

★ **RADIO** *and TELEVISION*

MIRROR

May
25¢



Why I Love George Burns

BY GRACIE ALLEN

• **OUR GAL SUNDAY**

Her Life With Lord Henry in Pictures



Helen
Neushaefer

WHY I CHARGE ONLY 10¢ for my nail polish

*Even though it is the only nail polish in the world containing
the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient . . . PLASTEEN*

A year ago I faced a serious decision!

I was ready to introduce the first nail polish to bear my own name. Everything was arranged except one thing . . . the price I would charge for it.

It was in a beautiful pyramid bottle. The shades were up to the minute in fashion. The brush was of superfine quality. And, in *addition* . . . the polish contained an amazing ingredient found in no other nail polish at any price . . . the miracle discovery of my cosmetic chemists . . . PLASTEEN.

PLASTEEN was the answer to every woman's greatest nail-do problem . . . *chipping*.

PLASTEEN not only helps to shockproof nails against chipping but also makes my polish go on easier, quicker, without "bubbles," and adds a new, star-like brilliance.

This Was the Problem I Faced

Most every woman in the U. S. pays either 10 CENTS or up to sixty cents for her nail polish.

Which price should I charge?

On the one hand, I felt that, if ever there was a nail polish worth up to sixty cents, it was mine . . . particularly on account of PLASTEEN.

At that higher price my profits would be tremendous. At 10 CENTS they would be merely modest.

I also knew that, at the 10 CENT price, I would have to keep my advertising and selling costs at a minimum. I could afford no fancy boxes . . . no lavish window displays. I would have to buy bottles, brushes, caps, etc. in million quantities instead of thousands.

These economies, plus the fact that I eliminate the "middle man" profit by making my own nail polish in my own plant (which permits me constantly to control and check quality) enabled me to make my decision . . .

10 CENTS was the price!

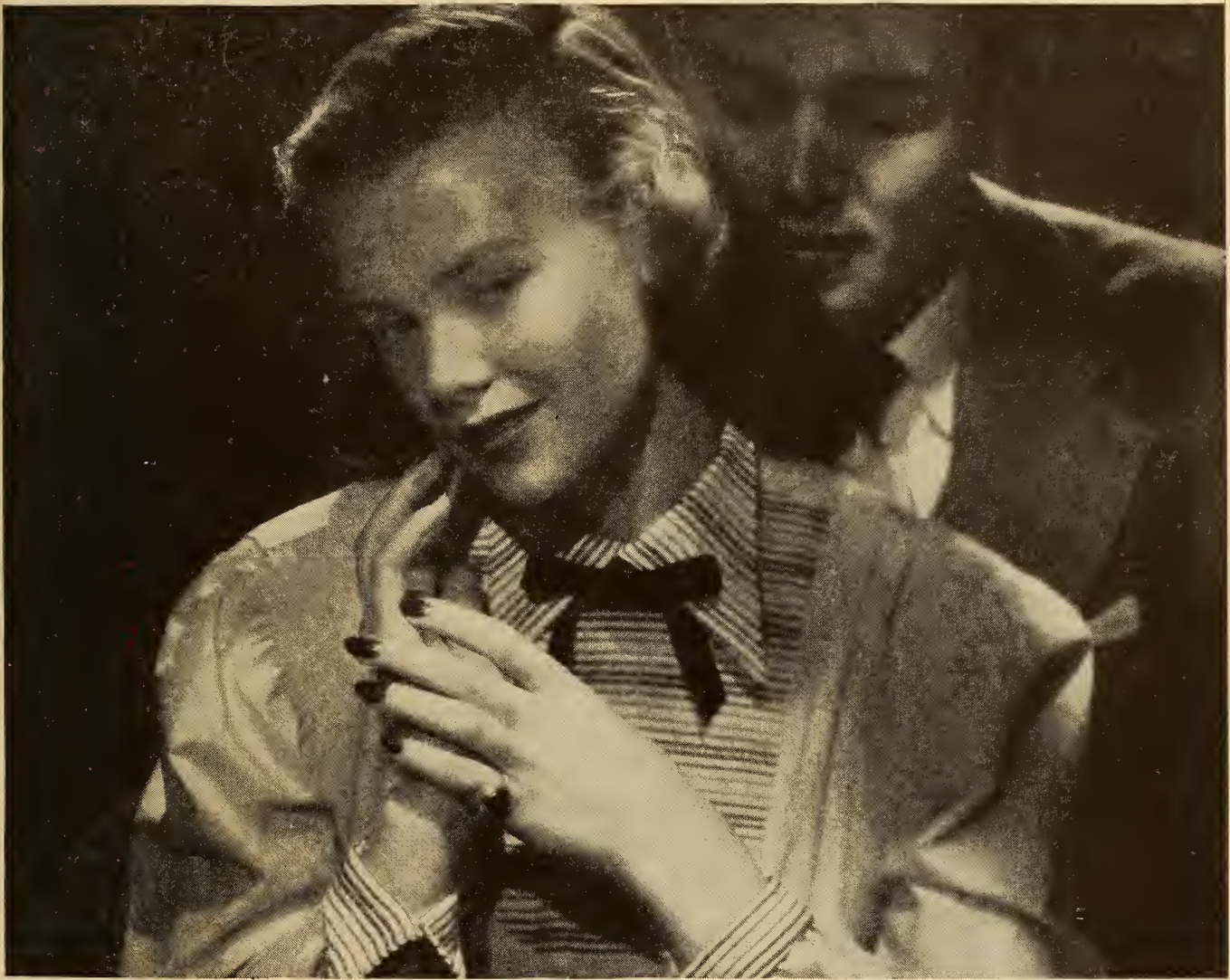
At 10 CENTS millions of women are now enjoying the benefits of PLASTEEN . . . in contrast to the comparatively few who could have enjoyed it at the higher price.

I sincerely believe Helen Neushaefer nail polish is the greatest value ever offered in this country. You will find it in 12 gorgeous shades . . . each containing PLASTEEN . . . at chain and drug store cosmetic counters everywhere.

Helen Neushaefer



Keep your hands evening-soft all day long! ☆



This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic

here...  as well as here... 

HARD-AT-WORK and "on display," your hands lead a double life. So—pamper them with the *double-beauty* magic of Trushay.

Trushay, you see, is first of all a velvet-soft lotion—with a wondrous touch you've never known before. A luxury lotion for

all your lotion needs—a joy to use *any* time. Every fragrant, peach-colored drop is so rich, your hands feel softer and smoother *instantly!*

Yet . . . Trushay's magic doesn't stop *there*. It also brings you a fabulous "beforehand" extra!

Smoothed on your hands *before* doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Guards them from drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft all day long!

Adopt Trushay's double-beauty help—begin today to use Trushay!

☆ **TRUSHAY**

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



☆
the lotion with the "beforehand" extra



Acclaimed!

by skin scientists and women everywhere

Vitone

called finer than Lanolin itself

now in

Jergens Face Cream



Now . . . for you! The skin-smoothing discovery called finer than Lanolin. Vitone, a precious ingredient, now in Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream. See the way it helps smooth, soften your skin to romantic beauty.

Jergens Face Cream is like four beauty aids. Enriched with Vitone, yet costs no more than ordinary creams.

- A CLEANSER
- A SOFTENER
- A DRY-SKIN CREAM
- A POWDER BASE



Doctors' tests show 8 out of 10 complexions beautifully improved with Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream. Better-than-ever with smoothing Vitone.

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

Hollywood Headlines.....	21
Why I Love George Burns.....by Gracie Allen	22
My Mother, Joan Davis.....by Beverly Wills	24
"I Struck It Rich".....by Art Musil	26
Missy.....by Robbin Coons	28
Claudia.....	30
Come and Visit Parks Johnson.....by Wilfred Weiss	32
The Gallant Bride and Groom.....by John Nelson	34
Through the Years with Our Gal Sunday—in Pictures.....	38
Here's What I Think.....by Irene Beasley	42
Tough? Not Duff!.....by Dorothy O'Leary	48
Honeymoon at Home.....by Iris Noble	50

INSIDE RADIO

Radio Mirror Quiz.....by Ralph Edwards	6
Three Men on a Beat.....by Joe Martin	8
Look at the Records.....	10
Collector's Corner.....by James Melton	11
What's New from Coast to Coast.....by Dale Banks	12
Ma Perkins' Daughters.....	15
Alvin Helfer.....	18
Bret Morrison.....	19
Saturday Night Serenade—in Color.....	52
Information Booth.....	63
Inside Radio.....	64

FOR BETTER LIVING

Between the Bookends.....by Ted Malone	36
Life Can Be Beautiful.....	54
Once Over Lightly.....by Kate Smith	56
Pretty as a Petal.....by Mary Jane Fulton	62

YOUR LOCAL STATION

WHN: A Home for the Husings.....	4
KDKA: Paul Shannon.....	14
WIBC: King Arthur's No Myth.....	16
WHAM: Tom Murray, Farm Editor.....	68

TELEVISION

Missus Goes A-Shopping.....	43
The Wheel Spins.....	44
People in Television.....	45
Coast to Coast in Television.....	46

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Summer Harvest—A Pepper Young's Family Novelette
by Helen Christy Harris 58

ON THE COVER—George Burns and Gracie Allen;
color portrait by Hymie Fink

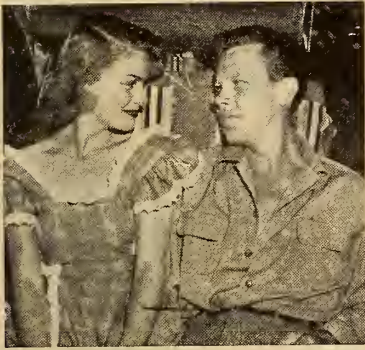
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Coming Next Month



On the June cover: not lovely Joanne Haymes, but husband Dick

ALL set up for June is a Dick Haymes story written for us by Bob McCord, Dick's—but here we're stopped. Shall we call Bob stand-in? Secretary? Right-hand or left-hand or both? Any or all of these would be so right that you'll have to judge for yourself, after you've read the story. All we can say with absolute safety is that Bob McCord is a very important man to his boss, Dick Haymes.

* * *

Remember when Radio Mirror visited Fiber McGee and Molly in their temporary trailer-home? Wistfully, then, they spoke of the house they had in mind . . . the house that would take the place of the trailer. Well, it has; they're in it. So back we went to visit the new shelter, and it's everything the McGees—who, at home, are Jim and Marian Jordan—dreamed of. Not pretentious; just perfect. Visit it with us, in June.

* * *

Have you heard the new lilt in Al Jolson's singing? It's love that does it—the love Al and his wife are lavishing on their newly-adopted baby, Asa. They're so happy, all three Jolsons, that the whole story sings—look for "We Adopted A Baby" in the June issue, with its appealing four-color portrait of the family at home.

* * *

Milton Berle is a very funny man. How he got that way, and why he stays that way, you'll learn from the story about him by Frank Gallop, announcer on his NBC Tuesday night program. There's an excellent color portrait of Milton, too, looking only moderately funny . . . which is unusual.

* * *

There's a lot about Marie Wilson that you wouldn't guess from hearing her as the not-too-bright "Irma" of My Friend Irma. You can read it, though, in June Radio Mirror's story about Marie. . . . The backward look is at Portia, and it retells in pictures some of the very exciting past moments of the heroine of Portia Faces Life. . . . From the Bride and Groom files, a springtime romance . . . and the Reader Bonus is a Young Dr. Malone novelette.

Me sit out dances alone?
Never...



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart work, sugar! Staggering the stagline is easy when Mum protects your charm the whole thrilling evening. You'll never let a dream man down with a fault like underarm odor.

A bath washes away *past* perspiration—brings you up-to-date in sweetness . . . but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or evening.

Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

A HOME for the HUSINGS



Ted and Iris Husing look through their tavern room window upon their garden-to-be.



Future broadcasts of WHN's Bandstand program will originate in this huge top floor studio and study.



The living room fireplace measures up to the specifications given by young Duke for Santa.

COME SUMMER, the Ted Husings will fling open the doors of their "tavern" room, step into the shade of a fountain-sprinkled, wisteria-covered arbor, and sigh contentedly. By that time the four-story, private Gramercy Park house in Manhattan Ted and his auburn-haired, vivacious wife Iris, purchased last summer will have had the final, bright touch applied, and will be the permanent quarters of the Husing menage which includes a lively three-year-old son, known as Duke.

Although each of the nine rooms is in a state of orderly disorder, with lumber, tiles, wire and lighting fixtures lying about ready to be put into place, they seem to come to life, take on color and warmth as Ted and Iris describe them.

With years of traveling from one sports assignment to the other behind him, Husing points with pride to the top floor of the house which is being transformed into a permanent and private broadcast studio and study. The two-storied, skylighted room, with its huge fireplace and small circular staircase leading to the roof will be, in the not too distant future, the originating point of his WHN Bandstand programs.

The Husing home life will center in the spacious, low-ceilinged "tavern" room. The dark oak paneling will be bleached to honey tones. Red benches flanking the fireplace, comfortable chairs, an enormous table for informal dining, the glint of copper and brass and the broad leaded-glass windows leading to the garden will make this one of the most attractive rooms in the house.

When Ted (Edward Britt) Husing forsook sports for his Bandstand stints on WHN a year and a half ago, he was so closely identified with sports that fans and friends alike considered his new venture in the role of platter spinner foolhardy.

He had aired golf tournaments, football games, championship tennis matches, regattas, track meets, baseball games, turf classics, and polo games.

Famous Husing "firsts" were legends in the radio world. He was the first announcer ever to introduce a President (Calvin Coolidge), to a nationwide listening audience twice in one day, a feat that drew headlines all over the United States. His was the first broadcast of the entire Olympic Games in Los Angeles in 1932, one of the most impressive sports broadcasts of all time. He was the first to use a portable shortwave transmission set for sports broadcasting. And he was the first big name from another field of broadcasting to become a disc jockey. (Now, of course, all you need to be a disc jockey is a completely unrelated background.)

Way back in 1928, when Ted was reporting football games over WHN, and, incidentally, setting a precedent by airing the Army-Navy, Army-Notre Dame games, the only times these classics have ever been aired by a local (WHN) station, he was experimenting with a Brunswick Panatrope to determine whether records could be broadcast. That was twenty years ago, and though he makes no claims to being the "first" disc jockey, he seems to have been way ahead of the field.

A man can change . . .

*just
like
that!*

She was sure she would never see him again. It had been their first big date . . . and here she was, back on her own doorstep again before the evening was half begun. His excuse was that his head was splitting. But she knew that wasn't true. She was hurt and puzzled. After all, he had appealed to her as few men do. She had tried so desperately to please him. And now—this!

What could she have possibly said or done to turn his ardor into ill-concealed indifference?

Many a girl has had the same experience . . . and never found the answer. It's a matter that even your best friend won't discuss.

How about You?

Don't guess about bad breath (halitosis). Don't offend needlessly. It's foolish to let this condition put you in an objectionable light when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, delightful, extra-careful precaution against oral bad breath of non-systemic origin.

You merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and, lo! . . . almost instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend . . . remains that way for several hours, too.

If you want others to like you, if you want to be at your best never, never, omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date!

It's certainly one of a girl's best friends . . . part of her passport to popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.,
St. Louis, Missouri.



Before any date **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



UPSET STOMACH, this way out!

Make way for **FAST RELIEF..**
An **EXTRA** package in my desk
Helps make such troubles brief

Yes, when bothered by occasional acid indigestion or similar stomach upsets, you can always *depend* on Alka-Seltzer for fast relief. An *extra* package means it's *there* when you need it most.

Headaches



For fast relief from the pains of a headache, take Alka-Seltzer. Its bubbling, effervescent action causes Alka-Seltzer's pain-relieving agent to go to work fast.

Discomfort of Colds

Alka-Seltzer's unique formula brings quick relief from the "ache-all-over" feverish feeling and other discomforts of a cold. There's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer.



Aches and Pains



The same analgesic that relieves headache so quickly causes Alka-Seltzer to bring quick comfort to muscular aches and soreness. One more reason for buying an *extra* package

Better buy two instead of one

Keep an *extra* package on hand for unexpected emergencies. 30c and 60c—all drugstores, U.S. and Canada.

Alka-Seltzer

Radio Mirror Quiz



Radio Mirror's guest quizmaster this month is Ralph Edwards, M.C. of Truth or Consequences (Saturday, 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC).



1. Phil Harris and Alice Faye are one successful married comedy team. Name three others.



5. Perry Como was once a (A) Lawyer (B) Veterinarian (C) Barber.



2. Thomas Garrison Morfit is his real name—who is this famous comedian?

3. Amos 'n' Andy are one of the most famous teams on the air. What are their real names?

4. What top female singer had a Broadway songwriter for a father, among whose hits were "Louise" and "Beyond the Blue Horizon"?

My Favorite Quiz Questions

a. What was the Northernmost State in which a Civil War battle took place?

b. Whose picture appears on a \$100,000 bill?



6. Fannie Brice, of course, is Baby Snooks. What famous comedian once played Snooks' father?

ANSWERS

1. Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa; Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson.
2. Gary Moore.
3. Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll.
4. Margaret Whiting.
5. (C).
6. Bob Hope, in the Ziegfeld Follies.

a. Vermont.
b. Woodrow Wilson.

Are you in the know?



A smooth gal's fancy lightly turns to —

- Thoughts of going steady
- Dreams of prom bids
- Shoes of gold

Her brain may be tucked with date data, but a smooth gal's tootsies sparkle plenty! This season, there's a gold rush—for sandals with that Midas touch. They're un- tarnishable. Smart for prom-prancing or any girl-meets-guy occasion. Whatever the crowd plans, breeze along (even on "those" days)—comfortably. For the *new* Kotex gives a new high in softness. Dreamy softness that *holds its shape*. And Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it!



Which lends your noggin news-appeal?

- Phony tresses
- Ubongi eorbobs
- A crew cut

Bored with your bookings? A different coiffure may help snag a new stag. It's fun to experiment with false tresses. Maybe you'd add a cluster of curls. Maybe you'll find a chignon has come-on. And, if you're unsure about bangs, it's safer to buy 'em than cut 'em! On problem days there's a way to be sure of the right *napkin* for your needs. Simply try all 3 sizes of Kotex! Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. You'll discover the one for *you*!



For graduation, would you give him —

- Sports equipment
- A magazine subscription
- His pet platter

Make it a simple but thoughtful token, like any of those mentioned above. He's fair- way-frantic? Buy a few good golf balls. Or, sign on the line for his favorite maga- zine. You could give him a disc he's dizzy about. Whichever you choose, he'll be grateful! And come commencement, join the festivities—"calendar" time or no. Remember, Kotex has an exclusive *safety center*. How grateful *you'll* be for that *extra* protection that vetoes nagging cares!



What will help improve your voice?

- More volume
- Two volumes
- Whistling

Let your sound effects be listen-worthy. Want to get rid of a rasp? A twang? A high-pitched "little girl" voice? This daily breathing routine helps: Lie flat on the floor; park two "volumes" on your dia- phragm. Take 20 deep breaths. The rising

of the books shows you're breathing cor- rectly, for a richer quality of voice. You can always "breathe easy" on difficult days . . . confident that Kotex will keep your secret. Yes, you'll bless those *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines!



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

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



3 guesses what girls forget most

- De-fuzz your goms
- Moke with the mouthwash
- Buy a new sanitory belt

No doubt your breath's above reproach . . . your pegs are satin-smooth. Okay. Well isn't there something you *didn't* remember—like buying a new sanitary belt? That's what most girls forget; keep putting off "till next time." To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new *Kotex Sanitary Belt*!

You know, the *Kotex Belt* is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You get such snug, comfortable fit, for a *Kotex Belt* is all-elastic; adjustable . . . doesn't bind!



Kotex
Sanitary
Belt

Ask for it by name



“Straighten Up And Fly Right” lifted the King Cole Trio right to the top; every record they’ve made since has boosted them a little bit higher.



Johnny, Nat and Irving: the “Gleesome Threesome.”

THREE MEN

By
JOE
MARTIN

LOTS of notes have flowed through musical bridges since the day that Nat “King” Cole graciously returned the fifteen cents that a customer offered him to play a song request. That was about ten years ago in a little club in southern California, when the newly formed King Cole Trio first started playing together. In that decade, the public has been so taken by their musical and vocal prowess that the Trio is now in the \$15,000 a week class.

You might expect a tale of hardships and struggles leading up to the grand finale of success. That’s the usual story about the usual group. But, of course, the King Cole Trio is not a usual group. That, perhaps, explains why Nat insists that his story is made up of equal parts of fun, hard work, luck and genuine happiness. Nat maintains that, “So long as we were working and making music, we were well enough satisfied to keep going until that one break came along.” While they kept going, they weren’t wasting time. Every follower of jazz knew the trio and its work long before the general public became familiar with it. And sooner or later they turned up playing in every spot that specialized in non-commercial music. Nick’s, in Greenwich Village, for instance, and Kelly’s Stables. It wasn’t until 1943 that the big break arrived.

It’s almost five years since Johnny Mercer heard the King Cole Trio play and sing their original bit of nonsense called “Straighten Up And Fly Right.” He immediately signed them to a recording contract for Capitol and the threesome was on its merry way to stardom.

Born in Alabama in 1916, and raised in Chicago’s South Side, Nat spent his youth studying legitimate music with his mother, Perlina. By the time he was twelve, he was a capable pianist, and an organist proficient enough to play for services in the church of his father, a Baptist minister.

But Chicago, in those days, was no place to be studying the classics. As the Windy City of jazz fame, it was fostering the creation of its own classics by such great musicians as Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, Jimmie Noone. Their proximity was too strong a lure for young Nathaniel—more so, since his spirit was very willing. It took him no time at all to find out that these men were playing the kind of music which, to him, seemed worth playing. He succumbed, thereby laying the groundwork for the pleasure of thousands of fans.

The original King Cole Trio consisted of Nat at the piano, Oscar Moore on guitar and Wesley Prince on bass.

Nat Cole: clever
vocals and piano.



Irving Ashby: newest mem-
ber, his technique adds.



on a BEAT

Johnny Miller: distinctive
bass, the heart of the beat.



Oscar left recently to join the group headed by his brother, Johnny Moore. His place was taken by Irving Ashby, who played with the Lionel Hampton band for years. He was living on the West Coast when he received the call from Nat that invited him to join the trio, and for a while, the group traveled with two guitar players, for Oscar didn't want to leave until he was sure that Irving had the King Cole stamp of perfection.

Johnny Miller replaced Wes Prince on the bass not long after the trio was formed. Least known because the arrangements call for very few solo bass passages, Johnny is nevertheless the backbone of the group. It's his intricate beat that gives the arrangements much of their character.

Through the changes, however, the style and quality of the trio has never altered. This is the group that can play and sing ballads, novelties or rhythm tunes in the finest taste. Evidence of their musicianly versatility is the wide variety of best-selling records to their credit. "That's What" was be-bopish scat singing, "Harmony" was utterly wonderful nonsense, and "The Christmas Song" was heart-warming sentimentality. No matter what they do, the King Cole Trio is full of vitality. Or as Fred Robbins put it, this is the "Gleesome Threesome."



"Straighten Up And Fly Right" lifted the King Cole Trio right to the top. Every record they've made since has hosted the same little bit with



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THREE MEN on a BEAT

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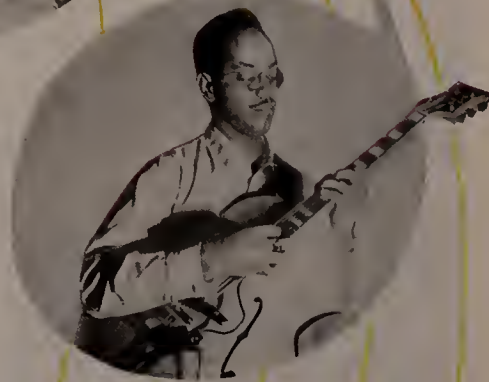
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FACING the MUSIC

It's a Sad Tale, Curly!



I GET A VACATION, AND THEN WHAT HAPPENS? MY GIRL RUINS IT BY STAYING SNOOTY THE WHOLE TWO WEEKS!

BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO PIGHEADED TO SEE YOUR DENTIST, PETE! LOOK, HONEY! ASK HIM ABOUT BAD BREATH, WON'T YOU?

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

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

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

MY GIRL FRIEND NOW IS FAR FROM SNOOTY AND EVERYTHING IS ROOTY-TOOTY!



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



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

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin



Proof that Jack Smith's grin starts in the usual way before it gets into his voice. With Sarah Vaughan, he signs for the fans.



DANCING OR LISTENING

JACK SMITH (Capitol)—That man with the "grinning" voice couples "I Wish I Knew The Name" and "Big Brass Band From Brazil" for a delightful disc for Smith fans. The Clark Sisters and Earl Sheldon's orchestra supply backgrounds.

LANNY ROSS (Majestic)—The lad of radio's "Showboat" fame sings "Winter Song" and his "Moonlight And Roses" theme. They're sung cleanly and interestingly. No swoon-stuff, but you'll like it.

ART LUND (MGM)—With each succeeding record, Artful Art sounds better and better. The pairing of two oldies, "What'll I Do" and "I'll Always Be In Love with You" make this one a cookie for keeping.

DESI ARNAZ (RCA Victor)—As if being married to Lucille Ball isn't happiness enough, Desi can well afford to be proud of his music too. "El Cumbanchero" and "Made For Each Other" are highly recommended.

JOHNNY MERCER-PIED PIPERS (Capitol)—Who can help but like Johnny's versions of anybody's music and lyrics? No exception is "Hooray For Love" and the very wacky "The Thousand Islands Song." Wonder if they ever will find Florence?

HARRY ROY (London)—We expect to hear much more about a young lady named Joy Nicholls, who recorded with Harry Roy, a delightful version of "There Ought To Be A Society." Harry plays much boogie-woogie on the reverse, "Sitting on Edge."

JIMMY DORSEY (MGM)—Danceable and musically clean is JD's coupling of "If I Only Had A Match" and "Three O'Clock In The Morning." Bill Lawrence sings the former, while Bill Dee Parker and The Skylarks all have a voice on "Three O'Clock."

ELLIOT LAWRENCE (Columbia)—The youthful stick-waver offers another of his originals in "Sugar Beat," while Rosalind Patton does well by "Shauny O'Shay."

NORO MORALES (Majestic)—By this time everyone must have heard of Noro's brother Esy of "Jungle Fantasy" fame. Esy is featured on this platter in the title, composing and playing it. It's "Opus Es Y's" and "Maria Teresa."

* * *

ALBUM ARTISTRY

SIGMUND ROMBERG (Capitol)—Lovely Lois Butler does the songs of Mr. Romberg with Lee Sweetland. This set is a "standard" for record libraries since it contains such all-time favorites as "The Desert Song," "One Kiss," "Lover Come back To Me," and "Romance." Paul Weston's orchestra plays beautifully.

FACING the MUSIC

Collector's Corner



By JAMES MELTON

This month's guest collector is James Melton, of NBC's Sunday afternoon (2:30 EST) *Harvest of Stars*. If you're interested in, but uncertain about, "serious" music, Mr. Melton's ideas may suggest a whole new approach to a hobby that can give you many hours of listening pleasure.

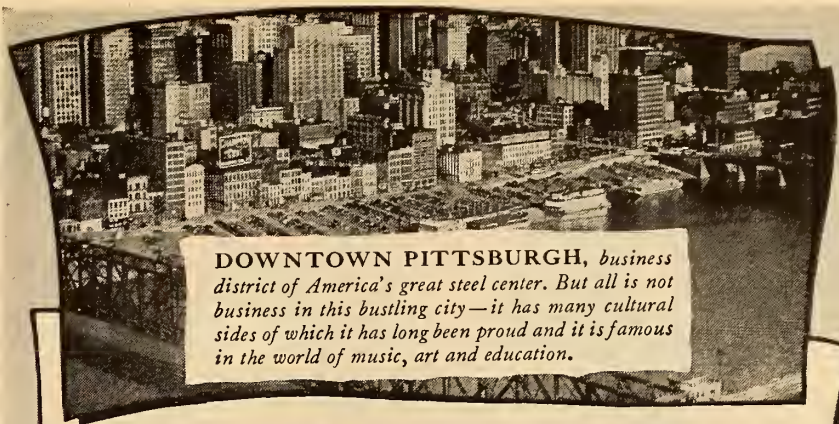
Are you thinking of building a complete record collection? Then why not give some thought to what is so grimly chalked-off as "serious" music? Actually, too many people take the liberty of placing any and all classical music in the "serious"—by which they mean heavy—category. And so we deprive ourselves of a lilting Strauss waltz, or of the delicate magic of a Mozart sonata.

If this be music in a "serious" vein, then let us brood to the delightful recordings of the works of a classical modernist, Katchaturian. His "Masquerade Suite," for example, has all the exciting flavor of a New Orleans Mardi Gras. For those who are jazz enthusiasts, with sheer and righteous admiration for Stan Kenton, there is available at your favorite record shop a wonderful selection of works by Igor Stravinsky, who has been a major influence on Kenton's music.

And when we stop to think that Chopin led the Hit Parade with his "Polonaise," disguised as "Till The End Of Time," we might well explore the possibilities in the compositions of this 19th Century Irving Berlin!

If your taste runs to the pulsating beat of the rhumba and tango, Ravel's "Bolero" in its original form will head your collection list in that tempo, or if you are one of the millions who enjoyed Freddy Martin's recent piano concerto records, you too will appreciate the prolific Ravel whose "Concerto For Left Hand Alone" has been recorded in at least two different versions.

If, however, you are really sincere in your decision to build a fine and complete record collection, you begin to see that classical records are as important a counter-balance to your "pops" as Shakespeare is to Raymond Chandler. It is not suggested that you move bag and baggage down to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, but through the magic world of records you can bring the "Met" into your own living room. And as the three R's were to your academic education, so the three B's (Bach, Beethoven and Brahms) can be to your musical education.



DOWNTOWN PITTSBURGH, business district of America's great steel center. But all is not business in this bustling city—it has many cultural sides of which it has long been proud and it is famous in the world of music, art and education.

When Pittsburgh's face is lifted

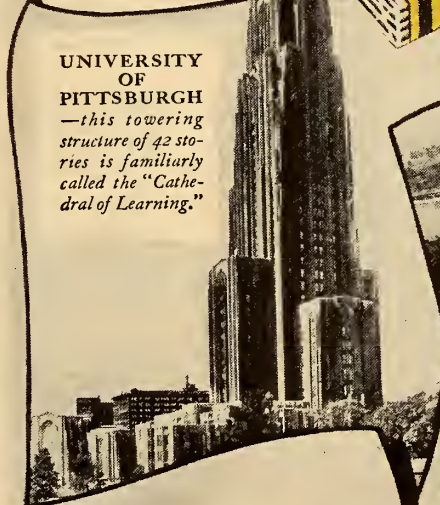
... when the smoke and smog, so much a characteristic of Pittsburgh these many years, is under control it will rightfully take its place among the "Cities Beautiful" of the country. Built on many hills, on the shores of three rivers, it has all the things nature can give to make scenic beauty. Then, when the smog is gone (the ordinance is passed) and Pittsburghers learn that the sky is really blue, there will be joy indeed that the name "Smoky City" is no more. Pittsburgh has always enjoyed the good things of life, however, and for years has put its stamp of special approval on

Beech-Nut Gum

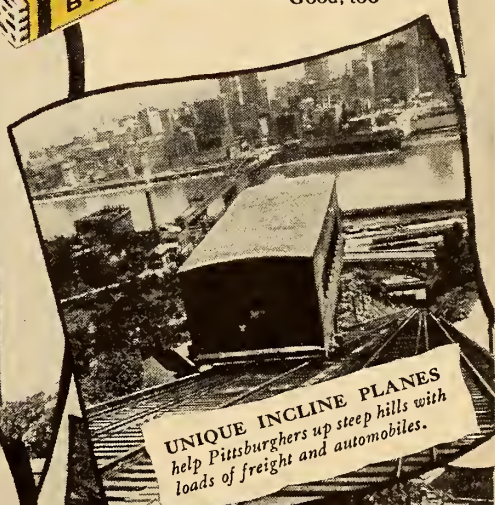
The outstanding favorite everywhere



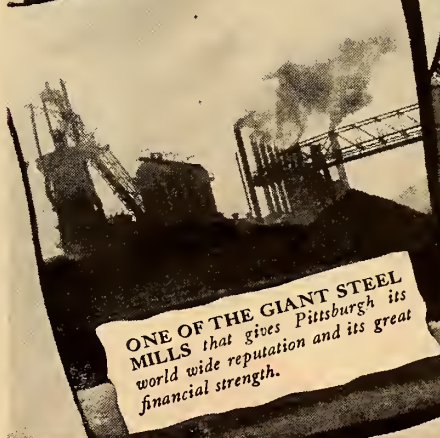
Beech-Nut BEECHIES
Candy Coated Gum
Good, too



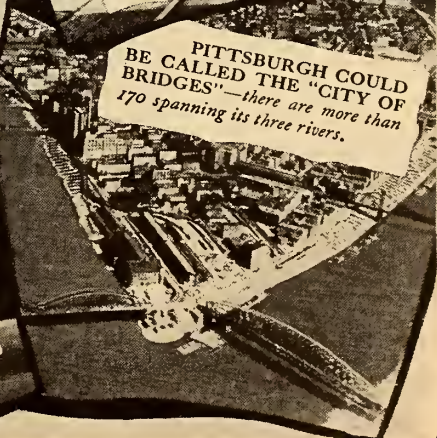
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH—this towering structure of 42 stories is familiarly called the "Cathedral of Learning."



UNIQUE INCLINE PLANES help Pittsburghers up steep hills with loads of freight and automobiles.



ONE OF THE GIANT STEEL MILLS that gives Pittsburgh its world wide reputation and its great financial strength.



PITTSBURGH COULD BE CALLED THE "CITY OF BRIDGES"—there are more than 170 spanning its three rivers.

WHAT'S NEW FROM



Author Meets the Critics (Sun., 1:30 EST) gave Madge Evans (l.) a chance to have her say about *Del Palma*, written by Pamela Kellino (Mrs. James Mason, r.) Moderator John McCaffery said, "Ladies Day!"

RADIO editors in New York have formed a Critics' Circle to "encourage more serious consideration, criticism and evaluation of radio and television." Paul Denis, radio editor of the *New York Post*, is chairman and the Circle will make six awards annually in May to those people and programs making the greatest contribution to radio and television.

