

***RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR**

NOVEMBER • 25¢

**Special!
BACKSTAGE WIFE
CONTEST—**

**DOES YOUR
HUSBAND
STILL LOVE
YOU?**

**Win Valuable
Prizes—
Rate Your Married
Happiness!**

**Also: Jack Smith
Amos 'n' Andy
One Man's Family
Victor Lindlahr**

Mary Noble
Heroine of
Backstage Wife





Capture the
look of New
Loveliness
WITH YOUR
First Cake
of Camay!

MRS. WILLIAM FIELD DE NEERGAARD
the former Cicely Davenport of Chevy Chase, D. C.
Bridal portrait by *Muriet*

How thankful you feel—when Someone New wins your heart—if your skin's at its glorious best! And your skin *will* be softer—clearer, too—with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care—use Camay alone. Marvel at the difference your *first cake* of Camay makes!

Camay—All That A Beauty Soap Should Be!

A finer beauty soap than Camay does not exist! It's so mild—so quick with its creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. When Camay's your complexion care, the *first cake* can bring new beauty!

THE ROAD TO A ROMANCE

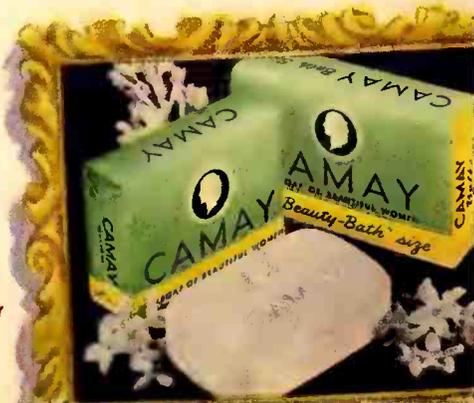


It began with a blind date at a Syracuse sorority. But how could Bill be blind to Cicely's complexion? It's so clear—so fresh-looking—soft as a camellia petal. Cicely found there is complexion magic in Camay's creamy lather!



It led to a flying honeymoon! And Cicely brought home a British sixpence for a charm. But her *special* charm is her complexion. Cicely says: "Your *first cake* of Camay can bring a smoother skin. See for yourself!"

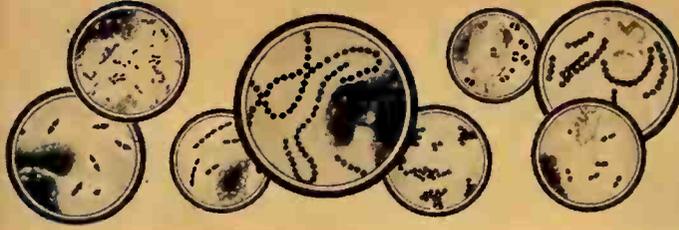
**TRY THE BIG, ECONOMICAL
BATH-SIZE CAMAY**



Camay The Soap of Beautiful Women



Among the **SECONDARY INVADERS** are the following: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.



When this happens... these germs may invade tissue...

Wet feet, or cold feet, may so lower body resistance that germs in the throat called the Secondary Invaders can get the upper hand.

Here are some of the Secondary Invaders which many authorities think responsible for most of a cold's misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes it easier for them to invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion.

you start sneezing!

That sneeze, or cough, or sniffle is usually a sign that you may be in for a cold... that you should start fighting it with Listerine Antiseptic.

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

The safe, direct way to attack colds and sore throat

That Listerine Antiseptic gargle gets right to the seat of the trouble... the threatening germs in the throat shown above. They can cause most of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic kills them by millions on throat surfaces.

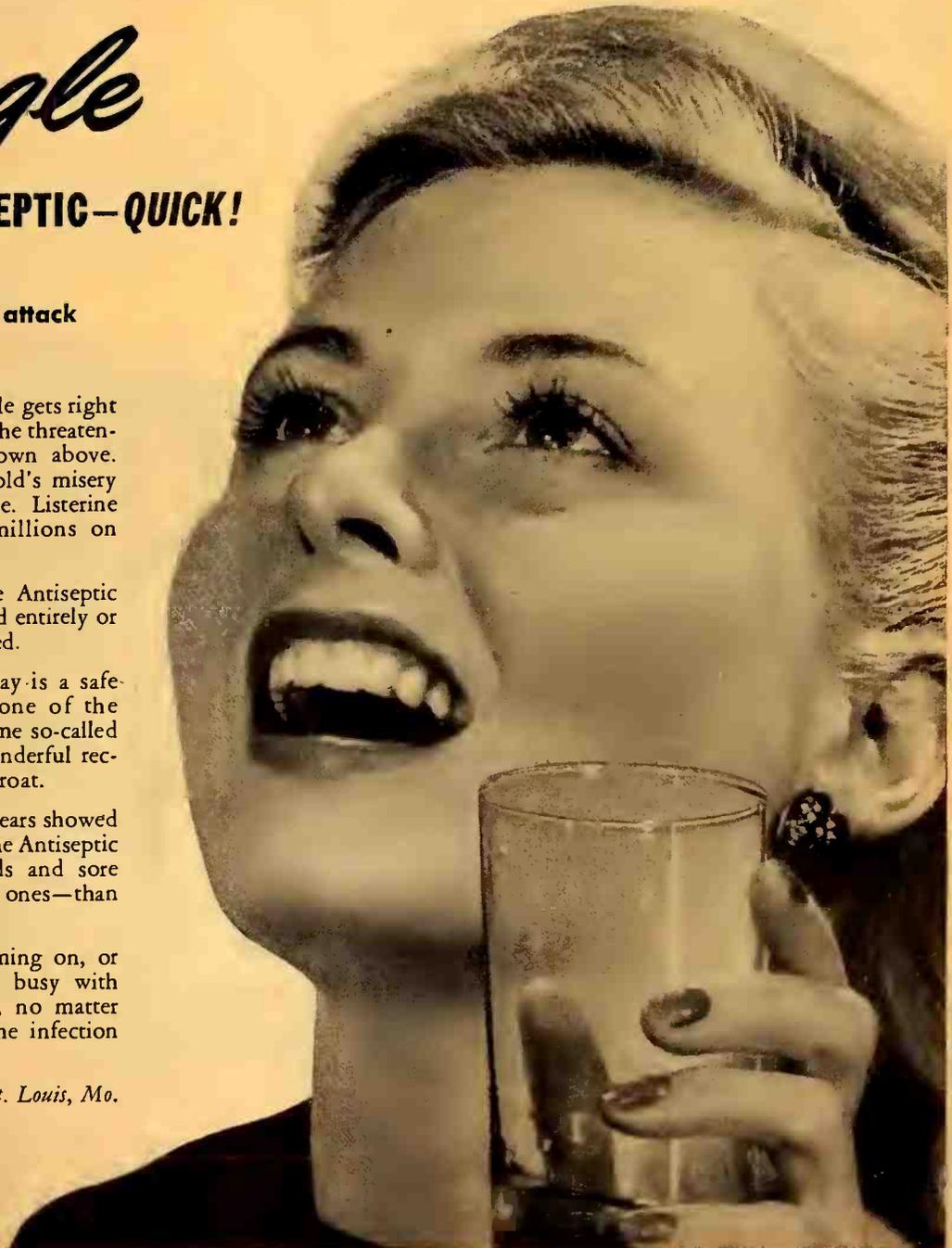
So, if you gargle Listerine Antiseptic early, you may head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity, once started.

The Listerine Antiseptic way is a safe way, a direct way, with none of the undesirable side-effects of some so-called "miracle drugs". It has a wonderful record against colds and sore throat.

Tests made during twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats—and generally milder ones—than those who did not gargle.

So, if you feel a cold coming on, or your throat is scratchy, get busy with Listerine Antiseptic at once, no matter what else you do. Attack the infection before it attacks you.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



TONI TWINS Discover New Shampoo Magic



Soft Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water



"Toni Creme Shampoo really worked wonders the very first time we tried it," say beautiful twins Joan and Jean McMillan of Houston. "Our hair was so shining soft . . . as if we washed it in rain water. And that really marvelous softness made it much easier to manage, too."

Soft Water Shampooing...that's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo. Even in the hardest water, you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dandruff instantly. Never leaves a soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.



TONI CREME SHAMPOO

- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Enriched
with Lanolin



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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

HERE'S EXCITING NEWS!

The first new kind of Girdle in 11 years!

Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC NEXT TO YOUR SKIN

With amazing Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom-of-action plus—*fabric next to your skin!*

You've never *seen* a girdle like this, never *felt* a girdle like this, never enjoyed such comfort in *any* girdle. It's a triumph of science—to *fuse* this new cloud-soft fabric lining to a pure latex sheath.

It's a secret Playtex process, accomplished without a seam, stitch or bone—without losing any of the amazing Playtex all-way stretch or power-control.

Next to your skin, you'll say it's smooth as a veil of powder, airy as a cloud, soft as the touch of an angel. Yet miracle latex goes right on trimming the inches away as only latex can do—combining wonderful figure-slimming power with complete freedom of action.

It's years ahead of any other girdle in the world!

Slimming you naturally, smoothly, THE PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE caresses you to new slenderness, keeps you cooler, more comfortable

In SLIM golden tubes, PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES . . . \$4.95 to \$5.95

In SLIM shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . . . \$3.95 to \$4.95

In SLIM silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES . . . \$3.50 to \$3.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large: Extra-large size slightly higher
At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

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

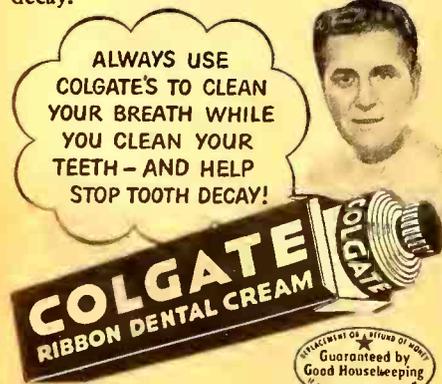
READER'S DIGEST*
 reports the same
 research which proves
 that brushing teeth
 right after eating with
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
STOPS TOOTH
DECAY BEST

**Better Than Any Other Way of
 Preventing Tooth Decay According
 to Published Reports!**

Reader's Digest recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, and two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
 Ammoniated or Not
 Offers Proof of Such Results!**

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.

INFORMATION BOOTH

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

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter



Arturo Toscanini

FAMOUS CONDUCTOR

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me something about the famous conductor Arturo Toscanini? Is he married and where does he live?
 Dallas, Ore.

Miss M. J.

When he's not on tour, Maestro Toscanini lives in Riverdale, New York. He has a son and two daughters, one of whom is married to the well-known pianist Vladimir Horowitz.

* * *

MOVED

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me on what station I can hear "Big Joe" and Jack Lescoulie, who used to broadcast WOR's late night show.
 Raleigh, N. C.

E. L. K.

"Big Joe" Rosenfeld and his Happiness Exchange are now on New York's WINS, Mon.-Sat. at 12-2 A. M. Jack Lescoulie, his predecessor, at present is assistant producer of the Milton Berle show.

* * *

FAN MALE

Dear Editor:

Would you please publish a picture of Alan Dale, the male vocalist on Sing It Again? I think he's wonderful.
 Sparta, Wis.

Mrs. G. P.

You're not the only one. We're printing this picture of Alan in response to letters from many of his fans.

* * *

DISCUSSION CLOSED

Dear Editor:

My friends and I have been having a discussion as to whether the Bob Montgomery on the radio is the same as the movie actor Robert Montgomery. Would you please settle the argument?
 San Antonio, Tex.

Mrs. E. F.

Movie actor Montgomery and radio commentator Montgomery are the same person.

* * *

HERE'S THE MAN

Dear Editor:

What is the name of that amusing actor who plays Frankie Remley, the drummer, on the Phil Harris show? What does he look like?
 Fort Wayne, Ind.

Miss E. K.

See for yourself—he's versatile Elliott Lewis.



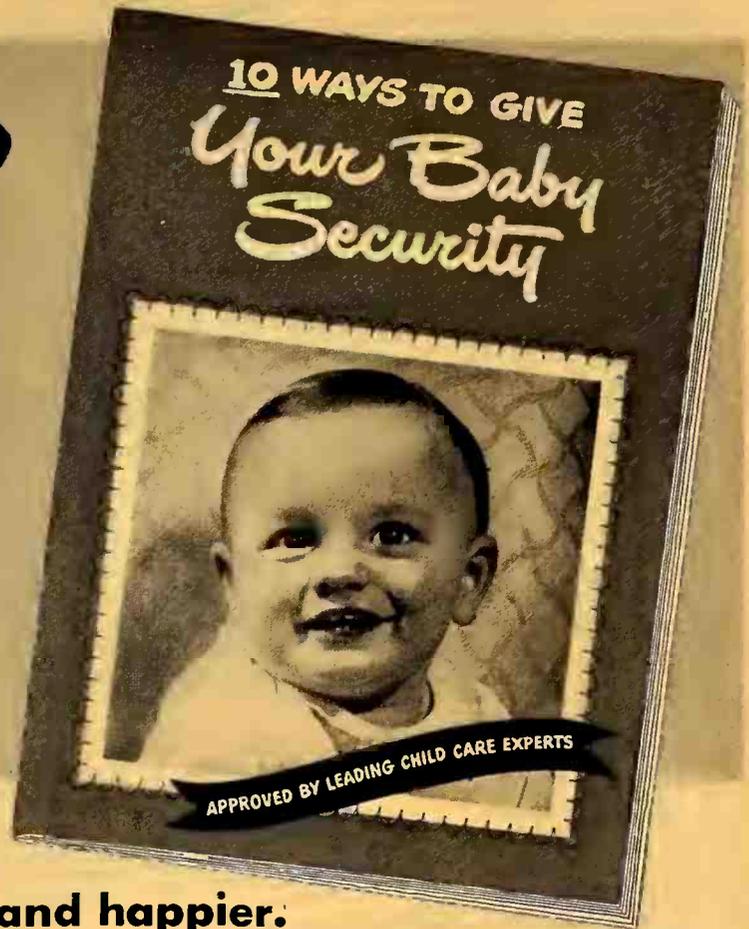
Alan Dale



Elliott Lewis

MOTHERS! FOR A HAPPY BABY

Get this
Booklet
FREE!



Learn how to keep your precious baby healthier and happier.

SEND TODAY for this wonderfully helpful *free* booklet, "Ten Ways to Give Your Baby Security," and enjoy the peace of mind that comes with the knowledge that your child is receiving the best of care.

BABY AUTHORITIES say that you have to give your child more than just the material things in life. It is most important that he feel *mentally secure* in his home life . . . that you and your husband help give him *emotional stability*.

THE MAKERS OF "LYSOL" brand disinfectant have prepared this

booklet telling you how to give your baby that all-important inner security. You owe it to yourself and to him to write for your free copy today.

ITS TWENTY-FOUR PAGES are fully illustrated and are filled with specific, valuable information that will help you bring up a happier, healthier baby. Problems that arise from day to day, as Baby is growing up, are discussed in plain, understandable language. Baby's emotional problems as well as his physical needs are discussed in this book.

Hailed by Grateful Parents Everywhere

MALVERNE, N. Y.—Mrs. J. K. White writes, "Our boy was a 'crybaby' until I read this book. Now I know where I made mistakes . . . and how to correct them."

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mrs. Hayden Ross-Clunis says, "This booklet showed us how our child's security and happiness depend on us, and we're better parents for reading it."

For Extra, Continuing Protection . . .

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



READ THESE IMPORTANT SECTION HEADINGS

1. Show Baby Your Love
2. Make Baby Feel He Belongs
3. Make Your Marriage a Secure Setting
4. Make Baby Feel His Home is Trustworthy
5. Recognize Your Baby as a Person
6. Rules and Discipline Make a Baby Feel Secure
7. Help Your Baby Make Friends
8. Recognize Your Child's Natural Jealousy of a New Baby
9. Don't Be An Over-Anxious Mother
10. Don't Baby Your Baby Too Long

"LYSOL"

Lehn & Fink Products Corporation
Dept. R.T.M.-5011, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me *free* 24-page booklet: "Ten Ways To Give Your Baby SECURITY."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

R
M

5



SPLIT PERSONALITY



Women's commentator Barbara Welles, whose show is heard Monday-Friday at 4 P.M., WOR.

WOR's women's commentator Barbara Welles is part pugnacious reporter and part dulcet hostess—the acme of tact. Half her day is spent burrowing the eastern seaboard for news, for items from every field of endeavor, for new experiences, for guests who will translate their work, interests and accomplishments to the listening audience of WOR's The Barbara Welles Show heard Mondays-through-Fridays from 4 to 4:30 P.M.

When asked about her sources of information, Barbara replies, "Everything is grist to my mill. I like to report the unusual and cover events from the middle of things."

She once conducted a broadcast from a submarine where she interviewed all hands aboard and recently, she got up at 5 A.M. to tape-record part of a broadcast from Manhattan's wholesale fruit auction. Another time she went aloft with the late globe-circling pilot Bill Odum to record an interview.

Her most extensive broadcasting junket was an eighteen-day tour of Great Britain in September 1949. With her portable recorder, Barbara talked to Britons virtually from pub to palace.

Barbara was born Helen Hall in Kansas City, Missouri. She spent most of her youth in Florida and attended Wellesley College in Massachusetts for two years. She obtained a scholarship to the Royal Academy in London but was twice delayed by illness and decided to study privately with Tamara Daykarhanova in New York City. She played summer stock for two seasons with the Davey Jones Locker Theatre in Rockport, Massachusetts, and the Band Box Players in Sheffield, Connecticut. On the strength of her performances with both companies, she was called to New York for a screen test by 20th Century-Fox, but her film opportunities were nipped in the bud when the war cancelled all such tests.

