

RADIO ***AND TELEVISION*** ***MIRROR***

SEPTEMBER 25¢

GRAND SLAM

MUSICAL QUIZ

IRENE BEASLEY

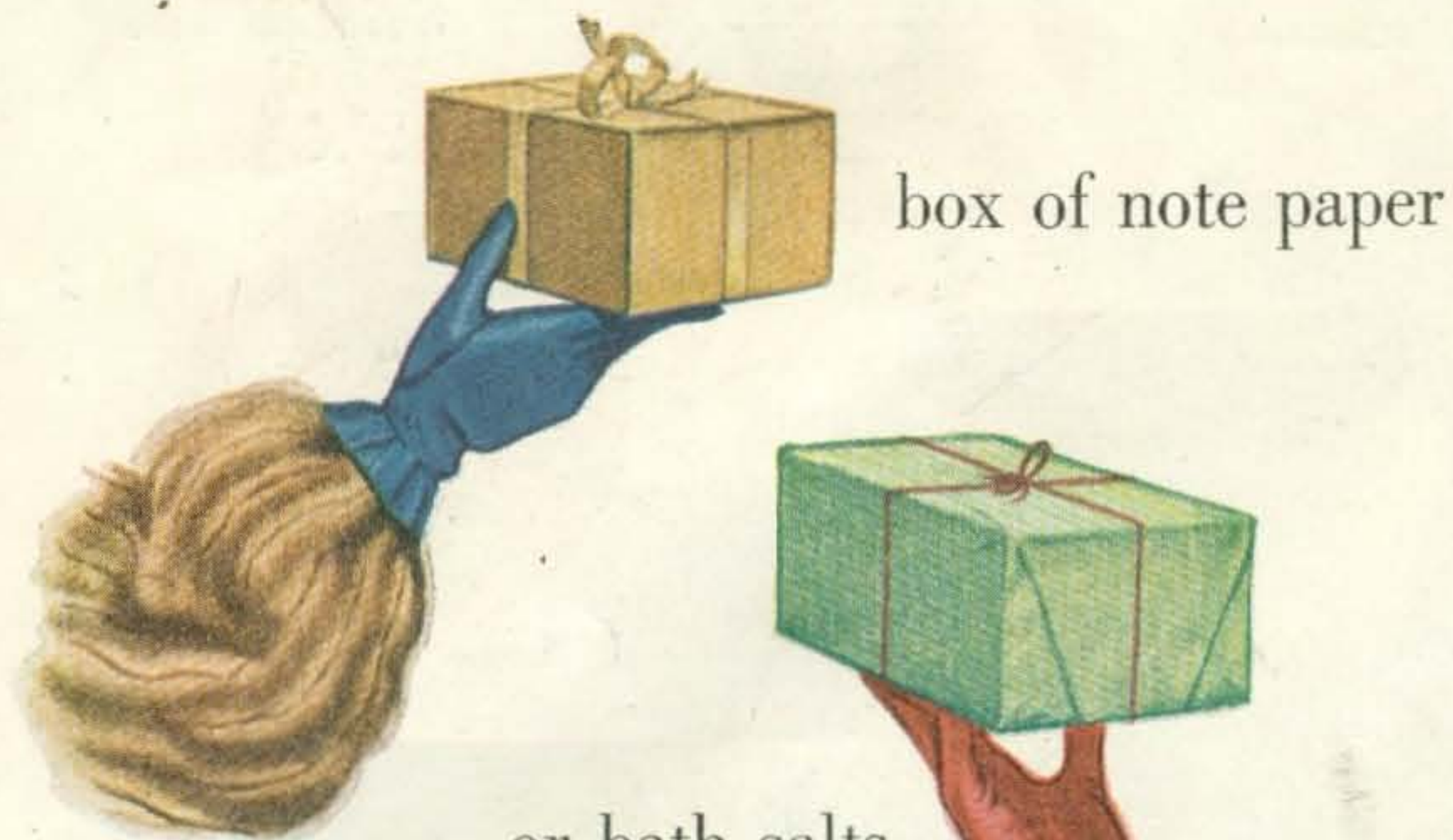
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NAMES OF ALL
GRAND SLAM
CONTEST WINNERS

First Time! Color Pictures and Story
GALEN DRAKE

Backstage Wife — Gordon MacRae
Kay Kyser — Road Of Life



Wrapped, it looks like a



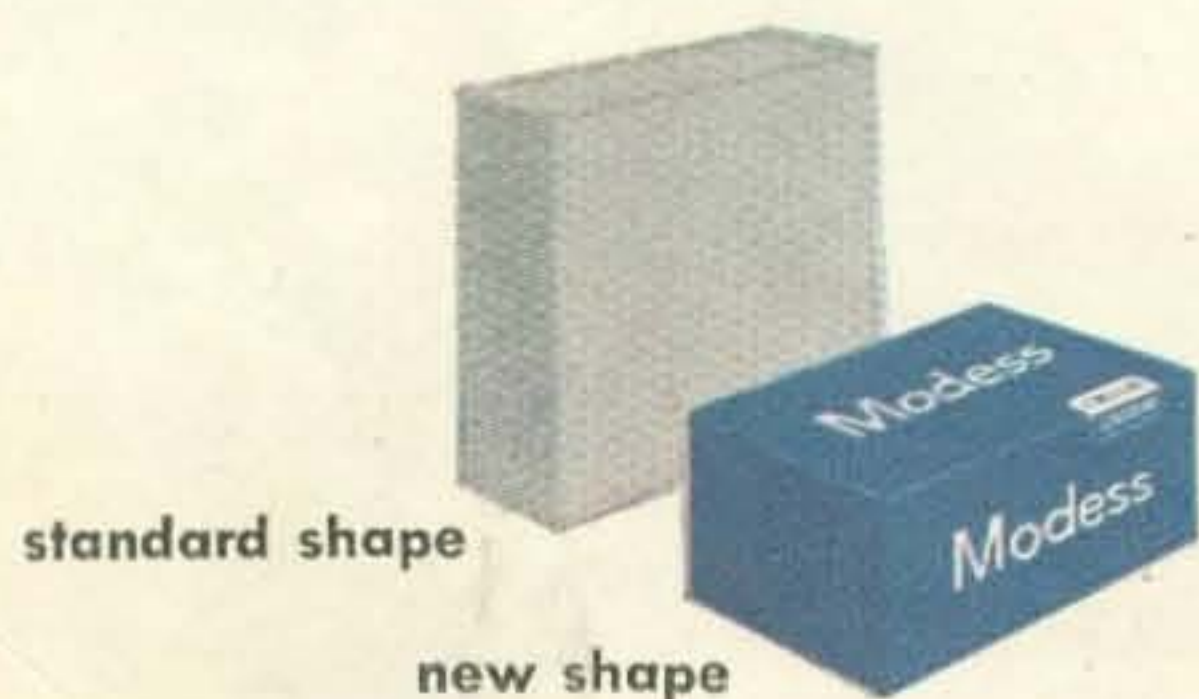
... or candy



... or facial tissues

Actually, it's Modess

in the wonderful new-shape box!



- ★ So discreet . . . helps keep your secret so nicely.
- ★ So new . . . it may not yet be in stock at your favorite store. Until it is, ask for Modess in the standard box. Because . . .
- ★ Both boxes contain the same number of the same fine Modess napkins.
- ★ Both boxes are priced the same.
- ★ In Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.

**YOUR HAIR
IS MAGIC TO A MAN . . .**

*Take care
of it!*

Does your hair sometimes look dull and lifeless . . . is there a telltale shower of distressing flakes *no matter what shampoo you use?*

Then be on the lookout for infectious dandruff, so prevalent, so hard to get rid of.

Better start now with Listerine Antiseptic and finger-tip massage every time you wash your hair.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills even the "bottle bacillus" (*P. ovale*) which so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

You will be delighted to see how wonderfully fresh, cool and clean your scalp feels, how quickly flakes begin to disappear, how healthy your hair looks. Yes, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

As a precaution against infectious dandruff, make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair care no matter what kind of soap or shampoo you use.

For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouth-wash and gargle.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF



P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

NOW! PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, effective way to

HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream

NOW dental science offers *proof* that always using Colgate Dental Cream right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

Continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!



X-RAYS SHOW HOW PROPER USE OF COLGATE'S HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY

Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other followed usual dental care. X-rays were taken at regular intervals.

The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula used in the tests. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, *proved* way to help prevent new cavities, help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

Always Use Colgate's* to Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth —and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

*Right after eating



NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR, FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION!

SEPTEMBER, 1949

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ON THE COVER: Irene Beasley of Grand Slam; Ektachrome by Ozzie Sweet

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Coming Next Month



Godfrey: in October, Mug Richardson tells all about her famous boss.

Variety, we are not too modest to admit, always has been the keynote of RADIO MIRROR. But, somehow, the October issue seems to be crammed with more of the spice of life than usual. And for very good reasons. First of all, there's Arthur Godfrey's Girl Friday, Mug Richardson, telling about her job as the right and left hand of one of radio's most fabulous characters. Life with Godfrey, as you'll find out, is completely unpredictable. And no less predictable is that new quizmaster of the air, Groucho Marx—only we've turned the tables on Groucho. He answers our questions—and what answers! It's an understatement to say that they're hilarious. Speaking of answers, Eve (Miss Brooks) Arden gives a few herself—on everything from teaching to child psychology.

* * *

And here, as if you need any, are some more reasons why the October issue is such a special one. We asked Dan Seymour, emcee on We the People, to tell us about his favorite We the People guests. That was quite a big order, but Dan managed and the result adds up to a top-notch story. And here's a mother's eye-view story that's also top-notch—Mrs. Desiree Ball discussing her favorite actress, Lucille.

* * *

We also go visiting in October—in color—to see Red Skelton and his family. There will be color portraits of Helen Trent, too. And your friend Irma is the subject of next month's Reader Bonus—The Life Story of Marie Wilson. This and more is in the October RADIO MIRROR, on sale Friday, September 9.



That
"Left-Out Feeling"
 can begin at home!

It hurts when a husband seems so indifferent. Yet sometimes a wife has *herself* to blame. So remember—*never trust your charm to anything but creamy, dependable Mum!* Mum's unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get a jar of Mum today.

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor all 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 to rot or discolor fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

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



Product of Bristol-Myers

keeps you nice to be near

Mrs. Page's Morning Visit has made Agnes Clark well known to WJR's morning audience (9:30-9:55, Mon.-Sat.).



Mrs. Page, WJR's home economics expert, uses a new approach to gain probably the largest audience of homemakers in the Middle West.

She doesn't sell glamor or pointers on how to hypnotize the "Prince Charming." Mrs. Page adheres strictly to her theory that glamor and Mrs. Page don't mix. When asked by a reporter about the glamor of being an oracle of household wisdom to her vast WJR following she said, "There's no glamor, I'm just a homemaker with a lot of gab."

Mrs. Page contends that homemakers are a dozen executives in one . . . They are directors deluxe of that important firm, Home and Family Incorporated. She reminds the homemakers of the important decisions they make daily and compares their daily tasks more than favorably with the duties of their executive husbands. Mrs. Page is enough of a practical psychologist, however, to recommend that the homemaker must feel that her job is as important as her husband's, but that it is better not to show these feelings. "Make him feel that he is the important member of the team, but have that inward confidence that he could not win without your field generalship and hard blocking" is her advice.

It is also Mrs. Page's contention that the people who listen to her program aren't interested in glamor girls. They want to learn about cooking, sewing, and kitchen gadgeteering. Mrs. Page, who is Agnes Clark off-mike, openly admits she is no glamor girl and has no qualms about admitting that she is forty-nine, was married for twenty-five years, and has a twenty-four-year-old daughter. She has been in the sales, advertising, or radio business for thirty-three years.

Her business, selling and radio experience are reflected in the sales results of her show, heard over WJR at 9:30 A.M. Monday through Saturday.

"JUST A HOMEMAKER"



Agnes Clark's hobby is her house. She collects furniture, china, silver and glass that fit into her daily pattern of living.

To be kissed... tonight...
as you've never been kissed before... *Tangee*



*Lips aching to be kissed
... in a heart-stirring love scene
starring*

ANN DORAN
AND
MILBURN STONE

APPEARING IN

**"CALAMITY JANE
AND SAM BASS"**

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
PICTURE

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!

Tangee **KISS COLORS**

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A bright new pink... to make him think... of kissing.

TANGEE RED-RED—Makes your lips redder than red... and ready to love. For brunettes especially.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—America's most dramatic shade—transforms your lips into a "feature attraction."

TANGEE GAY-RED—Cold men turn into bold men—when a blonde wears this daring shade.

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)

INFORMATION BOOTH

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

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

was born in Rocky Mount, North Carolina, on June 18, 1906. He does not have an evening program.

IRISH ACTOR



J. CARROL NAISH

Dear Editor:
Is J. Carrol Naish of Life With Luigi really Italian?
Miss J. V. Bronx, N. Y.

No. Mr. Naish was born in New York City of Irish ancestry. His real name is Joseph Patrick Carrol Naish.

LOST AND FOUND



EVELYN KNIGHT

Dear Editor:
Evelyn Knight is my family's favorite singer but we can't find her on radio. Can you help us?
Miss D. B. El Dorado, Ark.

You'll be glad to know that Miss Knight is heard Monday, Wednesday, and Friday on Bob Crosby's Club 15, 7:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE MARINERS

Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of the Mariners Quartet, heard on Arthur Godfrey's radio program, and tell me each one's name.
Miss M. E. S. Amherst, Va.



JAMES O. LEWIS

We didn't have enough space to print pictures of all four singers but here's one of them—James O. Lewis. The others are Tom Lockard, Nathaniel Dickerson, and Martin Karl.

BETTY CROCKER



ZELLA LAYNE

Dear Editor:
I always listen to The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air and have often wondered what Betty Crocker (or Zella Layne) looked like. I think she has a wonderful, soft voice.
Mrs. R. D. W. Toledo, Ohio

Here she is—Zella Layne.

VITAL STATISTICS

Dear Editor:
I would like the following information on Kay Kyser: correct full name, date and place of birth. Also, does he have an evening program?

Mrs. D. A. Eighty-Four, Penna.

James Kern Kyser (Kay Kyser to you)

MYRT AND MARGE

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me the names of the actresses who played the title roles in Myrt and Marge a few years ago?
Mrs. D. O. T. Concord, Calif.



MYRTLE VAIL

Myrtle Vail was Myrt, and daughter Donna Damerel played the role of Marge.

JUGHEAD



HARLAN STONE, JR.

The ever-hungry Jughead is played by Harlan Stone, Jr. Bob Hastings plays the title role, Archie Andrews; Mr. Andrews is played by Arthur Kohl, Mrs. Andrews by Alice Yourman, Betty by Rosemary Rice, Veronica by Gloria Mann, and Wetherbee by Arthur Maitland.

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me who plays the part of Jughead, as well as the rest of the cast, in the NBC program The Adventures of Archie Andrews?
Mrs. M. S. Dayton, Ohio

HIT PARADER

Dear Editor:
I would like to know if Monica Lewis can be heard on the networks.

Mr. D. E. L. Marysville, Calif.

Monica Lewis is currently sharing the vocal spotlight with John Lorenz on CBS's Your Hit Parade on Parade, Sundays at 7:00 P.M. EDT. The series is the summer replacement for the Jack Benny program.

For those within the range of WOR, New York, Miss Lewis is heard with Frank Farrell, Saturdays at 1:30 P.M. EDT.

One Mardi Gras Night in New Orleans

... that exploded into murder!

ON the eve of the gay Mardi Gras, Orson Foxworth, financial buccaneer, gave a dinner at world famous Antoine's for seven extraordinary guests. One was beautiful young Odile St. Amant. An unloved wife, she ached with desperate longing for the embraces of Leonce, her playboy husband.

And at the table sat Odile's younger sister, voluptuous Caresse, even more sultry than her name. She resided with Odile and her husband in the family mansion and she drove Leonce to a maddening desire to put an end to his wife so that he could possess her. And

Foxworth himself had reasons of his own for wanting Odile out of the way!

What a setting for a story when these people and five others as deeply involved with one another meet for dinner at glamorous Antoine's! All the color, romance and intrigue of New Orleans creole society is packed into Frances Parkinson Keyes newest best-seller, *Dinner at Antoine's*. This book, PLUS another popular novel, *High Towers*, is yours for just a three-cent stamp—yes, BOTH for 3¢—if you join the Dollar Book Club now!



THESE 2 FLAMING NOVELS
OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BOTH for a **3**
YOURS **¢ STAMP**

WHEN YOU JOIN
THE DOLLAR
BOOK CLUB



HIGH TOWERS
by Thos. B. Costain

THE best-selling new historical novel, packed with romance and thrilling action by the author of "The Black Rose." *High Towers*, plus *Dinner at Antoine's*, BOTH yours for a 3c stamp when you accept this amazing membership offer of the money-saving Dollar Book Club.



The Only Club That Brings You Best-Sellers for \$1

THE Dollar Book Club offers to send you both "*Dinner at Antoine's*" and "*High Towers*," for just a 3-cent stamp—as a generous sample to new members of the wonderful reading entertainment and equally wonderful savings that nearly a million families enjoy through the Club.

The Dollar Book Club is the only club that brings you popular current novels for only \$1.00 each. Yes, the very same titles sold in the publisher's retail editions for \$2.75 to \$3.00 come to members for only \$1.00 each—almost a 2/3 saving!

How are such values still possible, with book manufacturing costs at an all-time high? First, because of the great economies effected in printing huge editions for so large a membership. Second, the Club's own great new book plant, recently completed at a cost of millions of dollars, is designed for money-saving, large-scale production with equipment and methods never before possible.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Take as Few as Six Books a Year!

Membership in the Dollar Book Club requires no dues of any kind. You do not even have to take a book every month; the purchase of as few as six books a year fulfills your membership requirement. You can build a choice library of outstanding modern fiction this way for as little as \$6.00 a year!

Start Enjoying Membership Now

Upon receipt of the attached coupon with just a 3-cent stamp, you will be sent BOTH "*Dinner at Antoine's*" and "*High Towers*." You will also receive the current selection for only \$1.00. Thereafter, every month, you will receive the Club's Bulletin, which describes the forthcoming Club selections. It also reviews many other popular books which you may purchase at the Club price of only \$1.00 each. Buy only the books you want!

Just Mail Coupon with 3c Stamp!

When you see the books you will get and realize they are typical of the values you will continue to receive from the Club for only \$1.00 each, you will be delighted to have become a member! Mail coupon now.

Mail This Coupon

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
Dept. 9MWG, Garden City, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once *Dinner at Antoine's* and *High Towers*—BOTH for the enclosed 3¢ stamp. Also send me the current club selection and bill me for \$1 plus shipping cost.

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and additional bargains offered at \$1.00* each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } Please Print

Address
City, Zone & State

Occupation If under 21, age, please
*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2



BEAUTY AND THE BOBBY SOXER



Beauty
depends
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

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
© 1949 CHICAGO, ILL.



Anne Francis is one teen-ager whose parents didn't mind her using make-up—because she knew how.

On September 16th, Anne Francis will be nineteen. Maybe, and it's just a "maybe," she'll marry handsome Jack Lewis very soon after her birthday. It all depends. For he's taking pre-law at Syracuse University, and they may decide to wait for him to finish. Whether they marry shortly, or wait, Anne wants to continue in radio, which she entered when she was eight years old. Her current assignment is singing commercials on Benny Rubin's TV show every Friday night over WNBT.

If you're a steady RADIO MIRROR reader, you may recall seeing her picture on the March, 1947, cover. Her most recent photo, above, shows you how "young lady-ish" Anne has become in a couple of years.

We like Anne very much. Because she's not only sweet and gracious, she's refreshingly beau-

tiful. Even in printing our opinion of her, we know she will never be spoiled with too much praise. She's just not the type.

Since Anne is so grown-up, beautiful—and engaged—we felt that if any girl were qualified to give advice on how to use make-up to be more dateable, it is she. We weren't wrong in our choice. It developed, when we interviewed her, that she has some very definite ideas on the subject.

The reason why parents usually object to their teen-age daughters using make-up, Anne thinks, may be because they don't know how. She sees girls all the time who use too much. She wishes she could tell them how it detracts from their good looks, instead of enhancing it, as they erroneously think.

She had to prove to her mother and father—especially her father—that make-up did something for

RADIO MIRROR for

By
 'MARY JANE
 FULTON

her. So she practiced putting it on and taking it off, until she felt she dared brave his critical glance. When he smiled at her one evening over his evening newspapers, and didn't order her to "go wash it off," she knew she had gotten it on successfully.

She's learned to apply a *very light* film—and only one—of a rosy-tan shade of creamy cake make-up, or a combination dry powder-foundation. It's a tint which suits her skin best. Another shade, with a flattering pink tinge to it, might be more becoming on your skin. Or you might like using a make-up lotion or cream that's made especially for young skins.

While your summer tan is fading, tan make-up shades, she suggests, are a big help in prolonging the tanned look. Whatever type you prefer using, get it on *lightly*, she repeats, and be sure to blend it down on your neck, and at the sides of your face, so it won't be noticeable where it begins and ends. Blend it, too, up under your eyes, and carefully around your hairline. Then, with a facial tissue, or a cologne-saturated cotton ball, take off any that's too obvious around your hair-line. Wipe it off your eyebrows, if you've gotten any on them. Always apply your make-up in a strong light, Anne pleads. For then you'll do the job properly—and not go overboard on it, so that it looks cakey, and artificial.

Now, you're ready for your lipstick. If you're like nine out of ten girls, she said with a twinkle in her eyes, you probably started using it as soon as you entered your teens, or very shortly afterwards. Anyway, when you were sixteen. So you should be pretty expert about getting it on right, is her frank opinion.

Follow your natural lip line as closely as possible. Be sure the coloring is put on so that your lips are sweetly rounded, soft, and romantic-looking.

What about rouge? A fresh, young face is much prettier without it, Anne contends. So that's that. And we wouldn't care to argue the point. Because if any girl ever fooled another female, and startled her by admitting the use of *any* make-up at all, other than lipstick, it's this tall, slender, blue-eyed, natural blonde—lovely, engaged-to-be-married Anne Francis!



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.





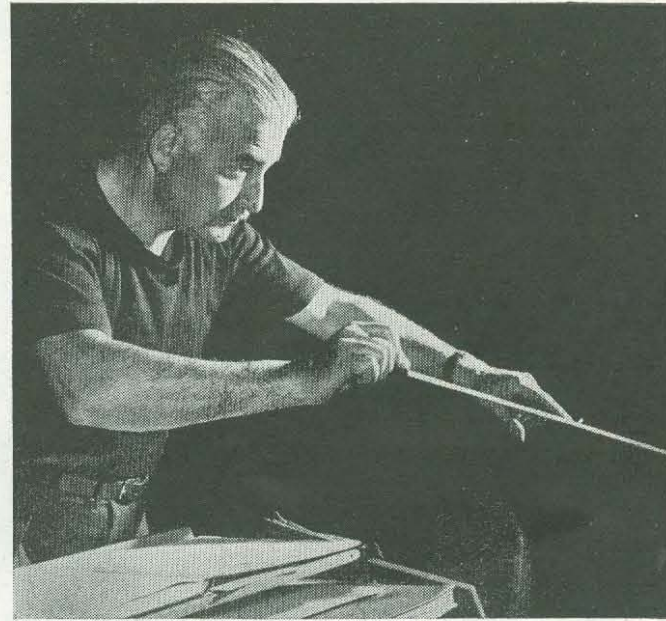
Featured vocal group on the Fibber McGee and Molly program, the King's Men—Bud Linn, Jon Dodson, Rad Robinson, Ken Darby—star as the show's summer replacement (Tues., 9:30, NBC).

It's been some years since Phil Harris has been seen in the movies—much longer than Mrs. Phil Harris' absence from the screen. Strange, too, since Phil was quite a hit in his films. His recent effort in "I Love A Bandleader" (1945) was completely overshadowed by a so-so script and production, but this summer Phil will be in front of the cameras and kleig lights again on the 20th Century-Fox lot. The name of the movie is "Wabash Avenue"—obviously in Chicago—and Betty Grable and Vic Mature will star in the film. That makes a bandleader and a bandleader's wife in the film and a similar couple at home. Harry James and Alice Faye ought to start thinking about duplicating the efforts of their respective spouses!

This may be a shock to some of his fans—but, then again, it may not be. Nevertheless, Bing Crosby passed his forty-fifth birthday a couple of months ago—quietly celebrated, of course. Could it be that age had a little to do with Bing banging his hand a bit during the shooting of "Riding High"? It all happened when director Frank Capra asked Der Bingle to leap over a fence in one of the scenes. Anyhow, it didn't seem to affect Bing's golfing ability at the Celebrities' Tournament in Washington, D. C. And it certainly has had no effect on his vocal abilities.

A switch on the more usual show business routine was Fran Warren's entry into musical comedy after making

FACING the MUSIC



Arthur Fiedler led the NBC Symphony in three concerts of the summer series (Sun., 8:30 P.M. EDT).

her name as a band vocalist and recording star. Fran took over the ingenue lead in the hilarious Bobby Clark show "As The Girls Go" after Betty Jane Watson left the cast.

Benny Goodman will fulfill a lifetime ambition by touring Europe the latter part of the summer. Plans at present call for Benny and his band to visit England, France, Switzerland, the Lowlands and Scandinavia. Another visitor to foreign shores will be Paul Whiteman, who leaves the United States in October for a two-month trip to Holland, Switzerland and England.

The man who plays "The sweetest music this side of heaven," may be serving the "bestest food this side of heaven" at the same time. All this means that Guy Lombardo is now the proprietor of a restaurant in Freeport, Long Island—and it cost Guy about \$70,000! At \$2.00 a steak, that's an awful lot of beef that has to be sold.

Eleven-year-old virtuosi are not too rare in classical music circles, but youngsters of that age who make a name for themselves in popular and jazz music are very few and very far between. Little Toni Harper's concert at Carnegie Hall, along with Lester Young's orchestra, was a smashing success. Not bad at all for the daughter



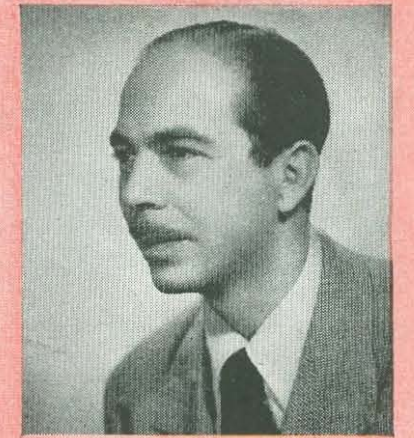
At home Vaughn Monroe works at his favorite hobby, building model trains. Picture is daughter Candy.

of a Los Angeles redcap. Her Columbia discs have been fine too. Prediction: bright future for Toni.

Even if this sounds a bit far-fetched, let me assure you that it's quite true. Perry Como has enrolled his son Ronnie at Duke University. Ronnie is all set for the class of 1964! Perry, you know, sings with the Duke University Choir each Easter, and so Ronnie knew all about the school despite his tender age.

Some of the best news we've heard in a long time is that Larry Clinton is once more leading a band. The "Dipsy Doodler" signed an RCA Victor recording contract just a short time ago and his first disc "Sicilian Tarantelle" was an example of how fine his new band will be. During the war, Larry spent most of his time flying "The Hump" in the China-Burma-India Theater of Operations. Right now he is working hard at writing arrangements for his band and practicing vibraharp, trombone and trumpet.

All right, so it's a gag, but here's the evolution of man's ambitions as outlined by Vaughn Monroe: (1) To be a circus clown; (2) To be like Daddy; (3) To be a fireman; (4) To do something noble; (5) To get rich; (6) To make ends meet; (7) To get the old-age pension. Didn't know Monroe was such a philosopher, did you?



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.

Guest quizmaster Yvonne DeCarlo calls a contestant on Name the Movie (Thurs., 9:30 P. M. EDT) as singing star Clark Dennis watches anxiously.



Collector's Corner



By GENE WILLIAMS

It took only twenty-two years for Gene Williams to go from East Orange, New Jersey to leading his own dance band. In between were stops at Duke University, and the bands of Johnny Long, Vincent Lopez and Claude Thornhill. The combination of good looks, singing ability and a Mercury Records contract makes Gene a good bet for the "band of tomorrow."

Even if it makes me appear to be too set in my ways, or smug about my tastes in recorded music, it wasn't too difficult to pick out my favorite ten. For each of my choice, I have a definite reason—so here goes:

1. Frank Sinatra's "There's No You"—This is my idea of Frank at his best—and that wonderful Axel Stordahl background!

2. Nat "King" Cole's "Route 66"—This disc was Nat's intimate singing style and piano playing at its peak.

3. David Rose's "California Melodies"—There is only one David Rose.

4. Benny Goodman's "Springtime In The Rockies"—This was made with Benny's old band on the Victor label and displays the reason for the title, "King Of Swing."

5. Fran Warren's "Sunday Kind Of Love"—I worked with Fran for Claude Thornhill. She's my idea of America's Number one female vocalist.

6. Count Basie's "Miss Thing"—Although this record is about ten years old it's modern and progressive-sounding. This shows why the Count is the "daddy" of many of today's bands.

7. Claude Thornhill's "La Paloma"—There's no doubt that Claude has a great band—this is one of his finest discs.

8. Billy Eckstine's "Everything I Have Is Yours"—According to box-office figures Billy is the top singer in the country today—that's good enough for me.

9. Tommy Dorsey's "You Came Along"—This is typical of the great dance arrangements that Tommy has always had.

10. Woody Herman's "That's Right"—Here is big-band bebop and played the right way.



At Duke University, they called lovely Dee Gentner the "Noxzema Queen." "I use Noxzema as a night cream to help keep my skin smooth and soft."



Charming Hazel Gradinger first used Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes. She adds, "It proved so effective that it's now my regular beauty cream."



American Airlines Stewardess Elizabeth Toomey has a delicate, sensitive skin. "So I never use heavy make-up" says Betty. "Just Noxzema and powder."



Lovely Rita Tennant says she's found nothing superior to Noxzema. "It's my regular night cream—helps heal those little externally-caused skin irritations we all get occasionally."

Are you having any trouble with your skin?

Read how these 4 women gained softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin

• Does your skin ever get dry and flaky? Do those ugly little blemishes from external causes sometimes embarrass you, spoil your fun?

Cheer up! You CAN do something about it. These four women pictured above have found a real aid for their beauty problems—a simple home beauty routine developed by a doctor.

This new beauty routine has been clinically tested. 181 women took part in this test supervised by 3 skin specialists. Each woman had some little thing wrong with her skin. Each woman faithfully used Noxzema's New 4-Step Beauty Routine.

Astonishing Results

At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin

in two weeks. Yes, 4 out of 5 showed amazing improvement.

New 4-Step Routine

Try this simple 4-step aid to a lovelier-looking complexion:

1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. Evening—repeat morning "cream-wash" cleansing.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over any blemishes you may have.

So if you want an aid to a lovelier-looking skin, if you suffer from rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, chapping or other similar skin troubles—start using Noxzema's New Beauty Routine now.

Try Noxzema! See if you aren't thrilled at the way it can help your skin . . . as it has helped so many thousands of other women. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are sold every year! Available at all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax. Get your jar of Noxzema today.

WHAT'S NEW



Alumni Saul LaPorta, Roseanne Biber, Joe LaPorta, Jacqueline Daniels and Marion Niles revisited the Children's Hour to celebrate its twentieth anniversary.

Other Children's Hour graduates at the broadcast included the Moylan sisters, Gene Martin and pianist Pinky Mitchell.



Even alumnus Arnold Stang's gun fails to frighten Children's Hour stars Bobby Hookey and Kenny Best.



Sad news for writers who've been hoping to pocket some of that easy gold from radio . . . Recently, top industry leaders told a special meeting of radio writers that the days of glamour and high script salaries in radio are gone. Specifically, they were told, there could be no more \$1,000 a week salaries for scribes. No one made it clear whether this was due to a general slump in business, or to the shifting of ad agency money into television. Whatever the reason, looks as though the cut bug has hit writers as well as top bracket performers. Guess the golden days are over.

The fall season of My Friend Irma broadcasts will open in New York, according to writer-director Cy Howard, where it will double into

FROM COAST TO COAST

By DALE BANKS

the Paramount Theatre starting September 19th, to be on the same bill with the premiere showing of the Hal Wallis movie based on the radio idea.

Johnny Long fans will now be able to collect his records at bargain prices. Johnny's just finished recording some favorites for Hi-Tone, the inexpensive recordings sold only in department and Five-and-Dime stores. Already available are "Bali Ha'i", backed by "Put Your Shoes on, Lucy"; "Blue Moon" and "Night and Day"; "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue" and "Gossip."

James Hilton, well-known author recently turned radio personality via his work as narrator-host on Hallmark Playhouse, has got more out of radio than the dollars paid for his services. He's working on a new novel, which will be built around a radio actress heroine.

Cute note . . . Rosemary De Camp, who's been playing the role of nurse Judy Price on the Dr. Christian show for the past ten years, confesses that the only course she flunked in high school was—you guessed it—home nursing!

Bill Spier, producer of the Philip Morris Playhouse and the Adventures of Sam Spade, is one of those fellows who can't forget his job even when he's on vacation. While he was in Europe this summer, Bill did his touring with a wire recorder in his luggage. He's come back with a batch of authentic sound effects for future use, among them the chimes of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the roar of a Channel storm and the characteristic sounds of (Continued on page 21)



Operatic star Dorothy Kirsten, one of America's Ten Best Dressed Women, makes a return engagement as co-star of the summer Music Hall, Thursday, 9 P.M. on NBC stations.



Dorothy and KMH crony Nelson Eddy. Left: Jack Benny offered no competition when Dorothy was his guest.

CKRC's Ron Alderson hasn't missed a copy of the Saint Louis *Sporting News*, baseball bible of the world, in twenty years.



The ANNALS of ALDERSON

Among the most listened-to newscasters in Winnipeg is CKRC's Ron Alderson. Handling the morning news run, Ron features fifteen-minute summaries at 7:30 and 12:30 which catch the breadwinners before they go to work in the morning and again during lunch. But few listeners realize the versatility of their favorite newscaster.