According to a well-known program packager in these parts, sponsors are no longer interested in new shows which imitate the formats of current successes. They want new ideas in comedy, variety and quiz programs. This we'll believe when we begin to hear the effects on the air!

Summer vacations for radio shows will be starting earlier this year, we hear. Gossip has it that many of the New York agencies are planning to pull their shows for 17 and 18 weeks, come warmer weather, instead of the usual 13 weeks. Another new slant is that very few of the replacements will be commercial. The ad boys are losing interest in small-budget replacement programs. The networks will have to take over the time for sustainers. That's the way things stand now, but we have a personal hunch that lots of the advertising bigwigs will find their economy a headache, come time to get their original show time back. Mind, this is only a suspicion.

More signs of the times? MGM, we hear, has been pulling in its horns, too. The big flicker outfit has canceled all 24-sheet billboards, all radio spot announcements and its Ten O'Clock Wire news reports. All of which still sounds like peanut stuff to our financial sense. None of these items could compare, we're sure, with some of the big salaries paid out to top figures in the flicker industry.

Dennis Day's become such a horseback riding enthusiast that he's begun converting the members of his cast to the

idea, too. He's already got Bea Benedaret and Barbara Eiler getting up early and out on the bridle paths. Dennis has a secret yen to take a crack at the Roy Rogers and Gene Autry laurels.

Gene Autry, by the way, may be just a singing cowboy to you and yours, but to the FCC he's a big business man. The commission recently okayed Gene's purchase of a \$50,000 interest in his fourth radio station—KOWL, Santa Monica, California. And radio stations are by no means the limits of the horseopera troubadour's activities. See where clean living will get you?

Evelyn Knight reports that 1948 is going to be her lucky year. She's just moved into her first apartment—and it took her a whole year to find and get it.

Pops Whiteman is currently sponsoring Saturday night teen age dances in Lambertville, N. J., near his farm. Their success has started Pops thinking of expansion. He'd like the idea to spread all over the country. This is the way he puts it, "Every town's got a hall and there are school bands, if no other music is available. So, if parents really stir themselves, they ought to be able to get local theater and night club people—especially in cities—to let talent drop by for a few numbers. Good, clean fun for the kids doesn't just happen, it has to be organized—by older folks. Everybody's got to plug it. This business of handing a kid a couple of bucks and saying, 'Go have yourself a time,' can easily lead to the wrong time—and then it's too late. Now, if you take that same money and pool it and throw parties for all the kids—juvenile delinquency will take a first-class beating." And we're all for that.

Perry Como and Bob Hope are another pair of fellows who care about the kids. They've both accepted membership on a committee which will work on a national campaign to combat juvenile delinquency through a series of cash awards to be pre-

By DALE BANKS

COAST to COAST



Alice Frost's many mystery roles have built up her interest in psychiatry.



Three happy anniversaries make this a standout year for Frank Morgan.

sented to kids who distinguish themselves in community service. Como and Hope will join Father Flanagan of Boys' Town, Bishop Sheil, head of the Catholic Youth Organization and baseball star Bob Feller to administer a \$100,000 Youth Fund. Nation-wide tours are being arranged during which, in addition to the cash awards, all-expenses-paid college scholarships will also be awarded. Credit Bob Feller with the original push to start this, basing his idea on his own experiences as a kid, when he and his friends were kept out of trouble by his father's interest in keeping them all playing baseball.

EVER since Ilene Woods has been on the air, she's had an admirer, whom she has never met, but who calls her on the phone regularly. Recently, he returned from Paris and, still by phone, invited Ilene to be his guest on the French Riviera and just to keep things perfectly proper, he also included Ilene's husband, Steve Steck, and her baby, Stephanie, in the invitation. Unfortunately, Ilene isn't going to be able to avail herself of this opportunity to meet her admirer, or take that swell vacation. Radio has her tied up too far ahead.

If you're nourishing a hankering to be a member of the studio audience at the Truth and Consequences show, forget it for a good long time. Requests for tickets have been coming in at such a rate that it will be fully six months before they have all been granted. NBC isn't accepting any more requests for the rest of the season. Too much filing and paper work to be done.

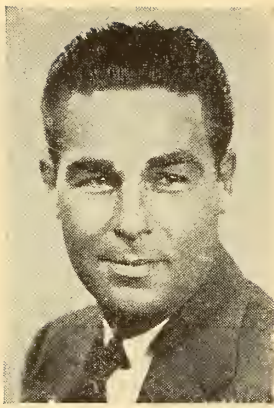
One of the mysterious things we'll never be able to understand about radio is why some perfectly swell shows go on for months and, sometimes, years without finding a sponsor, while other hit and miss stanzas pick up one hopeful moneybags after the other. The particular show we have in mind now is CBS's Studio One, which outshines most big-time dramatic programs in terms of choice of material: they do some of the very best plays the theater has seen; taste in (Continued on page 96)



Six-month wait for studio tickets to Truth or Consequences (Sat., NBC 8:30 P.M. EST) is reason enough for M.C. Ralph Edwards and wife to celebrate!



Move over, Autry—here comes Dennis Day, who has worked up such enthusiasm for riding that Barbara Eiler, of his NBC show's cast, has caught it too.



Paul Shannon, KDKA's Ace Announcer

Paul Shannon announces the Singing Strings program. Johnny Kirby, tenor star, joins the guesting Kinder Trio in song.



WHEN the other youngsters in suburban Crafton were playing cops and robbers, Paul Shannon was all wrapped up in his own broadcasting studio, and with his brothers was busy writing and producing shows that kept visitors to the Shannon home on the edge of their chairs. Not that the productions in themselves were unusual, but the manner in which they were broadcast caused the furor among the Shannon visitors.

The embryo producers, writers and announcers included Paul's brothers, Chuck and Jack Shannon. They rigged up a studio in the basement of their home (it was really a large packing case) and connected their microphone to the receiver in the living room. Then, while the folks upstairs were enjoying their favorite program, they were often startled by unusual types of broadcasts which interrupted the regular show at the most unexpected times.

Paul went on from there, turning to various little theater groups in the Pittsburgh area. He studied drama with the once famous Shakespearean actress, Janet Waldorf.

Chuck and Jack Shannon became interested in management of motion picture houses, and today Chuck is manager of Warner Brothers theaters in Sharon, Pa. Jack left the theater field for a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

During his little theater days Paul demonstrated and sold rowing machines in a local department store; taught boxing at the Downtown YMCA and played shortstop for the Crafton ball team. His first radio appearance was in 1937 on KDKA as a member of the Catholic Art Singers.

Paul joined KDKA's staff in 1939 as an actor, announcer and news editor. Since then he has been leading man on a network broadcast with movie actress Claire Trevor, and has had parts in numerous other network shows.

Shannon is best known to KDKA listeners for his announcing abilities. He won first honorable mention in the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers' award in 1944 and 1945, and in 1946 he placed first in the 50,000 watt clear channel division.

At present he has seven commercial programs a week, and he is still identified with the Dream Weaver, a program of poetry which he reads against a background of organ music.

In addition to his duties at the station, Shannon also does narrations for U. S. Navy training films, industrial training films and commercial transcribed spot announcements, all of which are produced locally. He is an active member of the Pittsburgh Radio & Television Club, and a former president of the American Federation of Radio Artists.

Shannon is married to June Best whom he met when they were both members of the little theater groups. Their two boys, Paul, Jr., aged 8, and Greg who soon will be a year old, demand and get most of his spare time. Paul, Jr., is not only a drama enthusiast but he has a chemistry set and he's so interested that his dad has had to brush up on his chemistry.



Paul, Paul Jr. and Greg try the driveway slide as Mrs. Shannon cooks them up a little something hot and hearty.



"I dress for dinner . . . at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



The daughters of Ma Perkins (1:15 CBS, 3:15 NBC) are played by: Kay Campbell (left) as "Evey"; Rita Ascot (below): "Fay".

Ma Perkins' Daughters



IN MARCH RADIO MIRROR's full length novelette about Ma Perkins, a picture of one of Ma Perkins' daughters was used, labeled "Fay." Our mistake! That picture should have been labeled "Evey," for it was Evey, as played (see above) by Kay Campbell. Fay, who is also pictured above, is played by Rita Ascot.

Rita, who measures a diminutive 4 feet 9 inches, was born in Aurora, Ill., and set her cap for a theatrical career right from the start. She reports, "Everything went well until my Grandmother refused to let me accept a Keith vaudeville troupe's offer—when I was still a youngster—to join them for a year on the road. But Grandmother finally relented in time for me to manage several years of stock. In 1934 I had a radio audition, and I've been in radio ever since. The list of shows I've been in goes from here to here, but for the past ten years I've been Fay Perkins Henderson, on Ma Perkins. Ever since the Ma Perkins program moved to New York I've spent as much of my time in the air as on the air—for I commute by plane from Chicago."

Kay Campbell—"Evey"—says this about her background: "I was born in Kansas City, Mo., went to the University of Chicago High School and College. I met my husband, Samuel E. Hibben, at college and we were married right after my graduation. I have one son, who incidentally is very talented musically.

"I became interested in radio about two years later through a good friend, Virginia Clark (original "Helen Trent"), and started out on the long road on which I'm still plodding. I received a year's good training with actual experience on the air up at WAAF where we did everything from writing, acting, sound effects to producing, and then began the rounds of contacting and auditioning. One of the first shows I worked on was Helen Trent, and then in 1936 I got the lead on a daytime serial called Lucky Girl which ran for two years on WGN. Since then I've worked on any number of shows either as an actress or as a credit reader.

"I moved to New York March 1st, 1947, with the Ma Perkins Show. Since coming here I've had running parts on several other shows as well."



1. "FROM OFFICE-CLAMOUR to evening-glamour! It's easy if you start the day in a jacket dress. Keep hair-do simple! And most important of all—remember to protect your dress from perspiration stain and odor with new Odorono Cream!" This safe, new cream deodorant protects you a full 24 hours . . .

And you'll be thrilled to discover new Odorono stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)



2. "SHED THE JACKET at dinner time! Add jewelry, gloves and real flowers for elegance. Then start the evening—confident that you look your best. Confident that you are your best—because you can trust Odorono to keep you dainty the evening through." The Halgene in New Odorono Cream gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

Yet, Odorono is so safe and gentle—you can use it after shaving. Try greaseless, stainless Odorono Cream today!

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





Doug Arthur's broadcasts, aired twice daily over WIBG, are the highest-rated record programs heard within the Philadelphia area.

King Arthur's

NO MYTH



IN PHILADELPHIA, King Arthur is a well-established fact. King Arthur's Court was the title of a program he once aired in New York, and Doug Arthur has been recognized as King of the Disc Jockeys for years. His Danceland programs, broadcast daily from 10:30 to 12 Noon and from 6 to 7:30 P.M., are the highest rated record programs in the area, according to all the surveys. Before entering radio some 31 years ago, his Rose Room Orchestra, which was booked by the old Columbia Artists Bureau, was in constant demand for college proms and club dates. He broke into radio quite accidentally when his band was playing in WTNJ, Trenton and an announcer failed to appear in time for the show. He announced the program and registered so well with the management that they subsequently put him on the air. He worked a part-time radio schedule along with his danceband activities for about two years before deciding to devote his entire time to broadcasting. His disc shows are scheduled not only with an eye to what is the top tune of the day, but what will be shortly.

He is constantly besieged by song and record pluggers with new platters, who want him to introduce their songs on his shows, since such procedure has made many hits. Buddy Grecco's "Ain't She Pretty" had its world premier on Doug Arthur's Danceland on WIBG.

A suggestion of his is responsible for Columbia's

"Little White Lies" by Dinah Shore. Perhaps he made the suggestion for that one because, years ago, on Dinah's first New York program, which he announced, he told her that she could never sing a ballad. And he felt that eating the right kind of crow would ease his mind for one musical mistake of his career.

His sponsors don't believe he can make a mistake. All but one. That organization, an upholstery company of Baltimore opened a Philadelphia branch and bought time on Danceland. The Philadelphia branch is now larger than the main office. And the mistake he made was doing such a fine job for them, that they had to go off the air for a period of 9 weeks to catch up with their orders.

It was Doug who caught up with the London Records label and gave those discs a terrific lift on this side of the ocean. His musical column, published in a Philadelphia monthly magazine, was snatched for world-wide distribution by London Records.

Doug Arthur was born February 16, 1908 in Newtown, Pennsylvania and was educated in the George Schools. He has been married twelve years and has three children; Nancy—7, Diane—4, and Doug, Jr.—1. His wife was a school-days sweetheart whom he knew from the time she was seven years old. They currently live in a home he himself designed in Glenside, a Philadelphia suburb.

Young beauty:

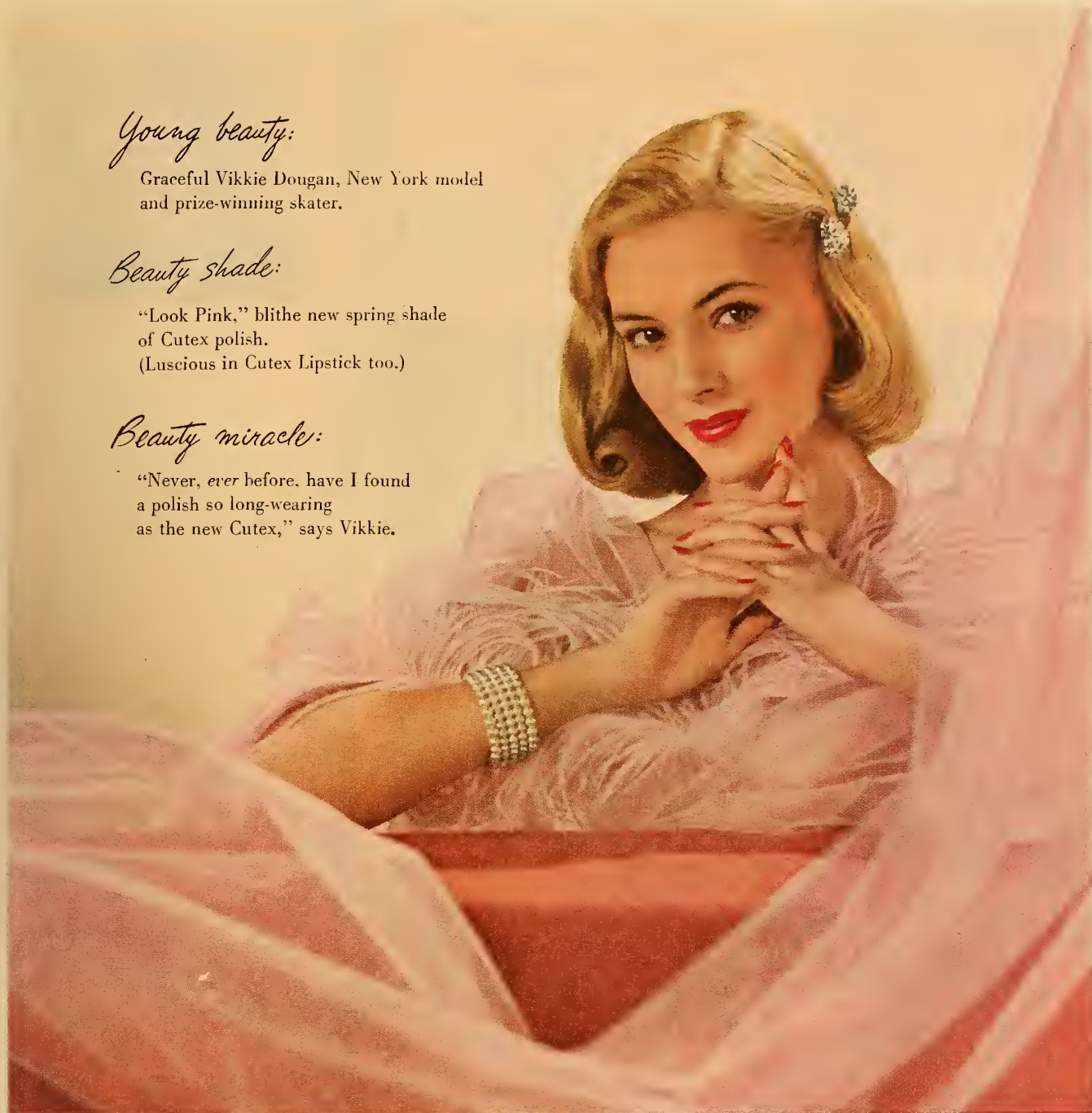
Graceful Vikkie Dougan, New York model and prize-winning skater.

Beauty shade:

"Look Pink," blithe new spring shade of Cutex polish.
(Luscious in Cutex Lipstick too.)

Beauty miracle:

"Never, ever before, have I found a polish so long-wearing as the new Cutex," says Vikkie.



"Look Pink" by Cutex-

—newest, fashion-favored look for nails and lips

THIS SPRING, fashion loves pink! *You'll* love "Look Pink"—glowing on your nails and lips—flattering your new clothes, and you!

It's a heavenly shade in a stay-perfect polish! Cutex now outwears even costly polishes! Sparkles with rich, fadeless color! And new Cutex is angel-pure—safe for even sensitive skins. A wonderful exclusive found in no



other leading polish! Only 10¢, plus tax.

You'll love the "Look Pink" shade in creamy, silk-smooth Cutex Lipstick too. So luxurious! Yet . . . only 49¢, plus tax.

Try *all* Cutex's fine manicure aids, from nippers to nail white, for the exquisite grooming new fashions demand. NorthamWarren, New York.

Marjorie Groat's winning smile
turns an idea into a career—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

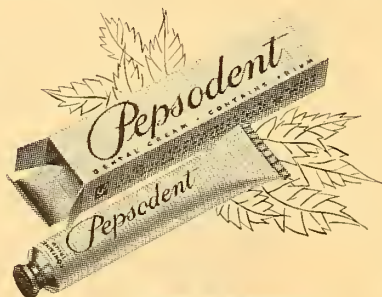


Marjorie Groat, Career-wife, is first to wear the latest fashions in Madison, Wisconsin—it's her job! Marjorie was a freshman at the University of Minnesota when she met Bill . . . and wedding bells ended her school days. When they settled in Madison, Marjorie decided that "Manchester's," one of the leading department stores, needed a fashion modeling staff. The store management agreed. Now Marjorie's winning smile is very much in evidence as she trains new models, plans and appears in fashion shows. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I always use Pepsodent," Marjorie says. "It's the best tooth paste I've found for brightening teeth!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

People all over America agree with Marjorie Groat. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles! Just recently, families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried!

For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT
OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



Alvin Helfer

Coal Speaks: Mon.-Fri. nights on MBS.

BACK of the distinct delivery and careful analysis that characterize the news commentary of Alvin Helfer (Coal Speaks, MBS, Mon.-Fri.) is quite a background of practical and successful radio experience.

It was back in 1929 that Alvin Helfer said to himself, "Al, bless your old Scotch-German ancestry, you should do something in radio." So he did. He and the microphone began their friendly and binding association in Washington, Pennsylvania, on the now defunct station, WNBO. Then to Pittsburgh and free-lance work at Stations KDKA and WCAE. Next stop—WLW, Cincinnati. There, Mr. Helfer vaulted into network radio—and he's been there ever since.

In many ways, Mr. Helfer is a jack-of-all-trades before the microphone—but master of most of them. While in Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, he was especially adept at sports broadcasting. Later, this experience paid off—and he has had no less than eight different sports commentaries for the various networks. His was frequently the voice in broadcasts of the world series.

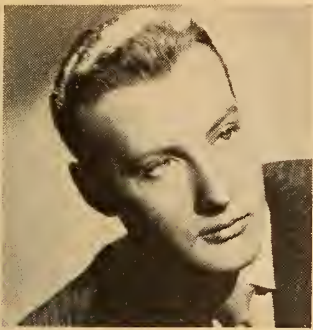
Remember the Spotlight Band Show? Mr. Helfer was master of ceremonies. He was the narrator for the Chrysler program and the Sunday Evening Hour on CBS, the Treasury Hour over NBC, Great Moments in Music at MBS, and Sunday Strings for ABC. He has rounded out his experience with character acting on Pepper Young's Family, and work on several of the top mystery thrillers.

His news reporting background grew when he was selected to do the narration for Hearst Metrotone Movie Newsreel, The News of the Day. Subsequently, he reported special events for all the major radio networks.

The only break in his radio career came just after the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. He served as a line and commanding officer in the Navy—both ashore and at sea.

Today Alvin Helfer is no longer a full-time broadcaster. He is Director of Radio for the Haehnle Advertising Agency in Cincinnati. But in Coal Speaks, Mr. Helfer earns a top-ranking place among news commentators. His precise delivery and logical analysis make him a natural—and at 39, one of the youngest network commentators.

He is married to Ramona, the internationally famous pianist and singer who was formerly a feature on Paul Whiteman's program. And that's one reason he is so careful with his delivery on the air. "After all," he says, "if it's a bad show, I'll hear about it when I get home."



Bret Morrison

Song of the Stranger: MBS, Mon.-Fri., 3:30 P.M., EST.

BRET MORRISON is one young man in radio who never has time to get bored. Handsome, in his early thirties, Bret has enough talents and energy to keep four or five people going. Always busy on the air lanes, his top assignment now is playing the romantic, singing-acting role of Pierre Varnay in Mutual's *Song of the Stranger* (Mondays-Fridays, 3:30 P.M., EST). This show is something Bret campaigned for, after his success in a similar acting and singing role on the *Aunt Jenny* series.

Singing and acting are only two of Bret's interests and achievements. He's a writer and recently finished the book and music for a musical he hopes to land on Broadway. He also prepares all his own special material for his night club appearances. He likes taking these engagements at some of New York's smartest supper clubs; in them he can present his material as he wants it to be done, which isn't always possible in radio or the theater.

But there's more to this Morrison fellow even than his strictly theatrical talents. He's a stage designer and an interior decorator, both of which talents he turns to profitable use. Not long ago he decorated Paula Stone's apartment. He's also an expert horseman and turns that into a pretty penny, too, by giving riding lessons. He's a photographer of sufficient proficiency and imagination so that he could quit all his other activities and open a studio and be an immediate success at that. Last, but not least, he's turned an old hobby—the collecting of foreign cars—into a money maker. He rents them out to movie studios.

All this started about fifteen years ago, when Bret walked into a Chicago radio studio and asked for a small part in *Dracula*. He got it, of course. And he went on from here, right up to the top role of "Dracula." By that time, he had spread himself around a bit. He did stock and repertory work in Chicago theaters and later on the West Coast.

Meanwhile, he continued his radio work, wherever he happened to be. He has appeared on the Lux Radio Theatre, Parties at Pickfair, Vick's Open House, Ma Perkins, and the Romance of Helen Trent. He sang leads in the Chicago Theatre of the Air operetta series, and was the popular Mr. First Nighter. Now, in addition to his *Song of the Stranger* lead, he is *The Shadow* and the narrator on the *Light of the World* shows.

So far as we can see, about the only thing Bret hasn't tackled so far is television and we wonder why. He'd surely be something for the girls in the video audience.

HEAVENLY CLOSE-UP

...for "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girls Only



YES, HEAVENLY, to move as one person . . . to the strains of enchanting music. That Wonderful Man holding you close . . . his cheek against your hair.

HOW REASSURING to know your hair weaves a lasting enchantment not to be broken when you leave his arms. Those moments his face touched your soft, fragrant, gleaming tresses . . . how thrilling he found them . . . how sweetly haunting still! And *you*—how happy and thankful you are, for Lustre-Creme Shampoo and the new, three-way loveliness it gives your hair! Your heart stands still when *he* says: "Dream Girl, that gorgeous hair rates a bridal veil."

MANY A BRIDE with soft, glamorous, Dream Girl hair is singing the praises of Lustre-Creme Shampoo. *Not a soap, not a liquid*, Lustre-Creme is a dainty new, lavishly lathering cream shampoo. Created by famed cosmetic specialist, Kay Daumit, to give hair new three-way loveliness:

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

Lustre-Creme's instant, billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp. Use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to bring out the full natural beauty of the hair . . . to safeguard your "close-up" glamour. Be a Dream Girl . . . a lovely Lustre-Creme Girl!



For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

Now in Tubes as well as Jars . . . Lustre-Creme gives you your choice . . . for home or travel use . . . and for the convenience of the entire family. Four-oz. jar \$1.00, or in smaller sizes, jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. Rekindle your hair's highlights . . . bring out its true beauty . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In tubes or jars at all cosmetic counters.

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

**You can say "yes"
to Romance**

Because

**Veto says "no"
to Offending!**



Veto
COLGATE'S
NEW DEODORANT

Veto says "no"

—to perspiration worry and odor!

SOFT AS A CARESS . . . EXCITING . . . NEW—Veto is

Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day!

Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath!

With Veto, you feel confident . . . sure of your own exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes!

SO EFFECTIVE . . . YET SO GENTLE—Colgate's lovely cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to normal skin.

Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics.

For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make

Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

Trust always to Veto

if you value

your charm!

Hollywood Headlines

NEW radio programs are always interesting news to RADIO MIRROR editors. Good new programs are even more important, because we like to be able to recommend them to our reader-listeners. And when a program is both new, and good, and is planned and put on the air by one of RADIO MIRROR's sister publications—well, we think that's worth taking a page to talk about.

If there's one thing women like to hear about, more than any other, it's a bargain—something that gives you real value for your money. There are true bargains in radio listening, too—programs which give you full value in entertainment for the time you spend in listening to them. Hollywood Headlines is such a radio bargain, and it fulfills all three of those qualifications—it's new, it's good, and it's a program of one of RADIO MIRROR's sister publications, Photoplay Magazine.

To begin with, there is news and gossip by Cal York, Photoplay's own specialist in that kind of Hollywood reporting. Each week you will hear a story of special interest told by Les Tremayne, old friend of RADIO MIRROR readers. Certainly no one is in a better position to bring listeners inside information about movies and movie people than the editor of Photoplay, Adele Fletcher. She is the third of this trio of Hollywood experts which brings you just about everything you can ask in the way of a program about the moving picture world on Hollywood Headlines each week. Hollywood Headlines is heard on ABC stations Saturday mornings at 10:30, EST.

The Editors

Why I Love



THE minute I came in the front door, I heard the familiar voice, the familiar words.

It was George's voice, coming from the library.

"Take a beat before you say it," I heard, "and don't fool around with your hands."

Shades of Union Hill, New Jersey.

The last time I had heard those directions was twenty-five years ago, when the vaudeville team of Burns and Allen was born, and they started my metamorphosis from a singing, giggling Irish colleen into what turned out to be Gracie Allen.

What was going on here? Was George getting himself a new girl after all of these years?

I had been off the show for one broadcast—laid low by the mysterious Virus X. But, after all, two performances missed in twenty-five years (there was another epidemic ten years ago) is not exactly absenteeism.

Younger generation taking over: Ronnie's rehearsing for a movie, Sandra's clicked on the air. Below, Gracie grooms Suzie every day.

By GRACIE ALLEN

You don't love a man—or marry him—for some one thing he *does*; it's the sum of all the things he *is* that makes a woman say, "He's mine!"



GEORGE BURNS

I hurried, getting to the library, and flung open the door.

George's face looked up, beaming. "He got the part!" he said.

I saw a second ecstatic face. It was that of our twelve-year-old son, Ronnie.

Ronnie, so soon, taking a beat before he said it. Ronnie, already, learning not to fool around with his hands.

Ronnie, George explained, was an actor. Casting at Twentieth Century-Fox had just called. He had a one-page part in "Apartment for Peggy." A whole page, not just "Telegram for Mr. Benny." A real start.

And George couldn't have been happier.

He has always sloughed off the questions of our friends about whether he wanted our children to be actors. I knew he did—he doesn't think there is any other life. But he hadn't (Continued on page 85)



It's a rummy game at the Burnsés practically any night but Thursday—that's when Burns and Allen are heard at 8:30, EST, over NBC stations.

George is only too happy to coach Ronnie for his acting debut. Sandra, at thirteen, already tops five-foot Gracie by seven full inches!



My Mother



WHEN my friends and I are listening to Mother's program on CBS on Saturday nights, hearing her talk in that funny, cracked falsetto, or when we go to the movies and see her doing her comedy falls on the screen, someone's sure to ask, "Is Joan Davis really like that—at home, I mean?"

Well, I couldn't say no and I couldn't say yes. Being a fifteen-year-old daughter who thinks that her mother is just about tops in the mother department, I'm prejudiced. Maybe the best thing to do is to tell you about her, and let you judge for yourself what I mean when I say that I can't make a definite yes or no answer to that question!

Most of the time, Mother certainly doesn't look the part of the Joan Davis of radio or movies. In person

*Mother's Day bouquet
for the queen of
radio comedy----
with love and pride,
from her daughter*

By
BEVERLY WILLS

Hear Joan Davis Saturday nights on CBS,
at 9 EST, 6 PST, in the Joan Davis Show.

Joan Davis

she's slim and sort of elegant, where she looks angular and thin when you see her in a picture or in front of the microphone. She's very pretty—and yet she's always made up to look unattractive for her parts. At home she's graceful, where she's all jutting elbows and flying legs in her Joan Davis character.

But even at home there's something about her that is still Joan Davis, as you know her. She thinks of something funny, and that sly, oh-year look comes into her eyes and her voice cracks in the middle and when she tells the story she has to do it with gestures. Her humor is a very real part of her.

Maybe I can give you an example of the way her humor works in with the rest of her.

She collects antiques. I'll tell you

more about them later. But one of her prized possessions is a charming blue-and-white-and-rose, hand-painted with delicate figures, English porcelain *spittoon*! There it sits in our Bel-Air house, in our living room with all the fine, expensive furniture she has collected over the years, right next to an elegant wing-back chair. That's my mother. That's Joan Davis.

As she says: "What'll I do if someone ever really spits in it?"

Do you see what I mean?

Not that she spends all her time being funny—the major portion of it, at home, belongs to me, and to her job of being my mother.

She always makes me face what *might* happen. She always starts off with "Yes—but, Beverly, what would you do if . . . ?" And it's good

for me. She's giving me balance.

Mother was helping me rehearse a speech I had to give in school. I made a slip of the tongue. Nothing serious. I started to go on as if it hadn't happened.

But she stopped me.

"What would you do if that should happen when you're facing that whole roomful of kids? What if someone laughs at you? What if the teacher stops you? What would you do, Beverly?"

I still wasn't taking it seriously.

"Oh, I'd just say my braces slipped and I'd better get 'em fixed."

"But that's good! That way they won't be embarrassed for you. You remember to make a joke out of your own mistakes and you'll have people on your side—laughing *with* you." (Continued on page 73)



"What would you do, Beverly?" are the words Joan uses to spark her daughter's ingenuity. They do!

I STRUCK

Strike It Rich

provides the

gold mine—all you

have to do is

bring the right tools

By

Art Musil

as told to

Thea Traum

PEOPLE like to laugh at the stories about America when it was young. They get a kick out of the idea that poor immigrants came here expecting to see the streets paved with gold and precious stones. Well, maybe there were no golden streets then, but there are some things about this country today that seem just as fabulous. I ought to know. You see, I tapped a twentieth century gold mine. With the aid of CBS and a candy bar company, I struck it rich!

My story begins in Berwyn, Illinois, thirty years ago. I led a normal kid's life except that my family was a little bigger than most. Besides me there were five boys and three girls. As a youngster, most of my free time was devoted to sports. In high school I was on the football, baseball, basketball, and track teams. Later on there was semi-professional football with the "Hecklers" and even a try as a light-heavyweight



Strike It Rich is heard Sunday at
10:30 P.M. EST, on CBS stations.

IT RICH 99

in the Golden Gloves tournament. I had a good job with an automobile corporation and was doing fine. Then everything changed.

Instead of hurling speedy forward passes to a lightning-fast teammate, I was helping to fire ninety-five pound shells at an enemy nine miles away. In the Field Artillery there were very few safety zones, no rules, and no referees.

One morning, about four-thirty, just after the battle of the Bulge, I was picked up by the medics. I was lying face down in the mud, pretty far gone in shock. Medical corpsmen poured two pints of plasma into my elbow vein to replace the blood I had lost. Then the fog began to lift and I realized where I was. It may sound crazy, but when I saw those doctors, I nearly laughed out loud—I was so happy to be alive. Even from the depths of my pain I (Continued on page 77)

"Todd Russell was asking if I wanted to risk all I'd won on the next question. I hesitated—till Carolyn nodded a go-ahead."



"I guess our baby is rather unique—the baby a quiz program paid for. I'm saving the story to tell him."



"I STRUCK IT RICH"

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Strike It Rich
provides the
gold mine—all you
have to do is
bring the right tools

By
Art Musil
as told to
Thea Traum



Radiant is the word for the Montgomerys now that Melissa Ann's arrived.



Expert cabinetmaker. George made crib.

Missy

Enter Dinah Shore's daughter—
music, magnolias and Montana are her heritage

By ROBBIN COONS



Miss Kamp, Melissa's auxiliary guardian.

MISS MELISSA ANN MONTGOMERY was only two weeks old, the flowers and telegrams and letters were still arriving, and she was already far behind on her thank-you notes.

Melissa Ann—"Missy"—was entirely unconcerned about this social dereliction, but her glowing mamma hoped that Missy's friends would understand.

"It's just that since Missy came I'm floating around on Cloud Number 7," explained Dinah Shore, who's so radiant now that her most prosaic words seem set to music.

"You see, I used to devote every morning to answering mail," she went on. "I worked at it from nine to twelve, faithfully. But now—well, there's Missy's bath, and I can't miss that! I have to give

it to her or at least watch while the nurse gives it. And her bottle—I just can't miss that! And so many things to check, like the temperature of her room, and so many reasons just to look in on her in her cradle—she's so sweet, with her dark hair and blue eyes, and her skin white as milk and soft as velvet, and her pink cheeks. . . . Oh, things will never be the same around here as they were—before Missy!"

From all of which you may gather that the debut of young Missy is a smash hit, a solid sock, not only with Dinah Shore and her husband George Montgomery, but with their friends and fans. And if Missy's arrival has caused a few changes in household routine at that beautiful redwood Encino home, her parents couldn't be happier, (Continued on page 83)

Claudia

A favorite American girl, more famous than the young wife next door but just as appealing, is on the air

TEN years ago, after the first "Claudia" story appeared in *Redbook* magazine, Claudia and David Naughton became one of America's favorite families. Since then—you can trace their progress on these pages—the Naughtons have fought their way with charm and humor and an underlying seriousness to the maturity that makes their marriage successful.

Now, under the affectionate supervision of writer Rose Franken and her playwright-husband, William Brown Meloney, Claudia has been transplanted carefully into a new medium, radio. A vast new audience now

On the legitimate stage, Dorothy McGuire brought Claudia to life. Donald Cook played David; Frances Starr (r.) was Mrs. Brown.

