ted Malone

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42 N. Y. 17, N. Y. 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 our Bookends pages.

BETWEEN

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

INARTICULATE

He never spoke of love in all the years
They were together, twenty-five or more.
He met her every wish, and soothed her tears
With awkward gentleness, then hurried to the door
In search of tasks that he could understand:
Intricate workmanship in stone or wood,
Flowers that seemed to blossom for his hand . . .
All things inanimate he understood.

The home he built for her was all her own;
The flowers he grew graced room and hearth and hall . . .
And when he died, and she was there alone,
She thought with grief, "He loved me not at all . . ."
Then suddenly, although he was not there,
She felt his love about her everywhere.

—Marylu Terral Jeans

LULLABY FOR A CITY

Call in your children from their evening games
beneath the blossoms of your street lamps, call
your mother cats indoors to their hungry kittens,
and take your leashed dogs for a final stroll
while the wind blows bare tree shadows on a wall
and ships moan softly on your darkened river.
Then slowly down the glitter of your towers,
put out your lights, O fabulous city. Sleep
while the foggy stars are clocking the too brief hours.
At dawn the ships will cry you wide awake
and sun will wash your soaring walls with flame
while you lift into another day as lovely
as yesterday, yet never quite the same.

—Frances Frost

FOR MARY, DEPARTING

Her life was substitution,
Sparrow instead of lark,
Instead of roses, thistles,
Instead of morning, dark.

By sparrow, thistle, darkness,
Answer our request;
Let her have authentic
Heaven, after rest.

—Jane H. Merchant

THE BOOKENDS

SON GROWING

I've watched him stretch out inch by inch
Just like rubber band;
I know just when he cleared my knees,
And when he reached my hand.

And then, almost before my eyes
(He barely seemed much older)
I looked, and there his tousled head
Stood even with my shoulder.

And next (it seemed no time at all
Since he was shoulder high)
I gazed upon my son again
And he was tall as I.

And now . . . I can't believe it yet—
I'm filled with pride and wonder,
To note that when I'm next to him,
It's I who's standing under!
—Mae Winkler Goodman

TORN BETWEEN

Many a notable,
I have noted,
Likes to be quotable
But not quoted.

—S. H. Dewhurst

THE LITTLE THINGS

If you know beauty, then you know how well
It rests upon the heart. In your mind's eye
May live the memory of a singing shell
That cupped the sea and stole its restless sigh,
Remembrance of a mountain lake asleep
And dreaming in the dawn, fine wisps of cloud
That cradle stars, and great hills, high and deep,
Like massive shoulders of a world without.

And yet the actions of our everyday
Include such formless things—a thought, a jest,
A kindness done—that lead another way
To beauty's throne, and where their favors rest
Is one more step on the immortal span
Toward goodness and the godliness of man.

—Harold Applebaum

MAY I BE STRONG

A butterfly caught in a web
Wears out each fragile wing
With futile beatings against
The spider's final sting.

May I, when death comes knock-
ing,
Not worry myself thin
With postponing the moment
I let him in.

—Beatrice Brissman

BLIND

When I stepped out into this present night,
There was no time to question, be afraid,
Turn back for one last look, one scrap of light;
I left abruptly, and the brightness stayed.
A sunset painted red by God's own hands,
A dark sky set with fire, a yellow flower,
The common things a poet understands,
Are what I carried with me in that hour.
I followed destiny, or fate, or God—
I knew him only as a quiet guide—
Into my dark adventure, deeply awed,
To find more beauty, though I was denied
The chance to grow indifferent and blind
To all the beauty that I left behind.

—Rudy Story

**LINES TO A CERTAIN
SOMEONE**

Think twice before you speak to me
Of marriage vows and drudgery,
Of making beds and Monday wash,
And learning how to cook a squash.
Count ten before you offer this
Exquisite view of wedded bliss,
Of dirty shirts tossed carelessly
Where dirty shirts should never be;
Of knitting little things, and then
Of knitting little things again.
Think twice before you dare propose
This life of never-ending woes
To one whose way of life is gay—
Think twice, then ask me anyway!

—Marian Martin



Jack and Helen Owens are fascinated by the children's experimental hamsters. And it looks as though Meadowbrook is, too.

He Sings

Before Breakfast

Fame, fortune, fun—and family.

Jack Owens has all of these. No wonder

he doesn't worry about music

before breakfast—or at any other time!

By MRS. JACK OWENS



The Owens Family finds fun in doing things together—even when a gin rummy game divides them. At left, John and Noel help Mother make a smart move while Mary Ann tells Dad to discard the ten.



Put 'em up. Young Jack learns how to use the gloves from his versatile father who was an all-around athlete in his youth.

If you sing before breakfast, an old adage warns, you'll cry before supper. But don't you believe it—simply mark it down as an old wives' tale, because I know a man who's been doing an extensive survey on the subject for a number of years. In all that time he hasn't shed a single pre-supper tear, although he not only sings before his own breakfast, but before, after and during a good many other morning meals from coast to coast.

His name is Jack Owens, known also—in that romantic language which seems to surround handsome men who sing for a living—as the Cruising Crooner, of ABC's Breakfast Club. Around home he's known as my husband, and as Daddy to Mary Ann, Johnny and Noel.

Jack's a happy man, and he sings because he enjoys singing. The happiness is contagious all through the family, and the talent seems to have been catching, too, at least as far as Mary Ann, who's now fourteen, is concerned. Mary Ann has already made her debut singing on radio and television programs, and she and her Dad have appeared together on TV, and together they've recorded a song which Jack wrote around a title Mary Ann suggested, "Will You Be My Darlin'?"

Although Jack's a busy man with his Breakfast Club stint, his show dates and recordings and his song-writing, he's never too busy to show as much interest in Mary Ann's career as if it were his own. He has, for instance, been her only singing coach. The professional side of that career of hers, however, is simply going to have to wait. In the first place, there's school. Mary Ann is a freshman, majoring in music, at Sacred Heart Convent in Lake Forest, Illinois, and we want her to finish, just like all the rest of the girls. She feels, too, that she wants to be "just one of the girls."

"I don't want to be *different*, Mother," she says, and I see her point. No girl, nowadays, wants to be different. I remember that when I went to high school, we were rather a dressy lot. I recall telling my own mother that I would "simply die" if I didn't have a caracul coat with a red fox collar. I'm sure that if I offered such a garment to Mary Ann for school wear now she'd "simply die" if she were forced to wear anything so ridiculous! Being different, to a girl of Mary Ann's age today, is the social kiss of death, and I'm heartily in accord with the simple clothes that make it practically impossible to be able to tell the colonel's daughter and Rosie O'Grady's apart.

But getting back to the talent department in our family. All three youngsters study piano, too, and Jack's quite a good player. I'm the only one who doesn't play. Jack's skill along those lines probably accounts for the speed with which he can compose, arrange or record tunes. Sometimes he can put together the lyrics for a song in a very short space of time—five minutes is his record, as I recall. Not just any old songs, either, for his "How Soon?" made the top of the Hit Parade and stayed there a while, and then there's the "Hukilau Song" and "Hi, Neighbor!" and "Cynthia's in Love" and, of course, the "Hut Sut Song," to name a few of them. You can see that I'm not at all modest about my husband's accomplishments!

Jack has been on the Breakfast Club for a bit more than seventeen years. He'll tell you solemnly that "a cruising crooner—that's me—is an ambulatory vocalizer," and I'll tell you, in case you've never seen a Breakfast Club broadcast and watched ambulatory vocalizing in action, that Jack travels through the audience, sitting on the lap of one woman after another, with one arm draped cozily about the lady's shoulder. Singing, he'll explain, becomes more personal this way—actually, his song is for only (Continued on page 90)



By JOAN DAVIS

When a Girl Marries

A problem shared with another is only half a burden—here Joan will help by sharing yours

In the June issue I asked for your help in the problem of Mrs. W.—or rather, the problem of Mrs. W.'s good friend who wondered whether or not to tell Mrs. W. that her husband had been dating a girl from his office. I feel that Mrs. Clara Harris has made a point in her letter which makes it stand out from most of the others I received—so, to Mrs. Harris for the penetrating and mature solution, which follows we've sent RADIO MIRROR's check for twenty-five dollars.

Please tell Mrs. W.'s best friend and all other well-meaning friends not to tell Mrs. W. of her husband's philandering! Chances are that Mrs. W. is trying her best to "keep face" before friends who know them both—she probably knows too well what is going on, but 'so long as it isn't out in the open, so long as she can go on pretending ignorance, she may save her marriage.

I know whereof I speak. I faced the same problem. I knew more than my friends did, but I pretended all was well. Then one who felt duty bound to tell came to me and told me—and it was no longer possible to go on. Result—another case for the domestic court. No man

on earth can fool a wife when he wanders from her. She is first to know—but usually last to acknowledge that she knows. Let her work out her own problem.

SECOND CHANCE

When I was young, I seemed to be the only one in the family who was able to stay home with our invalid mother. The young man whom I loved very dearly got tired of waiting and married a younger girl. A year after my mother passed away, I married a widower and lived with him and his five children until he died. The children now all have homes of their own; I have been alone and lonely nearly ten years now.

Three years ago, the only man I ever loved came to see me—the man who got tired of waiting for me. He had been divorced, had wandered from one part of the country and from one job to another. He now works steadily. I am doing needlework. We both make a living. Also, we are both sixty years old. We feel that we could still be supremely happy together.

Mrs. B. B.

Dear Mrs. B. B.:

I want you to re-read one sentence in your own letter—the one that says "We both feel that we could still be supremely happy together." If you mean this with all your heart, if you are honestly, completely certain that there is enough flexibility in each of you to make what is, after all, a very serious change in your lives, if you find satisfaction and comfort in each other's company—then, by all means, go ahead! You are a very courageous woman—your letter says this plainly by its calm acceptance of self-sacrifice—and it seems very clear to me that you have earned the right to make a definite choice of how you wish to spend your remaining years. I'm assuming you do not agree with the relatives who criticize your old suitor. But you must remember that, after all, you're the one who will live with him after the decision has been made, or who will, possibly, regret to your last day that you sent him away, closing the door forever on your chance of happiness. Search your heart, my friend, and if the answer is still yes, act on it!

(Continued on page 75)

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

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$25.00

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER \$25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than July 24th. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

The problem for this month will be found at the end of this article.

QUIZ CATALOGUE REVIEW:

WHAT CAN

I WIN?

• ANOTHER RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Here's the second in a series of twice-yearly bulletins to keep you up to date on shows in which you can participate, prizes that you can win!

The opportunities for home listeners and studio contestants to take away rich rewards in merchandise and money from network audience participation programs continue at a dizzy pace. More than thirty-five radio shows lure listeners with valuable prizes. On these two pages RADIO MIRROR has prepared an up-to-the-minute catalogue of information about all the network prize shows, which should help you prepare for your participation on any of these programs. This is a careful revision of a similar Quiz Catalogue printed some months ago.

Seasonal replacements and Daylight Saving Time in many areas have changed the broadcast times of some of these programs. Many new quiz shows have begun since the last report, and quite a few have been somewhat changed in form. It's still a good idea to consult the radio listings in your local newspaper, because some of these shows are broadcast nationally at one hour but re-broadcast, as recordings, at another time in certain sections of the country.

If you wish to attend any of these broadcasts, and will be in the city from which they are given, be sure to write in advance for tickets. Address your ticket requests to the Program Ticket Division of the network on which the program is heard, at the city—usually New York, Chicago or Hollywood—from which the program is broadcast, as shown in the *Information* columns in these listings. If the program requires your participation by mail, send your letter or postcard to the network, at the city from which the program is broadcast, and make sure to mention the specific program on the address of the envelope or card. Network addresses for all origination cities are given at the end of the list of quiz programs on the next page.

PROGRAM	INFORMATION FOR YOU	PROGRAM	INFORMATION FOR YOU	PROGRAM	INFORMATION FOR YOU
DAYTIME PROGRAMS (Monday through Friday)					
Tell Your Neighbor (9:15 A.M. from N. Y.) MBS	They read listeners' household hints for merchandise prizes. Send your hints.	G. E. Houseparty (3:00 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	Art Linkletter interviews, some quiz. Mostly G.E. prizes. Show sometimes travels.	County Fair (Wed. 9:00 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	This practical joke show may soon go off air. Merchandise and cash prizes. Some straight quiz.
Kay Kyser's College (4:00 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	Quiz interview with four simple queries. Gag prizes.	What's My Name? (12:30 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	Famous person appears, gives clues to identity. Telephone calls then made. Merchandise prizes.	Groucho Marx (Wed. 9:30 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	More comedy than quiz but one of best. May soon move to CBS. Merchandise and cash prizes.
Grand Slam (11:30 A.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Music quiz. Listeners send questions. Studio audience answers. Merchandise prizes. \$100 bond for jackpot.	Beat the Clock (4:05 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Quiz with definite time limit. Jackpot \$1,000. If audience contestant fails, telephone call is made. This show now 25 minutes.	Go For the House (Thurs. 9:00 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	General quiz. Seven correct answers win house, lot, merchandise.
Welcome Travelers (12:00 Noon from Chicago) ABC	Interview visitors in Hotel Sherman, Chi. No studio audience. No prizes.	Winner Take All (4:30 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Two contestants compete, winner can take on all comers. Merchandise prizes.	Break the Bank (Fri. 9:00 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	Answer 8 out of 9 questions to break the bank. Prizes from \$10 to often \$10,000 in cash. Bert Parks does this one expertly.
Breakfast in H'wy'd (2:00 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	Studio interviews only. No quiz. Prizes are orchids.	SATURDAY ONLY		Alexander's Quizdom Class (Sat. 6:30 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	High school panel, general information. College scholarship and merchandise prizes.
Double or Nothing (2:00 P.M. from Hollywood) NBC	Category quiz. Every correct answer doubles winnings, from \$2 to \$80. Jackpot, \$200 up. Listeners get paid for questions used on program.	Give and Take (1:30 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Audience quiz. "Secret Sound" jackpot. Merchandise awards.	Twenty Questions (Sat. 8:00 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	Experts play old "animal, mineral, vegetable" guessing game. Listeners submit subject matter for small merchandise prizes mostly lighters.
Queen for a Day (2:00 P.M. from Hollywood) MBS	Queen chosen from audience, has wishes granted. Merchandise, cash prizes.	True or False (5:30 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	One of the oldest straight quizzes. Usually general questions. Cash prizes.	Truth or Consequences (Sat. 8:30 P.M. from Hollywood) NBC	Ralph Edwards' famous stunt show with gag and valuable prizes and hidden identity jackpot worth up to \$20,000. Some phone calls.
Anniversary Club (Golden Hope Chest) (2:30 P.M. from Hollywood) MBS	Quiz for married women. Merchandise jackpot. Send in your anniversary date and you may share in winnings.	NIGHT-TIME PROGRAMS		Sing It Again (Sat. 10:00 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Biggest telephone jackpot, \$55,000, half merchandise, half cash. Identify phantom voice, answer one question. Jackpot: telephone listeners only.
Bride and Groom (2:30 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	Newlyweds tell courtship story, win wedding presents.	Dr. I. Q. (Mon. 9:30 P.M. Travels) NBC	Real oldtimer. Silver dollar prizes. Usually originates from movie theaters all over the U. S. Listeners can send questions.	SUNDAY SHOWS	
Talk Your Way Out of It (Mon. Wed. Fri. Only) (2:30 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	M.C. proposes situations and audience contestants with best solutions win merchandise prizes. Listeners can send in situations and win prizes.	Bob Hawk Show (Mon. 10:30 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Five general questions, then LEMAC question. Cash and cigarette prizes.	Quiz Kids (4:00 P.M. from Chicago) NBC	School kids compete, all question types. \$25 cash and a radio to listeners sending questions.
What Makes You Tick? (2:45 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Contestants rate their own personality.	Strike It Rich (Tues. 9:30 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Write in why you want to Strike It Rich. If letter selected you get chance to win cash prizes up to \$800.	Quick as a Flash (5:30 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	General information quiz. Contestants compete against each other. Small cash and merchandise prizes.
Ladies Be Seated (Tues. and Thurs. Only) (3:00 P.M. from Chicago) ABC	General information quiz. Some stunts. Merchandise prizes.	Hit the Jackpot (Tues. 10:00 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Complicated quiz with secret sound for jackpot question. Phone listeners get a chance. Merchandise and DeSoto car prize.	Stop the Music (8:00 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	Telephone quiz. Identify mystery songs. Merchandise only, up to \$30,000. Now separate TV show. Jackpot: telephone listeners only.
Movie Quiz (3:00 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	Quiz on movies. Audience competes for merchandise prizes.	People Are Funny (Tues. 10:30 P.M. from Hollywood) NBC	Zany stunts, practical jokes. Valuable merchandise prizes, gag prizes. Art Linkletter, m.c.	<p>REQUESTS FOR TICKETS AND LETTERS FOR MAIL PARTICIPATION IN THESE PROGRAMS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE NETWORK AT THE CITY FROM WHICH THE SHOW IS BROADCAST:</p> <p>NBC—30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City; Merchandise Mart, Chicago; 1440 No. Highland Ave., Hollywood</p> <p>CBS—485 Madison Ave., New York City; Wrigley Building, Chicago; Columbia Square, Hollywood</p> <p>ABC—30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City; Merchandise Mart, Chicago; 1440 No. Highland Ave., Hollywood</p> <p>MUTUAL—1440 Broadway, New York City; Tribune Tower, Chicago; 5515 Melrose Ave., Hollywood</p>	
		Can You Top This? (Wed. 8:00 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	Professional jokesters try to top jokes you send in. If you top them you get a small prize.		

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

BOSTON RED SOX and BOSTON BRAVES



JIM BRITT
Fans like his fast-paced concise style. Started in football.



TOM HUSSEY
His deep bass got first chance when Britt got laryngitis.



IRV "BUMP" HADLEY
16 years major league pitcher, an all-round athlete.

WASHINGTON SENATORS



ARCH McDONALD
16 years at Capital sports mikes. A top play-by-player.



BOB WOLFF
4-year mike career plus inside knowledge put him way up.

NEW YORK YANKEES



MEL ALLEN
Cited for dispassionate reporting on sports. Law grad.



CURT GOWDY
Allen's sportcast teammate. Wyoming basketball champ.



DON DUNPHY
Started as sports scribe, won competitive audition in '41.

CLEVELAND INDIANS



TRIS SPEAKER
Baseball's "Gray Eagle." Star centerfielder years ago.



LEN ROOF
Teams with Tris. Got into TV doing football, hockey games.



BOB NEAL
Introduces diamond heroes in his Dugout Interviews.

CINCINNATI REDS



WAITE HOYT
Boy Wonder of Yankees. 11 years a sports announcer.

CHICAGO WHITE SOX



JACK BRICKHOUSE
Big Brick brings an athlete's know-how to his telecasts.

CHICAGO CUBS



JOE WILSON
Wanted to act until he talked into mike at hockey game.



RAJAH HORNSBY
Kid sandlot sensation became noted player-manager.

NEW YORK GIANTS



RUSS HODGES
Football injury sent him into announcer's box. He stayed.



GEORGE AL HELFER
Called plays on '39 experimentally televised ballgame.



GUY LEBOW
Comprehensive Sport-of-Call interviews and commentary.

BASEBALL TV ROUNDUP

If you haven't met them yet on TV, this will bring you face to face with most of the men who do the announcing, commenting and interviewing from the nation's major league baseball diamonds. They're all experts in their field, of course—they have to be. After all, that's the national sport they're handling!



PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS and PHILS



CLAUDE HARING
19 years at the mike, adept at play-by-play announcing.



GEORGE WALSH
Kentucky Derby first made his commentary well-known.

BROOKLYN DODGERS



RED BARBER
Walter Lanier Barber has been in sports 20 years.



CONNIE DESMOND
Barber's sidekick for Dodgers. Doing baseball since '30.



ERNE HARWELL
Got break when he pinch hit for Barber in '48 games.