Beginning as a studio pianist at CKRC in 1942, some of Ron's early programs included Piano Reveries with Jack Scott, Moonlight Moods, and the Music Lovers' Corner. However, the management soon discovered Ron's announcing ability. Because of his extensive knowledge of the war, he assumed the name of John Douglas and became a news and war analyst. He used his dual personality to good advantage—an artist of the "88" one minute, an authority on news the next.

However, Ron's health began to fail and he realized he would have to choose between them, so music was given up in favor of news.

Outside the newsroom, Ronnie's life is centered around his castle . . . a comfortable suite in downtown Winnipeg. His lovely wife, Ann, to whom he has been married for six years, and Girlie, a prize Boston bull, round out the family. Ann has been patient with her husband's hobby—baseball. A subscriber to many sports magazines, he hasn't missed a copy of the St. Louis *Sporting News*, baseball bible of the world, in twenty years.

When it comes to baseball, Ron has a photographic mind. One Winnipeg sports writer has called him "a walking encyclopedia on diamond dope." Ron's aspirations were realized last year when he witnessed "his" team, the Cleveland Indians, capture the World Series pennant. Predicting a repeat performance this year, Ron again plans to spend his holidays at Cleveland's stadium.

During the winter when baseball is shelved for another year, Ron's interest in sport turns to curling. He placed third in the Winnipeg Radio Broadcasters Tournament.



Filling her husband with vitamins, keeping track of his baseball data and caring for Girlie is a full-time job for Ann Alderson.

FLETCHER MARKLE

Now that time and slight age have toned down Norman Corwin and Orson Welles a bit, a new young man seems destined to move with his touch of genius into their place. Director of CBS's full hour Ford Theatre (Fridays at 9 P.M., EDT) and with his first American movie, "Jigsaw" released, Canadian-born Fletcher Markle is at twenty-seven one of the outstanding personalities of the entertainment world. His success is all the more remarkable because his first widespread introduction to American audiences is a little more than a year old. He was the producer-director of Studio One, an assignment he handled so brilliantly that the show won the George Foster Peabody Radio Award for 1947 as "outstanding in the field of drama."

Markle was born in Winnipeg, moving to Vancouver at an early age. By the time he was eighteen, he had formed his own acting unit, the Phoenix Theatre, whose productions attracted favorable attention. The venture dissolved but Markle turned to radio with the same group of actors. Remaining in Vancouver, he wrote, directed and starred in a sixty-five-week series of full hour plays titled Imagine, Please, where his subject matter ranged from Shakespeare to Mother Goose.

During 1942, Markle wrote his first major network series Baker's Dozen for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Later that year, he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force, producing numerous Air Force radio shows.

Shipped overseas to London the following year, Markle spent his off-duty hours playing a featured role in a movie "Journey Together" which starred Edward G. Robinson. Learning of his work both in and out of the service, the British Ministry of Information commissioned him to write and narrate a documentary picture describing the damage done by robot bombs. The resulting "V-1" was hailed as one of the best films to come out of the war.

Following his discharge, he spent the summer of 1945 writing and producing another Dominion network series, Radio Folio. He also wrote and appeared in a postwar film "Farewell to Britain" and traveled to Hollywood and Mexico to write a screen story about Oscar Wilde for Alexander Korda.

Markle invaded American radio in 1946 via three Columbia Workshop scripts. It was the success of these scripts which won him the producer-director assignment when Studio One took to the air in April, 1947. Since then, Markle has set the pace and the standard in taste and perfection for all other dramatic radio shows.

Tall, dark, slim and handsome, Markle is a young man with an infinite capacity for long hours of grueling work. He's a stickler for casting suitable and competent actors and often turns down a well-known, attention-attracting star who isn't just right for a part in favor of a total unknown who is perfect. He rehearses every part, no matter how insignificant, painstakingly and has a wonderful flair for bringing out every fraction of talent of which an actor is possessed. Definitely a young man to be watched and appreciated.

SALON-SAFE FOR "HARD-TO-WAVE" HAIR

SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

"Problem" hair requires the kindest, safest, gentlest type of home permanent. And the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent is as *safe* for all textures and conditions of hair as science can possibly make it!

To make sure you get soft, natural-looking waves... real "salon-type" results, the new improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent uses the same sort of preparations... even the same improved cold wave process found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, *cream* waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job.

If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!

There isn't a lovelier, more luxurious, softer home wave for any head! Price, \$2.75; refill without rods, \$1.50. (Prices plus Tax.)



HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT!*

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, *natural-looking*.
2. Quicker by far—saves ½ hour or more per permanent.
3. Easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-softening makes winding easier; ends less difficult!
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—tight or loose—but never a frizz on the ends!
5. Lasts longer—gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
6. Doesn't dry hair or split ends; includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross-section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

New! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



Look at the RECORDS

By
JOE MARTIN



MEL TORME (Capitol)—The "Velvet Fog" is properly foggy on the lovely "Four Winds And The Seven Seas" and properly light and smooth on "It's Too Late Now."

BENAY VENUTA (Mercury)—Here are two old-time tunes that capture the true Gay Nineties spirit. "Be My Little Baby Bumblebee" is cute and "He's A Devil" has some fine honky-tonk piano in the background.

DANNY KAYE (Decca)—"Candy Kisses" and "Thank You" are the two titles on this disc. While it's not the Danny Kaye as he is in the movies, it's good listening to two good songs.

THE STARLIGHTERS (Capitol)—"Weddin' Day" is the kind of song that everyone will fall in love with. The Paul Weston orchestra lends excellent support to that and the reverse side, "Room Full of Roses."

ELLIOT LAWRENCE (Columbia)—Even this danceable and sweet orchestra has taken to play bebop. "Elevation" is just that—and good, too. "Gigolette" features vocalist Jack Hunter and the theremin, an electronic instrument.

FRAN WARREN (RCA Victor)—Now that Fran is featured in the Broadway musical "As The Girls Go," she is better suited than ever to record show tunes. This disc couples two new songs from Irving Berlin's "Miss Liberty." "Homework" and "You Can Have Him" are the titles of two great tunes.

BOB WILLS (MGM)—Surprisingly effective is this Texas version of the oldie, "I Ain't Got Nobody." "Papa's Jumpin'" is an instrumental show-piece by Bob and his country group.

BLUE BARRON (MGM)—Here's proof that a band can follow hit after hit. You'll really enjoy "Ting-A-Ling" and "Love Is A Beautiful Thing." Both songs are waltzes and well done.

NICK LUCAS (Capitol)—Mother will remember this fine old troubador as he sings "Bye-Bye Blackbird" and "Don't Call Me Sweetheart Anymore." It's all done pleasantly and straight.

CLAUDE THORNHILL (RCA Victor)—"Life Begins When You're In Love" will sound like Chopin's "Minute Waltz." That's because it is the master's melody. The lyric is fitting and proper. "Maybe It's Because" is from the Broadway musical "Along Fifth Avenue."

DINAH SHORE (Columbia)—The hauntingly beautiful "Lovers' Gold" is superbly sung by Dinah. The reverse side is a completely different kind of song. The title "Wait! Till We Get Married" should tell you what it's like.

TOMMY DORSEY (RCA Victor)—The Charlie Shavers' vocal and trumpet playing on "Ain'tcha Glad I Love You" is infectious. Remember the way Astaire and Rogers danced "The Continental"? Here's Tommy's excellent instrumental version that's bright and ultra-rhythmic.

FACING THE MUSIC



"DREADED" DAYS
CAN BE
ACTIVE DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a DIFFERENCE
Midol
makes"



RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"



HIGH, WIDE and...

Chuck Healy, popular radio and television sports figure of WBEN and WBEN-TV, knows whereof he speaks when he talks about sports. At high school in Oswego, N. Y., Chuck was captain of football and boxing and president of the student body. Later he was Eastern Inter-Collegiate middleweight boxing champion in 1939, runner-up for the national title, co-captain of Syracuse University's boxing team and a member of the varsity football team until he was injured.

After graduation he became physical education director at Pawling High School, where he coached all sports. One of his most pleasant experiences occurred when he acted as assistant golf pro in charge of the caddy house at Pawling's Quaker Hill Country Club. In the midst of Dewey's pressing 1944 presidential campaign the governor took time off to play golf.

Once, to assure a caddy for a future game Dewey asked ten-year-old "Hunky" if he would be available. Chuck was amused to overhear the little boy say, "Well, maybe I can make time—what time do you want me and for how long?"

The governor pondered for a moment and then inquired whether Hunky would be available—say at 3 P.M.—and could the governor send a car and chauffeur to pick him up?"

"I guess I can make it," said Hunky after a brief pause.

Shortly thereafter, when Mr. Healy was coach at Poughkeepsie High School, a friend who was chief engineer at WKIP, Poughkeepsie, asked why Chuck didn't "look into radio." Chuck called the station and successfully auditioned, but the only job available was as part-time announcer. This lasted a year and a half until he was offered a permanent job as sports director of WKIP and WGNV, Newburgh.

Chuck is now a member of both the sports and announcing staff of WBEN and WBEN-TV. He is swing man for Sports Director Ralph Hubbell on WBEN one evening a week and also has two WBEN-TV shows of his own: the Monday night Canandaigua News Quiz and Saturday's Meet the People show.



An outstanding athlete while at college, WBEN's Chuck Healy believes that the best training for a sportscaster is playing and teaching sports.



Chuck developed an interest in professional broadcasting after meeting Lowell Thomas, James Melton, Col. Stoopnagle and other radio personalities at Pawling's Quaker Hill Country Club, where Chuck was a golf instructor.

Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 15)

European trains. Which probably means we can look forward to some Continental backgrounds for coming scripts on the two shows.

Hollywood rumor has it that One Man's Family, long a half-hour weekly feature, will go to a quarter-hour strip show — Mondays through Fridays — starting this fall.

Depressing note for Carson fans who don't own TV sets . . . Jack Carson's had word that his sponsor will not sign him for the 1949-50 season on CBS, but the client is earnestly discussing a one-hour video show for Carson in the fall.

Of all things! Gravel-voiced Andy Devine, who's been making quite a thing of his role of Mose Moots on Lum 'n' Abner, has a sideline that gives him very few evenings at home. He has become an expert dance "caller" and is much in demand at San Fernando Valley barn dances, which also have been growing in popularity.

Because of picture commitments, Jimmy Durante had to cancel his contract to appear at London's famous Palladium, but so far as we have heard he's still due to open at the Copacabana in New York the first week of September. Of course, the movies being what they are, anything can happen.

Have here a note saying that The Cisco Kid is being translated into Spanish to be transcribed and used on Mexican radio stations. Trying to remember whether these scripts will help the good neighbor policy, or whether they'll annoy Mexican listeners.

Meredith Willson has made an audition record for CBS for a new five-a-week quarter-hour series in which he will do no music but will be featured as a Hawkeye Humorist, telling stories in the style of his best seller *And There I Stood With My Piccolo*.

The Los Angeles Graduate Club of Phi Delta Epsilon, a medical fraternity, has awarded a plaque to Dinah Shore, nominating her as a "heart specialist," in recognition of her entertainment efforts for hospital patients.

It Runs in the Family Department . . . Rudd Weatherwax, owner and trainer of Lassie and narrator on that famous dog's program, is the son of a man who trained dogs for a circus. Rudd and his brother Frank, now co-owners of the Weatherwax Kennels, have sixty dogs, all working regularly in motion pictures. Queen of the kennels is Lassie, who is not only the most valuable, but the only pooch allowed the run of the house and is regarded as the family pet.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HITHER AND YON . . . Radio scripser Russell Beggs has switched to scribing for TV . . . Ann Burr, Nona on the radio series Wendy Warren and the News, appearing as fem lead in the Broadway success, "Detective Story" . . . Have you read N. Y. columnist Earl Wilson's book *Let 'Em Eat Cheesecake* yet? . . . Opera star Gladys Swarthout may return to radio via a five-a-week quarter hour series currently making the rounds . . . Now that the season's upon us, there'll be lots more news again . . . summer is a doldrums time . . .

"I dress for a square dance...
at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "At work, I feel like a 'best dressed business woman' in my smart black jacket with clear, clean-cut lines above a pumpkin-colored skirt. I add a black belt, an orange silk scarf, 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 party, the jacket comes off and my pretty, boat-necked jersey blouse makes its appearance. Highlighted by the gold of my necklace, bracelet and belt buckle, it's perfect with my pretty pumpkin skirt! 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 new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

Are you in the know?



If he's talkative, what's your cue?

- Lend both ears
- Keep one eye on the field
- Plan tomorrow's schedule

What if he is chatter-happy. The fact remains, he's talking to *you*. So listen . . . without a roving eye. Or daydreams. Or tapping tattoos on the table. Boys are people . . . they like to be appreciated. And the best-rated fillies never forget it. They're also the gals who (on difficult days) never forget to choose Kotex sanitary napkins. They've found the exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives *extra* protection . . . and what girl wouldn't appreciate *that*?



When your suntan starts fading—

- Get back in the swim
- Get in the pink
- Get a sun lamp

As your fancy turns to fall fashions—don't let your waning suntan give you a last-rose-of-summer look. Use a pink-tinted makeup base and powder. (Fall-minded lipstick and "paw paint" too). Then you'll blend better with autumn togs. You know, you can wear any smooth new outfit, *any* day, without misgivings . . . once you've learned to trust to Kotex. The special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. So . . . fade "those" fears with Kotex!



To judge what you should weigh—

- Compare your pal's poundage
- See an "average weight" chart
- Measure your wrist

You and your gal pal may be the same height—but a large-boned femme should weigh more, and vice versa. For instance, are you over 5'4" tall? Measure your wrist. If it's less than 6¼" you're small boned. More than 6½"—large boned. Consider your *frame* when you read an average-weight chart. In sanitary needs, too, all girls aren't "average." Find just the right Kotex absorbency for *you* by trying *all 3* . . . Regular, Junior, Super!



How to get to the dance floor smoothly?

- You walk ahead
- He leads the way
- You go arm-in-arm

It's a l-o-n-g trek from your table if you aren't sure who follows whom. When you rise to rhumba, your date won't expect an "after you" routine. Walk ahead! Knowing what to do is such a comfort. As to calendar-time poise and comfort, you can

be 'way ahead of the sad-eyed sisters who haven't discovered new Kotex. For naturally, you'd choose this napkin: this new, downy *softness that holds its shape!* So naturally, you'd stay more comfortable. Just as *Kotex* is made to stay soft while you wear it.



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

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- A cream
- A powder
- A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, *Quest Deodorant Powder* doesn't just mask odors. *Quest* destroys them. Safely. *Positively*. To avoid offending, buy a can of *Quest Powder* today!



Quest
Deodorant
Powder

Ask for it by name

AN OPEN LETTER FROM Irene

Dear Neighbors:

I wish that I could write a separate letter to every single one of you!

However, since that cannot be my happy privilege, let me say through RADIO MIRROR: "A great, big Thank You from the bottom of my heart!" Thanks for listening to Grand Slam—for sending in your entries for the contests on the program—for entering the *Make A Grand Slam* Contest (which ran in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR)—and most of all, thank you for the wonderful comments you have written me!

In the letters you wrote about RADIO MIRROR'S *Make A Grand Slam*, it was interesting to have so many of you say you'd learned a lot from looking for the answers to the questions. One letter said: "I never knew anything about music except that I liked to listen to some and didn't like to listen to others. Since I began to listen to Grand Slam I've learned a lot. But this *Grand Slam* game in RADIO MIRROR was more help than anything. I went to the library to look up the answers and I had the best time! You've opened up a whole new world of music for me, and I want to thank you for it."

As you know, neighbors, I love music so very much that I'm pleased as punch to know you share with me the world it offers.

Many of (Continued on page 99)

Here are the Make A Grand Slam

Contest winners, the correct answers,

and a thank-you note from Irene!

GRAND SLAM PRIZE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE—\$100.00

Mrs. Cathryn Green
1312 North Third Street, Durant, Oklahoma

TEN PRIZES—\$10.00 EACH

Mrs. Charles Peterson
721 N.W. Fifth Street, Faribault, Minnesota

Mrs. Andrew Lauritzen
Box 313, Encanto P. O., San Diego, California

Mrs. S. L. Glover
5024 Sherwood Drive, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Mrs. Betty Goerss
26410 Edgecliff Blvd., Cleveland 23, Ohio

Carol Ann Naeter
419 Stanley Street, Stillwater, Oklahoma

Mrs. Neil E. Jarvey
1181 Gladys Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio

Mrs. Francesca Lennox
902 North Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Indiana

Ruby Mae Stratton
409 Ramsey Street, Stillwater, Oklahoma

Mrs. Aulette Allen
2069 South Oxford Ave., Los Angeles 7, California

Mrs. Emily F. Barnes
2145 Scottwood Avenue, Toledo 2, Ohio

Beasley

Grand Slam, with Irene Beasley, is heard Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M., EDT, CBS stations.



GROUP 1

- (a) White Christmas
- (b) Easter Parade
- (c) I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
- (d) Wearin' Of The Green
- (e) Turkey in the Straw

GROUP 2

- (a) sea . . . sea
- (b) sun . . . Nellie
- (c) moonlight
- (d) turkey
- (e) Daisy

GROUP 3

- (a) stem
- (b) measura
- (c) line
- (d) dot
- (e) sharp

GROUP 4

- (a) Shean
- (b) Barnacle
- (c) Bill
- (d) Butterfly
- (e) Bill

GROUP 5

- (a) Chopin
- (b) Rachmaninoff
- (c) Lacuono
- (d) Rubinstein
- (e) Brahms

GROUP 6

- (a) Dickie Bird
- (b) owl
- (c) nightingale
- (d) mockingbird
- (e) lark

GROUP 7

- (a) kiss
- (b) three
- (c) independent
- (d) cuddle
- (e) old

GROUP 8

- (a) Walter
- (b) George
- (c) Sammie
- (d) Horton
- (e) Jack

GROUP 9

- (a) comes the
- (b) rose
- (c) me
- (d) dawning
- (e) wedding

GROUP 10

- (a) Gilbert wrote the lyrics, not the music
- (b) Sullivan wrote the music
- (c) Irving (not Ira) Berlin
- (d) Berlin, not Gershwin, wrote

- "Easter Parade"
- (e) Berlin did not write "Chickery Chick"

GROUP 11

- (a) baby
- (b) prayer
- (c) days
- (d) graduation
- (e) taking

GROUP 12

- (a) xylophone—tone bar
- (b) clarinet—reed
- (c) snare drum—tension key rod
- (d) cornet—water key
- (e) ukulele—tuning peg

GROUP 13

- (a) David
- (b) Billy
- (c) Peter
- (d) Tokyo
- (e) O'Day

GROUP 14

- (a) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
- (b) Johann Sebastian Bach
- (c) Ludwig Van Beethoven
- (d) Edward Grieg
- (e) Franz Schubert

GROUP 15

- (a) Mandalay
- (b) Deever

- (c) Gunga
- (d) Fuzzy
- (e) boots

GROUP 16

- (a) Oliver Wendell Holmes
- (b) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
- (c) James Whitcomb Riley

(Note: although this quotation was written by Riley, it is incorrectly listed as "unknown" or "anonymous" by several authorities. Therefore, if your answer read "author unknown" or "anonymous" credit was given to you for a correct answer.)

- (d) William Shakespeare
- (e) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

GROUP 17

- (a) foot
- (b) ear
- (c) head
- (d) neck
- (e) heart

GROUP 18

- (a) Margie
- (b) Marie
- (c) Marquita
- (d) Mickey
- (e) Mandy



Galen Drake, in his first portrait, seems to reflect the very qualities he projects over the air — kindness, wisdom and understanding.

BEWARE

Beware of "big bargains", of an offer of "something for nothing"—



David Harding and assistant, Harry Peters, check information for this story. (Harding played by Don McLaughlin; Peters by Mandel Kramer.)

of these!

By
DAVID HARDING
(Counterspy)

beware of the human leeches who prey on unsuspecting housewives!

EDITOR'S NOTE: There has recently been an ever-increasing number of petty frauds, of racketeers posing as legitimate house-to-house canvassers or salesmen. The files of David Harding, Counterspy, are filled with details of such practices, and Mr. Harding himself is very much aware, not only of their existence, but of numerous ways in which they can be recognized and exposed. Accordingly, Radio Mirror asked him to write the following article, quoting actual cases from the Counterspy files, to give you a better understanding of—and a warning against—the methods of men who thrive on the susceptibility of women.

In a small Illinois town, Peggy L., a young housewife, sat moodily over the kitchen table, staring at her budget. She had already decided to put off buying the children's new underwear and she had substituted meat loaf for the week-end roast but Peggy was still five dollars over her allowance. Then the doorbell rang.

She walked into the hall and opened the door on a young man who leaned on a crutch. His clothes were shabby and his face thin. His eyes seemed to plead with her.

"What is it?" Peggy asked.

She waited for an answer and then, in embarrassment, saw that the man held out a slip of paper for her to read.

It read, "I am a war veteran. I lost my voice in the service of my country. I need fifty points to go to a school so I can learn to talk. Will you help me by subscribing to a magazine?"

Peggy's throat tightened. Without hesitation she gave the pathetic man three dollars. Watching his fingers tremble as he made out a receipt, she only wished that she could do more for this veteran.

Smiling gratefully, the man hobbled away on

his crutch until he reached the end of the street and turned the corner. He glanced over his shoulder to make sure no one was watching him then he quickly tucked the crutch under his arm and walked briskly toward a shining, new automobile. He spoke aloud to himself as he got behind the wheel.

"What suckers," he said in a normal voice. "I hope this racket lasts forever."

Yes, Peggy L. was victimized by a cheap crook just as you could be, for there are hundreds upon hundreds of rackets designed to cheat the American housewife. Each year women give millions of dollars to swindlers and confidence men. Believe me, whether it's a beauty aid, a talent school for your youngster or marital advice, there's a vicious gimmick created to cheat you.

I've seen and heard of many of these schemes, for it is the duty of the United States Counter-Spies to investigate and combat the enemies of our country both at home and abroad. The man who preys on the housewife, tricking her out of two dollars or two hundred dollars is often part of a nation-wide racket.

Since the American housewife is generally a shrewd shopper, it is difficult to understand why she is so easily swindled until you watch the technique of these crooks. They use flattery and fear, sentiment and vanity in their approach. They are without mercy and will take a widow's last dollar. Sometimes they commit murder.

The swindler in sentiment who seduces a woman into marriage before disappearing with her savings may sound like an old story—but it still happens many times each year.

Mary Jane W. lived comfortably on the savings and insurance left by her husband but she was very lonely. She had only the memories of her husband, a hero (Continued on page 87)

David Harding, Counterspy, is heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 P.M. EDT, over ABC stations.



Sheila and Gordon always make sure there's plenty of fun time for the children. But whether it's acquainting Gar with a bicycle or helping Heather on the seesaw, they have just as much fun themselves.



My Husband

He was twenty, she barely seventeen,
but sometimes—and the
MacRaes prove it—early marriage is best

By SHEILA MacRAE



If Gordon looks happy, it's only because he is.

As this is written, Gordon and I are preparing to celebrate our eighth wedding anniversary. Because Gordon is one of those rare and wonderful men who always manage to remember such occasions, and because he—particularly—finds unique ways to celebrate, I know the day will bring something special.

However, I still think that our seventh anniversary will maintain its place as a high point of sentiment in our lives.

It all started out quite disappointingly. Gordon was working at Warner Brothers in "Silver Lining." He dashed off in the morning without a word to indicate that today was different from any other. We had been making it a habit to meet for luncheon several days a week at Lakeside Country Club, so all he said was, "See you at noon."

Our twosome luncheons had come to mean a great deal to us. As everyone who has children knows, the daytime hours are dominated by the small fry.

GORDON MacRAE



The MacRaes in what started out to be a formal portrait before Gar took a fancy to Heather's orange. Sitting with Sheila and Gordon, Meredith.

Come and Visit

GORDON MacRAE



Gar, christened William Gordon, exchanges smiles with his Daddy. He's the youngest MacRae—aged seventeen months. Meredith is five, Heather almost three. Daddy himself is only twenty-eight.

Three children, three dogs—no wonder it's always lively at the MacRaes! But Sheila and Gordon, even after eight years of marriage, manage to have lunch dates—alone—several times a week.

It's their privilege to be given first consideration in the home most of the time. But parents, too, should have the right to retain an air of romance; they should have the right to be alone together, to talk uninterruptedly as sweethearts do, to take a vital interest in what each partner is thinking. This is impossible, of course, when there are three voluble youngsters in the same room. That's how our frequent luncheons came about.

So, on this particular morning, I stood beside our two daughters, holding our son Gar (who was three months old at the time), and waved goodbye to Gordon, thinking rather forlornly, "He's forgotten. I always knew that the time would come."

I cheered up a little toward noon, but as Gordon strode into the clubhouse at lunch time, he merely called, "Hi, honey! Got to get back to the set in a rush, so we'll have to make it snappy," and escorted me to a table.

I had to squeeze my eyes to keep from crying. While Gordon looked at the menu, I gave myself a fight talk. I scolded myself for being sentimental, for not growing up, for not realizing that Gordon had been working every day from eight until six, so that he hadn't had time to think of a gift, to say nothing of buying it.

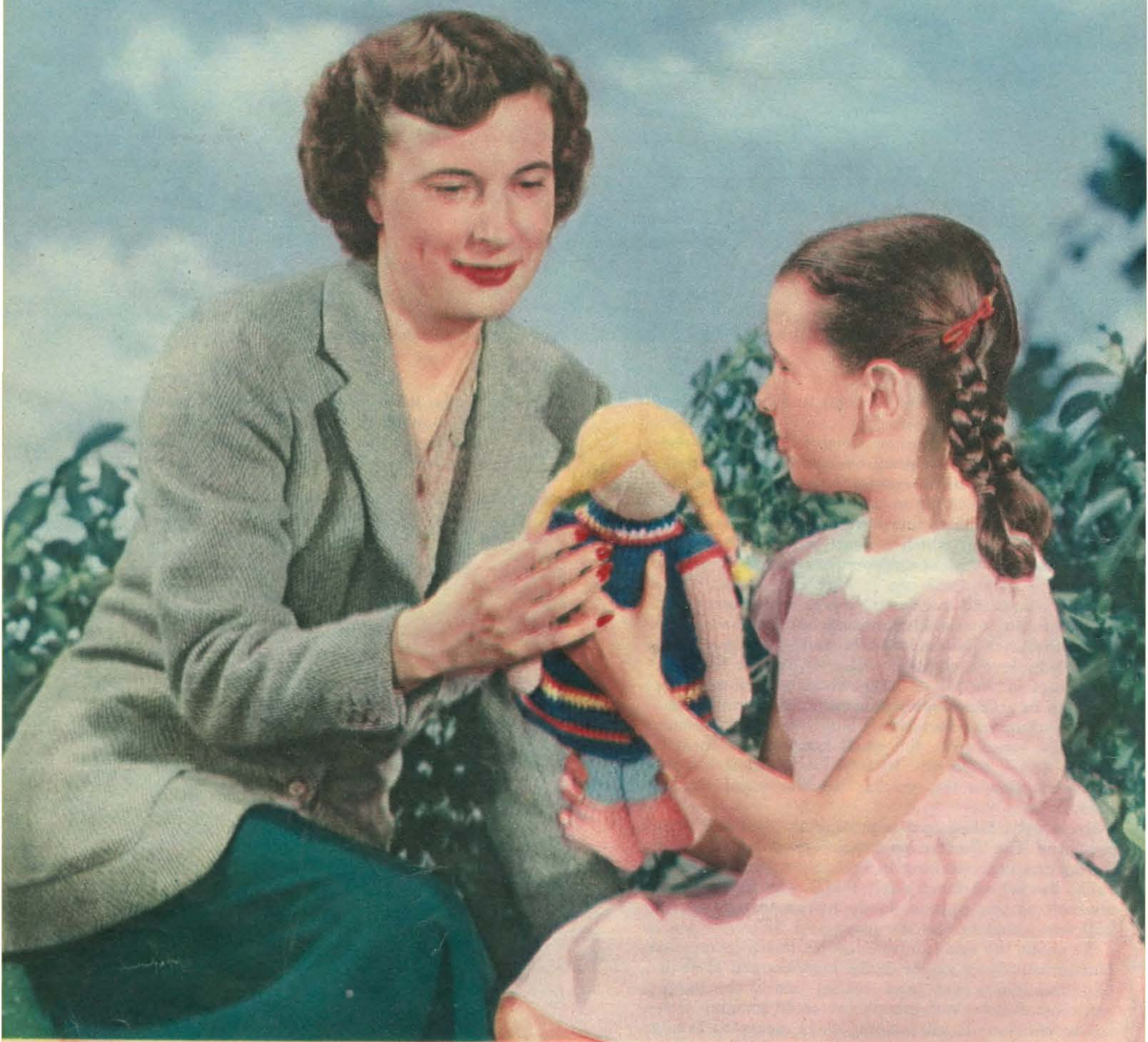
Gordon gave our order to the waiter, then grinned at me. "Almost forgot," he fibbed. "Here's a little package for you."

From a velvet box I lifted a gold charm bracelet. Each charm on the heavy chain had sentimental significance for us. There was a figure seven to mark our years of marriage; there was a tiny perambulator to mark the birth of Meredith Lynn (who was born May 30, 1944) and a pair of tiny baby shoes in honor

Gordon MacRae is heard on The Railroad Hour

In Living Portraits

HILLTOP HOUSE

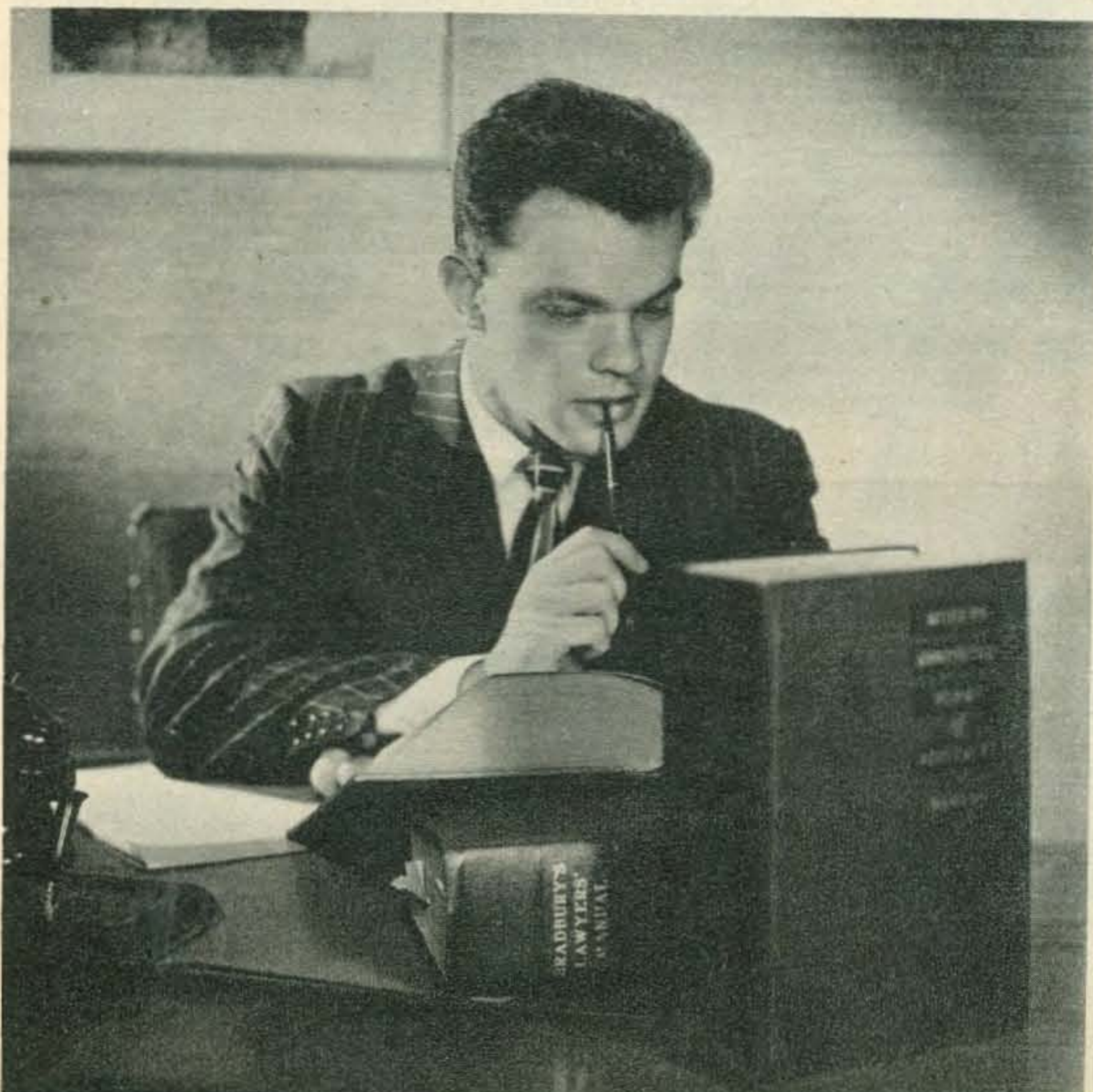


JULIE ERICKSON has worked at the orphanage as assistant to the supervisor for about a year. Her friendliness and understanding win over the children—children like frightened little Clementine who refuses to believe her father dead, clings to a doll mailed from Czechoslovakia—"where my Daddy is." (Julie is played by Grace Matthews; Clementine is played by Iris Mann.)

To give shelter to the homeless,
love to the unloved; to be a friend
to friendless children—is there
a finer vocation than this one, to
which Julie's dedicated herself?