She turned to radio in Baltimore, Maryland. There she was for two years the only woman commentator in that city's radio history. She also wrote and presented her own women's program, covered special events such as the opera and elections and introduced a new series on the Naval Academy, broadcast from Annapolis, Maryland, over the full Mutual network. During this period she also broadcast another Mutual show, a weekly commentary from Washington, D. C., on which she interviewed wives of government officials.

Since 1948, she's been heard as WOR's Barbara Welles, interviewing celebrities, reporting news features and covering events ranging from the discovery of a new sewing machine attachment to Broadway openings and international episodes.

Coming Next Month



Janette Davis—some remembered "good old days" by Fran Allison.

That's a preview of the beautiful December RADIO MIRROR cover that you see up above: Janette Davis, lovelier than ever! The go-with-the-cover story is by Fran Allison of Breakfast Club and Kukla, Fran and Ollie fame—seems Janette and Fran worked together, were friends, when both lived in Chicago.

In December, too, RADIO MIRROR gives you a Christmas present so that you can give yourself—and your husband—one. Our present to you is a complete, quick and easy, make-yourself-over plan by charm and beauty expert Carol Douglas. This is not an elaborate scheme which will cost you too much time, money and effort. It's a simple way to make yourself what the title of the article says: "A Brand New You!"

Also in December: a visit with "your rotund reporter" Cedric Adams . . . A Hilltop House problem, "How much trust should you place in your teen-age daughter?" . . . Interesting holiday reading in the bonus novel for the month, a Ma Perkins story . . . Nancy Craig's cooking department features scrumptious snacks for you to serve holiday season callers . . . Ralph Sigwald, of Horace Heidt's Youth Opportunity Program tells his own touching and exciting story . . . RADIO MIRROR's Daytime Fashions For You features lovely, festive clothes for you to wear during the lovely and festive season ahead . . . All the regulars, too; Art Linkletter, When A Girl Marries, Traveler of the Month, and Family Counselor, plus a host of other exciting, entertaining stories and pictures in your December RADIO MIRROR Magazine, on your newsstand on Friday, November 10.



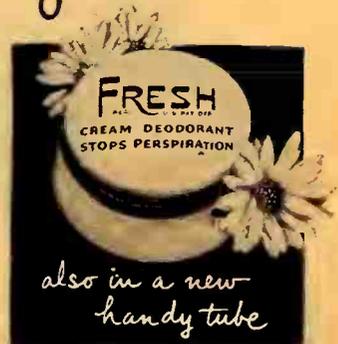
ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT UNDER THIS ARM

NOW TRY FRESH UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION, PREVENTS ODOR BETTER

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

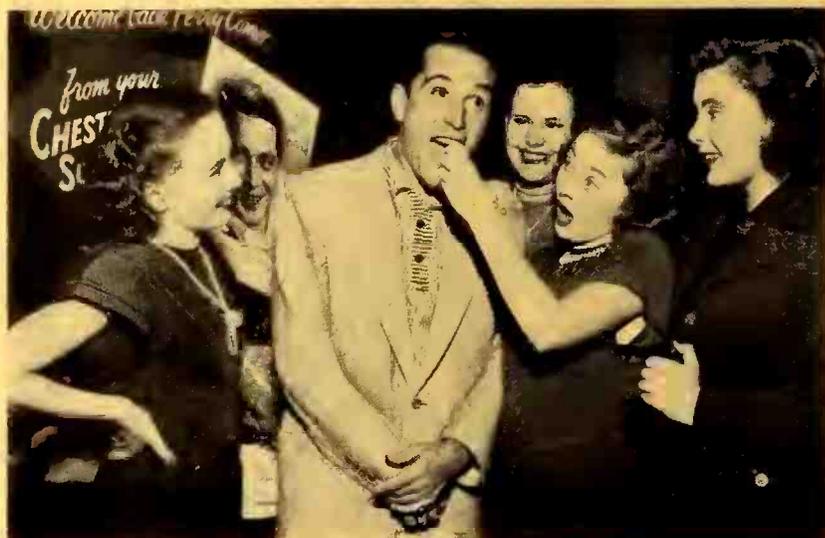


also in a new handy tube



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.

Unobtrusively introduced on Supper Club, Perry Como quickly found fame on a wave of gratified groans from growing girls.



Ozzie and Harriet Nelson brought their home, children, to listeners.



RADIO'S

This history of
great entertainment
covers the war
years and the years
after till today,
and draws to a close

Hillbilly nobility:
Judy Canova, brother
Zeke, sister Annie—
looking the way they
sounded on the air.



Jane Froman flew to entertain GIs, learned first hand horror of war.



Team of Hershfield, Laurie and Ford prove It Pays To Be Ignorant.



The day of Sinatra, of the bow tie and the bobby-soxer, was at hand.



OWN LIFE STORY

1942: Families by the hundreds of thousands clung to the news broadcasts as American troops poured into battle, and reporters went with them. The news was bad. Hong Kong fell. Then Singapore. In March, Java went silent after the Netherlands government in exile in London heard the hasty message, "We are shutting down. Goodbye till better days." Corregidor held on and on. Then it fell, too, and General MacArthur spoke to the world from Australia, "I shall return!"

The first note of hope was in April when the radio carried a sparse report that General Doolittle's planes had bombed Tokyo from "Shangri La." Then came the dearly bought victory in the Coral Sea, the landings on Midway, Guadalcanal, the Solomons. Merchant ships were being sunk by the hundreds by the Nazi submarine wolf-packs within sight of our own eastern shores, but on November 7, radios carried the triumphant news that the greatest armada ever assembled had crossed the Atlantic in total secrecy and safety and the landings had been made at Casablanca, Oran and Algiers.

At home, the OPA started, the women's services in Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard were organized and even the authors of singing commercials were mobilized for such contributions as:

*Junk ain't junk no more
Cause junk can win the war
What's junk to you has a job to do
Cause junk ain't junk no more.*

It sounds silly to us now, but through such rhymes radio helped to do the job the government wanted, just as did the many hours contributed by all stations to plugs for War Bonds, enlistments and civilian defense volunteers.

With the settlement of the fight with ASCAP, the air was suddenly bursting with new songs that had been denied radio listeners for nearly a year. War songs led the hits: "I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen," "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," "This Is the Army, Mr. Jones." Even "White Christmas" had its greatest appeal because it echoed the mood of men far away from home.

On January 9, NBC set up its Blue Network as an independent organization. The biggest news within the industry concerned a labor dispute and a matter of taste with the commercials once more under fire. At this time there were many dignified commercials but there were many somewhat trying ones, too, like "Relieve that itching now!" . . . "Our kidneys have fifteen miles of tubes!" . . . "Are you mouth happy?" and the deathless prose of a deodorant plug, "Under-arming can be charming."

Sensible people felt that sponsors were entitled to mention a product on the fabulous shows that they were supplying free, but the recoil against the too-clinical commercial reached its climax this year.

The labor dispute was with James C. Petrillo, head of the American Federation of Musicians. On June 25, he notified the makers of records that they would not be allowed (*Continued on page 18*)

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

FRANK and the FACTS



WBEN's Frank Fredrics can handle just about anything radio or TV have to offer.

Franks Fredrics of WBEN and WBEN-TV in Buffalo has the kind of talent needed to cope with most any type of program—radio, TV, or any new medium the future may dream up!

During a decade of radio and television work, Frank has capably handled such assorted assignments as sportscaster, news commentator, comedian, reporter, emcee, western character, poetry reader and actor in roles that ranged from romantic leads to gangsters to college professors. It seems Frank is not only willing, but also ready and able, to play any part that comes along either as an assignment or challenge—or both. At the moment he's spotlighted on the WBEN-TV Late News Roundup Monday through Friday evenings shortly after 11 o'clock.

Frank attended Milwaukee State Teachers College, and first broke into radio in Milwaukee as an announcer on a fifteen-minute broadcast of Freddie Fisher and his Schnicklefritz band, heard over a regional Wisconsin network. This zany experience convinced him that he should pursue radio announcing as a career.

"Trying to announce while the Schnicklefritz band did everything possible to convulse me with laughter or drown me out provided excellent basic training and taught me to keep talking—and making sense—no matter what was happening," Frank points out. "And so," he adds with a smile, "I'm still announcing."

From that first job in Milwaukee, Frank went on to become staff announcer on stations in

Cleveland and Chicago—where he spent seven years before the mike with NBC, mostly in the role of a disc jockey. It was in the early 1940's that he gained considerable recognition as one of the first platter-spinners to sing along with the recordings he played.

As a matter of fact, one of Cleveland's better-known voice teachers tried to persuade him to forsake announcing and devote all his time to singing. But expounding over a microphone was his first love, and Frank Fredrics preferred to save his vocalizing for more informal occasions—such as singing in the bathtub.

During the War, Frank fought with the Army's celebrated 42nd Rainbow Division, serving both in the medics and as an infantry rifleman in France, Germany and Austria. For outstanding heroism, Frank later had the distinction of being one of the few soldiers ever to receive the combat badge from both the medical corps and the infantry. He also was awarded the Bronze Star for gallant action, and received several other military citations.

Following his discharge, Frank returned to radio announcing in Cleveland where he was heard regularly on the NBC program Do You Remember? and later Hometowns and Musicana, a show originating from Chicago and starring Jack Haskell and the Art Van Damme quintet. He was married in 1943 to the former Lillian Cody of Cleveland. They are the proud parents of Brian, six, and Karen, two years old.

Who comes first when help is needed— FAMILY or FRIENDS?

Ma Perkins, heroine of the daytime drama, Ma Perkins, is heard M-F at 1:15 P.M. EST on CBS network stations, sponsored by Oxydol.



Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Ma Perkins in August's daytime serial problem

IN August RADIO MIRROR, reader-listeners were told in brief the story of Ma Perkins, and were asked the question: Who Comes First When Help Is Needed—Family Or Friends? RADIO MIRROR editors have chosen the best answers from the numerous letters that had been sent in and checks have been mailed as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. R. I. Miller, 1210 Gilbert Ave., Downers Grove, Illinois, for the following letter:

In the matter of loyalty, there is no question, "friend or relative?" loyalty is devotion to one's ideals and principles. If resolved on that basis, the integrity of the individual remains unshaken, unchanged.

When Shakespeare wrote, "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man," he wrote a timeless axiom. In this sense, *first* loyalty is to one's self—a moral obligation of the individual to consider objectively all aspects of his problem before reaching a decision to be based on truth, hope and prayer.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five-next letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

Mr. Douglas McMunn
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Mrs. John B. Bowdre
Macon, Georgia

Miss Elizabeth A. Wright
Bronx, New York

Mrs. Doris Lufburrow
Fair Haven, New Jersey

Mrs. Mabel Wright
San Francisco, California

PEPSODENT

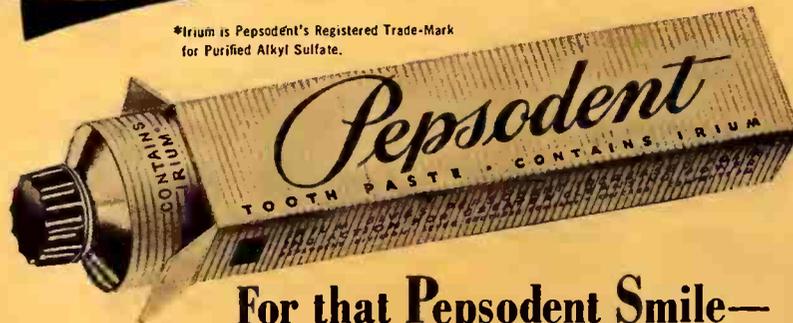
does *far more* than
reduce tooth decay



Even a Single Brushing
with Pepsodent not
only reduces decay
the surest way, but
GETS YOUR TEETH
FAR BRIGHTER
than any other
leading tooth paste

Yes, PEPSODENT's exclusive *brighter-polishing* agent—effective yet so gentle—gets your teeth *brighter*... makes your smile more beautiful. And authoritative scientific tests prove conclusively that even a *single brushing* with PEPSODENT removes acid-film that causes decay. Only PEPSODENT has this *film-removing* formula!

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.



**For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.**

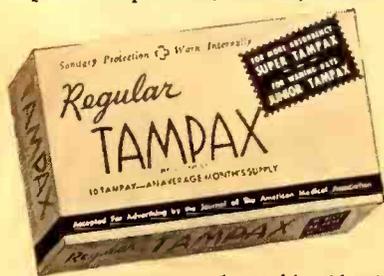
start
your mother
using
Tampax
—right
away!



Keep your mother on the young side. Help her to stay in sympathy with young ideas and both of you will be the better for it! The adoption of Tampax (for monthly sanitary protection) is a fairly good test of a mother's youthful attitude. So start her using Tampax—right away. You will do her a real service.

Tampax is a revolutionary product (it's used internally) but is thoroughly scientific. Invented by a physician, it consists of pure surgical cotton compressed into slender, white applicators for dainty, convenient insertion. When in place, the Tampax is conforming in shape and you cannot feel its presence. It causes no odor and is readily disposed of.

With Tampax you need no belts, no pins and no external pads. Being used internally it absolutely *cannot* make a bulge or ridge or wrinkle to "show through." You may take your tub or shower without removing the Tampax. A month's supply fits into a purse.... Sold at drug or notion counter in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Kathi Norris has taken advantage of her four-year-old daughter Pam's interest in beauty by showing her how to follow a ritual of her own.



Like MOTHER, Like

Four-year-old Pamela is no mean match for her famous mother, Kathi Norris. Whether she's "guesting" with her mother on the Kathi Norris Television Show on WNBT, or giving her latest views on Kathi's clothes, make-up and hair, Pam definitely has a delightful personality of her own.

Kathi says her daughter keeps her in a constant state of surprise. She never knows what Pam is going to do and say. Just the other day, someone asked the youngster what she wanted to be when she grew up. Pam answered without a moment's hesitation.

"Why, a mother-in-law, of course." Kathi's still wondering what gave Pam that idea.

Of course, Pam, like all little girls, asks continuous streams of questions. Kathi's positive she may soon run out of answers. Pam particularly loves to watch her mother dress and put on her make-up. It's no wonder they enjoy being together. They're real friends.

Kathi has taken advantage of her daughter's interest in beauty by showing her how to follow a ritual of her own. On Pam's small dressing table are her personal brush, comb, bubble bath set, cologne, scissors, nail file and colorless polish. She has everything she needs to keep her looking and feeling sweet and fresh.

It hasn't been hard for Pam to learn about hair care, either. Ever since she's been old enough to understand, Kathi has been letting Pam brush, comb and set the hair of her favorite doll. The little girl thinks it's a fascinating game, and she loves to show her mother how much she has improved. When it comes to shampooing or setting, though, Kathi lends a helping hand.

Pam's hair has a slight natural wave, but Kathi usually gives it a home permanent about every six months. Pam is becoming a real expert, and knows the directions by heart.

Kathi grooms Pam's nails once a week, but it is up to Pam to keep

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a \$20* permanent. Can you tell—

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?

It's never too early to begin teaching cleanliness and good grooming to your child

DAUGHTER

them clean every day. The little girl is very serious about her beauty duties, and keeps her mother informed about everything she does. She especially delights in using her miniature manicure set.

Pam is a bubble bath enthusiast, too. Whenever she has the opportunity, she heads for the tub, and has to actually be coaxed out. Pam has also displayed a definite appreciation of cologne. She really likes to use the pretty bottle and atomizer and sometimes has to be warned by her mother Kathi against overdoing things in the aroma department.

Kathi is very pleased that Pam is so beauty conscious. She knows that no mother can ever start a good grooming routine too soon. Kathi realizes, too, that the seemingly effortless building up of a day by day beauty plan will be an invaluable asset in later life. From all indications, it certainly looks like Pam is well on her way to a lovely future. And, what's more, she has her mother to thank.

Is your little daughter as lucky?



Hair styles by William

Look closely! Compare the shining softness . . . the live, long-lasting "spring" . . . the lovely *natural* look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Not even experts can find any difference between the \$1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft as a \$20 wave (*including shampoo and set.) It's actually *guaranteed* to be as beautiful and

last as long. Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There's *no frizz!* Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tinted, Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Alva Anderson's (at left). You can be *sure* of this — for only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to *all* types of hair. Try a Toni—you'll love it!

*Toni alone, of all home permanents— looks so natural, feels so soft!
That's why more women choose Toni than all other home permanents combined!*

Here's the reason! Toni contains its own gentle blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs only
with SPIN curlers \$2.29



Toni HOME PERMANENT

By DORRY ELLIS

R
M

TRAVELER OF THE



Sally got tinsel...

Sally told her husband to get her "just anything" for Christmas. So—instead of the new carpet sweeper she needed, she got some gew-gaws she had to pretend she liked. Silly Sally!



Sue got a time-saver...

Susy came right out and said, "What I need this year is a new Bissell Carpet Sweeper. Then I won't have to plug in my vacuum cleaner every time you folks spill a few crumbs!" Smart Sue—who knew it paid to have *both*!

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"* brush action

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

New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.95. Illustrated: The "Flight" at \$9.95. Prices a little more in the West.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet
Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan



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



Tommy Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Michael, three; Billie and Buddy, four; Patricia, one; Kevin, two; Maureen, three; Kathleen, two, await plane time.