DETROIT TIGERS



HARRY HEILMANN and VAN PATRICK
Heilmann won four batting championships with the Detroit Tigers. Assisted by Van Patrick, they do play-by-play report.

ST. LOUIS BROWNS



BOB INGHAM
Pioneer in sports on TV, sticks to that subject and medium.



HARRY CARAY and "GABBY" STREET
Street interjects color into Caray's report of games, was big league catcher and manager. Team works for one sponsor.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS



HAROLD GRAMS and J. ROY STOCKTON
These two team up for second sponsor. Grams is KSD-TV program director, and Stockton sports editor of Post-Dispatch.

Here are the fellows you'll see and hear

this summer when you click your dial to the major league games in your home city or via coax-cable.



Busman's holiday: The Singing Lady leads her guests in Russian folk songs. L. to r. are Allan Grant, Ireene, her husband Victor Hammer, Clayton Rushlight, Kay and Blair Walliser.

Up in the Clouds



Cool spot on sizzling days is Ireene's garden terrace overlooking East River.



Ireene's living room—two stories high—is antique furnished and has view of midtown Manhattan skyline.

Ireene Wicker, ABC-TV's Singing Lady, knows what fun it is for visiting kids to sit way up in The Cloud Ship on the set. She has a cloud ship of her own—a penthouse apartment twenty-two stories above New York's East River, where she lives with her husband Victor Hammer of the Hammer Galleries. At the grand piano in the big two-story living room, Ireene and pianist Allan Grant, who composes the original music for the shows, work out lyrics and rehearse the first three days of each week. Producer Blair Walliser and his pretty wife Kay have the twin penthouse, so Blair can come right in on re-

hearsals. The trio of Wicker, Grant and Walliser were together in the earliest days of The Singing Lady on radio in Chicago, and the Kellogg Company became its sponsor, as it is again on television. Ireene (a numerologist added the extra "e") grew up in Quincy, Illinois, said yes to a summer stock company offer at eleven and then had to get her parents' permission (no easy matter). She married at seventeen, had two children and started in radio in Chicago as a singer. Her desire for a better children's program eventually led to The Singing Lady. Latest addition to Ireene's audience is young grandson Mike.



Entrance to terrace is through this small dining room. Ireene's daughter did watercolor on the wall.

Up In the Clouds, with Ireene Wicker, is telecast on ABC-TV, 6:30—7:00 P.M., EDT, Sundays.

That's a make-believe wand Ireene is flourishing in her at-home rehearsal with Grant.



Ireene and Allan Grant play a new Grant composition while Blair and Victor concentrate on what they hear.



It was sure to happen—serials on TV. KFI's Slice of Life, one of the first, is woven around the lives of two young couples. And already it's a favorite.



Supplying the songs twice a week on WNBT's Mohawk Showroom is videogenic Roberta Quinlan.



Better watch out, Pirro, or Small Fry Club will have one slightly punctured puppet on its hands.



Okky Doky Ranch takes over the WABD screen twice a week and it's all very Western, from the singing to the lariat swinging. Burt Hiler is the emcee.



Coast to Coast

in TELEVISION

Video Notes: Bob Emery's Small Fry Club on the DuMont television network recorded its 100,000th member late last May . . . Repeat performances are a new note in television, and one of the best was CBS's Julius Caesar in modern dress, repeated by Worthington Miner's Studio One . . . TV set designing (the kind of set you perform on, not look at) is an art, and Albert A. Ostrander is the artist who designed the one on which the Fred Waring Show is played every Sunday evening at 9:00 EDT. It cost around \$12,000, is built in three tiers with jack-knife wings, has turn-table units and trolley features, hanging mirrors to give the effect of greater height and unusual camera angles—about as flexible and mobile a set as television can conceive of at this point in its development. Vail Scenic Construction Company built it and CBS's George Stoetze designed its excellent lighting.

Televisits: Jack Sterling, popular star of CBS-TV's 54th Street Revue, Thursdays at 8:00 P.M. EDT, was born in a theatrical boarding house, did a vaudeville single in blackface at seven as a song-and-dance man, and was six feet tall and playing grown-up leads at fifteen in a stock company . . . Dione Lucas, who by the miracle of television shows you how to work culinary miracles over CBS-TV every Thursday night, took off one Friday morning by the miracle of air travel, visited her son in London, and was back (Continued on page 94)



KTTV's Pantomime Quiz brings charades to TV—a natural combination, if there ever was one. Making like a bird—or something—is Vincent Price. That's Lon McAllister in foreground.

Come and Visit

ROY ROGERS

A hero to other people's
children and a hero at home—
what more could a man,
already King of the Cowboys, ask?

By DOROTHY BLAIR

From the front porch of his hillside home, Roy Rogers could spot a cattle rustler on Hollywood Boulevard if that type varmint were native to the area. For the house, like the King of the Cowboys himself, is in Hollywood but not a part of it.

When the King comes riding his station wagon up to the front gate he puts aside his Stetson and gets to the real business of living. Here are his three children, Cheryl, nine, Linda Lou, six and Dusty, the smallest cowboy, who is going on three. Here too, is Dale Evans who manages to combine her picture career, a projected radio show of her own, a role on Roy's Mutual program, and songwriting, with being Mrs. Roy Rogers and mothering the three young Rogerses.

There isn't a horse or a saddle on the place. (There's a 360-acre ranch, Skyhaven, some fifty miles north where all those are kept.) Instead, there's a small stream that drops down the hill into a series of fish ponds, an acre of trees and grass, a loft for racing pigeons, a big workshop, kennels for ten hound dogs, and several hundred ideas for things to be done when Roy has time.

The house built on the slope of the hill has had a wing added when and where the need was greatest, which (Continued on page 86)



Home—in the Hollywood Hills, not on the range—is a place where everyone does what he wants and has fun doing it: Linda Lou, Cheryl, Dale (Queen in her own right), Dusty—smallest cowboy, and Roy himself.

I tag along

By
Mrs. Robert Trout



"And to think," says Kit Trout, "that I might have been that loneliest of women, a microphone widow!"

When our wedding date was changed for the fourth time because big news was breaking and Bob had to be in front of a microphone instead of a minister, he said, "This is ridiculous! Get your things. You're coming to Washington with me."

Right then, I realized that I had to make a choice. Either I could fit my life into his career, or I could be that lonely woman, the microphone widow, sitting at home with the radio while her husband covered the news of the world wherever it was breaking.

My wedding was typical of what my whole life as the wife of a news commentator was to be. Nothing was according to long-range plan. Instead of a wedding dress, I wore a suit. Instead of best friends for attendants, we had witnesses I had never met before. My family was not there, and we did not have a formal reception. But just the same I thought it was a perfect wedding. And I still think so.

The reason for the change of plan, this time, was Bob's assignment to cover President Roosevelt's Fourth of July speech on the battlefield at Gettys-

burg and then other speeches in Washington. Bob could rearrange his schedule so that he could be away from his microphone for only an hour. He did his first broadcast; we got into a car, rushed across the river, were married in a little church in Alexandria, turned around, rushed back and he was on the air again—all within sixty minutes.

That was in 1938 on Independence Day, and I have been "free" ever since from making definite plans for theaters, dinner parties or any other purely social engagements. When the news breaks, a news commentator has to be there, and his wife would have no appreciation of his responsibilities if she said, "But, dear, we have a date with the Smiths!"

I tagged along from the start, wherever I could. Even our wedding trip took Bob to a broadcast! It was spent aboard the special presidential train that was taking Mr. Roosevelt to Kentucky for a speech. Before we "settled down" in New York, I had watched Bob sink below the waters of Long Island Sound to report the trial run of a new submarine; gone with him to Kingston, Ontario, for the dedication of the new (Continued on page 92)

When their wedding date had been postponed a fourth time Bob said, "This is ridiculous—you come with me!"

So Kit's been tagging along—all over the face of the earth—ever since



Bob does the talking for the family, but his wife's job is to dig up facts to talk about.



Tagging along, Mrs. Trout always had her camera handy. Above, FDR's 1934 campaign. Below . . .



. . . during the blitz in London, an on-the-spot interview with survivors in a bombed area and . . .



. . . getting the reactions of typical Londoners to the bomb damage done St. Paul's Cathedral.



Serve Something Simple

By
KATE SMITH
Listen each Monday
through Friday at
noon when Kate Smith
Speaks on MBS.



**RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR**

So many of us get that "just a sandwich, please" feeling, come July and August. It's true that when the dog days come, cold food is more appetizing. To keep the family healthy as well as happy, plan such a meal carefully. Always include one hot food. Make sure the food is well-balanced—serve a meat and a vegetable salad. Brighten both with tangy seasoning. The meal in our picture will fit any hot day. Old-fashioned beef loaf with baked-in green peppers and fresh tomatoes, is gay because of its ketchup frosting. Old-fashioned German potato salad is always satisfying. Late summer corn is our suggestion for the hot food in this supper. Chilled tea relaxes as it refreshes. Try ending this meal with blueberry peach parfait—a sweet blend of the season's fruits.

Cold Beef Loaf

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 egg, slightly beaten | 1 small onion, chopped |
| 3 tablespoons milk | 1 small green pepper, |
| 1 cup crumbled dry bread | chopped |
| 1 pound ground beef | 1 medium tomato, diced |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ½ cup ketchup |
| 1 teaspoon pepper | |

Combine egg and milk. Add bread crumbs and allow to stand until bread crumbs are soaked. (About 10 minutes.) Add meat, salt, pepper, onion and green pepper. Mix well. Add tomato; mix until just blended. Shape into a loaf or turn into a lightly greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool, then frost with ketchup. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

German Potato Salad

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| 3 strips bacon, diced | ½ cup vinegar |
| 6 medium potatoes, boiled | 1 tablespoon sugar |
| 2 teaspoons salt | ¼ cup water |
| 1 small onion, minced | bacon fat |
| ½ teaspoon pepper | |

Cook bacon until browned. Drain, reserving fat. Dice potatoes and add salt, pepper, onion and drained bacon. Combine vinegar, sugar, water and bacon fat in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add to potatoes. Makes 6 servings.

Ketchup-frosted meat loaf (at left) is a new idea to try out on the family when summer heat slackens appetites.

Direction for Cooking Fresh Corn-on-the-Cob

Remove husks, cut off undeveloped tip and strip off silk. Fill flat pan with one inch of water. Add 1 teaspoon salt and bring to full rolling boil. Add corn and cook for 3 to 5 minutes, or until tender, turning frequently.

Roast Corn

Place ears of corn with inner husks on in a hot oven (400°F.). Roast 15 minutes until corn is tender. Remove husks. Serve with butter.

Blueberry Peach Parfait

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| ½ pint heavy cream | 1 pint blueberries |
| ½ cup sugar | 2 peaches, mashed |

Whip cream with sugar until stiff. Fold in blueberries and peaches. Chill thoroughly. Serve in parfait glasses. Makes 6 servings.

For a truly light meal, which is still very hearty, serve either the main dish salad with special salad dressing or tuna cucumber salad along with hot rolls and butter. Finish the meal with blueberry crepes and hot tea.

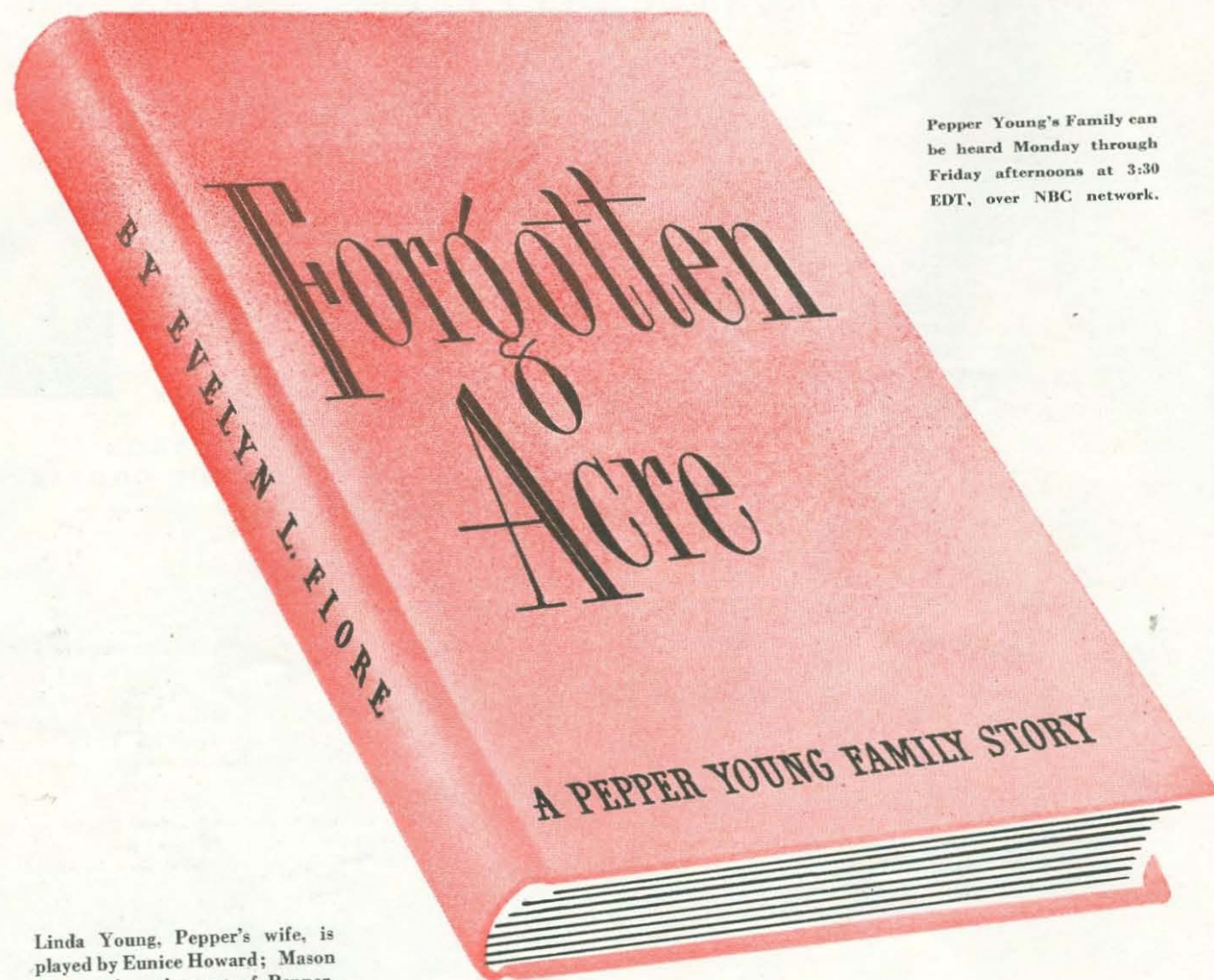
Main Dish Salad

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 head lettuce, escarole or endive washed and chilled | 1 can luncheon meat sliced and cut in strips |
| ½ cup diced celery | 1 small onion, chopped |
| 1 cup American cheese, cubed | ¼ cup olives, chopped |
| | 2 tomatoes |
| | 2 hard-cooked eggs |

Break chilled lettuce into salad bowl. Add celery, onions, olives, cheese and luncheon meat. Garnish with wedges of hard-cooked eggs and tomatoes. Serve with special salad dressing. Makes 6 servings. (Continued on page 95)

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

Looking at his wife with love and a sort of awe, Pepper thought,



Pepper Young's Family can be heard Monday through Friday afternoons at 3:30 EDT, over NBC network.

Linda Young, Pepper's wife, is played by Eunice Howard; Mason Adams plays the part of Pepper.



Mr. Young
(Played by Thomas Chalmers)



Mrs. Young
(Played by Marion Barney)



"Linda says so little, sees so much!" Already, she shared his dream . . .

All over Elmwood, lights were going out one by one. The sleepy town was settling down for the night. But on the second floor of the Young house, in the little apartment that Mother and Father Young had made over for them, Pepper and Linda were wide awake.

"Wider awake," as Pepper expressed it, "than I've ever been before. At least I hope so. I'd hate to be making an important decision like this in my sleep."

Linda rubbed her cheek against his reassuringly. "Don't worry, darling. It's not a spur-of-the-moment decision. I've known for a long time you weren't going to take the job with Andy. I've watched you puzzling it out, worrying . . . now I know you're really awake—awake to what you want to do with your life. Any decision you make now is safe enough for me."

Funny, Pepper thought, looking at his wife with love and a sort of awe. *Linda says so little, and sees so much . . .* He used to think he'd own the world if he could make his living flying. He'd dreamed about a job with Andy's air transport company, as soon as Andy felt there was a good spot in it for him. Especially since it meant working with Andy, his best friend . . . and yet, somehow, Linda had known almost before he himself had known that somewhere along the line these things had stopped being enough. Frowning, he tried once again to shape his thoughts.

"I guess you're right, Linda—maybe it's been brewing longer than I realize. All I know for sure is that I want to do something more than just taking care of us, more than just another job. I want to help out. There's so much hunger, so much misunderstanding . . . so many people wasting things and not knowing about the others who need those things so desperately." He sighed. "Gee, I sound like someone on a platform. Probably that's what Andy thought when I told him tonight. I tried to make him understand . . ."

"He understands. Anyone would who knows your family." Linda put her lips to the worry-lines on Pepper's forehead and coaxed them away. "After all, your family has been helping people out for years. Look at Mr. Smiley!"

Pepper laughed, remembering the day his father had discovered the mild little inventor on a park bench, reading the want ads, and had brought him home. "Just to dinner," Father Young had said; but Mr. Smiley ended up a permanent tenant at the Youngs'. Until the day he suddenly wasn't there any more. His note had said he didn't want to be a burden to them . . . and Pepper, avoiding the sight of his mother's tears, had gone for a long walk to get rid of the lump in his own throat.

"You wouldn't think such a quiet little fellow would make such dramatic entrances and exits." Linda's thoughts had been keeping pace with Pepper's. "After he disappeared, I mean, and we thought we'd lost him for keeps . . . and then suddenly we just happen to be on Main Street when somebody gets hit by a car, and it's Mr. Smiley."

"I guess he was just meant to come back to us," Pepper said. "He's a lucky little guy, at that—his broken leg is healing nicely, and when Dad and I get that

apartment built for him out over the garage he can invent around to his heart's content without feeling he's bothering us. What are you smiling at?" for Linda's face had crinkled mischievously.

"There's your answer, darling. You'll never have to worry how to help people. You'll just fall over people who need help and that'll be that. And while they still need nurses like me at the hospital, we'll get along. Now come along to sleep, Pepper. You can do the rest of your worrying in the morning."

But it wasn't as easy as that. Long after his wife's eyes had closed, Pepper lay awake. Was he making a mistake, tossing away a good opportunity for a wispy idea? What could he do, except fly; what had he been trained for? And yet this urge he'd suddenly realized—it wouldn't be stilled by what people called "practical" considerations. That very afternoon he'd learned how strong it was, when he was passing by the section in Elmwood known as Shantyville. Those miserable, derelict shanties . . . oh, you didn't have to go round the world to find the hungry and homeless. You couldn't be alive today, really alive, and not know they were all about you. Surely a man who cared could find some way to help, to call attention to their trouble.

Abruptly, Pepper sat upright. How about that—"to call attention"? Was that the key to what he could do—look around at the things that day close at hand that needed fixing, and then tell the others about it, the well-meaning others who were too busy, or too close, to see for themselves? Or better still—he'd write about it. "That's it—that's it!" he thought excitedly. "It's newspapers that bring these things into the open. I can try to be a reporter!" And he lay back at last with his mind made up. Tomorrow he'd go calling on the *Free Press* editor, Mr. Goodwin.

Somewhat to Pepper's surprise, his plan seemed quite as sensible in the next day's sunlight as it had in the middle of the night. But when he sat facing Mr. Goodwin in the business-like *Free Press* office on Main Street, uncertainty put a tremble into his voice. He'd detoured, on the way downtown, to have another look at Shantyville; the look had given him a few more ideas. But, as he answered the editor's friendly questions about his family, he was fumbling for the right—the very best—words in which to offer his idea. They must be the best words he'd ever found, for in a way the rest of his life depended on them.