GRACE DOBLEN is head supervisor at Hilltop House—a rambling, ivy-covered red brick building on a hill just at the outskirts of the small town of Glendale. Mrs. Doblén is rather old-fashioned in her ways and leans heavily on rigid discipline in controlling the children. At first she felt that Julie's modern and progressive ideas about the raising of youngsters were entirely too lenient but she is being won over by the results.
(played by Vera Allen)



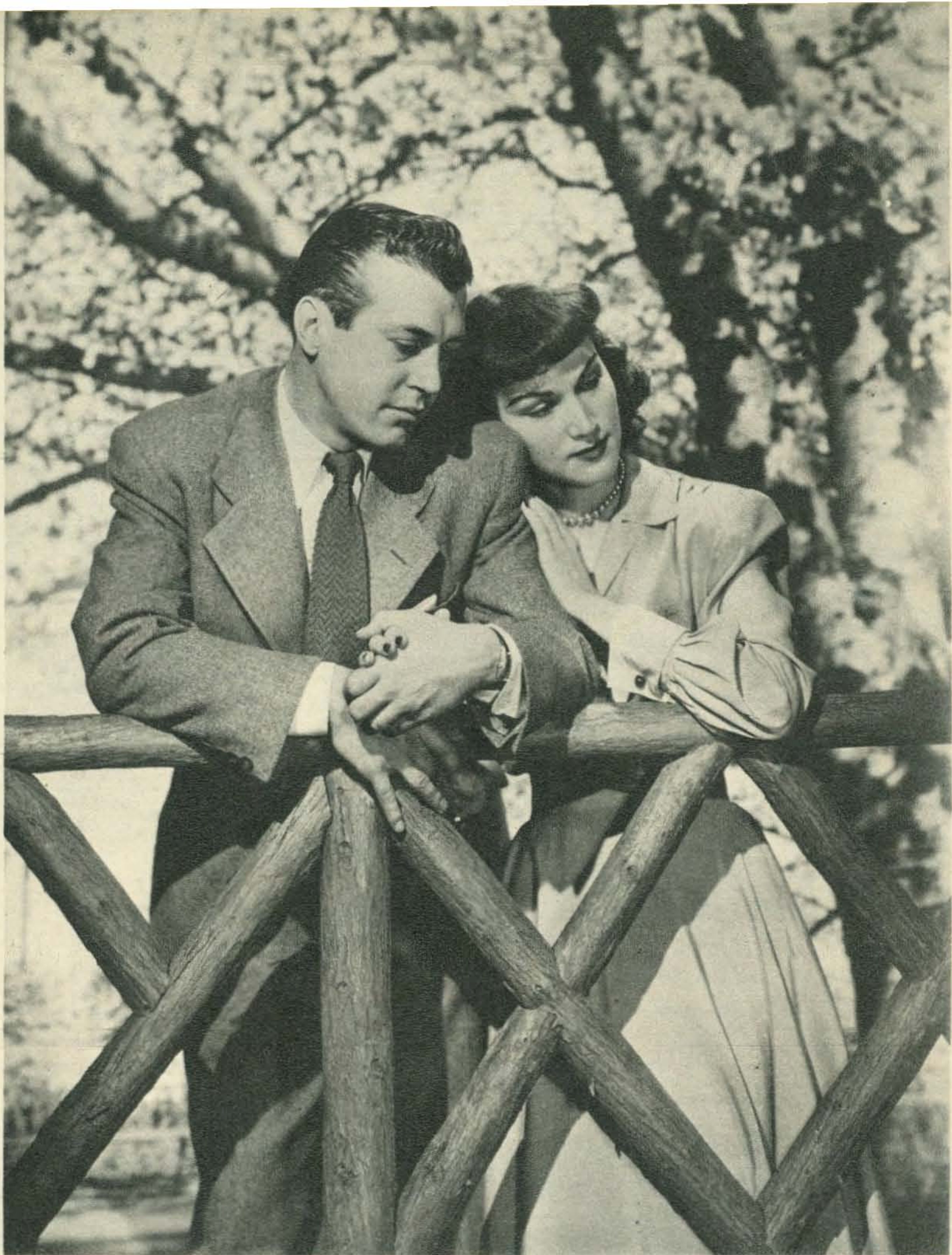
MICHAEL PATERNO, an orphan who was brought up in Hilltop House, now practices law in Glendale. He is a member of the board of directors of the orphanage and takes an active interest in its management. Shortly after Julie came to work there, Michael fell in love with her and it wasn't long before Julie returned his affection. They were married in May, had a brief honeymoon in New Orleans before returning to Glendale.
(played by Lamont Johnson)



ED CROWLEY, a proud and wealthy man and a leading and influential citizen of the town of Glendale, objects to his son's interest in Jean Adair, basing his objection, he says, on the fact that Julie is an orphan. The children of Hilltop House, he tells his son, are sometimes directed to the orphanage from Juvenile Court, have undesirable backgrounds. Steve, he says, is not to be allowed under any circumstances to marry a girl of this kind. However, there is actually a completely different motive behind Ed's objections to Jean as a daughter-in-law. (Ed Crowley is played by James Van Dyke.)

DANIEL FINDLAY, nine years old, has been at Hilltop House for just about a year. His mother was sent away because she neglected to care for him. He became involved with a "gang" of rough-playing boys, and struck another child in the eye, causing blindness. It was Julie who brought young Dan to Hilltop House, determined to make a happy, useful citizen of the forlorn young boy. (played by Edwin Bruce.)





JEAN ADAIR has recently returned to Glendale after several years' absence while she was going to school. She has fallen deeply in love with STEVE CROWLEY, and he feels the same sincere affection for Jean. They are very anxious to be married, but are held back by Ed Crowley's objections to Jean, on the grounds that she knows nothing about her parents or her background. However, this is not the real reason for Crowley's determination not to allow his son to marry Jean—actually, Crowley has fallen in love with Jean himself. Unaware of this underlying triangle, Steve and Jean continue to see each other, continue to make plans for the future, to dream of being together. (Jean is played by Janice Gilbert; Steve is played by Don Hanmer.)

In the pictures on these pages you see the people of Hilltop House in the same roles which they play on the air. Hilltop House is heard each Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M. over the CBS network stations.



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

Between

Hello There:

When the time came around for us to have a September page of poetry . . . one thing stood out somehow over all the things that mean September.

A whole world of school day pictures came together . . . boys and girls trudging off on the first day with an apple in their pocket and a lunch box packed with loving care by mother . . . and after school, raking up the leaves or skating up the hill with the gang.

If sometimes you long for those days again, or for the fragrance of frying apples and sausage . . . and the first autumn dusk . . . then here are some September stories especially for you.

—TED MALONE

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem
COUNTRY MOTHER

She saw her children off to school for thirty years
Right from the first who walked the road alone—
Sometimes she scarcely saw her go for tears—
Down to the eighth and last, whose young eyes shone
Watching the golden path the school bus made
Along the hill. Mornings her house became
Bedlam, with noise and search for things mislaid.
Their loud return at evening was the same.
But, since the last tall son is grown and gone,
One day I saw her watch the school bus go:
She waved, pretending she had someone on
And brightly smiled, then hurried off as though
She had much work to do—but, mother-wise,
I saw her dab her apron to her eyes.
—Violet Emslie Osler

BONFIRES, OR BETTER

First love makes a pretty flame
When no one is about,
But it is always flickering,
And easily goes out.

Second love is quick and hot;
Its flame is over-bright;
For me its end came suddenly,
With half the world in sight.

But third love—ah! This is the one
To build your hopes upon;
For it will keep a steady flame
Until its life is gone.

And if there be another love,
I shall not speak of it—
Except to say the flame would serve
To warm the hands a bit.

—Faye Chilcote Walker

SCHOOL JANITOR

His hands are knotted, his step is slow.
The children run past him, and never know
He looks at the boys on the playground rings
And thinks of trapezes and aerial swings.

When the children sing, in the afternoons,
He hears the calliope's shouted tunes.
He washes the windows and sweeps the floor.
He remembers arenas where lions roar.

If you should speak, and he doesn't answer,
Perhaps he dreams of a slim, gay dancer
And the young acrobat in love with her.
Mr. Brown wasn't always the janitor.

—Mildred Goff

the Bookends

APPLE POLISHER—
FOURTH GRADE

He brings a polished apple every day
And says I'm pretty. Next week grades are due.

I know he's been maneuvering for an A
In every subject. Shall I rate him true?

I mark him D while Duty with Conscience
grapples;

I loved his flattery, and I ate his apples!
—Sudie Stuart Hager

NOT TO THE SWIFT

I raced my pinto stallion
At the county fair
And won the silver medal.
But though my love was there.

He was buying popcorn
While the race was run
And didn't see the finish
And didn't know I won.

He was buying popcorn
For the village belle
Who rode a pinto stallion
On the carousel.

—Pegasus Buchanan

FOR MY DOG

You are so tightly knit, so warm a part
Of all I love—my home, my friends, my fire;

Snug in the centre of my secret heart,
My private little world of heart's desire;
You are so mixed with all I hold most dear:

The thought unspoken, moment bright or dark,

The silences when God seems strangely near,

The glorious assurance in your bark.

I do not know if Heaven is a place
Of blazing hearth, of basking in its glow;
But I should miss you in your special place,
And listen for you everywhere, I know . . .

I think perhaps that I should miss the most
The eager welcome of your wagging ghost.

—Joseph Auslander

BOY'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER

"Say Mom, please use my 'nitals
When you write me; I get riled
Because you put my nickname on
Your letters. I'm no child!

Say Mom, I like the fudge and cake
And need more cookies like you make."

—Mary O'Connor

A CHILD'S PERSPECTIVE

When I look down I drag my feet,
And oh, it's hard to climb the street,
And soon I'm panting, like my pup,
Because . . .

up!
goes
world

The
And when I walk like other men,
With stuck-out chins and faces, then
There isn't any fun in that
Because . . .

The World is flat!
But when I watch the birds go by,
And see red chimneys in the sky,
My feet go running through the town
Because . . .

The
world
slants
down!
—Jeanne Westerdale

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.



Preliminary run-through of a script for Richard Diamond, Private Detective. Left to right: June listens while Wilms Herbert (Francis, the butler), Virginia Gregg (Helen Asher), and Richard Powell (the detective), see what Diamond's up to today.



On-mike rehearsal finds June still around while Richard and Ed Begley (Lt. Levinson) get Diamond in and out of trouble.



At home things are quieter—peace-loving Powell's a far cry from sock-the-dames-and-make-them-like-it Diamond.



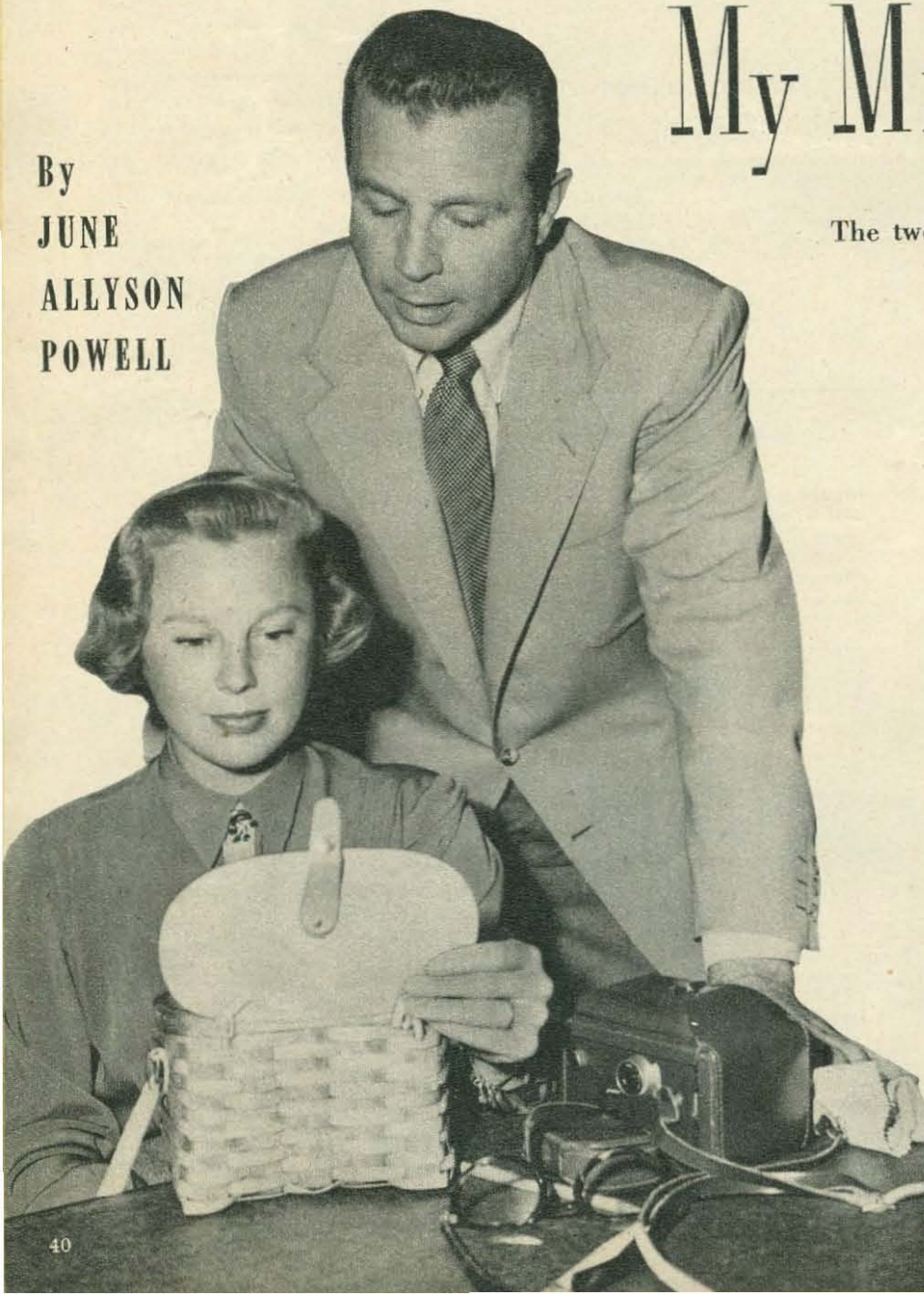
My Mr. POWELL

The two Richards: different as night and day!

and His Mr. DIAMOND

Each, in his way, is a gem—but Diamond's a diamond in the rough

By
JUNE
ALLYSON
POWELL



The grandfather's clock in our living room was at seven straight up and it was Sunday evening, so I switched on the radio to NBC and curled up in the quilted chintz armchair to listen to Richard Diamond, Private Detective, starring, as if you didn't know, my husband, Richard Powell.

I always listen to the show at home in order to be able to tell Richard when he gets in how it sounded on the air—he thinks the audience reaction can be misleading.

Our one-year-old sweetheart, Pamela, was still downstairs with me, having soaked up an extra long afternoon nap, and was lurching around in her fuzzy pink pajamas investigating—as one-year-olds will—the contents of the cigarette boxes and the flower bowls.

Richard Diamond was up to his knees in bodies in a fast five minutes, and things were getting very tense indeed. He had just popped

a pretty girl roundly on the jaw.

At this point, Pamela, who had been staring at the radio with a big question in her eyes, toddled over to the cabinet and looked inside. She shook her head, as though to say, "No, not in there."

"And shut your mouth," Richard Diamond, who talks as hard as he hits, was instructing his lady friend. "If you don't I'll put your foot in it."

Pamela was now looking in the hall, toward the front door where she usually meets Richard when he comes from work.

"Da-da," she said insistently, "Da-da."

"I hear my Daddy," she was telling me, "but I can't find him. Now where is he?"

"Oh, no, doll," I said, catching her up in my arms, half-laughing and half-concerned. And I explained to her, as though she were big enough to understand, that it was her (Continued on page 85)

Richard Diamond, Private Detective is heard

Sunday nights, 7-7:30 EDT, over NBC stations.



Working and playing together, caring for new daughter Pam—these are keynotes of the real life of June and Richard.

A TWELVE YEAR DATE with Jim

By
BETTE
AMECHE

Jim Ameche can be heard on Welcome Travelers, M.-F., at 10 A.M., EDT, over NBC stations. See your local listings for Jim's other programs: A Date With Jim Ameche, Hollywood's Open House, It Happened Here and Naval Air Reserve show.



Television intruded briefly on family unity—but that was before they worked out their Non-Violent Video system.

When we moved into our present home, a seven-room house in a suburb of Chicago, there were four of us. No, five, if you count the dog—and in our family you do.

Jim, of course. And the two boys, James Jr., who's eleven, and the little fellow, Patrick Anthony, who's four. I made the fourth member of the team and Queenie, that very large police dog who's our joy or despair, depending on what she's doing at the moment, was the fifth.

The Ameche clan, as above, is still complete, but there's been an addition to the family. A bit more than a year ago, a television set arrived.

Fortunately I was on my toes that day. I'd planned to have it installed in the living-room, but at the last moment something—probably Providence—tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Bette, wouldn't the library be a better place for that contraption?"

The library was a better place—you can close the door and shut it away from the rest of the house, and that feature was a boon and a blessing, let me tell you, in those early days before the Ameche System For Non-Violent Video was conceived and put into operation. Nowadays we live in peace with television, but it was not ever thus. Because TV figures so largely in everybody's life nowadays, and because it can be, depending on how you handle it, a joy (Continued on page 101)



Jim, Jr. learns how to pivot, but Patrick Anthony's more interested in his toy tractor.

"HOME," JIM WILL TELL YOU, "IS NOT ONLY WHERE I BELONG, BUT WHERE I LIKE TO BE!"



Keeping out people who don't belong is a headache, but Ralph knows all the big names—like Dennis Day—on sight.

I'm an

Guarding a back door where
the chief deliveries are talent
and glamour is still an
adventure for Ralph Stephen

By RALPH STEPHEN

In nearly any business building, the back entrance is where deliveries are made. The building where I work, NBC's Studios at Sunset and Vine in Hollywood, is no different from most others—we take our deliveries at the back door, too. Only we call it the artists' entrance, and because our business is entertainment, the deliveries we accept there are for my money the world's most interesting commodities—glamor and talent on the hoof.

All the famous names, not only of radio but of movies and stage, at one time or another come through the door I guard—and after fifteen years, I still get as big a bang out of them as if I'd only arrived in Hollywood day before yesterday from Nebraska.

I've had people say to me: "I suppose your job is just routine to you. Having to do with all those big

stars day in and day out must make them seem pretty commonplace?"

That's when I'm likely to blow off a little steam: Don't kid yourself that the top-flight entertainers ever seem commonplace, even when they're just going in and out of a back door. They may not differ a lot in physical make-up from more ordinary people, but there's one tremendous difference—personality!

I wish anybody who thinks my job is just routine could be around when Jimmy Durante and his gang come tearing in to do their show. "Hi ya, Pop," hails Jimmy, and he gives me that big grin and once in a while a cigar, which I always half expect to be loaded but which never is, and next minute he's over pleading with the switchboard girl, "Say, Gawjuss, couldja spare fi' minutes to hold muh hand?" Then he's off down

NBC Cop



Ralph's also in charge of lot where stars park their cars during broadcast time. Here Walter O'Keefe gets a point of direction.

the hall, zigzagging from door to door like a bird dog casting for a scent, giving all hands the glad hello. Jimmy's been at it nearly forty years and he's still got more bounce than a carload of golf balls.

Bored? Me? Why, my desk at NBC's back door is like a front row seat at a never-ending variety show. I haven't been bored more than five minutes in the past fifteen years.

I have to know all the big names on sight, so that when they come in for a show or a rehearsal I can pass them through without delay. The stars' I.D. cards are their faces. All others who have legitimate business on the backstage side of the studios—network employees, announcers, actors, musicians, directors, script-writers, publicity men and so forth—have to show me a pass to gain admittance.

When I first went to work for NBC in December of 1935, a week after the network had opened its first Hollywood studios, we were down on Melrose, next door to RKO. I'd been working for RKO as a set watchman, a pretty uncertain employment since I was only on the payroll when I was assigned to a picture. I remember how happy it used to make me to draw a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, because I knew then I could count on at least three months' work. But with a wife and son to support I really needed a steady job, so when my RKO boss asked me if I'd like to go over to NBC along with five other fellows to be interviewed for a night watchman's job, I didn't hesitate.

I was next to last man to be interviewed. When the NBC man asked me about my previous experiences, I had to tell that most (Continued on page 83)

When a Girl Marries



By
JOAN
DAVIS

Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of *When a Girl Marries*, heard Mon.-Fri. at 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

The problem of Mrs. J. R., torn between a lonely young brother and a husband who refuses to take the parentless boy into his home, provoked many thoughtful, kindly answers from our readers. Most of you agreed that Mrs. J. R.'s best chance for a happy solution lay in the possibility of showing her husband that the boy would not be a burden, rather than in continuing to argue with him about it. In my opinion, the letter which follows

sums up most clearly and concisely a possible way out for Mrs. J. R., and for it Mrs. John Weimer, of Mapleton, Iowa, has received a \$25 check.

The best thing to do is stop discussing the problem with your husband. Try a new angle. If it is possible, have your young brother visit your home as often as he can. Treat him as if he were one of the family. Show him the love and kindness you feel, but don't overdo it. And show your husband in an unobvious way that one more in the family doesn't take too much out of the pocketbook. Perhaps if the boy can do odd jobs around your home—gardening, washing the car, mowing the lawn—your husband will take a different view. Take things easy, and I'm sure it won't be long before the boy becomes a member of the family.

I'd like to add that many letters pointed out that the boy might also earn enough money doing odd jobs to ease any strain he might otherwise cause to the family budget—and all of them hoped as I do that Mrs. J. R.'s husband would learn to take the boy not only into his home, but into his heart as well.

Now, here are the other letters I thought would be of general interest

this month, and following them you'll find our unanswered problem. Have you a solution for it?

MAKE IT LEAP YEAR

Dear Joan:

What can a girl do who is in love with a man who loves her but cannot get up enough nerve to ask her to marry him? When he returned from the army he entered college and is now taking his second degree in social work. Naturally, this is on GI allowance, and many men feel this is not sufficient to support a family. However, I am teaching and could continue after we were married. I would be willing to do without so we could be together, but he has let me know that though he loves me he feels it is unfair to subject a woman to his standard of living. I feel that if he could overcome his lack of faith in the future he would propose. What can I do?

J. M.

Dear J. M.:

There's one thing you certainly can do, and that without too much delay—pop the question yourself. Surely, if you have (Continued on page 76)

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

to the person whose problem
letter is chosen and

ANOTHER \$25.00 WILL BE PAID

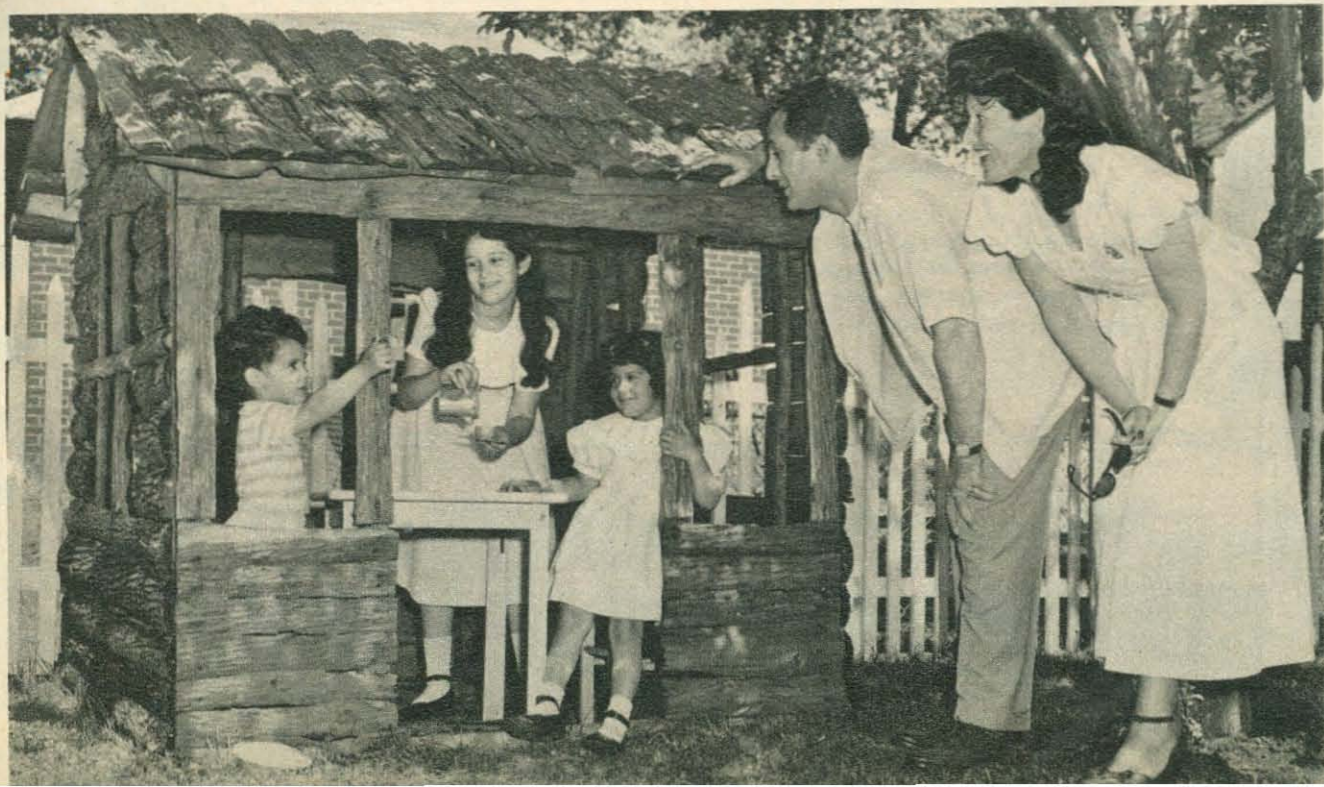
to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than August 26th. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, 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.

Reading from right to left for a change: Bud Brooks, Bernice Fuhrer, Joel Herrick, Roy Rubinstein and Bob Tormey, Herb's staff members, surround him at studio.



The beloved log playhouse, suitable in size for young pioneers, accommodates the (crouching) older Sheldons for tea parties.



It's Always HERB SHELDON TIME

Times have changed—for the better—since Herb courted Tutti in white tie and tails!

BY THEA TRAUM

Until he reached the ripe old age of twenty-one, Herb Sheldon considered himself a failure. He loved the theater, had show business in his blood, but he had to admit that time was slipping by and he was getting nowhere.

Then all of a sudden things began to look up. Two things. First, he got a job as dramatics counselor at a summer camp. Second, a beautiful black-eyed girl, niece of the director, came to the camp to pay her uncle a visit. Her name was Rosa, but everyone used her childhood nickname, Tutti. Herb learned to call her Tutti, too—in record time.

After six rugged weeks in an all-boys camp Herb felt that Tutti, who was pretty enough to satisfy anyone, anyway, was even prettier than that. The very first evening he showed her his beloved camp theater. She was delighted by the props and lights and all the mysterious-to-



Home-made sherbet suckers are a favorite with Amy-Jane and Lynda-Penny. Good for them, too, there's a new batch each day.



Young Randy joins his sisters and parents in piano sessions when singing (both loud and good) is the order of the day.

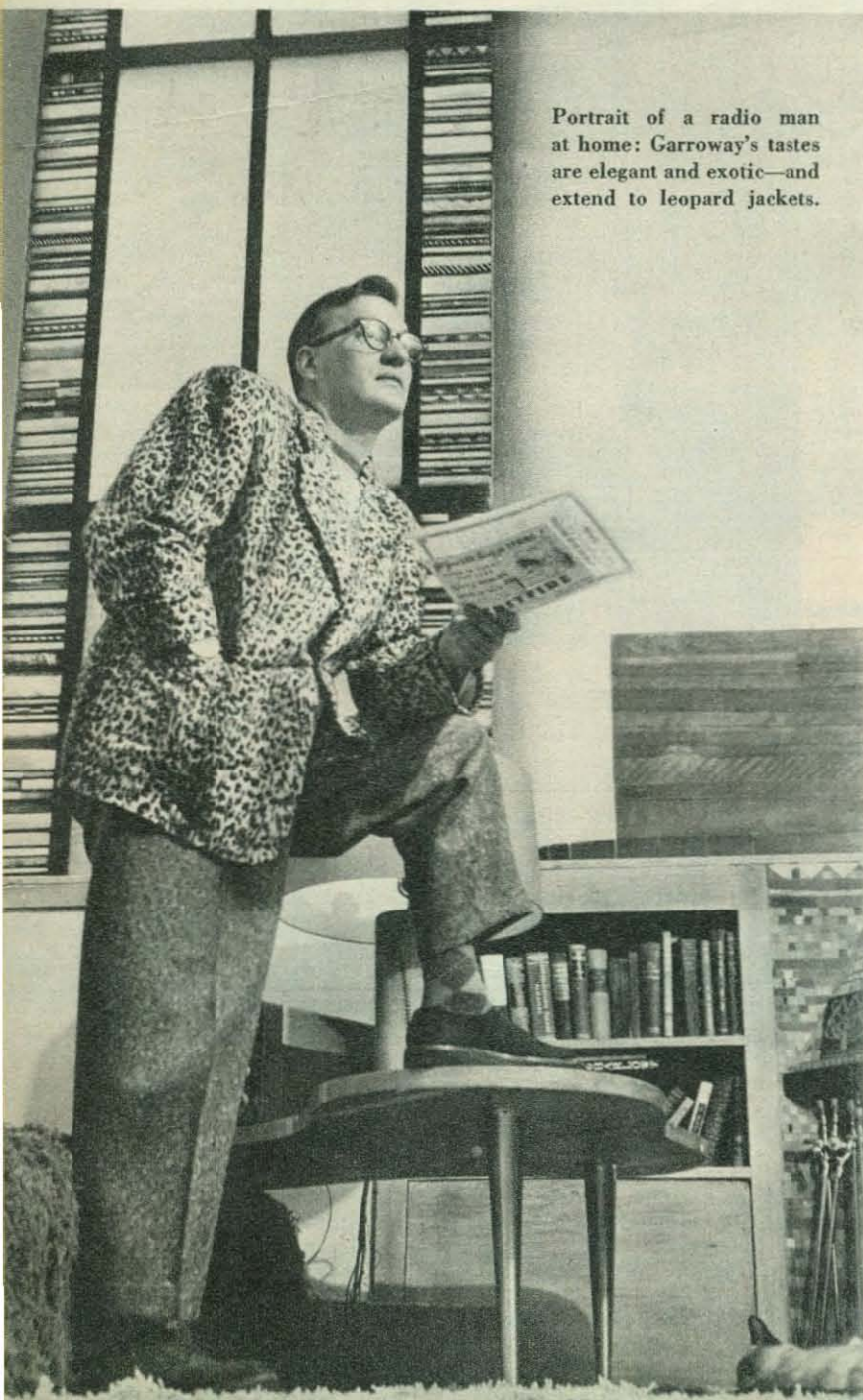
her ways of doing things. As for Herb—he was literally enchanted.

The second evening the moon was very high, very bright. Enchanted Herb gave Tutti his high school ring and a lot of promises and protestations and declarations to go with it.

Then the third evening came along. The moon was behind the clouds and Herb's moon-madness had dimmed somewhat, too. In fact, he decided, he'd been a very hasty fellow, and he'd better be just as hasty about getting himself out of this before it was too late. So, politely but firmly, he asked for the ring back.

Today, Tutti, is a woman of great warmth and charm and human understanding. She must have had at least the beginnings of those qualities when she was seventeen, for she returned the ring without a murmur. She seemed to realize that Herb was often (Continued on page 74)

RADIO MIRROR
TELEVISION
SECTION



Portrait of a radio man at home: Garroway's tastes are elegant and exotic—and extend to leopard jackets.

Garroway's room-mate is Natch, a Siamese cat.



But Natch—natch—can't help with the dishes.



Garroway AT LARGE

Fabulous is the word for Garroway. In an age when stars like to pretend that they live in a little white house at the end of Main Street, Dave Garroway frankly enjoys setting his own patterns.

His programs are fabulous, his fund of knowledge fabulous, his speech fabulous, his friends fabulous, and his hobby fabulous. He's a throw-back to a more colorful day of show business.

For four years his name alone has been enough to set Chicago talking, and now that NBC is sending his television program, Garroway At Large, out over the coax, New York and cities along the line take up the refrain, "Who is this guy Garroway?"

Viewers see a six-foot two-inch, one hundred ninety pound, twice-as-large-as-life character saunter into camera range. With a phrasing all his own, he introduces a singer,

a dancer or a musician. It's always a phrase which explains what Garroway feels. When the number is over, the viewer realizes that through Garroway's interpretation, he, too, understood the performance, and because of his understanding enjoyed it more. That's the point where he turns to his neighbor and asks, "Who is this guy Garroway?"

Actually, he has just sampled the most fabulous of all Garroway traits. Garroway, by helping both audience and artist express themselves, has a gift for turning frustration into satisfaction.

Television, the most piercingly honest of all media, emphasizes this. Persons whom Garroway never reached on radio watch one TV show and write fan letters.