This month, our Traveler of the Month is exceptionally singular but decidedly plural. It's a family—the Walsh family of Quincy, Massachusetts—and what a family it is! In addition to Alice and John Walsh, the parents, there are seven children—and the oldest of the seven are four years old. The Walshes hold the record of having had six children within twenty-four months.

Buddy and Billy were born on October 10, 1945. Michael and Maureen came along on October 16, 1946, and were followed by Kathleen and Kevin on October 3, 1947. Patricia joined the Walshes all by herself on May 17, 1949.

When the Walshes walked, ran, scrambled and romped their way up to my NBC microphone for a Welcome Travelers interview, they were on their way to a new home in Fresno, California. And that's quite a story.

Way back in April, I interviewed Mrs. D. S. Kavanaugh of Fresno and she told us about her twins. Mrs. Walsh got in touch with Mrs. Kavanaugh who is active in an organization of mothers with twins.

Mr. Kavanaugh is a contractor and the Walshes appealed to him. Both Alice and John Walsh were in military service during World War II,

John in the Navy and Alice in the Spars. John's income last year was \$3,200 and the home he was renting had been sold from under him. Despite an income that always seemed too low for a family of nine, the Walshes had managed to improve their living standards every year since John's release from the Navy. Contractor Kavanaugh investigated and found everything about the Walshes to his liking. He offered to build a new home in Fresno to fit the Walsh specifications—a home designed for twins.

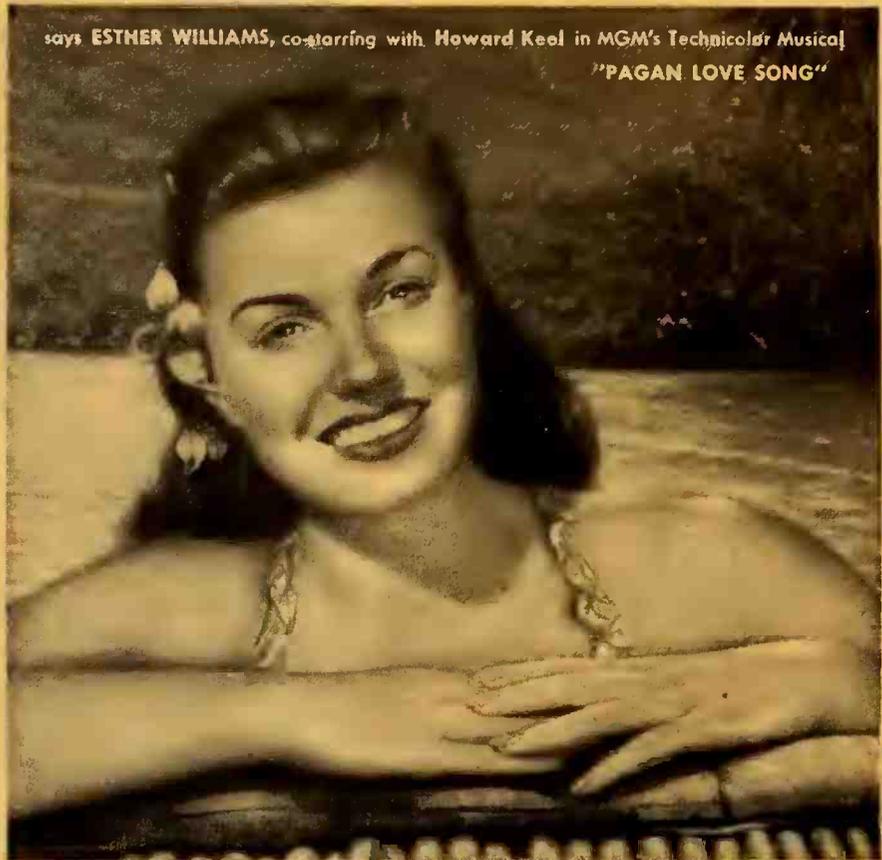
The Walshes did a little investigating, then, themselves. They found that there were no strings attached to Mr. Kavanaugh's offer. The Kavanaughs even arranged for John Walsh to get a job in Fresno, a position in an insurance office where he will have broader opportunities than he's had before.

Welcome Travelers contributed an electric refrigerator to the project. Neighbors of the Kavanaughs, intrigued and enthused at the prospect of such an unusual family in their midst, contributed other furniture. Mr. Kavanaugh followed through on his promise to keep twins in mind while building the house.

The minute I started the Walsh interview, I realized that their story

"7 hours in water left me dry!"

says ESTHER WILLIAMS, co-starring with Howard Keel in MGM's Technicolor Musical
"PAGAN LOVE SONG"



If dishwashing dries your hands, imagine my skin after shooting swim scenes for "Pagan Love Song." Some days I was in water 7 full hours!



The salt water left my skin feeling dry and rough...



But soothing Jergens Lotion (from fingertips to toes)...



Kept my skin smooth and soft for romantic close-ups.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

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



Prove it with this simple test described above...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax)

By TOMMY BARTLETT

Welcome Travelers, heard from the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman (M-F 10 A.M. EST NBC) is sponsored by Procter and Gamble.

was far more than a novelty. With an income varying from \$50.00 to \$65.00 a week, these young parents have kept their family well-dressed and well fed.

"We haven't been able to have a car," John said without regret, "because playthings and shoes for the children are more important." Mrs. Walsh has never had even part-time help because she's felt that the expenditure would inevitably deprive the children of something.

"How do you manage a household this size?" I asked her.

She grinned. "I never have to worry or plan ahead," she answered. "You can't plan ahead with a family like ours. I simply handle things as they come, and there always seems to be time enough to take care of everything. As long as I can get five or six hours sleep a night, I don't have any trouble managing the household."

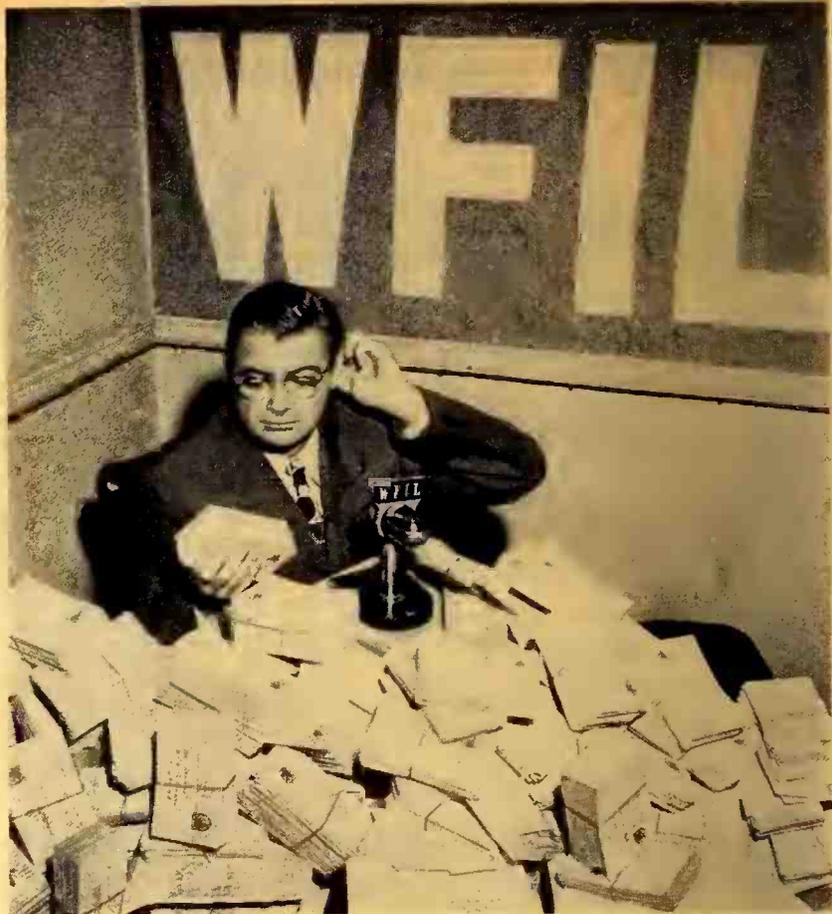
"How about recreation?" I asked, and Mrs. Walsh laughed. "You don't need to go to shows or night clubs for entertainment when you have a family that's as much fun as this one," she said.

John and Alice met when he had had to have a minor operation to pass Navy enlistment requirements. He fell in love with his nurse but they dated nearly three years before they were married. "We hated that long wait," John admits, "but we certainly made up for lost time once we got to the altar."

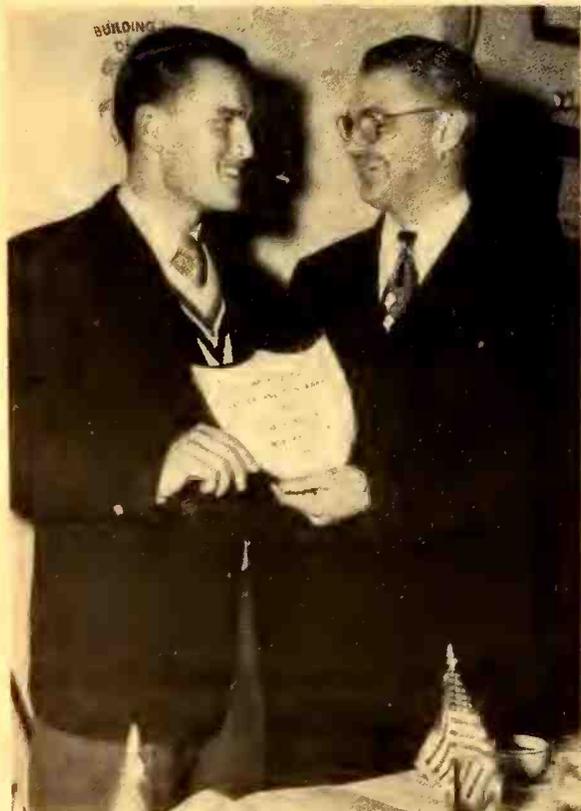
John and Alice feel that large families get along, somehow. You have another baby—or another set of twins—and something inevitably happens to take care of the new expense. A miracle, maybe.

"And this move to Fresno," John shakes his head, "is really a miracle. Things never looked darker for us than just before the Kavanaughs got in touch with us. And now, things never looked quite so bright."

TRIPLE- THREAT TOM



WFIL sports director Tom Moorehead is swamped with mail as a result of his daily radio and TV shows.



Jack Kelly, Jr. shows Tom plaque he received as Diamond Sculls rowing champ.

One look at the current broadcasting schedule of Tom Moorehead, WFIL sports director, is all that's necessary to confirm the station's claim that he is one of the busiest, most versatile radio-television personalities in the country.

Tom, who qualifies as sportscaster, disc jockey, and quiz-master, now has two daily radio programs, one weekly radio show, and three weekly telecasts on his list of regular assignments. All these jobs add up to a grand total of eight hours, fifty-five minutes a week on the air—but Tom takes it all in stride, just as he does when performing such unusual acts as broadcasting a crew race from a blimp or conducting an auction on television.

(He did such an outstanding job on the WFIL-TV March of Dimes auction this year that approximately \$10,000 was raised for the drive on polio during his three hours and forty-five minutes before the cameras.)

An expert ad libber, Moorehead had broadcast fourteen different types of sports events during his years on the air as a radio and television commentator—a record in this day of specialists. One of his greatest assets has been a phenomenal memory which makes it easy for him to keep track of the athletes.

Last winter Tom was kept busy commuting from Philadelphia to New York, where he did the television commentary for the weekly wrestling bouts at Broadway Arena and college basketball games at the Columbia University gymnasium.

A former all-around athlete himself, Tom now confines his physical exertions to golf, a game which challenges all his skill and patience. He hasn't been playing long but he says he's improving every day.

Moorehead's present radio schedule includes a Monday-through-Saturday sports show on WFIL and a Monday-through-Friday disc jockey program, as well as a weekly thirty-minute Sports Clinic session on Saturday mornings.

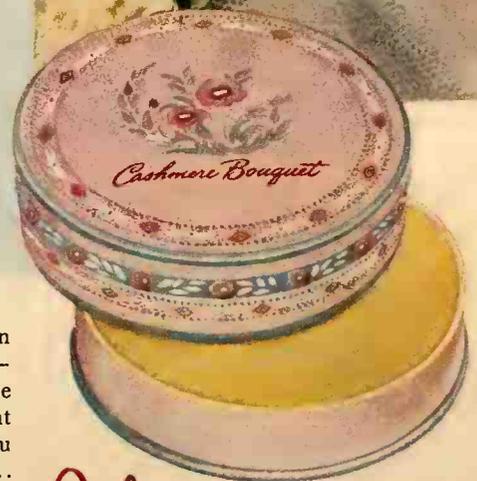
On television, he shares the microphone with Tommy Loughran, former world's light-heavyweight champion, on the WFIL-TV telecasts of the Police Athletic League boxing bouts every Friday night. In addition, he conducts two weekly quiz programs. Name the Star and Keep Going.

Put your Best Face Forward!



Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

Feels and looks a
part of your complexion!



Talc; Lipstick; All-Purpose Cream or Hand Lotion—make sure it's Cashmere Bouquet!

If it's *texture* you want, velvety and clinging, then make this luxuriously-smooth face powder your choice—
If it's *naturalness* you want, be you blonde, brunette or titian, there's a "Flower-Fresh" shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone—Surely, *whatever* you want in fine face powder, you'll find in Cashmere Bouquet... delicately scented with the famous "fragrance men love"!

Only 25¢ Six fashionable, "Flower-Fresh" shades!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

Perfect Sleeper



you sleep on it...not in it



"Perfect Sleeper"

AMERICA'S FINEST SMOOTH-TOP MATTRESS!

The completely satisfying, more refreshing comfort of the "PERFECT SLEEPER" cannot be found in any other mattress. It is the direct result of a remarkable, ultra-modern innerspring construction which includes:

- PATENTED "VITALIZED CUSHIONING"**—gives live, more comfortable—more healthful support—allows you to relax completely.
- EXCLUSIVE "UNI-MATIC" TUFTLESS CONSTRUCTION**—provides a velvety-smooth, uniform sleeping surface without buttons, bumps or disturbing pressures—adjusts automatically to your size and weight.
- LABORATORY AND X-RAY TESTS**—prove the "PERFECT SLEEPER'S" greater comfort and more-healthful support, as recommended by leading doctors.
- UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED**—against any defects caused by faulty materials, workmanship or construction.

Test these qualities yourself—at better furniture and department stores!

- "Perfect Sleeper" Mattress and Box Spring
- "Perfect Sleeper Imperial" Mattress and Box Spring
(with extra-luxury cushioning of SERTA-FOAM latex by FIRESTONE)
- "SERTA-FOAM" Sleep Set, including all-latex Mattress and special Foundation complete
Canadian prices slightly higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC. • 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE • CHICAGO, ILL.
© Serta, 1950

Radio's Own Life Story

to employ his 138,000 union members after the current agreement expired on July 31. His purpose was to create more work for musicians by forcing stations to hire "live" talent instead of playing records. As in most disputes of this kind there were two sides with some justice on both. There was some sympathy in Petrillo's sturdy battle for his musicians. On the other hand, small stations and restaurants using juke boxes could not possibly afford anything but records, and they claimed that Petrillo, by demanding the hiring of stand-by musicians when records were used, was actually forcing an industry to support what amounted to a private system of unemployment relief for the musicians' union. The case came to trial under the anti-trust laws, but was dismissed because the judge ruled that it seemed to involve a labor dispute, and Petrillo's men ceased to make recordings for use on radio until, one by one, the broadcasters began to sign contracts calling for payment to the union for each record sold for commercial use.

Few new programs reached the air this year though *People Are Funny* and *Can You Top This?* were launched and became popular. Phillips Lord presented *Gangbusters*, a rousing show based on crime in the current news.

The outstanding new personality of the year was a thin young man who had been singing without undue stir with Tommy Dorsey's band for a couple of years—Frank Sinatra. In November, he was booked for a week at the Paramount Theatre, and the bobbysoxer was born, right on the spot where the jitterbug fever had broken out five years before in honor of Benny Goodman. Sinatra's engagement was extended to eight weeks and was marked by numbers of happy riots by fans who developed a new kind of high-pitched screaming that produced great melancholy in the faces of Times Square police, but made Frankie a star on the air and in films.

1943: Our troops poured into England and Africa. The siege of Stalingrad was lifted and the Russians started to move west. We landed in Sicily. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin met at Teheran and radio carried their agreement on unconditional surrender to Americans deployed all around the globe. On September 8, General Eisenhower, as Commander in Chief of the Allied Forces in Europe, took to the radio to announce Italy's surrender.

Many of radio's familiar voices were absent and new stars took their places, such as Joan Davis who replaced Rudy Vallee when he went into uniform. Hundreds of other radio stars gave camp shows close to the various fronts. The Yankee Clipper, carrying an entertainment troupe to Europe, crashed in Lisbon Harbor, killing and injuring many aboard. Jane Froman only recently has thrown away the crutches she had to use for years as the result of this accident.

Eddie Cantor did a twenty-four-hour turn on the air, and sold \$40,000,000 of War Bonds. Kate Smith stayed in the studio for eighteen straight hours, and sold the same amount; next year she repeated the stunt and sold \$112,000,000. Dick Tracy of the comic strips graduated to the air. The Falcon started his adventures.