In the end, as he told Linda later, it came out "as though it were the most casual request in the world." He simply announced, "I want a job on your paper, Mr. Goodwin."

Mr. Goodwin didn't seem at all surprised. "There are no jobs," he answered with equal simplicity. "Ever worked on a newspaper?"

"Only a school paper."

"What do you think you can contribute to the *Free Press*?"

"Well—" Pepper sat forward eagerly. "I've got some ideas. I'd like to do a story on Elmwood itself. On that place over near Hayground they call Shantyville."

"Hmm," said Goodwin. Pepper examined his face anxiously, but the shrewd eyes and the rather tight mouth told him nothing. He noted for future reference that you wouldn't tell, from Goodwin's face, whether he liked what you said or not. Then unexpectedly the editor smiled. "Pepper, I've seen a lot of young fellows like you come in here, all wanting to write. You know what happens to their stories. Right in the wastepaper basket. You know why? Because they don't know the first thing about a story, which is that people have to want to read it. It has to hit them—bang—right in the mind, or the emotions, or someplace. Now, what makes you think there's a story in that broken-down, forsaken bunch of shacks out there?"

"The people who live there," Pepper said quickly.

"Mr. Goodwin, I've got a slant—"

"Don't tell me about it. Write it. If I like it, I'll

FORGOTTEN ACRE

print it. Don't give me any vague stuff. I want facts, names, dates. Now get out and show me what kind of newspaper man you think you are!"

Pepper found himself out on Main Street without quite knowing how he got there. His head was buzzing with Mr. Goodwin's rapid-fire conversational style. *Facts, names . . .* there was only one place to get them, and that was Shantyville itself. "You're in for it now, my lad," he told himself ruefully, turning down the side-street that would lead him out toward Hayground. "As a reporter, you may turn out to be a darn good flier—but you talked a lot of big words to the man, and you'd better have a try at living up to them."

Shantyville had been, to begin with, an empty lot—no more or less offensive than most. But now, over the broken bottles, the torn-up cartons, the occasional garbage that any lot collects, had risen the strangest assortment of shelters the town could boast. Some were lean-tos, genuine ones—the kind that lean in four directions at once. One enterprising householder had found enough bricks to make one side of his house; the other three were pieced together of corrugated tin. There was one, however, of considerable elegance: a reconditioned railway coach whose windows were screened by threadbare, but very clean, cotton curtains. There was a general air of tidiness about the place that advertised the self-respect of the people who lived there, and Pepper decided at once that this was the family he ought to interview for his first story.

As he picked his way toward the coach, a woman came out of it with a basket of wet clothes and began to drape them over a nearby line. She watched Pepper's approach without expression; it was obvious that she expected no good from it.

Pepper used his friendliest smile when he said, "Good morning." The woman merely nodded. She was about thirty-five, he thought, but her drawn, grayish face and lifeless, pulled-back hair made her seem much older. "I'd like—may I talk to you for a moment?"

She asked sharply, "You an investigator?"

"Not me! I'm a reporter. I want to do an article on Shantyville. You see, I think if other folks in town knew what conditions were down here . . ."

The woman looked him up and down. "Conditions? Why, they're just grand. Look at the children—" Pepper, following the sweep of her arm, saw that several urchins had left their play and were closing in on him, eyes wide with curiosity—"Aside from not having a decent place to live and not enough food, they're just fine. They've got a lovely gravel pit to play in, over there in the corner, and it's nobody's fault that if one of them makes a bad slip the sand'll slide down and bury him, same as happened to the Gorman's child last year."

Pity and horror turned Pepper cold. "You mean a child was hurt over there?"

"Lost," the woman said. "Killed."

"Why didn't people hear about it? There are playgrounds in the rest of the town—why don't you have one here?"

The woman laughed in Pepper's face. "Hey, Pat," she called. "Come out and listen to a lot of high-falutin' talk."

A slight man, whose thin dark-browed face showed the same pallor as the woman's, appeared in the doorway. "This is my husband, Mr. Kelly. Tell him about it, Mr.—"

"Young. Pepper Young."

Mr. Kelly looked hard at Pepper. "What's going on here?" he asked.

"This young feller thinks we should have a playground for our kids," explained Mrs. Kelly, sarcasm heavy in her voice. "Along with a Hollywood swimming pool, maybe."

"Why not?" Mr. Kelly's laughter echoed his wife's bitterness. "Except has he figured out yet how we're going to get it?"

Pepper said earnestly, "It's no joke, Mr. Kelly. I want to tell people in Elmwood the facts about the way you folks are living here. It's a shame and a disgrace to the town, and I know they won't let it go on once they're made to realize—"

Mr. Kelly had stopped laughing. "Facts? Sure—I'll give 'em to you. We have a hard time keeping fed, warm and clothed. You can see for yourself how close we come to keeping a roof over our heads. We've been living here in plain view of the town for quite a time, and nobody's noticed the shame and disgrace that I can see. But we're not squawking. We just want to bring up our kids best we can, like other folks."

From the corner of his eye Pepper could still see the silent, curious children. He saw the patched clothes, the uncut hair, the torn shoes, the pitiful sharpness of little bones that should have been padded with soft, rosy flesh. He felt as though a hand had reached in and squeezed his heart.

"Something's got to be done," he said passionately. "Something's going to be done for these kids if I have to turn the town on its head." He wasn't worried any longer about writing a good story. Those kids were going to write it for him; the kids with rocks and pieces of glass and string in their hands instead of the dolls and trains they should have been holding. Instead of the things all kids had a right to . . .

A couple of evenings later, as Mother and Father Young were sitting down to dinner, Pepper and Linda came thundering into the little house, shouting "Where is everybody? We've got news, what news—"

Father Young looked at his wife and gave a mock sigh. "It's as bad as when Pepper was twelve and won the roller-skating contest. Can't a tired business man have a little quiet?" Then his son and daughter-in-law were upon him, waving a paper and both chattering at once.

"Children, children," Mother Young laughed, "one at a time. Hattie, bring two extra plates, please."

"I'd like to hear the news first," laughed Hattie, who had rushed into the dining room when she heard the commotion.

"So would I," Father Young said. "Now, would you two mind—"

Linda thrust the paper into his hand and fell into a chair, breathless. Pepper leaned over his father's shoulder. "Here," he pointed. "Look, here—on the front page! Mr. Goodwin liked my story so much he says I'm to do a whole series, and he put it on the front page!"

"And paid for it," Linda added.

"Pepper! Let me see!" Mother Young, more agile than her husband, succeeded in capturing the paper. "Why, here's your name right on the front! And a good title—'The Forgotten Acre.' Oh, Sam, listen to this: 'There is real decay in the whole acre. The houses are shanties . . . most of the windows are without panes of glass and are boarded up to keep out the cold. These boards also keep out the sunlight . . .' It's horrible. Horrible." She read on. "These shanties are deplorable outside, but clean and neat inside, for the people who live in them are clean, decent people. They're doing their best to get along . . . Pepper! Is this true, what you've said here about the child in the gravel pit?"

Pepper nodded. "And you should see the other kids—the way they're dressed, their little half-starved faces."

Hattie made a muffled sound, and burst out, "Mrs. Young, I'm taking tomorrow off. I'm going down and give that place a good cleaning." She ran off into the kitchen, but not before they'd all seen the big tear rolling down her



Carter Trent
(Played by Michael Fitzmaurice)



Peggy Young Trent
(Played by Betty Wragge)



Linda and Pepper were waving a paper, both chattering at once. Mother Young asked Hattie to set a couple of extra places, but Hattie couldn't bear to leave until she'd heard the news. "Look," Pepper cried, "front page!"

cheek. Hattie always responded sympathetically to other people's misfortunes.

Father Young chuckled, then sobered. "Cleaning—that won't help. I see Goodwin's written a little box for your story, son . . . 'The *Free Press* asks everyone in Elmwood to be a co-sponsor in the drive to clean up Shantytown.' Now that's the thing that'll do it—everyone's working together."

"Before they can go to work, they have to know what's going on," Linda pointed out. "That's where I think Pepper's job is so tremendous. He's the one who's telling them. Why, while I was on duty everyone at the hospital was talking about him tonight. I was so proud."

Pepper hugged her, hard. "Don't tell a soul, but I'm proud myself. But say, Dad, there's one thing I haven't found out yet. Do you happen to know who owns that piece of ground the acre Shantytown's on? He's the man I want to lay hands on. I guess he's not the kind who comes out in daylight, though."

Father Young shook his head. "I don't recall ever hearing. But someone down at the bank might know."

Mother Young's gentle face hardened. "When you find him, I hope you whip him right down Main Street," she announced and while they were all staring at this unaccustomed ferocity she disappeared into the kitchen to help Hattie with the dinner that Pepper's news had postponed.

Pepper's dreams that night were haunted by a faceless, incredibly elusive creature who kept slipping out of his grasp, but who left in Pepper a sensation of such evil that he could still feel it the next morning. Mr. Goodwin, he decided, was the man to ask about the ownership of Shantytown—editors knew everything, didn't they, including lots of things they couldn't print?

As he started down the steps to join his father at the garage, a short, burly man came up the path. His voice matched the sharpness of his pinpoint eyes as he rapped out, "Where's Pepper Young?"

"That's me," Pepper said. The sensation of his dream suddenly returned in full strength. "What can I do for you?"

"Plenty," the man said. "You can quit writing those articles. I won't stand for your running down my property."

"So you're the one!" Pepper's jaw stiffened. "If you're so choice about your property, why don't you clean it up?"

"Don't you get fresh with me, young feller—not with me, Goliath. I think I'm pretty generous letting those down-and-outers have squatter's right on my acre. You mind your own business."

"The condition of that lot is everyone's business," Pepper shot back. Mr. Young, rounding the side of the house in search of Pepper, stopped short. "What goes on here?" he questioned.

Goliath faced him belligerently. "If this young whippersnapper is your son, you better teach him some sense."

"I don't care for your tone," Father Young said sharply. "Pepper, what's this about?"

"Dad—he's the one, the owner of Shantytown. He says he doesn't like my article. Can you beat that?"

"You bet your life I don't. I won't stand for—"

"You won't stand for what?" Father Young exploded. "Why, you ought to be ashamed to stand there and admit you own that place. You ought to put up some decent quarters for those poor folks. Yes, and at your own expense . . . Come on, Pepper. I can't afford to be late at the bank."

"Okay, Dad." Pepper shouldered past the fuming Goliath, who shouted after him, "I'll sue. I'll sling my lawyer on you!"

"Put it in writing," Pepper called back impudently. But the man's wicked little eyes chilled him, and he was not reassured when his father commented, "Pepper, that's a dangerous man. You'd (Continued on page 87)

FAMILY COUNSELOR

Nurse

FOR THE

Newborn

By TERRY BURTON

"When a woman becomes a mother, she's very often frightened and bewildered by the prospect of caring for her newborn." So says Mrs. Ivy Crystal who organized the Maternity Service Nurses Registry to allay just such fears by sending out experienced and well-trained nurses to teach mothers the duties of their new role.

I invited Mrs. Crystal to visit us as a Family Counselor and tell our listeners about her registry and what it offers the new mother. "I operate from my Quonset hut in Brooklyn, New York, interviewing nurses for my staff and assigning them to various homes. Most of the nurses are mothers themselves and are interested in part-time employment."

The registry offers many different plans, but the most popular is the twenty-dollar-a-week service, since it gives the mother the security she needs at a price that won't overtax her pocketbook. For twenty dollars she can have a registered nurse for six days a week, from one to three hours a day. The nurse teaches the mother how to prepare formulas, how to bathe the baby correctly, and answers any and all questions she might have. Mrs. Crystal feels that the mother should take over as soon as possible, so the nurse stays a maximum of just two weeks.

The other plans include eight-hour duty at one dollar an hour or twenty-four hour shifts at seventy-five dollars a week. One point Mrs. Crystal stressed was that regardless of which plan is used, what she wants to do is to make the new mother feel that having a baby is a joyful and happy experience for the whole family—which, of course, is as it should be. And Mrs. Crystal makes sure that her nurses include the father in on some of the instructions. One frantic father called the registry and wanted a nurse rushed over to his house immediately. He said that his baby had something wrong with her mouth—she wasn't getting any milk from her bottle. Mrs. Crystal said, "I had to smile when I told him what he needed was a needle not a nurse. You see, the bottle nipple hadn't been punctured. We have many SOS signals such as these, and we're only too happy to be of help."

Before Mrs. Crystal left, I asked her if she thought that it would be a good idea for others to organize services such as hers in local communities. She thought it would be an excellent idea and said, "There's a great need for nurse registries throughout the country, especially with hospitals as crowded as they are today. There's little chance for mothers to get preliminary training before going home. Also, the war has caused many daughters to be separated from their mothers who ordinarily would help them with their new babies. Others can do as I've done, and the work has been extremely gratifying when I've seen how appreciative parents are for the assistance and instructions we give them."



Terry Burton, left, looks in on an at-home baby care lesson—a new service for new mothers.

When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 49)

DANGER!

Dear Joan:

Recently my husband and I had a baby girl. Since then I haven't much time for movies, parties and so on. My husband feels hurt and I think he's actually jealous of the time I devote to her, although he loves her as much as I do. How can I prove to him that he has no reason to feel neglected?

Mrs. R. F.

Dear Mrs. R. F.:

Be careful, Mrs. F. . . . there's a big sign marked "Danger Ahead!" hanging over your marriage. Unless you're prepared to be reasonable and intelligent you're going to stumble into one of the most ordinary, obvious—and easily avoidable—of marital pitfalls. Look at it this way. Your baby has joined your family, a family which previously consisted of yourself and your husband. Your husband, my dear, is still a member of this family—had you forgotten? Granted, he's not the helpless, appealing, demanding—and captivating—member that your baby is. But he still belongs, belongs to both of you as you do to him. He still needs the attention and affection you gave him before you became parents, and he is evidently as ready as ever to give these things to you. But if you show so plainly that you don't need or want them, now that you have the little girl to occupy all your emotional energies . . . well, you can almost answer that for yourself. Even if your luck holds and he doesn't find someone else who will respond to his need, the chances are he will turn inward and become a lonely, bewildered and eventually an embittered man, who comes home only to read his newspaper and spends frequent evenings with card-playing cronies. You will, in short, be shut out of each other's lives, and marriages of that kind are not marriages at all. Now, that's not the family you want your baby to grow up in, is it? Be wise, be careful: force yourself and bend circumstances to arrange that you and your husband have some time together exclusive of your baby. And don't go halfway—on these evenings out, whether you spend them at parties or at movies or just having a friendly soda together as you used to—*don't spend all your time talking about the baby!* That's as bad as having her along with you. You both had lives, you know, before she came, and you'll be making the biggest possible mistake if you use her arrival to limit and make arid those lives.

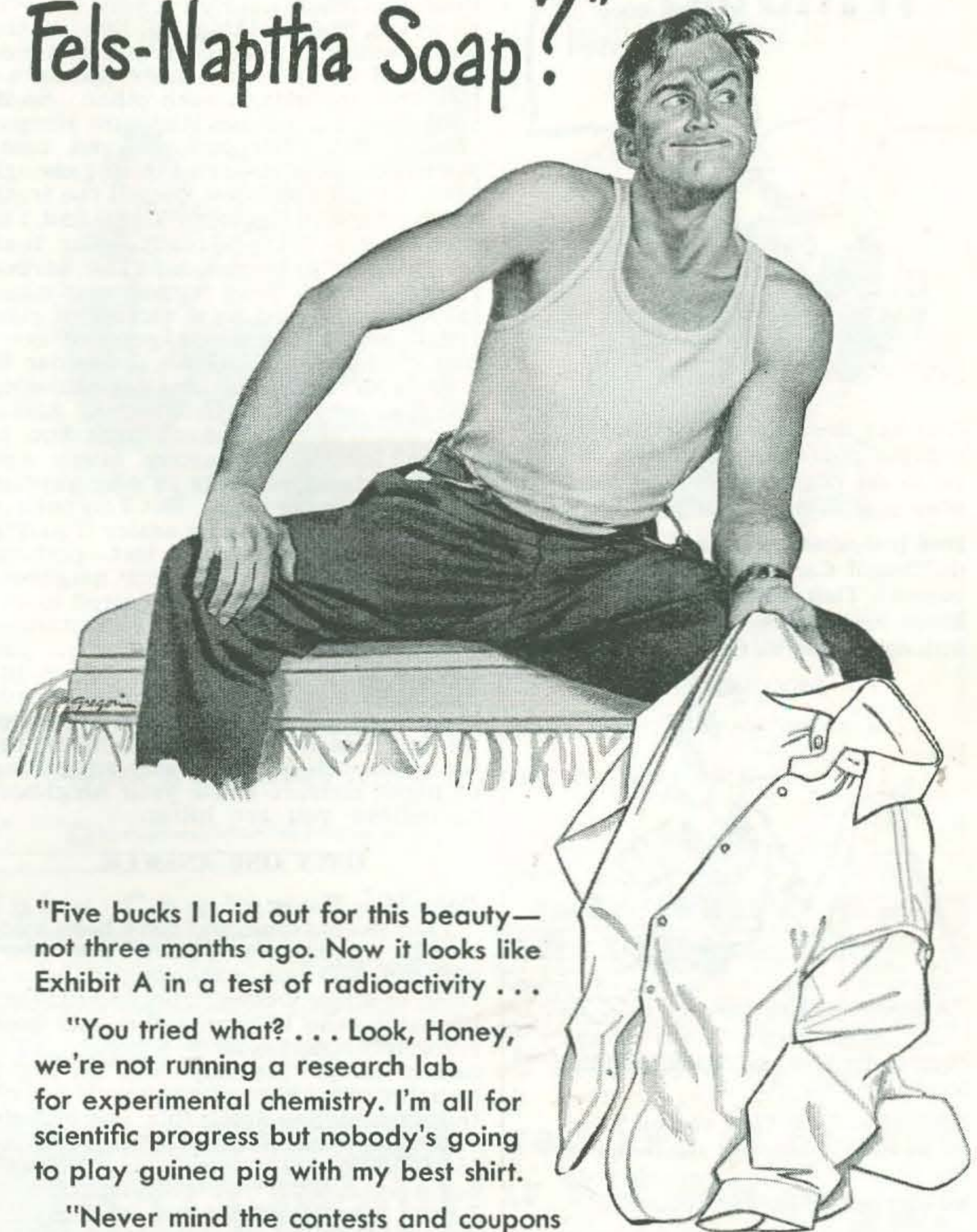
THE RIGHT TIME TO TALK

Dear Joan:

In twenty-four years of marriage, my husband and I have never been blessed with a child. A few months ago, we moved to a new home, and the new neighbors, while friendly, have given a number of sharp "digs" about another childless woman on the street, remarking about the selfishness of women who won't have children. I have taken this for years from friends and relatives, who always assume childlessness is a matter of choice.

Neighbors feel sure one actually dislikes children when one asks a neighbor's child not to dig up the front yard, run through the garden or strip the flower beds. Must I explain that an operation removed all possibility of having a child of my own? Or must I continually fawn over children in order

"When did we stop using Fels-Naptha Soap?"



"Five bucks I laid out for this beauty—not three months ago. Now it looks like Exhibit A in a test of radioactivity . . .

"You tried what? . . . Look, Honey, we're not running a research lab for experimental chemistry. I'm all for scientific progress but nobody's going to play guinea pig with my best shirt.

"Never mind the contests and coupons or what-have-you. I bought you a swell washing machine and I can still give you the price of the best laundry soap to use in it.

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to prove that I do not dislike them?
Mrs. W. A. G.