With chagrin, Dave admits, "You'd think, to see them, I had never been on radio at all; that I had sprung, (Continued on page 91)

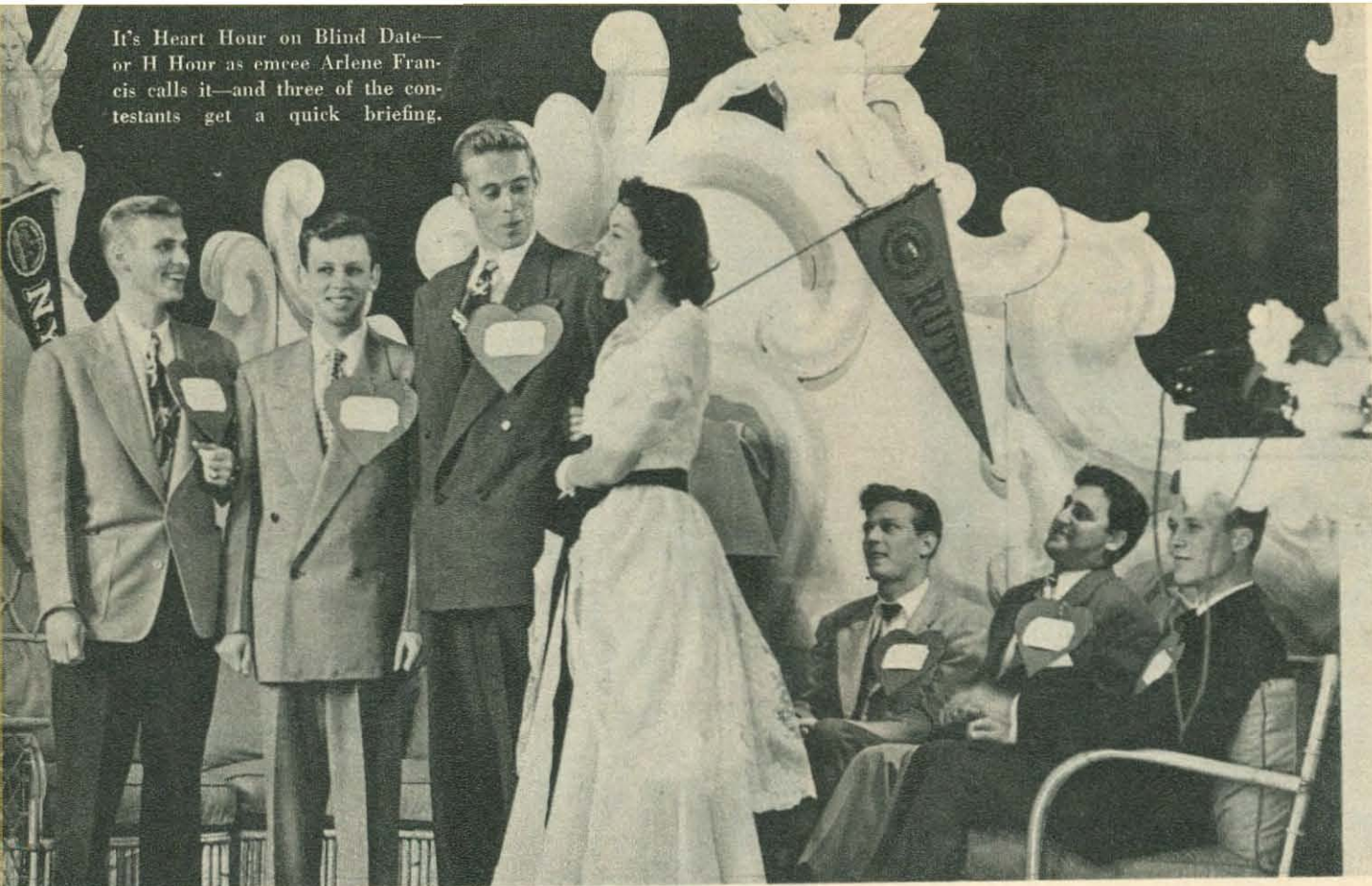


Under a spun glass cloud—and a watchful eye—Garroway sets the mood for singer Carolyn Gilbert.



Garroway can take a car apart, put it together—and make it run. This one is an antique English Jaguar.

It's Heart Hour on Blind Date—or H Hour as emcee Arlene Francis calls it—and three of the contestants get a quick briefing.



This fellow doesn't know he's competing for such a beautiful blonde, nor does she know who he is. She picks winner solely on his "line."



Faint words never won fair lady, at least not on video, where the smoothest talker wins the race—and the fair lady

BLIND

DATE

Fellows who go on ABC-TV's Blind Date any Thursday evening at 7:30 EDT aren't taking the usual chances that the dream date may turn out to be a girl in a nightmare, or that she may want something super in the way of night spots, say the Stork Club. For the date is always with a beautiful model, and she definitely does want to go to the Stork, but it's all prearranged and paid for.

The television program, started last May, follows the same line as the Blind Date radio show which ran from October, 1943 until January, 1946. Six personable young college men sit on one side of the divided stage—which is decorated with hearts and cupids—and successively telephone to three girls on the other side. Obviously, three eager daters must be left clutching consolation prizes—theater tickets and wristwatches—but

alas, no girls. It all depends on the line of smooth patter each can deliver over that telephone, the tone of a voice, and the whim of a woman. She makes the choice, sight unseen, between the two chosen to call her. Once made, Mr. Lucky dashes through the door in the partition, orchid in hand (courtesy of Blind Date), meets his girl and, presumably, two hearts beat as one for the evening. If the girl has unwittingly renounced what m.c. Arlene Francis calls a "perfectly divine boy" because his competition had a smoother line, only the studio and home audiences will ever know, because the losers and the lost never meet.

Arlene, an attractive brunette, has had to duck dates with boys who *have* seen her but have yet to meet the girls, reminds them she's not only one of the old married chaperones for the evening but also the mother of a two-year-old boy.



The three Blind Dates are models, chosen for their beauty and charm—and also because they're single and free to date.



Destination Stork Club: Arlene sends the smiling sixsome along to their reward in an appropriately romantic hansom.

A Place Called HOME



Life on a farm is fun for Sally and Sue, but like all little girls, they love to get dressed up on Sunday.

Part of the house on Celebrity Farm dates way back to the late seventeenth century; the wing on the left was added later. Doris decorated the interior in the tradition of the Pennsylvania Dutch.



On the rural delivery route out of the town of New Hope, Pennsylvania, a sign reads: "Celebrity Farm. Purebred Guernseys. Ted Steele."

Neighborhood farmers aren't impressed with the name. Celebrities are something they can take or leave. They can see plenty every summer, if they've a mind to, on the stage or in the audiences of the famous Bucks County Playhouse in New Hope. But cows count. So now, after two years, the Steeles—Ted, Doris, and their two little girls—are being accepted into the life of the community. Not because they are the Mr. and Mrs. Music of radio over WMCA or the Ted Steeles of the CBS and DuMont television networks. No indeed. Because they are practical farmers who take the job seriously. For instance, almost all the feed required for their forty-odd head of prize cattle is raised right there. They have a little more than a hundred acres and this fall they will rent additional land from a neighbor, after his crops are in.

Ted and Doris bought the farm in the summer of 1947 and moved in with some borrowed beds and one lamp. They sat on the floor the first few nights and planned what they would buy and where they would put it. They're still planning, still looking for certain (Continued on page 90)

HOME

Its name is Celelrity Farm, where Ted Steele and his family live like this —



Ted Steele's farmer neighbors aren't impressed with his musical celebrity, but they like the way he raises cows.

Ted Steele is heard on both TV and radio. Television: CBS, every Monday through Friday at 12 noon; DuMont, every Tuesday at 9 P.M. Radio: WMCA, Monday through Friday at 9:15 A.M. All times are EDT.



Sugar the spaniel is the fifth member of the Steele family—and he's not at all shy about posing for the camera.

Ted Steele is not just a gentleman farmer—he takes his cow breeding seriously. And his Guernseys win prizes.





Josiebelle (Jo Hurt) can't keep her mind on much else when Nels Laakso's around on CBS's Kobbs' Korner.



Telev viewers are discovering that variety is the spice of *video*, too. From WJZ's action-packed Roller Derby to . . .



. . . WCAU's sewing lesson, Make It Yourself, with Mary Alice Young, daughter Brooke, Alan Stephenson . . .



. . . to an interview by Irene Murphy with Robert St. John (Women's Club, WABD), TV takes its cue from life.

Coast to Coast

Something new in auditions was tried by WABD in New York. The general public was invited to the audition of Harlem House and a questionnaire was distributed on which they were asked to write reactions and suggestions. Maybe they were just on their good behavior so they would be invited again, but if the applause and laughter counted they enjoyed the show. Participants were the King Cole Trio, Timmie Rogers, Marian Bruce, and other top Negro talent in a half-hour of smooth songs, dances, patter, and rafter-shaking Be-bop . . . Boo-Golly the Ghost won out over fifty-four other cartoon characters in Cartoon Teletales' poll of its loyal watchers. Not even that other delightful Teletales character, Hey You the Lion, or the irrepressible Bumsniff the Bloodhound, came close to the ectoplasmic Boo-Golly when the votes were counted . . . The Chicago Federated Advertising Clubs cited Kukla, Fran and Ollie as "the best television program of any kind produced in Chicago"—the second time the popular puppet show got top rating from this group . . . It's a California summer for Milton Berle, making "Always Leave Them Laughing" at the Warner Studios . . . Theodore Granik's American Television Forum turns out to

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION



Bozo the Clown gets the bird from a bird, to the enjoyment of the kids in the audience. Pinto Colvig plays the clown on KTTV's Bozo's Circus.

in TELEVISION

be as lively a show as his famous American Forum of the Air, which is radio's oldest forum-type program. Both originate from Washington, D. C.

Now there's a television mail order show, called Make It Yourself and produced by Telemail, Inc. You can see it every Tuesday at 1:00 P.M. EDT over WCAU-TV Philadelphia, and it's scheduled for more cities. Viewers can order a special kit containing all the materials—the fabric, thread, buttons, even the needle—for the garment to be made the following week. Garments are pre-cut to sizes, so no pattern is required.

You sew right along with mistress of ceremonies Mary Alice Young as she demonstrates how to do it from the studio. By the time the program is over, Mary Alice's dress, and presumably the viewer's, will be finished. Just in case you're called away from your set during the lesson, special instructions are in the kit. But it's easier to follow teacher.

Alan Stephenson, who was recently seen on the Broadway stage in "Anne of a Thousand Days," commutes to Philadelphia weekly to assist on the show, and there's usually a guest star for added glamour.



Claude Kirchner and Mary Hartline keep things lively on ABC-TV's Super Circus from Chicago.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Mary and Larry and Larry Jr. invite Tom Bryson, Maude Marlowe—and you—for a visit with them in Rosehaven



Guests find themselves feeling at home immediately when they call on the Nobles, entering at once into the active lives of Larry and Mary. Here young Larry is absorbed in his toys, Tom and Larry in a script, Mary and Maude in woman's favorite subject, clothes.



The Nobles live in a comfortable home in the lovely town of Rosehaven, Long Island, just a short distance from New York City. Playwright Tom Bryson and Maude Marlowe, who's a character actress—two of their best friends—often visit Mary and Larry there, and when they do the visit is as likely as not to be concerned with business, too.

Larry is Broadway's favorite matinee idol and Tom one of the theater's most successful writers. Mary, who seldom makes a stage appearance herself, manages to keep their home life a happy one in spite of the temptations which confront Larry in his professional life. In spite of the fact that Mary is no longer active in the theater, her ideas on the subject of costume design are always respected. In the picture here she is modeling a dress to be worn by the leading lady in Tom's new play—in which Larry will star.

On these pages, playing the same roles in which you hear them on the air are:

Mary Noble Claire Neisen
Larry Noble James Meighan
Maude Marlowe Ethel Wilson
Tom Bryson Chuck Webster

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert. Backstage Wife is heard Monday through Friday, 4 P.M., EDT, on NBC stations.

NONSENSICAL



Class comes to order, somehow, with none other than the Old Professor—Kay Kyser himself—in charge.



OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Odra Chandler, of Anaheim, California, explained to an astounded student body why the day he met his wife is unforgettable. He was in the Navy at the time, and got liberty at San Pedro. While leaving ship, Odra sprained his ankle. After his ankle was taped up, Odra went horseback riding. The horse threw him, crushing three ribs. Odra got taped up again. Undaunted, he went to a nearby roller skating rink to—using his own word—"recuperate." This time not he, but a diminutive young lady fell. Odra gallantly skated to her rescue, and offered to brace her while she rolled on unsteady pins. This proved habit forming, and they were married shortly after.

HALF MINUTE QUIZ (1)

Where would you look for the Hudson tube? Check one:
 In the tire of a Hudson auto.....
 In your radio set.....
 Under the Hudson River.....

YOUR HOME STATE—ARKANSAS—

Capital: Little Rock . . . Admitted to the Union: 1836; the 26th state to be admitted . . . Population, men vs. women: 982,916 men; 966,471 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 Name*: Algonkin name of the Quawpaw Indians found by early explorers at mouth of Arkansas River . . . *State Motto*: Regnat Populus (The People Rule) . . . *State Flower*: Apple blossom . . . *State Pronunciation*: "Arkansaw"—fixed by the state legislature . . . *State Nickname*: The Wonder State. . .

HALF MINUTE QUIZ (2)

Which of the following did Ely Whitney invent? Check one:
 Gin rummy.....
 Cotton gin.....
 Sewing machine.....

FUN AND GAMES—

Here's a chance to indulge a Napoleonic complex without benefit of strait-jacket. It's a celebrity quizdown, and it's better than punch to get your guests in a gay mood. From the word go it's got everybody talking to one another and having a whale of a time—and what better kind of a time can you have at a party?



Attached to each visitor's back, upon arrival, is a card bearing the name of a radio or movie celebrity. It may be extended to sports figures and famous names in other fields, too, if you like. A quiz is sparked off everytime two people meet. And the more people you have, the livelier and more diverse the game is going to be.

You single out a young lady with the name of "Paul White-man" on her back. She inquires, "Am I a woman?" and you reply, "If you are, the public has been the victim of a great hoax." Of course, if you'd rather, you may reply simply, "No." In any case, she establishes that her game identity is a man. Then she says, "Am I an historical figure?" Again, you may come right to the point and say, "No," or you may prefer to tease, and suggest to the young lady that it is now too early to say, but that eventually her figure may well go down in history. Thus you inform her—directly or indirectly—that she is a contemporary, or living, celebrity. She continues from there. She goes on asking about the man's appearance, the man's nationality, the man's wife or sweetheart, as the case may be, and so on until she guesses the name on her back. Then the tables are turned, and you quiz her in an effort to find out which celebrity you are supposed to be. You may limit the number of questions to be asked if you think that will add to the fun.

HALF MINUTE QUIZ (3)

In which of the following buildings may The Red Room be found? Check one:

- The White House.....
- The Kremlin.....
- The Vatican Palace.....

KNOWLEDGE

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME DEPT.—

A critic, anonymous, had this to say when the New York State Legislature permitted a man named Hogg to call himself Hoge:

"Hogg by name and Hogg by nature,
 but Hoge by act of Legislature."



A LITTLE LEARNING—

Even if you happened to be born in September, there's no call for anyone to describe you as a *Septem*brist—unless you're cruel, blood-thirsty or a butcher. The term was applied originally to Parisian mobsters who, upon orders from Danton, massacred 10,000 prisoners from September 2 to 5 inclusive in 1792. September, with thirty days, is the ninth month of the Gregorian year, and its first Monday is Labor Day. Other holidays are Constitution Day on the 17th and Regatta Day in Hawaii on the 20th.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT DEPT.—

Conversation is but carving!
 Give no more to every guest
 Than he's able to digest.
 Give him always of the prime,
 And but little at a time.
 Carve to all but just enough.
 Let them neither starve nor stuff,
 And that you may have your due
 Let your neighbor carve for you.
 —Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)



YOU'D BETTER NOT—

- Lead a bear by rope in Maine—it's against the law.
- Walk your bear without a leash in Moscow, Idaho — it's against the law.
- Drive a taxicab in Washington, D. C., minus a broom and shovel—it's against the law.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (born 1856) SAID IT—

"I enjoy convalescence. It is the part that makes the illness worthwhile."

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

An alibi she used when a motorcycle policeman flagged her for speeding in Nevada represented the thesis of Mrs. A. R. Capener, of Garland, Utah, and she was graduated cum laude and cum laughing. Mrs. Capener offered the first excuse that came to mind. "I'm taking my husband to an insane asylum," she told the officer. Mr. Capener promptly took his cue, leaned out the window, addressed the patrolman, and asked, "Are you coming, dear?" The gendarme was convinced. "Drive on, lady," he said. "I guess you're telling the truth."

HALF MINUTE QUIZ (4)

How well do you know your country's laws? Which of the following is limited by the Hatch Act? Check one:

- The hatching of hens' eggs.....
- Political activity by federal employees.....
- The hatching of subversive plots.....

(Answers to all half-minute quizzes will be found upside down at the end of this feature.)





PANTRY-SHELF PARTY

By KATE SMITH • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen to Kate Smith Speaks at 12 Noon each weekday, on all stations of the Mutual network.

The unexpected guest! Life would be simple indeed if we never had him—simple and dull! He must be entertained well, because he is welcome. When the food for dinner is scanty and you're short on time, turn to the reliable aids on your pantry shelf. The canned meats we learned to use during the war are every bit as useful now.

In a very small space, you can keep all your favorite meat flavors, canned and ready for instant use. You can depend on their texture and flavor. And from them, for your family or friends, you can make good-looking and delicious dishes.

Almost all these meats are ready for serving. Just heat or chill them. A definite temperature increases their appeal. For instance, canned hamburgers heated and served with fluffy mashed potatoes are fragrant and flavorful. You will enjoy using canned meats in casserole dishes such as we describe here. The macaroni, rice and beans stretch their flavor to make an inexpensive main dish.

VIENNA BAKED MACARONI SALAD

- 1 egg
- 4 cups cooked macaroni (8 ounces uncooked)
- 1 tablespoon prepared mustard
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 4 tablespoons salad oil
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- salt and pepper
- ½ cup milk
- 1 4-ounce can Vienna sausage
- parsley

Beat egg slightly and add to cooked macaroni. Add mustard, vinegar, salad oil, celery, onion, and

salt and pepper; combine well. Place in casserole. Add milk. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes. Top with Vienna sausages and bake 10 minutes longer. Garnish with parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

MEATCATASH

- 1 12-ounce can luncheon meat
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 1½ cups cooked corn
- 1½ cups cooked lima beans
- 1 cup milk
- 3 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup orange juice

Slice four quarter-inch thick slices of luncheon meat and put aside. Cut the remainder into half-inch cubes. Place in saucepan with vegetables, milk and 2 tablespoons of butter. Simmer until meat is hot. Lightly brown meat slices in remaining butter over low heat. Add orange juice and continue to cook until orange juice has cooked into meat. Top vegetable mixture with sauted meat. Makes 4 servings.

JELLY GLAZED HASH

- 2 16-ounce cans corned beef hash
- ¼ cup currant jelly

Turn hash into greased baking dish. Place jelly in hollow in center. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes or until hash is browned and jelly melts and glazes surface. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

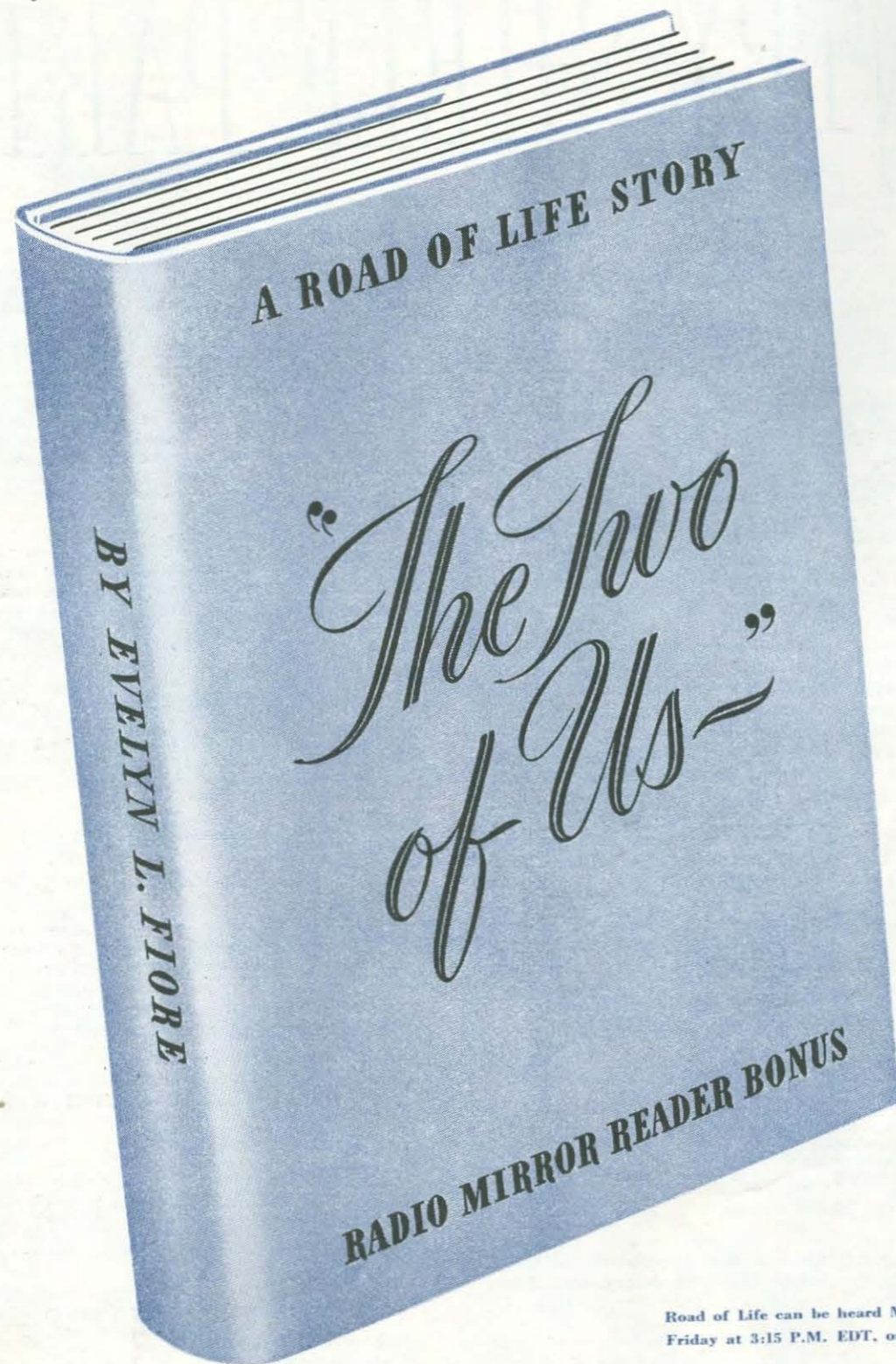
CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups milk
- 1 3-oz. can chipped beef, shredded

Place butter in a skillet over low heat. Add chipped beef and cook until lightly browned. Sprinkle flour over beef and blend well. Remove from heat. Add milk and stir. Return to heat. Continue cooking until thickened, stirring constantly. Serve hot over toast or rusks. Makes 2 to 3 servings. (Continued on page 100)

For the unexpected guest: dishes that can be made with ingredients right off your pantry shelf—Vienna baked macaroni salad (foreground), jelly glazed hash (right) and meatcatash.

For better, for worse . . . these are the



Road of Life can be heard Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M. EDT, on NBC stations.

binding words. But for Butch and Francie, "better" had almost lost its meaning

Carol heard the quarrel, of course—how could she help it, with Francie's carrying voice raised yet higher, and Butch's deep rumble sounding like thunder through the little apartment? She was glad that Jim had gone. For a doctor, and one trained in psychology at that, Jim sometimes took things like this too much to heart, Carol thought, smiling to herself as she always did when her mind turned to her husband. Where Jim was concerned, his foster-son Butch was of first-rank importance. Of course he and his newly married young wife, Francie—were important to Carol, too. Especially so since they, unable to find an apartment, had moved in here with Carol and her husband.

A new marriage is, at best, a difficult and delicate affair, Carol mused, wincing at the house-shaking slam of the front door with which Butch had put a period to the quarrel with Francie. Privacy, she thought, is almost as important as the husband and wife themselves: privacy in which they can learn each other's little peculiarities, work out how they're going to live with one another without the distraction of outside personalities to confuse them.

Privacy, even, in which to quarrel. And in which to learn, Carol added in her mind, that even quarrels are a part of marriage, and don't mark the beginning of the end of it.

You don't have that kind of privacy when your whole home is someone else's living room. Yet Butch and Francie somehow find the time and the place for quarreling. This morning they quarreled in bitter whispers even before they were out of their studio couch bed.

But, Carol wondered, would privacy help Butch and Francie? Were they, like Carol herself and Jim, her husband, meant to live together in peace and happiness, once the initial period of adjustment to marriage was past? They were so unlike, those two. So—and then Carol caught herself up, as Francie appeared in the kitchen doorway.

"Dry the dishes for you?" she asked. Somehow she managed to make it more a challenge than a question, so that Carol told herself, "That's what I mean—will they ever make it?" even as she smiled at Francie and said aloud, "Why thanks—here's a towel."

Francie dried a cup, a plate. Then she laid down the towel, and suddenly all that was pent up inside her, all that Carol knew was seething there, came bursting out.

"Why, why do I do these things?" she moaned. "Me with my big mouth, always ready with a nasty answer! If I'd had an ounce of sense I'd've realized Butch was edgy, his first day on a big new job. Just this once I could have shut up. Gee, I don't even remember what started the fight in the first place!"

Her look showing the sympathy she felt, Carol turned to Francie. "One thing about Butch," she said slowly, trying to pick the right words, "He's so stubborn he'll sometimes fight even after he's convinced he's wrong. I wouldn't worry too much about it, Francie. You'll soon get the hang of dealing with each other. And I wouldn't worry about his job, either—if Jim didn't think Butch was a good doctor he'd never have recommended him for that lab job

at Neuropsychiatric, son or not. Jim's a doctor, first of all, and the welfare of the people who come to him for treatment is the most important thing to him."

Francie was momentarily diverted. "Sure," she said wisely. "Especially because Jim carries so much weight there, Butch'll have to be good. Dr. James Brent, acting chief of Neuropsychiatric Institute—gee, the spot Jim's in he can't afford to have anybody say he's giving all the good jobs to his relatives. The bigger you are the more people are hanging around waiting for you to take a fall."

Carol smiled slightly, but only with her lips. "You're pretty suspicious of people, aren't you? Here . . . dry these glasses first, Francie, they shine up better with a dry towel."

"Oh, really? Okay," Francie said. They worked in silence for a moment. Then Francie burst forth bitterly, "I'm suspicious all right, sure I am. You try growing up in an orphanage and working your way through the cheapest kind of hash joints, taking what a waitress has to take—"

"Francie!" Startled, Carol almost dropped a slippery cup. "I never meant it as a criticism. I'm just trying to get to know you better. You and Butch have been here such a short time."

Francie brushed the apology aside. "I know you weren't criticizing—at least I hope you weren't. But the kind of life I had up to meeting Butch . . . it scares me. Who am I to be a doctor's wife? I don't talk right or dress right. I don't know any of the little things to do that might help him—what to say to people, how to run a house. Like you when those doctors and their wives were here the other night—I couldn't have handled that in a million years. I don't even know things like about the glasses, that you just told me. Sometimes I think . . . oh, maybe I'd just better

go back to San Francisco. Let Butch find his own kind of girl. I'll . . . I'll let him go."

Carol turned off the tap, dried her hands, and led the shaken girl to a chair. "Listen to me, Francie! I'll be honest with you. When you first came here, I . . . both Jim and I . . . thought Butch had made a mistake. You'd known each other five days, and Butch was just back from overseas. Not the best beginning for marriage. But—Francie, believe this: now that we know you a little better, we know we were all wrong. You are Butch's kind of girl. We can help you with the things you say you don't have—they're easy to learn, and they don't matter as much as you think. What does matter is the way you and Butch feel—if it was strong enough to bring you together, it's strong enough to bring you through—if you don't give up, Francie."

Francie was conscious of a strange sensation in her heart. In all her twenty-two years nobody had ever spoken to her like that. She said unbelievably, "You really care what happens to me, don't you. I've never known any people like you and Jim. You can't get anything out of me, and yet you seem to—care."

"Jim wouldn't be the doctor he is if he didn't care about people," Carol reminded her quietly. "Now, enough of this loafing! Janie will be wanting her lunch pretty soon. How would you like to learn to



Dr. Jim Brent
played by Don McLaughlin.

make that fried chicken Butch likes so much? And the peach shortcake?”

Francie sat up eagerly. “Oh, could I? But . . . it’s no use, I can’t even scramble eggs without burning them. I could never get anything to taste like that dinner!”

“Oh, nonsense!” Carol hustled about the kitchen, assembling the ingredients for shortcake. “It’s simple. Wait till next week and I’ll show you something really complicated. And as for taking care of a house . . . well, let’s start with the kitchen.”

All the rest of that day, Francie followed Carol around like a thirsty puppy, drinking in information. She stopped only to read little Janie, Jim and Carol’s small daughter, to sleep for her afternoon nap, and then came back to Carol, ready for more. She was too absorbed to take time for the elaborate hair-do and make-up with which she usually faced the world.

Butch, when he came home, looked at her curiously. “You’ve done something to yourself? You look different.”

Francie’s hand went to her hair. “Help! I forgot to put it up! Gee, wait’ll I—”

“Why bother?” Butch’s voice was still unfriendly from the morning’s quarrel, but it changed with his next words. “I like it that way, hanging loose. Looks sort of soft.” With one finger, he touched the wave over Francie’s forehead, and they stood that way for a moment, not moving or speaking. Then Francie said huskily, “I want to hear all about what you did today, but dinner’s on the table already . . . come and eat first.” Her eyes were radiant; they both knew the quarrel had been made up . . .

So it was a pity that Jim chose that evening to explode a small-sized bomb after dinner. He was tamping tobacco into his pipe when he stopped abruptly and sat up straight.

“Hey, Butch! I almost forgot. Guess who came into my office today.” He paused for dramatic effect. “Faith Richards!”

“What!”

“Faith herself. Just got back to town this morning. And asked *particularly* to be remembered to you.”

Butch was more alert than he’d been all evening, throwing questions at Jim. “How is she? How’d she look? What’s she doing in New York?”

“What did she want of you?” Carol put in coldly.

Jim grinned at her. “Looks wonderful, and yes, she did want something. She asked if I could help her get into Neuropsychiatric’s nursing school—you remember, she started training once and had to give up because she got sick. So she’s in, of course. She’s a bright girl.”

“Who’s Faith Richards?” Francie’s voice was casual, but there was something in it that made Carol glance at her and then frown hard at Jim, trying to forestall whatever he was going to say next. But Jim was too busy teasing Butch to catch her message. He chose the worst possible words.

“Why, she’s Butch’s old girl friend. Took him seriously, too. She was pretty upset when they broke up.”

“Oh, now, Jim.” Butch squirmed uncomfortably. “Say, where’s Faith living?”

“What’s it to you?” Francie asked, still in that quiet, unnatural voice.

“I just thought . . . well, this can be a pretty sad town without friends. Maybe we ought to have her out some . . . well, what’s the matter with her?” For the bedroom door had swung sharply to behind his wife’s tall figure.

Carol sighed, managing at the same time to glare at Jim. “Just two words, that’s all that’s the matter.”

“Two words?”

“Faith Richards,” Carol said very clearly. “And now I’m going to bed.”

Strange that Jim, for all his professional knowledge of psychology, couldn’t sense the atmosphere that Faith Richards’ very name brought into the house. To Francie it was as clear as though the girl herself had come in and announced that her sole purpose in coming to Neuropsychiatric was to see and recapture Butch. Francie couldn’t have put into words just how she knew, but there it was. Of course there was also the excitement that had crossed Butch’s face when Faith was mentioned. To Francie, who was in love with him, that look sent a clear and unmistakable message of danger.

“You’re crying before you’re hurt,” she tried to tell herself after two days of watching and worrying. You

think everyone’s like you. This Faith is a nice girl—not the kind that goes after someone else’s husband. Butch just feels interested in an old friend, that’s all, and she won’t encourage anything else . . . But instinct was too strong for reason. Francie didn’t have to see that first meeting, the upward sweep of Faith’s long lashes, the delight at seeing Butch, the eager questions about what he’s been doing . . . the quickly-veiled chagrin when he hesitantly spoke of his marriage.

She didn’t have to haunt the hospital corridors to know about the “accidental” meetings . . . Faith just turning the corner as Butch came out of his laboratory. Faith just happening to come by Butch’s table as he settled down to lunch in the staff cafeteria. And, though she didn’t admit it to herself, she knew perfectly well what was

going on the morning Butch pulled out his good blue suit and then fussed around in the overcrowded closet, looking for something else. Finally he asked, “Francie, where’s my blue tie? The dark one with the gray squares?”

“The one you were married in?” Francie said levelly.

“Uh . . . yeah. It doesn’t seem to be on this hanger. Where is it?”

Francie came over and reached around him. “Here it is, right in front of you. Why—why’re you wearing that tie?”

“Why not?” Butch, tying a shoelace, didn’t look up. “It’s your best one. And that’s your good suit, too. You’ll sure be dressed up today.”

“I’m tired wearing that old tweed, that’s all. Anyhow, what’s it to you what I wear?”

“Well, don’t get huffy. You’re sure touchy lately.” Francie finished unmaking the studio couch and slid it closed. “Butch—how’s your job coming? You haven’t talked much about it.”

“It’s fine,” Butch said irritably. “What’s there to talk about? I like it and that’s all.”

“I just asked,” said Francie. She didn’t find anything else to say during breakfast, and neither did Butch, but his goodbye kiss was eloquent. Half impatient, half apologetic . . . no, Francie needed no words to tell her what Faith Richards was going to mean in her life.

She would have been surprised, however, if she could have heard what happened when Jim stopped by Butch’s laboratory later that morning to ask if they could have lunch together.

“Got a date,” Butch mumbled, blushing.

Jim eyed his foster-son’s suit and tie. “Must be something special. You’re all dolled up.”

“Oh. The clothes.” Butch grinned sheepishly. “I— I’m having lunch with Faith Richards.” After a long pause, he looked up, met Jim’s eyes, and immediately



Faith Richards
played by Vicki Vola.

became defiant. “What’s wrong with having lunch with an old friend? I’ve known Faith for years . . .” His voice trailed off into a silence made cold by Jim’s disapproving face.

“Faith’s a nice girl, Butch. So is Francie—and you happen to be married to Francie. Why don’t you call Faith and tell her you can’t keep that date?”

Butch slammed a notebook shut and stood up. “Because I don’t want to! Get this, Jim—I’m old enough to have gone halfway round the world and worn a uniform and taken everything that went with it. I can take care of myself *and* my wife and everything that goes with that!” He shrugged into his coat and plunged out of the office, brushing by Jim without another look.