Originally, Rose Franken's "Claudia" was a magazine story. Forty-odd more have followed, plus six novels, tracing the progress of the appealing Naughtons.





On the air, Paul Crabtree and Katherine Bard recreate David and Claudia with traditional warmth.

helps David balance Claudia's checkbook, watches Claudia heading for a mistake that her own good sense may—or may not—save her from, agrees or disagrees that Claudia has a "mother fixation."

Katherine Bard, who very nearly played the part on the stage, is Claudia. David is Paul Crabtree; the role of Mrs. Brown, Claudia's mother, is played by Frances Starr, who first created it in the theater.

Claudia is transcribed, heard Monday through Friday at different times on stations throughout the country. Check your local stations for time in your vicinity.

Hollywood found there was audience interest enough to spread over *two* Claudia films, both with Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young.



Katherine learns Claudia's lessons.



Paul grows to David's stature.



Frances Starr is radio's "Mrs. Brown."

Come and Visit

There's plenty of room

between neighbors in Texas

—but they all know when the Vox

Pop man is at home

By WILFRED WEISS

TEXAS, as everyone who has ever met a Texan knows—and everyone who isn't bedridden has met at least one Texan—is the proudest state in the world. And it would seem that one of the things they're most proud of, at least along the eastern half of the state, is Parks Johnson, the man who has been putting the voice of the people on the air for the last sixteen years.

The Johnson ranch is near a wide spot on an unnumbered road called Wimberly, a few miles from San Marcos. But as you travel southward through the state it seems impossible to meet anyone who doesn't know Parks, who doesn't remember his first broadcast on a Houston station, who isn't as personally pleased and proud of his success as the mother of the kid making the valedictory speech at the high school graduation.

A Dallas banker finally cornered into saying exactly where the Johnsons lived still hedged. "Well, his place is down below Houston, but we like to feel that Parks just lives in Texas." In a way, that's true enough. Traveling all over the world for the past sixteen years, Parks Johnson has never lost the feeling of Texas, even though he doesn't get home as often as he'd like to nowadays.

On or off the air his speech has the blandness of hominy and the folksy friendly y'all of a lazy branch, which would be a creek anywhere else in the United States. There's an easy heartiness about him, and a combination of shyness and cockiness which is as typically Texan as tumbleweed.

All this is part of where he lives, because Sabino Ranch is Parks Johnson at rest. The way he puts it is, "Louise and I looked all over the world for a place we'd like to live when we retire. We never found any place half as beautiful as Texas, and the most beautiful place in Texas is Wimberly."

Years ago his wife's family lived in San Marcos. Summers her father would (Continued on page 104)



PARKS JOHNSON



At home, in front of their favorite fireplace, are Parks and Louise Johnson and, behind them, young Bill Johnson and his wife Mary Frances, who live in the annex on Sabino Ranch.

Parks Johnson's Vox Pop is heard on Wednesday nights at 8:30 P.M. EST on stations of the ABC network.

The Gallant Bride and

This might have been a sad story—

except that Jim and Inez have some
very big ideas about happiness

The gay and gallant Strains take their first
steps into the future, flanked by their atten-
dants: Harold Overholser, Charlotte Yahnian.



A fit and proper thanks-so-much for the Bride-and



"I'VE been on the Bride and Groom
staff for more than a year, and
I've never even seen them!"

The switchboard girl was referring
to the board of judges who pass upon
all applications from couples wishing
to appear on our broadcasts. Her
plaint was not unusual, for the three
members of the board—a clergyman,
an attorney, and a radio executive—
have insisted from the first on re-
maining in the background, with
their identities a carefully-guarded
secret.

"Otherwise," they explain, "we'd
be continually asked to choose
couples as a personal favor to some-
one, or even to approve marriages
intended just for publicity or gain.
By staying anonymous, we can se-
lect the couples we really want—
couples truly in love, with an aware-
ness of what marriage should mean,
and with stories that will be of in-
terest to the millions of listeners."

That was why I knew something

Groom



room gifts John Nelson has just presented to Inez.

unusual was up the morning I received a phone call from one of the board members. "It's about one of the applications sent over from your office yesterday," he explained. "We think it's a stand-out in every way, and that you'd want to schedule it as soon as possible."

As he went into details, I listened with a growing sense of doubt. Finally I interrupted to say, "Haven't you forgotten what we've always agreed upon—that we should try to avoid sadness in our Bride and Groom stories?"

That has been one of the basic points of our broadcasts from the day that John Masterson first thought up the idea of the Bride and Groom program. As Masterson has said, "No one wants to minimize the unhappiness and tragedy that exist. But a wedding is supposed to stand for happiness. Let's keep Bride and Groom that way—not only for the couples being married, but to make



For the album, the Strains posed calmly. Then they rushed off to inspect the exciting house-on-wheels that was Bride and Groom's big gift.

By
**JOHN
NELSON**

all our listeners happy as well."

The board member answered my question by chuckling; and saying, "I told you this couple was a stand-out in every way. Theirs isn't a sad story. Why, it's one of the happiest love stories there's ever been!"

That was my introduction to James Strain and Inez Weber, of Richmond, California. Since that morning I have learned that the judges were right, that James and Inez have truly discovered the secret of laughter and happiness that should go with a boy and a girl in love.

If Jim had been a less courageous person, this might not have been true. For, as a sergeant in World War II, he had undergone tragic experiences in the South Pacific. A member of the National Guard of New Mexico, he had been among the first American troops to enter the war against Japan; and he was one of the (Continued on page 90)



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BETWEEN THE

Spring in the city: the breeze is shy, the flowers

CITY SPRING'

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Spring peered into the city's heart
And looked and looked but could
not find
A tree to hang her blossoms on;
The grass-green footprints of her
kind.

Yet the stone trees of buildings
bloomed
With pigeons, silver in the sun;
And every grey street emphasized
That Springtime weather had be-
gun!

For children with sun-gleaming hair
Roused our sleeping dreams and
hopes,
By turning through the starlit air
Their rainbowed arcs of skipping-
ropes!

—Pauline Havard

ON LEANING TOWARD BEAUTY

"When doubtful, lean toward beauty," you advised,
In giving me technique for painting birds,
And, knowing you, I cannot be surprised
At the myriad applications of your words.
So when I seek a way to hang a curtain,
Or how to rearrange a room to best
Advantage; likewise, when I am uncertain
How sympathy, perhaps, should be expressed
Or some encouragement, and when I see
Two ways to be a friend, or give a gift,
And when the road becomes a fork far me
In larger matters, then my heart will lift,
I know, remembering to, be inclined
Toward any lveliness that it may find.

—Elaine V. Emans

Double Life

By day my life is calm, secure,
My little house is fresh and
neat.
I read a book upon the porch
Where roses clamber, nodding
sweet.

My kitchen smells of baking
things,
Some neighbors drop around
for tea;
We talk of cabbages and kings,
And life goes on with harmony.

But when the shadows lengthen
And I glimpse a golden moon,
My soul just aches to paint the
town
A lovely, bright maroon!
—Marian Fickes

Discovery

The mind takes counsel, being
wise
In time of sudden stress,
The heart, a victim of surprise
Looks vainly for redress.
The mind reserves opinion,
weighs
The moment, and is shrewd,
The heart invokes the urgent
phrase
To clothe the fleeting mood.
When days that gave our fancies
wing
Are gone to dust and embers
The mind forgets the face of
spring—
Only the heart remembers.
—Sydney King Russell

THESE MOTHERS

My mother is a funny girl,
So pleased with simple
things.
She thinks because I have a
curl
I also must have wings.

She thinks I am a prodigy.
My every act and look,
She writes down very care-
fully
In a little book.

She almost bursts with pride
and joy
And calls me "honey lamb"
Because I look just like a
boy,
Exactly what I am.
—Louise Goodson

BOOKENDS

bloom in boxes—but it's the same Spring!



BY TED MALONE

YOU ARE NOT FAR

Within a treasured volume, thumb-worn, old,
I came upon a blossom, quaintly pressed:
Its petals rare old wine, its heart caressed
With kisses of a long-lost summer's gold:
A fragrance clung—a tender, faint bouquet
Still lingered in that small forgotten bloom:
Your hallowed presence seemed to fill the room . . .
I saw your gentle face, as yesterday.

And suddenly I spanned the bridge of years,
My troubled thoughts grew strangely calm and sweet:
Again I knelt, for solace, at your feet . . .
My tortured heart knew benison of tears.

*You are not far—not gone! It cannot be—
When faded flower can bring you back to me.*

—Blanche DeGood Lofton

TO A CHILD

You will not value food
So lightly, since you see
Me turn the soft, brown earth,
Since you kneel with me

Putting small seeds under
The warm loam's cover
You will see miracles
The whole world over.

—Christie Lund Coles

Sails Appeal

"Love 'em and leave 'em?" you chide him;

But what can a sailor-boy say

Except that away he is with 'em—

And when he is with 'em, away?

—Mayhoward Austin, McEachern

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

The Sand is Quicker Than The Eye

Now, I am very sensible;
I daily vow and swear it.
And my intentions, which are good,
Most fervently declare it.

I sanely plot a level course,
Skirting the ruts and rubble;
Then cautiously I sally forth
To wade knee-deep in trouble!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Radio Mirror Will Pay 50 Dollars

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



Through the years with

OUR GAL SUNDAY



1. One Sunday morning, some years ago, in the tiny town of Silver Springs, Colorado, two old miners found at their door an abandoned baby girl. Jackie and Lively, the miners, had no way of tracing the mysterious visitor who had left them this precious gift; they didn't really want to, for the infant's sweetness captured them at once. They called her Our Gal Sunday.

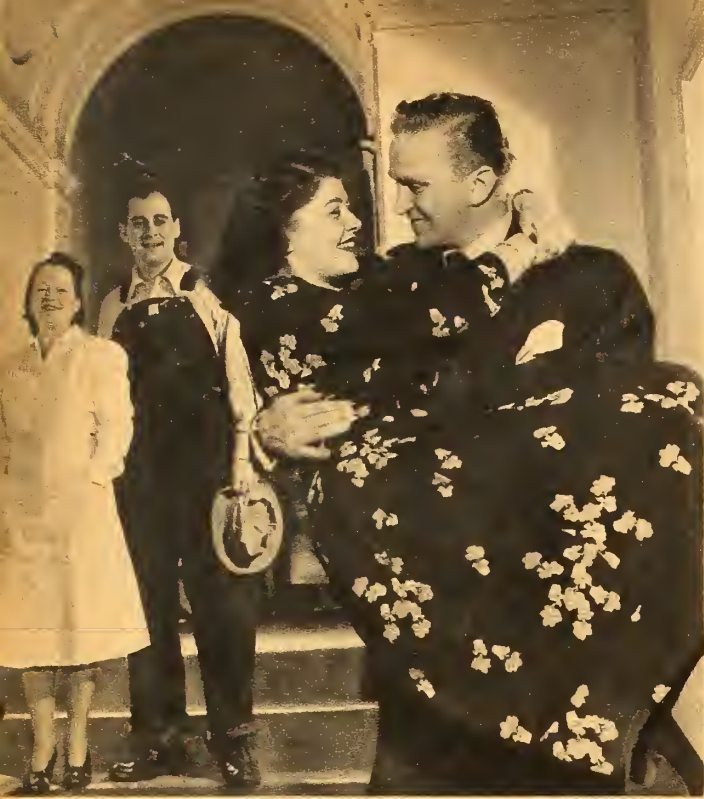
2. The old miners looked after their charge lovingly. Against the wind-swept mountains and vivid skies of Colorado, Sunday blossomed into beautiful womanhood—waiting, though she didn't realize it, for destiny to overtake her. And it did. Wealthy, handsome Lord Henry Brinthrope, one of Britain's most eligible young men, met Sunday; they fell deeply in love.

On these pages as on the air, Sunday is played by Vivian Smolen, Lord Henry by Karl Swenson, Kathy by Ruth Russell, Fred Davis by Louis Neistat, Aunt Alice by Katharine Emmet. Produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Our Gal Sunday is heard Monday through Friday, 12:45-1:00 P.M. EDT, on CBS.





3. In the face of their love, difficulties disappeared for Sunday and Lord Henry. The nameless foundling and the titled Englishman were certain that, together, they could overcome any obstacles to which their widely-differing backgrounds might give rise. Pledging themselves to each other in their hearts as well as with the words of the ceremony, they were married.



4. But they learned that Lord Henry's English home could not be home to Sunday. His family, and the women who were attracted to him, threatened their happiness. Finally Henry and Sunday came to live at Black Swan Hall, Henry's estate in Virginia.

5. Welcomed by Lord Henry's old nurse Kathy, and by Fred Davis, estate overseer, the Brinthrops prepared for a happy life at Black Swan Hall—especially since they had brought with them from England the lonely, frightened boy named Lonnie.



8. Shortly after this terrifying experience, new happiness came to help soften Sunday's memory of the horror she had suffered. To Sunday and Lord Henry a new baby was born: Caroline, who looks so much like the foundling left with the miners long ago!

9. Visiting Lord Henry's ancestral castle at Balmacruchie, in Scotland, Henry and Sunday once again met danger. Henry's cousin Hubert Brinthrope, who looks exactly like Henry, tried to prove Henry's title belonged to him. This time it was Sunday . . .

OUR GAL SUNDAY



6. Sunday and Lord Henry adopted the intelligent, affectionate Lonnie. In making a secure, happy home for this child who had suffered, their own happiness grew. It became even greater when the family was enlarged by the birth of Davey.



7. But anxiety checked their happiness. Descendants of the family who built Black Swan Hall were trying to damage Lord Henry for their own evil purposes. Sunday, who discovered the plot, was barely saved from the flaming death planned for her.



10. . . . who rescued her beloved husband from the dungeon in which he had been imprisoned. After Henry's liberation, Sunday realized that her suspicions had been correct: someone *had* been posing as Lord Henry—Hubert, who looked so like his cousin.



11. But Hubert's frantic efforts failed. Papers which he had counted on to prove his claim to the title reaffirmed that Lord Henry was rightful heir. A troubled time behind them, Sunday and Henry left for Virginia, with their Aunt Alice's blessing.



Here's What I Think

By Irene Beasley

WHEN I was a little girl I had a rabbit. Peter was an energetic soul, possessed of a wanderlust, and I was constantly mending his hutch to contain his vigorous spirit.

One evening, just at dinner time, Peter bobbed out of the pen and went for a stroll without so much as an ear-waggle request for permission.

There was a rule in our house that "he who is late for dinner gets none." Consequently Peter's departure just as the bell rang forced upon my childish heart a most difficult decision. It was Peter, or my dinner—and I was ravenously hungry!

It was an hour later and after a dozen or more spirited sprints up and down the full length of a nearby cornfield that I returned home hot, exhausted, and breathless—but with the long ears of my errant pet protruding safely from the niche beneath my arm. Mother and Father, as well as my sisters and brothers had finished their meal and I resignedly walked past the dining room on the way to the cool comfort of the front porch.

Never shall I forget the sense of gratitude that bubbled up inside and spilled over in tears as my father called and I went to the dinner table to seat myself before a heaping plate. "Have your din-

ner," they said, "and if, when you grow up, you have as much determination about big things as you have had about this little thing—you'll find it generally works out all right in the end."

Perhaps that experience is why today my philosophy of life includes a belief in what I call the "extra effort." So many times we humans reach a point where from all indications we should give up a favorite plan, a favorite hope. Yet more than often the application of just that extra added amount of perseverance can bring us home "with Peter safe and dinner to boot!"

Be that as it may, the application of extra effort isn't always an easy thing to accomplish. And people, little or big, need encouragement.

In Grand Slam, where we meet thousands of people each day, in person and through their letters, we find this fact ever present: "People" are not a conglomerate mass of nondescript beings—"people" are individuals; and every individual needs understanding, sympathy, and love. Giving these has its own strange recompense of comfort and if you don't believe it try this one on your piano: the next time you're feeling low, find somebody—anybody—reach out to him and show an interest in *his* troubles. You'll be glad you did.

Irene Beasley is heard on her musical quiz, *Grand Slam*, Monday through Friday mornings, 11:30 EST on CBS stations.

TELEVISION



Every Wednesday afternoon at 1:30, Missus Goes A-Shopping is televised on CBS-TV from a different supermarket.

Missus *goes-a-shopping*

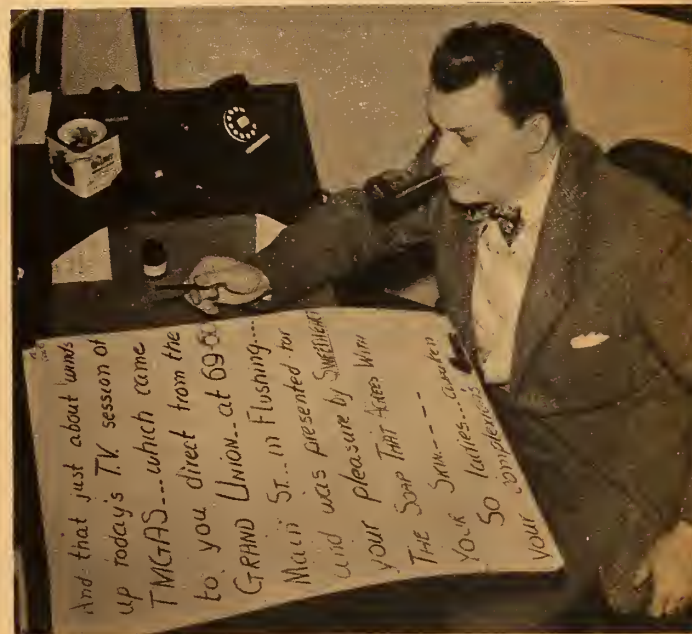


John Reed King, "Missus" M.C. for past 10 years, carried it smoothly into television.

JOHN REED KING is one of the well-known radio personalities who has made a graceful transition into television. He has been doing his Missus Goes A-Shopping show as a regular radio feature for the last ten years, and now it can be seen on television over WCBS-TV every Wednesday afternoon at 1:30. CBS-TV is at present doing no video shows from their studios; all shows are done from "natural environments." "Missus" lends itself beautifully to this policy because it is televised from a different supermarket each week. A large crowd always gathers in the market—so large, in fact, that John no longer announces the name of the market on his radio show—and the warm King charm soon turns the whole thing into a sort of glamorized cracker-barrel session in the old general store.

John will tell you that an "on location" telecast is no easy matter. Approximately a ton and a half of technical equipment for an indoor remote like "Missus" is required, plus a truck used for haulage and as the control origination point, plus a minimum crew of eight.

Using the truck or "Studio on Wheels" as control origination point reduces the amount of equipment that must be carried inside, and makes the project easier in many ways. However, this method has its hurdles—especially in New York City. First you must get a Fair Permit because you are going (Continued on page 92)



The Wheel SPINS



In dealing with amateurs, M.C. Walter Mack follows the traditions of Major Bowes, with whom he worked for many years in radio.



Dumont's Amateur Hour, Sundays at 7 P.M. EST, is produced by the staff of the original Major Bowes Amateur Hour. Television studio on wheels (left) is their base of operations.



DUMONT was once considered the country cousin in the television field—as are most independents when they come up against the big networks—but this is no longer true. Dumont is now one of the leaders, presenting some of the most entertaining and impressive shows to be seen on television today. This is due in large part to the efforts of A. B. Dumont, founder and head of the corporation, together with the rest of the huge staff he employs—but the gentleman generally conceded to be responsible for the extraordinary smoothness and scope of the Dumont productions is the manager of program planning James Caddigan.

One of the most widely-discussed Dumont shows is The Original Amateur Hour which is seen and heard on Sunday evenings from 7:00 to 8:00 P.M., over the full Dumont network—that is WABD in New York (where the program originates), WTTG in Washington, D. C., WFIL in Philadelphia, and WMAR in Baltimore. "Amateur Hour" is being produced by the original staff of the famous Major Bowes Amateur Hour. The master of ceremonies, Walter Mack, worked closely with the beloved Major for many years, and follows his tradition of kindly encouragement for the young hopefuls who get on the show.

Admittedly amateur shows are not the highest form of

entertainment, but there is something tremendously appealing about discovering something new, and each televiewer can do just that by voting for his or her favorite contestant. The talent displayed by these unknowns is often truly amazing, and almost as important are the cheerful persistence, and the hopes and dreams that you can hear between the lines of their stories. Many thousands of those dreams became reality via the radio amateur hour, and it would seem that this type of program has found its true home in television. To be able to see the expression on a young girl's face as she tells a little bit about her background and her ambitions, and to be able to watch her while she sings her song, add to your interest and enjoyment of the show a thousand-fold.

Like its predecessor, the video version of The Amateur Hour will send out variety acts to appear in theaters all over the country. These units will be made up of the best contestants from the television program. The traveling acts will appear in theaters with local performers.

Along with the troupe will go a mobile unit—which is a television studio on wheels—with cameras, receivers, and everything necessary for closed circuit television productions. For more about this bus, see What's New from Coast to Coast in Television.

People in TELEVISION



JOHN K. M. McCAFFERY

IS moderator of the WNBT video show *The Author Meets the Critics* on Sunday evenings, 8:00 to 8:30.

He was born in Moscow, Idaho, and raised in Madison, Wis., graduated in 1936 from the University of Wisconsin and received a Master's degree at Columbia in 1938. He married while teaching English at St. Joseph's College in Brooklyn, became an editor at Doubleday, Doran, was fiction editor of the *American Magazine*, and until recently, editor in charge of special events at MGM.

Mr. McCaffery, luckily, is skillful at handling participants in the "Author" show—where all the battles are not verbal. He is a great ad libber and quick thinker, and sometimes when sensitive authors' feelings are hurt, he has to be more referee than moderator. And through the miracle of television the audience can watch authors and critics exchanging furious looks as well as scathing remarks.



JOAN KERWIN

WORKS with Bob Loewi as one of the youngest teams in television. They have had a good deal

of video experience. Currently Bob, with pretty Miss Kerwin's help, is producing two shows weekly on WABD, key outlet of the Dumont television network. One of these is *Swing into Sports*, which features the sport in season and presents some of the country's top athletes as guests. The other, *Photographic Horizons*, is for an audience of "shutterbugs."

Bob and Joan met while she was an apprentice in a summer theater at Cape Cod. As a producer-director from Dumont, Bob was teaching a television class at the theater. Joan found his enthusiasm for video infectious. A few months later she arrived in New York just as Bob was looking for an assistant to help him launch his *Swing into Sports* series. They've been working together ever since.



BOB SMITH

HAS enjoyed the same popularity in television that he has known in radio. His *Puppet Playhouse* started as a once-a-week feature over WNBT, but proved so pleasing to the younger set that it is now heard and seen six times weekly. Smith's studio audience—a large group of children called the "Peanut Gallery"—is delighted by "Howdy Doody," a puppet

Bob's constant conflict with Frank Paris.

Bob Smith was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1917, and he started to play piano and sing at the age of five. But it was under duress. (His first love was baseball.) At 15 he was part of a male trio called the Hi-Hatters. Kate Smith discovered them and treated them to an appearance on her network show. Then Bob went on to staff jobs with two Buffalo radio stations, until finally came the offer from NBC to do his early morning show.



BOB EDGE

VETERAN sportscaster on CBS Television Station WCBS-TV, calls the play-by-play on all Brooklyn Dodgers baseball telecasts from Ebbets Field, also all basketball games from Madison Square Garden and the 69th Regiment Armory, and many other sporting events. Edge is a pioneer in tele-sports-casting. He switched to the

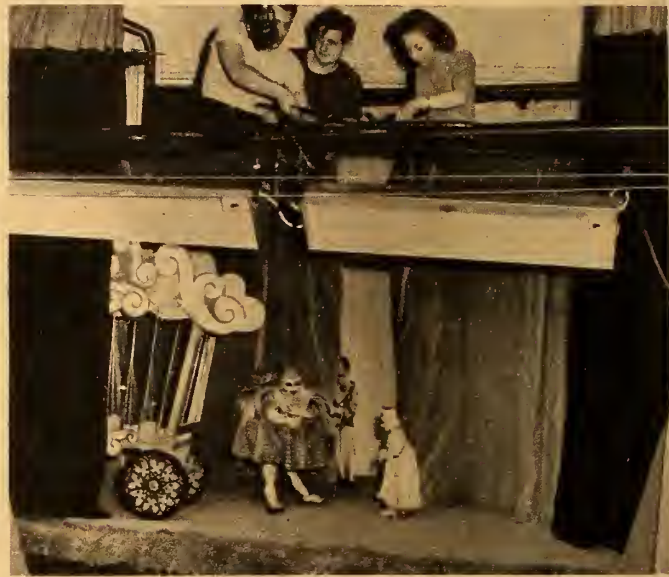
new medium from radio way back in 1941. At that time he was doing sports broadcasting for the CBS network and had his own show, *Outdoors* with Edge. But he understood at once that television's potential appeal to sports fans was enormous and he wanted to have a part in this exciting new medium.

In the 18 months that Bob was identified with television before going into military service, he covered boxing, roller skating, fishing, golf, archery, bowling, table tennis, badminton, baseball and football.



WHAT'S NEW FROM

On Junior Jamboree (WBKB-Chicago) Fran Allison presents a puppy, each week, to some lucky—and deliriously happy—boy. Another tele-show for youngsters (see below) is WNBT's Puppet Playhouse, m.c. of which is Bob Smith.



"The Bachelor Queen" (WNBT) starred Judith Evelyn and Howard St. John.



Televising the NBC newsroom, WNBT caught John MacVane and W. W. Chaplin checking headlines with Dr. Max Jordan (seated on desk, right).

LOS ANGELES radio dealers report that since television started booming, "... selling radios without television is like being in the antique business." One owner of three shops reports that he hasn't sold a single radio since Christmas. Also from Hollywood comes the information that television experts have produced evidence that disproves the popular belief that most receivers are in bars. More than 86% of all video sets are in homes. Other incidental intelligence shows that telecasts increased sports attendance for games which it covered.

* * *

The American Broadcasting Company plans to have five stations in operation by the end of 1948 in Chicago, Detroit, New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Plans call for the Chicago station to be finished first, ready for launching in September.

* * *

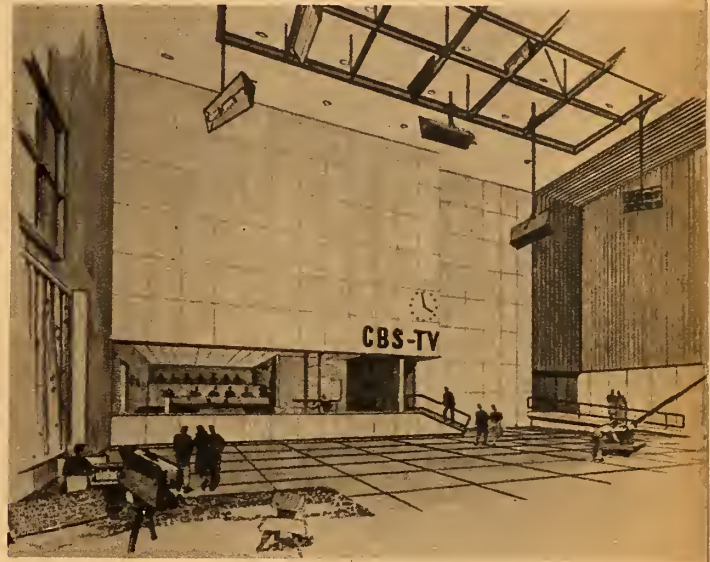
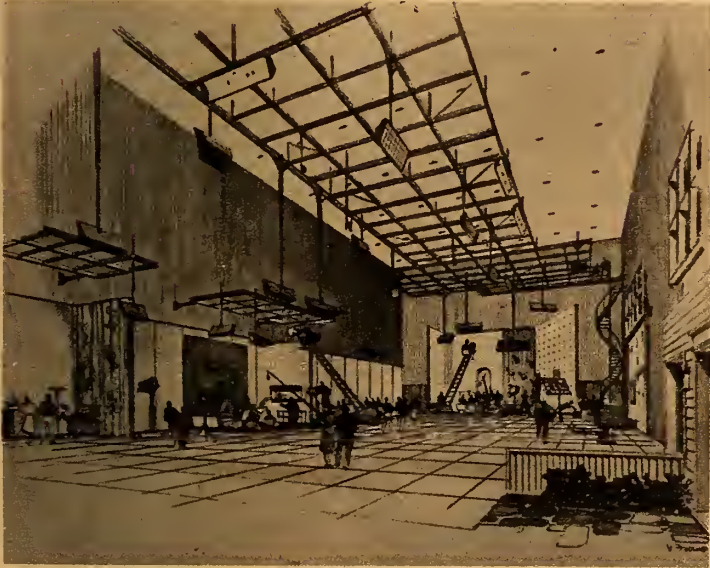
Maybe these ABC plans had something to do with NBC speeding up the opening date of its Chicago studios, which has now been moved ahead to September, too. NBC's Chicago studio will serve as the key for a midwest network, tying television stations already in operation in Milwaukee, St. Louis and Detroit.

* * *

Bill Lawrence, one of Hollywood's top radio producers, is well on the way toward becoming one of the few television production experts in

COAST TO COAST IN TELEVISION

Here's the way CBS envisions television studios in their projected N. Y. C. plant, which will be the largest television center in the nation. Enormous major studios like these will be equipped with most modern apparatus yet developed.



RADIO And TELEVISION MIRROR

the nation. For the past three or four years, Bill has spent most of his spare time studying television techniques and working out new video production methods of his own. At the moment, he has two television shows in preparation and has high hopes that each will contribute something to alleviating television's growing pains.

* * *

Film producer Jerry Fairbanks has signed a five-year contract with NBC television to produce all films required by the network.

* * *

As evidence that advertisers are starting to discover television, station WABD—key outlet of the Dumont network—reveals that while its income for June, 1947, was \$6,000, six months later, for the month of January, it earned \$50,000.

* * *

If Army Signal Corps technicians can work it out, brass hats—in the event of war—will be able to watch battle progress via television while sitting in Headquarters. And we here and now offer up a not-too-quiet prayer that they will never have to make use of this device—if the technicians do work it out. We'd be just pleased to see this become an interesting, but useless, marvel.

* * *

This sort of thing is common in radio, but it's the first instance that's come up in television. Because Mary Kay, feminine star of WABD's Mary Kaly and Johnny show, (Continued on page 103)



In WNBT's presentation of Theatre Guild production *Angel Street*, the bemused wife was Betty Field, her sinister husband Walter Abel.



Tough?

NOT DUFF!

For instance, would a tough guy do his own dishes? Well . . . yes, if he ate the way Howard does, and hadn't yet met "the Girl."

By
DOROTHY
O'LEARY

Howard Duff stars in *The Adventures of Sam Spade*, Sun., at 8 P.M. EST on CBS.



"Some day, a hill-top house. And no left-over chores!"



WHEN hard-hitting, cynical Sam Spade says a deep, vibrant "Okay, sweetheart" to his secretary Effie on those Sunday night *Adventures of Sam Spade* programs, several million feminine hearts do a quick flip-flop, proving once again that women, young or old, do not necessarily go for the boy-next-door type. An amazingly large percentage love a tough guy.

Perhaps they wouldn't want to share their morning coffee and toast with this coolly calculating "private eye" Spade, but his voice evokes a swoon from the bobby soxers and a sigh from their grandmothers. It's the voice—tough and demanding—that gets 'em, and the voice belongs to Howard Duff who hates to disappoint his fans but divulges that he is *not* tough—because he's too lazy!

He will sprawl his six-foot length in a comfortable chair before the fireplace in his unpretentious Hollywood apartment, drag on a (Continued on page 81)

The public eye turns, with new excitement, to a



private eye": Sam Spade was never like this till radio merged him with actor Howard Duff



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HONEYMOON

*Testimonial for marriage by
Hal Peary: "I never
knew before what it was like
to be happy."*

BY PAULINE SWANSON



Two points of focus for Gildy's new life—wife Gloria, small son Page (lovingly tended by nurse Mae Campbell).



THE Griffith Park planetarium, at night a circle of bright light on the crest of the hills, is one of the landmarks of Hollywood.

Almost directly in its shadow, but two or three miles below, in a house which looks very much like every other house on the handsome, obviously prosperous residential street, another spectacular brightness is in evidence—in the beaming face of Hal Peary, radio's Great Gildersleeve.

There is an incredulousness in Hal's new-found happiness that is touching. As he introduces you to his pretty bride, the former Gloria Holliday, and their fat and beaming eight-months-old son, Page (the Pearys' Mexican marriage was necessarily kept secret for a year because of Hal's much publicized difficulties with the first Mrs. Peary) you realize that the expansive

good humor which characterizes Gildy's radio personality has only now been incorporated in the man himself.

He says it himself.

"I never knew before what it was like to be happy."

Success and happiness, he has found out, are not always synonymous.

Enjoying both now in good measure, he finds it hard to believe that his double good fortune is true.

He has lost forty pounds since he fell in love, he boasts, and from visible evidence as many years went with them.

Gloria and Hal, for whom a honeymoon was impossible when they were first married, trot off like children every other weekend for a honeymoon whirl in San Francisco, Laguna Beach, or—most recently—Phoenix.

"We were there for four days, where Hal appeared at

at HOME



At last the expansive good humor of his character on the air has been incorporated into his home life as well. The Great Gildersleeve, Hal Peary's radio program, is heard Wednesday nights, 8:30 EST, on NBC network stations.

the State Fair," Gloria explains, "living like kings at the Camelback Inn. It was wonderful. But after the first day we were both so homesick to see Page that we couldn't wait to get home."

"But it's a honeymoon," Hal puts it, "even at home."

"Especially at home," Gloria corrects him as Page tries valiantly to pull out a hunk of her dark auburn hair.

Gloria and the baby were still living in their San Diego county hide-away with Gloria's mother when Hal bought the house last spring and he found himself faced with the job of decorating twelve rooms from scratch in a period when furnishings were practically unobtainable.

"The long distance bill was terrific," he reports. "I called Gloria about everything I bought. I don't know

anything about decorating—a guy needs his wife around at a time like that."

Hal and his cousin, Bart Peary, moved into the cavernous place with a kitchen stove and two mattresses.

The echoes, Hal says, kept them awake nights.

Little by little—first the ice box, then the carpets, a little furniture, some drapes (with Gloria selecting colors by telephone and fabrics by samples rushed to her by mail)—the empty house began to take on the atmosphere of a home.