Dear Mrs. G.:

It does seem rather hard that you must have your personal misfortune constantly underlined by the thoughtlessness of your neighbors. In the ordinary way, I should recommend that you say nothing, and wait for them to realize that your family life is none of their business—which I firmly believe. However, we do have to live in the world with our neighbors, and as a rule we can't do it comfortably unless we like and understand each other. So in your case I'd advise that you temporarily relax your natural, and commendable, reserve—relax it long enough to tell one of your new friends the truth about your childlessness. You'll find, I'm sure, that nothing spreads faster than this kind of information. The barbed remarks which your friends now make may be succeeded by a variety of pity, but it will be based on genuine sympathy and will, I believe, be easier to cope with than the un-understanding criticism which you now face. And—one word more. I don't urge you to "fawn" on all the active mites who make destructive visits to your garden. Hypocrisy never pays. But I do believe your way will be made easier if you're always careful to exercise tact—perhaps a little more tact than your neighbors with children would be required to exercise in the same circumstances. You're not happy, perhaps, about not having children, but your letter indicates that you and your husband have become adjusted to this fact and are not bitter about it. Don't, then, misrepresent yourself—don't let any suggestion of harsh censure cause your neighbors to believe you are bitter.

ONLY ONE ANSWER

Dear Miss Davis:

I am twenty-one, and have been married for three years. I have a two-year-old son and am expecting a second child in a few weeks. Just recently my husband, who is twenty-five, has been running around with a woman who is nearly forty. He stays out all night, sometimes for days at a time. He won't tell me why he's doing this, and bitterly resents any interference from his or my family. He is neglecting our small business, and we owe everyone money. I can't leave him because of the children. Also he's been drinking too much and running around with the town loafers. My family has been wonderful and understanding, but I can't go on living like this.

Mrs. T. A. O.

Dear Mrs. O.:

You say you can't leave your husband because of the children. I say, my dear, that you can't stay with him, right now, because of the children. His neglect and irresponsibility, your strain and worry, the possible sight of him returning home guilty and inebriated—this is an atmosphere to which no child should be exposed. I judge that three years ago, when you married him, your husband was a sober and attractive young man, and that this defection of his bears no relation to his character as you knew it. Possibly the boy you loved and married is still there, and needs only a shock—the shock of your packing up and leaving—to bring him to life again. Your family, you say, is understanding. Call upon them, then, for if ever you needed their help you need it now, to help you work out some plan by which you can leave your husband and be prepared to stay away as

long as may be necessary. I don't think this separation will be permanent. Your husband sounds rather like a train that has been jolted off its track by some accident, and is wandering at random across the fields without purpose or direction. He's very young, you know; it's altogether likely that this temporary madness will wear itself out, never to recur. But I think the worst way to meet the situation is to "forgive him and crawl." Show at once, and decisively, that you are not prepared to suffer his behavior and that you refuse to allow your children to live in such a home. If your drastic action brings him to his senses—as I am somehow certain it will—you can resume your family life with greater peace of mind, and renew your hopes for the future. If, however, he continues to waste himself in the activities you describe, I would suggest that you make the separation permanent. At your age, you have too much of life ahead of you; don't plan to spend it uselessly on a man who shows evidence of a psychological problem with which you are not equipped to cope.

RELUCTANT REPAIRMAN

Dear Joan Davis:

All my married life we have moved from one rented place to another. Now, however, we are able to buy our own home, but here is what I'm up against. My husband does practically nothing around the house. I don't expect him to help with my work, but I do expect him to make small repairs. I've tried working on the repair myself in front of him. I've tried to inconvenience him by letting the needed repair go. Once when he kept putting off fixing the oven door I simply stopped trying to bake. When he wondered why we hadn't had a roast or a cake lately, I told him sweetly the oven couldn't be used until the door was fixed. It got fixed in a hurry. I've even gone so far as to hire a man in his own line of work to do a job. He didn't like paying to have somebody else do something he could have done himself. But—I'm wondering if, under these circumstances, it would be wise to buy a home?

S. P.

Dear S. P.:

I think that, short of buying a home, you have done everything a wife could possibly think of to break this procrastinating habit of your husband's. I'd say go ahead and buy the house. It's altogether possible that your husband is one of those men who resents putting effort into someone else's property. When it's his own oven door that needs fixing, when the broken lighting fixture is one that you yourselves have bought, you may find that he's developed quite a different attitude.

Here is this month's problem letter. Mrs. M. S., who sent it in, has received a Radio Mirror check for \$25. Your answer may win you the same amount. How would you solve it?

Dear Joan:

We have three girls, aged fifteen, thirteen and eleven. We have also a limited amount of money. We would like very much to give our girls every possible advantage—music, art, other educational extras that will enrich their lives. On the other hand, we might be wiser if we put the money into a home for security in our old age. Are the advantages to our children worth sacrificing for?

Mrs. M. S.

Mother and I

Continued from page 31)

sharply modified in our household. But, while we were permitted to cry out our frequently divergent opinions in groups consisting of the family or very close friends, Mother made it clear that we were expected to behave differently in the presence of guests—important or otherwise.

Our silence in such cases was not mere obeisance to good manners, but a credit to Mother's good sense. For she took great pains to impress upon us that we should learn by listening to others.

While, in the interest of intellectual development, it was not considered impertinent for my brothers and me to disagree with Mother and Father, and even their friends, this liberty, I must confess, did not restrain us from impertinence. On occasion we took a dislike to certain of their friends, and with the cruelty of which only children in their thoughtlessness are capable, we told our parents of these antagonisms.

I should feel much more compunction in retrospect save for the recollection of how well Mother handled—and for that matter, still handles—such youthful arrogance.

Sis and Buzz, my two oldest children, got a sample of Mother's sound philosophy when they indulged the same dubious freedom of making known their distaste for several of Mother's friends. The children were spending the summer with Mother while I was helping Father in Washington.

Mother was not the least bit fazed when she learned that her grandchildren were hostile to some of her guests. She called Sis and Buzz to her, and calmly explained to them:

"If you are going to grow up to be the right kind of people, it is just as well for you to learn now that human beings have different personal tastes. Each one of us is entitled to choose our own personal friends, but at the same time none of us has the right to be intolerant."

With her grandchildren as with her children, Mother is the same good teacher. She is happy to discuss any and all people with us, but on an objective basis, not on a basis of close-mouthed dislike.

Mother never lectured. She taught by deed and example. Because of her own strong compassion for humanity, she could not help but impart her concern for the welfare of others to her children. As far back as I can recall, Mother's influence was as great as my father's, and under it my brothers and I developed an interest in government and politics as a reflection of the needs of people.

It was second nature for us to hear Mother—from the time I was a child—discuss settlement work in New York, and to hear her connect individual cases to broad social problems affecting hundreds and thousands of others in any large city in the United States.

All of us children profited enormously from hearing Mother and Father discuss these things at mealtime and other family get-togethers. They made government sound human and exciting. It was inevitable, I think, that we would acquire an interest in politics in the broadest possible sense.

When Franklin, Jr. and John, my two younger brothers, were growing up, and I'd already been married, Mother did a tremendous amount of

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work for the Women's Trade Union League in New York. She felt a deep sympathy for white collar workers, often poorly paid and all but lost in the big city. Every year, the League's members staged a Christmas party for youngsters of the city's poorer districts. In her all-out participation, Mother would combine adroitly civic effort and parental responsibility.

Every evening Mother would go to League headquarters to handle the preparatory work, including rehearsals for light amateur entertainment. And every evening, Mother would have with her Franklin, Jr. and John. Nor were they along to keep Mother company. They were there to observe, learn and participate, and they didn't disappoint mother. Their interest was genuine because Mother's subtle teaching and example had taken permanent root. When the two boys made contributions from their own savings, it was of their free will.

Mother is holiday-conscious, not to indulge personal pleasures, but because she finds a deeper, more objective satisfaction in bringing happiness to others. It's first nature with her.

Consequently, a strictly family Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner has been a rarity with us. From earliest childhood, I remember Mother, on these festive occasions, invariably engaged in corralling friends and acquaintances who she thought might be stranded away from their homes. Mother taught us from the time we were old enough to reason to make guests completely welcome around the Thanksgiving and Yuletide tables. If I and her other children keep alive this custom, the tribute is not to our thoughtfulness but to mother's example of constant awareness of the comfort and needs of others. Like other virtues, this has been its own reward, and an infinitely rich one.

Often when people are greatly concerned with strangers, they are prone, unwittingly, to neglect their own families. Not so Mother. Mother's heart always has been big enough to make Christmas merry for her own children as well as people outside the family. I know I shall never forget how Mother, playing a distaff Santa Claus, brightened my Christmas in 1937.

For my children, it was to be their first Christmas away from Mother and Father, and the rest of the family. I was determined, therefore, to make it as fine a holiday as possible.

I had quite ambitious plans, for I

didn't want the children to feel too disappointed at being such a small family and away from my large family in the East, and Mother and Father and Granny in particular.

But three weeks before Christmas, my plans went awry. I became suddenly ill, and was rushed to Providence Hospital, Seattle, as an emergency case. You can imagine how distressed I was at the dismal turn of holiday prospects for the youngsters.

My despair was premature, however, for I might have known that Mother would come through in story-book fashion. She talked it over with Father, and he agreed that her plan was fine. Just because I was in the hospital, Mother decided, was no reason to deprive Sis and Buzz of the Christmas to which they had looked forward.

Mother acted with typical dispatch as she prepared to spend her first Christmas since their marriage away from Father. She left all in order for Christmas at the White House. Then because time was short, she boarded a plane for Seattle. She took the stormy northern route. She was grounded on the way, and arrived hours late.

What promised to be a bleak holiday turned out to be most wonderful—thanks to Mother. You see, my children were not the only ones to enjoy Mother's dramatic Christmas visit. An ambulance took me home from the hospital on Christmas Eve. It is not difficult to understand why I never felt a warmer Christmas glow.

Nor, of course, are Mother's benefactions limited to holidays. The spirit of kindness and thoughtfulness seems to animate her the year 'round. As busy as Mother is, and has been for so many years, she has never failed to send flowers or a note, or to visit if she possibly could, upon hearing that a friend or a friend's child was ill.

Much of Mother's feeling for others, I am sure, springs from her own childhood. An orphan at ten, she was sensitive to the kindnesses she received, and she never forgot the lessons and values she learned as a plucky child.

Mother's subsequent security never permitted her to dismiss airily her debt to those who befriended her in her youth. While still a child, Mother lived for a while with an older cousin in New York City. Later, Mother was married in her cousin's home. Her cousin, now an elderly woman, has been ailing for years, leading a lonely, solitary existence. If there was one person

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in the country who had an excuse for not fulfilling social amenities, particularly while Father was President, it was Mother. Yet in spite of the incessant demands upon her time during all her years at the White House, Mother never went to New York, for whatever pressing reason, without spending at least an hour with her cousin. Often Mother made special trips when she felt that her cousin had been neglected too long.

Indolence has always been a stranger in Mother's life. Although she appreciates, as I shall explain, the value of relaxation, she abhors waste, and even converted her love of reading into an instrument for our education. Mother always read out loud to us as children. Even now, when she has the opportunity, she reads out loud to my children.

I couldn't realize at the time that these readings were preparing me, in a very real sense, for my current radio program with Mother. Out of those sessions all of us automatically learned to develop our diction, our love of literature and our early knowledge of history and government.

Mother gave us our first taste for classics, and taught us how important it was to concentrate on what we heard. Her reading embraced the whole exciting gamut of literature. One afternoon she would read from H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*. Another time, she would read lighter works; occasionally, she would read poetry.

It was during the summer that Mother held her most ambitious read-out-loud sessions. As we grew older each of us had to take turns reading out loud ourselves. One period each day was set aside for reading in French. We talked in French, too, and we used to get indignant when Mother and Father would converse in German—on purpose so we couldn't understand.

Age was no barrier to Mother in the execution of this project. She gathered all of us around her when she read, and the fact that there was a ten-year difference between my youngest brother John and me, didn't deter Mother from reading *Outline of History*. She did this knowing full well that John and Franklin, Jr. were too young to grasp a word of it.

Naturally, there was method to Mother's insistence on one hundred per cent attendance and attention. What the boys could not master in the way of literature, they compensated for in the development of self-discipline. From these afternoons, all of us—John and Franklin, Jr. included—gained an appreciation of good reading which served us immeasurably in later life.

Present at many of these sessions to observe, if not to learn, was my father's mother, whom we called Granny. She was a stickler for faultless diction, having been reared in New England. If we so much as mispronounced or slurred a word because we were in a hurry, if ever we carelessly split an infinitive, we were sure to draw Granny's wrath. Often we deliberately made mistakes to have fun with her.

If I do say so, Mother's efforts were not lost on me. I acquired the habit of taking a book with me wherever I went. I spent many of my most enjoyable childhood hours that way. Mother had had the same habit long before she passed it along to her children. In addition to her books, however, Mother took her knitting or sewing.

At Campobello, the island in New Brunswick, Canada, where father was stricken with polio, I used to lie on a

boat deck reading, oblivious of the rise and fall of the waves. During the summer at Hyde Park, I would strap my book to one side of my saddle and ride my horse to some quiet, hidden spot, dismount, rest against the trunk of a tree, and forget the world for hours while I became part and parcel of that book or some particularly fascinating character in it.

We had most of the classics. To my eternal shame I lost a couple of them, including a volume of Dickens which I forgot to bring back from Campobello. Books in our family were to be used, not to be employed decoratively to fill bookshelves. Many of these books have been on campaign and boating trips, and today they may be seen—dog-eared from long service—on the shelves of the bookcases in the library of the Hyde Park house.

As a result of the reading habits Mother gave us, I have spent many enjoyable hours reading to my children. Mother encouraged us, by example, to occupy our time usefully—if not by reading, by other pursuits. During summer lulls, too, Mother organized her time for maximum activity. She would set aside the morning for household chores, and even the advent of unexpected visitors did not disturb her timetable. No, Mother did not rudely shoo them off. But while she talked with them, she sat and sewed, and thus was born some of the loveliest embroidery I have ever seen.

Mother felt that wasting time and doing nothing were wrong, almost immoral. She reduced even relaxation to a productive science! Mother had learned in her youth to make herself relax whenever she sensed the need. This art she passed on, rather firmly, to her children. Mother was not arbitrary about anything, relaxation included. She acted on her doctor's counsel that it was important for children to rest before they ate, since youngsters are prone to be excitable and full of energy.

Mother supervised our relaxation personally. She made us stretch out on the bare floor—without pillows. After a while, she inspected ranks. She went to each of us and lifted an arm or a leg. If the arm or leg didn't fall back to the floor with a thud, mother knew that relaxation hadn't set in.

There was no easy way out. The longer it took us to relax, the longer we had to stay on the floor. Mother's logic seeped in quickly. Not being overly fond of lying uncomfortably on the floor, we had an excellent incentive for learning to relax without delay.

Most of the time, however, neither Mother nor we were relaxing. Speed and efficiency have always been her watchwords. She is a tall woman with long legs that carry her at a terrifying pace. Before we became six-footers ourselves, we had to develop a dog trot to keep up with her. Later Mother's secretary, Mrs. Malvina Thompson, had to work up a fast pace of her own to keep abreast of mother.

Even Fala, Father's dog, had to develop a specially fast dog trot. After Father died, Mother had Fala with her both at her Hyde Park house and in her New York City apartment. She became a familiar figure around Washington Square, walking at her easy, brisk pace, while short-legged Fala trotted fast to stay in the race. He got very well exercised.

Wherever she is, Mother believes in establishing a strong home atmosphere.

Sensational Value!



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New! Metal Christmas Cards

Be first! Sell colorful cards of brilliant metal. Also cards of plastic and foil. Five portfolios of personal cards. Free samples.

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AMAZING CREAM REMOVES UNSIGHTLY HAIR QUICKLY, SAFELY



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The White House was no exception. So often visitors to the second floor expressed surprise that we lived in such warm family style in a house famous for its formal parties, its pageantry and its celebrated guests.

As a child Mother had heard many stories of life in the White House from her uncle, Theodore Roosevelt, who had brought up his family there during the years of his presidency. These stories undoubtedly had a bearing on her own strong desire to make a home-like place of the White House when she moved there many years later.

Mostly, with Mother as hostess, the White House was a scene of happy gatherings. There was one memorable occasion, however, when the atmosphere was charged with electricity. It was at one of the large teas which Mother held regularly as one of her functions as First Lady.

One of her guests was Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Theodore Roosevelt's oldest daughter. Alice had been regaling Washington parties with uncomplimentary imitations of Mother's speaking. Of course, news of Alice's pastime reached Mother.

After tea was served, Mother clapped her hands for attention. Then she made an announcement:

"I have something entertaining in store. I'm told that my cousin Alice has been amusing most of Washington by putting on an imitation of the way I speak. Unfortunately, I've never had a chance to hear it. I thought it would be fun for all of us if Alice would please do the imitations for us here."

Although Mother's wit seldom is caustic unless she is provoked, her sense of humor is quick and bubbling. One day, a half-hour before lunch, I returned from horseback riding and went up to my bedroom on the second floor of the White House. I removed all my outer clothes, and sprawled, in relaxation, on the huge four-poster bed. My intention had been to rest for a few minutes, but I fell soundly asleep.

The scene of my shut-eye was one of the four main corner bedrooms on the second floor. All these rooms had historical stories. The one I occupied was where Queen Elizabeth had slept when she and King George visited Mother and Father in 1939. Prime Minister Winston Churchill often used the same room on his visits during the war. Mother frequently escorted visitors on a tour of the floor to explain its background and lore.

I don't know how long I had been asleep when suddenly I became aware of voices, predominantly male, but among them one which I recognized as Mother's.

I jumped bolt upright, and looked toward the door. I was petrified. There was a group of strange men staring at me, and there I was—clad in little more than my embarrassment.

"It's all right, darling," Mother said. "Go back to sleep. I'm showing the White House to the Gloucester fishermen."

Whether at the White House or elsewhere, life with Mother is unfailingly eventful—and always has been. It was especially eventful recently when Mother—the very epitome of punctuality—did not arrive on time for our first broadcast together at the ABC studios in New York City.

I couldn't understand it. Mother had planned in the night before from the United Nations meetings in Paris. We had worked out a few questions I was to ask concerning the Human Rights Committee, and were to meet at 10:30 the following morning at the ABC studios in Radio City.

I had thought how easy our first program at the same microphone would be. I didn't become alarmed until I noticed that Mother still was among the missing—and it was just two minutes before air time.

Suddenly I found myself on the air—and utterly alone. I gazed entreatingly at the door. I was certain Mother would burst in at any moment. But there was no sign of her. I ad libbed for ten and one half minutes, without a page of script or a note to guide me. I filled in two more minutes by playing a recording Mother had made in Paris. I discussed New York traffic. Christmas shopping and anything else that came to mind.

Then Mother arrived—in time to answer just one question. I knew Mother must have had a good alibi. She did. She had forgotten about the congestion of New York City traffic. She had thought—with incredible naiveté—that she could travel from Washington Square to 50th Street in ten minutes.

Quite a miscalculation for so adept a world traveler as Mother. It made her realize just how completely engrossing the United Nations sessions had been.

Meantime, life with Mother goes on—on and off the air. Needless to say, I wouldn't trade it for anything. It's wonderful.



listen when

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Monday-Friday, 10:30 a.m. EDT
- **Arthur Godfrey and His Friends**
CBS-TV Wednesday, 8 p.m. EDT

Read Bill Lawrence's life story in the current issue of **TRUE STORY** magazine now on the newsstands.

Here I Am—Blondie!

(Continued from page 28)

studio, you do the audition or you make the test and that's that. Nothing happens. So, I protested that I couldn't do it. "I'm on my way to an appointment, an important one," I told him.

The agent had been around a long time. "Be there in half an hour," he said. I agreed to go only if he could guarantee I'd be no more than ten minutes and his reply was that I'd be lucky if it took that long. "You're one of two dozen girls auditioning," he added. With this handsome vote of confidence I went.

The script I was handed had the character names of Alice and Tom. I didn't know what the show was. I didn't know what sort of girl Alice was.

Another thing I didn't know was that outside the studio in a room where they could hear, but couldn't see, there sat a group dear to the heart of all network officials, a cross section of the listening audience. They knew the test was for Blondie. They heard all of us read our lines, but we were identified by numbers only. After they'd listened, they voted and, bless them, I got enough votes to enter the finals.