If Francie could have heard that conversation, she would have known exactly how delightful Butch found Faith Richards’ pretty, pointed face, and her calm voice as she said, “Tell me something, Butch.”

“Anything,” Butch said gallantly.

“What were you so upset about when you met me?”

“Oh, things.” Butch moved the salt shaker to a more strategic spot and back again. “Jim. He thinks I’m still in knee-pants. Orders me around. Why, I’ve been grown-up for years—especially the last four years since I’ve seen you. Been a lot of changes in both of us.”

Faith shook her head. “Not basically. You’re still the boy I knew.” She let the special meaning in her words get through to Butch before she added, “I was . . . fond of you, in those days.”

“Were you?” Butch said. How it happened he didn’t know, but their eyes caught and he couldn’t look away. Faith smiled as she picked up her fork.

“Your wife’s a lucky girl. Tell me—what’s she like?”

“Francie?” Butch was uncomfortable. He didn’t want to talk or think about Francie, just at the moment. “Oh, Francie. She’s . . . well, she’s okay.”

“Okay?” Faith echoed softly. Butch saw only that she seemed to be looking at him with friendly affection. He didn’t see that her lips curled a trifle more deeply at the corners—like a cat’s . . .

That night, Francie looked up from her book to find Butch regarding her in a speculative way. “Comparing me with Faith,” she decided. “Wondering how it would be to have her sitting here instead of me.” But the next moment she knew she’d been wrong, for Butch said softly, “Francie. What are you reading?”

“Something Carol picked out for me.” She held it up so he could see the title on the cover.

“Why, I didn’t know you liked poetry, Francie,” he said, surprised.

Francie giggled. “Neither did I, till I read some. It says a whole lot of things, though—things I didn’t know you *could* say in words. Listen to this:

‘Yet each man kills the thing he loves
By each let this be heard
Some do it with a bitter look
Some with a flattering word . . .’

Her voice died away into silence. Then Butch repeated almost to himself, “. . . each man kills the thing he loves.’ I guess he does, if he’s not darn careful.” There was another pause. “Francie, You know what?”

Francie didn’t raise her head. “What?”

“All day today—ever since lunch, anyway,” and here, if Francie had looked up, she would have seen him redden slightly, “I’ve been thinking. Remember San Francisco—that pier we sat on all night that smelled so fishy, and around five in the morning we saw the fishing boats go out. . . .”

“The night you asked me to marry you?”

“Yeah. That night. Remember?”

“I remember everything, Butch.” At last Francie looked up at him. “Do you?” she asked softly.

Butch met her look soberly. “That’s what I was thinking today, that it’s funny how you think you’ve maybe forgotten, and suddenly you know you haven’t forgotten a thing. Nothing that really matters. Francie . . . why don’t you bring that book over here?”

Francie grinned mischievously. “Last night,” she pointed out, “I tried to sit there and you said that



“I love you, Francie,” he said, “and if I had it to do all over again, I’d still ask *you* to marry me.”

chair wasn’t big enough for two. One of us lost twenty pounds since yesterday?”

“It’s plenty big enough for two tonight.” Butch came across the room and pulled her up. “And every night from now on. Just big enough for the two of us. All our . . .” he hesitated, “. . . our friends will have to take a back seat.”

For Francie, Butch’s words were a pledge. In the last few days she had become very quick at seeing below the level of Butch’s words into the place where he kept the feelings he couldn’t express. She knew now that he was saying, “I’ve almost gotten myself into trouble, but I’ve realized today it’s not worth it.” She hoped he was also saying, “I love you, Francie, and if I had it to do all over again I’d still ask *you* to marry me.” And she went into his arms generously and forgivingly.

Yet, being Francie, she held back a corner of her heart. Francie, who’d been hurt so often, couldn’t forget in one moment of tenderness that Butch had almost hurt her too . . . couldn’t forget that there was still Faith to consider. In Francie’s experience, a girl who’d go out with a married man was a girl to keep your eye on.

So she wasn’t shocked the next night when Butch rushed into the apartment, brushed her cheek perfunctorily and demanded to know where Jim was.

“He’s working a little late (Continued on page 93)

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Show Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang	Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon at Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt Irene and Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Air Force Hour True or False	Local Programs	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Nelson Eddy and Dorothy Kirsten Dorothy Lamour	Meet Your Match Sing For Your Supper	Play It Again Name the Movie	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	This is Paris Mutual Newsreel	Personal Autograph	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter



ARNOLD STANG—who is the hapless Gerard on NBC's Henry Morgan Show has been playing character and comedy roles for fifteen of his twenty-six years. Born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, Stang's first radio role was on Let's Pretend; at fifteen, he created the role of Seymour for The Goldbergs; on Broadway, he provided laughs in three hit plays; and he has appeared in several motion pictures.



MARTHA TILTON—shares the spotlight with Curt Massey on Curt Massey Time, CBS, M-F., 6:30 P.M. EDT. Born in Texas, reared in Los Angeles, Martha's first singing job was with Hal Grayson's band but she soon left to become the "Miss" in "Three Hits and a Miss" of the Benny Goodman band. She later had her own program, and during the war, played the "fox-hole circuit" in the South Pacific.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Hometowners U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang	Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon at Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt Irene and Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The UN is My Beat H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lens Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Experience Speaks Yours For A Song	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Jack Carson Show My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show	Opera Concert Radio Newsreel Enchanted Hour	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Sports	Meet the Press Mutual Newsreel	Treasury Band	Philip Morris Playhouse Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Mind Your Manners Coffee in Washington		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Mary Lee Taylor	Paul Nelson, News Misc. Programs Magic Rhythm Jerry and Skye Albert Warner	Johnny Olsen's Get Together	Music For You Tell It Again
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Frank Merriwell Smilin' Ed McConnell	Coast Guard on Parade Music	Modern Romances The Jay Stewart Fun Fair	Let's Pretend Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Arthur Barriault Public Affair Luncheon With Lopez	Smoky Mt. Hayride News	Girls' Corps What's My Name	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Nat'l Farm Home R.F.D. America	Campus Salute Dance Orch.	Concert of American Jazz American Farmer	Stars Over Holly- wood Give and Take
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Musicana Edward Tomlinson Report From Europe	Dance Orch. Music	101 Ranch Boys Junior Junction	Handyman Get More Out of Life Columbia's Country Journal
3:00	Local Programs	Pooler's Paradise	Treasury Band Show	Report From Over- seas Adventures in Science Cross Section U.S.A.
3:15 3:30 3:45	Local Programs	Sports Parade	Fascinating Rhythm	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Your Health Today Horse Racing Contrasts Musical	Bill Harrington Horse Racing Jerry and Skye First Church of Christ Science	Tom Glazer's Ballad Box Horse Racing	Saturday at the Chase
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Wormwood Forest	Russ Hodges Quiz Organ Music News	Dance Music	Local Programs

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Religion in the News	Music	Honey Dreamers Saturday Session	News From Wash- ington Memo From Lake Success Saturday Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Vic Damone, Kay Armon	Hawaii Calls Robert Hurligh Mel Allen	Bert Andrews The Eye-Drama	Spike Jones Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hollywood Star Theatre Truth or Conse- quences	Twenty Questions Take a Number	Pat Novak For Hire Famous Jury Trials	Gene Autry Show Adventures of Philo Marlowe
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Judith Canova Show	Life Begins at 80 Guy Lombardo	Musical Etchings	Gang Busters Tales of Fatima
10:00 10:15 10:30	Day in the Life of Dennis Day Grand Ole Opry	Theatre of the Air	Record Show Irving Fields Hayloft Hoedown	Sing It Again



RED BENSON—the emcee of Take a Number (MBS, Sat.) was born Norman Benson in Columbus, Ohio, and got started in show business at the age of fifteen as a singer. Came the depression and Benson worked, at various times, as a prizefighter, canary salesman, night watchman, hatter, fireman, hypnotist, window dresser and a bandleader. He got into radio as a staff announcer on WAAT, Newark.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to keep your Radio Mirror

Quiz Catalogue up to date

"You want to be a winner?—sound your buzzer, sound your bell." With those words, the fastest quiz show on the radio zips off for fifteen minutes of fun five times a week—Winner Take All—now heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System network Mondays through Fridays from 4:30 to 4:45 EDT.

Before the program, about eight people are picked from the studio audience by producers Mark Goodson and Bill Todman.

In order to win on Winner Take All, you not only have to have the correct answer, you have to have the correct answer first! On stage right is a large scoreboard with one half for the Champion and the other half for the Challenger. The Champion has a little button in his hand that rings a bell. The Challenger has a button that sounds a buzzer. The emcee asks a question. Whoever thinks he has the right answer presses his button, sounding the bell or the buzzer . . . the first one to press his button answers the question. There is a special electronic device that prevents a tie. If the person answers the question correctly, one point is scored for him on the electric light scoreboard. The first person to score three points wins the round. If the Challenger wins, he moves over and becomes the Champion. If the Champion wins, he stays on as Champion until he loses, no matter how many days are involved. One Army sergeant stayed on for seventeen rounds. If the contestant presses his button and then misses the question, a free question is asked of his opponent, similar to awarding a free foul shot in basketball.

The program makes no pretenses of giving away huge sums of money. The average prize every round is worth approximately three hundred dollars. There is no jackpot, but this is typical loot: a fifty-three-piece set of bone china, a diamond ring, seventeen-jewel wristwatches, an oriental rug, a set of silver flatware, two robes, a vacuum cleaner, an electric garbage disposal unit, gas range, kitchen stove, and all types of electrical appliances.

If you're planning a trip to New York this summer, and would like to take part in the fun, remember to write for your tickets early.

QUIZ CHATTER—

The Queen For A Day selected from Shreveport, Louisiana, went on to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she was feted as the Minnesota Centennial Queen. . . . When G. E. House Party's emcee, Art Linkletter lunched with James Farley, they discussed at some length their mutual interests, namely the two books which they had penned. At the conclusion of the luncheon Art Linkletter presented Farley with an autographed copy of his book upon which Farley presented Linkletter with the address of the book store where Linkletter could obtain a copy of his. . . . John Reed King on Give And Take was faced with an unusual problem one day. A woman contestant refused to take any prizes she had won, which included everything from a washing machine to nylon stockings, but declined all. She finally took the nylon stockings saying, "If it will make you feel better" . . . Also, on Beat The Clock—back in January, Seaman first-class Bob Guilford offered some candy to a young lady sitting next to him—this led to a friendship which has blossomed over a period of time until months later they both returned to Beat The Clock and were chosen as contestants. Guilford won a diamond ring and placed it on the girl's finger, which brought the romance to a happy end—just where it had started at Beat The Clock.

Nearly everyone has some superstition or another which he, consciously or not, always observes—that's what Richard Frey, expert on such matters, tells Terry.

FAMILY COUNSELOR

By
TERRY
BURTON



“I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, But -”

Ever since I met Stan, he's always used two matches to light three cigarettes, walked around black cats and ladders and cowed before the invisible power of Friday the 13th. I've never argued with Stan about his superstitions but was glad when Richard Frey, well-known bridge player and authority on superstitions, appeared on the program as Family Counselor. I hoped he could show Stan the folly of his ways.

“I'm not superstitious . . . but . . .” protested Stan.

“Maybe, Stan, but do you happen to remember last Friday's date?” asked Mr. Frey.

“Why, yes. Friday the thirteenth,” Stan answered.

“Do you usually remember last week's dates—unless a special event is involved?” probed Frey.

“No-o-o. I just happened to hear a few people comment that last Friday was the 13th,” hedged Stan.

“And those people probably wouldn't have commented if it had been Friday the 12th or 14th. They mentioned it, and you remembered it because it was a day many people consider unlucky. Therefore, there is some superstition in your soul,” analyzed Mr. Frey.

Stan confessed there was and then asked the universal question, “Do you think there really is anything to them?”

Mr. Frey proceeded to point out that both the people who think there is something in superstitions and those who claim they're ridiculous may both be right. Though the belief itself may not bring you luck, the mental attitude associated with it is important. A lucky feeling may act as a stimulant and give you extra confidence. But if superstitions induce fear, they are harmful.

The superstitions themselves may start in many dif-

ferent ways, but most of them are merely a matter of coincidence. When the same things happen more than once in similar circumstances, people remember the circumstances and think they might actually have something to do with the event.

“Say it rains three Tuesdays in a row and the same card player loses each time,” Mr. Frey pointed out. “He's likely to decide he'll lose whenever he plays on a rainy Tuesday, and thus this belief or superstition will find him in the movies whenever it rains on Tuesdays. The fellow who takes his place as loser that night is a new prospect for believing in the same superstition. Soon, there are a lot of players who doubt the advisability of playing on rainy Tuesdays, thus a new superstition is built.”

He went on to show that some are spread deliberately, with the familiar “three on a match” accredited to match manufacturers. “But it isn't too far-fetched to believe that during the first World War, when this superstition got started, by the time the third soldier put his cigarette to the match, an enemy sniper could spot the light, aim and fire. That made the third on a match the unlucky one.”

Emphasizing his previous point that a strong mental belief in a certain superstition—carrying a lucky coin, wearing a green dress or red shoes—may act as a stimulant and give a person extra confidence, it's all right to a point. However, Mr. Frey warns that when the so-called habit is violated, a person may actually become fearful—and then a superstition is harmful, giving one the wrong mental attitude. Like anything else in life, it's the degree that counts.



Mrs.
Allan A. Ryan

*The Special Magic
of her Inner Self glows through
her lovely, expressive face*

Mrs. Ryan's charming, sensitive face has a lovely way of showing you delightful pictures of her vivid self. Small wonder so many doors and hearts open wide for her everywhere she goes.

Your face, too, is constantly telling what *You* are! It is the *You* that others see first—and remember best. Do help it to look *always lovely* and bright, and beckoning. Then, your own Inner Magic can glow through it joyously for everyone to see.

Her skilled, beautiful riding has brought Mrs. Ryan high honors. She leads in another

talent, too—her way of always looking especially smart and charming.

That hidden, magic self within you — can transform your world

Does that wished-for woman you'd like to be seem tantalizingly out of reach? She shouldn't! Every woman has the power to *change* herself—be lovelier.

A wonderful force within *You* can help you. It grows out of the close relation of your *Inner Self* to your *Outer Self* and the power of each to change the other.

You sense this force in the warm glow of confidence you give out when you *look your loveliest*. You also know its down-pulling feeling of inferiority, when you are *not* at your best. It is the reason those special daily attentions that add to your *outer loveliness* can make so much difference to *You*—and all who see you!

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

You'll find this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream has a wonderful way of giving skin a *cleanness*

and *freshness* other people notice. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) *cream your face* this special way. *Do it like this:*

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This light, fluffy cream will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

Yes, this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on *both* sides of your skin—*From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away skin-dulling dirt and old make-up, as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Mrs. Ryan says: "I find it a *delightful*

beauty routine, Pond's is the finest quality face cream anyone can ask for."

Remember—it is *not* vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you *look lovely* it has a magic way of rippling out to all who see you—all who love you. It adds both to *your* happiness and to *theirs*. It brings the *Inner You* closer to others.



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—Care for it Pond's rewarding way. Get a big jar of Pond's today.

It's Always Herb Sheldon Time

(Continued from page 49)

trapped by his own enthusiasms. This, she told herself, was something she'd have to help him guard against all his life—because, of course, she had no intention of letting that ring get out of her hands permanently. And she was right—by the next New Year's Eve it was hers again. The ring—and all of the promises and protestations and declarations, only made real now by the passing of years and the proving of love—has been hers ever since.

Much has happened between then—a boy and a girl falling in love, with nothing but hopes and dreams to build on—and now, when the Sheldons have been married some thirteen years, have a charming home, three delightful children, and the new Herb Sheldon Show, with Herb's name and fame known to millions of listeners, to show for those thirteen years of being together.

Herb came by his love for show business quite naturally. His father had been a professional acrobatic cyclist—who had prudently foreseen the death of vaudeville and retired just in time. Much to the family's relief, Mr. Sheldon went into business, and from then on a theatrical career, in the Sheldon household, was considered a frivolous waste of time. By everyone but Herb, that is.

After he'd graduated from Erasmus Hall high school, in Brooklyn, Herb decided to study Shakespearean Drama at New York University. He showed a decided gift for acting, and a flair for staging and production. But no one took his ambitions seriously, least of all the Broadway producers and directors whom he hounded for a chance. It was then that Herb decided he was a twenty-one-year-old failure. But it was also then that Tutti came along, and changed his outlook on life once more. For a girl like Tutti, young Herb decided, a man could do anything.

Although Herb's courtship of Tutti took place only fourteen years ago it was conducted in a grand manner more befitting the nineties. This was Herb's over-developed sense of the dramatic coming out. Resplendent in top-hat and tails, Herb arrived at Tutti's doorstep promptly at eight every Saturday night. In one hand he had a box of candy and in the other, a corsage.

The Sheldons laugh about their early elegance now and spend most of their time very close to home. Their current idea of night-life is to retire at ten p.m.

Herb still keeps his top-hat handy in the hall closet though. The children like to play with it and Herb drags it out for a royal welcome when his father-in-law comes to call.

When Tutti was eighteen her parents took a cruise around the world. She stayed home supposedly to continue her studies at Adelphi College, but actually to be near Herb. Her parents were in China when Tutti dispatched a hurried, joyful letter to them announcing her engagement. The news was literally broken, for as her father strode down a Shanghai street excitedly reading the letter to his wife, he didn't watch where he was walking. As a result he celebrated the happy event by falling down a Shanghai manhole.

Herb's decision to get married signified one important thing to his family. He would just have to forget acting and settle down to the serious business of earning a living. Since Mr. Sheldon was

in the yarn supply business, it seemed logical that Herb should do something in the same line. Within a few months the "Fine Spun" corporation was born and Herb was devoting all his energies to manufacturing and selling young men's sweaters.

He was doing very well. Then one day he won first prize at a buyer's convention for his merchandise display. He had constructed his booth to look like a theatre. There was a box-office outside and a marquee announcing the appearance of "Clark Crewneck" in "Latest Fashions for Spring". Everyone complimented him on his clever idea, but it meant more than a good merchandising stunt to Herb. Suddenly he realized that he was still dreaming about show business. He realized that no matter how many sweaters he sold, he couldn't be completely happy with what he was doing.

That night he went home and spoke to Tutti.

"Right now we're doing fine," he told her. "But if I go on this way, thinking about what I've missed, I'll probably ruin the business anyway. What should I do?"

Tutti had to consider a good many things that night. She thought of her infant daughter sleeping unawares in the next room. She thought of the gossip that would follow a drastic change like this. She thought of her own choice between assured luxury or scraping out an existence. Unhesitatingly she gave her answer.

"Go ahead, darling," she urged him. "You're still young and you mustn't wait until it is too late to risk a change."

That was all Herb needed to know. He rounded up his business affairs in a gay mood and closed up his office. Many of his friends and family were surprised and disturbed by this rash decision. Their acid comments fell on deaf ears.

Herb decided that theatrical ventures were too precarious and that radio was his best bet. He tried to enter radio by the back door, writing comedy material for other performers. Dipping heavily into his savings, he opened up an office to keep up appearances. Things were ominously slow in the entertainment world but Herb didn't have time to worry.

Then, for one entire year, everything was paid out and nothing came in. Herb wrote reams of comedy sketches and sent his material to every star, program and agency imaginable. He was rewarded with the most complete set of rejection slips in town, but not one penny. Meanwhile, Tutti scrimped along on her limited budget and never faltered in her encouragement.

Finally when everything seemed blackest, WINS in New York gave Herb a chance to do a fifteen-minute show, daily. No salary but at least he was on the air. One day there was an emergency at the station. They needed a staff announcer in a hurry and Herb was right on the spot. With a deep sigh he switched from red ink to black and began to work himself out of debt.

At WINS, Herb worked a regular eight-hour shift and then lingered at the station hours longer to watch and listen and learn. He studied microphone technique by observing the more experienced announcers. He tried to soak up everything he could about production and direction. Within six short

months he was appointed chief announcer. Then came a series of rapid-fire promotions. Herb was made program director and production manager. He was the youngest man ever to hold those jobs at the station. His salary went way up and even his severest critics had to admit, Herb was doing fine.

But once again there was that gnawing discontent. Herb had enjoyed announcing but executive work didn't seem to be right for him. It was impossible to voluntarily demote himself back to the position of staff announcer. The only solution was to make a clean break and start looking for a job all over again.

By this time, the people who had thought of him as irresponsible and eccentric before were convinced that he was just out of his mind. For four tense months, Herb searched for a job and found nothing. Tutti avoided the curious eyes of her neighbors. Then, feeling that he had nothing to lose, Herb auditioned at the National Broadcasting Company. Every bit of Tutti's faith was rewarded when the news came through that Herb was appointed a staff announcer at NBC.

From here on his story is known to anyone who ever listened in to Ransom Sherman, Honeymoon in New York, Maggi's Private Wire, Ed East and Polly or the Kirkwood and Grey Show.

Always a quick-witted, articulate ad-libber, Herb distinguished himself especially during the next few years. His vivid, on-the-spot reporting of such tragic events as the airplane crash into the Empire State building won him the H. B. Davis Award as top NBC announcer in 1945.

Then Herb got an idea for a new program. He and Maggi McNellis began their hilarious audience participation program, Luncheon at the Latin Quarter. Always conducted at break-neck speed and giddy with laughs, the "Luncheon" show was a boon to listeners. On the other hand, Herb found himself losing fifteen pounds a year and missing most of his sleep. He and Maggi worked in one hundred and twenty-five degree temperatures when the air conditioning broke down and they even went on during a complete electrical blackout.

Through his intimate contact with so many members of the listening audience, Herb began to get a new idea of what happiness radio brings into the lives of many people.

One elderly lady wrote and told him that his program saved her life. She heard it at a time when she was lying half-paralyzed and close to blindness in a hospital. She didn't want to go on and paid little attention when the nurse turned on a radio near her bed. Then without realizing it she began to laugh for the first time in months. It was the turning point in her illness, she wrote, because it gave her that little bit of extra strength and happiness she needed to face the future.

Now on his new program, Herb has grown even closer to his audiences. The Herb Sheldon Show is a comfortable potpourri of nostalgia, sunny good humor and pertinent household hints. Herb is one man who really knows his way around a home and enjoys fixing and puttering.

Last year when the Sheldons bought a home in Jamaica Estates, everybody thought Herb had made another mistake. But he is the kind of man who cannot look at a room without visualizing the walls knocked down or the plumbing redone. Tutti, a former art student, worked with him on every phase of the remodeling.

If you sit in their spacious, serene living room with the gorgeous, mirrored fireplace and the tasteful furniture, it is hard to believe that last year at this time the room was a plaster-filled shambles. Herb and Tutti remember only too well. They are still paying the contractor's bills. Hardly a day goes by without some neighbor dropping in to see what new marvels the Sheldons have wrought.

Tutti gives all the credit to Herb's dynamic ideas and Herb generously hands the credit right back to Tutti.

"She is what every man dreams about and seldom gets," he says seriously. "The perfect wife and mother. Her life revolves around our home and our three children. She is gentle and tactful even when I am impossibly cranky. She bides her time, finds out what was bothering me and sets it straight. And on top of that, she's still as beautiful as when I married her."

Herb calls home about four times a day. He can't relax unless he knows what Tutti and the children are doing.

Lynda-Penny, the oldest, is nine. A little replica of her mother, she plays the piano, and paints beautifully.

Amy-Jane, aged three, is an exquisite, black-eyed imp. Even at her tender age she can manage a devastating imitation of Milton Berle and is so affectionate that she'll even crawl into the lap of a complete stranger.

Twenty-two-month-old Randy is a tiny dynamo. Herb thinks he'll grow up to be a night watchman if he follows his present tendency to stay up all night. Tutti has to rush to keep up with him.

"I never realized that bringing up a boy would be so much harder than bringing up the girls," she gasps and hurries off to chase Randy who is chasing a puppy.

The Sheldons' life centers around their children. In their handsome, re-finished basement, Herb has made a miniature movie theatre. He had to move his projector into the laundry room so as not to interfere with a mammoth set of electric trains in the theatre proper. There is a hole through the laundry room door for the lens of the projector and two smaller holes for Herb to peek through. There he sits like the "Shadow," who "sees all, knows all," and patiently shows Mickey Mouse movies.

Outside in the garden there is a log cabin playhouse, a roomy sandbox and a glider swing. A portable barbecue stands near the terrace ready for an impromptu outdoor supper. Lying in a patch of bluebells is Randy's big red ball.

Upstairs in the children's playroom there are some brightly colored drawings left there by Lynda. Next door in the bathroom, a small celluloid duck rests peacefully on the edge of the bathtub waiting for Amy's nightly dip.

Downstairs Tutti is working in her spotless kitchen and Herb is straightening out his tool chest. Any time of any day you can enter the Sheldon house and feel the same invisible quality. The sense that here indeed is a richly happy family, created by two young people who knew what they wanted and had the faith to see it through.



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A lot of women who use Fels-Naptha Soap would think we were kidding, if they saw this announcement. And they would laugh right in our faces.

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So . . . we don't make any laughable announcements about adding 'miracle' ingredients to Fels-Naptha Soap. We're content to make a laundry soap so good that women just *smile*—with pleasure—when they see the results it gives them on washday.

If you want better washday results—better in every way—we suggest you try the *mild, safe soap with no 'miracle' ingredient*—Fels-NAPHTHA Soap.

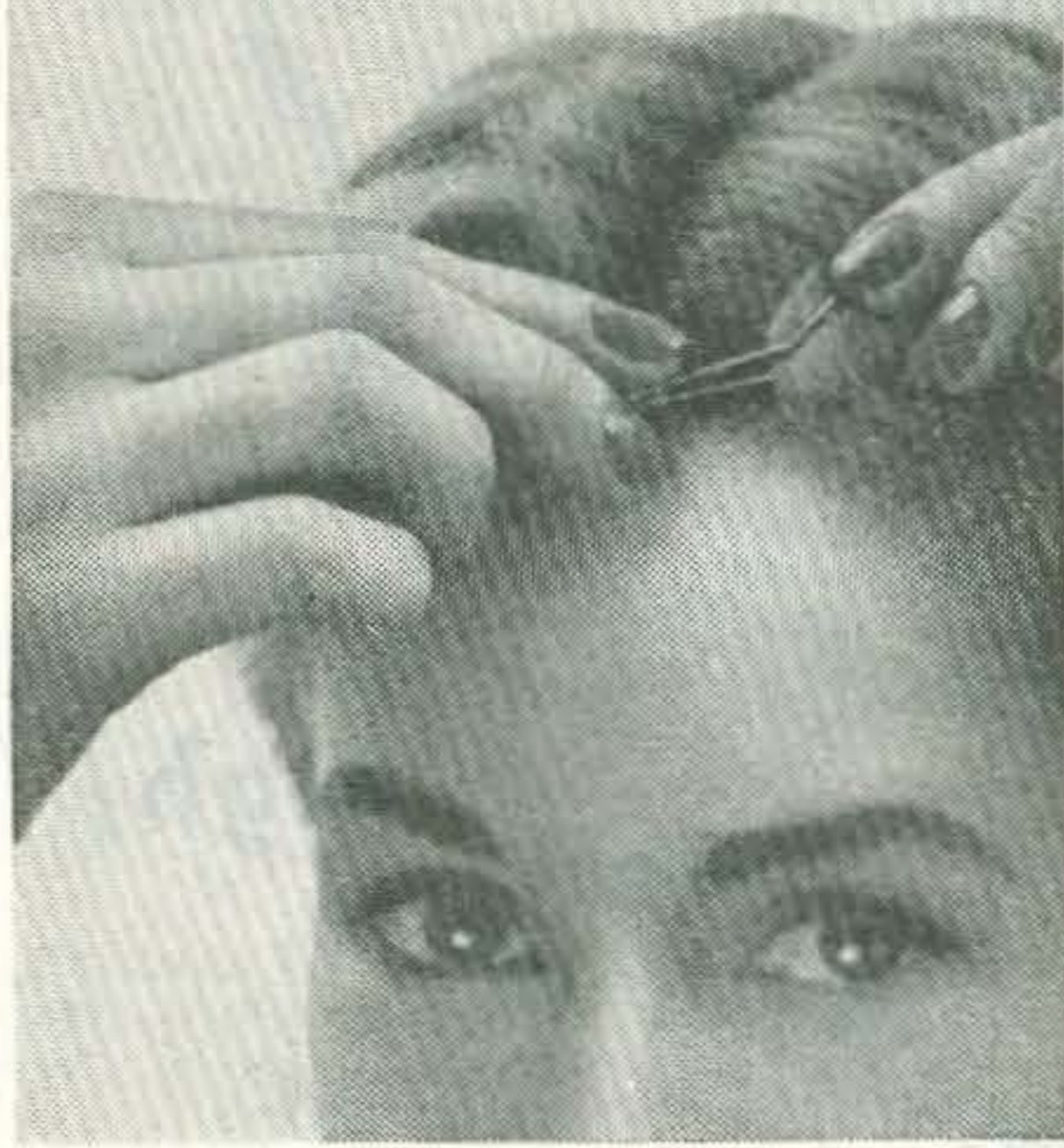


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Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins
Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 47)

known and loved this young man since, and possibly, though your letter does not state, even before his army service, there has been a close relationship between you for several years. If by this time you cannot be completely honest with one another, it is a relationship that calls for review. Is there perhaps a small doubt in your mind as to just how much he loves you, a doubt that makes you unwilling to force him to an immediate decision? You are self-supporting, and since you plan to continue your work after marriage you could not by any stretch of imagination be described as a liability—to a man who really loved you, really wished to marry you. It's possible your young man has come to rely too much on your patience, expecting you to supply companionship whenever he wants it without, in turn, being willing to accept the slightest responsibility himself. It's also possible, however, that he is genuinely, if mistakenly, disturbed about his financial limitations. Present the question firmly, definitely to him: if you truly love each other you have postponed your marriage for long enough.

NO CHOICE

Dear Joan:

My husband is a fisherman, and his trips take from six to ten days. While he is away I worry myself sick, and when he does come home I am just as miserable knowing that in two or three days he will be gone again. I have come to the point where I feel I must ask him to make a choice between the sea and me, but I know it will be like asking him to stop breathing. Other fishermen's wives tell me I will get used to it but I doubt it. I have been married two years. Have I the right to ask him to take a job ashore, knowing that fishing is the only kind of work he has ever done and that he loves it?

A. R.

Dear A. R.:

If, as you say, asking your husband to give up the sea would be like asking him to stop breathing . . . have you any choice? When you married your husband you undertook to live the kind of life which he could provide for you, and, since he was a fisherman, you must have realized that you were taking on certain responsibilities with regard to his occupation—an additional portion of strain and worry which many wives are not asked to carry, but which is shared by the wives of all men in occupations which require them to be away from home for days at a time. No, you have no choice . . . you must make up your mind to face the facts of your life, and make the very good adjustment to them that I am sure you can. Otherwise you will make life miserable for both of you.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

Dear Joan:

My mother, who lives with me, does not like my husband. He often gets upset over trifles and yells at me. When she treats him coldly after his outbursts, he resents it and complains to me. Between the two of them and their continual complaints, I am a nervous wreck. My two older sisters, who have excuses for not letting mother live with them, just don't want to be bothered and leave her care to me, as she is not

too well. Must I choose between husband and mother?

Mrs. J. O.

Dear Mrs. J. O.:

There is no reason why the two people whom you love should, by working against each other, work together to ruin your life—no reason in the world, if you are willing to take firm steps to end the situation. It is evidently impractical to consider setting up a separate living place for your mother, which would keep her out of your husband's way and yet enable you to care for her. Therefore, you will have to have a talk with your mother. Your husband's outbursts, if not directed against her which they apparently are not, are none of your mother's direct business. It is unfair and meddlesome of her to "treat him coldly after his outbursts," or in any other manner to display criticism of him while she is living in your home. Explain to her in as decided a manner as possible that you and your husband have taken on the job of building a successful marriage, and that the comments of a third party are unwanted and can only cause trouble—even a third party as close as your mother naturally is to you. Also, you might have a talk with your husband, reminding him that your mother is elderly and ill, and that he, as a young, robust person, is in better condition to exercise control over his manner to her. Don't be argumentative or fault-finding when you discuss the subject with him; rather, ask that he help you to make the situation as bearable as possible for all three of you. But first of all, there must be a determined effort on your part to make your mother understand that she can be a welcome guest only so long as she refrains from causing trouble there.

Many letters have come to me which pose the problem that follows, but Mrs. G. T. N.'s letter encompasses so many factors of the situation that I have selected it for this month's \$25 problem letter award. How would you work out her dilemma? Your answer may win you a \$25 check.

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband wants a baby so much he talks of it almost constantly. As much as I want one, we just can't afford it now. We're laden with so many bills. We're paying monthly installments on a house, a GI loan. There's furniture still to be purchased. On top of that there are the bills everyone has, food, clothing, and so on. By this time there's not much of a check left. What makes my reasons so weak to my husband is that my sister was married less than a year ago, has a lovely home and is expecting a baby, and her husband hasn't any better job than my Gary. But what Gary doesn't realize is how much in debt they are. From my own childhood experience I know what happens when there isn't enough money to provide adequately for a child, and I don't want that to happen to mine. On the other hand, Gary's parents provided him with everything, and he thinks a child of ours could have this now. I know we can't afford it. I'm only twenty-two: Gary's twenty-five. I feel we should wait until we're more secure. What do you think?

Mrs. G. T. N.

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This Is Galen Drake

(Continued from page 26)

to get across," Galen said. "I always thought that when I could tell about myself, I'd say hello to them first."

And why wouldn't Galen Drake let his story be told before? He had the simplest reason in the world.

"I was afraid to let my audience know how young I was," he says with a grin.

Galen has now arrived at the advanced age of forty-two, so he feels it's safe finally to come out from behind the microphone. But when he started in with the kind of program he does now, he was only a little past thirty. Scarcely a child, it's true, but still not mature enough in years to have his philosophical material taken seriously. He realized that he might be able to overcome this handicap, but he also realized that it was wiser not to take the chance.