The biggest news in radio was the sale of the Blue Network, after brisk bidding to Edward John Noble for

\$8,000,000. He retitled it The American Broadcasting Company and expanded its operation enormously.

Noble's career is another of the fabulous success stories of the first half of the century. His first job after graduation from Yale in 1913 was selling text books at twelve dollars a week. Then he switched to selling carcard advertising. This took him one day to the office of a Cleveland candy manufacturer who was packaging among other confections, an item called Lifesavers. At that time the public was refusing to buy Lifesavers in vast numbers and with good reason. The peppermint had the dismaying habit of leaking into the wrapper. The wrapper, in turn, contributed glue to the candy. Noble ignored this and gave such a fervent sales talk on their future, if only they were advertised in his carcards, that the candy manufacturer said, "If you think they're so good, why don't you buy me out and promote them yourself?"

Noble did just that. He and an equally impoverished friend borrowed \$1,900 and bought the trademark and stock on hand of Lifesavers. A new leak-proof package was designed, a new advertising campaign launched, and that was the start of his millions.

The new network owned only three stations: WJZ New York, KGO San Francisco; and WENR Chicago, though it had many outlets through independently owned affiliates. Mark Woods, who had been operating the Blue Network, became ABC's first president.

1944: The greatest moment of the year was D-Day, long awaited, long feared. Radio news of the battle for the Normandy beachhead was scant, at first. Then late on the night of June 6, the warm, crisp Kansas speech of General Eisenhower was heard on the air. He spoke precisely, unexcitedly, "People of Western Europe: A landing was made this morning on the coast of France by the Allied Expeditionary Force . . ." A great moment to remember.

At home, the radio was hot with the news of the coming presidential elections. Too busy for political campaigning, FDR gave the anxious country one of its few moments of laughter when he took note of the heated Republican campaign with the goodnatured, "Not content with attacks on me, and my wife, and my sons, they now include my little dog Fala." The greatest audience ever assembled waited by the radio on election night for news of the historic fourth-term election.

Two tuneful new personalities emerged on the Chesterfield Supper Club this year. One was Jo Stafford who had made her debut in the show when it was known as the Chesterfield Music Shop. Her co-star, Perry Como, quickly became a contender for the acclaim of the bobbysoxers.

On the West Coast, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson were suggesting The Adventures of Harriet and Ozzie to a producer who liked it and promised to look around for somebody to write the script. "While you're looking, why don't I try to knock out something?" said Ozzie. He did so well that he has been writing the show ever since.

By the end of the year, the extraordinary success of one Chiquita Banana was turning rival sponsors quite green with envy. Chiquita was the singing commercial brought to full flower, lasting one solid minute so engagingly that she graduated to the hit tune class and even had the heady honor of being played by the Boston Symphony!

1945: It was 5:49 in the afternoon in Washington when the bulletin was



Only one soap
gives your skin this
exciting Bouquet

And-

New tests by
leading skin specialists
PROVE the amazing mildness
of Cashmere Bouquet
on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".



**Cashmere
Bouquet**

—In a New Bath Size
Cake, Too!



Deep Secret... to a fresher, younger-looking skin

The loveliest, *freshest*-looking skin your mirror has ever seen! Now it's only a few days away. Days in which you devote minutes, morning and night, to the miracle of *deep-cleansing* with Woodbury Cold Cream.

Such *deep* and thorough cleansing is possible only because of Penaten—a new, miraculous penetrating agent. Now in Woodbury Cold Cream, Penaten *seeps deeper* into pore openings... *carries the cleansing oils deeper* to float out every speck of clinging soil and stubborn make-up.

And through Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream *smooths more effectively* too. *Rich, softening oils are carried deeper* to leave a softer, fresher feel... a look that's younger, beautiful as Spring! 20¢ to \$1.39, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN

broadcast on April 12: "All we know so far is that the President died today at Warm Springs, Georgia."

The news spread fast. Offices closed. Telephones were silent. Commercial shows were swept off the air. Solemn music or news replaced them for the next three days. Radio has made some errors of taste, but all of us can be proud of the private industry that reacted so quickly to the public mood without directive or hesitation.

In April, representatives of fifty nations met in San Francisco to draft a charter for the United Nations, and all sessions open to the public went on the air. Means for simultaneous translation to English had not yet been set up for radio, but the babble of many tongues added up to a new hope for peace.

The drive to Berlin went on. On May 1, the Hamburg radio reported Hitler dead and Admiral Doenitz the new Fuehrer. On May 8, he surrendered. The announcement of V-E day was greeted soberly. It was too soon for rejoicing with the battle still moving at great cost from island to island in the Pacific.

A magnificent piece of radio writing, acting and singing had been waiting for this event. It was Norman Corwin's On a Note of Triumph.

On August 6 at 9:14 A.M., the Enola Gay released the atom bomb over Hiroshima, and a minute later 780,150 lives were wiped out in awful, final proof of the equation, $E=MC^2$, that Albert Einstein had first stated in 1905. Word of the beginning of the Atomic Age was announced in President Truman's matter-of-fact, mid-western voice, "The world will note that the first atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, a military base. We have used it to shorten the agony of war."

The first announcement of the Japanese surrender came from Britain's Prime Minister Atwell on August 14, "The last of our enemies is laid low."

For the first time in many years, people deserted the radio. For the first time in years, there was nothing to fear in the news. In some few cities crowds poured into public squares, but by far the greatest number of people went quietly home in the mood to seek a church rather than a carnival.

Louella Parsons started her Sunday night broadcast of Hollywood news, this year. Judy Canova started her own show, and the Green Hornet came to chase spies and arsonists and other enemies of society. A great new program based on news was Headline Edition, which featured real people in the news and made very telling use of recordings.

The Theatre Guild on The Air made its bow with "Wings over Europe," a play about the atom bomb written many years ago. This program has continued with a notable list of plays. The result was a stunning list of Broadway hits available to the remotest farm.

Give-away shows took a big step forward with the start of Queen for a Day, first of the big "we'll make your dreams come true" programs.

The outstanding new personality of the year was Arthur Godfrey who started his present daytime series on CBS, and expanded so rapidly in radio and television that, by 1950, the wise-crack, "It had to come. Godfrey is his own network," almost made sense.

Late in 1945 a milestone in radio was belatedly set in place when a radio-press gallery was dedicated in the Senate wing of the Capitol, and broadcasters at last were formally recognized by a place to work along with the press.

1946: On June 30, from halfway around the world we (Continued on page 78)

POETRY

SONG AFTER SUMMER

Beauty lies dying on a hundred hills
In anguished splendor. See how bright
blood stains

An earth once eloquent with daffodils,
Lyric with brooks and scented grassy
lanes.

Mourn not her passing, though you
loved her well;

Publish no requiem for loveliness;
Erect no monument, and toll no bell.
But, rather, lay her out in snowy dress,
All deeply-blanketed against the cold.
Cherish the ecstasies that once were
hers,

Resigned to this: all things some day
grow old,

And through all life a deathly spectre
stirs.

Walk, brave, your wintry way,
remembering

The destined resurrection of the spring.

—Adelaide Delora Hinkle

AN OPEN BOOK

Our lives are like an open book
Where we can stop to read

And also write sweet memories
Of every worthy deed . . .

We live a life together and
Struggle side by side;

With not a single secret or
Embarrassment to hide . . .

We turn the sorrows, and the tears,
Into hoppiness and smiles

And take the fortunes, good or bad
With all the coming styles.

—E. F. Koczmorczyk

ADVICE

Hold fast your dreams,

Let not one go astray
Lest life lose all its flavor
And sunlight shun the day.

Hold fast your dreams,
Have faith . . . enough to borrow
Hope that planted here today
Will bloom tomorrow.

Hold fast your dreams,
Let nothing tear apart
The fragile-petaled yearnings
Of a beauty-haunted heart.

Lest all the world become an empty
scheme . . .

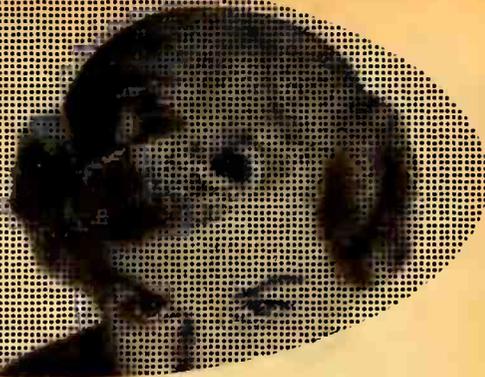
Hold fast . . . Hold fast your dream.

—June Brown Harris

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in
each month by readers. Limit poems
to 30 lines, address to Poetry, RADIO
MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street,
New York 17, N. Y. Each poem should
be accompanied by this notice. This
is not a contest, but an effort to pur-
chase poetry for use in RADIO MIRROR.

Don't
"Just Wash"
your hair..



Condition it

with NEW DRENE shampoo



The sure way to Natural Sheen-Natural Softness

Your hair will be so lovely to look at . . . so soft
to the touch . . . when you use New Drene Shampoo
with Conditioning Action! For New Drene does far
more than "just wash" your hair. It actually
conditions as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to
all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

And your hair is *so* easy to manage . . . it's so
wonderfully clean, soft and responsive to your hands!
No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action.

Try it . . . see all it does for your hair:

- 1 Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet
it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild.
- 2 Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no
special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
- 3 Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly
—even in the hardest water!



NEW DRENE with Conditioning Action ...for all types of hair!

Mary and Ray Cole are thrilled with their electric percolator, RADIO MIRROR's addition to their "electric kitchen."

Married four years, the Coles are looking forward to a country home.



When a Girl Marries



Their successful marriage formulas

In June RADIO MIRROR Joan Davis, of When A Girl Marries announced her Happy Marriage Contest, asked readers to send her their three rules for married happiness. Joan Davis and the editors of RADIO MIRROR have read the entries, judged them, and here are the three top prize winners:

"Unmarried girls" category: Marjorie Goldsmith, Lafayette, Indiana. "Married one to five years" category: Mrs. Kenneth Raymond Cole, Springfield, Illinois. "Married five years or over" category: Mrs. David Waters, Miami, Florida.

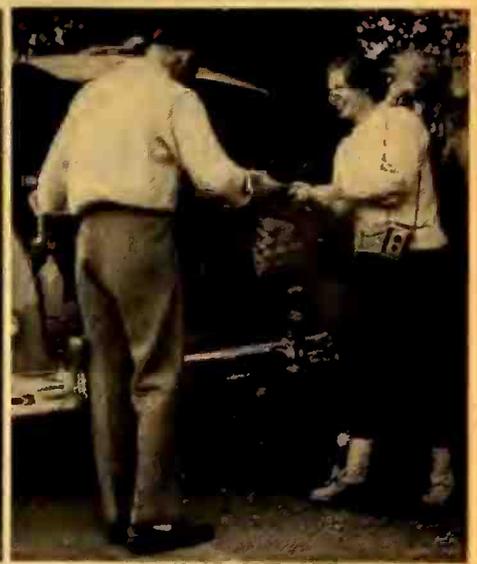
Marjorie Goldsmith is eighteen, still half tomboy and half grown-up, with red hair cut in a smooth cap and freckles she worries about. On the grown-up side, she has very mature ideas about her responsibilities as a wife. She's engaged to be married to Glenn E. Steiner, one year older than she—quieter of nature than Marjorie, and more set in his ways. Glenn works in the order department of National Homes Corporation; Marjorie, too, plans to work for a while after marriage, is engaged at the moment in setting up, with a friend, a public stenographer's office. Glenn's and Marjorie's wedding plans—originally plotted for sometime this autumn—now depend on Uncle Sam. If Glenn is called into service, he thinks it would be wiser to postpone the date than rush into a hasty war

Family portrait: Mary and Ray with Candlish Wayne, four months; Kenneth Raymond Jr., two; Rebecca Jean, three.

Prelude to a happy marriage: Glenn and Marjorie discuss wedding plans.

This, like Marjorie Goldsmith's knit dress at left, was one of her prizes.

Steiner-Goldsmith collaboration: Glenn provides car, Marjorie supplies lunch.



CONTEST WINNERS



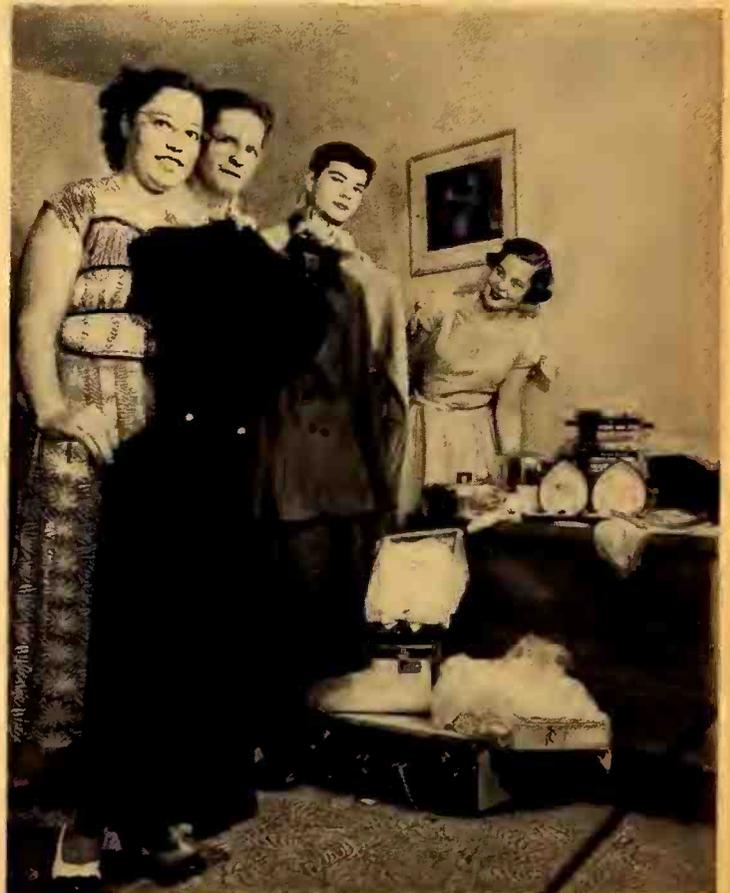
brought added joy to three happy couples

marriage. She agrees, and thinks that if Glenn's called up she, too, will enlist, "for when we get married we want to be together, live happily ever after."

Meantime, they're busy being very happy now. Picnics are their favorite way of having fun in summer and they're fond of winter ice skating. It was while skating, that they met. Marjorie was a good skater; Glenn was just learning. As Glenn explains it, "She knocked me down," and that was the beginning.

Mary and Ray Cole have been married for four years, have three children.

Mary has known her husband since they both went to Pleasant Hill grade school, but lost track of him, found him again through his sister with whom Mary worked during the war. Betty Cole showed Mary a picture of her brother and Mary said, knowing what she wanted, "He's the one for me!" Ray returned to Springfield in 1945, after a siege in a German prison camp and another in a hospital recovering. Betty helped arrange the first date, and Ray proposed to Mary five weeks after. Mary thinks Ray's the most wonderful husband in the world, says, "He's the kind of man who wants a home and kids and knows he has to work for them." Mary believes, too, it's up to a wife to work with her husband in everything. Biggest plan: a place in the country. (Continued on page 25)



Marjorie needs the whole Goldsmith family—Mom LaVerne, Dad Sam and brother Sam, Jr.—to help display her gifts.



Ed King acts as brunchmaster and sets the pace, which is sometimes a hectic one—on KDKA's popular show, Brunch.

Anything can happen—and it usually does—on KDKA's big noon time variety show, Brunch.

Ed King, who writes the script and who acts as brunchmaster, builds the show around a format of music, patter and sparkling chatter, with songstress Elaine Beverly and Bernie Armstrong, the musical director, as his usual foils. When it's least expected, however, he works in gags and stunts with members of the orchestra, or guests from his studio audience.

He has also added two features to the daily broadcast—contests for the studio guests and for the listening audience.

For studio guests he has what he calls the "Brunchy Question." The question is known only to King himself. It's sealed in an envelope and the studio audience is asked to answer the question without knowing what it is. Clues are furnished by Miss Beverly and Armstrong. Winners get radios, wrist watches and other prizes.

For the listening audience there's the "Week-end at the William Penn Hotel" contest. Winners are chosen each week in a letter writing contest. King assigns a new topic for letter writers each Monday. The prize is a suite at the hotel for two with dinner and entertainment in the famous Terrace Room and a weekend in Pittsburgh, which includes seats at a Pirate baseball game, theater tickets and tickets for Pittsburgh's Civic Light Opera.

Now in its seventh year on the air, Brunch is famous for its "high-noon high-jinx." King delights in poking fun at everything and everybody, but he's better known for his modernizations of children's stories, and his facetious travelogues. Miss Beverly takes time out from her vocal chores to assume the roles of Maharini, who knows all-sees all, and Evelyn Succatash, a take-off on radio's home economists.



KING of BRUNCH

Songstress Elaine Beverly in one of her dual roles: the know-all, see-all Maharini who, blindfolded, identifies articles held by studio guests.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES CONTEST WINNERS

(Continued from page 23)



Over five years of happy marriage account for Mrs. David Waters' contented expression.