That time I knew what the show was. Each of us who auditioned at the last was to be given a half hour. Our voices were piped straight to New York where agency, network and sponsors executives had the last word in the choice of the new Blondie. However, in my case something went wrong somewhere as it almost invariably does when I am at bat, and the engineer didn't throw a switch for fifteen minutes, which meant only half of my audition got to the powers that be. Maybe this was just as well, because I got the job. They might never have reached this decision if they'd heard me all the way through.

Anyway, it turned out to be my lucky day, and I'm grateful to everyone who participated in it.

I'm grateful to Blondie because of Gloria. Gloria is, to coin a phrase, the apple of my eye. She is also my four-and-a-half year old daughter. When she was a bit younger I gave up much of my picture work because it left so little time with her. I felt that since she and I will be living together for the next twenty years or so, I should have a hand in the way she grows up. I also found this was impractical when I left the house for a studio before she was awake in the mornings and got home as she was ready to go to bed at night. So I set about trying to resume the radio career I'd started when I was thirteen. And being Blondie leaves me time to be Mother.

Once I became Blondie, Arthur tried to prepare me for the things that would happen. He told me about her letters. Blondie has become a one-woman advisory council for wives and mothers from California to Connecticut. She gets mail asking advice on hundreds of things. This role as adviser to people I have never seen is something of a change for a girl who has been the Polly Benedict of the Andy Hardy pictures.

Arthur also told me I'll get used to being two people. He says he has become accustomed to hearing the grocer at the market near his house ask if "that's all, Mr. Bumstead," when Arthur stops by to pick up a few things on the way home. Close personal friends hail him as Dagwood then hurriedly change it to Art. He was in a

shop only the other day buying a tie and when he had selected one the clerk, anxious to please, assured him he thought Blondie would approve.

Incidents like these would happen to me, Arthur said. He added that I'd eventually get mixed up about my identity, and he substantiated this by saying he finds himself talking like Dagwood on his own time. I know this is true because I've already heard myself being Blondie on my days off the air. I've heard myself saying "dear" with the firmness Blondie uses to indicate to her family that there's an iron hand concealed in her velvet glove.

Everyone who's read the Blondie and Dagwood cartoon strip, seen them in the movies or listened to them on the air, is aware of the Dagwood method of split-second timing when he leaves home on his way to work. There is something Arthur and Dagwood have in common. Almost every week the entire cast weathers a real life example of the Bumstead propensity for arriving just in the nick of. Everyone is on stage. The curtain opens, the announcement of the program begins. We look around. No Arthur. Then exactly as the cue is given for his first words, Arthur comes sprinting from the wings, and still several feet away from the microphone shouts "Blondieeee . . ."

Like Dagwood, Arthur is friendly, helpful, and generous. Unlike Dagwood who takes leisure hours seriously, Arthur is one of the busiest men in town. Besides the radio show, he makes several pictures a year for Columbia studios with Penny Singleton, he has produced one film of his own and plans to produce several more.

In my joy over being Blondie, I don't mean to give the impression that she hasn't been quite a problem to me. For one thing, I'm a brunette. For the program I wear a blonde wig. Arthur contends that the color of hair has nothing to do with being Blondie. I agree. She could be red-headed, black-haired or white-haired, it wouldn't really matter. Blondie is a state of mind. Just the same, when I'm blonde, I feel just a bit more like Mrs. Bumstead than I do when I am as nature intended me. Gloria doesn't like my being blonde because she really is blonde and she seems to figure one in a family is enough.

The first night I was on the show, Gloria, sitting at home, heard my first line and shouted, "That's Mother!" Many people in the listening audience, to whom the Bumsteads are as familiar as their in-laws, weren't aware for several weeks that a change had been made in the show cast. Penny Singleton, who created Blondie on the radio and screen has established her so completely that the interpretation was there and any other actress had merely to fall in line with it. That I think is a tribute indeed to Penny.

The letters we get from people who listen to the show often say that the Bumsteads help them to laugh at their own troubles. When they laugh at the Bumsteads the laughter carries over to their own lives. It works for us too. In fact it's often one of us who furnishes the incident from real life.

The Bumsteads are not only the couple next door to us on the show, we are the Bumsteads, and yes, Blondie is real to me.

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Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, this new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone will bring to your lips color-beauty that's almost too attractive!

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Check shade wanted.

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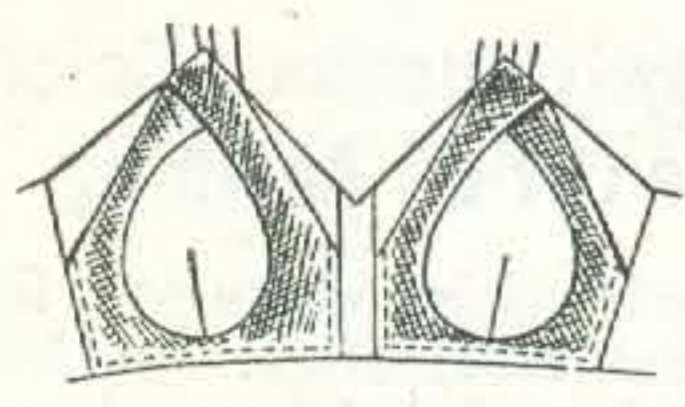
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Special Design "YUTH-BUST" Bra Gives YOU a More Alluring Youthful Bustline INSTANTLY!

Self-conscious about over-sized busts? Are they widely spread out? Do they sag? Does your bustline make you look years older than you are? Figure beauty starts with an attractive bustline. Both Longline and Bandeau Styles of "Yuth-Bust" Bras have an exclusive patent pend, feature that LIFTS, SUPPORTS and CUPS large spread out busts into SMALLER, more GLAMOROUS CURVES. Gives busts a bewitching separation. Style No. 101 Longline (pictured) also has SPECIAL V-CONTROL FEATURE of Midriff support to help FLATTEN BULGING STOMACH; also girdle attachment hooks.

SECRET INSIDE CONTROL!

Special patent pend, bust molding feature on inside lifts, supports and cups large busts into the youthful alluring shape you want.



Look Slimmer and Years Younger!

All form fitting clothes will look better on you! Won't ride up in back! Light and comfortable—yet firm! Built-up shoulder straps of Bra fabric are gentle on shoulder blades. Simple adjustments. Excellent durable fabric—easy to wash. Sizes 34 to 52. Colors: Nude, White, Black. Style No. 101 Longline only \$2.98; Style No. 404 Bandeau only \$2.75. Mail Coupon Now. SEND NO MONEY!

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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Having Wonderful Time

(Continued from page 35)

with a buzz-saw. He had welts and bruises on his hands and face, and his coat was torn in several places.

Before I could recover from my astonishment, "Sorry, Louella," he said, "but I just got snarled up in a traffic accident. Soon as I could, I grabbed a cab and got over here as fast as I could. Hope I didn't worry you too much."

I insisted that he go to a doctor immediately, and we'd work out the show as best we could, but he was determined to stay until the broadcast was over. He added that he knew the program was very important to me, and didn't want to disappoint me. We swabbed his bruises with some materials we had in a first-aid kit, and the show went on.

Fortunately, as it turned out, the doctor found that Clark's only injuries were his bruises and a slight shaking-up. He called me the next day to tell me that everything was all right, and that he'd enjoyed being on the show! Since that day, he has had a very special place in my book of friends.

This year marks my fifteenth anniversary in radio, and it's a far cry from those early days when I went on the air. My show was probably the worst in existence—I wrote, produced, and directed it all by myself. My lack of knowledge about the tricks of broadcasting certainly showed up in the final result.

Yet, even as bad as it was I loved it, because I've always been a frustrated ham. My lack of talent has never dimmed my enthusiasm.

The late Wally Beery was on my first show because I had known him from our pre-Hollywood days at the Essanay Studios in Chicago, where he and Gloria Swanson were referred to as an item. The sight of a microphone put me in a complete panic, so Wally suggested that we rehearse at his house.

He made me go over my lines until he was satisfied with the way I was reading them. But I knew too that it wasn't *how* I said anything that mattered, because people were interested in *what* I was talking about.

One day I was going through a severe case of pre-broadcast jitters when Richard Diggs, my producer, saw me.

"What," he said, "is going on here?" I told him I was scared to death.

"What the hell," he exploded. "Are you or aren't you the first lady of Hollywood?"

I mumbled weakly that I had read it. "Well, you are!" he went on. "You know inside news about the stars that millions of people out there are waiting to hear. You're not expected to put on an Academy Award performance in front of that microphone. Just give 'em the news, that's all!"

That did it. From that day, I did the program the best way I knew.

Mary Pickford was my second guest, on that early series of shows, and then began a whole procession of luminaries. Connie Bennett and I were cut off our program when, in true womanly fashion, we wouldn't stop talking about clothes. Raymond Paige was supposed to play a tune, and when we kept right on, he merely moved into another studio, took over his allotted time, while Connie and I chattered.

That series of programs was followed by another, which had its share

of interesting incidents. We did the first preview of a movie when Herbert Marshall and Norma Shearer co-starred in "Riptide." Joan Bennett sang Brahms' lullaby to her new daughter Melinda.

The incomparable Carole Lombard was one of my really glamorous guests who was completely unruffled when she lost two whole pages of her script. She merely ad libbed her way through, without a pause, and you'd never have known the difference.

Humphrey Bogart has always been one of my favorite people, and once, when we were doing a broadcast for Hollywood Hotel, he completely broke me up. Just as I was reading a fairly long paragraph in my script, Bogey brought in a huge can of soup and placed it right smack between me and the script. I lost my place, and started laughing so hard that I couldn't find it. Bogey laughed even harder, and it seemed hours before we found our places.

In the years that Hollywood Hotel enjoyed a reputation as a top radio show, there were very few stars who did not appear as guests on the programs. In one broadcast alone—"China Seas"—we had Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Rosalind Russell.

Ginger Rogers was the only star who refused to go on. I was told that she felt her pictures did not need exploitation, and that she was interested only in any money she might receive for her appearance—we did not pay.

Since that time, I have learned that the entire situation arose because of an over-zealous press agent who had served as a go-between. I discovered that Ginger had never even been asked to appear, and that the reports which were given to me were merely fictitious answers dreamed up by the agent. Now, for the first time in print, I'm glad to clear up the fact that all is well between Ginger Rogers and Louella Parsons, and we're the best of friends.

Also for the first time in print, it will surprise Audie Murphy to learn that he gave me a Grade-A cold. Just after he and Wanda Hendrix were married they were guests on my current show, and at the conclusion of the program he gave me a resounding kiss. What was unhappy about that was that he was suffering from a cold himself, which he passed right on to me! However, I love Audie and Wanda dearly.

I always enjoy having Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy on my present program, because Charlie is completely real to me. I love the asides he makes that aren't in the script and catch you completely by surprise.

Abbott and Costello turned the tables on me by reading all my lines, so I reversed things by reading theirs. And actually, as mad as it may sound, the program had some semblance of sense to it. Shirley Temple had to stand on a platform to reach the microphone on her first broadcast with me. The next time she appeared, she was a full-grown woman, a lovely mother with a handsome husband and an adorable child.

Recently I've had Jane Wyman on my program twice, alone and with the Academy winners. The latter was, to me, the best show I ever had, and it drew twice the usual mail. Jane is one of my long-time favorites. She made personal appearances in theaters

with me, and had her wedding reception at my Beverly Hills home.

The response I received from my Ethel Barrymore broadcast proved that she is really the first lady of the theater. I coaxed her to give her famous quote, "That's all there is—there isn't any more!" and old and young seemed to enjoy hearing her say these words in her wonderful throaty voice.

Joan Crawford ran like a startled faun every time I mentioned a microphone to her, but she finally gave in and did her first radio stint with me. Her last broadcast I thought was especially good—she explained what an advantage it was to be born on the wrong side of the tracks, and then ended by admitting that she was glad to give her four children every advantage. Her reading of Sara Teasdale's "Barter" brought in over three thousand requests for copies.

Bob Hope is another favorite of mine. I think he is fundamentally one of the kindest people in movies and radio, and I've yet to hear of his turning down a worthy benefit.

Greer Garson let down her hair for the first time in Hollywood when she sang a rowdy Cockney dance hall ballad on one of my shows. Prior to that, she had been regarded as a sophisticated Mrs. Miniver type, so when she let herself go she reaped a whole new crop of fans. One of these days she threatens to come back and do an imitation of me. That I am waiting to see!

Cary Grant is one of the hardest-working performers I've ever had on the air with me. He believes that if anything is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. He writes and rewrites the script himself for a whole week prior to the broadcast, and thinks nothing of rehearsing all day.

Burt Lancaster is one of my newer favorites. He and my favorite doctor became good friends when they got into a comprehensive discussion about the fight game, and naturally I like anyone who likes my husband. Burt may be a killer on the screen, but in my home and on my broadcast I found him the kindest and gentlest of souls.

Lately I've tried several innovations on my current program, and they seem to be working out well, judging from the letters I've received. We've introduced music with such vocalists as Jo Stafford, Kay Thompson and Dinah Shore, and it's a pleasant interlude in an otherwise all-talk show.

Not long ago we began to tape-record the interview section of the broadcast, and this has its obvious advantages. We can correct mistakes, and re-record any portions of the interview which sound garbled. Getting the interview out of the way before broadcast time gives me more free hours to collect spot news, which I always feel makes a very important part of the program.

In my fifteen years in radio, I've learned that listeners want the stars to say something that's worth hearing. Just merely being there for a spot of idle chatter isn't enough. Gregory Peck, for instance, had his say about censorship, and Cary Grant had some very definite observations on the habits of autograph collectors.

The high point of my career came when I learned that my Hooper rating had soared to an all-time high of 19.8. For someone who isn't an actress with a trained voice, it was a feather in my cap. In a way, too, it was a vindication of the many criticisms I had undergone in the past, with the proof that I was dispensing a commodity which had a wide sale.

I love getting scoops, as you may know, and one which I enjoyed recently was jumping the gun on the news that Anna Roosevelt was to be a grandmother. And, to show you how charming and gracious she is, she turned right around and invited me to be the guest star on her Anna and Eleanor Roosevelt Show that very same week.

If you'll pardon a touch of maternal pride, I'd like to say here how much my daughter has meant to me in the radio phase of my career. She is both my severest critic and most ardent booster, and she has constantly helped me improve the quality of my programs from the first. She speaks to me straight from the shoulder because she has nothing to lose, and she is always the first person to whom I turn for advice.

I'd also like to toss a bouquet to my staff, which helps me each week in the preparation of my broadcast. My dear friend Dorothy Manners has been with me lo, these many years, a faithful, capable, understanding aide, Ruth Waterbury helps with the interview section of the program, and my producer, Richard Diggs, is always on hand to put our efforts together into a unified whole. I couldn't do without them!

Finally, I can't close my eyes to television indefinitely. But until better make-up and lighting are developed, I'll stick with my Hooper.

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"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

the weekly radio program that is currently offering \$1,000 for information leading to the arrest of wanted criminals.

Each Sunday afternoon, "True Detective Mysteries" presents vivid dramatizations of actual police cases, clue-by-clue accounts of famous crimes, adapted from the pages of True Detective magazine.

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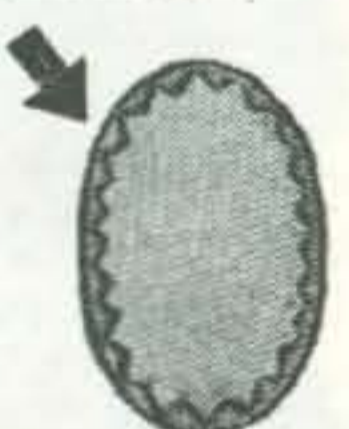
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Happiness Is Easy

(Continued from page 27)

Rainbow" at 3:15 Sunday afternoon. It's then that my heart is full of gladness and gratitude . . . because I'm happiest when I'm singing.

"Betty has a sweet voice," I remember Mother telling a neighbor when I was a very little girl. "I hope she'll get a lot of pleasure from music."

And I did. During the time when I had to have eight operations for my glaucoma condition, I kept up my hopes with music.

The operations failed, however, and Mother and Dad began a campaign—to make my life of darkness full of sunlight and contentment. Mother began by learning Braille, and coached me in the system. When I was six she began teaching me how to use a typewriter. At P. S. No. 59 in New York I learned to read and study from Braille. With the help of Braille music sheets I learned to play the piano. I took one lesson a week for four years at the N. Y. Association for the Blind. My world became increasingly larger—and more fascinating. There were school, teachers, new playmates, new games, music lessons and more music all the time.

"Betty, sing us a song!" People would say that to me—at home, and at school and at parties. One evening in 1942 when I finished a number at a friend's house, one of the guests said, "Betty ought to go on Nick Kenny's Radio Gang on WMCA." That's a local station in New York.

I thought it would be fun to be on the radio and I begged Mother to let me go for an audition. She talked it over with Daddy and they agreed I could have a try at it.

Of course I didn't realize it at the time, but my parents were worried to death the day of my audition with Nick Kenny. What would happen if I failed?

But I wasn't troubled. I started my first song, "Gold Mine In the Sky," feeling confident and happy. When I finished, I heard a shout of approval from Mr. Kenny. And soon I was on his program!

Mother and Daddy were greatly relieved when I was successful. Relief changed to pride when Nick Kenny offered to get me an audition on an even bigger program.

"Betty," Mr. Kenny said, "how would you like to sing on the Children's Hour on NBC?"

"Gosh, I'd love it!" I told him. "Okay, I'll arrange an audition for you." And he did.

So with my dear friend, Sammy Friedland, a blind newsdealer, who always encouraged me, we went for that big event. Again Mother and Daddy held their breaths, for they thought maybe I had simply had beginner's luck the first time. But my spirits were high and I didn't feel the least bit uncertain.

And, fortunately, the Children's Hour people *did* like me and put me on the program. Of course, I was happy and grateful and so were Mother and Daddy. Then came the biggest surprise of all . . .

"Betty," the director of the show asked me one day, "do you think you'd be interested in appearing regularly every week on our program?"

"Would I be interested!" I repeated. "I'll say I would!"

So in 1946 I had a regular place on the Children's Hour. That led to the

guest appearances with Kay Kyser, Robert Q. Lewis and We, the People.

But during all this time, I was enjoying a healthy, normal life. Roller skating was and still is one of my big passions. And only this spring I helped my mother paint the back porch of our new home in Englewood, New Jersey, and I think I did a pretty good job. I enjoy the movies—I can tell by the sound what's going on—and I love to go with my girlfriends to soda fountains for butterscotch sundaes.

Unfortunately, there aren't any high schools for the blind which specialize in training professional children, so after graduating from P.S. No. 59, there was no choice but hiring a private teacher. I study until about noon. After lunch I start out for New York City and rehearsals. Three times a week I work-out at my voice teacher's studio.

Professor Julio Roig, a prominent vocal teacher in New York, heard me sing at a benefit several years ago.

"It's a beautiful young voice," he declared when he came backstage to meet me and my parents. "I'm impressed with this child's possibilities. In fact, I'd like to help her improve her talent."

Mother and Daddy accepted and I've been studying with Professor Roig since.

During the war I sang to help sell bonds and later I worked for the Damon Runyon Fund, the Red Cross, Catholic Charities and many other organizations. I get a big thrill knowing that my songs somehow will help make someone else happy.

My biggest thrill came on January first of this year. It was on that day that Mother and Daddy and I were told that a sponsor had been found for a radio show of my own. My own radio program! You can imagine the excitement in our house! Daddy, especially, was overjoyed.

Dear Daddy . . . he had never complained of heart trouble, but he was dead that night. The good news had been too much of a strain on his heart. His death leaves a void in my life that can never quite be filled.

My program, Betty Clark Sings, was scheduled to begin on January 16th. It was, of course, impossible to forget the tragedy in our family . . . even for a second, but I knew the show must go on, that it *would* go on.

January 16th proved to be a red letter day. Letters and telephone calls poured in by the thousands after the show, and after the first thirteen weeks, my contract was renewed.