When Gloria and Page moved in last July, after the Pearys' re-marriage ceremony, the finishing touches were added. A high chair, a kiddie coop, a play pen—no house with those items looks unfurnished.

Mrs. Peary shakes her head over the proportions of the job yet to be done. But it (*Continued on page 72*)

SATURDAY NIGHT SIERENADIE

*The Badgett
Quadruplets
OF GALVESTON*



★ Save one Saturday night for a big date with

ON a Saturday night in Spring, West 45th Street, in the heart of New York's theater district, is the most exciting spot you can imagine. Outside neon signs light up the anticipation in the faces of playgoers; traffic jam-packs the narrow street from curb to curb; and the noise is about what you'd expect if two or three carnivals all hit town at once. A little later, though, when you come along to keep your appointment with RADIO MIRROR, the street is



Radio Mirror: you've got two tickets to CBS's. Saturday Night Serenade!

much quieter. You have no trouble locating CBS Playhouse No. 2; when you slip in, you find that out of 750 seats RADIO MIRROR has gotten you the best ones in the house. You're in them right now!

Vic Damone, nineteen-year-old Serenade star, is comparatively new to radio. His earliest broadcasts on an independent New York station proved there was something in his baritone voice that people wanted to hear. In no time at all, as singers' careers

go, he was star of this big network show, which involves all the people you see up there on the stage. They are: Emil Cote and the Serenaders; Vic; Arthur Mundorff, CBS associate director; Gus Haenschen, conductor; glamorous Hollace Shaw, featured soprano; Roland Martini, producer-director of the program; Warren Sweeney, announcer. Saturday Night Serenade is heard from 10 to 10:30 P.M. EST. 7 to 7:30 PST, stations of the CBS network.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERENAIDE

The Best of
Lunchtime
OF CALIFORNIA



JEANNETTE JOYCE JOAN
Sturdily, happily on
PET MILK



★ Save one Saturday night for a big date with Radio Mirror: you've got two tickets to CBS's Saturday Night Serenade!

On a Saturday night in Spring, West 45th Street, in the heart of New York's theater district, is the most exciting spot you can imagine. Outsize neon signs light up the anticipation in the faces of playgoers: traffic jam-packs the narrow street from curb to curb; and the noise is about what you'd expect if two or three carnivals all hit town at once. A little later, though, when you come along to keep your appointment with RADIO MIRROR, the street is

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Life can be

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker is heard every Monday through

THE GREATEST UNDERSTANDING Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

Shortly after the war started, I began going with a man whom I learned to love very much, and when he was inducted, we parted with the understanding that when he came home, we would be married. I was very lonely, but was true to him until I received a letter telling me that he had met a girl in Australia, and was seeing her pretty often. This hurt me very much, and although he asked me to keep on waiting for him, I felt that it was useless.

By that time, I was working in a defense plant about fifty miles from our home town, and sharing a room there with another girl. I began accepting dates and going pretty steady with one fellow, until he, too, was inducted into the army. He had a brother overseas, and had asked me to write to him. I wrote, and when the brother came home on furlough, he looked me up.

I was instantly attracted to him, although now, I don't know why. I can see now that he was vulgar, domineering, hateful, and everything else that does *not* make a gentleman. But at that time, he seemed glamorous, with the stories of all the places he'd been, and things he'd seen and done.

I became infatuated, crazy about him. As a result, I learned shortly after his furlough was over, that I was to have his baby. I was heart-sick, more lonely than ever, and all I could ever think of was Ray, the boy to whom I was en-

gaged. I realized that I loved him more than anything else in the world, and I sat down and wrote him a letter, telling him all about it, and releasing him. The letter that I got in answer was so full of love and understanding that I cried for hours because I'd hurt him so much. He was expecting to come home and he said we'd work it all out some way.

I returned home to have my baby, and Ray got home three months before my son's birth. He was with me almost constantly, and his love and helpful understanding helped me through many an ordeal.

Naturally, all his friends knew of the wrong that I had done, and I was almost too ashamed to face any of them. But Ray made me realize that what we decided was our own business, and those who scorned us weren't real friends after all. We began going out occasionally, and people were really nicer than I'd hoped for.

My mother wanted to adopt the baby, but Ray told me that if I gave it away, he could never forgive me. When I went to the hospital, Ray was there every night, and he was the first one I saw after my little son's birth. He accepted the duties of a father, and loved my baby from the first. He was proud of him, and right away began calling himself "Daddy."

When baby Jim was three months old, we slipped away and were married, and in the year and a half that we've had together, I couldn't ask for a more wonderful husband and father. There's never been a time that he's reminded me of my mistake, and he's never treated my

WARMTH, KINDLINESS, AN UNDERSTANDING HEART—FROM THOSE

Beautiful

Friday at 12 noon, PST; 1 P.M., MST; 2 P.M., CST; 3 P.M., EST, on NBC network stations.

son as any other than his own. We now have a three-month-old baby girl, whom we love very much, but even she has not changed Ray's feelings toward Jim.

With such a wonderful person for a husband, with his deep love for our babies and his faith in me after the wrong I did, how can I believe any other way, except that life can be beautiful?

Mrs. D. C.

Ten-dollar checks have gone to the writers of the letters that follow:

"NOW WE ARE OLD—"

Dear Papa David:

Can it be possible for life to be beautiful when one's last days must be spent in a nursing home for old ladies? I, at ninety-two, have found it very possible. Of course it was hard for me to break up my old home but, under existing circumstances, I am sure that the arrangements were the best that could be made, and I am content. I count my blessings and find they are many. In the first place, I am relieved of all the responsibilities and irritations that are inevitable in the best of homes. I don't have to worry about bills, I don't lie awake nights planning what I will serve for meals the next day. The other old ladies here have problems and experiences much the same as mine. So we talk together with more understanding than would be possible with the members of our own families.

We have been young, now we are old; the

most of us have been wives and mothers, now we are widows. We know we have but a few years more to live, but we are trying to make our last days our best days. It is surprising to find how much pleasure we can get from the little things we failed to notice in our busy days. There are two fine old trees to be seen from my window. How eagerly I watch for the unfolding of the leaves in Spring, then the swaying of boughs and dancing of the leaves in the summer breeze; later, the gorgeous coloring of autumn. There's a new beauty in the bare branches in Winter, with their lacy patterns against the blue of the sky. The birds, flowers, the busy world going by on the street, cars, bicycles, motor cycles, workmen going to their day's work with lunch boxes, teachers (Continued on page 93)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

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

THREE WELLS WE ARE PRIVILEGED TO DRAW BEAUTY FOR A LIFETIME



It's your own fault if luncheon meats are dull. Look at these!

Once over Lightly

By

KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR**



I THINK that when Spring is in the air and May flowers are well on the way to ushering in summer, it's high time to take inventory of ourselves and get a new outlook on life. I have always admired the housewife who can meet any emergency with a smile on her face. The emergency I have in mind is when unexpected guests drop in at mealtime or when, with an hour's warning, your husband announces he's bringing his boss home for dinner. This is an emergency if you haven't planned for it, and nothing will help the situation more than to have prepared meat on hand. Then, if you give the problem a once-over-lightly with a little imagination, well—look at the picture.

I find that these prepared meats such as canned or frozen corned beef hash, luncheon meat, frankfurters, salami, bologna, liverwurst and all other such products make delightful meals. But I guess it's all in knowing how. For instance, nothing is so simple as opening a can of corned beef hash, shaping it into patties. Just dip them in flour and fry until the patties are golden brown. They are not only easy, but perfectly delicious. Keep these on the emergency shelf—just in case! Actually you'll want to try these recipes yourself—plan them into your daily meals because they will do a lot to keep your food budget down to minimum cost.

Crown Roast of Frankfurters

12 frankfurters
½ cup finely chopped parsley
6 cups seasoned mashed potatoes
prepared mustard or horseradish sauce

Place frankfurters in boiling water to cover and cook for 8 to 10 minutes. Mix parsley with hot mashed potatoes. Pile

high on large platter. Arrange hot frankfurters upright around potatoes. Garnish with parsley and serve at once with prepared mustard or horseradish sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Frosted Canned Meat Loaf

2 cans luncheon meat
3 cups hot seasoned mashed, white or sweet potatoes

Remove meat from cans and place close together in a shallow baking pan. Place in a moderately hot oven (350° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Frost with the hot mashed potatoes. Place under moderate broiler until golden brown. Makes 6 servings.

Vienna Sausages in Blankets

1 recipe pastry (2 cups)
2 cans Vienna sausages

Roll out pastry on lightly floured board to ⅛ inch thickness. Cut in 3-inch squares and wrap each sausage in square of pastry. Press edges and ends firmly together. Prick top and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve two to a portion, plain or topped with tomato or mushroom sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Virginia Baked Luncheon Meat

2 cans luncheon meat
¼ cup brown sugar, packed
½ cup orange juice
1 orange, peeled and sectioned
4 slices canned pineapple
whole cloves

Remove luncheon meat from cans and place in shallow baking dish, close together. Sprinkle brown sugar over top. Pour orange juice (*Continued on page 70*)

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

For those who missed it on the air, and for those who would like to recall it.

**A COMPLETE IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVELETTE
RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS**

*Summer
Harvest*

BY HELEN CHRISTY HARRIS

Radio Mirror retells the story of Fern . . . a story to which Pepper Young's mother wrote the ending

IT WAS the quietest of summer nights. Outside the Young house in Elmwood the street was silent under a moonless sky. Scarcely a breath of air stirred in the tall trees, or disturbed the sleeping flowers in Mary Young's garden. But behind the house there was movement. Two figures slipped through the shadows of the back yard toward the pantry window. One of them was small and very slim; the other was broader, heavier, and he wore his cap pulled low. . . .

Mary was alone in the house. Pepper and Peggy were at Lake Beauregard with Linda Taylor. Hattie, her maid, and Hattie's young son, Butch, were at Atlantic City, on vacation. A power failure at the plant had called Sam away earlier in the evening. Even a temporary breakdown, in that wartime summer of 1944, was a serious thing.

Sam had just telephoned Mary to say that he was still working, and that he didn't know how long it would be before he could leave. It didn't matter, Mary assured him; she was alone, but she was perfectly all right. It was then that she heard the crash. Not a loud crash—as if a plate had been knocked over—but it was in her very own kitchen!

She said, "Sam!" some instinct warning her to keep her voice low. But there was intensity in it, as if she had turned to him quickly, as she'd turned to him in all crises, big and small, in their long married life.

"What is it, Mary?"

Not a sound from the kitchen. She began to feel a little foolish. "I—Sam, don't hang up just yet."

He laughed fondly. "But, Mary, I've got to go back to work."

"All right, Sam." They said goodbye and hung up. Mary was standing beside a dead telephone—and she was shaking all over.

The hall and the living room were lighted, dimly, and that was all. The dining room, the kitchen and the pantry were dark. Mentally, Mary went through the rooms to the kitchen, snapping on lights, and then she knew that it wouldn't do—just in case. Just in case a plate hadn't somehow accidentally fallen . . . just in case something, someone, had knocked it over. If she turned on the light in the dining room, anyone in the kitchen or the pantry could see her through the glass panels of the pantry door.

Silly! she scolded herself. She'd heard something crash—of course she was going to investigate. A broken plate couldn't bite her, could it? Or—that was it—a stray cat must have got in. It could have come through the small pantry window, the high one that had no screen, and which she so often forgot to close because it was out of her reach. Well, was she going to be afraid of a cat? A poor, hungry little stray?

These arguments got her through the dark dining room, into the pantry. Then, at the closed door to the kitchen, her legs refused to go further. Everything was so silent. Eerily silent. There hadn't been a sound since that crash. Not a whisper. You'd think a cat, if it had been a cat, would make some sound—

Sam—why hadn't she told him to come home? Or why hadn't he said he was coming? He knew her so well, he must have known something was the matter. If he were only here—

The clock struck in the living room, and she jumped, her heart pounding wildly. *Stop it!* she told herself firmly. Get hold of yourself. You can't just stand here, being terrified, forever— Inspiration came. She drew a deep breath, raised her voice, spoke clearly, loudly.

"Operator?" she said as if into a telephone. "I want the Police Department." She waited a moment. Then she said, "Police Department? This is Mrs. Samuel Young of 83 Union Street. I think there's somebody in my house. I heard a crash—I think there's someone in my kitchen. Please come at once. Thank you."

Even more loudly she addressed the kitchen door. "All right, I'm coming in. Who ever is in the kitchen, I warn you that I've called the police, and they're on the way. But you still have time to leave the same way you came. You have time to leave before they get here, and before I open the door. There's nothing in this house you want—

no money, no jewels, no silverware. Do you hear me?"

She stopped, waiting. Nothing happened. She reached out, pushed the kitchen door open by a few inches.

"I'm coming in," she said. "You still have time to get away. If you don't go now, I'm going to turn on the lights—"

"Get away from that switch!" a man's voice snarled.

Lights—the lights of a car—suddenly flashed on the wall; there was a sound of wheels in the driveway. The snarl rose to a shout. "It's the cops! She was telling the truth! Scram, d'you hear? Scram—"

Mary saw the figure dart across the kitchen. She heard footsteps outside—Sam's, and he was unarmed. She screamed.

"Sam! Don't come in! Stay away from the back door! Go back, Sam—"

There was the crash of glass. The door banged open. Sam shouted, "Mary! Are you all right? Mary! Put the light on, Curt."

Curt Bradley knew the Young house almost as well as his own. The Bradleys and the Youngs had been friends for years; Sam and Curt were in business together at the Elmwood Manufacturing Plant, now engaged in full-time war production. Curt's thumb found the switch; light flooded the room. Sam crossed straight to Mary, took her by the arms.

"Mary, thank God, you're all right—"

"Oh, Sam. I was so afraid he'd shoot you—"

Curt went over to examine the gaping hole in the kitchen window. "Somebody took a dive—" he began, and stopped, staring at the still form crumpled at his feet. The Youngs' gaze followed his.

"A boy!" Sam exclaimed. "Just a little kid! And he's unconscious—"

In a flash Mary was kneeling beside the limp figure. "Sam, he's cut an artery on the glass. A tourniquet— He must have cut himself trying to follow the other one out— Curt, where are you going?"

"To call the police." He was half way across the room. Mary's voice pulled him back.

"No, Curt. Don't call them yet. Wait—"

"Of course he's going to call them," said Sam firmly. "But wait a moment, Curt. You say there was another one, Mary?"

"Yes." As she spoke, she got scissors out of the drawer in the kitchen table, began to cut the sleeve away from the boy's bleeding arm. "A man spoke to someone else in here, a much older man than this boy. I had only a glimpse of him in the dark. Now, Sam, if you'll help me



Pepper Young is played by Mason Adams; Linda, now his wife, is played by Eunice Howard. Hear Pepper Young's Family on NBC, 3:30 EST Mon.-Fri.



with this—" A table knife served as a tourniquet. Sam turned it; Mary fastened it down, let out a long sigh of relief as the bleeding stopped. She rose, trembling, her face very white.

"Now you've got that in hand," said Curt, "we've got to notify the police—"

Mary shook her head. "Not yet, Curt. I want to think. He's so young, and he's lost a lot of blood, and he's so ragged and dirty, poor little thing."

"Poor little thing frightened you half to death," said Sam. "And his partner in crime might have shot you."

"He might have shot you," Mary retorted. "Sam, I'm so glad you came home—but why did you, after saying you weren't going to? How did you know there was something wrong?"

"I don't know what I knew, Mary, but I knew something was wrong—"

"He certainly did," Curt broke in. "He wouldn't stay a minute after talking to you. And I came with him, because I didn't like the sound of it, either. What I want to know is, why did the other fellow run if he had a gun?"

"I don't know that he did," said Mary. "Although it looked as though he did when he crossed the kitchen. Besides—" she smiled for the first time in that bad half-hour, "he thought you were the police."

"The police!"

Mary explained her ruse. She was rewarded by the admiration in Sam's eyes. "That was a smart thing to do," he said. "But for the rest of it—not telling me you were frightened, and going into the kitchen by yourself—honey, you behaved insanely! Oh, Mary, if anything had happened to you . . . if anything had happened to you—" His voice caught at the thought of it.

The boy on the floor stirred, moaned. Mary bent swiftly. "Sam, he's coming to. Get me a damp cloth so that I can bathe his face—"

Sam watched her, grimly, tenderly. The little ragamuffin had broken into her house, bent upon heaven-knew-what mischief—and her hands were as gentle with him as if he'd been one of her own children . . . yes, as if he'd been Pepper or Peggy. Possessed of a sudden uneasy premonition, Sam wished earnestly that Pepper and Peggy were back from their vacation at Lake Beauregard. It would be crazy, but he wouldn't put it past Mary to want to move him into Pepper's own room. He leaned forward as she lifted the boy's cap—and gasped. Curt gave a long low whistle of surprise.

The "boy" was a girl. A mass of tangled hair, released from the cap, fell to her thin shoulders. And as they stared, speechless, she opened her eyes—eyes that were dark, and long-lashed, and incredibly large in the delicate face, and very, very frightened. She struggled to sit up.

"Where am I? Let me up! Let me out of here!"

Mary tried gently to push her back. "Careful," she said soothingly. "You've been badly hurt. You're weak—"

The girl shook off the restraining hands and then fell back faintly. "I can't get up. I'm so dizzy—Where's Lefty? Where did he go? Did they catch him, too?"

"Lefty?" said Curt. "What's the rest of his name?"

The girl's eyelashes flickered. "Whose name?"

"Your friend Lefty's. What's his last name?"

"I don't know." Her mouth set stubbornly.

"Sam," said Mary, "Curt, help me carry her. We'll put her on the couch in the living room."

"Now, look, Mary—" Sam began, and Curt chimed in, "Mary, we'd better call the police. You can't keep this girl here. Just as soon as she feels better, she'll get away, and then you'll lose all chance of finding out who the burglar is."

It was all in vain. Their uninvited guest was laid upon the couch; Mary tucked pillows under her, and then insisted that she be left to talk to the girl alone. They protested about that, too, with no more success. "You can wait in the next room," Mary said firmly. "I'll call you if I need you."

The girl watched them ironically. She was stronger now; color had come into her face. "She'll call you," she taunted. "Don't worry about that, Mister—she can call plenty loud. I heard her before." The door closed upon Sam and Curt.

"Just lie back and rest," said Mary softly. "Don't be frightened—"

"Who's frightened?" the girl demanded. "I know your game. You just want to find out Lefty's last name. Well, I won't tell you. I wouldn't have told you his first one if I hadn't been dizzy, and it sort of slipped out. You can't get anything out of me, and you can't do anything to me. I'm

a minor. Oh, sure, you can send me to reform school, but I'll be out of that soon, and Lefty will be outside waiting for me."

Mary closed her eyes to keep back the tears. This little thing, younger than Peggy, talking casually about reform school! "I'm not going to do anything to you," she said. "I've a daughter of my own—"

"Yeah?" said the girl skeptically. "I bet she couldn't squeeze through a pantry window like I did. I'm seventeen, but I'm small for my age. Lefty says I'm the best one he ever saw for squeezing through windows. I've done it lots of times. Then I unlock the door and let him in. Only this time there was a plate or something, and I stepped on it, and it smashed—" She paused, shaking her head ruefully. "Lefty'll be awful sore at me about that. But I couldn't help it. I guess he was afraid I was hurt, because the next thing I knew he'd squeezed through the window, too, to help me, and we both waited to see what would happen next."

Mary leaned forward to loosen the tourniquet. "You waited a long time," she said. "I didn't hear a sound. You'll have to have some stitches taken in that arm. We'll have to get you to a doctor."

The girl shook her head. "Oh, no, I'll be all right. Lefty will look after me."

"But Lefty's gone," Mary said gently, "and you're still here."

The small chin went up proudly. "That don't matter. He's waiting for me some place."

"Well, he went without you," said Mary, "and he's probably far away by now."

For an instant she saw fear again in the dark eyes, then the girl sat up indignantly. "With me still here? Oh, no, he isn't! You don't know Lefty. He wouldn't leave me behind. He's"—she was very proud—"he's in love with me."

"Are you in love with him?" Mary asked gravely.

"Sure." It was a glib, off-hand answer. "Anyway, I guess so."

Somehow, it was that that convinced Mary. In love with Lefty?—and she'd answered with the easy assurance of a six-year-old confident of the affections of the little boy who brought her lollipops. It was as innocent, as unknowing as that. Turn this girl, this child, over to the police? Oh, no—

"Mary," called Sam, opening the door, "hasn't this interview lasted long enough?"

"We've got to get in touch with the authorities now," added Curt. "We don't want the man to get too far away. I suggest that we run the girl down to the police station in the car."

"Sam," said Mary, as if they hadn't spoken, "you go call Dr. Thomas and ask him to come over here."

Curt's jaw dropped; Sam shook his head agitatedly. "Mary, this is absurd! This girl's a housebreaker, and she ought to be behind bars. And yet you want to have Dr. Thomas come over and look after her as if she were one of the family—"

"Please, Sam," said Mary, and he knew that he couldn't refuse her. He loved her too much, respected her judgment too much. But great, jumping Jehoshaphat, when he thought of her going out of her way to be kind to the tough, arrogant little piece who'd broken into their house and scared her half to death—The next moment, he himself was moved almost to tears.

The girl spoke up defiantly. "But I don't want to stay here. Call the police if you want to. I just want to get out—"

"Hush," said Mary. "I'm not going to hold you, nor have you arrested.—I'm going to see that you get away."

"Get away? You mean you aren't going to turn me over to the cops—even if that man wants you to?"

"No," Mary said, "I'm not. Now you lie back and rest, and I'm going to get you something to drink—maybe a cup of hot tea and some sandwiches. Would you like that?"

The girl stared up at her without answering. Tears gathered in her eyes, spilled down her cheeks. "But why?" she burst out. "What's your game, lady? Why don't you hand me over to the cops? The man's right—I'm a crook. Sure I am. I broke into your house. . . ."

Her name was Fern. It was the only name she would give at the hospital, and Mary did not press her for her last one. Once he'd arrived at the house and had examined her, Dr. Thomas had said that she would have to go to the hospital so that stitches could be taken in her arm. Mary and Sam went with her, leaving Curt Bradley to return to his own home.

Sam telephoned the police from the hospital. He told them that a man named Lefty had broken into his home and that he had an accomplice, but did not say that the accomplice was a girl.

"Sam, you angel!" Mary cried when he told her about his call.

"Now hold on," said Sam gruffly. "I'm no angel. I fully intend to turn that little ragamuffin over to the police. But—well, I don't like doing it to anyone who's hurt."

But Mary went to see Fern with a high heart. She was resting comfortably after her trip to the operating room—and, with her face and hands clean and her hair combed, she was lovely, almost angelically lovely.

"Thanks for coming when I sent for you, Mrs. Young," she said. "Your name is Mrs. Young. The Doctor told me."

Mary nodded. "But, Fern—you haven't told the hospital your last name."

"I'm not going to tell them," said Fern.

Mary sighed. "We know Lefty's last name."

Fern started. "Oh, no, you don't! You're just saying that to get me to tell you."

"Higgins," said Mary, quoting what the police had told Sam. "The police are sure that he's the same Lefty Higgins who is wanted on a number of counts—even for murder."

She'd hit home. Fern's face went dead white. "Murder! I don't believe it! He's a housebreaker, but he's not a murderer."

"Tell me, Fern, how did you get mixed up with him?" Mary asked. "I wish you'd tell me about yourself."

"There's nothing to tell."

But Mary got the story, bit by bit, an old and all-too-common story. A father who had deserted his family long since, a mother who not only worked nights but who neither knew nor cared where her daughter was or what she was doing. Never anyone there when Fern came home from school, never a meal prepared for her. . . .

"And your mother didn't know you'd quit school?" Mary asked.

"She didn't care. She didn't care about anything I did."

"But who cleaned house? Who kept things tidy?"

Fern laughed. "Tidy? I wish you could have seen our house. Oh, I tried to clean it sometimes, but lots of times I was locked out."

"Locked out!" Mary ejaculated.

"Sure," said Fern. "That's how I got so I could squeeze through any window—by squeezing through the window to get into my own house. That's funny, isn't it?"

"No." Mary swallowed. "I don't think it's very funny."

She had met Lefty at a dance. He danced beautifully, and he was good to her. He gave her pretty things—jewelry, hankies, perfume—and he thought it was cute, the way she squeezed through the window when he took her home at night. And when he asked her to go partners with him, told her that she would have to dress as a boy, and got her to make her first trip through a window in a strange house—well, she was scared, but it was exciting, too. And Lefty was always so proud of her, always ready to give her presents after they had "made a haul." No wonder she had never stopped to think much about whether it was right or wrong. . . .

Mary blinked fast. She steadied her voice and her resolve at the same time. "Fern," she said, "I'm going to call Mr. Young in here for a moment. I want him to see you."

Sam knew what was coming. He followed her unwillingly—and stopped short at sight of the transformed Fern, with her face pale and delicate, her eyes dark and questioning—and defiant—below the innocent, childlike brows.

"Well, say!" he exclaimed. "She does look different!"

The nurse came up, then, to say that it was time for Fern to go to sleep. Triumphant, Mary hurried Sam away.

"You see," she said when they were in the car, riding home, "she isn't a criminal, Sam. I had quite a long talk with her, and—"

"And," he finished for her, "she told you some cock-and-bull story about how she got into this racket—"

"She told me a story," Mary agreed. "But somehow I think it's true." She gave him a brief sketch of Fern's background. Sam exploded.

"Mary, anybody could sell you real estate under water, and you'd think you had a good buy! So the girl's very young, she was left alone and lonely—that still doesn't excuse her getting into the housebreaking racket. And besides, I don't think it's true. I think you're just being

taken in. Of course, she'd pull a sob story to get your sympathy—"

"But I believe that it is true," Mary insisted softly. "Sam, if we can check the story, if I can find out from her where she lives, and if we find out the story is true, will you give her a chance? The doctors say that she'll have to leave the hospital tomorrow because it's overcrowded, and—"

"In other words," said Sam, "you want to talk to her again tomorrow—and at the same time, I'm to hold off going to the police about her?"

"Yes, Sam, that's just what I mean." It wasn't quite all she meant, but the moment had not yet come to tell him the rest.

Sam shook his head. "I tell you, Mary, the minute she's out of that hospital, she'll join this fellow again, wherever he's hiding—that is, if they don't pick him up tonight."

"I don't think she will, Sam, if—"

"If what?" he asked quickly, alarmed at her tone. "Now what's on your mind, Mary?"

She took a deep breath, and plunged. "If we bring her home with us tomorrow."

Sam didn't speak for a moment. He couldn't. Oh, he'd known it was what she had in mind, but still. . . . His Mary. His wonderful, generous, idiotic Mary! Let her open her heart and her home to a girl off the streets? Let her heart be broken when the girl took off, probably with some of their own silver?

"Now, Mary," he began calmly enough, "I'm not going to let you get sentimental about this girl simply because you happen to be childless at the moment and because your sympathy has been aroused by this fantastic story. I'm willing to hold off having her arrested until you check her story. I'll go that far. But—" His anger, and his love and his fear for her got away with him.

"For heaven's sake, Mary, she's a crook! She's no good. Just because she has a pretty face and a clean one is no reason to—"

"Sam," she pleaded, "how do we know what might have happened to Peggy if we'd been different? If you'd left me, and I had to work nights and liked a good time better than coming home to my daughter, and—"

"And just suppose," said Sam, "that the moon was made of green cheese."

"Oh, Sam!" Her voice shook a little. "Please, darling, I've a theory about that girl—and I'd like to try it out."

Confound it, thought Sam, he was right, wasn't he? He was just trying to protect Mary—and, yes, the whole family. Then why should he be made to feel so wrong? Why feel that he had driven a knife into Mary's hopeful, open heart?

He was beaten, and he knew (Continued on page 98)

Pepper Young's parents are played by Marian Barney as Mrs. Young, and Thomas Chalmers as Mr. Young.





pretty
as a
petal

When a woman sets her mind on looking pretty, there's usually a man at the back of it. In Harriet Hilliard's case, it's Ozzie.

By
MARY
JANE
FULTON



HARRIET HILLIARD, the distaff side of CBS's *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*, is a classic example of the fact that a crowded life need not result in nervous exhaustion, the jitters, a rundown personal appearance, and a general aura of hysterics. She always looks as if she'd just stepped from the proverbial bandbox, has never been known to show a gleam of temperament, and her calm, warm smile endears her to all who know her. Yet, besides a seven-day-a-week career, the Nelson missus makes a happy home for husband, Ozzie, and their two sons, David and Ricky. "I just don't have time to worry and get upset," was Harriet's laughing reply when asked for her beauty secret. "She's always been completely unselfish and unruffled in any situation," chimed in her proud hubby. "That's her only beauty secret," he added.

However, knowing that such an attractive gal doesn't just "grow" that way, like Topsy, we pounced on the Nelsons for an honest opinion on the New Look. Aside from the fashion angle, there's a definite New Look in beauty, too.

Once again a woman can go "all out" in looking

womanly. No matter how capable and efficient she is, there's something about the longer, fuller skirts and nipped-in waistlines that inspires her to drop her businesslike air. Ozzie weighed this thought, before admitting we might have something here. Harriet immediately agreed.

And how about the new make-ups? Ozzie listened, while we gals talked about the flower-petal prettiness of the delicate pink and rose-tinted foundations, powders, rouges, lipsticks, and nail polishes. And hair styles. Any bright girl, by following directions carefully, can give herself a home permanent, if she can't afford a salon job. After shampooing her hair, with curlers, bobby, or hair pins and a good wave set, she can easily fix her hair in one of the new head-hugging, flatter-on-top coiffures. For evening, she can style it more elaborately, and add false curls, braids, or a chignon to look regal or romantic. Hair rinses, we decided, can bring out golden, brown, or reddish tints, and also camouflage greying hair so subtly that no one will suspect a rinse has been used. A blue rinse on white hair takes away yellow streaks, and makes it silvery white.

All ears, Ozzie finally burst forth, "What chance has a man with a woman? Here I've been thinking all this talk about the New Look hadn't registered with Harriet. But now I see that it has, and I must confess she's prettier than she ever was!" And you can be, too!

RADIO MIRROR for Better Living

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Johnny Olsen

OLSEN'S BACK!

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite personalities on the radio was Johnny Olsen. He used to be on ABC's Ladies Be Seated several months ago. Could you tell me where he is now and if he has another program on the air?
Mrs. J. C.

Carbondale, Illinois

It was a happy day for Johnny Olsen fans when, on February 2, he returned to the air as m.c. on Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room, broadcast from New York

six nights a week from midnight to 1:00 A.M., EST, ABC. He is also m.c. of the Movie Matinee Quiz, broadcast from the Palace Theater on Times Square daily at 3:00 P.M., WOR.

MEET DR. JORDAN

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of Gertrude Warner who now plays the title role in Dr. Joyce Jordan? She has a very sweet voice.

Mrs. Y. V.

Springfield, Ohio

Gertrude, a native of Hartford, Conn., studied English at Hartford High and liked that subject so well that she planned to teach it as a career. However, her ambition was altered when radio discovered her. You've heard her as Christy in Against The Storm.



Gertrude Warner

L FOR LLYFNWY

Dear Editor:

I have been listening to Manhattan Merry-Go-Round for many years and enjoy it very much, especially the songs of Thomas L. Thomas. We all think he's superb.

Mrs. R. E. P.

East Orange, N. J.

We think he's wonderful too. A native of Wales, Thomas L. Thomas modestly traces his talent to his homeland where "singing is to the Welsh what baseball is to the Americans." Many listeners have wondered why Thomas L. Thomas does not use his middle name. It's Llyfnwy, that's why.

STILL THE SAME JUDY

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Dr. Christian heard Wednesday nights over CBS. Would you please let me know what has happened to Rosemary DeCamp who used to play the part of Judy Price?

Miss M. B.

Mount Airy, N. C.

Nothing's happened! Rosemary still plays the secretary to the lovable character of Rivers End and we hope she'll go on playing that role for a long time to come. She's also in pictures; remember her in Yankee Doodle Dandy?



Rosemary DeCamp



Elliot Lewis

MR. AND MRS.

Dear Editor:

May we see a picture of Elliot Lewis who is Frankie the guitar player on Phil Harris' show and on The Scarlet Queen? Is he the same one who portrays the title role in The Adventures of Gregory Hood? And is he any relation to Cathy Lewis?
Miss A. W.

Plain City, Ohio

Here's Elliot Lewis who (as you've already guessed) is Gregory Hood. Cathy Lewis?—why, she's his wife! Cathy and

Elliot have appeared on every dramatic series on the networks out of Hollywood. Each usually plays leads, although they both still do bit parts for special occasions.

RIGHT YOU ARE

Dear Editor:

I have listened to Hearts in Harmony just about as long as it's been on the radio. Yet I have never seen a picture of the girl who plays the part of Penny. I think her name is Jone Allison. Right?

Mrs. W. K.

Charleston, W. Va.



Jone Allison

Right! Jone (and she really spells her name that way), a native New Yorker, got her start in radio via the True Story Hour several years ago. Since then she has been heard on The Aldrich Family, Light of the World, Mr. Keen and many others.

CO-OP SHOWS

Dear Editor:

I have hoped some reader would ask this question but since no one has, I'll do it. Is it true that co-op shows are transcribed and then released later? I hope not since transcribed network programs are my pet peeve and some of my favorite programs are now co-operatively sponsored (Abbot and Costello and Information Please). I hope you'll find the answer.

Mr. A. R. G.

Pecos, Texas

Co-op shows are not necessarily transcribed. A co-op show is a program which has different sponsors in different sections of the country who cooperate in financing the show. Take Information Please: When there is a break for the commercial, the Kansas City station, for example, advertises a product entirely different from that plugged in New Orleans. What the listener hears is his local announcer plugging a product used in his particular locality.

IT'S IN THE FAMILY

Dear Editor:

I listen to Corliss Archer every Sunday over KGAM in Albuquerque. I've seen Janet Waldo's picture, but I've yet to see Dexter's.

Miss M. H.

Albuquerque, New Mexico



Sam Edwards

For you and many other Corliss Archer fans, here's Sam Edwards who played the bubbly, lovesick Dexter. (Corliss Archer has taken a leave of absence from the air.) Sam, born in Macon, Ga., has acting in his blood. Both parents were in stock and Sam practically lived out of that well-known back-stage trunk. Today, the Edwards family—Sam, Mother Edna, brother Jack and sister Florida are busy both in pictures and radio.