Winner in the married more than five years category is: Mrs. David C. Waters of Miami, Florida. She's in Bermuda at the moment, because her husband, Chief of Communications for an airline between Caracas and Rome is unable to get home to Miami, but can get stopovers at Bermuda. The Waters just completed a new home in Miami—lived in it only four days before the Bermuda trip—and, as Mrs. Waters said, "We can certainly use the household equipment we were lucky enough to win!" She added, "I packed up the children and came over here to Bermuda until some change makes it possible for us to go home to Miami. David is away two weeks and with us five days and I call him the world's champion long-distance commuter, since he comes up each rest period from Caracas, and has to return there to go to work."

Winners of the runner-up prizes were, in the unmarried category: Harriet Downing, Honolulu, Hawaii; Elinor Cowles, New York, N. Y.; Sylvia Jerson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Shirley Norris, also of Los Angeles, and Evelyn LaTorra, Boulder, Col. In the married category: Mrs. Calvin G. Hadley, Chester, Pa.; Mrs. Lawrence C. Gillespie, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Maye Duncan, Duncan, Okla.; Mrs. Florence H. Detwiler, Richland, Wash.; Mrs. Edna Vest, San Francisco, Cal.



While Mrs. Waters was in Bermuda her mother Hortense Parsons accepted the prizes in her daughter's Miami home.

Your dream figure



can come true

in *SLIMDERELLA

**Kleinert's*

figure reformer

Be a sleek shadow of yourself, instantly! Wear this *different* rubber girdle with the cool, absorbent cotton knit lining. All-over perforations . . . fleece lined bottom edges prevent chafing. Every inch sizes — 24 to 36. \$4.95. **FREE:** with your Slimderella Girdle.

Helena Rubinstein's Beauty Diet helps you lose as much as 7 pounds in 10 days, safely, easily.



Kleinert's

***Nuvo Sanitary Belt . . .**
Kleinert's exclusive comfort marvel — refuses to twist or curl. Adjustable, pinless or anchored-pin styles. In rayon . . . 50¢. In nylon-and-acetate . . . 65¢

*®

Avant!

(or, as the French say, "Forward!")

for beauty with
front-hooking ease



No stretch, no strain,
no squirming now, as
you hook your bra!

For Flexees has created "Avant," the Bra that hooks in front. Superb bosom contours; sleek lines across your back. 32 to 44; pink, white, black, in fine fabrics. See them now—\$1.75 to \$3.50

Avant BRA

by
Flexees®

101 RANCH



WSBA, in York, Pennsylvania, went on the air in September, 1942. The 101 Ranch Boys went on the same time, have been doing five shows a week since, as well as an ABC network program every Saturday, heard by listeners to more than 200 stations all over the country, as well as the Armed Forces Radio net.

As if that weren't enough to keep them busy, they make a minimum of six recordings a year for Columbia Records. Some of their past releases are "Sweeter Than The Flowers," "One Little Kiss," "There's A Bluebird On Your Window Sill," and their latest, "I'm Building My Future in Heaven." Here's some background information on the boys:

Andy—Andrew Newcomb—Reynolds decided, at fourteen, to give up driving a grocery truck and make music his career. That was in his home town, Kansas City. At this crucial point he splurged an entire week's wages on a guitar and began touring taprooms and clubs in town, singing and playing for

whatever cash contributions the customers felt inclined to make.

Today, Andy handles most of the bookings for the 101 Ranch Boys—they play dance and club dates besides their radio work. He's married, has two sons, rides and does leather work as a hobby.

Cliff—Clifford Leroy—Brown was born in Argentine, Kansas. He says he made his first fiddle from a cigar box while working as a chore boy on a Kansas farm. He met Andy Reynolds in Kansas City and joined him in playing and singing for whatever they could make. Eventually the two of them got a sustaining program in KCMO. Cliff's mother, who was born on the famous Oklahoma 101 Ranch suggested that they call their act the 101 Ranch Boys. Cliff, too, is married and has two children. Composing hoedowns and riding—of course—are his hobbies. Cliff's music is always earthy and he can be counted on for real, old-time shouted hillbilly lyrics. His repertoire includes literally thousands of hoedown melodies.

BOYS

The 101 Ranch Boys: Cliff Brown,
fiddle; Rusty Harp, bass;
Andy Reynolds, rhythm guitar;
Leonard T. Zinn, steel guitar;
Smokey Roberts, accordion.

Five half-hour shows a week on WSBA, York, Pennsylvania, plus their weekly ABC program (heard every Saturday at 12 noon, EST) add up to a mighty heavy schedule for the 101 Ranch Boys.

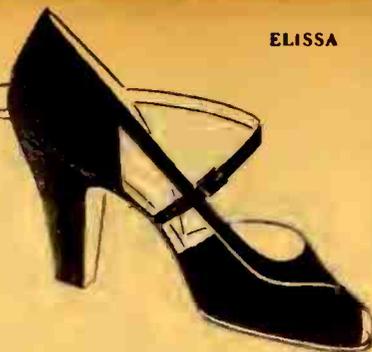
Smokey—William R.—Roberts was born in Pitcher, Oklahoma. He joined the 101 Ranch Boys when they were playing over KCMO and making public appearances in and around Kansas City. Smokey's smooth style offered a good contrast to Andy's and Cliff's vocals, and his accordion filled out the group, made it more complete. It was after he joined up that the boys moved to Chicago where they worked for WLS; through this connection they came to WSBA in York, when that station went on the air. Smokey is a Navy veteran with three years' service. He's married, has a four-year-old daughter.

Leonard T. Zinn learned music by first studying, then teaching, in a guitar school in his native Hanover, Pennsylvania. He joined the 101 Ranch Boys at WSBA in 1945, creates the distinctive arrangements, both instrumental and vocal, for which the group has become so widely known. To him, too, goes the responsibility of handling most of the business of the group—keeping their joint bank account straight, paying bills, distributing salaries. He's promotion minded, too—believes that the 101 Ranch Boys are a unique group, is determined to get them the national publicity and recognition he believes they deserve. Leonard is married, has a small daughter, a baby son.

Rusty—DeWitt A.—Harp is the latest addition to the 101 Ranch Boys, brought the group up to five in January of this year. He and Andy and Smokey comprise a smaller group, the 101 Ranch Boys Trio, which sometimes plays dance and club dates without the other two, and he's featured soloist on both the network and local WSBA programs as well. Rusty is married, has one son, and says that collecting traditional folk ballads is his hobby.

The Boys are heard on WSBA from five until five-thirty Monday through Friday afternoons. They're heard on the ABC network Saturdays.

dreamy shoes

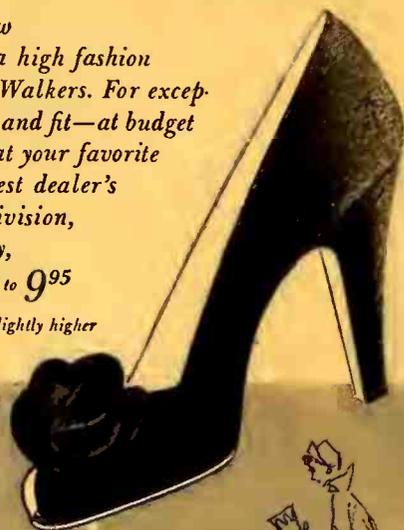


ELISSA

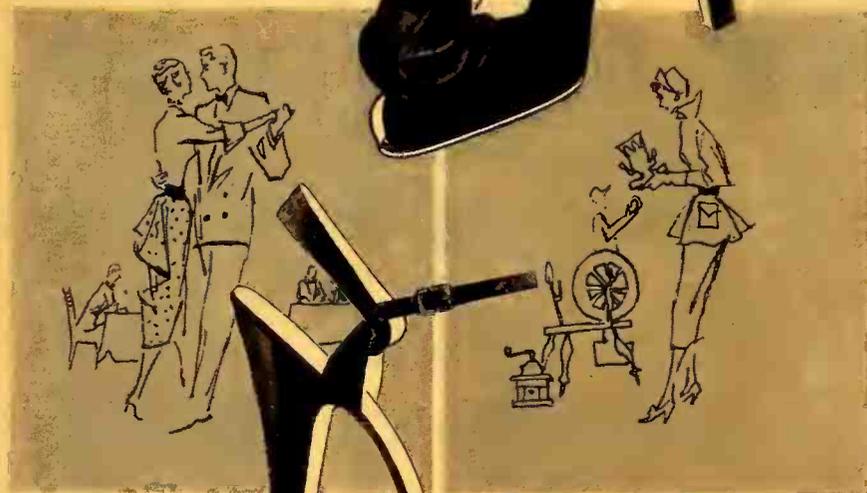
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a few styles slightly higher

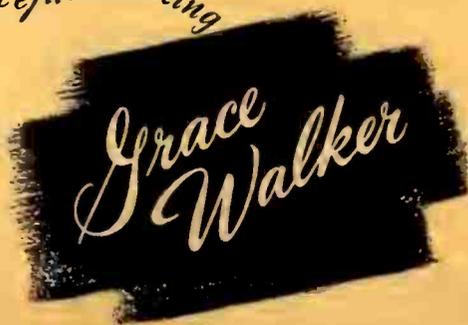


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At Last—Discover How To Serve Nutritious
Mouth-Watering Low Cost Meals With This

MONEY SAVING COOK BOOK



Win Extra Praise
on Your Cooking

Here's good news for you! A cook book designed to save you money. Yes, the keynote of the MAGIC COOK BOOK is economy. The need for such a guide is evident to every homemaker today.

Prepared by the Food Editors
of the True Story Magazine

The recipes contained in this book were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. In most cases, these recipes were obtained by talking with the housewives in their own kitchens. Other recipes were sent to the editors by interested readers. Then the recipes were put to actual test in the True Story Kitchen. The result is a collection of 1500 proven recipes that will add sparkle to your meals and comfort to your pocket book.

How This Book Saves You Money

The MAGIC COOK BOOK saves you money in many different ways. When you plan your menus as suggested, the costs are budget-wise, yet the nutritional values are high. This is the important part of meal planning—and it is your job to get top nutritional value out of every dollar you spend on food. Here, also, are new ways to prepare low cost dishes—also simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive. Also bear in mind that the ingredients called for in these recipes are obtainable anywhere. Yes, the emphasis throughout this entire book is on economy—of money, time and effort.

Beginners, as well as experienced

cooks, will find this book fascinating. For here are new ways to prepare and serve mouth-watering dishes to delight your family—and your friends.

Step by Step Instructions

These wonderful recipes, gathered from all over the country, are extremely simple to follow. They are presented in the step-by-step style. You simply can't go wrong if you follow these easy instructions.

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Here's a money-saving idea—truss a half turkey



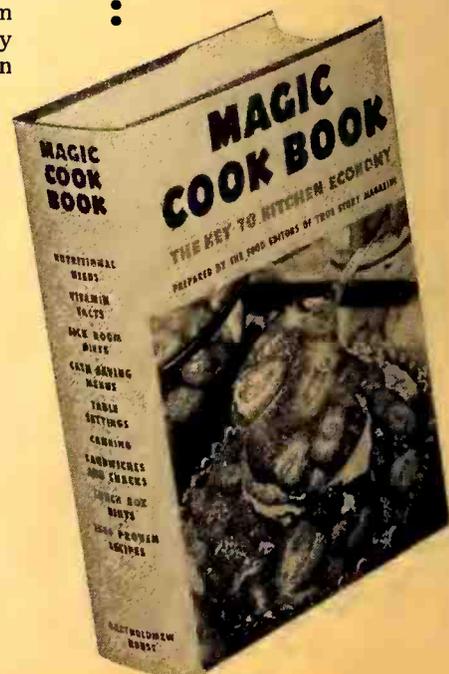
How to make your pies perfect every time



Inexpensive meats can be appetizing



New table settings for your parties



R
M

HOW TO WIN CONTESTS



By **WILMER S. SHEPHERD, JR.**

Owner-Director, Shepherd School of Contest Technique; teacher of contest methods for 18 years; author of over 100 articles on contest winning; winner, himself, of more than 100 contest prizes.

Have you dreamed of those big prizes radio, TV, magazine, other contests offer? Dream no more—here are tested, proved ways you can use to win!

One magic morning seven-year-old Lloyd Vordenberg of Silverton, Ohio, woke up extra early—but so did all of the other kids in the neighborhood. By the time the big express truck rolled up to Lloyd's front door the street was crowded with excited boys and girls. Then came the big moment. Amid squeals of joy from his audience, the expressman unloaded "Blackie."

For Lloyd had won Blackie, a genuine circus pony, in a "Name the Puppy" Contest sponsored by Armour & Co. Lloyd's First Prize loot included Blackie, saddle equipment, a complete cowboy riding outfit, a trip to the circus and five hundred dollars in cash. . .

One enchanted evening Philip Sasso of Cleveland, Ohio, was handed a check which he imagined would be for ten dollars. When he saw the amount, his comment was a succinct but exuberant "Wow!" His wife was more loquacious. She said, "Oh, brother!"

For Philip, ex-marine, post office clerk and father of two, had won the First Prize of *ten thousand dollars* in the national Lipton Soup Limerick Contest for writing a last line of nine syllables. For Philip and Lois Sasso, the American Dream of winning a big prize had come true. Best of all, it was a ten thousand dollar tax-free dream, for the thoughtful sponsor had promised to pay the Federal and State income tax on the award.

Some magic morning or enchanted evening, that American Dream may come true for you. The radio contest is the Santa Claus that brings boys and girls like Lloyd bikes, puppies and ponies, the Wizard of Oz who makes fellows like Philip feel eight feet tall, the Fairy Godmother who transforms Cinderellas into princesses with prizes of dream homes, travel trips and mink coats.

Where do these prizes come from? Contests are a form of advertising. Advertising gold primes the (Continued on page 88)



In happy moments like this, with Larry and Larry, Jr., Mary never doubts the depth of her husband's love.

BACKSTAGE WIFE ASKS:

Does your husband

Mary Noble, secure in the knowledge of Larry's love, knows nonetheless that this question may trouble other wives. Here she helps you learn the real answer!

By MARY NOBLE

We're a happy family, Larry and Larry Junior and I. I don't mean that my husband and I don't ever have differences of opinion—any two thinking people who share a common life are bound to differ. But basically Larry and I are so sure of each other, so happy that we are sure too, that no argument can leave a scar on our happiness.

This doesn't hold true, I'm afraid, in all families. Some of you have written to me about it, and the gist of those letters is this: "Does my husband still love me? How can I be sure?" There are, of course, many men who are not demonstrative but whose love for their wives is still as deep and sure as on the wedding day. Others may have drifted a little apart from their wives, but the bond between them could be renewed if the wife understood how to go about that renewal.

I've given the matter a good deal of thought and finally I asked a psychologist whom Larry and I know if there are any ways of rating married happiness. Not, he told me, any sure tests that could be dealt with in a short time. But, he added, he could work up a set of questions designed to indicate to a wife how stable her marriage is, whether or not she should seek help, from the outside or from within herself, toward the goal of greater married happiness. I asked our friend to prepare such a quiz for me to pass along to you—a way for you to evaluate your own married happiness.

**DOES YOUR HUSBAND STILL LOVE YOU?
HOW HAS HE PROVED IT TO YOU?
TELL MARY NOBLE YOUR STORY!**

Write a letter of one hundred words or less telling of an incident in your married life which proved to you that your husband still loved you. Address your letter to Mary Noble, c/o Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Mary Noble and the editors of Radio Mirror will choose what they believe to be the best letter, send the writer of that letter Radio Mirror's check for

\$50.00 FOR THE BEST LETTER

Plus a Case of Sterling Drug. Co. Products

Ten next-best letters will be chosen; to the writer of each will go a check for \$5.00. The judges' decisions will be final; no letters will be returned nor correspondence entered into concerning them. All letters should be postmarked no later than November 10, 1950, and this notice should accompany your letter for identification.

Backstage Wife, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard on NBC stations at 4 P.M., EST, sponsored by Dr. Lyon's Tooth-powder, Double Danderine, Energine Cleaning Fluid, Haley's M-O, Astring-O-Sol. Mary Noble is played by Claire Neisen; Larry by James Meighan.

RATE YOUR MARRIED HAPPINESS

One of the happiest surprises of married life is that the longer you are wed the stronger love grows. And as time passes, a husband and wife tend to express their love more in deeds than in words. So, if the last time your husband whispered "I love you" is only a hazy memory, don't fret about it. The real test of his love lies not in what he says but in what he does. Your own actions, too, play a vital part in determining whether or not he still loves you. Check up on the situation by answering "yes" or "no" to these questions:

1. Does he sometimes bring a surprise gift on days other than your birthday or anniversary?
2. He may not woo you as he did on your honeymoon, but is there an occasional spark of romantic fire in his lovemaking? And in yours?
3. Is he aware of the importance and responsibility of your role as homemaker?
4. Do you let him tell a joke or story without interruption or correction?
5. Do you praise him for his achievements and comfort him when he fails?
6. Does he express his innermost thoughts and feelings to you?
7. Does he often compliment you on your appearance?
8. Does he criticize or belittle you before others?
9. Does he "go out with the boys" several times each week?
10. Do you compete with him for the love of your children?

Correct answers: 1 through 7, "yes"; 8, 9, 10 "no"

If you have seven or more right answers—you are managing your marriage well and can be sure he still loves you. 5 to 7 right answers—he's probably bored, but a little effort on your part may bring a surprisingly warm and affectionate response. Below 5—love can hardly be thriving in your case, but all's not lost. Look as attractive as possible. Make him feel that his home is his castle. Try to be a good companion. Above all, give him lots of affection—remember that a kiss in time might save nine—from some other woman!

still love you?