"People have the notion that you can't know very much or have thought very deeply unless you've got white hair and a beard," Galen sighs. "Me, I only had my little old moustache."

Almost all of Galen's interests started when he was a child growing up in Long Beach, California—and a most unusual child he was.

He liked to study. He liked to read. He liked to talk with older people. His greatest fun was learning about new things, finding out what made people tick. Try as he would, he just couldn't get absorbed in the games that other boys spend their time at.

"When the rest of the kids were reading Dick Merriwell," he recalls, "I was reading Plato. I'd try joining them in a ball game, and I'd become bored."

He was fascinated by everything under the sun, but his big love was medicine. If you had asked him what he wanted to become, when he was in his teens, his answer would certainly have been—"a brain surgeon." Giving up that dream was the great disappointment of his life. He had to give it up because there wasn't enough money to carry him through medical training.

He remembers exactly when the dream had started.

"I was eight years old—how do you like that? I helped out in the corner drugstore, washing bottles in the prescription department. 'This is for me,' I thought. 'I'm gonna be a doctor.'"

He spent his time reading, practicing his music, hanging around medical laboratories and the local radio station

—and writing poetry. There aren't many boys who can get away with that kind of thing without being labeled a "sissy." But Galen never had to worry, because he was too handy with his fists. He learned the manly art of self-defense scientifically—it was just one of many things that happened to interest him. Eventually he made quite a name in amateur boxing circles.

All through this time and later, too, money was a big problem. His family didn't have the kind that would give Galen the education he wanted, so he acquired all his knowledge on his own. He went without eating so that he could buy books, wore his brother-in-law's hand-me-downs so that he could afford music lessons. He made money in any way he could—driving a truck, working in a laundry, manning the red-hot boilers in the Long Beach oil fields.

He's talking from personal experience when he says: "There's no such thing as not being able to afford an education."

When a youngster develops in the unusual way that Galen did, there's generally a reason for it. In Galen's case, you'll probably find the reason in the kind of family he came from. His father had been a widower with three children when Galen's mother married him. By the time Galen was born his two half-sisters and half-brother were already grown, so that Galen was always surrounded by adults, always accustomed to mature ideas.

In addition, both his father and mother were quite remarkable people, who believed in living by their ideals. Galen's father never had much money, but he was, Galen says, "one of the richest men in the world, one of the most contented human beings I have ever known." All through Galen's formative years, his father tried to teach him the sources of his happiness.

"Folks'll tell you that honesty's the best policy—which is so. But there's nothing in it about getting rich or becoming famous," he would say. "Being honest won't necessarily make you rich at all, as you can see from myself," he'd go on with a twinkle in his eye. "But I'll tell you what it will do—it'll make it pleasant for you to live with yourself. Believe me, son, that's something no one can avoid doing."

When Galen came East in 1944, his father was already past his three-score-and-ten. One day shortly before

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AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Galen was to leave California his father suddenly suggested that they go out for a drive. As the two rode along, the old man began going over the beliefs that he had tried to pass on through the years.

Galen asked him. "Dad, you and I have chewed the rag about these things many times before. Why this all-in-one repeat?"

"Now, look," his father answered. "This is no sympathy routine, but you know darn well that I'm a pretty old man. Let's be practical. You're going a few thousand miles away and the chances are I probably won't see you again. I don't have any money to leave you, but I do have certain ideas which made my life happy. I just want to be sure you remember them."

As it turned out, although Galen talked to his parents over the phone almost every day, he found it impossible to leave New York. Three years later—two years ago now—a telegram was brought in twenty minutes before his broadcast telling him that his father had died. At first Galen felt that he couldn't possibly go on. But then he began thinking of the ideals his father believed in so strongly. Galen went ahead with his program. He realized that the finest tribute he could pay his father was to meet his responsibility.

Since his mother passed away last year, Galen, who isn't married, has been left with only his two half-sisters. Both of them live on the coast. They're twenty years older than Galen and still think of him as a baby, he says.

"I'll get a special delivery letter giving me the dickens because my voice sounded kind of cold-ish, that day, and they're sure I'm not wearing my rubbers in the rain."

It was five years ago that Galen left Los Angeles for New York and nationwide radio recognition. His radio career, like his other interests, had started back in his teens, too. Galen used to do odd jobs around the local Long Beach station and wound up getting a few singing spots. He kept up his radio chores while studying and doing other jobs and worked into speaking as well as singing assignments. Then in 1940 he got the chance to conduct a program very like his present one in San Francisco. From there, he went on to a larger station in Los Angeles, and in 1944, ABC asked him to broadcast over WJZ in New York.

He had already decided when he started in 1940 to keep himself out of the picture as far as the public went. Listeners would have to accept him on the basis of what he said, rather than his age or background. The fact that they did is a matter of radio history.

Would Galen have won his wide influence otherwise? Nobody will ever know. As it was, without the handicap of a youthful appearance, his words took on an authority that many a household can be grateful for.

There are the households, for instance, which have been saved from divorce by Galen's probing words. There are the households which have taken on a new serenity when his shrewd comments gave the mother of the family insight into the importance and dignity of her job. There are the households which have escaped from a nagging shadow when a grandmother or grandfather whose life seemed to hold no meaning was inspired by Galen's searching remarks to find new interests. And there are the households which, but for the grace of a Galen



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NEVER, NEVER face your world without your perfume . . . make use of its magic and power every hour, every day. Remember, daytimes, evenings and always, *Evening in Paris* perfume is enchanting . . . and you're a thousand times more fascinating when you wear it!

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BOURJOIS

Perfume . . . 75¢ to \$12.50
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Drake broadcast, would have experienced the tragedy of suicide.

Sometimes, the contact has been almost direct. During Galen's first year in New York, he had a six to seven a.m. broadcast. One morning, ten minutes after his program had begun, a message was brought to him.

"Please start talking about alcoholism and suicide immediately."

It was signed by a good friend of Galen's—let's call him Tom—who had been cured through Alcoholics Anonymous. Galen knew that Tom would never send in an SOS like that unless something serious were up.

He put everything he had into those next ten minutes, all of the wisdom and faith-giving philosophy he had accumulated through the years. He said that life is a precious gift, and that despair is like a blindness which many experience and conquer. He said that it was common for people fighting alcoholism to insist they couldn't do it.

"I once came upon a profound statement which is very much to the point," Galen went on. "What a man must do he can do. When he says he cannot, he means he will not."

After the broadcast, Tom told him what it was all about.

Early in the morning, Tom had received a phone call from the man who was his special responsibility in Alcoholics Anonymous. Like all AA graduates, Tom acted as counselor and support to one fellow-member.

"I'm calling to tell you it's no use," the man had said. "After I hang up, I'm going to open the window and jump. I want you to know that I appreciate all your efforts."

Tom pleaded. "Look," he said, "will you do me just one favor? Will you turn on WJZ and listen for fifteen minutes?"

"All right," the man agreed. "That's the least I can do."

Ten minutes later, after listening to Galen Drake whom he had never heard of then, the man called back.

"I don't know who your friend is," he said, "but tell him 'thanks,' will you? And don't worry about me. Everything's under control."

Galen says, "You can take money. I'll take that."

While he can and has given many people new understanding and fresh hope, Galen Drake can also make some people very nervous—specifically the producers, engineers and sound men who work on his two local WCBS shows and his ABC network program. They can't get used to it. The time

for his broadcast gets closer—fifteen minutes, ten minutes, five minutes. Most programs would have been set up and ready to go long before, with performers tensely awaiting the signal from the control booth. But not Galen Drake. He hasn't come in yet. He hasn't rehearsed, he's got no script to go by, and five minutes before air-time he hasn't even arrived at the studio.

It happens every time. Maybe three or four minutes before he's due to go on, in ambles Galen.

"Hello, fellas!" He waves nonchalantly at the group waiting for him.

Then he drops the briefcase on the large, rectangular table where the microphone has been set up, pulls out a few loose pieces of paper with notes scribbled on them, and takes out the same small black loose-leaf notebook. If there's still a minute or so to spare, he'll take off his jacket and wander out to look around the ABC or CBS corridors. Sixty seconds before he's on, Galen settles back in his chair before the mike, opens his collar, loosens his tie, and, probably, rolls up his shirt-sleeves. You never saw a more relaxed man.

He looks around calmly, grinning at the men in the control booth, and maybe lighting a cigarette as he takes a fast glance at notes on his desk or thumbs that well-worn notebook. Then the engineer raises his hand, and Galen Drake is on.

Since that only means he's going to talk for fifteen minutes or a half-hour, he can't understand what there is to worry about. And he can't understand why there's always someone who wants him to plan what he's going to say.

"Now how am I going to know what I'll say until I start talking?" he'll argue. "Do you draw up diagrams of your conversation when you go visiting friends?"

As far as Galen is concerned, his radio talks are a kind of one-sided chat that he carries on with a sympathetic crony about life.

Almost always his air remarks concern facts or ideas which he has come upon in the course of his reading or observations.

Always keenly interested in psychology ("what makes people go," he says) and philosophy ("what makes the world go"), Galen usually finds himself talking about some aspect of one or the other subject on the air. Although he's read philosophical writings all his life, Galen has derived most satisfaction from a modern figure who doesn't claim to be a philosopher. He

is Bruce Barton, the well-known advertising man, who wrote several books on religion and moral problems.

"Barton applies the ideas of the ages to our times in a completely practical, realistic way," Galen explains. "That's what people need."

In addition to Bruce Barton, Galen often refers to the work of Dr. Edward Spencer Cowles, a renowned psychiatrist and one of Galen's close friends. The two men came together after Galen read Dr. Cowles' book, *Don't Be Afraid* and decided that he had to know the man who wrote it. Now, he spends free time talking to a group of patients at Dr. Cowles' request.

Another man whom Galen admires tremendously, and from whom he has learned a great deal is Dr. Paul Popenoe, psychologist and social worker on the West Coast. When Galen lived in Los Angeles, he spent many hours as an observer at Dr. Popenoe's famous marriage clinic where he developed his insight into marriage and family problems.

Although Galen will never set himself up as an authority, you'll sometimes hear him credit a vague "someone" for the idea he's presenting. The "someone" he refers to is no one less than Mr. Drake himself. Occasionally, this "someone" will be responsible for a poem which Galen decides to read. One of these, called *Reward*, which Galen wrote some years ago, has become very popular with his listeners. It goes in part:

"With shining eyes and lifted nose,
A million dogs lined up in rows
And stood before the throne of God,
While He, with just a smiling
nod,

Bade all household pets sit down . . .
Each ear upon each spirit head
Was up, to hear each word He
said.

'You've all led lives untouched by
greed,
And love and honor seemed your
creed,

So now, because of that, you've come
To dwell with Me in this your
home' . . ."

It's a charming little verse, the kind of thing that would be written by a man who loves dogs, which Galen does. More revealing, however, is another piece of poetry which Galen wrote about fifteen years ago, a poem that he has never read over the air, never shown to the public before now. It is his favorite, and he has given permission for its appearance in *RADIO MIRROR*.

"Sad moments? Yes, I have them,
now and then.

When I'm alone, with thoughts of
yesterday

And all I could have made of it, I
say,

'God help me make tomorrow better.'
Men

Like me don't seem to do, they just
pretend,

And live in worlds of dreams, like
boys at play

Upon a sandy beach. Our thoughts
are clay

For other minds to model. Never gay,
We grope through with blinding mortal
chains

Around our feet, a film of make-
believe

Across our eyes. Afraid of fleshy
pains

We cringe from intercourse with life,
but heave

A sigh of ecstasy at summer rains—
Like maids, who in their doorways
sit, and weave."

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My Husband, Gordon Mac Rae

(Continued from page 33)

only boys who had had college training. Gordon was the lone exception, which surely speaks well for his home.

Furthermore, to prove that Luck also took an interest in him, here is the truth about how Gordon got his first big break: he was combing his hair in the ABC washroom one day, singing at the top of his lungs out of pure exuberance, when Horace Heidt came in. Gordon had no way of knowing that Horace Heidt was looking for a second tenor who could read music, and by the time Gordon learned this he was already rehearsing with the quartet.

By this time Gordon and I had been going steady for several months. My mother had given permission for us to be engaged *only* after extracting our promise that we wouldn't be married for at least two years. I was barely seventeen and Gordon was just past twenty. Too young—everyone thought—to be serious.

However, we felt that it was a supercharged serious situation when Gordon went on tour with the Heidt band while I languished in New York. I was miserable and lost; Gordon was just as lost and just as miserable. Finally, Horace Heidt telephoned from Cleveland to say that Gordon was so lonely that he was crossing up his own career.

Horace explained that the band was going to be on tour for another eighteen months so he thought we should make a decision: either Gordon and I should get married or we should break our engagement and forget all about it.

This was a crisis of such magnitude that I doubt if anyone over twenty-five could understand it! Like any seventeen-year-old girl, I was torn equally between my desire to marry Gordon and my ambition to have a career of my own. I persuaded my parents to let me go to Cleveland to visit Gordon, to see if our love was as intense as we thought it was. Mrs. Heidt was with the band and could act as chaperone.

Once I stepped off the train and into Gordon's arms, there was no question in my heart about what I really wanted of the future. I began at once to run up my parents' telephone bill by reversing the charges on hourly calls. Finally, they gave in.

And so, at nine o'clock on a brilliant spring morning, Gordon and I were married in The Old Stone Church in Cleveland, Ohio. The minister was a wise and fatherly man who gave us a talk that Gordon and I will cherish forever, and one that we will try to repeat to our own children when they approach their wedding days.

The date was May 21, 1941—Pearl Harbor was still seven months away—and in addition to its being our wedding day, it was Horace Heidt's birthday. After the ceremony, Horace took us to Cleveland's best hotel where we had a combination wedding breakfast-birthday party. From that day to this we've celebrated our wedding anniversary with the Heidts whenever the four of us have been in the same city.

We had no honeymoon (aside from being excused from two shows that day.) In those days, however, Gordon's touring with the band provided a sort of perpetual honeymoon. We saw cities which had been, to us, merely names in our school geographies. We fell in

You owe it to your daughter to tell her these *Intimate Facts of Life!*



Before she marries—make sure she has this modern, scientific information . . .

Isn't it a blessing that in this modern age of enlightenment, helpful truths can be outspoken? Today, vaginal douches 2 or 3 times weekly are so widely recommended and practiced for intimate feminine cleanliness that the all-important question has really become—WHAT to put in the douche!

So, mother, make sure your daughter realizes: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.* (If you have the slightest doubt, send for PROOF in free booklet below.)

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If, through old-fashioned advice passed on down through the years, you are still using 'kitchen makeshifts' such as salt, soda or vinegar—let us warn you these are NOT germicides in the douche.

On the other hand, no wise woman

would want to resort to dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden tissue and, in time, even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

Truly, ZONITE is a modern miracle! ZONITE has a powerful germ-killing action yet is ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues. It's positively *non-poisonous*, and *non-irritating*. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish—there's not the slightest risk of injury.

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M is for the **Millions of Women** (yes, actually millions) who have already adopted this miracle Tampax — college students, secretaries, trained nurses, housewives, sales girls, athletes, actresses—all kinds of women all over the world!

P indicates the new **Poise and Confidence** resulting on those days from the use of Tampax. No odor can form. No chafing. You can't even feel it. Wear it in tub or shower bath if you like. Easy disposal.

A represents the **Absolute Certainty** that no single bulge or ridge under your dress or skirt will be caused by Tampax. It simply *can't*, because Tampax is worn internally. It's only one-ninth the size of the other kind!

X stands for all the **Ex-Users** of external pads who now march up to their drug or notion counters each month and buy Tampax —3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

love with views which we had thought were merely artists' dreams lithographed on five-cent postal cards.

We were in California when war broke out, and Gordon wanted to storm down to the nearest recruiting office to enlist. He talked it over with Horace, first, of course, and Horace—eager to hold the band together as long as possible—advised Gordon to register for the draft (he had been too young until that time) and to wait to be called.

Gordon was tractable until we spent several weeks at Kelly Field with the band, entertaining. Naturally, he fell in love with the Air Force. Piloting was for him; he had to have a large order of wild blue yonder. Without saying a word to Horace, Gordon enlisted. As a result of this rebellion, Horace and Gordon didn't speak for two solid years.

As it turned out, the glider pilot program was suspended at that time, so the Air Force abruptly found itself with a wealth of pilot material, but a dearth of navigators. So I-Wanted-Wings-MacRae bless his disappointed heart, was trained for navigation. Gordon had never before thought himself capable of such intense concentration and precision. But he proved to be so competent an aerial navigator that he was assigned to instructor duty, and was about to be sent overseas when the war ended in August, 1945. Gordon was honorably discharged in November of that year, and, after reading for several parts being cast, was signed to play the lead in "Three To Make Ready."

There is a rather amusing story about Gordon's early flirtations with the movies. On our first trip to California, in the fall of 1941, a talent scout spotted Gordon and made an appointment for him to be interviewed by Mr. Ivan Kahn who was head of talent at that time. (He is now a producer)

Mr. Kahn talked to Gordon for thirty or forty minutes, then told the scout in private that he didn't think "the boy" had much to offer.

In the spring of 1949, Gordon and I attended a party at which Mr. and Mrs. Kahn were also guests. During the evening, Mr. Kahn said to Gordon, "Your face troubles me. I'm certain that I've met you before." Gordon refreshed Mr. Kahn's memory, and Mr. Kahn, shaking his head ruefully, said he would comfort himself with the knowledge that even Metro had let Fred Astaire slip through their fingers years ago.

I like Gordon's reply. With sincere modesty which is so much a part of his makeup, he told Mr. Kahn, "You were right about me then, you know. I was too young, too green, too inexperienced to have been of any interest to a studio in those days. Now I'm beginning to understand some of the technique of show business, of which I didn't dream eight years ago."

I know that some of the radio people who work with Gordon may read, with a dubious smile, my phrase "sincere modesty" in reference to Gordon. There are some people who don't consider Gordon modest, but not unless you understand his determination to be a fine singer can you understand.

For instance, Gordon emerged from the radio studio after his regular Monday night Railroad Hour broadcast, and was told by one of the technicians, "You did a great job tonight. You were splendid."

Answered Gordon gravely, "Yes, I

know. It was just one of those nights."

This was not conceit. It was simple statement of fact. To him it was like saying, "I adjusted the carburetor," or "I mowed the lawn." He knew that the program had gone off well.

Gordon is a paradox. He appears to be casual, light-hearted, and perpetually gay. Actually, he's thoughtful, serious-minded and determined. He tries to do everything to perfection.

Years ago, when we were students together, it was easy to fall for the Gordon I *thought* I knew. As weeks went by, I realized that there was infinitely more to him than the surface person, the quick-witted, handsome, singing boy all the girls admired. One of the first things he told me was that his parents had set him and his sister a perfect pattern for family life. His mother and father are devoted, but theirs has been the devotion which included their children instead of closing them out, as sometimes happens.

When Gordon asked me to marry him, he said that his idea of happiness was not only finding a permanent wife and establishing a home, but in having a family of children. After eight years of marriage we have three youngsters, so I think we're well on our way to that goal.

Gordon is a fine father. He takes time to talk to the children and to play with them. He answers their millionth question with the same patience that he answered the first—and that's an accomplishment, believe me!

He always brings them some sort of a surprise when he is away on appearance tours, and he always remembers me, too. One time he sent me a dusty rose gabardine suit which fitted me perfectly and was one of the loveliest things I've ever owned. He's just as competent at buying the children's clothing, and he has a knack of ferreting out unusual toys.

I'm glad that I married a man who is not only wise, but who has the character to live up to his wisdom. The children—with that wonderful instinct children have—appreciate him, too.

A week or so ago, for instance, Meredith Lynn let herself in for some minor trouble. She wanted money to buy an ice cream bar, but the nurse didn't think she should have anything more to eat. When Meredith set up a howl, the nurse asked her what God would think of someone making such a fuss on Sunday.

Snapped Meredith, "I like money better than God, so there."

Naturally she didn't understand the seriousness of what she had said, but Gordon felt that something like this should be dealt with at once. He took her on his lap gently and explained that she was too young to understand God, except in a little-girl way, but that she must believe Daddy when he told her that money was of very little importance.

Money, he said, only bought things you could see, but that the biggest, most important things on earth were those you can't see. You can't see love, for instance, or . . .

Meredith interrupted at this point. "Oh, yes I can, too, see love," she insisted. "When you look at me, it shows on your face so I know you love me."

This left Gordon without much to say, but it gave me a sentence to cherish forever, because it tells so much about my husband. We know he loves us because we can see love on his face when he looks at us.

I'm an NBC Cop

(Continued from page 45)

of my life I'd been an independent cattle buyer in Omaha, Nebraska.

The NBC man seemed particularly interested in this part of my background. "What's the main thing to cattle buying?" he asked me. "Being able to judge weight on the hoof?"

I told him, "Lots of raisers bringing range cattle to market will cram them full of hay and water to make them weigh heavy, just before they put them in the selling pens. A cattle buyer has got to be able to tell real solid heft from the fake kind."

It wasn't till they put me on the artists' entrance up here at our new building that it finally dawned on me that being able to tell solid heft from the fake kind is a good nutshell description of what my present job requires. Some of those autograph hounds trying to bluff their way in here can give a pretty convincing imitation of a genuine heavyweight.

There was the afternoon not so long ago when I turned around from answering my telephone just in time to spot a young girl going through the inside door in a timid uncertain sort of way that made me say to myself: "Uh huh, thought you could sneak past when I wasn't looking, eh? Pretty green at it, too; haven't learned yet how to brazen it out."

I jumped up and put a detaining hand on her arm, told her she wasn't allowed through there. She flushed and told me she was Kay Jordan, Molly and Jim Jordan's daughter, and that she was due at a rehearsal of her parents' radio show—Fibber McGee and Molly.

Now, I know Fibber and Molly real well, and I knew they had a daughter, a cute little trick with pigtails, about eight or nine years old, while this girl in front of me was well into her teens. So I told her again. "Sorry, but you can't go through here without a pass."

The girl was a right persistent little thing, though—didn't shoo very easy. "Won't you please call the studio and check on me?" she asked. "They're liable to be waiting for me. I'm late."

"That won't be necessary," I said, still certain I was dealing with a phony who was just trying to get me busy with the phone again so she could make another attempt at the door. "Mr. and Mrs. Jordan told me when they came in today that, if any of their daughters showed up to tell them to go up to the Vine Street Derby and wait there."

"Oh," she said. "I guess they decided not to use me." Looking pretty dejected, she turned around and walked out toward Vine Street. She was hardly more than out of sight when the desk phone rang. Molly Jordan.

"Ralph," she says, "when our daughter, Kay, shows up, will you tell her to hurry right up to studio B. She's late and we're holding rehearsal for her."

"Your daughter K-kay?" I gulped. "What's she look like?"

"Oh, you'll know her, Ralph. She came in with us a couple of times four or five years ago, and you remarked how cute she was."

"Sweet Sophronia!" I says. "How time flies!"

I don't know how fast Mel Patton could do a hundred yards on Vine Street in heavy sidewalk traffic, but if we'd been competing over that course that day I believe I'd've extended him. I caught up with Kay and gave her her



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mother's message. She flew back the way I'd come, possibly shading my time.

The parking lot, though it's not quite as hectic as the artists' entrance, has its headaches too. We have room for two hundred and fifty cars out there, and most of the time we're full. Bent fenders and skinned paint are not unknown occurrences on our lot, I'm sorry to say I've often thought there must be something about knowing he's shortly going to have to stand up in front of a microphone that affects a man's judgment of distance.

As a for-instance, and because he's a good sport and probably won't mind my telling this on him (too much), I might mention the way Clark Gable pulled in here one day just before he was due for a spot on a show. Darn me if he didn't head in crossways and crease the next car's fenders with his bumper.

He hopped right out to see what he'd done, and, as I came up, "I'm insured," he told me. "Tell the guy with the bent fender that I'll take care of it. If I leave you my insurance agent's card, will you give it to the guy, please."

I said I would. Mr. Gable fumbled around in his billfold and passed me a piece of paper. I looked at it. It was his driver's license. I passed it back to him. He fumbled some more and finally handed me the right card.

I stood watching him a minute as he walked off fast toward the artists' entrance. Clark's a well-built man, got big shoulders. By the time I noticed his feet he was out of hailing distance. He was wearing a brown suede on the other. Which made me feel sort of relieved he wasn't going on television.

And now, since we've already mentioned pre-mike nervousness, we might as well take a quick look at post-mike weariness, which wreaks its havoc most noticeably among the funny men. A man with jokes to tell needs a live audience out there in front of the mike to laugh at his gags and make his show sound alive over the air, and that's usually the way it works out. But occasionally a comedian will find his studio theater heavily infested with people whose only apparent reason for being there is to rest their feet.

Even the old hands like Frank Morgan, who's been in show business so long he can likely remember when Al Jolson wasn't, take a beating on days when the studio audience is mentally elsewhere. I remember one Thursday afternoon two or three years ago when Mr. Morgan came out the back entrance after a broadcast looking pretty wilted. Ordinarily, he's a man who doesn't need a highball glass in his hand to make him look distinguished. And he's a very natty dresser. But that afternoon he looked as if he'd just finished refereeing a ladies' wrestling match.

He came up to my desk with slack-kneed steps and asked me if I'd mind going out on the parking lot and getting his car for him.

"Are you sick, Mr. Morgan?" I asked.

"No, just pooped, Ralph," he answered in tones of utter weariness. "That bunch of zombies we had in the studio today . . . Well, you know how it is. As soon as I saw those three or four embalmers' assistants in the front row I knew it was going to be like working for laughs at Republican headquarters the day after a presidential election, any recent one. I'd risk a small bet I lost five pounds in there today."

As Mr. Morgan eased himself into my chair I suddenly decided to ask him a

man-to-man question I'd been wanting to ask one of the headliners for a long time. "Just what is it makes a radio show such a hard chore, Mr. Morgan?"

He gave me a look that would have dented a battleship. "If you think you'll be any happier for knowing, I'll tell you: it's having to do an entirely new show every week. And if you want to know why that's a tough grind, just ask any woman who's had one, how she'd feel about having forty babies a year."

Awhile back I had several unkind words to say about autograph hounds and gate crashers, but there is another class of outsiders wanting inside that I like and try to help as much as I can. Those are the young folks with talent, training, and previous experience on local stations, who are trying to break into upper-level radio. Most of them are actors or actresses, singers or comedians trying to make contacts.

Naturally, I hear quite a bit about what's going on on the various programs in the way of casting and so forth. Also, I know which agencies handle which shows, and I know most of the directors and producers. This knowledge has more than once made it possible for me to suggest something that's led to one of those youngsters getting a break, and I get a real wallop out of that.

Now that sign-off time is drawing near I might as well admit there's a personal reason why I have a soft spot for radio aspirants. It's a reason I was hardly aware of myself until very recently, and I'm not sure it's an entirely creditable one for a man of my age—fifty-nine, if you must know. It all began back two or three years ago when Ralph Edwards started using me occasionally on his Truth or Consequences show, not as an actor, but as a guard to stay with his contestants and see that they faithfully performed their consequences before they received their king-size pay-offs from the sponsors.

As watchdog, I'm not supposed to help any of the contestants with their difficult and embarrassing chores. Only once did I stretch that no-help rule a little. That was when Ralph sent a middle-aged bachelor out to act as baby sitter for a pair of year-old boys, who, if I was nicknaming them, I would call "The Waterworks Twins." Watching that poor guy's hopeless struggle to keep dry pants on those kids was too much for me. I pitched in and showed him how to sling a diaper, a thing which once you learn you never forget.

But, to get back to my "personal reason," I found myself enjoying and looking forward to those mikeside jobs for Ralph Edwards. And when one night he gave me some lines to speak, I enjoyed myself even more. Also, last spring I performed in front of a television camera in several episodes of a mystery show called The Cat. Mine was a purely action part with no speaking lines. (You guessed it; I played a cop.) The Cat hasn't found a sponsor yet, but all of us who worked on it are hoping that it will pretty soon.

Now you see what my personal reason is for being on the side of the youngsters who show up at NBC's back door. We have things in common. And, after all, why should I be ashamed of liking acting jobs and hoping for more of them. After fifteen years exposure to the most exacting business on earth, a man would have to be a stick of wood not to feel an urge to get in there in front of the microphone—even if he doesn't say a darn word.

My Mr. Powell and His Mr. Diamond

(Continued from page 41)

Daddy—but acting a part on the radio. It was her Daddy and it wasn't, for Richard Powell, believe me Pamela, never hit a lady in his life. Never even raised his voice. Her Daddy is the sweetest, kindest, gentlest . . . well, you know.

I sat and thought after the show signed off about Richard Diamond and Richard Powell and how dramatically unlike they are for two fellows who go around wearing the same clothes.

How would I like it, I wondered, if Richard Diamond came home one night in Richard Powell's shoes—a la Dr. Jekyll's Mr. Hyde—and started throwing his considerable weight around?

"Did you call Mrs. Flergenberg as I told you to, about Thursday night?"
"Oh, no, Richard, I forgot," I would reply shaking.

"Then get on the phone and open your mouth and call Mrs. Flergenberg or I'll put your foot in it." Punch! Bop! And I'd go phone with a shiner.

How much pleasanter it is, I thought warmly, living with Richard Powell, who says, "Honey, I called Mrs. Flergenberg. I knew with that portrait sitting and those interviews on your mind you wouldn't remember it."

It wouldn't occur to Richard Powell that he might have an excuse to forget things. He is in production on his new picture "Mrs. Mike" and is as involved as I am with mine, and has his radio show to get on the air once a week, and our business affairs to manage. He has so much to do that he gets to bed at one and gets up at six in the morning to get through with it, and he calls Mrs. Flergenberg or whomever, and doesn't mind a bit that I can't seem to.

I could write a book, and still not tell half the thoughtful, considerate things Dick has done for Pam and me, and goes right on doing every day.

Like the time I wanted a new dress for Pamela's christening.

We had just mailed out a hundred or so invitations, and were talking about how wonderful our little girl was, and how special the christening must be.

"I think I ought to buy a new dress for it, don't you Richard?" I said. Pamela was going to look scrumptious in her long white organdy and lace and I didn't want her to be ashamed of her mommy.

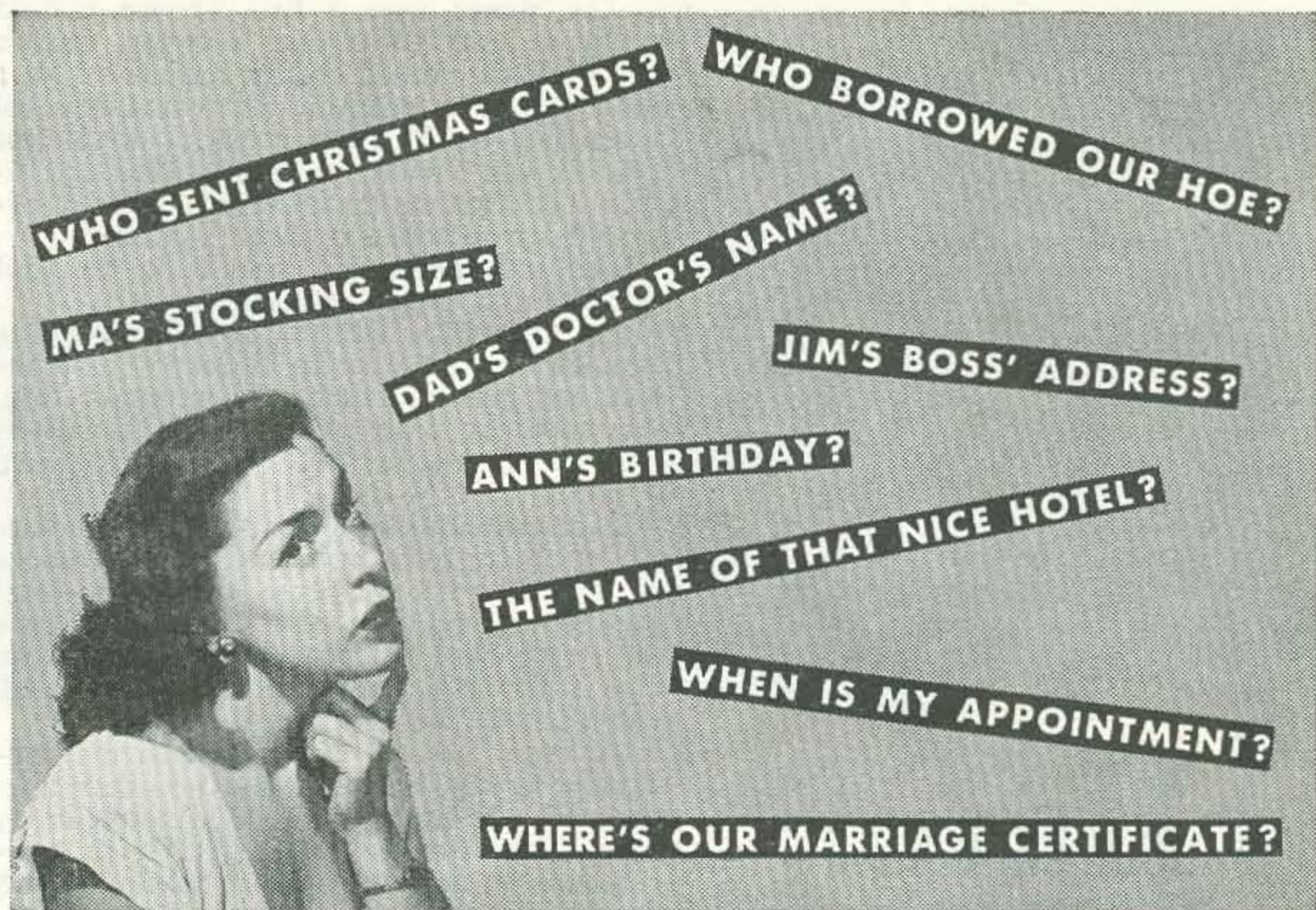
"Oh, honey," he said, "don't you think that would be extravagant? You have so many dresses."