One of my greatest rewards in doing the program has come from being able to promote a charity drive dear to my heart. I made the suggestion that the sponsor establish a Betty Clark Month, a month in which they would contribute all their profits to the National Council to Combat Blindness. I could scarcely believe it when my sponsors told me that they would make May the Betty Clark Month. During that month, they'd ask listeners to send the labels from their products to me. The profits would be turned over to the NCCB. Through this campaign thousands of dollars will go to help erase the threat of blindness.

My greatest ambition in life, I guess, is to do for just one blind child all that has been done for me. I have a hunch the Betty Clark Month will do at least that. So you see . . . Happiness is Easy!

The Wheel of Fortune Spins

(Continued from page 57)

Charlie Correll, of radio's famous Amos and Andy team, she's casting director now for DuMont in New York.

She passes auditioners along to the Original Amateur Hour committee if they sound promising. Or she opens her talk-back mike and with infinite patience makes a speech that runs about like this: "Thank you very much. If we can find a spot for you on the show we will notify you." And when a spot for that particular talent does come along, the application is brought out again and an appointment for another audition sent on its triumphant way.

"The wonderful part is that auditions are open to everyone," she tells you. "We get hundreds of letters a week, and every letter is answered, although it may take from two to three weeks. Our staff sorts the mail geographically. We set dates and enclose application blanks for those close enough to New York to audition here. We tell the others about our out-of-town audition staff and give dates when it will be in their vicinity. But every affiliated station helps as a clearing house for local talent."

Application forms are numbered when they go out. Applicants are auditioned in numerical order on the day they appear. No favorites are played. Everybody gets the same chance. Even second and third chances.

"It's amazing how much performers can improve, even in a matter of months sometimes," Mrs. Correll says. "We've had talent audition, be rejected, write in later for another appointment and make the grade. We never discourage anyone. We try to get a little background on them, find out what they're aiming for. If they are singers we sometimes make suggestions about numbers that may suit their voices better, though I must say that nine times out of ten they stick to the same numbers. And you'd be surprised how many come to the first audition with only one number prepared, staking everything on a single effort."

Space being at a premium even in New York's huge Radio City, the room where hopefuls wait their turn is really a long corridor, flanked on both sides with chairs that leave only a narrow passageway between. Every chair is filled. Standees lean on their instrument cases, huddled in little groups.

Youth and hope predominate here, with a sprinkling of the middle-aged and a few elders. One of these last

comes out of the audition room, where he had been singing cowboy ballads to his own banjo accompaniment.

"How was it?" a pretty young girl asks anxiously. "Is it a big room?" "Oh, yes, it's a big place," he tells her, making the moderate-size square room seem like a huge auditorium.

"Are there a lot of people in there?" She pushes her question nervously.

"Yes, quite a lot," he answers. (As a matter of fact, there are only David Bogart, who gets performers comfortably settled at the microphone, a couple of men who sort through papers endlessly at a small table—and whose function you never do figure out—the studio accompanist, and the few back in the control booth.) But it must have looked like a big place and a big crowd to an oldster with butterflies in his stomach.

Not that he's admitting it. "Don't get excited," he tells the girl. "You gotta chance, same as everybody. Here, take a lozenge for your throat. It'll help." And jauntily he pushes down his hat, which had been tilted back during the audition, and strolls to the elevators with his banjo tucked under his arm.

Tonight's auditions are fairly typical. There are about half a dozen young boys, whose occupations were listed on their applications as shipping clerk, parcel post clerk, plasterer, salesman, and the like—all eager to break away from the routine of their jobs and get into the glamorous show business world. They sing the same numbers in about the same way.

"It isn't that they're bad—they're just not good enough," Marie explains.

There is a harmony team of five Negro boys, a choral group with an earnest leader, and two schoolboys who have written their own material. (Under "type of talent" on their application forms they had put, "Comedy—we hope!")

There's a four-girl rhumba band that makes everyone sit up and take notice if only for the novelty and exuberance of their act and the zest with which their leader shakes those maracas. They win that coveted second audition and undoubtedly they'll have appeared on a show by the time you read this.

It's a low score for the evening, however. Out of fifty auditions only four will meet the committee. But four on the first step up seems like a neat night's work to the bystander—and a glimpse of heaven to them, surely!

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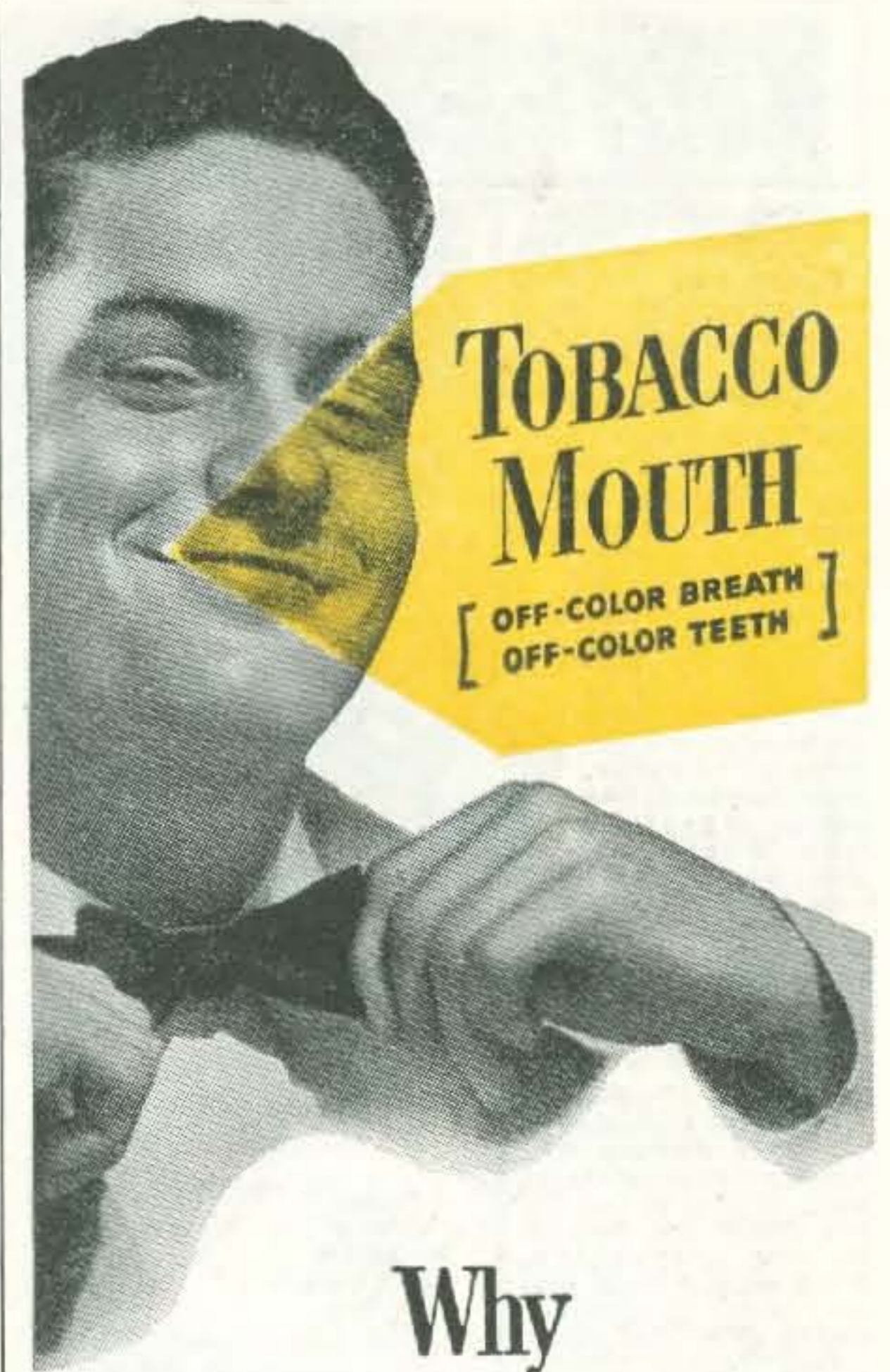
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Come and Visit Roy Rogers

(Continued from page 61)

gives a casual, friendly air to the whole structure and reflects the attitude of its occupants toward the world.

Being a cowboy star in movies and on MBS's Roy Rogers Show is a full-time job with no overtime pay. It means being a hero to several million children from coast to coast and, as a result, being asked for advice every week by thousands of parents on every subject from how to keep Junior from biting his nails, to how to get Junior into movies, or radio. He has to be a model of perfect behavior. Roy occasionally wishes he'd stayed in Duck Run, Ohio, and opened a barber shop.

Being a hero to other people's children left the Number One box-office attraction in Western pictures a bit unprepared for the comeuppance he got at home when he sat down to discuss with Cheryl the plans for her ninth birthday party. The guests she most wanted to attend the festivities were Allan "Rocky" Lane, Eddie Dean and Jimmy Wakely, all of whom ride the screen ranges in competition to her father.

"Well, what d'you know?" Roy asked Dale later. "Do you think she'd mind if I just drop by?"

If Roy isn't the top star to his children, he is their favorite person. They are in agreement that he is the most fun, the most exciting companion in their world. All three follow him around the house and the grounds, tagging his footsteps, and, with the aid of a couple of shepherd dogs and such hounds as are out for exercise, generally impede his progress.

When both Dale and Roy are working they make it a point to be home for dinner with the children. During the shooting of a picture, the youngsters are allowed to stay up a half-hour later to make a family dinner possible. Dusty is the undisputed top-hand around the place. He has a cowboy suit like his Dad's, and his prize possession is a toy gun which he makes an effort to spin around a chubby finger. At night the gun is carefully holstered and left within reach of Dusty's bed, probably, Roy says, in case of an Indian uprising.

Dusty has had the greatest honor his father can give him—he has ridden Trigger. No one but Roy and the trainer, Glenn Randall, ever rides the great Palomino who shares billing on theater marquees with Roy. One of the first words Dusty learned was the horse's name, which he interprets as "Tigger."

Dale, who stepped into the void left by the death of the children's mother three years ago, has known Cheryl, Linda and Dusty almost all their lives, because she has worked in pictures with Rogers for more than six years. Therefore, her coming into the family as a step-mother presented fewer problems than it might otherwise have done. If she has had difficulties, they have been ironed out by her patience, kindness and friendliness. She is called Mama by Cheryl, Dale by Linda and Mama-Dale by Dusty.

Dale, who is a real Westerner, was born in Texas, but had never been on a horse until she made her first picture with Rogers some six years ago. She'd dreamed, when she came to Hollywood, of doing musical comedies. When she was asked to do a singing role in a Rogers Western at Republic she didn't

know a horse would be a part of the equipment. But now she rides in rodeos with Roy, she can rope and shoot as though she'd been in the buckaroo business all her life, and she's won the title of "Queen of the Westerns." She designs most of her own clothes and has had suits made for herself that are modified copies of Roy's own attire. She wears soft-brimmed Western hats and is used to other women asking who designs her smart chapeaux. "The name," she tells them "is Stetson."

Since Roy wears his fancy cowboy get-up both at home and abroad, he has a huge wardrobe for his clothes and built-in shelves for his boots, which carry the Indian Thunderbird as a design. He has only one superstition, and that's about an old, worn pair of spurs. He wore them in his first picture, and he wears them at least once in every picture he has made since. He thinks they bring him luck.

If Roy never did another radio show, never made another movie, never toured with another rodeo, he probably still wouldn't be able to fill all the requests for his time. Schools, clubs, hospitals, and civic groups interested in juvenile problems ask him to appear before them. Roy, who has known tragedy himself, gives unstintingly of his time to children who are ill. He never finds a trip too far, nor the hours too difficult, to visit a sick youngster. He doesn't like the stories of his generosity told, but the days he drove from the studio on his lunch hour across the city of Los Angeles to spend a few minutes with a small boy while the youngster ate his lunch and took a painful treatment, have been duplicated hundreds of times. He does innumerable appearances for children in hospitals and Trigger has learned to perform some of his most astounding tricks in the little space allowed in a ward almost filled with beds.

Roy and Dale don't go out to the Hollywood night clubs. For one thing, they have little time. For another, a night club as Roy points out, is no place for a cowboy. And for company, they prefer their family and friends. Roy can call a square dance, and the game room is often cleared for hoedowns. Friday evenings belong to the children at home and Roy generally shows them a movie. They prefer Westerns but they like variety in the way of heroes and horses.

On Sundays Dale takes both girls to Sunday school and later she and Cheryl attend the regular morning service. Generally, Roy and Dale go back to church on Sunday evenings. Dale's own son, Tommy, now grown, leads the Junior choir at the same church.

Dale handles most of the minor disciplinary problems with the children but when a major offense comes up Roy carefully explains to the culprit the reason for the punishment before justice is meted out. Then he does the meting.

Visitors to the Rogers' rarely get away without making a tour of the grounds to see the pigeons, the hounds, the workshop. Back at the house they'll comment, "Mighty nice place."

"Well, thanks," the King of the Cowboys will drawl, "I think it's purty great myself." But he'll be looking at Dale and the children.

Forgotten Acre

(Continued from page 69)

better check up on what his rights are."

"My gosh, Dad, he shouldn't have any. You know yourself—"

"I know. But justice isn't always easily come by, son. You see, if those shanties have been condemned and he's renting them anyway, he has no rights. But if they haven't . . . you and Goodwin might have to stop."

Stop the articles? Let the Kellys, and the others, slide back to hopelessness, forgotten and ignored? That couldn't happen; not after such a good beginning . . . Urgently Pepper said, "Dad—get me down there fast, will you? Goodwin's got to know . . ."

It appeared, however, that Mr. Goodwin already knew. He'd known all along, he told Pepper, that Walt Goliath owned Shantyville. "And if he starts trouble," Goodwin leaned forward to emphasize his words, "we'll make an example of him that'll bring the town down around his ears."

Thinking it over as he left Goodwin's office, Pepper realized that actually even the editor didn't know much about the bull-necked Goliath. Precisely what business Goliath was in nobody knew. In spite of the property he owned, he would not belong to the Landlords' Association. He ignored the Tenants' Commission. If he had any friends in Elmwood, they didn't boast about it. The man was like a solitary animal who came out only after dark.

Though he'd meant to start work on his next article, a kind of sixth sense took Pepper in the direction of Shantyville. As if his nervousness had sent a message ahead, the door of the railway coach was flung open and Mrs. Kelly hurried out. "Mr. Young—Mr. Young!" She was panting when she reached him. "Mr. Goliath—"

"Take it easy, Mrs. Kelly. Catch your breath." Pepper was in a fever of impatience, but he didn't like Mrs. Kelly's breathlessness or her unusually flushed cheeks. "What's happened?"

"That Goliath—the man who owns this land—he came round and said we were a lot of vipers for encouraging . . ." Mrs. Kelly hesitated. "It's not my words, you know, Mr. Young, it's what he said—for encouraging people like you to write lies about his property. He said we were biting the hand that feeds us, and we better pack up and—find another place to live!"

So Pepper's "sixth sense" had been right; Goliath wasted no time in hitting back. Fury shook him at the thought that it was these helpless folks, who had

already suffered so much, who would be made to suffer more before Goliath was beaten.

Goliath had had a busy day, Pepper discovered when he reached home. Everyone was out except Hattie and Mr. Smiley, who were sitting over coffee in the kitchen, and Mr. Smiley was bursting with news. "Say, Pepper," he began, "who's the guy come here today—with a short neck and a big bald head, man about my height but pretty heavy-set . . ."

Pepper groaned. "Oh, no. Not Goliath again. That man is haunting me."

"That's it." Mr. Smiley said eagerly. "He's haunting me too. He came around this afternoon—asking for you—and the instant I opened the door to him I had the feeling I'd seen him before. He said he didn't know me and as good as said he didn't care to, but I'm positive."

Pepper smiled sympathetically at the little man. "Don't strain for it," he advised. "You know how those things come back to you when you least expect it. Just be sure to yell the minute you remember, because things are beginning to pop. In fact I've got to get going right away on my next article."

Fortunately for Pepper, Mr. Smiley didn't take his advice. Obedient to Mrs. Young's order that he rest to regain his strength, he propped his crutches against the living-room couch and stretched out on it; but he kept waking from uneasy dreams to the puzzle of Goliath. Mother and Father Young, coming in to find the living-room dark and still, decided the little man was asleep and retreated into the kitchen.

But a few minutes later they were startled to see him in the doorway, leaning on his crutches, excited triumph beaming from his mild, near-sighted eyes. "I've got it!" he cried.

Father Young was bewildered. "What? Here—sit down."

"Oh, I forgot. I've been concentrating so hard on it that I forgot everyone didn't know." Mr. Smiley sketched in the big event of his day, and told of his certainty that he had seen Goliath before. "And now," he concluded triumphantly, "I know when and where. Mr. Young, *Goliath was the man who drove the car that knocked me down!*"

Shock held the Youngs silent. Then Father Young said slowly, "Smiley. You've got to be awfully sure of this."

Pepper, having had a sample of Goliath's ruthless methods, was inclined when he heard Smiley's story next

Have You Heard?



Pride comes before a fall . . . and if it weren't for Kay Kyser my pride would still be intact. Perhaps I should explain.

When I first heard that Georgia Carroll, John Powers' famous model, was slated to change "Carroll" to "Kyser" I thought, "Well, there stands another victim of 'southern charm'. Fifty million 'y'alls' wouldn't devastate ME!" But now for the awful truth. I heard Kay's "College of Fun and Knowledge" over the ABC network the other day and I find that I am not only susceptible to 'southern charm' in the form of Kay Kyser but that I'm ready to send an appie to the teacher wrapped in a natty rebel flag.

Pillsbury's Professor is in a class by himself as far as entertainment goes. His spirited version of laughter and learning from the halls of his mythical college is imaginative. And the playful way he leads contestants into unpredictable "slur of the moment" remarks is downright ingenious. All of which should prove that you *can* teach an old dialer new tricks. And Kay Kyser with that certain captivating something (I'll admit it! Southern Charm!) is the man to do it. Kay's College is in session at 4 P.M. EDT Mondays through Fridays.

★ ★ ★

There's a scriptless wonder—also on the ABC network—that is unquestionably the greatest "rise and shiner" since the invention of the sun. It's the sixteen year old tradition called "The Breakfast Club." Don McNeill, with his "be good to yourself" philosophy is irresistible as the M.C. and his delightfully daft gang which includes Jack Owens (the cruising Crooner), clowning Sam Cowling, Fran (Aunt Fanny) Allison contribute a buoyant humor and freshness that make every program as irrepressible as a premiere. Patsy Lee and Eddie Ballantine share the musical honors on this bouncing breakfast bonanza which is understandably regarded with pride by its fathers: Swift, Philco and General Mills. First call for breakfast is 9:00 A.M. EDT—every Monday through Friday.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on ABC Daytime Dialing

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morning to agree with his father that nobody should be told until they had more proof—except Mr. Goodwin.

But fate wasn't as cautious as Pepper and his father. She took things out of their hands that afternoon by sending Inspector Walsh, of the State Highway Police, around to see Mr. Smiley.

"It's your accident I'm checking up on," the Inspector explained. "We've not had a thing to go on till yesterday, when we pulled in a fellow with a smashed-up front fender that might have done the job on you. Here's his picture. "Not," he added with a laugh, "that I suppose you got a good look—"

Mr. Smiley glanced at the picture and shook his head. It was a complete stranger. He wavered for just one moment: should he, proof or no proof, take the plunge? The Inspector was young and looked bright; he'd understand the need for caution so that Goliath wouldn't be alarmed before they caught him properly. Mr. Smiley plunged. "As a matter of fact I did get a look, a good one. I'd know the man anywhere. And Inspector, by pure coincidence, the very man walked into this house the other day and I found out his name."

Inspector Walsh whipped out a notebook. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Goliath," pronounced Mr. Smiley. The Inspector's pencil was still.

"Mr. Goliath? Are you sure?"

"As sure as I'm sitting here."