NOW! IN COMPLETE PRINTED FORM! RADIO MIRROR PRESENTS

THE LINE



You can't properly get rid of unsightly fat on a starvation diet. You only lose energy that way, and health and good looks—and your husband! Here's the tested and proved eat-and-be-fit way you *can* reduce!

You don't have to stop eating to start losing! Starving is foolish at best—dangerous at worst. It's exactly the other way around. *You must eat, and eat well, to lose weight.* We learned that years ago at the health spa of my father, a doctor who pioneered in dietetics, and I remember well the case that first brought this important truth to our attention:

A woman had come to us for the express purpose of losing thirty pounds in thirty days, for she was getting married in a month. Our patients were regaining health on a daily six-hundred calorie diet. But the bride-to-be insisted on taking nothing but a quart of fruit juice daily.

The result: *in a week she had lost only four pounds—while patients eating the prescribed diet had lost as much as eight!* A miracle? At the time it seemed like one, for then nobody understood how a person could eat and lose at the same time. Today we know that the enzymes of select foods actually split the fat molecules that are crammed into corsets and girdles, turning that excess fat into useful energy.

Up to the time you're thirty, it's healthy to be slightly overweight—but not excessively, unless you want to ruin a career or a romance. But after thirty-five, life expectancy is decreased by one

LINDLAHR DIET

THE FAMOUS RADIO WAY TO EAT WELL AND LOSE WEIGHT

By VICTOR LINDLAHR

EDITOR'S NOTE: RADIO MIRROR's editors are proud to be able to bring reader-listeners Victor Lindlahr's sound, sensible—and workable—ideas on reducing, the most talked about, argued about subject whenever women gather! On these pages you'll find not only the result-bringing Lindlahr seven day diet, but a clear, easily understood statement of the principles behind the diet. Victor Lindlahr, leading popular authority on diet and nutrition is author of numerous books on food and health, the sales of which have reached more than seven million copies.



Victor Lindlahr, who has made teaching of better eating habits his life work.

percent for each pound of overweight. Most of us condemn alcoholics and drug addicts for self-destruction—yet each year more people literally kill themselves overeating!

A woman of thirty-five who weighs 184 pounds, when she should tip the scales at 134, cuts her remaining life span in half. Bluntly, it comes down to this: by maintaining or adding to excess fat, you are committing suicide!

But you need not—must not!—starve or fast.

"It does mean, though," says the overweight woman, *"dieting, with a limited choice of foods."*

Diet? We call it a party, for a party consists of meeting the good friends who make you feel better. The catalytic foods in our menus are your best friends, and if you associate with them regularly they work for your greater enjoyment of life. In the seven-day diet you'll find such regulars as chicken, hamburger, veal and ham—but along with them are catalytic foods with enzymes that break up fat you find such an ugly burden. And what are the catalytic foods—complicated recipes? Strange plants? Expensive drugs? No! There are more than thirty catalytic foods and they are common, inexpensive vegetables and fruits like lettuce, celery, melons, tomatoes.

"Maybe that's all right for some women," you

may say. *"But my family has always tended to be overweight. It's hereditary."*

That's just a poor excuse. There's no medical evidence that fat is hereditary. You may have developed an appetite for thick gravy at your mother's table, but that's all.

"But I can't help it if my glands don't work properly."

Those poor glands—how much they get blamed for! Actually their chief function, so far as fat is concerned, is to determine where it is to be deposited. Of course, glands don't work properly if you're overweight! Only in rare cases is overweight caused by glandular disturbances. Nearly always you must blame your appetite. *"But I lack will power,"* you may admit.

Perhaps you've tried diets so skimpy that you never felt satisfied after a meal. Well, our diet adds up to three and a half pounds of food each day. Or perhaps you admit to sneaking an occasional piece of candy? Candy, cream, sugar, bread and butter all rocket the calorie intake.

How can nibbling be controlled? Doctors generally agree that excessive eating is a result of custom, habit or nervousness caused by frustration, loneliness, failure and other unhappy circumstances. The basic cause of these should be

NOW! IN COMPLETE PRINTED FORM! RADIO MIRROR PRESENTS

THE LINDLAHR DIET

THE FAMOUS RADIO WAY TO EAT WELL AND LOSE WEIGHT

By VICTOR LINDLAHR



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EDITOR'S NOTE: RADIO MIRROR's editors are proud to be able to bring reader-listeners Victor Lindlahr's sound, sensible—and workable—ideas on reducing, the most talked about, argued about subject whenever women gather! On these pages you'll find not only the result-bringing Lindlahr seven day diet, but a clear, easily understood statement of the principles behind the diet. Victor Lindlahr, leading popular authority on diet and nutrition is author of numerous books on food and health, the sales of which have reached more than seven million copies.

percent for each pound of overweight. Most of us condemn alcoholics and drug addicts for self-destruction—yet each year more people literally kill themselves overeating!

A woman of thirty-five who weighs 184 pounds, when she should tip the scales at 134, cuts her remaining life span in half. Bluntly, it comes down to this: by maintaining or adding to excess fat, you are committing suicide!

But you need not—must not!—starve or fast.

"It does mean, though," says the overweight woman, "dieting, with a limited choice of foods."

Diet? We call it a party, for a party consists of meeting the good friends who make you feel better. The catalytic foods in our menus are your best friends, and if you associate with them regularly they work for your greater enjoyment of life. In the seven-day diet you'll find such regulars as chicken, hamburger, veal and ham—but along with them are catalytic foods with enzymes that break up fat you find such an ugly burden. And what are the catalytic foods—complicated recipes? Strange plants? Expensive drugs? No! There are more than thirty catalytic foods and they are common, inexpensive vegetables and fruits like lettuce, celery, melons, tomatoes.

"Maybe that's all right for some women," you

may say. "But my family has always tended to be overweight. It's hereditary."

That's just a poor excuse. There's no medical evidence that fat is hereditary. You may have developed an appetite for thick gravy at your mother's table, but that's all.

"But I can't help it if my glands don't work properly."

Those poor glands—how much they get blamed for! Actually their chief function, so far as fat is concerned, is to determine where it is to be deposited. Of course, glands don't work properly if you're overweight! Only in rare cases is overweight caused by glandular disturbances. Nearly always you must blame your appetite. "But I lack will power," you may admit.

Perhaps you've tried diets so skimpy that you never felt satisfied after a meal. Well, our diet adds up to three and a half pounds of food each day. Or perhaps you admit to sneaking an occasional piece of candy? Candy, cream, sugar, bread and butter all rocket the caloric intake.

How can nibbling be controlled? Doctors generally agree that excessive eating is a result of custom, habit or nervousness caused by frustration, loneliness, failure and other unhappy circumstances. The basic cause of these should be



You Must EAT WELL



Mrs. Lindlahr was a dancer before marriage—in those days she could eat without worrying about her weight.



From the moment she settled into less athletic duties as a housewife she was in danger of losing her figure.

"Why, you eat as much as I do," friends say, "and yet you're not fat!"



discovered and, if possible, removed. Meanwhile, to conquer this urge to overeat, you can get "appetite depressors"—good ones can be supplied by your doctor or druggist. Harmless, they will help you win the battle of the bulge.

"But it's dangerous to lose weight quickly," some women say. "Reducing as much as a pound a day would endanger my health."

That's an old wives' tale. If you don't have it to lose, you don't lose it. That doesn't mean there aren't rare exceptions—a medical check is essential before going on any diet.

"Being a housewife, I have a lot of work—two children and a husband and a house to look after. I need my food for energy."

Don't worry. All the fat you have stored is concentrated energy. The meals in our diet contain an ample supply of vitamins, minerals and proteins; two pounds of food will be catalytic foods, help turn accumulated fat into energy.

"Now I'm convinced the diet is necessary. Is there anything else I have to do?"

Carry on your usual activities at home or office. But you cannot nibble between meals or allow yourself an occasional sweet sin. It's possible the scales may not show a loss of weight the first forty-eight hours because of adjustments in the body water balance. You'll make it much more difficult to lose this water if you use too much salt on food, for salt holds water in the tissues. However, don't swear off salt completely except on advice of a physician. Also it is important that your bowels

Victor Lindlahr's expert comment on food and health is heard M-F at 10:45 A.M. EST, on ABC stations, sponsored by Serutan.

to LOSE WEIGHT!



Mrs. Lindlahr doesn't starve—she watches diet, makes sure she gets two pounds of catalytic foods every day.

are regular. Weigh yourself mornings, after elimination.

"How can you be so sure the diet will work?"

Last year, on ABC reducing parties, 105,000 people followed the diet with us. Letters from these people are the best proof that the diet works. Coming closer to home, I can point with satisfaction to the slender figures of my wife and friends.

"I'll go on the diet," you say determinedly.

Fine! Confidence is what you need and perhaps even there I can be of some help. Pledge tonight that you'll go on the diet for at least a week. If that seems too long, start with three days. You can begin with the meals you find most appealing, whether it's Monday or Wednesday. You may even repeat the same menu on successive days. The catalytic foods are capitalized in the menus; remember that you must eat two pounds of those foods a day for, on the average, it takes that amount to "metabolize" a pound of fat.

Get the habit of checking every morning with the bathroom scales. Stand in front of a mirror and get a good look at the distressing bulges and flab. If it isn't easy to follow the daily diet, then budget yourself on alternating days or weeks, depending on how much fat you carry around. Some people watch their diet for months, then go on an eating spree. Many prefer to eat a reducing breakfast and lunch, then relax vigilance at dinner. It depends on you, and how much weight you must lose. *You can't cheat the diet—you can only cheat yourself.* Good luck!

INSTANT WEIGHT FINDER for WOMEN

Your Ideal Weight in Pounds, According to Age, Height and Frame*

N = Normal frame

H = Heavy frame

L = Light frame

Height in Feet and Inches	AGE GROUPS														
	21-24			25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44		
	N	H	L	N	H	L	N	H	L	N	H	L	N	H	L
4'9"	108	121	99	110	123	101	112	125	103	112	125	103	111	124	103
4'10"	110	123	101	112	125	103	114	127	105	114	127	105	113	126	105
4'11"	112	125	103	114	127	105	116	129	107	116	129	107	115	128	107
5'0"	114	127	105	116	129	107	118	131	109	118	131	109	117	130	109
5'1"	116	128	107	118	130	109	120	132	111	120	132	111	119	131	111
5'2"	119	133	110	121	135	112	123	137	114	123	137	114	122	136	114
5'3"	123	134	112	125	136	114	127	138	116	127	138	116	126	137	116
5'4"	126	141	116	128	143	118	130	145	120	130	145	120	129	144	120
5'5"	130	142	119	132	144	121	134	146	123	134	146	123	133	145	123
5'6"	134	150	123	136	152	125	138	154	127	138	154	127	137	153	127
5'7"	138	152	127	140	154	129	142	156	131	142	156	131	141	155	131
5'8"	142	158	131	144	160	133	146	162	135	146	162	135	145	161	135
5'9"	146	161	134	148	163	136	150	165	138	150	165	138	149	164	138
5'10"	149	167	138	151	169	140	153	171	142	153	171	142	152	170	142
5'11"	153	170	141	155	172	143	158	175	146	158	175	146	157	174	146

Height in Feet and Inches	AGE GROUPS														
	45-49			50-54			55-59			60-64			65-69		
	N	H	L	N	H	L	N	H	L	N	H	L	N	H	L
4'9"	110	123	103	109	122	102	108	121	101	105	117	98	104	116	97
4'10"	112	125	105	111	124	104	110	123	103	107	119	100	106	118	99
4'11"	114	127	107	113	126	106	112	125	105	109	121	102	108	120	101
5'0"	116	129	109	115	128	108	114	127	107	111	123	104	110	122	103
5'1"	118	130	111	117	129	110	116	128	109	113	124	106	112	123	105
5'2"	121	135	114	120	134	113	119	133	112	116	129	109	115	128	108
5'3"	125	136	116	124	135	115	123	134	114	120	130	111	119	129	110
5'4"	128	143	120	127	142	119	126	141	118	123	137	115	122	136	114
5'5"	132	144	123	131	143	122	130	142	121	127	138	118	126	137	117
5'6"	136	152	127	135	151	126	134	150	125	131	146	122	130	145	121
5'7"	140	154	131	139	153	130	138	152	129	135	148	126	134	147	125
5'8"	144	160	135	143	159	134	142	158	133	139	154	130	138	153	129
5'9"	148	163	138	147	162	137	146	161	136	143	157	133	142	156	132
5'10"	151	169	142	150	168	141	149	167	140	146	163	137	145	162	136
5'11"	156	173	146	155	172	145	154	171	144	151	167	141	150	166	140

* Undressed. For clothing and shoes, allow 4 lbs.

TURN THE PAGE FOR VICTOR LINDLAHR'S SEVEN DAY DIET CHART ➔

YOU MUST EAT WELL

Here's Lindlahr's famous diet to follow for wonderful slim-and-fit results! Pay strict attention

THE LINDLAHR 7-DAY REDUCING DIET

STANDARD BREAKFAST

for Entire 7 Days of Diet

	Calories
ORANGE, 1 medium.....	80
Egg, 1, soft or hard boiled or poached.....	75
Melba Toast, 1 slice.....	20
Coffee, 1 cup, 1/4 cup skim milk.....	22
Total Calories.....	197

(Note: If you must have sweetening for your coffee, use saccharin instead of sugar. Saccharin has no calorie count.)

DO NOT SKIP BREAKFAST—it nourishes you while reducing—**REMEMBER YOU MUST EAT TO REDUCE**

T U E S D A Y

BREAKFAST

Standard 197

LUNCH

Tomato Juice, 4 1/2 oz.....	30
Cottage Cheese Salad Plate:	
Cottage Cheese, 5 tablespoons.....	100
CUCUMBER, 1/2 small.....	7
RADISHES, red, 3.....	10
CELERY, 1 stalk.....	3
PARSLEY, 1/2 cup.....	6
Melba Toast, 1 slice.....	20
APRICOTS, canned, no syrup, 4 halves.....	35
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90

DINNER

Parslied Tomato and Lettuce Salad:	
TOMATO, 1 medium.....	25
PARSLEY, 5 sprigs.....	3
LETTUCE, green, 3 leaves.....	10
Round Steak, broiled, 4 oz.....	175
SPINACH, 1/2 cup.....	15
STRINGBEANS, diced, 1/2 cup.....	20
PINEAPPLE, canned, no syrup, 1 slice.....	50
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90

Total calories for day..... 886
Total food weight for day, oz..... 59.6

M O N D A Y

BREAKFAST

Standard 197

LUNCH

Hamburger, broiled, 3 oz.....	150
TOMATO, 1 medium, sliced.....	25
PEAS and ONION, 1/2 cup.....	50
PEACH, 1/2, canned, no syrup.....	30
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90

DINNER

Parsley Coleslaw: (CABBAGE, shredded, 1/2 cup PARSLEY, fresh, 1/2 cup).....	20
Baked Ham, lean, 3 oz.....	135
CELERY, stewed, 1 cup.....	10
CARROTS, diced, 1/2 cup.....	30
Applesauce, 1/2 cup, unsweetened.....	50
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90

Total Calories for Day..... 883
Total food weight for day, oz..... 55.6

W E D N E S D A Y

BREAKFAST

Standard 197

LUNCH

Salmon Salad Plate:	
Salmon, canned, no oil, 1/2 cup.....	100
TOMATO, 1 medium.....	25
CUCUMBER, 1/2 small.....	7
LETTUCE, green, 3 leaves.....	10
Melba Toast, 1 slice.....	20
APRICOTS, canned, no syrup, 4 halves.....	35
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90

DINNER

Raw Celery and Carrot Sticks:	
CELERY, green, 2 stalks.....	5
CARROT, raw, 1.....	25
Liver, broiled, 4 oz.....	160
Green Pepper and Onion, sauteed:	
GREEN PEPPER, 1/2.....	10
ONION, medium, 1/2.....	12
Butter, scant teaspoon.....	20
Potato, boiled, 1/2 medium.....	40
GRAPEFRUIT, canned, no syrup, 1/2 cup.....	50
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90

Total calories for day..... 896
Total food weight for day, oz..... 55.1

Here are a few of the many other catalytic foods—

	CALORIES
Artichokes	91
Asparagus	26
Canned	21
Green Beans, canned	27
Blackberries	68

	CALORIES
Brccoli, cooked	34
Brussels Sprouts	24
Cabbage, raw	28
Chinese, raw	21
Cooked	19

	CALORIES
Red	38
Sauerkraut	31
Cantaloupe	29
Carrats, raw	53
Cooked	36

TO LOSE WEIGHT!

to "Catalytic Foods" (capitalized)—make substitutions if you wish from list below the menus

THURSDAY

	Calories
BREAKFAST	
Standard	197
LUNCH	
Hamburger, broiled, 3 oz.....	150
TOMATO, 1 medium, sliced.....	25
CARROTS, cooked, diced, 1/2 cup.....	30
Applesauce, unsweetened, 1/2 cup.....	50
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90
DINNER	
Green Pepper Coleslaw:	
CABBAGE, shredded, 1/2 cup.....	20
GREEN PEPPER, 1/2.....	10
Veal Chop, broiled, 4 oz.....	175
TOMATOES, stewed, 1/2 cup.....	25
SPINACH, 1/2 cup.....	15
PEAR, canned, no syrup, 1/2.....	30
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90
Total calories for day.....	907
Total food weight for day, oz.....	57.7