I had to admit that he was right about that, and we went upstairs together and picked out a simple little navy blue taffeta and a perky white hat that we thought would do. And I forgot all about the dress-buying urge.

Two days before the big event Don Loper called—Don Loper only makes the most extravagant things in town—and asked me when I was coming in for my fitting.

"What fitting?" I asked him. I hadn't ordered any clothes. He thought I'd better come in anyway.

When I got there, I found my christening costume all ready. Richard had gone to see Don the day after our conversation, and they had designed the most charming dress and hat and gloves—that you ever saw.



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—or do you remember where John told you the water shut-off valve in the basement is located?

If you are like most of us you have little notes all over the house—but when you want them, they are not to be found. But what can be done about it?

Well, Janet Lane and Catherine Emig Plagemann 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 belongings and your various activities.

Here is a book that every homemaker needs—it is a book that you need, for it provides space for you to jot down those thousand and one things that come up every day in your life.

Glance at the partial Table of Contents at the right and notice the wealth of facts this book provides for. Here is a record book that you will use and refer to every day of your life. It will save you time, trouble and anguish—no end.

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- ENTERTAINING YOUR FRIENDS—Index to your friends' allergies, food preferences, whether they prefer bridge or poker—and a record of what you gave them to eat last time.
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- HOUSEHOLD SERVICE—Directory of help for repairs, cleaning and service.
- YOUR GARDEN—A place to jot down things to remember on the basis of past experience—best arrangements, soil treatment, planting dates.
- CANNING, PRESERVING, FREEZING—A guide to your family's capacity and taste, as well as your own prowess.
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The dress was a full brown taffeta with a lace yoke and sleeves, and a sweet little round collar, and the hat, a starched lace bonnet. It was the most engaging outfit I ever had. And that wasn't all. Richard had gotten so intrigued, Don told me, that he had ordered three more dresses for me.

Richard Diamond wouldn't do that for the last dame on earth!

Or airmail a dream of a blue nylon nightie all the way to Chicago, just because a girl had to be off on a personal appearance tour with "The Stratton Story" on Mother's Day. But Richard Powell would—and did.

Richard Diamond would stagger into his girl friend's apartment without so much as a phone call, for days—and say "I'm tired. I want a drink and some supper. And I want to stretch out on the sofa and go to sleep. I'm tired, dead tired. So don't bother me!"

At our house, I'm a little embarrassed to say, it is usually the other way around. Richard Powell sits patiently and waits for me. When I'm in production on a picture I can manage with tremendous effort a sort of organization. But when I have a few days off the hours run together, and the "things I really must do today" spill over onto tomorrow's calendar, and I lie in my pink and white bedroom, or hang around Pam's nursery and watch her grow.

The luxurious background that is possible for me now—the comfortable English house, the wonderfully competent servants, the whole atmosphere of good living which is part of my life with Dick—is such a far cry from my hungry days in New York as an unknown actress that sometimes I just like to enjoy it. Richard understands and pampers me ridiculously.

Richard Diamond wouldn't, you can bet.

But then, as I said before, Richard Diamond and Richard Powell aren't as much alike as they look.

You can imagine what Diamond would be like in the kitchen, for example! He wouldn't be caught dead there, I'm sure—but Richard Powell, on the other hand, is a demon cook.

Of course, Richard uses every pot in the kitchen sometimes and comes up with scrambled eggs, but that's a small point. Once when the cook was off and I was working, Dick invited supper guests. He chose the biggest ham he could find in the deep freeze and boiled it in apple cider in a cast iron pot—and came out with iron oxide of ham.

But I really shouldn't tease Richard by telling about the times that went wrong. More often they go right—like the time when Dick wanted to give a welcome home party for me when I got back from my personal appearance tour. He planned the whole thing, invited thirty guests, and fed them royally.

And he is a scandalously efficient father. I still feel, when Pamela is sitting on my lap, that she is a doll and might break. But Richard can toss her in the air and catch her with nerves of iron and he has the laugh on me, because she obviously loves it.

Pamela is a pixie-face, with a turned up nose and round blue eyes which can stare a strong man down, and a minimum ration of softly curly red-blonde hair. Her coloring and her features are strikingly like mine, considering the fact that she is an adopted baby.

We wanted to dress her up—really up!—for her first birthday, and reached an impasse with the hair ribbon. A bow simply wouldn't stay tied in that lovely fuzz she calls hair. Here again, her daddy had the solution.

A nice little bow, and a nice little piece of scotch tape—which didn't show at all. The bow stayed on for several days, and Pamela admired it to the droopy end. Her Daddy did it.

Sometimes I think I am beginning to get an inferiority complex living with a wonder man who can do anything, and when this happens I plot to show him up—just a little.

The last time this happened—and disastrously for me—was last winter when I coaxed Richard into going skiing with me. I had been to Sun Valley once before and knew a little about the art. Richard had never even seen a pair of skis. So on the train I coached him smugly in all of the beginners' rules I could remember.

What happened served me right. After four days I was still on the practice run, and Richard was flying down the big slope.

I should have known that a man who can sail and hunt and fly an airplane could show up any girl whose only regular form of exercise is ping pong.

Richard has enough energy to do everything he is supposed to, and a lot of the things which I was supposed to do, with still enough energy left over for all the things he loves to do.

This works out fine, for everybody.

The Diamond in my husband may rebel some day, and poke me. But in the meantime, I'm living the life of Richard Powell's wife—and loving it.

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Beware of These

(Continued from page 29)

killed in the war. One evening she was surprised by a knock at the door. In the hall, she met a tall and very handsome man of about thirty-five.

"You're Mary Jane," he said quickly. "I remember the picture your husband carried in his locker."

The man went on to explain he had served as an officer with Mary Jane's husband. His name was Bob Ellison.

She found Bob an absorbing talker and apparently sincere. He told her that he had come to the city to open a real estate office with his uncle. He talked about the bravery of Mary Jane's husband but she didn't notice that he just told her what was in the newspaper accounts.

"Will you have dinner with me tomorrow?" he asked later. "It's rather lonely in the city for an unmarried man."

Mary Jane accepted. She had instantly liked Bob's attentive manner and his soft speech. In the following month she saw him often. She even got to know and like his uncle, a bluff, hearty man.

It wasn't hard for Mary Jane, after living five years alone, to fall in love with Bob. When he proposed, she accepted immediately.

They drove to the real estate office and Bob pulled some photographs out of a file. They were pictures of beautifully landscaped property on the outskirts of the city.

"That's where we'll build our home," he told her.

Then Bob's uncle came into the room. "Congratulations. I've heard the good news," he said.

"I'm buying that property," Bob said. They discussed the land and the owner's price, \$10,000.

"That's cheap," Bob said. "I'll have a check for you next week."

"Maybe someone else will buy it first," Mary Jane said anxiously.

Bob looked embarrassed and explained, "I have a deal to close in Buffalo next week and then I'll have the money."

"Let me pay for it," Mary Jane said.

Bob stood up and angrily said, "I won't have that. I pay for everything in our marriage."

The couple walked out of the office, but the following day Mary Jane was back talking privately to Bob's uncle.

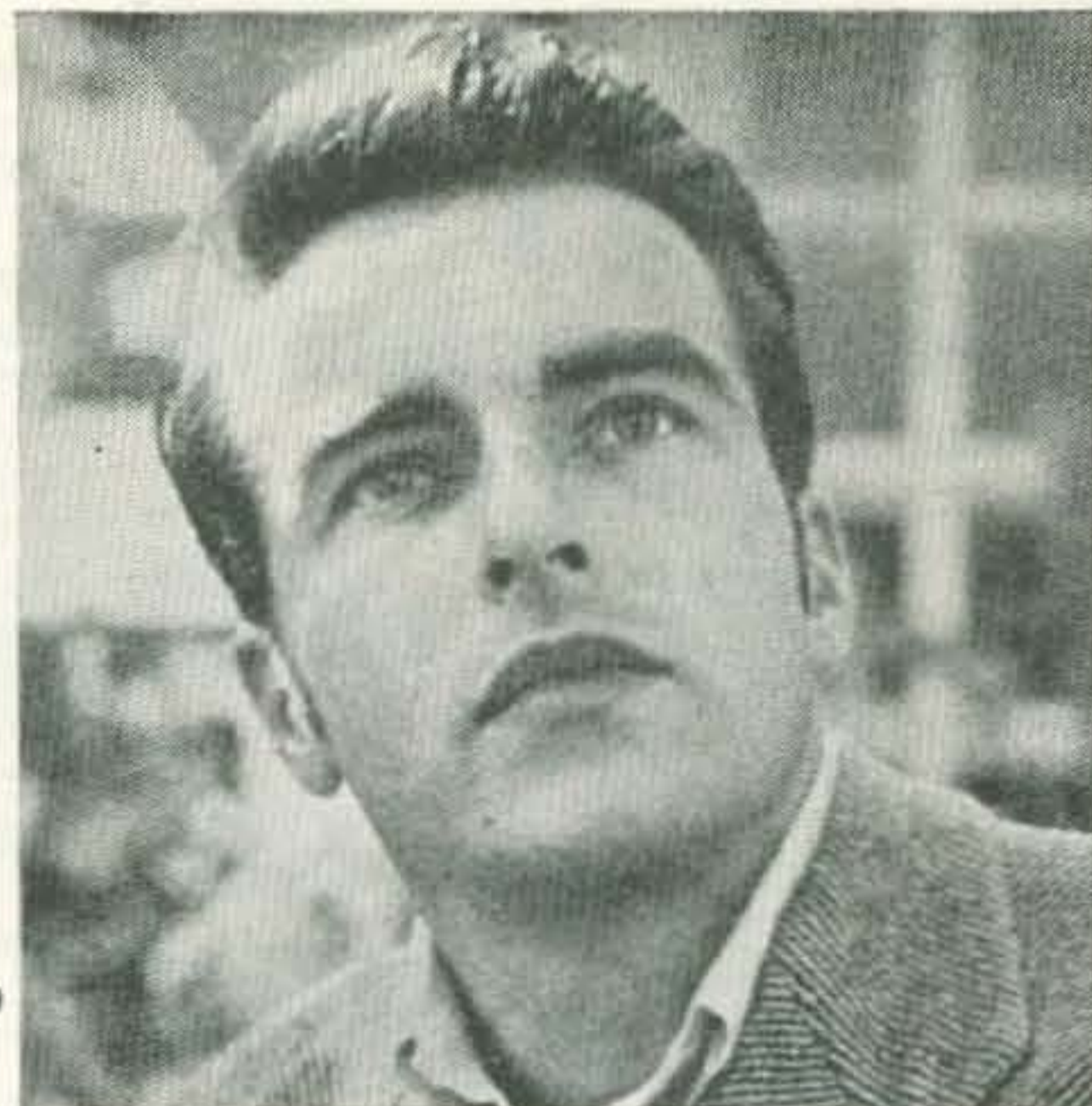
"Please take this check," she pleaded. "Bob doesn't have to know about it, and next week you can return my money."

It was the last time Mary Jane W. ever saw her money or Bob and his "uncle." Two days later, completely crushed, she realized she had been swindled. Today she is a broken woman with little faith in her fellow man, and she exists in near poverty.

The scheme used on Mary Jane is only a variation of the many practiced by marital seducers. Lonely women, in particular, must beware of the kindly man who calls at her door, but just as dangerous are the "professional" advisers on mental and marital problems who put up a big front and hang a meaningless diploma on their office walls to give the impression that they are psychologists.

Quack advice has been responsible for insanity and even death. A young man in a depressed state of mind committed suicide because of stupid treat-

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ment he received from a fake psychologist. Beatrice M., a middle-aged wife, was actually spurred on by a "marital adviser" to kill her husband.

The "Doctor" made all necessary arrangements for the death of her husband to appear accidental. He made certain, too, that a good part of the woman's insurance money would be paid to him for his "treatments." Then the husband was killed. It wasn't till many months later, when an investigation had proven the "Doctor" to be a criminal, that the wife realized the wrong she had done. Before she was brought to trial, her conscience drove her to suicide.

Occurrences such as these should not make you distrustful of all counselors and psychologists but in such matters, when you need help, your medical doctor can usually recommend a specialist. And there are private agencies that will protect and guide you. The most notable example is the Better Business Bureau with offices throughout the country. The BBB is a non-profit service corporation with the goal of elevating the standards of business conduct and fighting frauds.

One of the latest devices reported by the BBB in use by fraudulent peddlers is the survey. Everyone is familiar with the polls made on political campaigns, radio programs and other ideas. It has even become common practice for manufacturers to do house-to-house research on new products before marketing.

Human nature being what it is, the average person is flattered rather than annoyed when a stranger approaches to ask her opinion. So the crooked peddlers have turned this to their advantage. One case brought to my attention used Radio Mirror Magazine as a wedge into homes.

A woman in New England reported that a well-dressed, polite man rang her door bell and displayed a copy of Radio Mirror. He pointed out an advertisement explaining that he was conducting a survey of cooking utensils.

"It would be a great help to us if you would answer a few questions," he said.

Flattered, the woman invited him into her living room and answered his questions.

"Would you like to see some new aluminum ware that Radio Mirror is going to endorse?" the man finally asked.

He opened a box and took out several beautiful pots and pans. The woman instantly liked them.

"These won't be available to the general public for another six months," the man said, "but I'm authorized to sell them to everyone who cooperates in the survey for fifty percent of what they will cost later."

The woman was more than pleased with the samples and the low cost, but she enjoyed the satisfaction of a good buy for only a few days. A week later a whole set of pots and pans arrived, although she had ordered only a few. The aluminum and design were inferior to those she'd ordered and the salesman explained the money she'd given him was only a down payment.

Unfortunately, the woman allowed the peddler to bully her into making the rest of the payment on the basis of a slip of paper she had signed. Angrily, she wrote to the editors of Radio Mirror. They answered her explaining they knew nothing about it and advised her to notify the police. It was too late. The man had left town. He

had used the magazine as a front to give the impression he represented a dependable organization. Actually, he had pasted his own advertisement into the magazine he carried.

You can safeguard yourself against the fake survey by remembering that a legitimate research organization will never try to sell you something. They have only one purpose: to get your opinion on a subject quickly.

Ignorance of the service or merchandise sold is usually a chief factor in the fraud. Combined with the universal desire to get something for nothing or almost nothing, it is easy for these criminals to put across their hoax. One of the most widespread rackets is the sale of fabrics that are supposedly smuggled into the country very cheaply.

Small, dark men with peculiar accents may appear at your home with exceptional bargains in French or Belgian lace. A wistful lass with a Scotch accent offers family linens from the "auld" country at a great bargain. It happens everywhere and probably while you are reading this several women throughout the country are making a "good buy." In Texas recently, several housewives paid \$200 each for imported lace that was selling at a Houston store for \$7.50. So you can feel reasonably suspicious when anyone comes to your door offering you merchandise at a "ridiculously low price."

There are a lot of jokes about growing hair on a bald head but the cosmetic and health schemes thrust on women are anything but laughable. Many of them are ineffectual and some are dangerous. Reducing remedies that contain desiccated thyroid, laxatives or dinitrophenol are potentially very harmful. On the other hand, the soaps, creams, bath salts and other external applications sold to permanently reduce obesity while generally harmless are ineffectual.

If you want to thicken your hair, it would take nothing less than a miracle to revitalize dead hair roots. There is no such thing as a hair tonic that "nourishes" the hair any more than there is any known substance that will increase the length of the eyelash. Likewise, there is no known preparation or process which will "restore" the "original" color to hair just as there is no hair dye which can be truthfully represented as "permanent."

The woman who buys a cream believing it to be a "skin food" or "tissue builder" is being misled. So is the woman who spends a hard-earned dollar on creams sold to develop the bust. The quantity of hormone injections required to enlarge a woman's breasts is so great that it can be administered only by a doctor and in most cases would be dangerous anyway.

"See your doctor!"—that's the best advice for any physical disorder whether it's a question of vanity or health. Too many people waste their lives and money on fake cures for diabetes, tuberculosis, kidney ailments and many other diseases. A maddening example of this occurred in Chicago recently when William R. Ferguson began to sell a blue and white gadget resembling a dumb-bell in appearance to be used for medicinal purposes.

"I call this liquid inside the tube 'Zerret,'" he explained. "It's a name I coined. You won't find it in the dictionary nor is it electrical in any way. It is the most staple thing you can find in the world. It will not become contaminated in regular usage."

A thousand "Zerrets" were sold at fifty dollars each before postal authorities investigated Mr. Ferguson's claims then both he and his gadget were taken out of circulation. The \$50 "Zerret" contained nothing but an ordinary water solution.

If you have a child, it is possible that at any time a nice-looking young man or woman may ring your doorbell and introduce himself as a talent scout searching the country for bright youngsters to be starred in radio or television, or to work as models.

It was in the city of Dallas that a mother who was sending her daughter to a modeling school got a bit of shock. She found a typewritten sheet in her daughter's drawer with the school's letterhead. It was a release from her daughter permitting the school to take nude photographs.

"That's the only way you can get into movies," the girl said. "That's what they told us."

Well, an operator of a similar modeling school-agency in Los Angeles was given a nine-month jail sentence for pulling the same stunt. His agency was located near a high school and the youngsters were made to pay registration fees in the hopes of obtaining modeling jobs. The girls were induced to pose in the nude for "amateur photographers" when the agency claimed it was the best way to get into movies.

I have shown you only a few of the schemes perpetrated on American women. It's impossible to predict what shape or form the swindler may assume when he knocks at your door. He is like the quick-change artist with hundreds of disguises and as many sales talks. He may be pleading for a fake charity or collecting COD charges on an empty box that he claims your neighbor or husband ordered.

Be on your guard for the honest peddler will appreciate your precautions. Remember that business is almost one hundred percent honest and fair to the public.

Here are a few suggestions for avoiding the fakers:

1—Deal only with firms or individuals of reputation. When in doubt about a business or charity, call the local BBB or Chamber of Commerce.

2—Beware of the man who offers you great savings. It is seldom that anyone gets something for nothing.

3—Be as careful about buying merchandise at the doorstep as you would be at a store counter.

4—Before you sign a contract be sure the promises made verbally are contained in the contract. Retain a copy.

5—Pay your bills by check or money order made out to the firm. Don't pay cash to a salesman.

But finally there is only one good safeguard against this million-dollar racket. That is your own calm, clear judgment. Don't be afraid to use it.

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Advertisement

A Place Called Home

(Continued from page 54)

special things at their price.

The main house is set well back from the highway and red geraniums line the walk to the front door. The oldest portion was built 250 years ago of bricks made on the place. A second part was added twenty-five years later, a third after another twenty-five years or so. But the small wing that houses Ted's study is only ten years old.

From the wide flagstone terrace at the back you get a sweeping view of the distant Jericho Mountains and, nearer, Bowman's Hill. Below the terrace is a grove of four fine old trees, a shady place to play and picnic.

The master of the house may greet you in well-pressed shirt and slacks, but that doesn't fool anyone for a minute. You know he just got out of some dirty old work clothes when you see the evidences of fresh transplanting and the well-mowed lawns. Doris has been preparing lunch for the guests.

Sue, seven, and Sally, six, won't get dressed up until we are ready to take their pictures. They have been shopping and can hardly wait to show off their finery.

"Sally has eight brand-new dresses," Doris Steele explains, "and she would like to wear all eight at once. I found only four that looked as cute on Sue, because she's growing so tall and thin, but there was a yellow dotted swiss with a matching parasol that she loved, something Sally didn't get and they decided it was a fair arrangement."

It started to storm before we got Sue's picture with the precious parasol, so we finally took one with it opened right in the middle of the living room, a big square room furnished in the spirit of the Pennsylvania Dutch tradition to which the house belongs.

Doris painted and papered the whole first floor herself and then had a man come in to do the ceilings and staircase.

You wonder when she finds time for any of this. Besides being Ted's agent and business manager, she writes the scripts for the big Bucks County Party program he puts on over the DuMont network every Tuesday night from 9:00 to 9:30 EDT. She works too on the Monday through Friday noon show over CBS-TV, and she not only writes but co-emcees their Monday through Friday Mr. and Mrs. Music radio show over WMCA, New York, from 9:15 to 11:45 A.M. EDT.

Cabinets in the study are piled high with pamphlets. "My agricultural library," Ted explains. I glance at a row of leather bound books. "My correspondence course," Ted says. "Sure, I took it after I left school and was working my way up in radio." Titles include *Salesmanship* and *Commercial Law*.

Ted started as a page boy at National Broadcasting Company in New York and in five months worked his way up to sales promotion. While he was still a salesman someone told him about the new musical instrument, the Novachord, and he used to spend his noon hours practicing at the offices of the company that handled it. When NBC asked them to recommend a Novachordist for the Cities Service Program the company said the best one available was right on the NBC sales staff.

He played thematic music and bridges on as many as twenty commercial programs a week, and began to make

Novachord recordings. His first big conducting job came on the Screen Test radio show, and then he went on to the Chesterfield Supper Club, in 1944-45.

But before that, in the late 1930's, something happened that was to influence his career even more than the Novachord incident. He walked into an advertising agency to talk over a show and he met Doris Brooks, who was just long enough out of Montgomery, Alabama, to retain a soft Southern something in her voice.

When Ted opened an office she became his business manager and script writer. It worked fine—for about six months.

"Ted was going with a girl I didn't care much about, and since I kept the books and the checkbook I knew he was spending too much money. One day I told Ted I was going back home to Montgomery. A few days later I went to the office to clear things up when I thought Ted would be out. I found him standing utterly helpless in the middle of the room.

"Where were you?" he demanded, and I began to cry. Of course I went back to work, and just about then he started to ask me for dates. A year later we were married."

When, five years later, following his MGM Screen Test and Chesterfield shows, Ted came back from a stint of writing and arranging music for the movies in Hollywood, they decided they just had to get out into the country. Ted started to buy calves and heifers at auctions while they were still staying with friends in Bucks County, boarding his animals out. He was trying to rent only the barn on his present farm so he could take care of the animals himself, when the caretaker suggested that the Steeles buy the place.

Ted was doubtful. As if they could dream of having a place like that. But Doris has a motto, that reads: "You can do anything you want to do." "I didn't even have to go in to make up my mind," she says. "When we drove up to the door I knew we wanted it."

"Then I struck it lucky with the cattle," Ted broke in. "I bought and sold for twelve months, getting the cows in good shape and re-selling them and I finally built up a three hundred dollar investment to ten thousand dollars. And everything else began to come our way."

We were sitting out on the terrace in the late afternoon while the Steeles were telling this part of their story. The wind was mounting swiftly and Henry Mignot, their herdsman and farmer, was racing his tractor back to the barn to call the cattle in before the storm would break. Mr. Mignot hails from the Isle of Guernsey and had helped to bring over some of these famous cattle, including the Steeles' fine breed bull, Vagabond's Valiant. But Mr. Mignot is the only person in the neighborhood who is as interested in Ted's television career as in his cattle holdings.

"Was your wife watching the show last night when you had to kiss that beautiful girl?" he had asked Ted a few days before.

"She sure was. She hired the girl," Ted told him.

Small wonder that Mr. Mignot thinks television is wonderful. And Ted and Doris agree with him. But Guernseys rate high too.

Garroway at Large

(Continued from page 51)

full-sized, from the brow of a television camera."

His radio stint, however, is sizeable. Sundays, on the NBC net, he does the Dave Garroway Show with Joseph Gallicchio and his orchestra. He has a daily 5:15 P.M. disc jockey program on WMAQ, and at midnight he has the 11:60 Club, the show where Garroway licked his own frustration and emerged a walking declaration of independence.

That David C. Garroway was born of the same mortal stuff as the rest of us is a fact recorded thirty-six years ago. Strange forces, however, seemed to be present from the moment of his appearance. The event occurred July 13, 1913, at 13 Van Belsan Street, 13th precinct, Schenectady, New York, at 1:00 P.M. which Navy men read as 13 o'clock. He joined NBC in Chicago on September 13, 1940, and 13 crops out significantly all through his life.

He describes his parents as highly literate, somewhat nomadic, and determined to teach him to stand on his own feet. He lived in 26 (twice 13) states before he was graduated from Washington University in St. Louis in 1935—with no idea of what to do for a living.

Finally, he took off for Radio City and signed up as a page boy. In six weeks he was a guide, and two months later, a guide trainer. He studied seven months in the NBC announcers' school before they farmed him out to KDKA.

Stamped as one of NBC's bright young men, Garroway arrived at WMAQ in Chicago concurrently with the international crisis. Uncle Sam soon took over his scheduling. Most of his three Navy years were spent in Honolulu. By the time he returned to WMAQ, he was just another vet announcer the executives must absorb into the staff. They gave him the midnight spot, and as a sop to his pride, termed him a disc jockey.

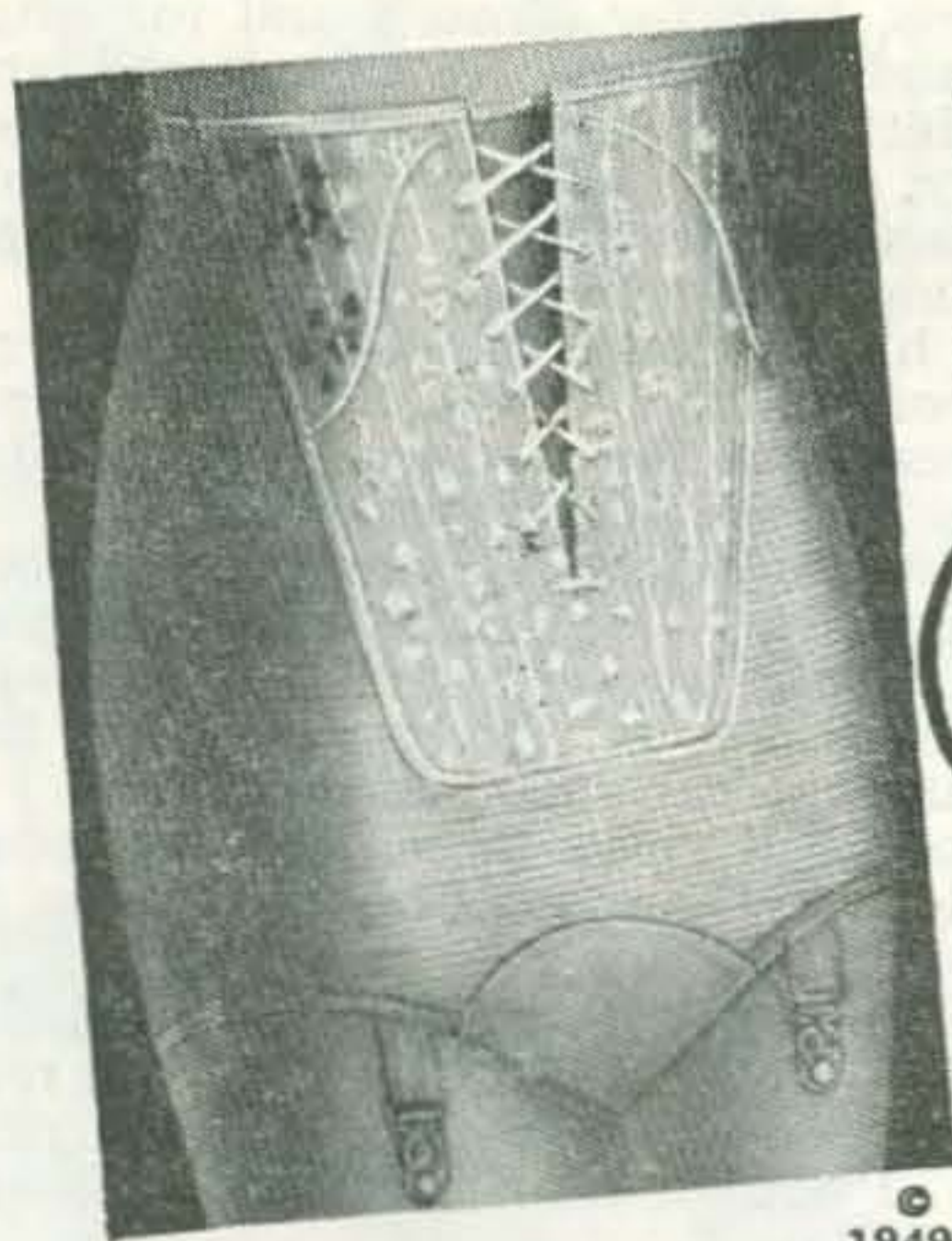
To Garroway, it sounded like professional death and burial. Since he was sure no one could possibly be listening, he shrugged his shoulders and decided if he was stuck he might just as well enjoy it himself.

Says Garroway, "I dug into the music library and chose all the recordings I had wanted to hear during those years in the Navy. For me, that meant jazz. I wasn't satisfied with just current numbers. I went back to when Bix was blowing and Crosby singing in the trio. I even found some which dated to when the little combos left New Orleans and spread out to cities where recording companies were waiting with wax. In those hours after midnight, I could turn detective and trace a tune, a phrase, or a style as it changed through the years."

Again because he thought no one was listening, he said what he pleased. He talked about the music as he heard it, and now and then, to illustrate, he would stop the record and play a portion a second time. He relaxed, talking as he would to a friend.

The audience no one guessed existed also found words. The mail arrived in such quantities WMAQ had to hire a special clerk to handle it. Garroway, his fans stated, was saying about music and life the things they wanted to say but couldn't express.

Out of the frustration of throw-away time, Garroway built entertainment



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success, both for himself and for singers and musicians he discovered and popularized. Even sponsors succumbed. Today, advertisers compete for spots on his shows, issue instructions the copy be translated into Garroway-ese.

In his personal life, too, Garroway has refused to be defeated by circumstances. Take the matter of automobiles and a lost schoolgirl sweetheart.

"I was a pedestrian," he recalls, "but I had a girl, a fragile and a lovely creature. The banker's son got a Rolls Royce. Soon my rival had both the girl and the car. He married her."

Successful years later, Dave retraced his steps to the scene of his defeat.

Says Dave. "The girl was fat, and my one-time rival out of a job. But fine automobiles are made of more enduring stuff. I bought the Rolls for two hundred dollars."

Such a rewarding last line would content many, but for Garroway it was only a starting point. It launched him on a spectacular hobby. At the cost of much labor and more than a thousand dollars in cash, he restored the car.

To a little shop he calls Tree House, he brings antique automobiles which strike his fancy. He works from the end of his late show into the daylight hours and as he works, he auditions the records which are sent him each week and selects the ones he wants for his shows. The cars, when rebuilt, are mechanically perfect, and in addition have some typically Garroway touch.

It's on the upholstery he really lets himself go. His Lincoln convertible has rough tweed matching one of Dave's favorite suits, and a British-made, cream-colored Jaguar has seats, instrument panel and steering wheel covered with alligator calf. His stable also holds a high-wheeled Model T.

You need only to drive down the street behind Dave and hear people say, as heads turn enviously, "There's Garroway," to understand that a car, to most men, is what her house is to a woman—a means of self-expression.

Currently a bachelor—he was married and divorced a number of years ago—he lives in an apartment recently rebuilt by an imaginative architect who sought to combine Old World charm and modern comfort.

Passing through a gate in a street wall, you make your way down a twisting corridor to a tiny courtyard and climb a curving stairway.

Inside, your attention focuses at once on a narrow, two-story tall window of opaque glass which lights both the living room and the balcony. Actually, only a small section of the living room is two stories high, but because of that piercing window, the eye, traveling skyward, takes the impression of limitless space. This is heightened by the sparse furnishings. Says Dave, "There's no use being a slave to furniture. I want just enough to be comfortable."

Shelves, elbow-high, line two sides of the room, providing setting-down space for books, pipes, ash trays, and Dave's personal record collection. Angled between the two sides is the fireplace, faced with ceramic tiles Dave made himself. He also painted the abstract pictures on the walls.

He doesn't, Dave confesses, do much entertaining. "Perhaps it's because each guest is too important to me, each one an intensely individual human being with ideas fighting for expression."

Garroway isn't much of a cook in the usual sense. He compensates by being an expert on sauces and salad

dressings. His favorite concoction is Roulade Sauce, used on seafood.

"I swindled a chef out of his secret recipe," he will tell you, "while covering war maneuvers for NBC in Shreveport in 1941. The chef complained that firing of a certain gun kept him awake. I said if he would teach me to make the sauce, I would have the gun silenced. I was safe in saying it. I knew the gun was to be moved the next day."

In Dave's study on the balcony above the living room, he has only a desk, typewriter, bookshelves. The desk has one typically bachelor addition—a small and ancient wooden box holding thread, scissors, needles and buttons.

A number of young ladies have indicated they would be quite happy to take over the button-sewing task and darn his socks for good measure. He is more often seen, however, in the company of the scintillating ones who wouldn't know a feather stitch from a flat fell seam. His name has, at various times, been linked romantically with such luminaries as Olga San Juan Yvonne de Carlo, and many of Chicago's most beautiful women.

Altogether, Garroway has evolved a manner of living which stresses the things he wants to do and reduces to a minimum situations he dislikes. He however, projects it one step further and demands for others the same freedom he has been strong enough to find for himself.

His primary objective in every show is to woo listener and performer into a fuller understanding of each other, but satisfactory as that may be, for Garroway it is not enough. The one thing he fights for obviously and out in the open is equal rights and opportunities for all men, regardless of race, color or creed. He has served as Chicago chairman for Brotherhood Week, but his own campaign continues unceasingly.

Its most dramatic incident occurred a year ago at the Chicago Theater where he and three other disc jockeys were featured as masters of ceremonies and Sarah Vaughan, the Negro singer Garroway has popularized, was starred.

Sarah Vaughan had just started her first song when rowdies in the balcony hurled a barrage of tomatoes which drove her from the stage.

Garroway strode to the microphone. His famous "relaxed" manner was gone. "Yes," he told the audience, "now you know. Now you have seen in capsule form the hate which poisons the heart of America. It started the last war, and even now is starting the next.

"Today, hate-mongers stopped you from enjoying a great artist. Tomorrow, if you don't halt them, hate like this, magnified into war, will kill you and your children, too."