"Why, say . . . he's a prominent guy around here." The Inspector looked thoughtful. "Well, I'll just go quietly round and have a look at Mr. Goliath's car. If it shows any dents or patching up, why we'll just ask him a few questions. Nothing I hate worse than a hit-run driver."

Coming home later with a still-wet copy of the *Free Press* under his arm, Pepper felt that altogether it had been an encouraging day. Here was the highway patrol on Goliath's track, and here, closing in on him from another direction, was the full force of the newspaper. Pepper shook it out so that everyone could see the enormous type in which his new article was headlined, and the biting editorial in which Mr. Goodwin called at last for ". . . concerted, town-wide action against the disgraceful conditions in Elmwood's 'Forgotten Acre.'"

"Now that will get things moving," Father Young said with satisfaction. As Mr. Young spoke, Inspector Walsh was moving stealthily around a garage in which he had no business to be, examining by flashlight the right front fender of a car. Carefully he ran his hand over the fender surface; then he snapped off his light with a low, satisfied sound . . .

At the Young house, the phone shrilled abruptly like an alarm. Pepper picked it up. "Hello . . . oh, hello, Mrs. Kelly," the others heard him say. Suddenly they were startled by a horrified exclamation. "He what? Why, he can't . . . Say, I'll be right out, Mrs. Kelly—you bet. Don't worry, I'll be there in no time flat. Just wait for me."

Linda was the first to reach him when he'd hung up. "Pepper!" she gasped.

"Goliath!" Pepper burst out. "Dad—get your coat! He's out there telling everyone to get off his land. He says it's because of the editorial we ran today—he's going to satisfy public demand to clean up Shantyville by having a big bonfire and burning down the shanties. Come on—I'll get the car!"

Mr. Smiley, knuckles bone-white

over his crutches, leaned against the bannister. "What can I do?"

"Call Goodwin—tell him we're coming!"

When the car pulled up outside Shantyville the Youngs sat still for a moment, appalled at the scene. A cordon of police had been thrown round the acre—"So it's official," Pepper said. "I wonder how he managed that?"

In spite of himself, Pepper felt a little guilty. He knew, though no words of reproach were spoken, that Mr. Kelly blamed him and his *Free Press* articles for the trouble.

"An outrage it is," Kelly said. "Goliath acts high and mighty right now, thinking he's better than the likes of us, but he's been glad enough to come running for help when he needed it."

Pepper came to attention. "When was that, Mr. Kelly?"

"Oh, a while back. He came messing in here with his fender all bashed up. Wanted me to help straighten it."

A wild flare of elation made Pepper feel as though he'd suddenly become ten feet tall and as powerful as an elephant. "Here it is!" he thought exultantly. "Here's all the proof we need!" Walsh must be told at once—this might make all the difference.

Pausing only to unload the Kellys and the rescue party at his house, Pepper traced the Inspector to his very bedroom, and didn't hesitate to rouse him. Fortunately, after the first sentence the Inspector was sharply awake, and when Pepper had finished he described his own afternoon's work, and the discovery he had made in Goliath's garage. The discovery that Goliath's right front fender had indeed been straightened and repainted.

"It all checks," Pepper gloated. "We've got him!"

Pepper woke next morning with such a mixed jumble of thoughts in his head that he took some time deciding whether to be worried or triumphant.

But what Pepper didn't know was that, when he started downtown to keep an appointment with Mr. Goodwin, he was on his way to an interview of his own that would drive all other thoughts right out of his head.

Three men were in the editor's office with him when Pepper entered. One of them, he saw with astonishment, was Harvey Witherspoon, president of the bank where his father worked. The other two, a Mr. Clay and a Mr. Sands, were strangers to Pepper, but they looked as important as Mr. Witherspoon. Pepper suggested that perhaps he'd better come back later.

Mr. Clay laughed, a deep, pleasant laugh that made Pepper like and trust him at once. "Not on your life, young man. It's you we came here to see! And now that I see you, aren't you mighty young to be taking the world's troubles on your shoulders?"

"If you mean Shantyville, I'm not as young as all that," Pepper retorted. "It doesn't take a graybeard to see that

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something's got to be done about those poor folks out there—or rather who were there till last night. Now that Goliath's going to burn the place down they won't even have their shanties for shelter. I tell you—if the older citizens of Elmwood won't face the responsibility and try to show these people how to help themselves, the younger ones like me are going to do it for them! I'm sorry," he added, his face as red as his hair. "Didn't mean to make a speech."

The four older men exchanged glances. "What do you say, Sands?" Mr. Witherspoon asked. "I say let's let this fellow make all the speeches he can think up, eh?"

Mr. Clay nodded briskly. "In a few words, Pepper, your stories on Shantyville made a terrific impression on me—so terrific that I decided to do something about it. Now I've got a big farm back of Elmwood—farmhouse, tenant-farmer's cottage all furnished, a lot of smaller buildings and a big barn. It's been out of use for quite a while. You see any reason why these friends of yours shouldn't be comfortable there?"

Pepper's mouth opened and shut, but no words came. He couldn't have heard right; people didn't come out of nowhere and put what you wanted most right into your hand. But they were all sitting there smiling at him; he had to say something. "You mean—"

"Well, there are tools up there and I've got some seed—what do you say we let them farm the place, come spring? They'll have to do some cleaning, and there's a heating problem . . ."

"Heating problem!" Pepper was still incredulous. "This—why, this will be heaven to them!"

With a gesture of finality, Mr. Goodwin hitched his chair forward. "Fine. That's settled, then. And now," his glance called for attention like the rap of a chairman's gavel, "let's get on to our other business . . ."

It was a strangely subdued Pepper who joined his family for dinner that night. He came out of his abstraction only twice. Once when he told the Kellys about Mr. Clay's wonderful solution to their trouble. And once when he heard the message Inspector Walsh had left—the message that confirmed all his hopes about Goliath. The man had confessed and would get, the Inspector was sure, at least a year in jail.

"It's a big night all around," Pepper commented when the rejoicing died down. But his tone was so absent that, when presently he wandered into the

living-room, Linda followed.

"All right, I'll give in gracefully," he said. "I was going to think about it longer but I'm not getting very far anyway. The truth is, Linda, we didn't just talk about Shantyville down in Goodwin's office today. These men—Clay and Witherspoon and this Mr. Sands I mentioned—they're all important in town, you know, and—oh, Linda," the excitement he'd been holding back finally burst forth, "Linda, they want me to run for Mayor of Elmwood!"

"Pepper!"

"That's how I felt too. You could have knocked me over . . . They said they wanted a young fellow, somebody who looked forward, not back. They said the way I'd put my heart into Shantyville gave them the idea; I'd given those folks something to live for and that was what the town needed. I'm scared, Linda. It's a big job for anyone, let alone someone my age, with no experience . . ."

"Not too big for you. And, Pepper," Linda reminded him softly, "isn't this what you hoped for, when you turned down Andy's job? I mean a chance to help people—only this is on a bigger scale than either of us dreamed of, then. And you can do it, I know you can."

Pepper's hands closed over hers. "I can if you think I can, darling." After a pause, he added, "You know, it's funny—it just occurred to me now that, influential as these men are, they can't just make me mayor. I've got to have a campaign, run on a ticket, beat the other candidates, just like anybody else. What I mean is—after all, I may not even get in."

"But you don't care about that, do you? Getting in doesn't matter."

"No." There was Linda again, understanding what he was getting at almost before he did himself. "No, the getting in doesn't matter. No matter how it goes, the big thing is that somebody thought I was good enough to fill such big boots. Mayor of Elmwood. Before we tell the folks, Linda, let's put that down to remember, we won't be disappointed if I don't get in. I'll fight as hard as I can, and do everything I think is right, but if I don't make it I'll just remember that I'm still the same person I was before they asked me—and they thought I was good enough to ask!"

Linda kissed him swiftly. "That's good enough for me, Pepper, and always will be," she whispered. Then, together, they went back into the dining room.

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He Sings Before Breakfast

(Continued from page 47)



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one woman at a time, although the listening audience is let in on it, too.

This "personal" singing might be considered, by some wives, as cause for jealousy. But I can't say a word—the whole thing was my fault to begin with!

One morning several years ago the children and I decided to surprise Daddy by attending the Breakfast Club broadcast—which begins, at eight in the morning, Chicago time. The trip was more hectic, and the results more far-reaching, than we'd anticipated. We arrived at the studio just as the doors were being closed.

"Sorry," said the usher politely, "but we're filled up."

"But I'm Mrs. Owens," I wailed. I couldn't bear it if all our scheming to surprise Daddy ended up by our turning around and going home again.

Fortunately, he believed me. He scurried around, bless his heart, and found four seats for us, and we sat down in time to marvel, as I always do, at how cool, collected—and cheerful—Don McNeill can manage to be at that unseemly hour of the morning.

At the conclusion of Daddy's first song, the audience was applauding nicely when Johnny let loose the whistle he usually reserves for Meadowbrook, our Springer spaniel. Jack did a quick double take in our direction and beamed astonishment—and, I hoped, pleasure—at seeing us in a body. A few minutes later, when it was time for his second song, he picked up the traveling microphone and embarrassed the daylights out of me by coming down the aisle and sitting on my lap!

I felt as conspicuous as if I'd suddenly sprouted an extra head, to the great glee of Mary Ann, John and Noel—and Jack, of course. In fact, Jack thought it was such a great idea that he's been doing it ever since—thus, the birth of the Cruising Crooner. Often, now, as I sip my morning coffee I do my own version of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Mine's entitled, "I Wonder Whose Lap He's On Now!"

But I really don't wonder—or don't care, I mean. As a matter of fact, we—the children and I—have tried to stay in the background of Jack's career as much as possible, and I've been determined that we'd have just as normal, as un-show-business a family life as if Jack earned our living by selling shoes or clerking in a bank. We do manage an everyday sort of home life. Jack manages to spend plenty of time with the youngsters, and on the days he gets home early he's besieged with propositions concerning skating, football, or simply "please take me someplace." I'm very pleased that he takes over the leadership and leaves me to tend to my knitting.

Knitting, did I say? Precious little knitting a woman gets to do who has a fourteen-room house to care for, and three—no, four!—youngsters to manage.

When it comes to that very important room, the kitchen, I find that I have to share it sometimes. But not with the girls—with Jack. My husband's an enthusiastic amateur cook, and he's a fine hand, as they say, with salads. His basic favorites—steak, fried chicken, chili—he considers to be strictly my department, but give him a few leaves of greens and he can create a masterpiece. I trust that all this is going to help

explain matters to the people who ask, with envy or scorn as the case may be, "What does your husband do all day? He's through so early in the morning!"

That's true—he's through with the part of the day that the public knows about. But even so, a career in radio is no cinch. For instance, he has to be up bright and early at six, five mornings a week. He plugs in the automatic coffee maker and lets it do its work while he showers and shaves and dresses, so he can have a cup of coffee—his only breakfast until after the show—before he leaves the house. The hour-long drive from our house in Winnetka to the ABC studios in Chicago's Merchandise Mart gives him plenty of time to limber up his vocal cords.

But when the show is over, that doesn't mean Jack's working day is done. Right after the program, the Breakfast Club cast has breakfast together—a sort of informal directors' meeting at which ideas are discussed for tomorrow and sometimes for a lot of other tomorrows. Then Jack has his score for the next day to go over, sometimes a recording date, then more rehearsals. Of course, he plays theater and night club dates, too.

Jack never even dreamed of being a singer as a youngster. He was a pretty good all-around athlete, would probably have by-passed radio and gone into some other business if he hadn't broken his arm.

That was in the early summer of 1930, while Jack was playing punchball at a high school track meet in Wichita, Kansas, where he lived. He'd planned to work that summer as a lifeguard. But there's very little call for a lifeguard with only one useful arm, so he had to look around for something more suitable.

What with his arm in a sling he decided he'd better try to use his voice. He auditioned at a local radio station and was immediately offered a job. In lieu of salary, the station manager explained, he would get some very valuable experience.

Sure enough, by autumn, when he enrolled at Wichita College, he had worked his way up. The manager suggested he add janitor's duties to his singing chores. There was a salary too—twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week.

Shortly after that Jack came to Chicago, and shortly after that we met. I was working on early television, on station WIBO, where Jack got a job as an announcer. One more shortly after—in 1932—we were married.

Later Jack won a singing contest and a job with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra. In 1934 he joined the Breakfast Club—then, as now, Don McNeill was the Head Breakfast. After two years of that, Jack had an offer to go to Hollywood to do voice doubles.

In Hollywood, my husband was the unseen voice of Jimmy Stewart, James Ellison, and some other stars. But the important thing that happened there was that Jack began to write songs.

The first one was called "Roundup Time in Reno," and it was used in a Gene Autry movie. Encouraged by this, he turned out "Louisiana Lullaby" which became immensely popular, and followed that with "I Dood It," "The Kid With The Rip In His Pants," and

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then the really big smash hit, the "Hut Sut Song."

In 1944 he rejoined the Breakfast Club, and there he's been ever since.

Of all the thrills and "firsts" in my life with Jack, the most exciting happened a short while ago when, on a television program, I saw Jack and Mary Ann performing together. Why there I sat—me, Miss Television of 1933!—seeing not only my husband, but my daughter. You know, never for one single minute have I regretted giving up what might (or might not, too) have been a career in TV for myself in order to marry Jack and raise those three swell kids.

Television, by the way, has another side in our home. Our three children are so busy lobbying each for his or her favorite shows, that I sometimes feel I ought to take out a referee's license to keep the bouts within the rules, and pass out boxing gloves all around. There's one strict ruling in our household regarding television: All homework must be done and accounted for before those favorite shows of theirs can be seen by the children in the evening. This is a hard and fast rule, and it's worked out fine.

Jack, incidentally, has a devoted fan club, the "Owen Swoonsters." As all clubs worthy of the name do, this one has a slogan: "It's really sublime at Cruising Crooner time." There's a club publication, too, called *Jack's Journal*, and the girls want it understood that they are most emphatically not "silly bobby soxers." They're not, either—they're as nice a bunch of youngsters as you could hope to meet. Recently I took a look at Jack to see him, past years of the wonderful sense of knowing your husband completely that marriage brings a happy woman, as the girls saw him. Now Jack stands just an inch shy of six feet tall, weighs a just-right-in-proportion 168 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes, and all in all is a pretty handsome man. No, the girls aren't silly—I think they're very discerning indeed!

Recently, Jack and Mary Ann were leaving an autographing party when a woman who'd evidently been at the party too, tapped Jack on the shoulder.

"That father-daughter team is wonderful," she said. "You certainly should be proud of your family."

Jack turned to the woman and said, "Why, lady, I'm one of the luckiest people I know!"

The reason I heard about this was that both Jack and Mary Ann seemed rather thoughtful when they got home, so I asked what had happened, and Mary Ann told me. "And one of the happiest people, too," Jack added, grinning.

I've told you this because I want to say a couple of words that sum up our whole life together: me, too!

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The aromatic fumes of **ASTHMADOR** bring amazing relief from the symptoms of bronchial asthma. Try it today—powder, cigarette or pipe mixture.
DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S
ASTHMADOR
At All Drug Stores in U.S. and Canada

I Tag Along

(Continued from page 63)

International Bridge between our country and Canada; and spent three days out in the swamp that later was to become the site of the World's Fair. But it was all part of tagging along, and I was fully aware of what Bob's professional life was like before I married him because I had been working in radio for several years.

My first New York job was at Station WMCA where I found a job almost right away as a secretary. I thought it was fascinating. Later I went to an advertising agency, which was interesting, also, but I was delighted when my boss moved to CBS.

It was there I met Bob, though not right away. After all, I was a secretary and he was already very important in the news department. He says I picked him up, which is not strictly true. Our first meeting came about when a stranger stopped me in the hall to ask if I could tell him who was in charge of announcers. Bob was passing at that minute. Thinking that there was nothing that "The Voice of the News" couldn't answer, I said, "Oh, Mr. Trout, who is chief of announcing?"

He looked surprised. Then he gave me a smile and said, "I haven't the faintest idea. If you find out, let me know, too," and off he went.

That can hardly be called a pick-up on either side. However, it was the way we met. My office was between his and that of a girl he liked, and he got in the habit of stopping in to see me on his way to see her. As soon as we were engaged we began to make plans for me to quit my job after our marriage and to help him with research.

Unless you have seen newsmen at work as I have, you cannot possibly appreciate the job that Bob and all of the other commentators do under stress. How they keep those words coming out smoothly, no matter what the emergency, is of continuing wonder to me, no matter how many times I see it done.

Imagine being confronted with a big piece of news—no details, just a cold fact—and having to talk without a break, drawing only on your memory.

Probably the most staggering challenge of that kind that he ever had came to Bob one quiet afternoon. It was about half an hour before he was to go on the air with his regular news analysis. As is his habit, he was at the studio checking over the material that he was going to use. Everything was calm until the flash that galvanized the newsroom came. They grabbed Bob, stuck a mike in front of him and said, "Keep talking!"

All he knew was one fact—that President Roosevelt had died. There were no details, no explanation, no statement from the doctors, nothing but the first flash of the bare news. Bob had nothing to go on, but he could not stop talking. Someone rushed a reference book to him, and he used a short biography in it to check dates, skimming ahead as he poured out sentences. As he read, he became more and more apprehensive because there was a trap for him in nearly every line of the biography. It evidently had been written by someone who was not only an ardent but a very much embittered Republican, and it was full of things like, "State politicians considered him a weak, if charming, man."

That biography was definitely more of a handicap than a help. Even if impartiality were not his policy at all times, good taste alone called for nothing but the deepest respect. If even one of the deprecatory adjectives from the biography crept in during those first frantic minutes, Bob would have failed all of the people who depended on him for straight news, the network and himself as well. After he had found the dates he needed, he laid aside that biography in a hurry. Bob had plenty of memories to draw on.

He was born in Washington, D. C., and began his radio career there in 1929, when he was twenty-one. Unlike most news analysts, he has had no newspaper experience. So far as I know, he and Ed Murrow are the only two of the top newsmen who started their reporting directly for the radio.

I have often wished that I could have been tagging along then because the contrast between those days and these is so striking. Hard as it is to believe, radio reporters were regarded as more of a nuisance than anything else. They were the lowest of the low, and the Sergeant-at-Arms was always throwing them out of the White House saying, "Get away. Your cables bother us. Your mikes are in the way of the newspaper men. Get away!"

That attitude changed very quickly. Radio reporting grew up all of a sudden. Mr. Roosevelt understood its importance and valued it. He reported the inauguration of 1933 and has covered every presidential nominating convention, election and inauguration since—and from a spot up front.

During the first year we were married he was not home for any seven consecutive days, and we later estimated that he traveled on an average of a thousand miles a week on the heels of the news during that time. Sometimes he left the studio with practically no notice at all. In such cases, my part was to get background material for him in a hurry and to listen to his broadcast and make notes on it for him.

Occasionally it wasn't practical for me to tag along, so I didn't go with Bob on the first Trans-Atlantic flight. Neither did I go with him to jail.

It all started when he was covering a West Point commencement. His chief asked, "Would you like to fly to Europe?" Bob said, "When do I start?" His chief said, "Saturday."

That was on Wednesday. Bob had to be at the University of Virginia for another broadcast on Friday, so he called me in New York and said, "You arrange for visas and pack, will you?"

I had never packed for a Trans-Atlantic flight before for the very good reason that there had never been any. This was the very first scheduled flight for passenger service. Luggage had to be kept under forty pounds and it took forever to get the visas. I got one for France and one for Spain and was greatly relieved, because I was running out of time, when the Portuguese consulate said that I needn't bother.

With little time to spare, I gave Bob his papers. Then I stood all alone at the sea base at Port Washington while his plane roared off. I had been too busy to worry until then. All of a sudden, I was scared stiff that the next big



If you have *oily skin* or telltale oily zones—nose, forehead, chin—Sayman Vegetable Wonder Soap is for you! Almost overnight your mirror will reflect the thrilling difference when you use this *pure vegetable* soap that contains no animal fats or fillers, nothing to clog facial pores. Rinses so thoroughly you'll love it for shampooing. Aids that adolescent blackhead problem.