SATURDAY

	Calories
BREAKFAST	
Standard	197
LUNCH	
Salmon Salad Plate:	
Salmon, canned, no oil, 1/2 cup.....	100
TOMATO, 1 medium.....	25
CUCUMBER, 1/2 small.....	7
LETTUCE, green, 3 leaves.....	10
Melba Toast, 1 slice.....	20
PEACH, canned, no syrup, 1/2.....	30
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90
DINNER	
Cucumber and Parsley Salad:	
CUCUMBER, 1/2 small.....	7
PARSLEY, 5 sprigs.....	3
Baked Ham, lean, 3 oz.....	135
CABBAGE, cooked, 1 cup.....	50
STRINGBEANS, cup.....	40
PINEAPPLE, 1 slice.....	50
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90
Total calories for the day.....	854
Total food weight for day, oz.....	60.7

FRIDAY

	Calories
BREAKFAST	
Standard	197
LUNCH	
Tomato Juice, 4 1/2 oz.....	30
Cottage Cheese Salad Plate:	
Cottage Cheese, 5 tablespoons.....	100
CUCUMBER, 1/2 small.....	7
RADISHES, red, 3.....	10
CELERY, 1 stalk.....	3
PARSLEY, fresh, 1/2 cup.....	6
Melba Toast, 1 slice.....	20
APRICOTS, canned, no syrup, 4 halves.....	35
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90
DINNER	
Beet Salad:	
1 BEET, cooked or canned, sliced on shredded LETTUCE.....	25
Halibut, broiled, 4 oz. with lemon and parsley.....	130
SPINACH, 1 cup.....	30
Potato, boiled, 1/2 medium.....	40
PINEAPPLE, 1 slice.....	50
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90
Total calories for the day.....	863
Total food weight for day, oz.....	54.3

SUNDAY

	Calories
BREAKFAST	
Standard	197
DINNER	
Lettuce and Green Pepper Salad:	
LETTUCE, green, wedge.....	20
GREEN PEPPER, 1/2.....	10
Chicken, broiled 1/2 medium, broiler.....	150
TOMATO, broiled.....	25
MUSHROOMS, broiled, 5.....	0
Butter for broiling, 1 teaspoon.....	30
STRINGBEANS, 1/2 cup.....	20
CHERRIES, Queen Anne, 1/4 cup.....	50
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90
SUPPER	
Poached Egg on Spinach*	
Egg, 1.....	75
SPINACH, 1 cup.....	30
Melba Toast, 1 slice.....	20
Celery and Apple Salad:	
CELERY, 1/2 cup, diced.....	12
APPLE, 1/2 sliced.....	40
Skim Milk, 1 cup.....	90
Total calories for the day.....	859
Total food weight for day, oz.....	58.7
*You may substitute Hamburger Plate, Cottage Cheese Salad Plate or Salmon Salad Plate.	

calorie content shown is for a four-ounce portion

	CALORIES
Cauliflower, raw	35
Cooked	17
Chicory	30
Chives	56
Endive	24

	CALORIES
Honeydew melon	33
Kale, cooked	29
Onions, fresh	48
Boiled	47
Peaches, fresh	47

	CALORIES
Pears, Bartlett, fresh	48
Plums, Damson, fresh.....	48
Rutabagas	47
Turnips, raw	40
Cooked	27



Courage, curiosity and confidence were young Louella's assets.

A WOMAN TO

The Fabulous Life Story of Louella

By IDA

They'll celebrate the anniversary of the Louella Parsons show—sixth one coming up on December third—this year as they do every year. The sponsor will send over a cake, and Louella will order ice cream and coffee for the gang, and everyone will sit around and "remember when." The gang referred to consists of the case-hardened studio technicians, and they are Miss Parsons' knights. Theirs is a simple slogan: she can do no wrong!

So far as an outsider can observe, it's Louella's warmth to which their own responds. She's considerate of their problems, appreciative of their help and, by temperament and principle, quicker to praise than blame. ("As a bromide-user from way back," she'll remark, "you can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.") She knows her aides as humans, not as cogs in a machine. She knows their backgrounds, wives, and best of all, the names and numbers of their children, for she has a passion for children. Every Christmas she gives a party at a swank hotel for her radio and newspaper staffs, plus families. To the kids there's no perceptible differ-

*Not just a well-known name,
a familiar voice—she's a woman
you'd like to know, learn to love*



She knew them all: Conrad Nagel, Marion Davies, Monty Bell and Ramon Navarro.



On a Honolulu holiday with her husband, Dr. Martin, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.



Early Broadcast: Lynn Overman, Dick Powell, George Raft, Carole Lombard.

REMEMBER—

O. Parsons, Hollywood's First Lady

ZEITLIN

ences between Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and Louella Parsons.

Louella's kindness has hardly been overdone. We'll wade in deeper, and say it's hardly been touched. No newspaper figure has been more consistently flayed in print—and for obvious reasons. Being colorful, she presents a target for satire. Rising head and shoulders above her competitors, she presents a target for envy. Her legend, like most, combines a grain of fact with an avalanche of fancy.

Johnny-come-latelies like to call her a chatter artist. Those who know her record salute her as a crack reporter, with thirty-five tight-packed years behind her of chasing and nailing the news. Born in Freeport, Illinois, the printer's ink in her veins came flooding through while other youngsters played with dolls. At the age of ten she penned her first major effort, hurried over to the local newspaper with it, and got turned down flat. Soon after, she fell out of a hayloft, all but breaking her neck. This she (Continued on page 81)



She's warmer, mellower now—but those three C's are still assets.



The Gay Illiterate, Louella's autobiography, brought chuckles—and frowns.



Louella follows her stars—to the Stork Club this time—with Ducky for escort.

Louella Parsons can be heard on Sunday nights at 9:15, EST, over ABC stations, sponsored by the Andrew Jergens Co.

One Man's Family, in all its conviviality, sits for an informal portrait at Father Barbour's home.



ONE MAN'S FAMILY

The Barbours at home—including the new generation that's grown up



When One Man's Family celebrated its fifteenth anniversary on the air three years ago, its creator and writer, Carlton Morse, said: "I have worn out three typewriters and the seats of twenty-seven pairs of pants while pounding out 28,000 pages of script—the equivalent of sixty-three book-length novels." Since then Morse has written approximately 8,000 words a week for the Barbours to speak. (You can figure out that total!) It was back in April, 1932, on NBC's San Francisco station that listeners were first introduced to the Barbours. Morse, who had a hunch that radio listeners were tiring of blood-and-thunder tales, told about the births, deaths, marriages and tragedies and happiness that can visit a real family. The show's long lease on the air is proof that his intuition was correct. Here's something to add to your believe-it-or-not collection: J. Anthony Smythe, who has played Father Barbour since the debut show, is—a bachelor!

Father Barbour is a man who likes to have his whole family around him at the same time. Here he achieves his goal: l. to r.: Margaret, Hazel's daughter; Sharon Ann (on the floor), Jack and Betty's daughter; Jack, married to Betty; Claudia, married to Nicky; Betty; Nicky; Hazel; Dan, Hazel's husband; Clifford; Paul; Hank and Pinky, Hazel's twin sons; Joan, Claudia's daughter by a former marriage; Mother Barbour (partially hidden by the lamp), and Father himself.

since you met them, eighteen years ago!

One Man's Family is heard Monday through Friday at 7 P. M. EST on stations of the NBC network. Sponsor—Miles Laboratories.

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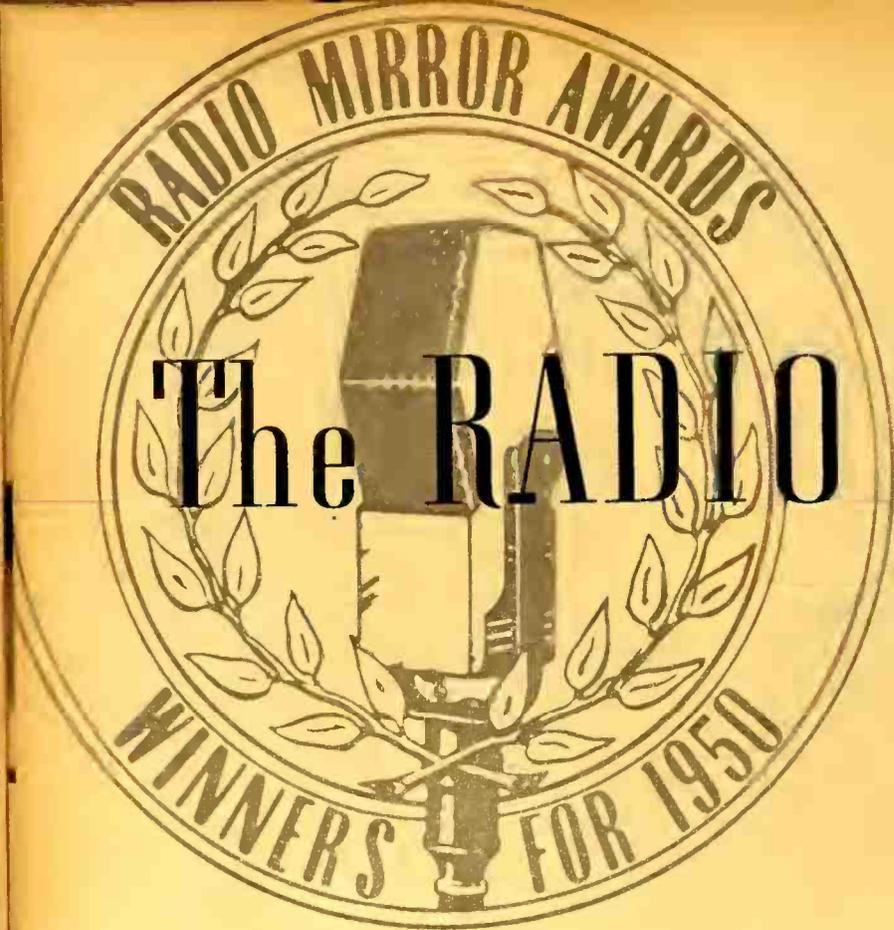
Father Barbour is a man who likes to have his whole family around him at the same time. Here he achieves his goal: l. to r.: Margaret, Hazel's daughter; Sharon Ann (on the floor), Jack and Betty's daughter; Jack, married to Betty; Claudia, married to Nicky; Betty; Nicky; Hazel; Dan, Hazel's husband; Clifford; Paul; Hank and Pinky, Hazel's twin sons; Joan, Claudia's daughter by a former marriage; Mother Barbour (partially hidden by the lamp), and Father himself.

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The RADIO MIRROR

The opportunity that comes but
once a year—voice your feelings about
radio shows and stars—cast your vote now!

The time has come again for all RADIO MIRROR reader-listeners to start thinking about which radio performers pleased you most during the past year. Which comedian made you laugh the hardest? Whose emceeing did you especially enjoy? Which orchestra provided the kind of music you like best?

When you decide the answers to these questions, when you know the names of the radio stars who, in your opinion, fit these categories and those listed on the ballot on the opposite page, then let RADIO MIRROR know, too. You can do this by filling in the ballot and mailing it to RADIO MIRROR, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Your ballot should be postmarked no later than November 1, 1950. In next month's issue, you'll find the RADIO MIRROR Program Awards ballot which will give you the chance to vote for your favorite radio programs. (See page 59 for the RADIO MIRROR Television Star Awards. This year marks the first time RADIO MIRROR has set up a separate television ballot.

As you know, if you've voted in previous years, the RADIO MIRROR Awards are the only national polls reflecting reader-listener preferences. Other polls are conducted among the editors and columnists and critics of the medium. These polls

taken among professionals undoubtedly have their place, but the editors of RADIO MIRROR have always felt that it was far more interesting to study the reactions of the average listener to the entertainment offered on the air. This information is valuable to the editors of RADIO MIRROR: it helps them to decide which stars and programs to feature in the magazine. It is valuable to the broadcasting companies: it helps them to decide if they are hiring the right kind of entertainers. And, above all, it is valuable to the entertainers themselves. It is a gesture of appreciation; in effect, it says, "Thank you for making radio listening so entertaining this year."

That's why the editors of RADIO MIRROR urge you to cast your votes now. Look over the categories listed on the opposite page. Decide whose names should fill those blank spaces. And when all the spaces are filled, mail the ballot to RADIO MIRROR, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Remember, your ballot should be postmarked no later than November 1. Don't forget to look for the program ballot in the December issue, on sale Friday, November 10.

Winners of the Fourth Annual Radio and Television Mirror Awards for 1950-51 will be announced in a spring, 1951, issue of the magazine.

AWARDS for 1950-51

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE RADIO STARS

(Write in the name of *one* favorite star opposite *each* classification below)

My Favorite SINGER (man) is

My Favorite SINGER (woman) is

My Favorite ORCHESTRA LEADER is

My Favorite NEWS COMMENTATOR is

My Favorite ANNOUNCER is

My Favorite SPORTS ANNOUNCER is

My Favorite COMEDIAN (man) is

My Favorite COMEDIENNE (woman) is

My Favorite Daytime SERIAL ACTOR is

My Favorite Daytime SERIAL ACTRESS is

My Favorite Nighttime DRAMATIC ACTOR is

My Favorite Nighttime DRAMATIC ACTRESS is

My Favorite Daytime QUIZMASTER is

My Favorite Nighttime QUIZMASTER is

My Favorite WOMAN'S COMMENTATOR is

My Favorite HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM is

My Favorite MASTER of CEREMONIES is

My Favorite DISC JOCKEY is

My Favorite Radio DETECTIVE is

My Favorite COWBOY ACTOR is

My Favorite Man NEWCOMER TO RADIO is

My Favorite Woman NEWCOMER TO RADIO is

Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO MIRROR, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. postmarked not later than Nov. 1, 1950.

Home is where

The Jack Smiths make their home in Hollywood, proving that a happy, harmonious one can be achieved anywhere—if you want it badly enough

By PAULINE SWANSON



No pose is this. Jack's proud of his practical abilities, whether with saw, paint brush, or elbow.



Cocker spaniel Buff shares the Smith house, notable for comfort, good food, good times.



On a hill-top overlooking the famous Sunset strip stands a mellowed old brick house, its clipped green lawns and spreading shade trees emphasizing an air of Eastern permanence which is rare in Hollywood.

Alongside of houses which look as temporal as movie sets put together with bailing wire and glue and "struck" after the day's shooting, the house shrieks of solidity and respectability. "Early settlers live here," it seems to say, adding "early settlers who made their money in oil—or something a good deal more substantial than the entertainment business."

Actually, it is the home of Jack Smith—radio's "voice with a smile"—and his charming wife Vickii, who are not early settlers at all, having "settled" in Hollywood—as much as they could ever settle anywhere—less than two years ago.

"And we don't even own the place," the Smiths confess, blushing with pleasure when visitors compliment them on turning their temporary diggings into the "old home place" of youth and memory.

When the sponsors of Jack's marathon-run musical show decided two years ago to move their program to the West Coast Jack and Vickii danced a small fandango in the living room of their East River apartment in New York. (It was a small fandango, Jack says, because it was a small living room.)

"At last," they chorused, "we can have a home of our own."

A home of their own had been their dream for years, ever since their marriage—on their mutual birthday—on November 16, 1936. But the dream was not to come true as quickly as they thought. Vickii, who preceded Jack to California to stake out their claim on a piece of California earth, ran smack into the peak of the West Coast real estate boom, and found that buying a house at that time was a little like buying the Republic of Luxembourg.

"We can have a house," she telephoned Jack, "if we skip our trip next summer."

"Nothing doing," said Jack, to whom summer traveling is one of life's essentials.

So Vickii compromised and leased the big, old brick house on the hill, redecorated it with an emphasis on good, strong color, furnished it with her transplanted collection of English and early American antiques and came up with a house that is a very reasonable facsimile of their dream.

Spread all over two floors, twelve rooms, and a spacious walled-in garden, the Smiths look back on their eleven long years as New York "cave dwellers" and wonder, they confess, that they called it living.

(Continued on page 91)

you make it



Jack and Vicki collect antiques, cookbooks and people, mostly people, whom they feed on food made from exotic recipes picked up on their travels. Last summer they went to Europe for the third time; India is their next year's goal.

The Jack Smith Show is heard Mon.-Fri., 7-15 P.M. EST on CBS. Sponsored by Oxydol, a Procter and Gamble product.

RADIO MIRROR'S

Daytime Fashions for You

Chichi of Life Can Be Beautiful models clothes you want to wear, can afford to wear—chosen for you each month by fashion experts!



Casual dresses, to make busy young housewives look carefree, feel comfortable, are wardrobe basics. These are both one piece for easy-on, easy-off changes. Opposite page: rayon gabardine wears velvet (who doesn't, this year?) on peter pan collar, cuffs, surprise sunburst tucks. Self belt, three-quarter sleeves, soft skirt, wonderful hip pockets—all plus points. In fall-feeling colors: gold, red, green, teal, taupe, purple. By Pat Hartley, in sizes 9-15, 10-16; \$14.95. Available at Crowley's, Detroit, Michigan, and at all Oppenheim Collins stores. For sparkle, Coro jewelry. This page: blended wool and rayon checks—trim mandarin collar, gay gold disc buttons, even on the deep, cuffed pockets. Three-quarter sleeves, clever sloping shoulders, deep armhole, four-gore skirt—all this and exciting colors, too: green or navy with red, green or royal with black. By Nali Bee in 10-18, priced at \$10.95. Available at Stone and Thomas, Wheeling, West Virginia, and Loeser's, Brooklyn, New York. Add neckline interest with Baar and Beard's silk stock . . . For stores near you write to the manufacturers listed on page 86.