Inside Radio

! All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIME
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Voices Down The Wind	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Negro College Choir Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	Texas Jim Robertson World Security	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15	America United	William L. Shirer American Radio Warblers	Sam Pettengill Stewart Alsop, News	Doorway To Life,
1:30 1:45	Chicago Round Table	Stan Lomax	National Vespers	Tell It Again
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill James Melton Frank Black	Fight Into the Past Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around the World Mr. President, Drama	CBS Is There Joseph C. Harsch Elmo Roper
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Ernie Lee's Omega Show Juvenile Jury	Lassie Drama Johnny Thompson Sammy Kaye	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Living—1948	House of Mystery True Detective	Sound Off Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air	Eileen Farrell
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ford Show	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Treasury Agent David Harding	Janette Davis Here's to You Hour of Charm

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Star Preview	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Greatest Story Ever Told	Family Hour Percy Faith
6:45				
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Band Wagon	Sherlock Holmes Behind the Front Page	Child's World Exploring the Un- known	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Bergen-McCarthy Show Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Jimmie Fidler Billy Rose		Sam Spade Man Called X
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Meet Me at Parky's Jim Backus Show	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild	Star Theater with Gordon MacRae
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It Horace Heidt	Voice of Strings Latin American Serenade	Jimmie Fidler	Escape Strike It Rich



MIRIAM WOLFE—looks like this but manages to sound like an assortment of weird folk on Let's Pretend.

EDDIE DUNN—who is now m. c. for True or False, Saturdays at 5:30 P.M., EST, over MBS, shared his first radio contract with Frank Munn when they teamed as Munn and Dunn. Later, Eddie became an announcer, actor and the m. c. of such programs as Fun with Dunn, Scramby Amby and The Jack Berch Show. He lives in Scarsdale, N. Y., with his wife, Josephine and children, Eddie, Jr., and Jamie Jo.



MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Jack Almano Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	News Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story	Music For You
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Listening Post	Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Red Hook 31 Quaker City Sere- nade	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30	Today's Children Woman in White The Story of Holly Sloan	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggie McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage For Two Rose of My Dreams
2:45	Light of the World			
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Liberty Road Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	The Falcon Charlie Chan Billy Rose	Point Sublime Opie Cates	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories High Adventure	On Stage America Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	This Is Adventure Earl Godwin	My Friend Irma Screen Guild Player



ELAINE ROST—who plays the feminine lead in *The Adventures of Frank Merriwell*, over NBC, Saturdays at 10:30 A.M., EST, is blonde, blue-eyed and twenty-two. After attending the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati she took a job as vocalist and m.c. with a band; spent eighteen months traveling up and down the East Coast and she says, "There's nothing like it to prepare you for a dramatic career."

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			The Trumpeteers Jack Almano Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	News Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Red Hook 31 Quaker City Serenade Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
1:45	Robert Ripley			
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggie McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage For Two Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskin Johnson Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Tales of Adventure Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Frontiers of Science The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Newscope Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama
8:00	Milton Berle	Mysterious Traveler	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:15 8:30 8:55	A Date With Judy	Official Detective Billy Rose	Big Town Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos 'n' Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Zane Grey Show	We. The People Boston Symphony Christopher Wells
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	American Forum Dance Orchestra	It's Your Business Studio One Open Hearing

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Jack Almano Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Newe Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say it With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Marine Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Serenade Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
1:45	Robert Ripley			
2:00 2:15 2:30	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan	Queen For A Day The Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage For Two Rose of My Dreams
2:45	Light of the World			
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double Or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskin Johnson The Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	March of Science Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Talks The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Arthur Gaeth Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger
8:00 8:15 8:30	Dennis Day The Great Gildersleeve	Scotland Yard Quiet Please Billy Rose	Mayor of The Town Vox Pop
8:55			American Melody Hour Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Racket Smashers	Abbott and Costello Groucho Marx Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Jimmy Durante	California Melodies Dance Orchestra	Bing Crosby Tony Martin Show
			Mark Warnow Romance The Whistler Open Hearing



HARRY JAMES—and his orchestra have joined Dinah Shore on Call for Music, CBS, Fridays at 10:30 P.M., EST. This is his return to the air after ten years, during which time he made eight movies and married Betty Grable! Born in a circus tent in Albany, Ga., in 1916, Harry joined the circus band as a drummer when he was four, changed over to the trumpet when his family changed circuses.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Jack Almano Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	News Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music for You Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake Katie's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary



IGOR GORIN—Ukrainian born, Vienna educated baritone, was recently of the Czechoslovakian Opera Company when he came to New York and won an audition with Roxy and a featured spot at the Music Hall. After three years on Hollywood Hotel came the Ford Hour, Music Hall and Harvest of Stars. He is now heard on the Voice of Firestone, NBC, Mon., 8:30 P. M.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Serenade Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley			The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen for a Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage for Two Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Gateways to Music Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Of Men and Books The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Guy Lombardo	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Newscoffer Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Henry Morgan Show	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Aldrich Family Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen	Jan August Show Alan Dale Show Mutual Block Party Billy Rose	Ellery Queen The Clock	The F.B.I. in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Jack Carson and Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories RFD America	Wille Piper Candid Microphone	Dick Haymes Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hawk Show Eddie Cantor	Family Theatre	Lee Sweetland Lenny Herman Quintet	Reader's Digest Radio Edition The First Nighter



JANE WEBB—has been Belinda Boyd with Those Websters, MBS, Sunday nights at 6:00, EST, ever since that program's first broadcast and says it's like being pin-boy in a bowling alley. She sets up lines so that the comedians can get their laughs. Before joining the Websters, Jane was cast in The Brewster Boy. She plans to be married during her August vacation to Jack Edwards, Jr.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Jack Almano Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	News Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air The Listening Post	Music for You Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake Katie's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Campus Salute	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Serenade Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley			The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen for a Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage for Two Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Opinion Please Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Report from the United Nations Songs By Jean McKenna Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Highways in Melody Can You Top This	Burl Ives Alan Dale Show Leave It to the Girls Billy Rose	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Baby Snooks Danny Thomas
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	People Are Funny Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Information Please	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Morgan, Ameche, Langford Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theater Sports	Meet the Press Date Night	Boxing Bout	Call For Music Spotlight Revue

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Story Shop		Tommy Bartlett Time	CBS News of America
9:15				Songs for You
9:30	Coffee With Congress	Robert Hurlleigh		
9:45	Bill Herson	Helen Hall		Barnyard Follies
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Dixie Four Quartet	U. S. Navy Band	The Garden Gate
10:15				Johnson Family
10:30	Archie Andrews	Ozark Valley Folks	Hollywood Headlines	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Bill Harrington	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Land of The Lost	Escape
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Pan Americana	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs	This Week in Wash- ington		
12:30		Pro Arte Quartet	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Luncheon at Sardi's	Maggi McNellis, Herb Sheldon	Grand Central Sta.
1:15			Our Town Speaks	
1:30	Edmond Tomlinson	Symphonies for Youth		County Fair
1:45	Report From Europe			
2:00				Give and Take
2:15				
2:30	The Veterans'			Country Journal
2:45	Journal			
3:00	Orchestra of the Nation			Report from Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30				Cross-Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00	Doctors Today	Sports Parade		Accent on Youth
4:15				
4:30	First Piano Quartet	Hospitality Club		Saturday at the Chase
4:45				
5:00	Dr. I. Q. Jr.	Dance Orchestra	Tea and Crumpets	The Philadelphia Orch.
5:15	Lew Valentine			
5:30		True or False		
5:45	King Cole Trio			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Dance Orchestra	Vagabonds' Quartet	News from Wash- ington
6:15	Religion in the News		Adlam's Orchestra	In My Opinion
6:30	NBC Symphony		Harry Wismer	Red Barber Sports Show
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Quisdom Class	Mr. Ace & Jane
7:15				
7:30	Curtain Time	Newscope	Challenge of the Yukon	Abe Burrows
7:45		Twin Views of the News		Hoagy Carmichael
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Ross Dolan, Detective	Robert Montgomery, Suspense
8:15			Famous Jury Trials	
8:30	Truth or Conse- quences	Keeping Up With the Kids		
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Stop Me If You Have Heard This	Gangbusters	Joan Davis Time
9:15		What's the Name of That Song	Murder and Mr. Malone	Vaughn Monroe
9:30	Judy Canova Show			
9:45				
10:00	Kay Kyser	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	Saturday Night Serenade
10:15				It Pays To Be Ignorant
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	

BETTY LOU GERSON—not only got the job when she auditioned for radio, she also married the director, Joe Ainley. Betty's first, and amateur, stage appearance was when she was five and called for tears. She cried so hard the curtain was rung down so she could be taken offstage. Betty is currently Charlotte Brandon in the Guiding Light and is heard daily on CBS at 1:45 P.M., EST.

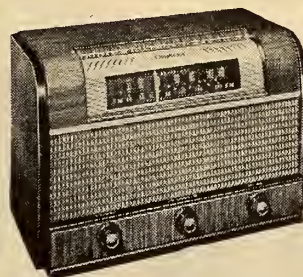


It's Here!

D ID YOU know that you can buy a very serviceable "midget" radio for about ten dollars? You don't expect super-quality of reception and sound reproduction from the little sets, but the reception you do get is amazingly good. You can't go very far wrong if you will think of the "midget" as an extra radio for the kitchen, bedroom or guest room.

* * *

If you've not given some serious listening time to FM broadcasting, you are missing plenty. Now that you can hear your favorite network programs on



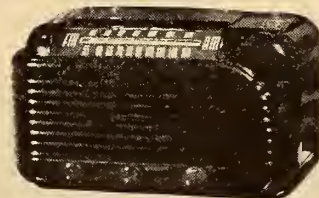
Crosley 88TC: AM-FM, walnut finish. 15" long, excellent tone.

frequency modulation, you may find yourself a bit unhappy about the radio you've had sitting around the house these last few years. Of course, you can buy an FM tuner that will attach itself to your present set, but make certain that the tuner will pick up *all* the FM broadcasts in your area. Two table model AM-FM radios that have reached the market recently appear to be worthwhile investments. Stewart-Warner offers a plastic-cased set in mahogany or ivory finish that measures approximately 8" x 14" x 6" and sells for about \$80. Housed in a walnut cabinet about 10" x 15" x 7" is the Crosley AM-FM table model radio 88TC. Styled neatly and compactly, either set will cover the standard AM broadcast band plus the 88 to 108 megacycle FM bands.

* * *

If your interest in new trends in radio reception leans toward the more luxurious custom installa-

Stewart-Warner's AM-FM table model: good reception, for about \$80.



tions, you'll have to do a little research for yourself. For information and descriptive literature about a super-special receiving instrument, write to The Radio Craftsmen, Inc., 1341 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 5, Illinois.



Dr. H. B. Tukey, Head of the Horticultural Department at Michigan State, is interviewed for WHAM by Tom Murray.



Harry Duncan, Tom Murray, Spencer Duncan and J. L. Matheson, when they inspected the 1947 New York State Champion jumbo potato at the studios of WHAM.

Tom Murray

FARM EDITOR



Herbert Johnson, Monroe County Agricultural Agent and The Farm Editor inspect the corn crop of J. Merton Colby.

THE strength of a nation depends upon its farms." Tom Murray, Farm Editor at station WHAM in Rochester, New York, firmly believes this statement as he prepares his program at 12:15 P.M. each day to bring the latest weather information, facts on insect control, spraying and dust services, and other information that will help crop production for his vast audience of farm listeners in New York and Northern Pennsylvania.

Tom has been connected with WHAM in various capacities for almost fifteen years, assuming the Farm Editorship in 1939. A graduate of Ithaca College Dramatic School, he first worked in the theater and then turned to radio as an announcer and a dramatic actor. Continuing as an actor for scheduled programs, he became a regular news announcer on the many news broadcasts presented throughout the day.

Tom's life follows the pattern of the "farm boy who made good," since he originally came from the rural section himself—Mohawk, New York. His versatile ability and unlimited sense of good humor makes him invaluable to the genial audience that he serves.

In addition to his regular fifteen-minute program at noon, Tom provides for a 6:15 A.M. broadcast which gives the latest market reports, weather information, and other factual details interesting and helpful to fruit, crop, and cattle raisers.

Once each week, Tom Murray joins with the other three editors of the News, Sports and Local departments

of WHAM to summarize his story about the farm news of the week and to predict future probabilities.

During the fruit-growing season, in connection with the early program, the WHAM Farm Director has set up a radio Fruit Spray Service whereby latest developments on the need for certain types of sprays and dusts are broadcast daily. An authority studies current weather, decides what results it will have on the orchards, and then recommends the correct spray or dust to combat development of disease and insects.

Special broadcast type radio equipment was installed in the homes of Ralph Palmer and Arthur West, Agricultural Agents of the counties served. By remote control this equipment is turned on each morning by the engineers at WHAM and the fruit news reporters supply latest information on disease development and control.

An innovation was instituted by the Farm program last year in the form of a jumbo potato contest. The idea for the contest started last year when one of WHAM's listeners sent Tom Murray a giant spud weighing 4 pounds and 12 ounces. Publicity about the huge potato incited interest in various parts of New York State as well as in other states. In order to determine a New York State Champion potato grower, Tom Murray, with the approval and support of the Empire State Potato Club, originated the contest. The response was so good in 1947, it is expected that the contest will be conducted another year.



Mrs. John J. Astor

*Distinction wears
a charming face*

MRS. ASTOR's lovely face mirrors the poise and social graciousness her husky life expects of her. It mirrors, too, the charming naturalness of her inner self, that brings from others an instant, friendly response.

Every face carries its own distinction. What your face says for you and about you is largely what you *will* it to say. So keep in mind the face you want to represent You—then make that face come true.

It takes such a very few minutes each day to keep your face looking beautifully cared for—to give it that luminous, clean look. Don't ever dim it with neglect. For *real* beauty-cleansing, the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's will leave your face rejoicing.

Just try it! You'll see!

Beautiful Mrs. Astor says: "Pond's new beauty routine accomplishes wonders"

NEW "OUTSIDE-INSIDE" FACE TREATMENT

ACTS ON BOTH SIDES OF YOUR SKIN

Your face is not unchanging like a doll's. It is the *inner* You put into *outer* form. It is what people first notice about you—what they most remember. Surely then a *lovely* face is very worth attaining.

A New Face Treatment

Your skin has two sides, and caring for only one side is *not enough*. Pond's, consulting with dermatologists, has studied the needs of facial skin and brings you this new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment, that acts on *both sides* of your skin *at once*.

From the Outside Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly as you massage—carries off surface dirt, make-up—throws a veil of softness over your skin.

From the Inside every step of this Pond's face treatment stimulates healthy beauty-giving circulation—speeds up tiny blood vessels in their vivifying work.

Twice each day—*always* at night—give your skin Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—*this is the way*:

Hot Water Stimulation

Press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against your face—to stimulate blood flow to your skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin

1) *Cleanse* . . . Work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face and throat to sweep dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

2) *Rinse* . . . With more Pond's Cold Cream massage briskly, to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation

A cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

See your face now! Your cheeks full of pink roses! You'll try never to skip this new Pond's face treatment—because it *works*.

Remember always . . . the YOU that others see first is in your face

Never think it just a vanity to develop the beauty of your own face—it makes you a more assured, delightful person. Because you look lovely you give a happy little glow of pleasure to everyone you meet—the real YOU is brought closer to others.



3 basics for "Outside-Inside" Face Treatments

Watch the lads



Admire the Girls



whose Hair has warm, rich COLOR



★ Don't put up with dull, mousy hair a moment longer. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair the warm, rich color, silken sheen and beautiful highlights that no shampoo alone could possibly give. Absolutely safe, washes out with shampooing.

Remember — when you ask for "Colorinse" — be sure to insist on the genuine NESTLE COLORINSE.

Nestle
COLORINSE



LOOK FOR NESTLE COLORINSE
in your favorite variety store
during National Brands Week
April 9-19, 1948.

Once Over Lightly

(Continued from page 57)

into bottom of dish. Arrange orange sections and pineapple on top of meat. Stud meat and pineapple with whole cloves. Place in moderately hot oven (350° F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

Liverwurst Turnover

3 cups flour, sifted
6 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons shortening
1½ cups milk
8 slices liverwurst (¼ inch thick)

Mix and sift dry ingredients; cut in shortening. Gradually add milk, mixing to a soft dough. Turn out on a lightly floured board and roll dough out to ⅛ inch thickness. Cut in 6 inch circles. Place slice of liverwurst on each piece. Moisten edge with water halfway round. Fold over; press edges together with fork. Pierce top of turnover to let steam escape. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with desired sauce. 6 to 8 servings.

Egg Carmelite

4 eggs, hard-cooked
¼ pound liverwurst, sliced
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 onion, finely chopped
dash of cayenne pepper
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup bread crumbs
3 tablespoons butter

Cut shelled eggs in half lengthwise. Remove yolk and rub through strainer. Mash liverwurst, combine with hard-cooked egg yolks, mustard, onion, and season with salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Blend well and refill whites. Press two filled egg halves together. Dip the stuffed eggs into the beaten egg. Roll in bread crumbs. Brown in hot butter until golden brown. Serve hot topped with Quick Hollandaise Sauce. Makes 4 servings.

Easy Hollandaise Sauce

½ cup butter or margarine
2 eggs
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
few grains cayenne pepper

Melt butter in top of double boiler over hot water. Beat in remaining ingredients with a rotary beater. Continue beating until thick. Remove at once from over hot water. Serve over Eggs Carmelite, artichoke, fish or broccoli.

Makes ¾ cup sauce.

Stuffed Frankfurters

6 frankfurters
2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes
6 slices cheese or dill pickle
6 slices bacon

Slice each frankfurter in half to, but not through, the skin. Spread open and fill with mashed potatoes, fold over cheese and place on potatoes. Broil or fry the bacon until just half done. Wrap around filled frankfurters and hold together with toothpicks. Broil in a moderately hot broiler turning constantly until bacon is crisp and cheese is melted about 3 to 5 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Ham Mousse

1½ tablespoons plain gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
2 egg yolks, lightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt

dash of paprika; cayenne pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 chicken bouillon cube
1 cup hot water
1 cup milk
2 cups luncheon meat, diced
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
watercress or crisp greens

Add gelatin to cold water. Combine egg yolks, salt, paprika, cayenne and mustard in top of double boiler. Heat gelatin mixture, bouillon cube and water, stir until bouillon cube is dissolved. Add with milk to egg yolks and cook over hot water 5 to 6 minutes, or until slightly thickened. Add meat, onion, vinegar and finely chopped parsley; chill. Fold in cream. Turn into lightly oiled loaf pan, ring mold or bowl. Chill until firm. Unmold on serving platter. Garnish with greens. Makes 6 servings.

Baked Green Peppers

3 large green peppers
1 can corned beef hash (1 pound)
6 eggs

Rinse peppers well, slice in half and remove seeds. Place in pan with 2 cups water. Boil for 2 minutes, drain and place peppers in large baking dish. Fill with corned beef hash. Form a well in center of each, drop in hole 1 egg. Place peppers in hot oven (400° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes, or until eggs are just firm. Makes 6 servings.



TUNE IN "PHILCO RADIO TIME"

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14TH

GALA PROGRAM OF "CROSBYANA" HONORING

BING CROSBY

WINNER FOR THE FOURTH TIME OF THE
PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARD
AS AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR ACTOR

Don't miss it! Hear Bing Crosby and the great stars of screen and radio who have appeared with him as he climbed the ladder of fame in a special program of "Crosbyana" on Wednesday, April 14th; 10 p.m. in the East, 9 p.m. everywhere else; ABC Network and many additional stations. See your newspaper for time and station. Don't miss it!

READ THE SPECIAL STORIES ABOUT BING IN MAY PHOTOPLAY.



NOW...In new Bath Size

The soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use!



"So Luxurious!
Lux Soap's big
new BATH SIZE
cake!"

SAYS VERONICA LAKE

Veronica Lake

CO-STAR OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES'

"THE 'SAINTED' SISTERS"



Another
fine product of
Lever Brothers
Company

"The new bath size Lux Soap is wonderful," says lovely Veronica Lake. "It makes my daily beauty bath more luxurious, more refreshing than ever!"

"I love the delicate clinging perfume this gentle soap leaves on my skin. If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts, and a daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you *sure*. The creamy lather swiftly carries away dust and dirt, leaves skin fresh, *sweet*."

Take Veronica Lake's tip! You'll be delighted with this convenient new *bath size* Lux Toilet Soap.

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

(Continued from page 51)

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 your 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. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid is never gritty or grainy, will not crystallize or dry out in jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. It will not rot clothing. And it's safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. 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

will just have to wait. She and Hal and the baby are too happy just loafing about together to interrupt the honeymoon for frantic junkets to the stores. It will all be done sometime, she says. In the meantime, who cares?

A mammoth job has been done on the house already, you realize as you wander through the big, homey rooms, and it is clear that Hal walked off a good many of those forty pounds in the search for furniture and accessories.

Gloria's concert grand piano—she was a professional pianist as well as a radio actress before her marriage—seems dwarfed in the huge, formal living room; two giant sofas and some enormous chairs are installed already but both the Pearys feel a lot more work will have to be done on the room before it seems really comfortable. They do their "living" in a smaller library, where sofas and chairs covered in a bright floral chintz seem warm and inviting.

THE house is old in California terms, having been built twenty or so years ago when big houses, like big families, were in fashion. And Hal is a little embarrassed, he says, to point out that he has One: a library; Two: study; Three: office, and Four: a reading alcove in his own vast bedroom, which seems more than enough even for a large man.

The rooms vary in function, however. In the study only the personal mail and papers accumulate—and Hal doesn't blink when Page, sitting on a pile of the day's mail on the desk top, cheerily tears corners off unread letters. The office, as its name implies, is more austere, and the desk more ordered. Here are the scripts in work, the contracts, the business papers. Here no babies are allowed. Which gives the room a gloomy tinge, as Hal ruefully admits.

Infinitely more cheerful is Page's nursery, presided over by motherly Miss Mae Campbell, the baby's well-loved nurse. Page, more hospitable about these things than his father, says Daddy may come in his room anytime, and it bothers no one that it is frequently a shambles. Page is a very cooperative baby. He stays up until eight at night, so that his father can have a long play time with him, and sleeps soundly around the clock, so that nobody has to get cold feet in the pre-dawn chill of the mornings.

The Pearys are enjoying their home, even in its unfinished state. During the summer months, when Hal first brought his family home, the swimming pool and garden were alight nearly every night for outdoor supper parties and moonlight swims. When the evenings got cooler, the parties moved indoors—to the vast playroom and bar in the basement, where the gay red, white and blue color scheme and nautical appointments encourage all comers to relax and have fun.

The neighborhood, although only a five minute drive from NBC, is not one of the famous movie colony areas, so the Pearys were allowed for some months to live just like any other family whose lives are their own business.

This happy state blew up on Hal-loween when two costumed youngsters came to the door for a Tricks or Treats invasion.

"Oh, boy, Gildersleeve!" one of

them—who reads his radio magazines—shouted. The parade of Tricks or Treatsters that night exhausted the Peary's supply of goodies, and the house has been a marked one since. Almost always a little cluster of fans can be found loitering around the front entrance, and the cars slow down as they pass the place.

The happy anonymity couldn't, of course, last forever, and Hal is wise enough to know that this curiosity on the part of the public is as good as money in the bank for him.

He works very hard to keep up the standard of his show, now in its seventh season, and so, now that Page is healthy and happy and well adjusted to his new environment, does Gloria, who plays Gildersleeve's secretary, Bessie, on the program.

In distant contrast to a lot of other radio teams, Gloria isn't Bessie because she is Mrs. Peary. Rather, she says, she is Mrs. Peary now because she was Bessie.

Gloria had never seen Hal Peary before she turned up at the studio with a dozen other young radio actresses, to audition for the new running character on the program.

"Don't tell anybody," she adds at this point, "but I had never even heard the show."

Producer Fran van Hartsfeldt picked her for the part. She didn't meet Hal until they were face to face before a microphone. That was in December, 1945. Hal, in the midst of acrimonious negotiations with Betty Peary, his nerves raw from the onslaught of ugly publicity in the papers, was in no mood to look at a girl, even a pretty one like Gloria.

"But I made him notice me," Gloria says jokingly. "I had an attack of appendicitis, and Hal had to help carry me out of the studio."

IT WAS the following March before Hal and Gloria actually had a date together. By that time, he was not impervious to her fresh young beauty and charm, and they were engaged by May day, married two months later.

When Gloria left the show "for a trip" in mid-season, the match-makers on the radio show were disappointed. She and Hal had seemed so happy; there must have been a quarrel.

Hal and Gloria laughed secretly at their friends' long faces. If they had been this successful in keeping their marriage a secret, they might hope to be equally lucky—and circumspect—with the even bigger news that a baby was on the way.

The months that followed were not much fun for Hal. Gloria was away, and he was lonesome as he had never been lonesome before.

When Page was born, the long wait seemed even more unbearable.

Hal had his innings last July when, free at last of legal threat, he could introduce his friends to his "bride" and—two weeks later!—to his son.

"There's a nasty rumor going around about me," Hal sums it all up merrily. "The word has got out that Gildersleeve is happy!"

"Do you think we should keep that secret too?" Gloria wryly wants to know.

"By heaven, no," the Big Voice booms. "That one, you can tell the world."

My Mother, Joan Davis

(Continued from page 25)

So what would you do, Beverly—if has become something I can expect from my mother. Something I know I'm lucky to get from an expert like Joan Davis. She's always approved my wanting to be a comedienne—though the story I've heard is that the first word I said as a baby was "Mama," only I said it in that same funny falsetto voice she uses on the stage. And I understand she gave my father one horrified look and gasped—"Oh, no! We've got another comic!"

Especially in radio you have to be prepared to take what comes and think fast—be ready to slip in an impromptu gag if the one you've just read falls flat. Or pick up a fluff you've made or someone else has made and turn it into a joke on yourself. This, I think, is one of my mother's biggest talents. It's one of the things that has made her a star in her own right.

Also her quality of independence. She never wanted to be just one half of a team. She wanted to be able to carry an act by herself. To do this she has developed a kind of special comedy-personality that works well with other people, but doesn't necessarily need a steady partner—or any partner at all. She fits into all kinds of movies, wherever they have an opportunity to let her be herself.

Certain kinds of roles just become naturals—they are "Joan Davis" roles.

THAT'S why she's done so many pictures, I guess. I saw "Sweethearts of the Fleet" and "Two Latins from Manhattan" that she made for Columbia, a dozen times at least. And I spent most of my allowance in motion picture houses when she appeared with Kay Kyser in RKO's "Around the World" and for her latest one "If You Knew Susie" with Eddie Cantor.

I've seen them all—these and many others. But I go not only because she's my mother and I think she's a great comedienne. I go because I want to study *why* she is so funny—what makes her a star. It's like a sixth sense, I know, but I try to figure out what goes into it.

Maybe it's because she works so hard at it. That part doesn't show to an audience—it seems so easy, standing up there cracking jokes and taking the laughs on herself. It must seem a natural for her to get herself into funny situations and out of them. But I honestly think she'd drop dead, if it would get a laugh. Certainly she's taken enough falls and spills in her career to break every bone in her body.

In radio she doesn't use the slapstick to get the laughs. Here her mastery of the quick-punch gag line has put her up on top. It's what has earned her the title of Queen of Comedy.

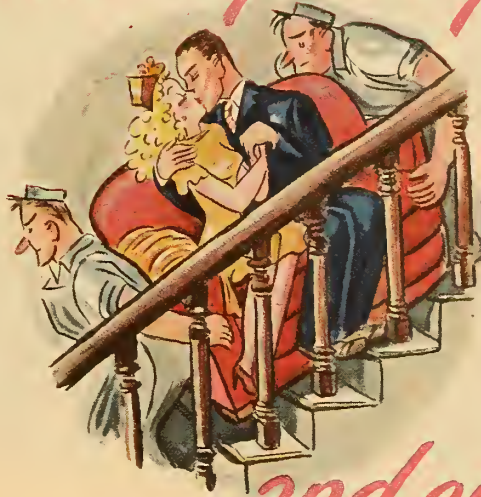
The only time I've seen her absolutely speechless—not able to even make a wisecrack—was when the college students of America chose her as the "First Lady of Laughter." It was a poll made by three hundred and seventeen college newspapers. She was so pleased!

Mother was an actress when she was seven years old. And I mean *actress*, with the accent on the drama. Soul-stirring drama. She was going to be greater than Sarah Bernhardt—more emotional than Barrymore. As such she gave one performance.



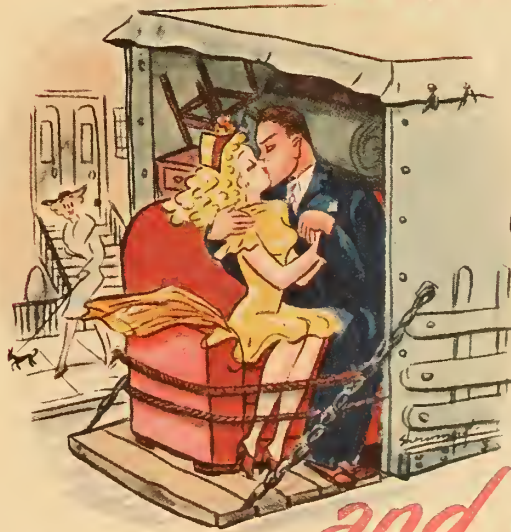
See what happens when you wear sweet-pink DITHER "Lips!"

Pond's "Lips" stay on...



He's swept off his feet with DITHER!

and on...

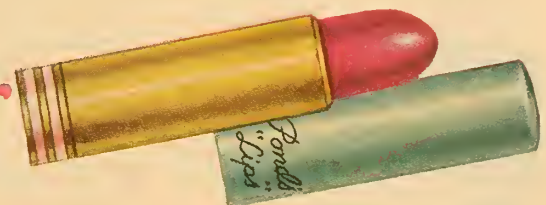


You GO places with DITHER!

and ON!

POND'S "LIPS"

Dither



It touches your lips with magic... Pond's new Spring-pink shade! Handsome swivel case — 49¢, 25¢, plus tax

Pre-viewing THE STYLES

WITH LINIT

Claine McCordell

designed this spectacular new dress, hailed as one of her all-time best. Praise couldn't be higher—but, Miss McCordell, says, "Just remember it's a cotton—and cottons need starching with LINIT." This penetrating starch resists muss and soil.



Breathtaking are the stripes, multi-colored on mauve, and the billowy gypsyish skirt. Both color and drape profit when you starch with LINIT*, for it restores the fabric's crisp original finish.

Here's your dress for occasions all summer—as long as you keep it starched with LINIT. Remember too, LINIT makes all cottons look and feel like linen—dresses, blouses, men's shirts, bed and table linens, curtains, everything. All grocers sell LINIT.



... ADDS THE *Finishing touch*

© C. P. R. Co., 1948

It was "Amateur Night" at the local theater in her neighborhood back in St. Paul, Minnesota. The seven-year-old Joan Davis went out there on the stage and gave it all she had, with gestures. Pure, serious drama. And the audience thought she was so funny they howled her right off the stage.

What would you have done? What would I do if that should ever happen to me? The very thought gives me the cold shivers.

Well, she took it and came back—one week later. To the same theater. To another "Amateur Night." Only this time—after she had cried herself to sleep a couple of nights and then faced the facts—this time she went into a planned comedy routine and she was the hit of the evening.

On the strength of this, her first real comedy performance, she was signed by Pantages for a vaudeville tour.

My grandparents went with her, taking a tutor along so she could study as she went. She was billed as "The Toy Comedienne" and all by herself she went out on the stage to do a fourteen-minute laugh routine. And Joan Davis was a success—immediately.

FROM that time on she has never been out of show business—vaudeville, stage, screen and radio. I don't mean to say that it was just a breeze for her. There were disappointments and knocks, as well as boosts and applause.

But she graduated from "toy" to "master" comedienne. My father became her partner—I think it was in 1931—and they were married that same year. Two years later I came along.

And went right into the act. When I was five years old we did one of those routines that went something like this: "What's your name, little girl?"—"Beverly." "How old are you?"—"Five." "Who is your mother?"—"My mother is the funniest, the most wonderful actress in the world—isn't that what you told me to say, Mommy?" And then I got pulled off the stage by my ear.

We settled in California when Mother was given her first screen, role as a hillbilly in a Mack Sennett comedy called "Way Up Thar." She was a hit and was handed a contract immediately to do thirty pictures for Twentieth Century-Fox. This ended the vaudeville tours and our stage life. Now we had a home and were Californians to stay. I was just old enough for kindergarten and Mother used to drive me there every morning. Until this last year, when I entered Emerson Junior High School, I've been in a convent school.

Mother took to the air in 1941 when Rudy Vallee invited her to do a guest spot. Mr. Vallee was planning to have her make just that one appearance, as he did other guest stars. But she was such a hit that he asked her back again two weeks later. From then on she was a regular feature of the program. And when Mr. Vallee went into active service during the war, Joan Davis was made the star of the show.

Working takes up a lot of her time, and now she can't even seem to get a day off to play the golf she likes so much. Sometimes we slip off together and go fishing off the pier at Malibu Beach—she was with me the day I caught the barracuda!

When Mother isn't working she's resting. As the saying goes she "knocks herself out" every time she does a broadcast or a picture. And when she isn't resting she likes to see people.

*LINIT is a registered trade-mark distinguishing this product of the Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y.

Me, I think I have a little edge on all her other friends. It isn't often that mothers and daughters enjoy each other's company as much as they do friends of their own age. We do.

Mother enjoys reading. I get enough of that in school. Especially since I'm trying to get all A's on my report cards. Mother thinks it's because I've been promised a convertible car when I graduate if I can keep up the good work—but actually it's because I've just got to beat her record.

She got all A's when she was in school!

About the only time we disagree is over Mister.

Mother likes dogs but she swears Mister is no dog—he's an elephant. He isn't very big, really. He's a Kerry-Blue puppy and I'm training him to be a champion. Mother says, "Just train him. Period." But I think he has very good manners. He just gets excited sometimes and he likes people so much he can't help jumping all over them and wanting to kiss their faces and he likes to pretend he's a lap dog.

But I got her point. It's Mister versus the crockery.

Mother has spent years collecting her lovely, priceless antique Dresden figurines and her fine Englishware (she has names for it but I never can remember) and the cranberry glass. Mister, let loose in the living room, is really a hazard. Once he toppled a gold-and-mirror fan she had just found and just placed on the end table. Fortunately there was no damage done. It didn't break.

But if he ever breaks the little miniature rocking chair that my grandfather carved for Mother—oh, dear!