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Specifically formulated for dry, sensitive skins. Creamy-lathering beauty soap extra rich in natural oil. If dealer can't supply you, send 50¢ for 3 large bars of either special-purpose soap. Sent postage-free.

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Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credits for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.

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Sensational values sell like magic... bring you superb earnings for spare time! Just show FREE Samples of lovely Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards at 50¢ for \$1.25 up. Also Christmas and Everyday Assortments, Address Book, Children's Book, others. \$1 Box of 21 cards pays you up to 50¢! Get free Imprint Samples, 21 card box on approval.

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TEMPORARY RELIEF IS NOT ENOUGH

ONLY BY KILLING THE HAIR ROOT CAN YOU BE SURE UNWANTED HAIR IS GONE FOREVER BRINGS RELIEF AND SOCIAL HAPPINESS. DO NOT USE OUR METHOD UNTIL YOU HAVE READ OUR INSTRUCTION BOOK CAREFULLY AND LEARNED TO USE THE MAHLER METHOD SAFELY AND EFFICIENTLY. USED SUCCESSFULLY OVER 50 YEARS.

SEND 6¢ COINS OR STAMPS FOR BOOKLET

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E & J Folding WHEEL CHAIRS

LIGHTEST and STRONGEST



Manufacturers of the new revolutionary WING FOLDING ALUMINUM CRUTCHES

Ideal for TRAVEL, WORK, PLAY Lightweight. Beautifully Designed Chromium Plated

FOLDS TO 10 INCHES

EVEREST & JENNINGS Dept. 2
761 North Highland Avenue
Los Angeles 38, California

headlines were going to be about a crash at sea.

The plane sailed across safely, but Bob made the headlines just the same. Two days later, all over the front pages was the headline, *Radio Man Jailed In Lisbon*. It seems that he did need the visa for Portugal, after all—badly.

Bob has paid me back for that many times over, however, with embarrassing moments of his own contriving. He loves jokes and I still remember with mixed emotions one trip after he had found a joke store and stocked up. The first gag appeared at a cocktail party in Hollywood. We were standing in the middle of a big group of movie stars when I noticed a white thread on Bob's shoulder. Naturally, I picked it off. To my dismay it kept coming, one foot, two feet—yards and yards of it. Bob had threaded the end of a whole spool of white cotton through his coat, just for the fun of seeing how I would handle the situation!

He spaced the gags just far enough apart so that I thought each one was the last. There were dreadful bugs that appeared on my coat in railway stations and wouldn't brush off. And an even more startling thing turned up in Chicago. We were putting up at a hotel that had a desk on each floor. One afternoon I stopped to pick up our key and the clerk handed me a note from Bob. All unsuspecting, I opened it and out flew a wind-up paper butterfly. It soared and swooped around the corridor which, unhappily, was filled with quite a large group of distinguished looking people waiting for an elevator!

In November, 1941, Bob was assigned to England on short notice. I tagged along, and for that I shall be everlastingly grateful. It was far easier to be close by when he was in danger than it would have been to sit at home. Though we were there for two years, we never did settle down because we were expecting to come back from week to week. We still live in a hotel, incidentally, because it leaves me so much more free to help Bob, but not in such cramped quarters as we had in London.

I was able to stay fairly close to Bob through those years. I frequently went to the studio which was a couple of floors underground, barricaded, guarded by armed sentries, protected by bulky gas-proof doors. I stood on the cliffs of Dover with him and saw the swastika flying on fortresses only twenty miles away, while the robot bombs whined overhead. I tagged along on inspection tours of bombed-out towns all over England.

There isn't so much tagging along for me nowadays. Bob is stationed in New York because his news broadcasts go out from there as does his weekly television show, *Who Said That?* That show provides plenty of variety, however. Bob says that it is just as unpredictable in its demands as is flash-news coverage. It operates with a panel of guests with Bob as moderator. The questions deal with memorable quotes from the news. It is the only program I know on which the experts have to pay when they miss an answer—\$5 for each question that stops them. It is unrehearsed, and the experts are both famous and quick-witted.

I have never been on a program, and I never intend to be. I love tagging along all the way right up to the mike, but there I stop. That is Bob's territory. My satisfaction is being able to go to the boundary, however, and to look and listen to him from there.

WHEN IS MY APPOINTMENT?

MA'S STOCKING SIZE?

THAT NICE HOTEL?

JIM'S BOSS' ADDRESS?

DAD'S DOCTOR'S NAME?

CHRISTMAS CARDS?

ANN'S BIRTHDAY?



Do you recall the address of John's uncle in Cincinnati?—or do you know where you placed that wonderful recipe Mrs. Decker gave you? Your answer is probably "no." But what can be done about it?

Well, Janet Lane and Catherine Emig Plegemann have done something about it. They have organized a book in which to keep information and records of your family and friends, your home and your activities.

In *Keep The Family Record Straight* space is provided to jot down those recurring dates you want to remember, such as birthdays, anniversaries, etc. Then there is a place to record clothing sizes for all members of the family—so you won't have to ask! Also, space for your Christmas card list—family health records—your friends' food and entertainment preferences—insurance policies and when payments are due—mechanical workings about the home—household inventories—household services—gardening data—canning, preserving and freezing notes—vacation and travel reminders of hotels, meals and routes you have enjoyed. And much, much more.

Keep The Family Record Straight is smart, colorful and delightfully illustrated throughout. As a gift it will cause sparkling conversation. Price only \$2 at all bookstores, or direct from Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. RM-849, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, 17, N. Y.



In Misery from

ATHLETE'S FOOT?

this "WET-DRY" ACTION

brings relief! FIRST: Swab skin between toes with cotton soaked in Absorbine Jr. This "wetting" action removes dead skin, dissolves perspiration products. SECOND: Pour on Absorbine Jr. Its "drying" action inhibits growth of all the infecting micro-organisms it can reach. Result... in 3 out of 4 cases of Athlete's Foot (tested clinically), Absorbine Jr. brought relief! \$1.25 a bottle at drugstores.

ABSORBINE JR.

To Tampon Users...

Fibs^{*}
is the Tampon

with Rounded Ends...

the only Tampon

"Quilted" for Comfort...

"Quilted" for Safety...

Next time try Fibs

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

(internal sanitary
protection)

MAKE \$50 selling only 100 boxes of America's leading 21 card Christmas assortments. Samples on approval. Complete line plastics, gift wrappings, etc. Don't delay, write today.
Lorain Art Studios, Dept. H. Vermilion, Ohio

Free Samples 50 for \$1.00 Name Imprinted Christmas Cards

Peace At Last From PERSISTENT ITCH!

No wonder thousands teased by itchy torment bless the day they changed to Resinol. Here's quick action from first moment—a blissful sense of peace that lasts and lasts, thanks to 6 active soothing agents in a lanolin base that stays on. Don't be content with anything less effective than Resinol Ointment.



A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

Marvel
WHIRLING SPRAY
Syringe FOR
Women
3⁵⁰

Free Booklet

MARVEL CO.
118 East St. New Haven, Conn.

At Drug Counters Everywhere

Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 59)

in time for the following Thursday night's program . . . Field day for femme viewers is Fashions on Parade over WJZ-TV Wednesday nights at 9:00 EDT, with Adelaide Hawley as fashion commentator and June Forrest and Bob Douglas to make music and Russell and Aura to dance . . . Jo Hurt, who plays Josiebelle on Kobbs Korner, gave up the violin for the stage and television. She used to play at music festivals, then started her real professional career as a dancer, went into serious drama, and ended up as a pig-tailed hoyden who sings and dances every Wednesday evening from 9:30 to 10:00 P.M. EDT on CBS-TV.

RCA Service Company, a subsidiary of Radio Corporation of America, gets a pat on the back for its booklet for television servicemen. The little pamphlet is called *The Care of Television Customers*, and is available to independent servicemen, distributors and dealers, as well as the company's own service staff for which it was designed.

Advice on respecting the customer's viewpoint ("think of how you would feel if you had purchased a television set, perhaps at some sacrifice, and then felt that it did not come up to your original expectations"), on making only authorized promises and then keeping them, proving all repairs by tests, keeping appointments and being careful of customer's property are a few of the paragraphs that long-suffering set owners will appreciate, and hope their servicemen will heed.

That cello Morey Amsterdam plays on his DuMont network show every Thursday evening at 9:00 EDT is no gag. He started his professional career as a cellist, just like his dad. The first time the elder Amsterdam heard his son's vaudeville act he listened closely to the famous cello routine but the audience's howls of glee at Morey's jokes made little impression on him. "Morey, your cello was out of tune," was his comment on the act.

Besides learning the cello and saxophone and playing both professionally, Morey has written more than 8,000 gags, although how he can keep track of the number when so many he uses are ad lib is a mystery. He's a song writer too—"Rum and Coca-Cola" and "Yuk a Puk" are his. He has written special comedy material for Hollywood comedians, is a veteran nightclub, theatre and radio entertainer. In fact,

he once hit the high peak of seventy-eight shows in a week, doing five-a-day at a theater, a daily radio stint, several nightclub shows every evening, two "concert" appearances, with a couple of guest shots and benefits thrown in to take up any spare time.

Now that he's a television star he takes a busman's holiday—grabs his camera and shoots pictures.

Mid-Summer Summation: Remember the Milton Berle television marathon of April 9 that netted the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund well over a million dollars in pledges? Mama B, looking very chic, was introduced to the viewers by her boy Milton. "She's shy," he explained. "How old are you?" he asked then. "Forty," she announced. "You're shy thirty years," said her son. That's the way it went, leaving Berle a little limp at the end of the sixteen-hour stretch . . . The boys who love facts and figures have told us there were 1,315,000 TV sets in the United States at the end of last March and that about half a million of them were in the New York area . . . If you belong to the country club in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., you see television, if you don't you don't. Reason: the club is high on a hilltop—right on the beam for TV—and the rest of the town is down in a valley . . . New Jersey's station WATV carries the first weekly hour-long variety show to originate from a resort hotel. It comes from the Goldman Hotel in Pleasantdale every Sunday evening at 10:00 EDT, features "Happy" Waters as emcee and Don Lane and his orchestra . . . ABC's Super Circus originating from Chicago, found out that chimpanzees don't like bandleaders. That is, they found out after the damage was done. The chimp was doing his act on a scooter when the bandleader's arm-waving diverted him. Maybe he thought the fellow was imitating him. That's how his trainer explained it. But the scooter scooted into the bandstand and the chimp challenged his arm-waving antagonist. When order was restored and the damage was checked it added up to several hundred dollars, some fast footwork on the part of the musicians, and some injured feelings on the part of bandleader Bruce Chase. The cameras kept away as much as possible—but it's our guess that the viewers at home would have enjoyed the impromptu show.

Do YOU have a HEART OF GOLD?

Or, do you **KNOW** someone whose good works and unselfishness deserve recognition? You can tell about it **AND** win a valuable prize on



"LADIES BE SEATED"

Monday—Friday ABC Stations

TOM MOORE, M.C.

For details of the "Heart Of Gold" contest, read the current issue of **TRUE ROMANCE** magazine now at newsstands!

QUICK RELIEF

FOR SUMMER TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW AND SENSATIONAL IN
CHRISTMAS CARDS

50 FOR \$1 With Name

MAKE Extra MONEY FAST

Gorgeous Satin Velour & Plastic Show Rich New Cards never before offered. Gets orders FAST! Gorgeous Christmas Cards with Name 50 for \$1 up. Imprinted Stationery, Floral Charmettes, Napkins, 50 other assortments, 60c to \$1.25. Samples on approval. Write PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 915-K, St. Louis 3, Mo.

"Birthstone Ring" GIVEN

Made in 1/40-14k rolled Gold plate—Set in your favorite Birthstone color. Order 4 boxes famous Rosebud Salve, sell at 25c a box, remit the \$1.00 and select this lovely "Tailored Ring" mounted with a "brilliant" full ten cut machine stone set in your size and month Birthstone color. **GUARANTEED.** Order 4 salve—Send No Money. (Or we will mail ring and 4 salve NOW if you send \$1.00 along with your order.) ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 57, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

QUICK! EASY! CASH FOR YOU SELL

Amazing variety! Profits to 100%. Show novel Plastic, 3-dimension "Stage Set," Metallic, Christmas Carol cards, Deluxe Gift Wraps, Animated Books, Napkins, Table settings, 14 special money-saving offers, Bonus. Write for Feature samples on approval and **FREE SAMPLES** 4 different Name Imprinted Christmas Card lines, Floral and Personal Stationery.

Distinctive NEW CHRISTMAS CARDS

INCLUDING NEWEST PLASTICS

ELMIRA GREETING CARD CO., Dept. MA-142, Elmira, N. Y.

Does GARLIC Relieve GAS?

ALLIMIN relieves distressing symptoms of heaviness after meals, belching, bloating and colic due to gas in stomach and intestines. **ALLIMIN** has been clinically tested by doctors and found highly effective. **ALLIMIN** is the largest selling garlic tablet in the world. For sale at drug stores everywhere. Ask for

ALLIMIN Garlic Tablets

How To Avoid Painful

Constipation

If you suffer painful bowel movements, try Petro-Syllium® for regular comfortable relief. Its soft lubricating action is gentle, but oh so thorough you'll wonder why you haven't tried it before. Taken as directed, it's the way so many doctors recommend to ease painful, irregular bowel movements. But don't go on suffering another minute. Take this to your drug store today so you will be sure to get genuine, easy acting Petro-Syllium, the laxative used by many piles sufferers to assure comfortable bowel movements.

Serve Something Simple

(Continued from page 65)

At the next cool-off meal serve ribbon loaf with beet and orange salad and peach betty as a welcome surprise.

Tomato Ribbon Loaf

- 4 cups tomato juice
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 4 peppercorns
- 4 whole cloves
- 1 bayleaf
- 1/2 cup coarsely cut celery leaves
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup (8 ounces) cream-style cottage cheese
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon chopped chives

Combine tomato juice, onion, peppercorns, cloves, bayleaf, celery leaves and salt. Bring slowly to boil and simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Soften gelatine in cold water. Place over hot water and stir until gelatine dissolves. Mix cottage cheese, mayonnaise and chives. Blend in 1 tablespoon of dissolved gelatine. Add remaining gelatine to tomato juice. Pour half tomato mixture into loaf pan (9 x 5 inches). Chill until almost firm. Add a layer of cottage cheese; chill until firm. Add remaining tomato juice; chill until firm. Unmold on platter and garnish with crisp greens. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Beet and Orange Salad

- 6 medium beets, boiled
- 2 medium oranges
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise

Scoop out centers of chilled beets. Combine diced orange sections, onion and diced beet centers. Fill hollow beets. Top with mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce. Makes 6 garnish salads.

Peach Betty

- 4-5 cups sliced peaches
- 1 1/3 cups coarse bread crumbs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/3 cup water

Place half the peaches in a casserole. Combine bread crumbs, sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle one-half over peach. Add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter. Make another layer of peaches, bread crumbs and flavoring. Add water and cover. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) 40 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Garden Salad Mold

- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 1 1/2 cup shredded or diced vegetables (raw or cooked)

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in hot water. Add mayonnaise, lemon juice, vinegar, salt, pepper and sugar. Chill. When mixture is partially set, fold in vegetables. Turn into one large mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.

"I'm a teacher..."



I can't afford CORNS, can you?"

"Teaching is important—I don't dare risk sore feet. So the minute a corn appears, I use a BLUE-JAY Corn Plaster." Nupercaine*, exclusive with BLUE-JAY, soothes surface pain; gentle medication loosens hard "core," you lift it out in a few days! You can't afford corns, either. Get BLUE-JAY today (on sale at drug counters everywhere). FREE booklet! "Your Feet and Your Health." Write Dept. WG8.

"AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CORN PLASTER"

STAYS ON BECAUSE IT WRAPS ON

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Ciba's Brand of Dibucaine

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company Chicago 16



EASY EXTRA MONEY Sell New CHRISTMAS CARDS From Sunny California

Show friends sensational 21-Card \$1 Christmas Assortment with Patented Television Card. Sells like wild fire! Up to 100% profit. 7 Super Name-Imprinted lines, 50 for \$1 up. New PLASTIC Christmas Cards, many other money-makers. Write for FREE SAMPLES.

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Relieve itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot, eczema, scabies, pimples and other itch troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D. D. D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription**.

FOR SELLING 100 BOXES OF CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH NAME

\$75 CASH IS YOURS!

Smart EXCLUSIVE designs, at low price of 25 for \$1.95 appeal to friends, businessmen, others. You take fast orders from FREE SAMPLES. Other EXCLUSIVE Personal Christmas Cards as low as 50 for \$1. Also Exclusive Name-Imprinted Notes, 21-Card Christmas Assortment sells fast at \$1, pays you up to 50c. Also Religious, Gift Wraps, Everyday.

Write now for Assortments on approval, Imprint Samples FREE. CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, 117 W. Pearl St., Dept. L27, Cincinnati 1, Ohio

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FREE!

This beautiful, high-pile chenille spread ABSOLUTELY FREE for sending only three orders from friends, neighbors or relatives.



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You don't have to be a super-salesman. These exclusive heirloom designs at "direct from factory" prices sell themselves.

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when you show these popular chenille spreads, rugs, robes and novelties. You can earn big money—free gifts. Write NOW for full details.

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P. O. BOX 483 DALTON, GA.

YOURS! These 2
great new best-sellers

**BOTH
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to you as a
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The Fiction Book Club

Yes, as a special new-membership gift, we will send you not just one—but BOTH of these big new best-selling novels absolutely FREE — the same titles that are selling at retail for \$6.00.

**Don't Delay!
Mail Coupon Today!**

Orders must be filled as received! Don't miss out! Mail coupon NOW and make sure you get your two FREE new best-sellers!



She Promised Him What No Other Woman Dared to Offer... knowing that it meant certain death for her if this cruelest of tricks was discovered. Meet Carlotta soon — in "Cutlass Empire." Mail coupon NOW!

Kings feared him... women adored him... he lived and loved outside the law!

"Morgan Did to Women What Amber Did to Men!"

says *The Cleveland Press*

And how you'll agree, as you race through the blazing pages of F. Van Wyck Mason's rip-roaring romantic novel about Sir Harry Morgan, history's most famous — and amorous—blue-blooded renegade—and about some of the lovely, scheming women in his lawless life!

"Swords flash plenty, so do the petticoats."

Omaha World-Herald

Yes, this bold buccaneer seemed to cast a spell over all women. And most of them would go to any length to keep him. Yet only one—a woman as wild and ruthless as he—gambled everything, including her life, to hold him. She was the sultry, beautiful Carlotta, who dared to promise him what no other woman dared to offer. Discover for yourself why "Cutlass Empire" is high on best-seller lists everywhere. It's yours FREE together with "Rampart Street"—yes, BOTH free when you mail coupon.

They Made a Shocking Love Pact — These Two Southern Beauties



to save the life of a devil-may-care Yankee — the man they both want! Here's the tense, emotion-packed story of two passionate Southern sirens locked in a strange and bitter conflict... and of the "devil's bargain" they make... a bargain that shocks even

Rampart Street, wickedest street of the wickedest city in the world.

"Romance that transcends all barriers."

San Antonio Express

Yes, even Rampart Street whispered, "Just how far will a woman go—to save the man she loves?" would anyone—besides honey-haired Raphaelle D'Arendel—dare to sell herself into the most infamous establish-

ment on Rampart Street to protect her lover—only to see him marry her hated rival? And why does the notorious Simone de Tourneau plot her devilish revenge to get handsome Captain Carrick? Learn the answers in "Rampart Street" by the Webbers. Yours FREE, with "Cutlass Empire" — BOTH free when you mail coupon.



None wiser or more ruthless than the notorious Simone! Who — but Simone — could force a man like Captain Carrick to marry her?

Why was lovely Raphaelle whipped and sold to the highest bidder? There would be a row of scars along her side—and love in her heart as long as she lived, for this strange Yankee, Carrick, who rescues her with his pistol and gold.

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