Garroway made each person in the audience understand the attack was on them as well as on Sarah, and that it had significance far greater than a few tomatoes thrown at a great Negro artist. With shouts, the people brought Sarah Vaughan back for a great ovation, and carried home in their own consciousness new and personal realization of the consequences of discrimination.

Garroway, still burning with righteous indignation, also told his air audience about it, with the result that Sarah Vaughan was deluged with letters, telegrams and flowers. Garroway's point of view had penetrated.

He condenses his creed, his belief in people, into the sign-off of his show: "And so, old tiger, this being Garroway, and it being that time—Peace!"

The Two of Us

(Continued from page 67)

tonight. Didn't you see him at the hospital? And aren't you going to hang up your coat first?"

"I've got something to settle with him," Butch told her darkly. "Don't bother about my coat—it won't be here long enough to get wrinkled. Where's Carol?"

"Here," said Carol, coming out of the kitchen. "What on earth, Butch—"

He plunged in without preamble. "We're moving out, Carol. We've been here long enough."

"That's nonsense. We want you here as long as you want to stay." Carol looked with bewilderment from Butch's angry face to Francie's, which had become taut. "Let me give Janie the drink of water she wants, and we'll talk this over." She disappeared into Janie's room, and Francie quietly turned to Butch and said drily: "Are we moving out tonight? If not, we might as well sit down. Let's have it, now—what happened between you and Jim?"

"He's impossible! He thinks he can pull his rank and read me the rules."

Uh-oh, Francie thought. Faith. There must be plenty going on for Jim to . . . the thought made her turn all the more sharply on Butch. "When you were still a kid Jim took you out of an orphanage and made you his son. And don't you forget it—don't you dare talk that way about Jim again where I can hear you!"

Before Butch could rally Jim walked in. Butch swung to face him. "Jim—I want to talk to you."

Jim grinned amiably. "I'm all ears." "It's no joke," Butch said. "I'm as serious as I've ever been in my life."

The grin faded. "Well, Butch. What's on your mind?"

"Faith! And you know it darn well! You called her down to your office today and practically told her that she wasn't allowed to talk to me in the halls if she wanted to remain in nursing school. That was pretty low."

"Did Faith tell you I did that—threatened her with dismissal? Didn't she tell you I'd talked to her as an old friend which I am—who didn't want to see her getting any wrong ideas?"

"She didn't say anything!" Butch flared. "That is—not exactly." For the first time he seemed uncertain. "She wasn't complaining."

"I see," Jim said bitingly. "She made a special visit to your lab so as not to complain that I had talked to her about you. Is that it?"

Butch made a gesture that pushed Jim, Francie, the whole apartment, out of his way. "I'm telling you again I'm old enough to run my own life and pick my own friends. If you think I'm going to stay here and take that kind of interference, you're the fool. Now," he looked around belligerently, "anyone got anything to say?"

"Yeah," Francie said flatly. "Me."

She faced Butch, hands on hips and dark head thrust forward. "Maybe I'm not a full partner in this little dust-up. But I am your wife. And if you haven't got enough decency to remember what these two people have done for you, I have. You better turn around and start apologizing, and beg them to let us stay here. Get that? We're staying here!"

"Okay," Butch said furiously. "You've said it. But listen to me—if you come along, you're still my wife. If you stay

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here—well, it's over for the two of us. And that's final!"

The slam of the front door behind him shook the windows. The three who remained waited stiffly but there were no returning footsteps. At last Francie folded up into a chair with a sigh. "Well," she said, with a forlorn try for her old manner, "where do we go from here?"

"He'll get over it. He'll walk it off and forget it," said Carol, who'd come back in time to hear Butch's last outburst.

Francie's clear eyes slanted up at her. "You know better than that. You know Butch—he's said it and he's stuck with it, even if he didn't mean it. He'd rather die than make a liar out of himself. I wonder," she added thoughtfully, "where he's planning to move to."

"Some place big enough for the two of you," Jim said firmly.

"Are you kidding? The last thing he wants is me along. Besides—I want to stay here. I can't tell you what it's meant—what you and Carol have done for me. It's not so much telling me how to talk and why my clothes are wrong and which fork to use—it's that you're showing me how to be a decent human being, treating me like one of the family . . ."

"You are part of the family." Jim's earnestness was unmistakable. "We love having you. But it's because we care what happens to you that we won't let you stay if Butch goes."

"Let me, Jim." Carol sat down facing Francie. "Butch has hurt us pretty deeply, Francie—I won't deny that. But we're still too fond of him, of both of you, to let you wreck your marriage over a piece of foolishness."

Francie was bewildered. "What's all this? Am I the one that's in the wrong?"

"You know you're not. What trouble there is is Butch's fault—"

"Or Faith's," Jim thought.

"—but it isn't important who's right. I think that it's up to you, it's what you do right now that will determine what happens to your marriage. If you stick with Butch you may be able to make him see how stupidly he's acting. Faith is just a principle to him really—by fighting for his so-called 'friendship' he's really showing his impatience of all discipline . . ."

Francie snorted. "Since when do principles come with big blue eyes and terrific figures?"

"Beautiful? Terrific?" Jim shook his head. "Francie, you're building this girl up. She's healthy-looking, all right—"

"Inspid is my word," Carol cut in. "Just too sweet to be true."

Francie grinned one-sidedly. "You are really building me up, aren't you?"

Well, you win. I'll see what happens. Trouble with me, I love the guy."

Beautiful she might not be, but Francie had to admit that Faith was energetic. The next morning Butch phoned from the hospital and crisply gave Francie an address. "If you go over there you'll find a room to rent. Ask for Mrs. Owen—she's the landlady."

"But Butch, wait a minute. What's it like? How'd you find it?"

There was a pause. "Faith put me on to it. In fact she called the woman and told her to hold it. If you hurry over and leave a deposit, we can probably get it. That is," Butch added carefully, "if you're coming along."

Francie's voice was grim. "Oh, yes," she told him. "I'm coming along."

If anything could have changed her mind, however, it would have been 1199 York Avenue. The drab, sly-eyed Mrs. Owen. The narrow, musty stairs up which she led them (for Carol, had come along, to Francie's great relief). Above all, the dreary, narrow room with its single window, stringy curtains, dented brass bedstead . . .

"Well." Francie looked around disgustedly. "Home again. This is the kind of place I've spent my life in till now."

Sensing criticism, Mrs. Owen bristled. "What's wrong with this? You're mighty lucky to get it. I'm very particular—"

"I know, I know. Skip it. It's fine. Here's your first two weeks' rent."

Mrs. Owen folded the bills into a dirty apron pocket. "I understood this room was for a gentleman. If it's a man and wife I charge five dollars more."

"Sure," Francie said. "That's how it always is." She pulled out another five dollars and added meaningfully, "You can make out your receipt to Mrs. John Brent." When the door finally closed Francie collapsed on the creaky bed. "Pretty awful, isn't it?"

"Well," Carol answered cautiously, "it—it's close to the hospital. Not too far from us, either. You can come over every day, if you want to—"

"I do want to! Carol, I'm going to try every way I know to make this thing work out. I can fight," Francie said proudly, "and I'll fight for my marriage as long as I think Butch really wants me. But I'm not going to give up everything that's made things bearable just because my husband happens to be acting like a—a bull-headed jackass."

Carol burst out laughing at this, and after a puzzled moment Francie joined her. But even as she laughed a hard core of determination remained unamused. *I'll fight, she repeated inwardly. I won't be a quitter. But the very first second I think Butch is really cheating, that's all, brother. Not Jim*

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JOAN LANSING

Have you met an angel with a slippery halo lately? Or come face to face with the fact that there is such a thing in love's pattern as hate at first sight? I have, but not through crashing key-holes. I heard "My True Story" the other day and had my eyes opened. For here in the midst of radio's contrived fiction and blushing examples of emotion-mad script writers is an intimate and revealing program based on the confessions of real people. (The program I happened to catch dealt with an unscrupulous woman in angel's disguise who thoroughly wrecked another woman's life because of a thwarted love). Another thing that impressed me was that "My True Story" is no cliff hanger that leaves you suspended in mid-marriage but a complete and often brutally frank dramatization of a life which might be yours or mine but for a quirk of fate. A whole galaxy of leading actors and actresses make these unreserved confessions of jealousy, remorse and warped lives as real as they really are, and it's a credit to Libby, McNeil and Libby and to Sterling Drug that they present such powerful and adult entertainment every day at 10:00 AM EDT over the ABC network.

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There is a man I know who could sell a furnace to a Fiji Islander. His anecdotes, sage and salty, would fascinate even the most retiring spinster and you can make a date with him any day at 11:45 AM EDT over the American Broadcasting Company network. His name is Galen Drake and he can talk about anything . . . people or penguins, truths or trivia . . . all in a friendly, low-falutin' style that has endeared him to me for years. Stories are his forte, sometimes tall . . . sometimes short . . . but always entertaining. I often think that if Scheherazade were alive, she'd have to look to her laurels for Pillsbury's Galen Drake has entertained me for more than 1001 days.

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or Carol or the U. S. Army is going to make a fool out of Frances Brent.

It gave Francie some satisfaction, during the next few days, to watch her husband's efforts to disguise the gloom into which the melancholy room plunged him. It was harder for him, she reflected, than for her, because she'd lived in such places before, and worse; but for Butch the chipped and falling plaster, the unsteady dresser with its stubborn drawers were new and disheartening experiences.

One morning, after struggling for five minutes to close the bottom drawer, Butch gave up with a groan. "This room fights me, I swear it does," he muttered.

"I don't," Francie remarked sweetly. She piled his shirts back into the drawer, gave it a smart kick and slid it shut. "See? All these things knuckle down if you're tough enough. They know when they're licked."

"Give the lady a solid silver Cadillac!" Butch grinned. He was ready to go, but he lingered. Impulsively he came back from the door and put his hands on her shoulders. "You're an awfully good sport, Francie. There hasn't been a peep out of you to remind me it was my fault."

"Remember—the man said 'for better, for worse.' I can take it—some of it."

Butch glared at the room with hatred. "It couldn't be any worse. Go—go over and see Carol, or something."

"Can't. She and Janie are visiting her mother. Didn't you know?"

Butch shrugged. "I don't talk to Jim these days, except about work." He started to add something, but cut himself off. He bent and kissed Francie as if, for the first time in days, he meant it. "Well, find something nice to do. I'll come home early and buy us the best cheap dinner in town. How about that?"

Francie held him close. "Swell," she said happily. "Perfectly swell."

In her head, however, she had the beginnings of another plan. Later that morning she dressed carefully in the green suit and the small, matching hat that Carol had helped her pick out, studied herself anxiously in the mirror. Then she marched down the shabby stairs and out into the sunlight, turning toward Neuro-psychiatric.

"At least, if I bump into that girl I'll look as much like a lady as she does," Francie thought vengefully. But she was too excited over her idea to waste much thought on Faith Richards this morning. She hurried along, hoping Jim would have a minute to spare, for this was a plan that needed his cooperation.

Jim grinned when he saw her timid head peering round his inner office door. "Come on in," he invited. "Carol told me you were fine but it's nice to see for myself. What's on your mind?"

"Gee, I'm glad you're not busy this minute." Eagerly, Francie came forward. "Jim, I've had the brainstorm of the year. How about coming to dinner at your house tonight and letting me cook it? I thought with Carol away you'll be eating at restaurants—I mean—well, I've never cooked a meal for Butch like a real wife. Gee, Jim—if we ever do get a place with a kitchen I'll be sunk if I don't get some practice."

Jim's smile grew broader. "Where does Butch come in? Is he willing to break bread with me?"

Trust Jim, Francie thought ruefully—putting his finger on the bothersome spot. "I don't know, Jim," she admitted. "I sort of got the idea, this morning, that maybe he's weakening.



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Maybe he'd be glad to get pushed into making up."

Jim leaned back and laughed out loud. "Francie, you're wonderful. You ought to be sitting in this chair instead of me. As it happens, I've got news for you—Butch came in this morning and buried his hatchet so deep I doubt if it'll ever get dug up again."

Francie's lips parted; a dozen questions tumbled over each other, but before she got the words out Jim was going on. "He said he knew he'd been acting like a twelve-year-old, hurt the people he cared about for the sake of something—meaning Faith—he didn't, deep down, care two cents for. Said he got started and didn't know how to stop."

"I bet Faith had something to do with his not stopping."

Jim nodded. "I think you're right. As I see our Faith, she's a pretty determined girl behind all that sweetness. But she's finished herself with Butch somehow. Maybe she showed her hand too plainly, acted too possessive—whatever it was, he suddenly woke up and saw where he was headed. So he wants to be friends with us again."

"Gee, I'm happy," Francie cried. "And all of us having dinner together tonight will be just right, a real party. I mean if you'll let me—"

"Of course you can, with my blessing." Jim reached into a drawer and handed Francie his keys. "Just one thing—you cook your dinner just for Butch, this time. I'll be stuck late tonight." He waved away Francie's protests. "Anyway, you and Butch need to be alone. Go on down and invite your husband to the feast."

Butch's complete delight at the idea sent Francie off to shop in a glow of self-congratulation at having thought of it. She pondered a long time over the menu, decided finally on roast beef and chocolate pie, fruit cup to begin with, vegetables and a salad. Everything would be perfect—at least it would if Carol hadn't hidden her cookbook somewhere undiscoverable. This one evening might make all the difference. And she'd tell Butch how proud she was that he'd been big enough to apologize to Jim, grown-up enough to admit he'd been wrong.

By six-fifteen, Francie's picture had begun to come true. On Carol's second-best pale green tablecloth, leaf-patterned china was flanked by silver, according to the arrangement shown in the front of Carol's cookbook. Pale green candles in silver holders proved that this wasn't just a meal, but an

occasion. Francie checked the position of the water goblets, stood for a few minutes in awed admiration of the elegance she, single-handed, had achieved, and went back into the kitchen to turn the oven down low.

Propping the indispensable cookbook against the wall, she started to make the gravy. "I'd have been a cooked goose myself without this thing," she thought as she stirred. "It's the first thing I'd better buy when Butch and I get a place. Let's see . . . it says like thin cream." She tested her mixture, decided it was exactly like thin cream and put it in a double boiler to keep warm. She couldn't start looking for Butch till six-thirty, but if she'd planned right, everything would get to the table piping hot. Taking a last look around, she went into the living room and settled down to wait.

By seven o'clock Francie decided Butch must have had an emergency that kept him overtime. Hospitals weren't like offices: if it was a question of helping somebody get well, or giving one of the doctors the result of an analysis, why, you just stayed and did it.

At seven-twenty, Francie turned off the oven completely.

At seven-forty-five, she made some coffee. By the time she'd poured herself a cup and drunk it burning hot and black, it was eight-fifteen.

At eight-thirty, Francie took everything out of the oven to cool. She picked up the phone and made a call. Then she wrote a note to Jim, wrapped the lukewarm food in waxed paper and stuffed it into the refrigerator, put on the smart little green hat and let herself quietly out of the apartment. She didn't know, of course, that just about the time she reached the street the phone in the Brent apartment began to ring. It rang for a long time.

Francie was rather proud of her abilities as a packer. She always claimed she could get more into less space than anybody else she knew. But she'd never tried it before with her eyes blind with tears. In the end she was sobbing aloud as she dumped things into her suitcase—sobbing so hard she didn't hear the pounding steps that raced up the stairs, or Butch as he threw open the door and saw what she was doing. . . .

"What's going on here?" he roared in his Army voice.

Francie froze in mid-action. Then she began to work again, faster than ever.

"Francie!" Butch closed the door. His voice was puzzled now, almost pleading. "Won't you tell me what's happened? I tried to call you at Jim's just

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now but there was no answer at all."

Complete amazement took Francie's breath away. "You are asking me what's the matter? Oh, what's the use of even talking to you?"

"Francie, stop that and talk to me—something must have gone wrong—"

"You've got it backwards. It's been wrong up to now—our getting married, coming to New York—all wrong. I'm not the wife for you and I'm leaving, leaving for San Francisco tonight!"

"You can't—Francie, you can't leave me. It's crazy! You're my wife—you belong here with me."

"I belong back in San Francisco—at that switchboard. And," added Francie viciously, slamming down the lid of the suitcase, "you and your refined lady friend can go on from wherever you left off this afternoon. But I won't be around. Now will you get out of my way? I haven't got much time."

Butch lost all restraint. "Call me a liar!" he shouted. "Take it for granted any story I tell you is a fake. There's a wife for you—"

"Even a fake story would be better than none," Francie returned bitterly. "I'd rather have a lie than just be waiting, watching the clock."

Butch held a deep breath for a count of ten and said calmly, "Let's take a minute to get this straight. You don't believe the message I sent you this afternoon and you're leaving me because you think I spent the day with Faith Richards. Is that correct?"

"What message?" asked Francie contemptuously.

There was a brief, stunned silence. "Holy cow," Butch muttered. "You mean nobody called you and explained about Dr. Allen's asking me at the last minute to go to the Murtagh experiment with him?"

Francie just looked at him.

"She must have called," Butch insisted. "A student nurse named McRea. Allen said I couldn't stop to phone because we had to make the train and we bumped into this girl on the way out. I gave her the message. She promised to phone you."

"Let me phone her! You've got to believe me, Francie. I didn't want to go, I was so darned anxious to get home to you, but—gee, Francie, you know how important Dr. Allen is. I couldn't turn it down . . . please, Francie. You talk to this nurse yourself."

"Well," she said finally. "I've given this marriage so many months I might as well give it ten more minutes. Tell me," she went on as she followed Butch down the stairs to the pay phones, "did you arrange this fairy tale with this what's-her-name just before you came home?"

"Shut up," Butch said grimly. Dialing the number of the hospital, he insisted on speaking to Miss McRea even though it was after-hours.

"This is Dr. John Brent calling," he told the nurse firmly, "it's absolutely necessary—"

"Dr. Brent—of course. One moment, please," said the nurse. "I'll get Miss McRea at once."

"You're so brave," Francie whispered with mock admiration. "When you tell a lie you tell it with a whole stage set . . . ouch!" Butch pulled her roughly over beside him, so that they could both hear what was being said.

"McRea! This is Dr. Brent—Dr. John Brent. Did I ask you to do something for me this afternoon?"

The student nurse's faraway voice quavered. "Oh, Dr. Brent. Yes, you



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certainly did—but doctor, I . . ."
"Will you describe the circumstances, please."

"What?" Francie could hear the girl's astonishment. Not that she blamed her. Miss McRea cleared her throat uncertainly. "Well, I had brought some papers down to your lab and you were going out with Dr. Allen . . . is that what you mean, Dr. Brent?"

"Yes. Keep talking."
"You said you had to phone your wife, it was specially important, but Dr. Allen said you didn't have time. So you—oh, Dr. Brent, this is awful—you told me to do it—phone the number you gave me and tell her what had happened and that you'd be home late."

"What do you mean, it's awful?" Butch looked like a cat waiting at a mousehole. "You wouldn't mean by any chance because you never bothered to deliver that message?" In spite of herself, the sneer had faded from Francie's face. She was frowning, troubled, not quite so sure any more . . . Butch pressed his question. "Didn't you think it mattered, or what?"

"I knew it was wrong! But I had a class myself," the girl wailed. "If I'd stopped to phone I'd have been late and it goes on our permanent record! But I gave the message to one of the girls who had a free period. She said she'd take care of it . . ."

For the first time, Butch faltered. "McRea, who'd you give that message to?"

"Why, Faith Richards," replied Miss McRea, clear as a bell. "She just happened to be passing and I told her how urgent it was, your wife just had to get that message and she said not to give it another thought. . . ."

Miss McRea finished that sentence with no audience. Very slowly, Butch replaced the receiver. He stood with his head bent, and when he turned to Francie his eyes looked puzzled and hurt.

Francie put a gentle hand on his arm. "Don't say anything, Butch. You don't have to. That girl just told me everything I need to know. Maybe—" She hesitated. "Maybe she's told you something, Butch? Coming like that, from a stranger, maybe you'll believe it—"

Butch took her hand from his arm and put it against his flaming cheek. "Francie," he said miserably, "I . . . what's there to say? I guess I'm a fool, all right, like Jim said. Of all the rotten, sneaky things to do . . . I thought she was a friend."

"Be honest now, Butch. Did you really think that? That she wanted to be your—friend?"

"Well . . . no, I guess I was just kidding myself, Francie. But she was getting on my nerves anyway, always hanging around."

"I don't want to hear about it, Butch. I'm just glad—glad it turned out this way." Francie pulled off her hat. "Gee, it's good to get that thing off. Makes me look as if I were going some place." She grinned up at Butch in the semi-darkness of the landing. "Say, you know what? I'm starving. What do you say we go over to Jim's and bring that dinner up to date?"

Butch looked at his watch. "Jim'll be home by now. Tell you what, honey—let's the two of us go out for a sandwich and soda. I'd rather be alone."

"Well," said Francie dubiously. "If that's the way you want it."

"That's just the way I want it, honey." He took her hand and tucked it tightly under his arm as they started downstairs. "That's exactly how I want it from now on. Just the two of us."

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Irene Beasley

(Continued from page 25)

you have written, "Thanks for letting us at home in on the Grand Slam game." Well that's the way we feel about Grand Slam—it is a home game everybody can play over and over and over again!!

In good fun, other letters said: "This gives the people who always say they could have answered if they'd been there, a chance to prove it."

In that big pile of letters which came in to RADIO MIRROR's editors there were many other things that were so gratifying to hear! Some of you said that listening to Grand Slam has taught you to really listen to music, so that now you can enjoy all-musical programs on the radio, too. Some of you told me how you'd used the *Make A Grand Slam* questions as the basis for parties in your own homes, or how two or three of you had met together and worked out the answers among you. Believe me, I enjoyed reading those comments, because of course you know how much fun we have doing Grand Slam on the air, and to know that you enjoy it too is the best possible news I could have.

Now for a couple of things I'd like to tell you about the entries you sent in to RADIO MIRROR, and then we'll get to the list of winners and the answers to the RADIO MIRROR questions.

Some of our neighbors answered only one question, and some answered three or four. The rules printed in the magazine said that all questions must be completed.

All in all a very good number of neighbors found correct answers to all the questions. Then, of course, it came to the point where RADIO MIRROR editors, who were the judges, had to choose among those who had all the answers right for the person to whom the top prize should be given. That was done, as the rules explained, by choosing the most aptly original completion of the statement, "I like to play Grand Slam because—"

Now the judging is done, and here you'll find the winners and the answers. So let me say thanks once again, neighbors, for writing in and for all the nice things you had to say about Grand Slam. Perhaps the editors of RADIO MIRROR and I can get together and have this same kind of contest again, later on.

—Irene Beasley

You'll want to be sure to cast your vote in

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The big annual voting—the only poll in which you, the radio listener, may express your likes and dislikes concerning the programs and stars you hear on the air—will be coming up very soon.

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Pantry-Shelf Party
 (Continued from page 63)

SURPRISE BASKETS

3 cups biscuit mix
 2/3 to 3/4 cup milk
 2 tablespoons butter
 2 tablespoons flour
 1 cup milk
 1 12-ounce can chopped pressed ham
 3 hard-cooked eggs
 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
 pepper

Add 2/3 cup milk to biscuit mix. Combine with fork, adding more milk if necessary to moisten. Knead gently 8 to 10 times on a floured board. Pat out to rectangle 8 inches wide and 1/2 inch thick. Cut into 8 squares. Press into large oiled muffin tins to make shells. Melt butter over low heat. Stir in flour. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly and cook over low heat until thick. Dice ham, chop eggs. Add to cream sauce with prepared mustard and pepper to taste. Fill biscuit cups. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 20-25 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

SUNDAY SUPPER CASSEROLE

1 10-ounce can pork sausage links
 3 ounces uncooked noodles (2 cups cooked)
 1 teaspoon lemon juice
 few grains nutmeg
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1 cup applesauce
 1/3 cup grated cheese

Drain can of pork sausage. Reserve four. Combine remainder with noodles and place half in 1 quart casserole. Add lemon juice and nutmeg and salt to applesauce and place on top of noodles. Cover with remaining noodles. Lay sausage on top and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

CHILI AND RICE RING

10 cups water
 1 tablespoon salt
 1 1/2 cups uncooked rice
 1 can Chili Con Carne

Bring water to a boil. Add salt. Wash rice thoroughly. Add gradually to boiling water. Boil gently about 15 minutes, or until rice is tender. Drain. Rinse with hot water. Heat Chili Con Carne. When rice is thoroughly drained, place half in a well greased 9" ring mold. Pack tightly. Add thoroughly heated Chili Con Carne. Top with remaining rice. Pack tightly. Let stand one minute. Unmold. Fill center with cooked hot peas. Makes 6 servings.

BEEF STEW SHEPHERD'S PIE

2 cups riced potatoes
 1/3 cup hot milk
 3 tablespoons butter
 1 teaspoon salt
 2 egg yolks, beaten
 1 can beef stew

To the riced potatoes, add milk, butter and salt and blend well. Whip until fluffy and light. Blend in egg yolks. Place beef stew in an 8" pie plate. Top with mashed potatoes. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes or until potatoes are brown. Makes 3 servings.

TAMALE AND BEAN CASSEROLE

1 can tamales
 1 can baked beans in tomato sauce
 2 tablespoons water

Remove wrappings from tamales. Place with sauce in a baking dish. Top with baked beans. Sprinkle top with water. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

A Twelve-Year Date with Jim Ameche

(Continued from page 43)

or a hazard to happy family living, perhaps you'd be interested in knowing how we met and licked the problem of keeping the whole family happy—and sane—with one television set.

From the day the set arrived until we had a minor revolution a couple of months later, our lives were timed by what was being shown at the moment.

My chief function, in those hectic first weeks, was not as wife and mother but as referee. There was only one television set, but there were three strong wills locked in combat over who would have his choice of program. Another thing which took a dreadful beating in the period of adjustment was the dinner hour—the dinner itself, as a matter of fact. After I, too, had caught the bug, we used to find ourselves tearing through the meal in order to keep our rendezvous with the picture tube, then winding up in the kitchen after the stations had signed off, facing an unsightly mess of dirty dishes.

I don't remember exactly what it was that brought the halt—perhaps a particularly rapid dinner or an unusually revolting collection of dishes. Or, more likely, young Jim's school report card. Anyway, there came the time when Jim looked me firmly in the eye and said, "This has got to stop."

"You bet it has," I seconded. So we sat down then and there, drew up an informal set of watching rules and immediately put them into effect. To solve the afternoon scraps between young Jim and Pat over who's going to choose the show they'll watch, we have a sort of youth-must-be-served arrangement. Of course Pat's bedtime comes considerably earlier than Jim's. Therefore, Pat gets to see what he wants to see in the late afternoon before bedtime; after Pat's gone off to bed, it's Jimmy's turn to choose.

Then came the matter of homework—sorely neglected since the arrival of the television set. This, we figured, was Jimmy's own problem, and we dumped it in his lap.

Fortunately, the first rule helped out the second—while Pat watches the earlier shows which Jimmy says are "kid stuff," Jimmy does his homework—at an amazingly rapid rate, in order to be through and downstairs for his innings between Pat's bedtime and the grown-ups' taking over. It's wonderful how fast that boy can get through his lessons. But as long as he keeps his marks up Jim and I can't complain.

Getting the boys off to bed on schedule used to be a problem, too, but here again our "you can't if you don't" policy is extremely effective—you can't watch tomorrow if you don't go to bed tonight, that is. The prospect of not being able to keep up with the doings of their favorites next day usually results in prompt goodnights when it's bedtime.

As for dinner—we simply rearranged our eating habits. Jim and I worked out a dinner hour which coincided with the programs that we wished least to see.

So, even though it took a bit of planning to fit it into our lives, I look on television now as one of the allies of motherhood. Jim and I certainly feel that it's a great asset for the boys. There are many wonderful educational—painlessly educational, at that!—pro-

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grams offered for youngsters. These, along with the pure entertainment, keep the boys amused for hours. Not once, on restless evenings or rainy days, have I heard, "What can I do now, Mother?" since we have had the set.

Of course, there are still mild differences of opinion over what to watch. When Jim suggests that the Western movie on at the moment is not his idea of perfect entertainment, the boys remind him that they *always* concede to his wish to watch midget boxing on Tuesdays! On one (rare) occasion when Jim suggested that they turn the set off altogether and we'd have an evening of peace and quiet, Jimmy came back with what I consider the squelch magnificent.

"Why Dad," he said, with sweet reasonableness, "we all *ought* to watch other men earning money to support their families!"

So the television set—painlessly, now that we've got the hang of coping with it—has come to be a very welcome sixth member of our family. However, it hasn't helped to bring us together again as a family. Even before television, we were a close-knit, happy group.

It was that way with just Jim and me before the boys came along. Looking back over the thirty-one years of my lifetime, I can say with complete sincerity that the last twelve, the years of marriage to Jim, have been the best. And not because they contrast with an unhappy girlhood—I had a wonderful time as a child and as a teen-ager. It's simply that I'm one of those women born to be a wife and mother, I guess. And Jim is one of those men born to be a husband and father. The combination works out, in our case, to perfect understanding and complete happiness.

We met, Jim and I, when I had just started college and he was playing the part of Jack Armstrong (a role he originated and played for six years, by the way). Being meant for each other, as I firmly believe, it wasn't long before we both realized that come fire, flood or earthquake, depression or prosperity around the corner, we wanted to spend the rest of our lives together.

So I left college and we were married very soon. We had, like every young couple, our share of ups and downs. There were times when one of us always had to remain at home so that we wouldn't miss a possible telephone call—one which might solve the food and shelter problem for another few days. But somehow we managed to keep the wolf just outside, and the door closed,

although we often heard him panting!

I hope I haven't given you the impression that all activity in our home nowadays is confined to, and centered around, the television set. Jim is the focal point of our lives—has to be, what with his erratic working schedule and uncertain hours. Obviously, he doesn't operate on a nine-to-five basis. At the moment his radio day starts at eleven in the morning, with *Welcome Travelers* on NBC. After that he hops from one studio to another, doing *A Date With Jim Ameche*, transcriptions of his Hollywood Open House and Naval Air Reserve shows, and parts and guest spots on many others.

Actually there aren't many men who can spend as much time with their families as Jim can and does, even with his full schedule. We sat down to figure it out the other night, and we found out that he's done a staggering total of 14,000 radio shows in the past fourteen years! But Jim loves his home and loves his family and he manages to be with us every moment he can squeeze in.

What is there about our home that makes it a place where Jim likes to be? Happiness is there, and all the small, pleasant things that, with love, add up to happiness and a sense of oneness.

First on the list come the boys, of course. Jim wants to, and likes to, keep a keen eye on their growth, mental and physical.

Don't misunderstand, though—Jim isn't the sort of father who hovers over his sons, making them feel that he's trying to take an active part in every moment of their day. Rather, he's always there when they want him, or need help or advice.

Close behind the boys on the list of home attractions is the kitchen, strangely enough. In the Ameche household there are two kinds of cooking, plain and fancy. I'm the plain cook—the everyday meals—but it's Jim who takes over with the fancy dishes for company. He's a fine hand with a pie, especially his super-creamy pumpkin pies, with an elegant pastry turkey to decorate each individual serving. He has a spaghetti sauce of his own, too, which is incomparable and an avocado appetizer that always gets rave notices.

He simply halves an avocado at the peak of its smooth ripeness, and fills the hole where the stone once lived with spicy cocktail sauce, the variety usually used on seafood. A lemon wedge goes along with this, and that's all there is to it. But it's so good! If you try it, you might want to fix up your lemon

Ameche-style. Jim, never one to relish a squirt of lemon juice in his eye, has solved this universal problem in a unique way: cut small pieces of gauze, wrap around individual lemon wedges, tying a small knot at the top. This, you'll find, saves both juice and tempers.

Another thing Jim very much likes to do is read aloud to the boys, who are always after him for a story. One day I overheard young Jimmy telling a contemporary of his that he should come around some evening to hear Dad read *Robin Hood*.

"Say," snorted Mr. Worldly-Wise, "when you gonna grow up and do your own reading, for gosh sakes?"

Jimmy hesitated only a moment. "Listen," he told his friend. "I know when I'm well off. My old man's the best story-teller in the world. He even has a radio show every day, called *It Happened Here*, where they *pay* him to tell stories! Why, I know men who go to high school who listen to him!"

Jim also loves airplanes. Model planes in the main, although full-sized ones come in sometimes—into his calculations, not into the house, I mean. This hobby came along with Jim when I married him, and I long ago learned to leave glue pots and little scraps of paper-thin wood right where I find them.

Lately Jim's begun to design his own planes, and I'll admit it's fascinating to see them from the on-paper through the flying stages. He's perfectly confident that if some airplane manufacturing firm would follow his plans there would be no mishaps, and crack-ups would be a thing of the past. I, however, do not share Jim's faith in this.

Outside our home, Jim's major diversion is golf—and during the winter even that moves into the house. Armed with a putter, a water tumbler, a golf ball and two admiring sons he converts the living room rug into a putting green and spends long hours trying to coax the ball into the glass.

Another hobby which Jim tackles with enthusiasm—thank goodness!—is being the handy man around the house. At one time he planned to be an engineer and would have gone ahead with those plans if his brother, Don, hadn't called him to come to Chicago to try radio. Engineering as a vocation took a back seat after that, but as an avocation it's remained well in the foreground. In all the years of our marriage, I've never had to call a carpenter or a serviceman!

Besides being the household handyman, Jim's useful around home in many other ways. For instance, you should have seen this house when we moved in. I had the helpless feeling that the place would never even be livable, much less attractive. Then Jim, in his quiet, efficient way, went to work—and his example set me busy, too. Then one morning we got up, looked around us, and decided that we liked what we saw, after all. We were home.

It's like us, all of us, that home, and we created it in the way that good homes—and good marriages—are born and thrive. We did it together, working hard because we weren't working for ourselves alone but for each other, for our children, for a way of life we wanted and were eager to put ourselves out to achieve. That home, I like to think, reflects the very best in us—the unity, the spirit of comradeship, the love. And the happiness. Because whatever else that home may be, it's a happy one, and that's the nicest thing you can say about any family.

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