She has very good taste. She designed and decorated our whole house—and even had a three-room playhouse built onto it, just for me. That was a wonderful place when I was growing up. I could entertain in it and study in it and play house in it. But it seems a little childish, now that I'm fifteen, and I very seldom use it.

IN FACT, I'm old enough now so that we can wear each other's clothes. I borrow hers and she grabs a sweater of mine, once in a while. But there's a limit to sharing . . . I got a gorgeous make-up and dressing case for my birthday and—do you know—I have to keep the combination lock a secret from her, to keep her out of it?

She's an awful problem to me, sometimes.

I almost weakened and let her into it, once. She was so good about helping me with my homework. But after the last time, I decided it wasn't worth it.

My teacher at school told us we were to write an essay about anything we chose. It took me a little while to think of something, but finally one evening when Mother and I were sitting in front of our new television set at home, it struck me that that would be a fine subject. Television.

So I got out my notebook and went to work. I struggled with it and at last I had it done—all but the punch line, the ending. (Being Joan Davis' daughter has made me conscious of punch lines and things like that.) I needed a final poetic touch to round out the essay. But I couldn't think of a thing.

Mother had been sort of coaching from the sidelines all this time—though I must say her help consisted mostly of thinking of all the crazy, fantastical things you could say about television.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

Like the winsome Miller twins, you'll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty-shop wave. But before trying Toni you'll want to know—

Will TONI work on my hair?

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

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a loose, natural-looking wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy . . . easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why more than a million women a month use Toni.

Which twin has the TONI?

Pictured above are Ann and Jean Miller of Long Island, N.Y. Jean, the twin at the right, has the Toni.

New Hair-Beauty Booklet for you!

It's 24 pages of valuable ideas. Professional secrets for choosing your most charming hairstyle. Words and pictures on how to style and set your own hair. Scores of other hair-beauty hints that will save you many dollars. Just mail a dime to cover cost, handling and mailing. Address your request for "Hair Beauty on a Budget" to The Toni Company, Dept. F5, Box 3511, St. Paul, Minn.



"It's a miracle...all this

New, Natural Color with my first Rayve Creme Shampoo!"



See it! Believe it! Blonde, brunette, red hair or white, your *very first* Rayve Creme Shampoo uncovers new, natural, radiant color you never dreamed was in your hair! Without special rinse . . . in the easiest, fastest shampoo you ever enjoyed.

Not a soap! Rayve is a *creme* shampoo, so leaves no film to dull hair's radiance . . . to cloud its natural color.



Rinses like a whiz! Billows of creamy lather even in hardest water—yet rinses jiffy-quick, removing all loose dandruff.



No conditioner needed! Rayve is enriched with *lanolin*—doesn't leave hair dry as straw, but easy to manage, glossy, radiantly colorful!



Rayve CREME SHAMPOO
(CONTAINS LANOLIN)

Handy Tube . . . can't tip or spill
10c, 29c, 60c, \$1
No Federal Cosmetic Tax
ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT
AND 10-CENT STORES

Though not in a school essay. And making faces at me—breaking me up—just when I was working my darndest.

But now she volunteered to help. She'd think of something poetic.

"I've got it!" she said, seriously. "Look at the rose in the vase on top of the television cabinet. Why don't you link the two together—the miracle of television and the rose. The miracle and the rose!"

That was it. That was my punch line. The miracle and the rose.

So what happened—? I guess my teacher didn't think much of Mother's poetical flights, because she wrote across it—"And isn't a rose a miracle, too?"

I decided the homework help wasn't worth giving Mother the combination to my make-up kit. Instead, I'm teaching her to jitterbug. She's a wonderful dancer and she likes to go to night clubs so she can rhumba. But she's still not hep to the jive—and, believe me, the movie studios would pay good money to put on the screen the contortions we go through as she and I clear the living room so she can practice the jitterbug.

It's really fun to be Joan Davis' daughter.

LIKE any other mother she supervises my clothes, watches that I don't use too much lipstick, knows all about my special friends, worries about my health, takes me to the dentist and consoles me for having to wear braces on my teeth just now. Some of the most beautiful actresses, she tells me (and a comedienne doesn't *have* to be beautiful), wore braces on their teeth when they were younger, and that makes me feel better. She helps me with my homework (when I let her!) and likes me just as much when I'm bad as when I'm good.

Though her radio program hours, and the many days she has to spend on motion picture lots when she's making a movie keep her from being with me as much as we both would like, I actually get more than my share of her free time. She not only worries about my dates and my health and things like that—she has to worry about my career, too.

Mother says that her greatest problem is keeping "hands off." She refused, absolutely, to coach me when I had my first honest-to-goodness—my first, and so far my only—role in a motion picture, Eagle-Lion Studios' "Mickey." She doesn't want me to be a carbon copy of Joan Davis—which certainly wouldn't be the worst thing that could happen to me! At home, life sometimes becomes a battle of seeing which of us can top the other's gags. And darn it, she always wins!

Yes, Joan Davis is very much okay for a mother—but she seems too young and too full of pep and too much of a stand-out personality in herself ever to fit into the usual maternal picture. So many of my friends just seem to have their mothers for backgrounds—there if they need them, but most of the time just someone to remind them to wear their rubbers if it's raining.

I think I'll end this story the way I used to end that act when I was five years old and on the stage with Mother—

"I think my Mommy is the most wonderful, the greatest, the funniest comedienne in the world—isn't that what you wanted me to say, Mommy?"

Only I believe it. And anyway, I'm too big now to get pulled off by the ear.

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I Struck It Rich

(Continued from page 27)

realized that I was going at last. That was all I wanted.

I did go home, but "home" was destined to be one hospital after another for the next two years.

When I got back to the states my left leg, which had been badly injured, was swelled to almost double its normal size. The doctors told me that I was suffering from osteomyelitis—an infection of the bone and bone marrow. I had once wanted to become a doctor. Well, there was plenty of opportunity now to learn all about the symptoms of osteo. The only trouble is that medical science hasn't found a sure, permanent cure for this affliction. That's why I've had fourteen operations within the last two years. Right now I have to use a cane and a brace to get around, and no one would write out an insurance policy on the bad leg. I never know when I may have to lose it.

THE days and nights in the hospital were always the same until early one morning. Our ward had a night nurse who used to run in with her hypodermic needle, give me my shot of penicillin while I was still asleep and then speed away just as I was waking up. She was like greased lightning and all the boys in the ward called her "Flash."

Finally, after five nights of this hit-and-run treatment, I woke up at about six forty-five in the morning in time to catch the nurse actually standing still. I could only see her back, but that looked rather nice. When I called out and asked her to turn around so that I might have a better look, I regretted it instantly. Her hair was mussed, what was left of her lipstick wasn't on straight and the glare she focused on me just about completed the picture of an overheated boiler about to explode.

I thought no more about our speedy Florence Nightingale until I was given a furlough from the hospital. Just as I was leaving, my buddy, Cliff had to undergo a serious operation. Naturally, I came back to see him.

When I entered his room I saw that our night nurse, Miss Best, was spending her free time trying to cheer Cliff. Once outside of the cold, gray light of a hospital dawn, she looked very pretty. Blue eyes and soft brown hair, to say nothing of the figure that had caught my eye in the first place.

That day I offered to drive Miss Best home in my car.

Once we reached her quarters, I asked as a part of a polite routine I had re-

tained from my civilian days, if I might phone her some time. She was halfway to the door when her absent-minded "Yes" floated back to me.

I never really meant to ask her out, but then a big party came up and I had to have a date in a hurry. I called Carolyn Best without too much hope that she'd come. Fate was on my side, because Carolyn had just been stood up. This really isn't as bad as it sounds though. When a nurse goes out with a doctor she has to be prepared to cancel her plans at any minute. In spite of the fact that Carolyn should have been fortified against disappointments of this type, she was considerably put out about being all dressed up with no place to go. Nurses are not supposed to date their patients in the V. A., but she was in a receptive mood.

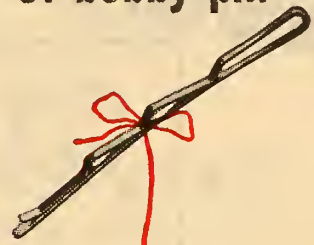
After that first evening together we knew that we might want to start "breaking the rules" more often. Everything had clicked. We had laughed a lot and the atmosphere was warmer and brighter than on any date I could remember. I saw Carolyn all the time I was on furlough. Three months later we were secretly married, and I learned that I would have to re-enter the hospital for a very serious operation. Now we really had ourself a situation.

There I was, lying in bed with my wife taking professional care of me as my nurse. She was "Miss Best," and I was "Mr. Musil." None of the boys in the ward knew that we were married and so they were always frank and uninhibited in their remarks. Day after day I lay there listening to cracks about her pretty legs just as impersonally as though she were Betty Grable or some other piece of public glamor property. Sometimes it was tough, but more often it was funny. There was a hilarious showdown when the boys finally learned we were married.

LAST June I was finally discharged from the hospital. Carolyn and I had decided to move to New York City for a year so that I could study at the Bulova School for Watchmaking. This school was built by Bulova expressly for the purpose of training vets who have more than a seventy percent disability—men who must have sitting-down jobs for the rest of their lives and who have shown on the basis of competitive tests that they possess the mechanical and manual ability to qualify. The place itself is beautiful, equipped with all sorts of special devices to aid the disabled veteran. They have electric eye doors and special elevators to help us get around. In addition to all this, Bulova is in effect giving all of its students special scholarships. Instead of accepting the government's GI Bill tuition money, Bulova converts this money into a fund to purchase the special equipment and tools that the student needs to set himself up in business as soon as he graduates. It certainly is a good feeling to know that you won't have to depend on anyone and can do an honest day's work to support your family.

Speaking of family, Carolyn and I were in the process of starting ours by the time we settled in the Rego Park Veterans Housing Project in New York. Our son, Bradford Allen, showed up last August 22, and life in our four-room converted barracks apartment became hectic. A great many troubles

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seemed to pile up at once. Carolyn's mother suddenly became ill and required an immediate operation. Her father also needed surgical care; and one of my brothers died.

All of this meant hurried trips to Illinois and many other heavy expenditures which put a terrific strain on our budget. By the time Brad was three months old we still hadn't been able to pay his doctor bills. I was beginning to feel pretty gloomy.

Then one night Carolyn and I were listening to Strike It Rich over CBS. We had always liked the show, but the idea of trying to get on it had never entered my mind until then. Carolyn and I listened extra closely to the contestants that night. It had always been a hobby of ours to try and get the answers to the questions, and we were both pretty good at it. But on this Sunday evening we paid most attention to the human interest side of the program. We wanted to know why other people needed to strike it rich. We wanted to see if we, too, might have a legitimate reason.

Taking a long shot, we wrote in to CBS telling them about our baby's debts, and much to our surprise the producer of the show, Walter Frammer, called up the following Thursday and invited me to come down and discuss my chances of getting on the air.

When I met Mr. Frammer in his office, he told me quite frankly that he couldn't make any promises. He gave me two tickets to the next broadcast and said that if we were there at the CBS Theater that night, he'd do his best to give me a chance as a contestant. When Sunday night rolled around, we arrived very early and sat in the second row.

I was so nervous I couldn't sit still. When they called my name as a possible contestant I had to go up and sit on the stage. Carolyn says that it was then my eyes became glazed and I seemed to be sleepwalking. I know that it was then the real tension began.

The first contestant went up. She wanted money to help make Christmas dolls for orphans. Out of a possible eight hundred dollars, she got home ten.

The second contestant wanted to put his brother through medical school. His judgment was a little off when he staked all his money on the first question. He didn't know the answer.

Meanwhile, Carolyn and I kept our eyes glued to the studio clock. Time was passing quickly and there seemed to

be dozens of contestants sitting on the stage with me.

The next lady called upon was a Mrs. Nutt. She wanted the money to be able to change her name, explaining that her family was tired of having people call up and ask, "Is this the Nutt house?" or "Which Nutt are you?" By the time she had answered her questions and earned enough to pay the legal fees for changing her name it seemed as if the program was practically over. I had just about given up hope when Todd Russell, the master of ceremonies, called out my name.

Still numb, I walked up to the microphone and heard the wonderful, warm applause from the studio audience. The first three rows of the CBS Theater were filled with disabled veterans still in uniform. They were rooting for me one hundred per cent. I could feel their support and it made me a lot more confident. Unfortunately I could also hear their advice, and that was rather confusing. On Strike It Rich the contestant is given twenty-five dollars which he can run up to as much as eight hundred dollars in the course of answering five questions. Every time you answer correctly you double the money you have staked on the particular question. Most contestants like to put fifteen or twenty dollars down on the first question and keep the rest in reserve. That way they would still have cash to put on the subsequent questions should they miss the first. I knew about this, but somehow I felt that I had to make it all or nothing. When the boys in the first three rows heard me say that I'd put the entire amount on the opening question, they went wild.

"Don't do it! You're crazy!" some of them yelled. Most of them cheered me on and then I looked at Carolyn still seated in the second row. She smiled and nodded her head, so I stood by my decision. The first question came.

"We all know that the Waterloo Bridge is in London over the Thames River. Can you tell us where Napoleon met his Waterloo?"

That one was easy. I had been there myself. Quickly I said, "Belgium." Todd Russell smiled. Mr. Frammer and the audience applauded and Joe King, the announcer, patted me on the back. I now had fifty dollars.

The second category of questions was called "Proverbs In Disguise." Todd Russell quoted, "Don't let your lachrymal glands secrete over lacteal fluids freely flowing." (Continued on page 80)

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(Continued from page 78) "Lacteal!" I shouted. "That's about milk. Don't cry over spilt milk!"

"Correct!" Todd Russell beamed, and the boys went wild again. I put the hundred dollars down and guessed the next one easily. This category was called "Find The Turkey," and as Hank Sylvern started the first few bars of the song on his organ, I recognized it immediately as "Turkey In The Straw."

The fourth category was the one that had tripped up several of the other contestants. It was called "Fact or Fiction." Still, I couldn't get cautious this late in the game. I plunked down the two hundred dollars. Todd Russell wanted to know if I really wanted to risk it all. The boys in the first three rows didn't think I ought to.

Then I looked at Carolyn. She nodded. When Mr. Russell saw her in the audience he invited her to come up on the stage too. She was beside me when I heard the fourth question, which concerned Omar Khayyam. I was to tell whether he was real or fictional.

STRANGELY enough, I had just received a gift of his book of poetry so I said, "Real. He lived in the eleventh century..." It was right.

This was the test. I took my four hundred dollars, tried not to think about it, and staked it all on the last question. We plunged in. I leaned a little on my cane as the smooth Russell voice read the last question.

"If an apiarist studies bees, and an aviarist studies birds, what does an ichthyologist do?"

I froze. I knew the answer but I just couldn't think. Precious seconds ticked by until finally I made an involuntary swimming motion with my right hand. Suddenly I blurted out, "Fish!"

"That's right!" Todd Russell shouted. "You've won eight hundred dollars!"

The few moments that followed are hazy to me now that I try to recall them. Carolyn kissed me, lots of people shook my hand, and the boys in the first three rows were jumping up and down in their seats, yelling.

The next day after the broadcast, we got telegrams from both families out in Illinois and everyone seemed to get just as big a thrill out of it as we did. Especially one of my brothers. He is an embalmer and was working in the Berwyn morgue on Sunday night when he accidentally tuned in on Strike It Rich. Imagine being in a morgue when your brother's on the radio. It was very frustrating for him not to be able to poke some one in the ribs and say, "Hey! Do you hear that? That's my brother!"

With the money I won I'll be able to pay all of Brad's doctor bills, buy a suit for myself and a coat for Carolyn. I may even have enough left over to buy our son a puppy as soon as he's old enough to be good to a pet.

I'm saving this story to tell to Bradford Allen when he's big enough to understand it. He's rather unique. The baby a quiz program paid for. Maybe it will mean good luck for the rest of his start for all of us.

ED. NOTE: Believing that all our readers will be interested in the further fortunes of the Musil family, Radio Mirror checked with them just before press time. The editors regret to say that at last report, Art Musil was back in the hospital for further treatment, and Mrs. Musil is anxiously trying to procure the automobile that will be necessary to his rehabilitation, when he is discharged.

R
M

Tough? Not Duff!

(Continued from page 49)

favorite pipe and tell you quite convincingly that the closest he ever came to toughness was a little more than twenty years ago.

"I was about nine, living in Seattle. I was in a gang called 'The Duff Gang,' which might just indicate who the big shot was. We used to fight an outfit named 'The Greenlake Mob.' Those were real capers. Garbage can lids for shields, old vegetables for ammunition. Real tough stuff!"

Duff is rugged rather than tough. He is big and un-pretty, handsome in an uncut diamond sort of roughness. He is quiet, serious, soft-hearted to the point of feeding stray alley cats. He tips the scales at 185 and is a fair boxer—he works out with his good friend Burt Lancaster now and then.

HE HAS never worked in a detective agency, probably wouldn't recognize a clue if it popped him on the nose and isn't interested in guns; he saw enough of them during almost five Army years.

When he's portraying Sam Spade, as he has been without vacation since July 1946, Howard Duff is Spade. His eyes, under heavy brows, narrow. If the script calls for Spade to be smoking, Duff smokes. If he's supposed to toss off a drink or pull a gun, he goes through the motions, even though props are missing.

Like the original Spade, as created by Dashiell Hammett in "The Maltese Falcon," Duff is a bachelor and enjoys bacheling it.

"I would like to marry, have a home and children," he says, then adds quickly, "but I'm not panting to. I guess I have never found the right girl. And vice versa."

He lives alone and says he likes it. He is far from garrulous, is essentially reserved, so being alone is no hardship for him. He has been wary of giving his friendship quickly since an unfortunate experience in high school.

A boy who had been his best friend for several years told something derogatory and untrue about Howard to a schoolmate. By the time the story reached Duff it had been considerably colored. When he learned who had started the tale his confidence in people took a nosedive. He distrusted everyone and drew into a shell. It was then he started reading a great deal.

Now, although he makes friends slowly, he's a good friend, say those

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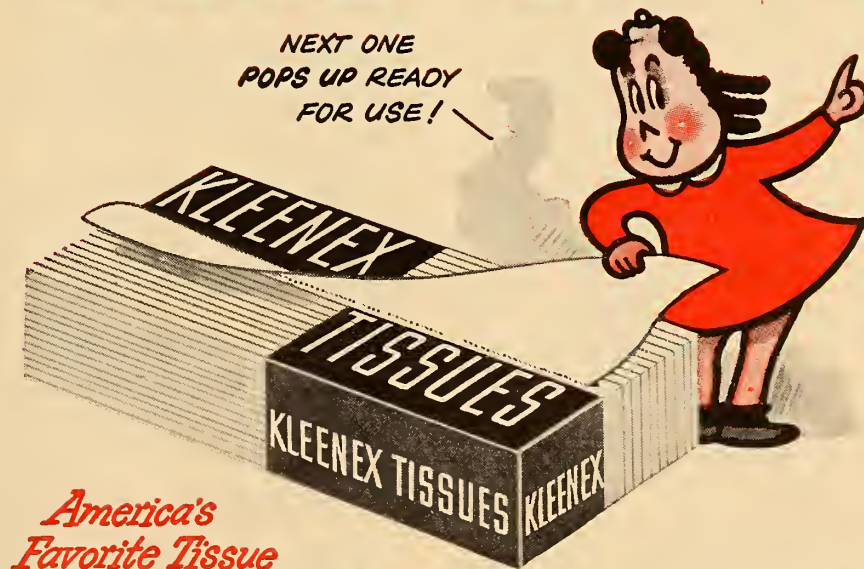
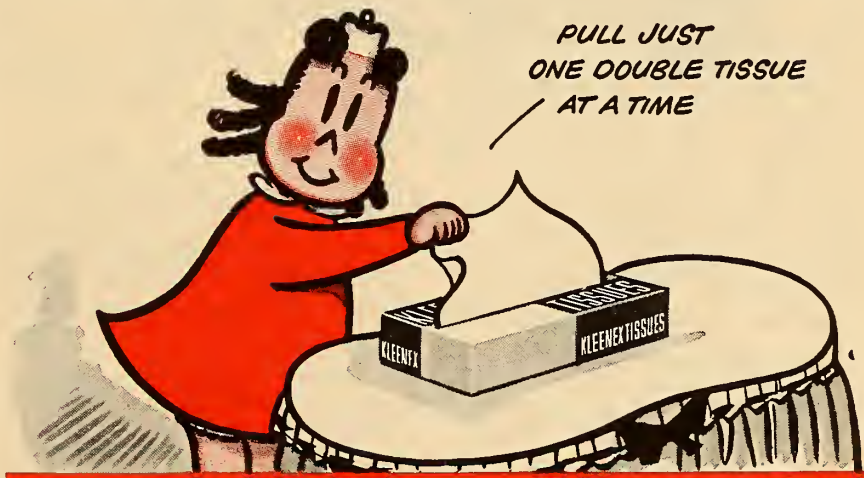
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R
M

who've had a chance to get to know him. "Besides being lazy, I'm a procrastinator," the gray-eyed chap with unruly brown hair will tell you, then with a wave of his pipe will challenge, "look at this apartment. I've been on the verge of redecorating it for more than a year, but to say I never do things impulsively is to underestimate the stalling power of Duff."

The motivating force which finally made him do something about refurnishing was a big, fancy radio-phonograph presented to him after a guest appearance on Bing Crosby's show which, Duff decided, made the other furniture look shabby. It also started him collecting records; he goes for pure New Orleans and Chicago jazz and, in contrast, modern Russian classics.

His apartment is plenty large, even for his husky size. There is a comfortable living room, with fireplace. A roomy bedroom, with three closets. A small kitchen in which he cooks his own breakfasts, unless he oversleeps.

HE GOES for big, ranch-sized breakfasts. Fruit, cereal, eggs, bacon, toast, coffee. Maybe coffee cake or pancakes. He does little other cooking, probably because he isn't overly interested in food. He likes all kinds, with a slight preference for a good thick steak.

As for a Dream Girl, he avers he hasn't had one, in the literal sense, since high school days. Then he always wanted to date the prettiest and most popular girls in his classes. Usually did, too. Just once this backfired. He asked the cutest little trick in his class to the junior prom, quite confident that it mattered not one whit that he didn't dance. The girl was bored, then furious, sitting out the dances, and refused any other dates with Howard. But he has never learned to dance. Doesn't like it.

He still prefers attractive girls, even sensationally beautiful girls, and admits it. In the past year he has beamed Ava Gardner and Yvonne De Carlo, but marriage rumors proved premature.

His ideal girl he summarizes as one who "can make you feel it's swell to be alive." She would be a good companion and a good sport. One who now and then would go fishing or would enjoy just sitting on the beach or at home in front of the fireplace reading or talking about—well, just talking.

She would dress with chic but not extremely. He doesn't like dark red nail polish, too much perfume or the New Look. The latter he thinks makes girls look five years older than they are!

He doesn't care whether the possible future Mrs. Duff is an actress or not.

"I don't see why being an actress should make any difference—if we are suited to each other. You have to recognize the fact that our business makes demands which do not exist in others. It is an egocentric industry. The ego is more important in acting than in other fields. If there are two such egos in the same family, each must make allowances for the other. But there is no reason why it can't be managed," says Duff.

He feels that he is just now becoming well enough established in radio and pictures to think of marriage, and his explanation is, "I don't think it's right to ask a girl to share a life of uncertainty, which I've had until recently. I want to give a wife all the things that make for permanency and security in marriage."

Of course, if he had met that *right girl* he might have changed his mind. But he's still a bachelor.

The home in which he'd like to install that ideal wife some day would be high on a hill, with a magnificent view framed by huge windows, furnished in comfortable, simple, modern style. He'd like a well-run, well-staffed household that wouldn't bog him down with chores.

If Howard didn't consider it occasionally incumbent on him to keep in trim he'd be perfectly happy to limit his exercise to driving his car or going to the beach with a radio, a pipe and a good book. He compromises by swimming—which he really enjoys—gym workouts and tennis.

An avid reader, Duff always manages at least an hour before retiring, if not more during the day, and prefers non-fiction. He has read all of Dashiell Hammett's detective stories but avoids other whodunits.

Unlike most actors, Duff finds difficulty in talking about himself and his career. He still is not keen about interviews, even after nearly two years of popularity as Spade and twelve months in motion pictures. He can do without night clubs, preferring to spend evenings at home with his friends. He likes casual clothes but dresses conservatively—no bow ties!—and hates to shave.

Duff's interest in acting started while attending Roosevelt High School in Seattle, where his family had moved from his native Bremerton, Washington. When he was given the leading role in the senior play production of "Trelawney of the Wells" he forgot his earlier ambition to become a cartoonist. (He still does clever caricatures of friends.)

After graduation he joined the Seattle Repertory Playhouse. There was no salary, so he worked daytimes as a window trimmer at the Bon Marché department store. He was fired after falling asleep a few times on the job, but didn't mind; he thinks everyone should be fired at least once in a lifetime. But just the same he had to eat.

HE AUDITIONED at Station KOMO in Seattle, was hired as a staff announcer and thus began his radio career, but when the repertory group offered him \$20 a week for a tour of the northwest he happily quit announcing, for the theater then was his goal. (He still wants to do a Broadway play.)

Eventually and reluctantly he decided radio might hold a brighter monetary future, so with fifty dollars he had saved he went to San Francisco. He auditioned all over town; no one gave him a tumble.

"Finally some big-hearted Joe gave me a job for two weeks, substituting for a vacationing newscaster," Duff recalls. "I edited my own copy, was very careful about policy, felt I was doing a good job that might lead to something else. But no. On the last night I was so fed up I grabbed up copy at the last minute, mixed up all the European names and did my own interpretation which was anything but the news. Do you know, the station never had a complaint from a listener? That shows how people listen to newscasts!"

Literally down to his last dollar sometime later, Duff auditioned for the title role in *The Phantom Pilot* and was signed. He remembers vividly the tweed suit he bought out of the first week's salary; he needed it that badly.

The program was transferred to Hollywood and Duff began appearing on many big network dramatic shows, until in March of 1941 he went into the Army.

At Fort Lewis, Washington, he wrote and directed radio variety programs which he says were "pretty bad." Later he was attached to the Armed Forces Radio Service and for a time was stationed in Los Angeles where his job was de-commercializing and censoring commercial shows which were relayed overseas. More interesting was his subsequent service in Saipan, Guam and Iwo Jima.

One of his jobs on Saipan was writing and directing a weekly dramatic show for the Marine Corps called "Leatherneck on the Air." A different story each week, with Tyrone Power in the leads.

"I USED to sweat blood trying to fill those thirty pages each week," he says. "Most of the radio writing I had done before was for variety shows with short skits or brief dramatic bits. But that half hour deal! My scripts were pretty awful, but Power never complained. A swell guy."

Duff, with his typical reticence, does not mention that he and Power became quite good friends on Saipan. On one day off Ty flew Howard over to the next island to visit Howard's brother, Douglas, who was stationed there.

When Duff, by then a staff sergeant, was given his honorable discharge in November, 1945, he returned to radio in Hollywood. Soon he was working on *Suspense*, *Radio Theatre* and other big-time stanzas. Then *The Adventures of Sam Spade* started in mid-1946—and his contract for that still has another two years to run.

He is also well contracted for movies: he did two for Mark Hellinger, who gave him his first break in "Brute Force" and featured him again in "The Naked City," and will do one a year for Universal-International. Incidentally, there are currently 174 fan clubs organized throughout the country for Spade and Duff—more for Spade than Duff, as a matter of fact.

For one thing, Duff is really grateful to the Army. On the day he was inducted he met another rookie named Mike Meshekow, a former furrier. Nice young guy. They went through basic training together, then were assigned to different duties but kept in touch, for they had become fast friends. Eventually Duff suggested that Mike would make a good first sergeant for the AFRS in Hollywood. Mike was transferred and became interested in show business. Came war's end and Duff convinced him he'd make a good agent. He is—Duff's. And best friend.

Make no mistake, Duff may be a rugged, self-sufficient character but he cannot deny a streak of sentimentality. When his bobby sox admirers, who are always on hand at CBS on Sunday even though they know they can't see the *Sam Spade* show, remembered his birthday with little presents, and when one of his fan clubs, "Duff's Private Eyes," sent white carnation boutonnières to him—and to Sweeney and March when he guest-starred on their show, Duff was pleased enough to mention it many times.

And, as you've undoubtedly gathered, this quiet, soft-hearted tough guy is not the type to go around talking much—especially not about his fans. He saves his talk for *Sam Spade*!

Missy

(Continued from page 29)

more excited, or more grateful.

Missy is obviously just No. One on the Montgomerys' planned parade of progeny. Dinah and George have always said they wanted several children, and Missy's arrival (although certainly not the easiest birth on record) has only whetted their hopes. The nursery upstairs in "the house that George built" has three rooms, and—

"Oh, we're going to have three children at least, if we're that lucky," declared Dinah fervently, "and maybe four.

"I'm fortunate to be in radio, because I have to go out only one evening a week to do the show." (CBS, Friday, 10 P.M., EST, 7 P.M., PST.) "I'll have rehearsals and program conferences here at home, so I can be with Missy most of the time. I imagine the rehearsals will be on Missy's schedule, not mine, but that's all right. I'd go crazy if I had to work in films all the time and be away from her all day. Just picture me going away on location, when now I can hardly stand it having Missy in another part of the house where I can't see her every minute!"

Her only picture commitment was for a movie life of the western artist, Frederick Remington, which she will do with her husband. "But it starts a couple of months from now, and they'll shoot around me until I'm ready." With the Petrillo ban on recordings (Dinah had anticipated it and made about seventy advance discs) she would have only radio to take her away now and life would be mostly home and Missy.

THEY'RE adding a permanent nurse to the household staff which previously boasted Dolores, the cook, and Jesse, the house man. But the principal change, aside from added happiness, is the one that comes to new parents the world over.

"We just don't plan on eight hours' sleep any more," laughed Dinah. "Missy's room is next to ours, and at her slightest cry we both wake up, wondering and tense, and can't rest until we know she's all right. It's silly, we know, because Miss Kamp (the temporary nurse) is simply grand—but we can't help being silly that way. We always went to bed early, 9:30 or 10, but now we're so sleepy we're ready at 8:30 or 9. And I never felt better in my life."

The small cause of all this was slumbering, at the moment, in the cradle her daddy made for her—in the least fluffy, least pink-and-white "nursery" you can picture. The upstairs rooms intended for her were not yet finished, but more importantly, Dinah in these early days could not yet negotiate a stairway. The family's new star was established in George and Dinah's calico-papered sitting-room. It adjoins their bedroom, and here they used to read, play records, write letters, and Dinah did her sewing. Now it's all Missy's.

"We may move her upstairs later," said Dinah. "We haven't decided, because it's so nice having her close."

The cradle, lined and padded in a print of tiny roses, is of pine and oak, hand-carved. George decorated one side with family threesomes of all the animals on their place, the other side with animals of his native Montana.

"It was so touching, watching him

"Color's bad, needs FELS-NAPTHA"



... and the good 'doctor' might well have added
—"or it won't last long".

A shirt that shows Tattle-Tale Gray is, actually, a 'sick' shirt. That dingy color proves there still is dirt in the fabric. Hard rubbing that *may* remove dirt, *surely* shortens the life of the garment.

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CAN BE
GLAD DAYS**

MIDOL
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



"What a
difference
Midol makes"



work on it during the months we waited," Dinah confided. "It almost made me cry—the pains he took, the loving care on each tiny detail. He's already working on a crib for her when she outgrows the cradle."

Missy, even if she hadn't been showered with gifts on her debut, would never lack for wonderful things, not with George as a dad. The lean, quiet, handsome young giant (his latest film is "Lulu Belle" with Dorothy Lamour) spends hours in his workshop exercising a genuine creative talent for wood-working. With the aid of a pair of ex-GI helpers, George expanded the original one-room house he and Dinah bought three years ago into the beautiful and gracious home it is today. He built practically all the furniture: love seats, chairs, desks, buffet, oversized round dining table with Lazy Susan. He built so much and so well that friends like the Alan Ladds, the Fred MacMurrays, and Leslie Fenton have importuned him to build pieces for them, and his hobby has turned into a sideline business. For Missy, besides cradle and crib and a Welsh cupboard (for wardrobe, toys, etc.), he has built rockers under a huge merry-go-round horse.

"SHE'S a little young for it now," admitted Dinah, "but she'll grow. She weighed seven pounds at birth, and in two weeks she's gained twelve ounces. She was born knowing how to use a bottle—didn't have to be taught—and on Wednesday she gets her first orange juice, and she's already taking her oleo-percomorphum—that's a cod liver oil substitute—and—but how I do rave on about Missy! You must stop me. Oh, you're interested? You mean I can talk about my baby? Wonderful..."

It was on a Saturday last spring that Dinah first had intimations that Missy, long dreamed about, might become a reality. "We'd been hoping and praying for a baby for three years, and I was so excited I couldn't wait to see the doctor. There were about twenty other women in the waiting room. I didn't know any of them, but one of them must have known me, because on Sunday—while I still wasn't sure it was true—Walter Winchell was on the air with our news. Monday I went back for the verdict and Dr. (Leon) Krohn just smiled and said, 'Well, we can't let Winchell down, can we?'"

The months of waiting were normal, happy, quiet ones and all was rosy, until the very end. At two in the morning on January 4, George and Dinah hastened to the Cedars of Lebanon hospital. Hours later—six, seven, eight—Missy was still struggling for birth. In the end it had to be the operating room—and Caesarean section. Missy arrived at 11:52, just before noon.

"It wasn't so bad for me," related Dinah characteristically, "but poor George! I felt so sorry for him, just waiting. Some new fathers can chain-smoke to pass those hours, but George doesn't smoke. Some new fathers take a drink to deaden their 'labor pains,' but George doesn't drink. He just waited. You know how he looked when I finally saw him again? Well, George hates flying because he gets air-sick. That day he looked as if he'd just flown the Pacific—through a typhoon!

"When he knew we were all right and there was nothing he could do, he went home to bed. Dolores (the cook) scored a triumph that day. It was the only time she's ever been able to take George his dinner on a tray. And then

he slept for hours... utterly stunned."

In the Cedars' maternity section, at the same time as Dinah, were Deborah Kerr (Bartlett) and her new Melanic Jane, and Van Johnson's Evie with her new daughter, Schuyler Van. The flowers arrived endlessly, the hospital mailman brought mountains of letters

"I couldn't begin to tell all the beautiful gifts Missy has received, the sweet notes, the telegrams," Dinah sighed beginning to tell just that. "The little gold pins from the Ladds, the silver cup from Pops (Paul) Whiteman, the big fuzzy musical dog that plays Brahms Lullaby, from Joan Davis, the lovely little jackets, dresses, blankets, bootees, the big Disney toys from Walt, and—oh, it would take hours to do justice to all the pretty things she's had. And the telegrams—like the one from Dottie Lamour's little son: 'Oh, boy, I can hardly wait for our first date!' And the flowers. And—oh, the cutest letter from Harvie Branscomb, Chancellor of my old university, Vanderbilt, down in Tennessee. We enrolled Missy right away for the class of 1966, and the Chancellor wrote to Missy. He told her about the dramatic club there, and said she must not forget to 'register her emotions' frequently, and if she preferred the a capella choir she must remember to exercise her voice steadily and loudly."

If you have an idea by now that Dinah Shore ranks high among the world's happiest, most doting mamas, you're quite correct. In this new role of hers there's all the warmth, friendliness, and human quality that have won her friends on the air and something new has been added. Missy. Nice adding.

Missy will grow up on the Montgomery place, six and a half acres of quiet countryside about a block off a busy highway. The place is fenced, with an electrically controlled gate to keep intruders out and the animals in—mainly a few cows, turkeys, chickens, pheasants. There's a guest house, and a tennis court and swimming pool, all of which promise well for Missy's entertaining problem when she gets a little older and her friends come for the day or weekend.

SHE'LL have plenty of friends her age, even before the expected brothers and sisters arrive. There'll be the new youngsters of Teresa (Wright) and Niven Busch, the children of Cobina, (Wright) and Palmer Beaudette, of Betty (Hutton) and Ted Briskin, of Dottie (Lamour) and John Ridgely Howard, of Susie and Alan Ladd, and many others, with Van Johnson's Schuyler Van and Deborah Kerr's Melanic Jane almost exactly Missy's age.

Summers, Missy can go to her dad's Montana ranch, where she can ride horseback and visit her grandmother, her uncles and aunts (George is one of sixteen children) and her cousins.

She'll be a lucky child, all right—and probably luckiest of all in her choice of parents.

Parents, like Dinah and George, who are on that Cloud No. 7 about her, who say they won't spoil her but are afraid they will, and who want the best for her. The best?

"Well," as Dinah put it, "to give her a sense of security, of being loved. To help her develop a strong sense of right and wrong, and a sense of humor because in this world as it is she'll surely need it. To help her to be secure, and yet to develop independence so she can stand on her own feet. To our way of thinking, that's the best for anyone!"

Why I Love George Burns

(Continued from page 23)

had much encouragement. Sandra, at thirteen, still in a convent school, has been more concerned about a possible shortage of tall boys when she grows up (she is 5 feet 7 inches) than a shortage of chances in the theater. She has been on the radio once or twice, acquitting herself with a poise and precision that left her father little room for master-minding. She took it in her stride, like everything else—like a trip to San Francisco or a binge-dinner at Romanoff's. She hadn't emerged with that certain gleam in her eye which says: "This is it—this is what I want to be."

Ronnie heretofore had been downright discouraging. All tactful inquiries from his father brought the retort that Ronnie intended to be a mechanic.

"But actors make a lot of money," George would argue.

And Ronnie would reply firmly, "So do mechanics—good ones."

When it had happened, apparently, it had happened fast.

Ronnie standing there by the fireplace, his script in hand, *was* an actor—it was written all over his face. He had the gleam.

He had decided, he announced—patronizingly, I thought—that he might as well be an actor. It was the easiest thing to do.

Easiest!

But then, with George around, he was right.

IT HAD always been easy for me—except for a few minutes of icy fingers before broadcasts, my work is fun. George does the hard part—thinking of new routines, writing script, directing the other actors. All I do is go on. It is easy for me, because I have George, because he makes it easy.

I have had a chance few actresses have—to have a career plus the bigger things all women want; a good marriage, a home, a chance to bring up two children. (To say nothing of painting my surrealist pictures, composing and performing my piano concerto for one finger, writing a newspaper column and a book, running for president of the United States!)

I have had all this because of George, who thinks show business is more fun than anything else in the world and thinking so, has enough energy to do the dirty work for both of us.

Yes, on second thought, Ronnie was right. With George around, it's easy.

With George around, an actor's life is a lovely life—and I shudder thinking how close I came to missing out on it.

When the team of Burns and Allen was launched in vaudeville, it was with the strict understanding that I would be in the act for just a season or two—until my fiancé, Benny, had enough money saved up to marry me.

"Why don't you wait until you're twenty to make your farewell tour?" George would ask me mockingly when I would bring the subject up. "This is nonsense," his tone indicated; "nobody quits this business." Nobody, George thinks, ever quits show business. Unless the business quits you, he figures, they have to carry you off.

But I wasn't kidding—I thought. I



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had had my fill of grease paint. My sisters and I had been singing and dancing professionally since I was four. (Which gave me an edge on George—he didn't go on the stage until he was seven!) I was tired of it, I said. And besides, Benny was in a nice substantial business. It wouldn't be right.

George agreed that he would release me. Although I wondered why, since I was leaving so soon, he spent all of our days off rewriting, polishing, re-routineing our act, scheming always to make it better.

And I wondered why he worked patiently with me, making sure that I milked every line for all the laughs there were in it.

George had been the straight man since our second performance together. In the first run-off, he had told the jokes; I had always played straight. And the people had laughed at the straight lines. "Okay," George said—"you tell the jokes."

Why was he giving me all the meaty material, if I were leaving the act next summer?

Christmas Eve came, and I found out why. He just had never believed it. He had had other plans, all along.

We had been traveling about the country on a try-out circuit (try-out is polite for second string) breaking in the act. I had seen very little of Benny, who was slaving away in Chicago, but had kept the flame alive—I thought—writing, telephoning him occasionally, talking about him constantly (I must have been a pain) to George.

Benny called me in the afternoon that day to say Merry Christmas, and suggested in a madly extravagant after-thought that I call him, after our last show that evening.

I promised I would, and hung up to go and tell George all about it.

"Are you going to?" he asked rather huffily, I thought.

"Of course," I answered, "I promised."

"Fine," he snorted, in a tone which said he thought it was anything but.

George wouldn't talk any more about it, but he got gloomier and gloomier, and we gave the two worst performances of our lives.

He was still gloomy when we arrived at Mary Kelley's house for our gang's Christmas party, and he made a rude face when Mary told him that everybody had been waiting for us impatiently.

"What for?" he barked, the sourpuss.

What for indeed. Naturally, he was

to be Santa Claus. Everybody knew that George Burns was the funny man at parties.

When they put a beard on that long face, the result was frightening. No Santa Claus ever snarled at little children the way George snarled at all of us that night.

"To Mary with love from Ray." He would read off the card with obvious distaste and shove the package into the recipient's hand.

"To Irene, Merry Christmas, Gracie"—well hurry up, take it."

At last he got to my package for him. It was on the bottom of the pile, a big box. I had bought him a beautiful robe.

Now he would cheer up, I thought. He read the card aloud.

"To George, with love, Gracie."

He looked at it hard. "Love," he said. "Hah."

I burst into tears.

I cried and cried. The more everybody tried to comfort me, the harder I cried. I cried in the living room on Irene Arnold's shoulder, and in the bedroom on Mary's shoulder, and then I went into the bathroom and slammed the door and cried all by myself.

Outside, I heard Mary complaining to 'Rene that I was simply spoiling the party and then George, who had been silent through the outburst, spoke up.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," he cried, snatching off the Santa Claus beard. "The poor little thing. And don't forget she's listened to your sob stories often enough."

The next thing I knew I had moved over on the edge of the bathtub to make room for George and I was crying in his arms.

"You shouldn't write 'love' on cards," he told me gently, "when you don't mean it."

"But I do mean it," I said. And I did.

"But you're going to marry Benny—you're going to call him tonight."

"Yes . . . but . . ."

George pulled out of his pocket the box which contained his Christmas present for me. It was a diamond ring.

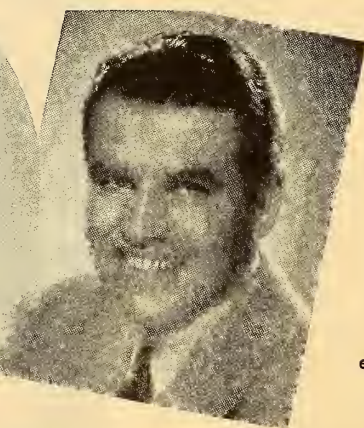
An engagement ring, he was hoping, he said. He would buy a wedding ring to go with it any time I said the word.

"Oh, dear," I whispered. This was—or was it?—so sudden. Anyway, I stopped crying.

That night, after George took me home, I lay in bed a long time, just thinking.

At three o'clock the phone rang. It

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OF HEARTS
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was long distance. Benny! Now he was huffy.

He had been sitting in a hotel room all Christmas Eve, he complained, sitting there with the phone in his hand waiting for me to call him. As I'd promised. Why didn't I? Why?

"I don't know," I told him.

"Don't you love me?" he demanded.

"I don't know," I said again. "I don't think so . . ."

From the other end of the line, silence, with icicles.

"Would you mind saying that again?"

Benny found his voice at last.

"I don't think so," I complied dreamily.

"Then," he said, "would you mind hanging up?"

I did, and called George.

I could tell from the fog in his voice that I had awakened him. Poor boy, he had had a hard day.

"What is it, Gracie?" he asked, alarmed.

"Nothing much," I answered, "just that day after tomorrow you can buy that other ring if you want to."

I dreamed of gauzy veils and rose-petal trails all that night, which was just as well since we had none of those things at our wedding.

WE BOUGHT the ring "day after tomorrow" just as I'd said, but we put off the ceremony to a date three weeks later when—after a booking in a small town near Cleveland—we had three lovely days off in a row.

The theater in which we were working was a "vaudeville weekends only" house used chiefly for motion pictures. There was no stage entrance, indeed no stage—we worked on a narrow promontory in front of the curtained screen.

As we climbed down, we passed the theater manager, who stopped to shake hands. Where were we going next, he wanted to know. Cleveland, George replied. No, not a booking—we weren't up there yet. Just some personal business.

As we started down the aisle together, I tucked my hand under George's elbow and we quickened our steps.

The manager called out to us as we got to the back of the house. "I want to wish you two all the luck in the world," he said. Bless him, he had guessed.

The ride into Cleveland was four hours on a milk train. We got in at five a.m.

George had engaged a lovely big room and bath at the Statler, but I said we couldn't go up. We weren't married yet. And I didn't want to eat anything. Not until our wedding breakfast.

We waited in the lobby, and slept, sitting up, until George's brother and Mary Kelley, who were to be our attendants, got in on the eight o'clock train from New York. Then we all piled into a cab, and drove out to the home of a justice of the peace.

George, feeling expansive, asked the driver to wait, and we hurried up the steps. The magistrate met us at the door. He was surprised, and not happy, to see us. He had on high boots, a loud plaid shirt, and a fishing rod over his shoulder. He was just leaving, but all right . . . if we didn't mind getting it over in a hurry.

I don't know what anybody said, or if anybody said anything. I've gone on the assumption that the ceremony was legal. All George says he remembers about it is that the taxi meter regis-

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- A.** Because he is no longer happy in their marriage, constantly makes excuses to avoid the romantic intimacy of their honeymoon.
- Q.** What has she done? Is it really all her fault?
- A.** It is not so much what she has done as what she has neglected . . . and that is proper feminine hygiene.
- Q.** Can neglect of proper feminine hygiene really spoil a happy marriage?
- A.** Yes, and the pity of it is, every wife can hold her lovable charm by simply using "Lysol" disinfectant as an effective douche.
- Q.** Can this purpose be accomplished by homemade douching solutions?
- A.** No... salt, soda and similar makeshifts do not have the proved germicidal and antiseptic properties of "Lysol" which not only destroys odor but is effective in the presence of organic matter.
- Q.** Why does this husband not tell his wife why he avoids her?
- A.** Because he feels that a woman should know these important facts . . . and use every means in her power to remain glamorous, dainty and lovely to love. He resents her neglect of such fundamentals as correct feminine hygiene which is achieved so easily by regular douching with "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES with morried hoppiness . . . safeguard your complete daintiness . . . use only "Lysol" in the douche . . . it is not only effective, but kind to delicate tissues.



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tered fifteen cents for waiting time when we emerged from the house as Mr. and Mrs.

"I hope it takes," Mary Kelley said, nervously, as we headed for the Cleveland Hotel and our champagne breakfast.

It took.

The next ten years were wonderful. Work was play, and play was work.

I found out that it was not the theater I had wearied of, but the theater without George. George sharpened the material, we pointed up our performances, we went from the little theaters to the big timers, and ultimately to the Palace, top rung of the Variety World's ladder. We played all over America, and for one season in Europe. We made the bridge from vaudeville to radio without casualty, had our first fling in motion pictures.

We had everything, we decided—almost.

Why, almost? What was it, now that we had success and happiness and all the money jingling in our pockets, what should be missing? We knew. We agreed without words—the way married people do when they get really to know the insides of one another's heads. There are things you don't have to talk about.

"Since we haven't any children of our own, Googie," George said one day, out of the blue, "why don't we adopt one?"

A few months later, I took the train from New York to Evanston, Indiana, to call on Mrs. Walrath at the Cradle. I was to come home with our little daughter, Sandra.

Mary Kelley, who had figured in so many of the big moments of my life, went with me this time too. (A part of me went with Mary when she died five years ago.)

"Won't you need a nurse?" Mrs. Walrath asked us just as we were about to leave. We were two grown up women, but I guess she could tell by the gingerly way I held the split basket which was Sandra's nest, by the firm grip Mary had on the box containing the six little bottles of formula, that we were new at this.

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Unseen Witness*

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TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

But I couldn't admit it.

"Oh, no," I protested, trying to sound confident, "we'll make it very nicely."

It was just an overnight trip, but I endured a thousand years of torture in that one night. We had one of those old-fashioned drawing rooms, with the baby in her basket on the small bench; Mary—who was a big girl—in the lower berth, and I in the upper.

I traveled up and down the ladder a hundred times. Every "Eek" from the baby brought me bounding down. My ears had an unnatural sharpness that night, which was fortunate—since I heard the whisper of a sound in the midst of one grinding stop and hurried down to find that my silver fox cape had fallen on top of the split basket. The baby could have smothered.

We were afraid to wash her face. The tiny buttons on her clothes frustrated us completely. We did manage with the diapers, but after a terrible struggle.

It was all worth it, for the wonderful reception.

WAITING at Grand Central were George, his brother Willie Burns, and Louise, Jack and Mary Benny, Lester Hamel, and a lot more of our good friends. George took over the baby's basket at once. The porter, the cab driver—nobody was allowed to touch it.

We proceeded like a royal entourage to our hotel, where five-week-old Sandra greeted thirty-three guests on her first day "at home."

One year later I returned to the Cradle, this time from Hollywood and the twelve-room house parenthood had necessitated, and came home with Ronnie. He was not the baby the staff had chosen for us, but his eyes wouldn't let me go. I would leave his crib and go back dutifully to the baby I was expected to take and Ronnie's eyes would follow me, saying, "Please come back. Take me. Take me."

He was a frail little fellow, and Mrs. Walrath was not sure.

"But," I argued, "we can bring him around . . . we have money, we can have good doctors, nurses."

They let me have him. They should see him now: star—forgive me just this once, Dorothy McGuire and Edmund Gwenn—star of Twentieth Century's "Apartment for Peggy."

For a while I fooled myself that I was bringing up the children. George, of course, let them wind him around their little fingers from the first; I couldn't count on him for discipline.

I was a pretty firm mother. I saw to it that they kept their rooms picked up. I reminded them to practice for their piano lessons. And to eat their vegetables. But something told me my grip was slipping when Sandra began to borrow my lipsticks. When I found my brand new waist-cincher in Sandra's closet, I knew.

The new generation is taking over at the Burnses.

George summed it up very neatly the other night when he came into our room holding his sides after a fatherly chat with Sandra.

"She was swooning over a wonderful new song hit," he said, "My Bill," he added, and roared.

"The same 'My Bill' we used to swoon over," I asked him, "when Helen Morgan sang it in 'Show Boat?'"

"The same," George assured me. "And this is where I came in."

I knew what he was feeling.

"Me too," I said, and I sighed.

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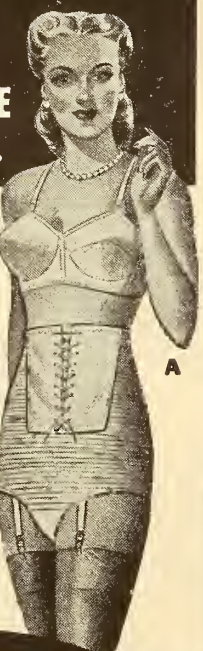
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Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.



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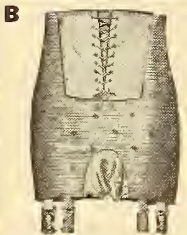
Does a bulging tummy make you look years older than you really are? Are ordinary girdles uncomfortable to wear... do they fail to flatten out your abdomen the way you want? Then here at last is the answer to your problem! **SLIM-MODE**, the wonderful new adjustable health supporter girdle is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel like a "Slim Sixteen".



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Save Money. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same **FREE TRIAL** and refund privilege.

The Gallant Bride and Groom
(Continued from page 35)

thousands taken prisoner during the opening months of combat.

Jim was lucky enough, and strong enough, to survive almost four years of living hell in a Japanese prison camp. But he did not escape unscathed. The injuries he received during those years of imprisonment impaired his sight so badly that when he was finally liberated and discharged, his papers carried the grim notation: "Legally blind."

"I've never underestimated the seriousness of what had happened to me," Jim said, "but neither did I have to be a pollyanna to know that I was still a lucky guy, with plenty of reasons for being happy. After all, there were the fellows who never did come back."

Maybe that explains why Jim was so quickly accepted as a "great guy with a swell sense of humor," when he returned to civilian life, and why he was able to hold onto his good-natured enthusiasm for the plans he had made during those lonely years as a prisoner.

First of all, the plans called for more education—Jim was aiming for a place in the business management field, and that meant a diploma from an accredited business college.

WE FOUND the college all right—Armstrong's Business College in Richmond, California, and the "book-cracking" routine began. There was only one drawback—Jim could share in all classroom and lecture-hall activities, but there seemed no way in which he could keep up on all the home-study that had to be done each week.

That was particularly true of his Commercial Law course, and Jim began to worry for the first time, as he got farther and farther behind in his required reading. Then he was notified that since he was listed as "legally blind," he was entitled to the service of a reader. But that posed another problem—who was to be his reader?

His instructor in Commercial Law called for volunteers and, at the end of the class, came to Jim's seat to say, "I've found a reader for you—I think she is just the person you want."

"She is just the person?" Jim echoed, in almost a panic. "I didn't mean a girl! I meant a fellow!"

Inez still laughs at the remembrance of the look on Jim's face. "He honestly seemed scared to death—and after all the things I'd heard about his heroism in the war!"

She managed to keep her amusement out of her voice as she assured Jim that her offer was completely impersonal, and that not the slightest complication could possibly arise from a strictly-business arrangement.

"When I look back at that first meeting," Inez says, "I don't know why I wasn't at least a little bit offended at his reaction. I guess maybe it was because I could see that, underneath that marvelous sense of humor and wonderful poise, Jim was really shy. And then my feminine pride was assuaged during our first reading session—when I saw that he had donned his best suit, had his hair cut, and was being his most polite and charming self."

They made an attractive couple—Jim, tall and handsome, carrying himself so erect, with a smile that offered quick friendship to all the world... Inez, pert and cute with soft brown hair and blue eyes, and with a natural light-heartedness that made living a happy adventure. Almost before they knew

it, the daily reading sessions had become more important than any "strictly business" arrangement should have been.

"We still argue about which one of us first knew that we were falling in love," Jim said. "But I insist that I'm the one. Why, even before that first meeting was over, I began to get a funny feeling around my heart at the thought that we were going to see each other regularly."

However, two months went by before Jim asked her for a date. "But he was leading up to it long before that," Inez remembers. "His studies included salesmanship and psychology—and I began to notice that he was applying the principles of both subjects in convincing me that we should be seeing more of each other."

Soon there were almost as many dates as there were reading sessions. Sundays found them riding horse-back through the California hills; or strolling hand in hand along the woodland trails near Richmond. "A thousand times the words were on my lips," Jim said, "but because her answer would mean so much to me, I kept waiting for the ideal moment."

As often happens, the first of such moments came without planning. "We were studying together," Inez explains, "when Jim dropped his pencil. I leaned over to pick it up. He leaned forward at the same moment, and suddenly he had kissed me. I don't remember if we ever did pick up the pencil—all I remember is that I knew then that I loved him with all my heart."

"And I knew that I was going to ask her to be my wife," Jim said. "I shut away the thought that her answer might be no—that couldn't happen, when I loved her so very much."

THE proposal came on the weekend that they visited Inez' folks in Berkeley, California. Walking through the Berkeley hills, they talked over all the happiness they had shared since the day they had met, all the ways in which each depended upon the other.

Softly, Jim quoted from Longfellow's *Hiawatha* the poignant lines:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him she obeys him,
Though she draws him yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

All of love was present in the little woodland glade as he placed the engagement ring on her finger, and held her close for a kiss that carried with it the promise of lasting happiness.

Yes, theirs was a tender love story, and a happy love story. We at Bride and Groom feel unusually lucky to have played a part in one chapter of that story—the wedding-day chapter. Jim had once visited our studio the year before; and at that time had said it carried the sort of wedding-day happiness that he would want if he were married. So, not long after that Sunday in the Berkeley hills, we received the letter from him and Inez.

They were able to come to Hollywood for a personal talk with us before the date on which they were to be our Bride and Groom. Before that talk was over, everyone on the program staff knew that this was to be a special mar-

riage—one that we'd remember as one of the nicest of all.

The staff's interest was contagious—John Reddy, manager and a co-owner of Bride and Groom, said, "Let's outdo ourselves this time. I'm going to line up even more gifts than usual."

He succeeded, too. I remember that it hardly seemed possible to name all the things that we gave to Jim and Inez that day—sterling silver, a service for six . . . complete set of beautiful dishes . . . a radio-phonograph combination . . . a beauty kit . . . a photograph album with pictures of all the happenings of their wedding day and their appearance on the program . . . four white woolen blankets . . . a home-cleaning system . . . electrical kitchen appliances . . . albums of records . . . and to top even these, a completely new and modern 22-foot Columbia trailer—one that included even a separate bedroom, a fully equipped kitchen, and with features that made it a truly luxurious home.

Even that wasn't the end—for we'd arranged for their expense-free honeymoon at the beautiful La Valencia in La Jolla, California—a picturesque setting on the Pacific coast.

I made Jim a rather unusual offer during the broadcast, and I'm waiting now for him to take me up on it. When he told of his plans to enter the field of business management, I told him: "Okay, Jim—when the honeymoon is over, and you're ready for a position, you come back on a Bride and Groom broadcast. We'll turn over part of our air-time to you, for use as a 'personal commercial.' There'll be about five million people listening—you can tell them the kind of a job you want, your qualifications, and all the rest."

I meant that, too. But that afternoon, as I watched the huge plane taxi off the field, carrying Inez and Jim to their honeymoon at La Jolla, I knew that they were headed for true success. For surely they are two of the rare people of the world, whose courage has earned them the right to the miracle of happiness and love.

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Learn here about these Intimate Physical Facts

Pity the young wife who has no one to advise her about these intimate matters. She's too shy to ask her friends. And maybe it's just as well, as they might give her unscientific and old fashioned advice. It's this sort of ignorance that so often breaks up a happy marriage—

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Ask for Royalty—for consistent quality, true color and perfect fit.



"FIT FOR A QUEEN"

Missus Goes A Shopping

(Continued from page 43)

to run cable over a sidewalk. This you procure from the Police Department, which also issues the parking permit for the "Studio on Wheels." The question of running cables over a sidewalk next entangles you with the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity; then with the Housing Department, and finally with the Borough President's office. Each must okay the location from its jurisdictional point of view. The Consolidated Edison Company also has to be contacted. The installation must be supervised by a licensed City Electrician. Finally a City Inspector looks over the setup and gives an overall approval. On top of all this, the station must issue a bond to the City or a certificate of insurance evidencing the fact it carries public liability sufficient to cover any accident. Complicated as all this sounds, it is much preferred to dragging the ton and a half of equipment into the inside location.

THE equipment and crew for "Missus" must arrive at the supermarket at least two hours before rehearsal time. It takes seven technicians and a supervisor about two hours to get it set up, tested and operating so that a satisfactory picture can be viewed at the transmitter and studio control room.

Once the show gets underway, however, everyone has a good time. John Reed King has a "way" with the ladies, and his interviews, gags and quiz questions are enthusiastically received. He is assisted by genial "Uncle" Jim Brown, who is especially adept at getting youngsters to perform tricks. This, of course, makes for good televising. The director of the whole complicated procedure is, surprisingly enough, a pretty girl named Frances Buss. Although young in years, Miss Buss has a wide and varied background in Television.

The video "Missus" presents a few problems that its radio counterpart never did; for instance John and the rest of the crew have to be constantly on the look-out for people who come into the market, and not knowing what's going on, wander right into the cameras.

On the other hand, some of the tricks turn out better than planned, just because they are done on television and can be seen as well as heard. John still chuckles when he tells about the time he and "Uncle" Jim selected two ladies from the audience gathered in the supermarket of the week. After the usual gay give and take, they placed large paper bags over the ladies' heads; then selected a man from the crowd and hid silver dollars on his person. Removing the bags from the ladies' heads, John told them that they could have any of the silver dollars they found on the poor gentleman. Well, since the coins were in his shoes, trouser cuffs, and mouth, it took a bit of doing. The girls—perhaps after years of practice on their husbands—fell on their victim like hounds in full cry. They quickly discovered the dollars in his trouser cuffs and then after much searching, one of them thought to look in his mouth. She forced it open, and out came his *false teeth* still firmly clutching the gleaming silver dollar.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 55)

and students on their way to school, little tots playing in the streets and proud mothers pushing baby carriages.

All these take on a new interest and I cannot be too thankful that I have been given these days of leisure and freedom from care.

MRS. M. D.

TOO LITTLE TIME

Dear Papa David:

I have often read the letters in Radio Mirror but I did not realize that I had something to write about until the first night my husband came home two hours later than usual. A neighbor, who had dropped in to see me that evening said that if her husband were that late for dinner she just wouldn't bother.

"Don't you two ever fuss?" my friend asked.

"No," I replied. "It's more fun this way."

Before Bob and I were married we never quarrelled because we didn't know how much time we would have together and we didn't want to spoil our all too short dates. During the war, we were apart eighteen months and we have not forgotten it. We don't know how many years are left to us and we do not want to spoil our marriage with foolish arguments now.

We have no serious religious or political disagreements. As for money, we both know where most of it must go and the remainder is not worth arguing over. Before we were married we were never stingy with compliments, affection, words of appreciation, courtesy or tact. After three years we have not stopped using these; neither have we stored them away on a shelf to use, like fine silverware, to impress our guests.

Bob helps me with the household chores and shares in caring for the baby. I appreciate these things and say so frequently. His aid gives me more time to do things for him; to prepare his favorite desserts, to keep his clothes in good order, and to finish my regular duties in time to share some of his hobbies. When I tell him how much I appreciate his help and kindness he responds with more. Bob assures me that few men are as lucky as he is to be married to such a wonderful cook and I immediately plan to prepare some special dish for him. Sometimes we laugh about the way we "work" each other, but we find that courtesy and appreciation really pay. After three years we are sure that "It's more fun this way."

MRS. R. E. L.

SECOND BIRTHDAY

Dear Papa David:

It was during depression, as I was strolling along the streets, one day, going to no place in particular and in no hurry to get there—perhaps I would look around in the nearby park for some of my buddies for a hand or two of a friendly pinochle.

This was about the hour that the children come home for lunch from school. I kept on walking, somewhat worried about the next week's room rent, as was the case of many at that time. Just as I stepped off the curb to cross the street, I saw a boy running

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secret's
in the
circle!



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hastily out of a building toward me. As he got closer I saw tears in his eyes and he was frightened. "Hey, Mister, my father hung himself." For a moment my mind went blank and I couldn't think. "Mister, can't you do something—and hurry?" said the boy in anguish. I snapped out of it, and ran up the stairs with the boy.

In the bathroom, to my horror, I beheld a man hanging from a pipe. I immediately loosened the cable about his neck and placed him flat on the floor, face down, head turned to the side, losing no time whatever. The pulse, if there were any, was faint and shallow, beyond detection. I immediately proceeded with the Schaeffer method of artificial respiration and instructed the boy to run to the nearest telephone and call for the pulmotor squad. Not even for a second did I break the steady rhythm of artificial respiration, until the squad arrived, and thanks to the Almighty it didn't take long. At once they took over and after some time the victim slowly began showing signs of respiration and life. After being assured of his recovery, and making out the necessary report, the squad left and I remained with the boy and the father, until the mother, who at the time was the only means of support, was called from work.

Believe me, Papa David, if you ever saw tears, bliss and rejoicing, you would have seen it there, and in spite of the depression, which brought about this man's attempt of self destruction, he truly realized that life can be worth living under any circumstances.

On this day of each year, this man celebrates his second birthday. I cannot blame him for this, since it really was his second birthday.

J. L. B.

NEW LEASE ON LIFE

Dear Papa David:

My first marriage was very unhappy. My husband left me before my baby was born. In my bitterness I prayed to die. I even tried to take poison. I thought I never wanted to see another man. My baby was a girl and I only wanted to live for her.

When she was about eighteen months old I went to a picnic. There I met a young man who turned out to be everything I had ever dreamed. He loved my baby and after we began "going together" he would insist on taking her for a ride before we went anywhere.

We celebrate our tenth wedding anniversary in October. My daughter is nearly twelve years old and has two little sisters aged four and eight. My husband has given my daughter everything necessary, even providing music lessons and scout dues. My first husband was very well fixed and considerably older than I. My second husband made less than I when we were married and we have always been rather hard up, but he has never begrudged one penny that went for her.

My first marriage and its unhappy ending seems like a very bad dream. I can never thank God enough for giving me such a husband as I now have. It was truly a new lease on life and I pray that I have measured up.

Mrs. A. W.

BREEDERS OF HATE

Dear Papa David:

Soon after moving to the city where we presently live, we began inquiring about a school for our boy who had

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When*

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FOR FUSSY STOMACH
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become of school age. There was a choice of three schools he could attend. One of these was nearby and more convenient than the others. I asked a neighbor about it. "Oh, I wouldn't send him there," she answered. "Why?" I asked. "Too many Mexicans go there," she explained bitterly, "and I hate Mexicans!" "What's wrong with Mexicans?" I inquired. "They look like Negroes," she replied. "Except they're worse than Negroes. At least you can understand a Negro's language."

"I think this is the ideal school for my boy," I told her. I explained why by relating to her this story:

I haven't always been free of racial prejudice. Once, I, too, hated Negroes and other races, without any special cause other than that such was the cruel practice fostered in the locality where I was reared in the deep South.

It was a quiet autumnal evening, when a neighbor rode to our farm home and told us excitedly to be on guard for a Negro who had wounded his landlord and attacked his wife. A posse of neighbors had been hastily organized. Well armed, they were searching relentlessly with one aim—to kill! Rumors were rank and feelings were high. Trailed for nearly a week, the Negro was cornered and shot. It was claimed he was asked to submit peacefully, but refusing, was killed. And he was literally shot to pieces. Then the body was strapped on the running board of a Model T Ford, and driven along the highway, stopping wherever crowds gathered to view with sadistic pleasure the triumph of the mob. I was in one of these gatherings.

As I gazed upon the prostrate form, I began to realize how much he had suffered. He had been hounded and slain like a beast, without due process of law. I began to ponder about this miscarriage of justice. And after his lifeless body had been delivered to his widow and children and dumped on their porch, more details leaked out.

It seems the wounded landlord was famous for his cruelty to his Negro workers. Although there was never a trial nor legal investigation, it was learned the Negro had protested the landlord's distribution of his share of the crop. When he argued for his just share, the land owner attacked him with a knife, chasing him to his home whereupon the Negro had shot in self defense. And we learned that the Negro had not attacked the wife.

"It doesn't matter," remarked many of the natives. "A nigger ain't got no business sassin' a white man." And this is the incident that started me thinking.

This is the story I told the neighbor. I hope it starts her thinking, too.

J. D. T.

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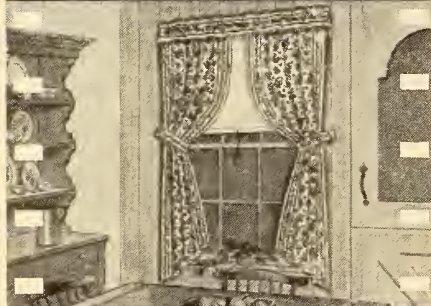
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**What's New from
Coast to Coast**

(Continued from page 13)

adaptation: they don't mangle the playwright's original intention for the sake of writing "down" to the air audience; production and acting. Why a job like this should have to continue being one of CBS's contributions to the culture of the country, we'll never know.

* * *
Actor-writer Elliott Lewis, like most professional people of some standing, gets a lot of bids for advice from youngsters who want to get into radio. Lewis does a switch on them. He advises them all to study for television, not only because they will find it a field where there is more opportunity and less competition, but because they're young and the healthiest thing they can do is get into a field where pioneering is still being done and they'll have a chance to use their new and young ideas to experiment.

* * *
Nat Polen, heard regularly in acting stints on David Harding, Counterspy, is one young man who never lets go of a good thing. Nat used to be a drummer with some of the top name bands. He still plays with a swing trio, which pays him handsomely, but which he says is merely a hobby.

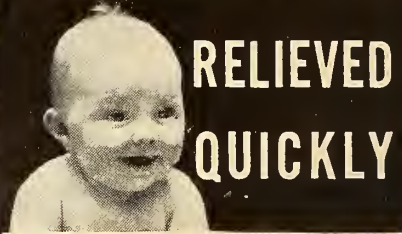
* * *
Alice Frost has played in so many whodunits that the matter of crime has become a serious thing with her. Giddy as she is on her Mr. and Mrs. North show, she's really a student of the social aspects of crime. Her library is crammed with books on psychology and psychiatry relating to criminal behaviorism.

* * *
It begins to look as if Abe Burrows' estimate of public taste is at least more accurate than that of many self-styled experts. Of the few who "caught" Abe, when he was essentially a radio writer and parlor favorite, all said he was a killer, but none thought the average listener would "get" him. Burrows, they insisted, was too sophisticated a wit, notwithstanding his Brooklyn lowbrow approach to satire. Abe has always pooh-poohed the myth of the mental age of radio listeners, which (hold your hats, in case you haven't heard before what you're supposed to be) is generally pegged at a measly 12-year-old level. Abe's rating has been rising steadily since he started his own program. This ought to prove something to the fellows who choose radio fare for you.

* * *
Stars come and go, but Benay Venuta, it seems, goes on forever. One of radio's first ladies in terms of time as well as standing, Benay can lay claim to having been the very first disc jockey on the air. Long ago, when she started out on a San Francisco station, she spun her own platters, sang to their accompaniment, wrote her own continuity and contacted her own sponsors.

* * *
Cathy Lewis has been named "The Ideal Secretary of 1948," by the Executive Secretaries Club. She got it for the job she does on My Friend Irma, because the shorthand-typing gals say she presents a truer picture of what secretaries are like with her straight performance than all the stereotype burlesques of dimwit stenographers which are usual in radio comedy shows.

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Cathy, by the way, is really probably the world's slowest typist.

Ken Niles, top-flight announcer and m.c., is such a sports enthusiast that his friends nearly all keep calendars of "open season" listings for a radius of 100 miles of Los Angeles. If they can't locate him at home, they can usually figure out just about where he is and what he's gunning for. At the moment, his biggest delight is a 12-foot boat he uses for duck hunting. The rowboat can be folded up and carried like a suitcase. Open any hunter's closet and you'll find gadgets.

Red-haired Grace Lenard, who fills numerous acting roles around the Mutual Studios in New York, has a beautiful face that should be her fortune, but has been her misfortune so far. It seems that Grace looks at times like Rita Hayworth, at other times like Claire Trevor and still other times like Katharine Hepburn, which has proven a handicap in her attempts at a movie career. She doesn't sound like any of them and maybe, if she hurries, television will get her the break she couldn't manage to dig up in Hollywood before.

Everything is done to make that Quiet, Please show as realistic as possible, including making the leading man a little sick in the interest of his art. Recently, Ernest Chappell was supposed to be talking with a "chaw" of tobacco in his jaw. Chappell held out against the tobacco, but he had to chew on something and the director picked chocolate as a substitute cheek filler. By the time the rehearsal and the show were finished Chappell had gone away and had to forego a steak dinner party to which the rest of the cast went.

You're always hearing about divorces in Hollywood. You'll be happy to hear that movie people can remain constant, too, like ordinary folks. This year Frank Morgan celebrated 35 years of marriage to the same woman, chalked up 40 years in show business, including 16 in the movies and 10 on the radio.

It is rumored in these parts that Ronald Colman and his wife, Benita, are being tempted to remain on the air during the summer months as a replacement for the Jack Benny show.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HERE AND THERE . . . Hoagy Carmichael will probably play himself in the forthcoming Triangle Production, "Stardust Road." This is a departure from usual film practice. . . Foreign radio set-ups are bidding for permission to translate Superman for broadcasts outside the U.S.A. . . Jack Carson is busy in the film version of the Broadway hit, "John Loves Mary." . . Harlow Wilcox, one of radio's top announcers, now also heading the television department of Rockett Pictures, Inc. . . Leave It To The Girls and Meet The Press, now coming to you from the West Coast Mutual studios. . . Alan Young, already set in "Sweet Sue," at 20th Century Fox, may do "Chicken Every Sunday" first on that lot. The latter flicker was shelved a year ago, but is now red-hot for production. . . Mutual is opening new studios in Hollywood early this summer. . . One of radio's top sponsors, surprise, surprise, is the War Department, which has five major network shows and a sixth ready to go. . . Bill Boyd, of film "Hopalong Cassidy" fame, is being wooed by radio, offer being a packaged western.

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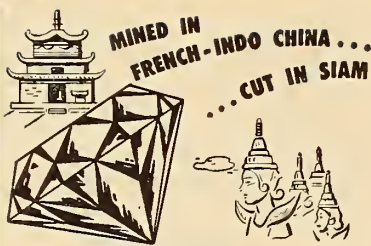
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Summer Harvest

(Continued from page 61)

it. He slept badly that night. The room seemed suddenly to have become hot and airless; there was no way he could turn to escape from his troubled thoughts. He had just decided to get up when the telephone rang. Mary sat up beside him.

"Sam—the children! You don't think anything's happened to them in that sailboat at Beaugard—"

The call wasn't from Beaugard. It was from the police. They had caught Lefty Higgins, and they wanted Mary to go down to the station house to identify him.

She was to identify him by his voice, by hearing him speak from behind a screen.

"But I'm not sure that I can remember his voice," she told Police Chief Doyle. "I wouldn't want to condemn an innocent man on such evidence."

Chief Doyle laughed. "Oh, don't worry, Mrs. Young, we don't condemn a man on that. We wouldn't even depend upon your identifying his face if you had seen it. We go by fingerprints alone, and we'll have an expert at your house in the morning to find them. No—the really important thing I wanted to see you people about is this man's accomplice. You told me over the telephone, Mr. Young, that the man had somebody with him—a boy, isn't that right?"

Mary dared not look at Sam. The pleading would surely show in her eyes—and Chief Doyle would see it. "Well," said Sam, "I didn't see either of them."

"Neither did I," Mary said weakly. Chief Doyle looked puzzled. "Then how did you know there were two?"

"Why," Mary said, "I heard two voices—a man's and a boy's voice." Her own voice sounded thin and far-off. She'd never been good at lying. But this time she had to be good at it.

"The lights were out," Sam explained. "And when we put them on, they'd both gone through the window. It was broken—"

The rest of the interview didn't matter to Mary. Voices spoke behind the screen in the doorway of the Chief's office—one of them the same snarling voice she had heard in her kitchen.

That was all. Then Sam took her home. He was especially gentle and tender with her because she looked so white, so limp after the strain.

"Thank you, Sam," she whispered when they were for his way.

"For what, honey? For being an accessory after the fact?"

"For not saying a word about her."

"Well," he said, "if it means so much to you... And I may as well admit that I didn't like the idea of the State reformatory for her myself. And—I guess I'm a softie where you're concerned, Mary."

SHE had won Sam over. Fern herself was even more difficult to persuade. Mary was early at the hospital the next morning, as she had promised, but Fern was up and waiting.

"I guess I'll have to ask you to help me get my things on, on account of my arm," she said. "I want to get going right now—and get good and far away."

"I don't know where your home is, Fern," Mary said. "But how can you go far away unless you have money to go on?"

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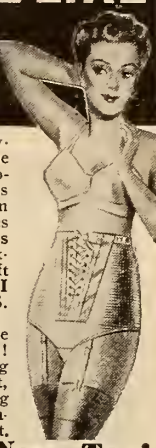
"Lefty'll wait for me," said Fern positively. "He'll take me with him." Mary chose her words carefully. She had discussed this with Sam—whether to tell Fern Lefty had been caught. "Fern," she said, "what would you do if he didn't wait for you? What if he thought you'd been taken, too?" "He'd find out, somehow. And you promised to let me go, remember?" "Yes, Fern," said Mary. "And I intend to keep that promise." Out of the small bag she'd brought with her she took a dress, a light coat. "I brought these for you," she added. "They're Peggy's. You can't go out of here the way you came in."

The dress was a shade too large for Fern's slight figure, but belted in, it was very becoming. Fern looked at herself in the mirror, turned toward Mary, a look of wonder in her eyes. "It—it's beautiful," she said. "But why have you taken so much trouble? Your husband didn't tell them about me, did he? I guess because you asked him not to, didn't you?" Mary nodded. "Yes, I asked him not to." "But why?" Fern burst out. "I can't make you out. Why have you done all this for me—" Her voice shook a little; she broke off quickly. When she spoke again, she was her calm, indifferent self. "I got to hurry, Mrs. Young—can't keep Lefty waiting." "But, Fern," Mary said desperately, "what if he's not there?" "He'll be there," said Fern. "He wouldn't leave town without me. He'll be there unless—" She stopped, her eyes widening, terror-filled. "Mrs. Young—he's all right, isn't he? They didn't get him, did they? Mrs. Young—" Mary couldn't answer, not right away. But there was no need to speak; Fern read the truth in her eyes. "They have got him! They've got Lefty! Why didn't you tell me? Why —But it was all your doing. You got the police in. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been caught."

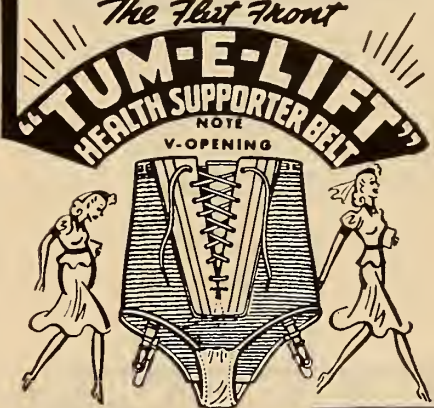
SO much loyalty, Mary thought sickly, so much faith and devotion for a Lefty Higgins! "But how can you be so sure of him, Fern?" she asked. "You haven't met many men like him." "You bet not!" stormed Fern. "I've never met anybody like him in all my life. He's the best friend I have." "Fern, Fern—" "But there was no calming her. "I've got to go to him—" she cried. "But he's in prison, Fern. They might start to question you. You might break down and give away the whole thing. Lefty wouldn't want that. Didn't he tell you, if he was ever taken prisoner, that you weren't to come near him, not give a sign that you knew him?" "He—" Fern faltered. "Y—yes. But he must be worrying about me. If I could only get word to him that I'm all right—" "I don't think you ought to try," said Mary. "Somebody might read your letters and connect you with the girl who was brought here with a badly cut arm. Leave him alone for awhile and go home to your mother—" "Don't make me laugh," said Fern bitterly. "I wouldn't go to her for a million dollars. She doesn't want me, and if she found out the trouble I've been in, she'd throw me out, anyhow. I tell you, nobody cares about me, only Lefty. Oh, I don't know what to do." "I do," said Mary. She couldn't hold back any longer. "How would you like to work for me—stay at my house a while and help me?"

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Fern stared at her blankly. "Me—stay at your house and help you!" She laughed. "You don't want me. I'm a crook."

"But I do," Mary said.

"But why?" asked Fern. "Things like this just don't happen. You don't break into somebody's house and then have them offer you a job. Why are you doing this?"

"Because I think you're good," said Mary. "I believe you're loving and loyal and capable of all sorts of fine things. Lots of people are, without knowing it. But I think you need help, too. If you'll stay with us for a while, neither Mr. Young nor I will remember how we met. We'll keep it a secret. You'll be just someone who's visiting us for a while."

"But—" She hesitated, torn, confused, utterly bewildered. "I'll go, Mrs. Young. It's awful good of you. I haven't any place else to go. But I don't understand it at all."

Mary never forgot Fern's face when she first saw the house—by daylight—with Sam's Victory garden in back, and the flower garden that was her pride and joy.

And Fern's face when they entered the cool depths of the house from the bright sun outside, as she turned slowly on her heel in the living room—well, it reminded Mary of nothing so much as Pepper's face at sight of his first Christmas tree.

"It—it's just like the movies, isn't it?" she offered shyly.

"The movies!" Mary repeated. "I've seen a lot of pictures with magnificent rooms, but this. . . . No, I shouldn't think it would be a very good room for the movies."

Fern flushed. "That's not what I mean. I mean, it's such a—such a kind room. I mean, you must have fun here—your kids and you."

MARY saw that it wasn't going to be easy, not when Fern's only conception of a happy family life came from scenes she'd seen in the movies. She would have to go very slowly, very carefully, so as not to overwhelm the girl.

She rested that afternoon, but was up in time to help Mary with the dinner. That is, she watched wide-eyed while Mary made hot biscuits for dinner, and she arranged the salad on plates—and very nicely, too, for a first try.

"I think I'd like to learn to cook," she said. "You know—really cook, the way you do, make biscuits and everything."

"Well, it's easy to learn if you really want to," Mary said.

Fern couldn't eat her dinner that night. Under protest, insisting that she would rather eat in the kitchen, she joined Sam and Mary at the dining room table. But it was all too much for her—the flowers, the clean white cloth, and the stew that Mary had made especially for her so that she could eat it with one hand.

"I—I don't think I'm very hungry," she said, her voice trembling. "I—I want to go home! Why did you bring me here, Mrs. Young? I want to go home!"

"You're tired," Mary said gently. "You've had an exciting day. Why don't you go to your room, and get into bed, and in a little while I'll bring you a tray. Then you can eat or not."

"Thank you, I'd rather do that. But I don't want any food, Mrs. Young. I just want to go away—tomorrow morning for sure." She was on her feet, looking panic-stricken, looking ready

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to flee that very minute. But she remembered her manners. "Good night, Mr. Young, and Mrs. Young."

The door closed behind her. The next morning, the paper was full of Lefty Higgins, his record, and his attempt to break into the Young house. Fern read it, every word of it, while she and Mary were having coffee in the sunny dining room.

"I've got to go to him," she said tensely. "I can't let him take all the blame. I've got to give myself up."

Mary didn't argue about the practicability of the scheme. She had a feeling that the girl was past listening to reason. "Fern," she said, "you told me yesterday that you'd like to learn to cook, to keep house—to live as we live."

"Oh, yes," Fern said carelessly. "But this kind of life isn't for me."

"But don't you think Lefty might like it?" Mary asked. "If you learned all these things, when Lefty gets out of prison, he might change his ways. He might be glad to have a home and to have you waiting for him."

"I—" She stopped. It was a completely new thought to her. "Maybe. But do you really think, Mrs. Young, that Lefty might change?"

"I think that he might not like excitement so much after a good many years in prison. Why don't you get ready for the time he gets out? Make yourself over—learn all the things that Hattie and I can teach you. And why not take a job in Mr. Young's plant and begin saving money for your home? That would help him far better than going to prison."

Fern sat silent, turning her coffee cup round and round on its saucer. Then she laughed. "Me—learning to be a good housewife. That's a lot different from learning to be a good housebreaker. But I guess it's worth it—for Lefty. Only—gee, maybe he won't be free, if they pin that murder on him."

"You've got to go ahead and do the best you can, Fern," Mary said firmly. "No matter what they do. And all of us are going to help you."

Peggy and Pepper came back from Lake Beaugard that afternoon, with Linda, and for a few hours, as much as it was possible for her to forget anyone she cared about, Mary forgot Fern. Because with them came joy, and the promise of fulfillment—and tragedy. Peggy found a thick packet of letters waiting for her from Carter—letters that said he very probably wasn't going to be sent away again after all, that he was going to stay in the States and instruct . . . and that he would be near Elmwood. They could be married, Carter wrote, right away; they could move into the house that was waiting for them.

Peggy was beside herself. The whole family was swept up on the wave of her happiness—until they learned that there were no letters at all for Linda. No letters from her husband, Jeff. But there was a message. Dr. Jeff Taylor had been killed.

Fern didn't understand it. She could understand the family's being happy for Peggy—that was like them, and like the families she'd seen in the movies. But that they should be so crushed by what had happened to Linda—that she didn't understand at all. Linda, beautiful as she was, and sweet—what little Fern had seen of her—wasn't part of the family; she wasn't even a relative. Why, then, should Mr. and Mrs. Young rush right to her house, spend hours with her, as soon as they knew the news? Why, when Linda insisted upon

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going back to work as nurse's aide at the hospital that very night, should Peggy and Pepper take turns seeing her to and from her job, just so that she wouldn't have to be alone?

"Is Mrs. Taylor another one you took in when she was sick?" she asked Mary. "Like you took me in?"

"Not in quite the same way, Fern," Mary answered. "You see, I've known Mrs. Taylor all my life."

"But—" Fern frowned, "you said she was alone in the world."

"She's alone," Mary said gently, "in that she has just lost her husband, only a few weeks after losing her baby. She has a father and mother, but they were away from home when it was time for her to come out of the hospital, so she came here instead. After that, Peggy and Pepper took her to Lake Beau-regard for a rest. We're all devoted to her; she's just like one of the family."

Fern thought about it. About Peggy, with her own bright happiness dimmed over Linda's sorrow, about Pepper, not sleeping, walking the floor nights. . . .

"Mrs. Young," she said hesitatingly, "do you think I've changed any since I've been here?"

Mary could have told her that she'd changed miraculously, that she had turned into a real help around the house—help that Mary appreciated doubly because Hattie was still away.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I feel different," Fern said. "It's like—well, like I saw with another pair of eyes. I mean, where I come from—I mean came from—everybody was sort of out for themselves, sort of scrappy, always ready to pick a fight. Nobody ever lived like this—everybody happy together and going out of their way to help folks in trouble. And like last night, when you went in and talked with Pepper because he couldn't sleep—nobody ever did that for me, even when I was little. I used to be scared, lots, and I'd cried myself to sleep lots of times."

"Then I guess you'll never leave your babies alone to cry in the dark, Fern."

"No," said Fern positively. "Never." After a pause she asked, "Mrs. Young, do you suppose Lefty would feel that way, too?"

Lefty again. Mary's heart sank. "Do you think Mr. Young would let me start in at the plant? I'd like to start saving money for when Lefty gets out. And I'd like to get a place of my own, and—"

"I'm sure Mr. Young can find a place for you," Mary said. "But you shouldn't hurry about the job, Fern, until your arm is completely healed. And although I understand your wanting a

place of your own, with Hattie still away, we have lots of room. . . ."

Mary couldn't, wouldn't, refuse to let her go. But oh, if she could only see some sign of a change first, some hint that Lefty would be left where he belonged—in the past!

On the morning that Fern first set out for work with Sam and Pepper and Peggy, Mary's heart was heavy. "I'll take good care of her, Mother," Peggy promised. "She's going to be working with me on the files. And, oh, Fern—I think I know a place where you can stay. Toby Masters—he and his father work at the plant, too—live at a place called Johnson's. I told Toby about you, and he thinks he can find a room for you there."

Fern's face was so alight; she looked so happy, so full of anticipation, that Mary had to be happy for her. For the rest of it, she scolded herself sharply. After all, she had done the best she knew for Fern—did she think she could oversee the rest of her life?

Mary was in the garden when the rest of the family came home from the plant that afternoon.

Pepper and Sam went into the house. Mary went to meet Peggy and Fern as they came flying toward her.

"Fern did beautifully!" Peggy cried. "She's not going to have a chance to do anything but filing, Mama—she did so well at it. I can't believe she's never done anything like it before."

"Honest, I haven't," said Fern. "But everyone was so kind, and you took so much trouble to show me how."

"Not that you took much showing," Peggy laughed. "Well, I'm going in. I've got to telephone—" She dashed off toward the house.

"She's excited these days," Mary apologized for her. "Carter—"

"I know." Fern was smiling to herself. "Mrs. Young, I'll be moving soon. I talked to that boy today—Toby Masters. He says there is a room for me at Johnson's. And, Mrs. Young—"

Mary's heart lifted. Somehow, she knew what was coming. It was the look on Fern's face—shy, glowing, a little secret, the way Peggy used to look when she would come to tell her about a new boy.

"Yes, Fern?"

"He—Toby—was awfully nice. He—he seemed to like me. I've never gotten to know anyone just like him—with such ideas and . . . Mrs. Young, do you suppose, if he did ask me out, would it be all right if I went?"

It would be all right, Mary was sure. From now on, everything would be all right for Fern. It had been a good summer, all around.

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Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 47)

has been working also in a Broadway show, "Strange Bedfellows," the time slot of the television show had to be moved ahead from 9 P.M. to 7:45 P.M., so Mary could get to the theater in time to put on her make-up.

Start looking for the Dumont Television Bus to turn up in your home town one of these days. That's the Mobile Unit that Kaiser-Frazer is using to publicize its Dumont Amateur Hour (see "The Wheel Spins").

Beginning February 15th, the Mobile Unit embarked on its country-wide tour. Half bus, half truck, it's actually a complete, though compact, television studio, with cameras, receivers and all equipment necessary for closed circuit television production transported in its 26' long interior.

The Mobile Unit visits small towns and big cities, where it parks in front of Kaiser-Frazer showrooms in which Dumont telesets have been installed. The local Mayor, Chief of Police, newspaper publishers and other civic leaders are invited to appear before the television cameras. After they've made their debuts, all interested spectators have a chance to take part in the demonstration.

In addition to crew and equipment, the Mobile Unit carries six variety acts, chosen from among Amateur Hour winners. The acts appear with local performers in theaters along the route.

CBS's television plant in New York's Grand Central Terminal Building, as you can see from the artist's sketches, is the biggest tele-operation to date. They're all excited about it, and with reason!

We hear that many of the film technicians whose heads are being lopped off by the movie economy wave are knocking on the doors of television companies for jobs. Maybe some of those firings will turn out to be blessings in disguise. Lots of these fellows might never have tried this new field, or not until it was already overcrowded.

For racing enthusiasts—CBS has acquired the exclusive rights to broadcast and telecast the Preakness, top race of the Maryland spring season. Date, May 15th.

Announcer Ken Niles, climbing on the television bandwagon, is readying a video natural—a show for inventors to display and operate their new brain-children. Niles would act as m.c.

A bit of foreign information. They tell us that there are 31,250 television sets in operation in the London area.

Looks as though television is coming down into the average income class. Tele-Tone hit the market in April with a television receiving set that costs \$150. Walk don't run and make sure you'll be satisfied.

Theater chains all over the place are beginning to use spot announcements via television to plug their coming attractions, ever since RKO Theaters started it in New York a couple of months ago. There's hope—maybe they'll stop showing all those trailers in the theaters.



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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

back for a weekend at their apartment in Great Neck, Long Island.

It's a very nice apartment, comfortably furnished, and they're very glad to have it to live in between programs. But it's not home to them. You can't miss the feeling that home for the Johnsons couldn't be any place but Texas.

In one way at least the apartment illuminates a facet of the Johnson character. It goes back to 1935 when they brought Vox Pop to New York. The program had started in 1932 on station KTRH, Houston. At that time Parks was tripling as time salesman, announcer, and some time program producer for KTRH. That was the year of the *Literary Digest* straw vote which predicted the defeat of FDR, and just before the election Parks and a group of associates were sitting around the office listening to Ted Husing conduct a man-in-the-street straw poll on the election.

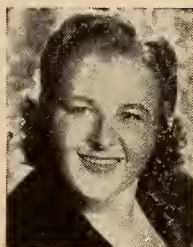
No one remembers how the idea started, but it soon snowballed into a suggestion for a program to stop the man in the street and ask him all sorts of interesting questions. Parks put the idea on the air and sold it to a men's clothing store. He later sold it to a dairy which continued to sponsor Vox Pop, Parks' name for the show, for three years.

In 1935 the show was brought to New York as a summer replacement for Joe Penner. Parks, who still insists he's "Just a country boy from Texas," didn't believe that sophisticated network executives would be impressed enough by his hometown style to continue Vox Pop after the summer replacement run. Consequently when he found the Great Neck apartment, he rented it on a month to month basis.

Parks, of course, guessed wrong. Vox Pop has had network time constantly for thirteen years, except for a short time when Parks objected to a tea company's insistence on an additional commercial, and fired the sponsor, taking Vox Pop off the air for a few weeks. Though no longer doubtful of the program's security, he still rents the apartment on a monthly basis, with the same wry kind of superstition that leads him to retain ticket number thirteen from every program for his own collection.

When you ask the Johnsons about the Great Neck apartment they tell you about the antiques, the pictures, the favorite pieces of furniture they've picked up all over the world, and which are stored there until they can be moved down to Texas. They don't talk about it as a home. But when you ask about Sabino Ranch, Parks grins and says, "Now let me tell you what we're planning for that place." And then he blue-prints a dream.

They have a million dreams for their ranch, but you can see from what they



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have built so far that it will always be a livable house, the kind of place where there is always the right kind of chair to drop into. Right now it is mainly a living room, which is house enough. It's about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. One wall is mostly glass—sixteen feet of sliding, glass-paneled doors. When these are pushed back the living room becomes part of a veranda running the length of the house, and you're living right out in Texas.

The north wall is a floor-to-ceiling bank of book shelves containing everything from the *Canterbury Tales* to texts on human psychology. At the opposite end of the room is a grand piano that any one of the Johnsons plays when in the mood. The center of the floor, between the corduroy-covered couch and the fireplace, gets a bright splash of color with a huge rag rug made by an admirer in Pennsylvania.

The atmosphere has a paradoxical flavor—just the way Parks Johnson himself is contradictory. True enough, he talks with a slurred drawl, but it turns staccato when he gets into a discussion. It's the speech of a Texan who has gone north and met hustling, bustling Yankees on their own terms.

THE contradictory elements in the house are what make it both beautiful and livable. There is the wood paneling on one side, the natural stone facing on the other, a huge stone fireplace and things like branding irons and guns that suggest Texas. But there are also things like a Pennsylvania Dutch pie cabinet and Louise's prized water colors by Grandma Moses.

It feels comfortably Texan, but at the same time there are the collector's items Parks and Louise have picked up while traveling that give it a cosmopolitan air. For instance, there is Parks' valuable collection of amberina, amber and rose-colored glass. The attic is crammed with antiques and curios picked up all over the world.

The chairs and couches are comfortably worn, and you wonder how they've had a chance to get that way when the Johnsons have been home so little. The answer is that while they may not have used it very much, friends from all over the country have.

Several years ago, for instance, Parks' friend and physician, Dr. C. W. Scheib of Great Neck, Long Island, remarked that he was fed up with New York. He didn't know where he wanted to go, but he knew he wanted to get away. Parks handed him the keys and said, "Go on down to Sabino Ranch and stay until you decide. You might like it there." The doctor went, and liked it. He is practicing in San Marcos and Wimberly now.

Then there were young friends during the war who had only a short time to get married and no place to go for a honeymoon. They, too, got the keys to Sabino Ranch. In addition there are any number of ex-GIs who will always remember the ranch as the place where they convalesced.

The ranch's hominess, the lived-in air despite their being in Wimberly so infrequently, Parks is quick to tell you, is a credit in Louise's ledger. The way he puts it is, "She's the spark-plug, the big party around home, and behind the scenes of the show."

What he means, for instance, is that when they have to spend a night or two at a hotel, Louise goes on ahead. She chooses a suite of rooms for them and their associates on the program, Warren Hull, Roger Brackett, and Buzz Willis.

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ASTHMADOR

She has the room freshly cleaned, rearranges the furniture, places vases filled with flowers, magazines, and a collection of personal knickknacks around the room. If there's a kitchen in the suite, she cooks their meals.

Wherever they go, Louise makes it feel a little bit like home, and she supplies the same flavor for the program. Vox Pop was one of the earliest, if not the first, quiz shows on the air, and while it is no longer a straight quiz show, its atmosphere of "let's visit," and "what do you think about it, neighbor?" has grown constantly stronger. It has always been a comfortable program, it has never asked a question that would hold a guest up to ridicule, it has never embarrassed a guest.

Louise's part in this—in fact, her part in the whole Johnson-family-and-home plan—is illustrated by the program's gift policy. Vox Pop was one of the first radio shows to pay the people it interviewed, and later switched to presents. It has never been known for the large amounts of money it gave away, and has never even tried to compete with other programs in the lavishness of its gifts. But you hear something on Vox Pop you don't often hear elsewhere, the interviewed person's surprised, delighted, "That's just what I wanted!"

That's true and spontaneous. It is what the person most wanted, and he or she didn't know they were going to get it.

BEFORE the show, Parks, Louise and the staff have dinner with the people who will be on the show. During the conversation they draw out the personality and background of their guest, and at the same time Louise learns that a woman may dearly wish for a pure wool blanket, a man hopes some day to own a good shotgun, a little boy yearns for a pair of cowboy boots.

If she isn't satisfied with what she learns at dinner, Louise discreetly talks with friends and neighbors. In that way she learns that a prospective bride could use a set of luggage, an old man dreams of owning a lathe, or one of the men to be on the program talks quite a lot about some fishing gear he can't afford.

To get exactly what their guests want, Louise will scout every store in town if necessary. Sometimes her feet are aching and her eyes blurring before she gets everything she wants, from Angora cat to antique zither.

In a newspaper interview Louise once described herself as "excess baggage." Parks will tell you, "Don't you believe that. She's as responsible as anyone for the success of the show, and around San Marcos and Wimberly she's the one who 'votes'. Just look around here," waving his hand around the ranch house living room, "the pictures, the way everything feels comfortable, that's Louise."

You easily sense what he means. Each member of the family has an individual personality, some special thing or part of the ranch that is particularly him, but over all Louise gives them background and family unity.

You won't be at the ranch long before Parks says, "If you really want to see where I live, come on down to the creek. Man, you've never seen a creek like that before."

And it's a good bet you haven't, unless you've seen a lazy little stream so pretty, the water so deep and clear a bottle-green, that the photographer says, "There's no use taking a picture of that. Nobody would believe I didn't retouch the picture."

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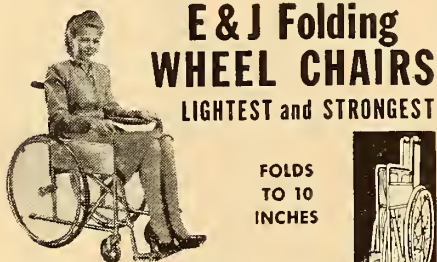
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up above, where the stream twists and turns, overhanging trees and hidden rocks where trout and bass lurk—and mock. There is a suspicion that one reason Parks is so anxious to show it to visitors is that it's a good excuse to grab a rod and a few lures and try a cast or two while he's showing it off.

On the way back you sit on the fence to rest for a minute and Parks will tell you that it's over a hundred years old, made from the heart of cedar. At that moment Wampus, a yellow tomcat, glides over and rubs against your leg. He walked in one day and adopted Bill and Francie.

As he rubs the cat Parks emphasizes that Bill and Francie are running the place, and when he and Louise retire from radio they'll come back and see if Bill can find something for them to do. Bill grins slowly and says, "I guess we'll be able to find you something."

To get the complete picture of where Parks Johnson lives you've got to whip down the road a quarter of a mile to Wimberly. The unincorporated town of Wimberly, they call it.

On the map Wimberly is the end of the road from San Marcos, it looks like the bulb end of a laboratory flask as the road suddenly widens and there you are. Dobbins' Trading Post is on the right as you come in, the Ranch House Cafe straight ahead, and the drug store on the left. The population, as befits a town that boasts of being unincorporated, is unknown. But practically any time of day you'll find thirty or forty cars lined around the rough square.

You get a good chance to meet most of the ranchers in the area having morning coffee either at the cafe or the drug store, or talking in front of Dobbins'. Later in the day you can meet their wives shopping for groceries or dry goods at the trading post or in the hardware store.

Some of the ranches are putting up cabins for summer tourists who have discovered Wimberly as a vacation spot, but most of them are practical plants running goats, or sheep or cattle. The ranchers are hard-working people who always find time to be neighborly. However, there are a couple of weeks a year, when the deer season opens, when there is no point in trying to find any Wimberly man at home.

Everybody, of course, knew that Parks was home. Everybody knows everything. The night before when a couple of strangers had looked for his

son Bill, the waitress at the cafe offered, "Call his aunt Edna Johnson in San Marcos. He's probably there." When a long-distance call was put through to the Johnson ranch on the way down, Hugh Dobbins took it at the trading post. "Bill and Francie aren't home," he explained, "but you come on down; we'll find a place to put you up."

There's nothing busybody about it; it's plain neighborliness.

There's no doubt that Wimberly recognizes Parks Johnson as a celebrity. The only radios that aren't tuned in to Vox Pop Wednesday nights are the ones that can't be repaired in time. However, that isn't why they consider Parks the town's leading citizen. Parks Johnson rates in Wimberly because of what he's done to build the area as a resort and yet retain every bit of feeling and atmosphere of the old Texas tradition.

Evidently there isn't an autograph hound or a celebrity seeker in the county. Everybody knew that he was home; but nobody sought him out. When he drove into the square most of the men standing around said, "Hiya, Parks," and let it go at that. Hugh Dobbins, who has been a friend since the Johnsons first settled in Wimberly, came out of the trading post and shook hands. A little later Helen, Hugh's wife, came out and the three of them talked about business and crops and cattle for a while.

There's no phone at the ranch and Parks checked with Hugh on a couple of long-distance phone calls that had come through for him. After he had attended to that Parks said, "Well, we have to be getting up to A&M tomorrow for the broadcast and I don't aim to leave here until I get some fishing done. So I'll be getting back."

There are radio stars whose homes, no doubt, are more spectacular, more dramatic and lyrical, but it's not likely that anyone has put more of himself into a home, or had it mean as much to him than Sabino Ranch means to Parks Johnson.

As you head back up north toward Dallas and you stop to say hello to people you meet on the way down, they say, "I hear Parks Johnson is home," just as if he were living around the corner. Once again you realize that you can't capture where Parks Johnson lives with words and dimensions the way you could the average man's home, unless you want to try to describe Texas. And even a Texan can't do that.

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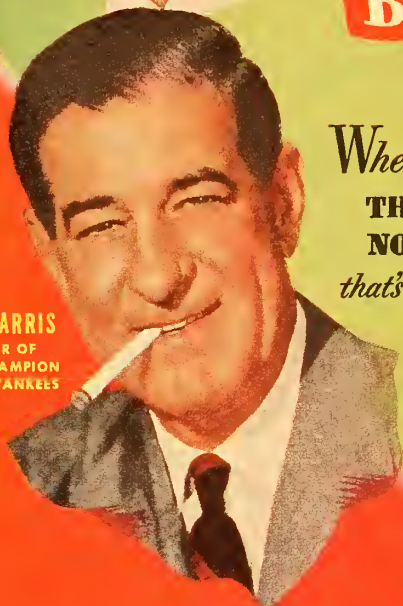
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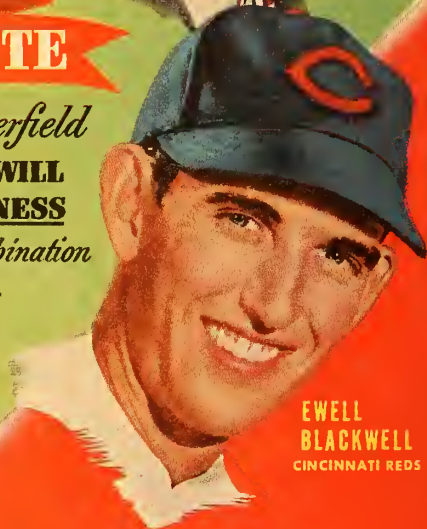
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