Teri Keane, who wears this month's daytime fashions, is Chichi on Life Can Be Beautiful, heard Monday-Friday 3 P.M., EST, on NBC stations, sponsored by Procter and Gamble's Tide.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING



New year for a new
season: a casual look
of rayon gabardine
spiced and softened
with a velvet touch
for all day any day.



THIS IS

By NORA DRAKE

In spite of the fact that my apartment is small and that I must—all working women have to be, of course—be away from it most of the day, I still manage to entertain a good deal. I love people and there's no better way of getting together with friends than in your own home. Especially on holidays, I detest restaurant dinners which, even if they manage a home-taste don't have a home atmosphere. I'm having company for dinner on Thanksgiving, despite lack of time and of space. Here's how:

A way to be thankful



Our festive dinner may have to be cooked in a kitchenette, on a small-sized stove, but it's going to be an honest-to-goodness traditional meal, all the same. Whoever heard of Thanksgiving dinner without turkey? Here's what we're going to have, serving four: tomato juice cocktail, half roast turkey with pan gravy, bread stuffing, mashed white potatoes, green beans, celery hearts, cranberry sauce, lemon sherbet with strawberries, cookies and coffee. Sounds good, doesn't it? A great deal will be accomplished by short cuts—tomato juice and cranberry sauce, green beans, the strawberries frozen. And much can be done in advance. Wednesday evening I'll prepare the turkey—singe it, wash under cold water, remove pinfeathers, dry it, wrap in waxed paper and store in the refrigerator. Thursday morning, right after breakfast, I'll heat the oven for the turkey and then set the table. While the turkey is cooking everything else can be fixed. About forty minutes before the turkey's done I'll put the potatoes on, then do the last-minute things at the table—pouring water, putting on the celery and so on. Meanwhile dishes can be warming, then gravy made. When we sit down to dinner I'll put the coffee on, and while the table's being cleared I'll get the dessert ready, just top the sherbet with strawberries and surround with cookies—it's really simple. Cooking half a turkey is easy, too. Salted, it goes cut side down in a rack, is roasted in a moderate oven, allowing 25 min. per pound. Dressing, mounded on well-greased brown paper, goes on the rack under the turkey when the bird is about half done. Hope you enjoy your dinner as we will!



Double-duty living



Kitchenette meals aren't the only problem in a small apartment. But if you plan your furniture, when you start to set up housekeeping or when you replace old pieces with new, on a double-duty scheme, you can make out very well. Of course everybody knows about sofas that make up into beds. There are loveseats, now, to serve the same purpose, and even chairs. A table isn't just a table anymore—you can get them with swivel tops for TV sets, with cabinet space for folding chairs, with outlets to plug in radios, lamps or cooking appliances. Lamp tables have folding leaves, become cord tables or will. There's even a new table with storage for silver—it can be purchased complete with flatware for eight!

MY LIFE



Glass—this side up

You'll surely be getting out the best glassware for Thanksgiving dinner—did you ever stop to think that there's an "expert method" for everything, including care and storage of glasses? First, hot water won't harm them. Wash in hot water with ammonia or detergent in the water—soap may leave streaks. Don't put glasses that had ice in them immediately into hot water. Rinse milk glasses in cool water before washing. Don't crowd glasses in dishpan, and it's best to place a folded cloth on the bottom of the pan—helps prevent breakage. To store: upright on shelf in rows front-to-back—this to prevent reaching over low pieces to get at goblets. Don't stack unless you don't like the glasses—they'll stick, chip!



Ingredients: a small apartment, a job, a love of entertaining. Problem: to make them all fit a schedule. It can be done—Nora tells how

This is Nora Drake is heard Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EST on CBS stations. Sponsored by the Toni Co.

It pays to organize

One of the universal wishes of woman-kind is for more closet space. It's possible to have more, I found out not long ago—in exactly the same amount of room you now have! Organization, not breaking a wall through to the neighbors', is the answer, and a department store's closet shop can become your best friend. First, garment bags. The standard size measures 21 by 9 by 57 inches, holds up to eight dresses. Suit bags are 42 inches long, blouse bags 36. Take everything out of your closet and measure; allow about an inch between bags and calculate the number your closet will hold. For ease in opening bags there should be 2½ to 3 inches between the clothes rod and the shelf above it. Now analyze your wardrobe; separate all articles to be stored for a season—like summer garments, now winter's coming on—and keep them together, suits and dresses in a bag you won't open till spring, shoes in boxes, stacked, sweaters and blouses and such in a drawer or an under-bed chest if you need to. This frees space for the things you're going to be using now and through the winter. Now classify those clothes, putting all dresses together, all blouses together, and the same with sweaters, hats, shoes, suits and the rest. Divide hats into special-occasion wear and everyday. Put the best ones in a large box, the everyday ones in drop-front box on shelf or in one of the new hanging hat bags. Shoes go in boxes or on racks. Knitted things should go in drawers or boxes to avoid stretching. Special blouse hangers save space, so do multiple slacks-hangers. When you shop for these closet accessories take along a floor plan of your closet; budget to buy most needed items first, adding a piece or two at a time.





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BEST OF ALL -



By **NANCY CRAIG • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR**

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST, Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

Apple time is here! Bright cool November brings plenty of crisp apples. I make the most of them in my meal planning. We get apple hungry! We eat them out of hand—wonderful with a piece of sharp Cheddar for a between-meal snack or for dessert. Every school lunch box has a shining apple. And we all agree that now's the time for delicious apple pie or apple cake. The family asks for seconds when we serve steaming apple dumplings. Try it! Then give them apple fritters, crisp with batter, sweet with custard sauce. Serve apples for breakfast—apple pancakes, and don't forget big bursting baked apples. With a puff of whipped cream they'll be good for dessert. Apple names for this month? Fall Pippin, Jonathan, Tompkins King (excellent for making jelly), McIntosh, Gravenstein, Wealthy, Snow, Rome Beauty, and Grimes Golden.

APPLE PIE

1 recipe pastry	¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar	6 cups apples, peeled and sliced
2 tablespoons flour	1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon cinnamon	1 teaspoon lemon rind
½ teaspoon nutmeg	2 tablespoons butter

Roll out half the pastry. Line the bottom of a 9" pie pan. Combine sugar, flour and spices. Sprinkle half this mixture over pastry lined pan. Add apples and sprinkle remainder over the apples. Sprinkle with lemon juice and rind and dot with butter. Roll, fit and seal top crust. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 40 minutes or until apples are tender. Makes 1 9" pie.

Apple Pie Supreme: Whip ½ cup heavy cream. Spread over apples before placing top crust. Proceed as directed above.

STUFFED APPLE DUMPLINGS

3 cups sifted flour	6 medium apples, pared and cored
3 teaspoons baking powder	½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ teaspoon salt	¼ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons sugar	¼ cup raisins
½ cup shortening	2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup milk	

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and 2 tablespoons sugar. Cut in shortening very fine. Make a well in the center, add milk and stir quickly until a dough is formed. Press into a ball. Roll out on a lightly floured board ¼" thick. Cut into six 6" squares. Place an apple in the center of each square. Combine the sugar, cinnamon, and raisins. Spoon some in the center of each apple and dot with butter. Moisten edges of squares with water and bring points up over apple. Seal edges by pressing together with fingers. Place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and continue baking 30 minutes more.

APPLE FRITTERS

1 cup sifted flour	½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 egg, separated
1 teaspoon sugar	¾ cup milk
	1 large apple

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt in mixing bowl. Add egg yolk and milk. Blend well. Beat egg white until stiff. Fold into batter. Pare, core, cube apple and add to mixture. Drop from spoon into deep, hot fat (365° F.). Cook until deep golden brown 3 to 5 minutes. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot with powdered sugar. Makes 4-6 servings.

The apple: in pies, in tarts, as dumplings and fritters, or just out of hand.

RADIO MIRROR

And V is for Vánity Fair,
the program where Dorothy
plays hostess as
delightfully as she does
in her Connecticut home

D IS



Dorothy's cheerful kitchen has shelves to show off her china and silverware.



Dorothy made her dressing table skirt from old embroidered organdy curtains.

TELEVISION SECTION

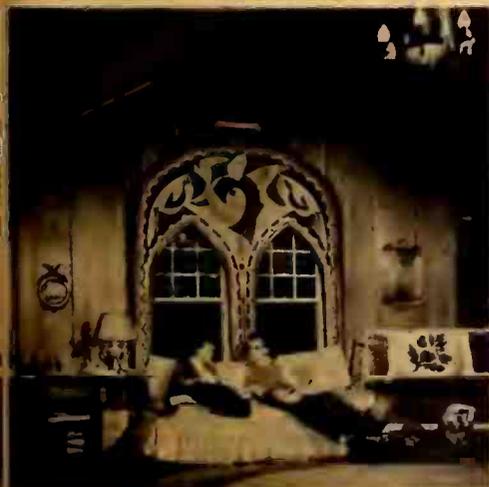
The Richard Doans, of Silvermine, Conn., can tell you something amusing or sentimental about most of the furnishings in their house, especially the four pieces that started them off. They'll tell you how Dick acquired a garden tractor, just at the time he had decided a tractor was beyond his budget. And how Dorothy learned one of her most useful recipes from a guest on her CBS television show, *Vanity Fair*, although at the time she was sure he was bluffing and had never cooked before in his life.

Ever since then, guests have been practically assured of getting some version of Ken Kling's Pancakes at one of the generous meals the Doans serve. At breakfast, the thin cakes may be eaten with syrup or honey, or filled with preserves. For Sunday evening supper, they may be chock-full of creamed chicken or

tuna fish or ham, or asparagus. But no matter how many Dorothy flips over on the griddle, there is always someone who can eat "just one more."

When Ken, who creates Joe Palooka and Asbestos when he's not practicing cookery, was a guest on Dorothy's program she put him in the opening spot, worried while he began to mix the batter, and had to leave him a few minutes while she interviewed her second guest. When she got back to Ken, he was pouring some thin, watery stuff on the griddle. She thought, "He'll never get that off again, and what will my viewers think!" But off came a golden-brown pancake into which Mr. Kling had put some preserves before folding it over. After the first bite, she could hardly bear to leave it and go on with her show. Try it for yourself and see what (Continued on page 94)

FOR *Dorothy and Dick* DOAN



The loom on the right holds the beginnings of a big hooked rug for this room.



Painter David Robinson, Doans' friend and neighbor, did this scene for them.



Tea for two in front of the fire—a luxurious moment to talk things over.

Hamilton in Hollywood: Scene is Bebe Daniels' dressing room (some years back!) Cast includes Jean Arthur and Clara Bow.

He's been the teen-agers'
Dream Boy since silent movies.
Want his secret of charm
and success—the lasting kind?

By LESTER and JULIET LEWIS



HOLLYWOOD'S

Show's producers Lester and Juliet Lewis
with show's star, Neil, and Mrs. Hamilton.



Hamilton publicity: All Hollywood glamor boys posed with tennis racquets. But Neil really knew how to swing one.



Hamilton on TV: Polished emcee of Hollywood Screen Test discusses newest show-business career with guest Janis Paige.



HAMILTON

Neil Hamilton, who plays the director on our Hollywood Screen Test program, is easily the most relaxed fellow we've ever worked with. He never gets flustered. He never frets. He doesn't worry about tomorrow. He's sure everything—and everybody—will turn out right.

Some of that ease must come through on the television screen, because you never saw a man who has so many fans who have never really met him, yet talk to him like old cronies. A fellow on a truck will recognize him in the traffic, wave wildly and yell, "Hi, Neil. Saw your show on television last night. That second scene was great. Best you've done."

Or it can be a newsboy, or a waitress, or a judge. The point is that they all call him by his first name and feel free to comment on the show. They get as relaxed as he is. The thing seems to be contagious.

Neil, of course, has starred in several show business careers, and we still laugh when we think of Lester's spontaneous comment a couple of years ago, after Neil made his first guest appearance on our show. "You have a great future in television," Lester told him solemnly—as if anyone needed a crystal ball to figure that out!

For Neil had been one of the handsome young

stars in motion pictures even before they learned to talk, and his fine voice had carried him into talking pictures and helped make him one of the idols of the new sound films. The great D. W. Griffith had discovered him in a stock company, before he was hardly grown up, and had given him a small role in a silent movie, "The White Rose." A little later Neil was playing the lead in Griffith's epic film, "America."

Meantime, his clean-cut features were seen as the typical American male of collar and hat ads, and magazine illustrations. His fans still send him clippings saved from that period. Recently, a woman forwarded an old knitting instruction book for which Neil posed wearing mufflers and sweaters and stocking caps. He gets a great bang out of all these things and takes them home to show Mrs. Hamilton and Patricia, their daughter. Pat, by the way, played in stock with Neil three summers ago, but is now working in a department store with her eye on a buyer's job. Anything she chooses is all right with her dad—as long as she's good at it.

Neil and Pat and Elsa, who is Mrs. Hamilton, live in a two-family house in Mamaroneck, a suburban community near New York, the very same town in which Neil (*Continued on page 93*)

Hollywood Screen Test, seen Mon. 7:30 P.M., EST, ABC-TV, sponsored by Ironrite Co.



Most of Roberta Quinlan's fan mail is from women—but the letters invariably read: "My husband is your most ardent admirer. He insists on seeing every show!"

ESPECIALLY FOR

First Quinlan recording was "Buffalo Billy"—a fast sell-out. Now she wants to do her TV theme.

There's a five-foot honey-haired blonde with wide hazel eyes who sings a song "Especially for You" three evenings a week over NBC television. When she isn't on TV you're apt to find Roberta Quinlan looking over her apartment with an appraising eye, deciding what to redecorate next. Not that the chic four-roomer on Long Island isn't the envy of visitors as it stands—it's only that Roberta is a frustrated decorator, always planning new color schemes. Jack, her stockbroker bridegroom of four years, has learned now to recognize the "it's time for a change" look in his wife's eyes. He saw it just before she asked him to scrape down the walnut piano and finish it in black to match the living room tables. And when she decided the foyer bookcases should be refinished to match the black modern desk at which she answers fan mail (heaps of it, about eighty per cent from women who write how much their husbands adore Roberta on TV!).

Roberta chose the white-painted wrought iron set that gives the dinette a lighter, gayer look than the



RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

The Mohawk Showroom with Roberta Quinlan:

The metal furniture, Roberta decided, would add lightness, feeling of space, to this small room.



Roberta's dining and living rooms are both done in varying greens with accents of black and red.



ROBERTA

usual wood furniture. She picked the bold green and white striped foyer paper, planned the living room with its harmony of dark and lime greens, with a few red accents. The bedroom is in light greens and peach, the dressing table being a lime green modern desk converted by Roberta. Bedspread and pillow covers are gaily flowered. The kitchen is red and white, with philodendron growing in two small red holders made in the shape of inverted umbrellas. Bonga, pedigreed black French poodle, gift of a viewer, wanders in from the hall. Telecast, the canary, another gift, chirps in a corner of the dinette. A lion cub is to arrive shortly, from still another viewer, unless Jack can intercept it.

Roberta plans to record her theme song, "Especially for You," as one of her Mercury recordings. Written in the 1930's and revived by her for the program, it has brought new success to its composer and lyricist, Phil Brogan. In fact, he's so pleased with what she has done for his music that he has done some new numbers—especially for Roberta.

The Quinlans enjoy no-show nights at home. Bonga the poodle considers herself one of the family.





Bessie, the platinum-haired llama—glamor girl at six months—is the viewers' darling.



"Who gives a hoot for the viewers," sneers Hooty. But Heinie studies up on his new act.



"You're zoo funny, Jim," Nero quips, as Hurlbut mutters, "Well, pun's pun!"



ZOO PARADE

Long known as a top-flight reporter skilled in getting generals, politicians, chorus girls, con men and Mr. Average Citizen to talk, Jim Hurlbut now turns interviewing talent to Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, on a program called Zoo Parade, seen on the NBC-TV network Sundays at 3:30 P.M. EST, originating from station WNBQ.

Hurlbut's ad libs provide the show's pace. Zoo director R. Marlin Perkins interprets and supplies scientific data. But the eloquent expressions and totally unrehearsed stunts are the products of the furred and feathered stars of the program. Although they pay no dues to actors' organizations they've been playing to the gallery practically all their lives, so television has no terrors for them. It has none for Jim Hurlbut either. He's the sympathetic emcee of WNBQ's Reported Missing program, on television, (Wednesdays, 9:45 P.M. CST) and on radio he covers WMAQ's news every night at 11:00 CST.

TV STARS BALLOT

THE RADIO MIRROR AWARDS for 1950-51

Vote for your favorite TV stars—if they've entertained you, they deserve your applause. Study the categories, choose the performer who's given you top viewing, listening pleasure. It's your big chance to have your say!

Write in the name of one television star opposite each of the classifications below

My Favorite Daytime
TV STAR (man) is

My Favorite Daytime
TV STAR (woman) is

My Favorite Nighttime
TV STAR (man) is

My Favorite Nighttime
TV STAR (woman) is

My Favorite TV
COMEDIAN is

My Favorite TV
QUIZMASTER is

My Favorite TV
DRAMATIC ACTOR is

My Favorite TV
DRAMATIC ACTRESS is

My Favorite TV
DETECTIVE is

My Favorite TV
MASTER OF CEREMONIES is

My Favorite TV
MUSICAL DIRECTOR is

My Favorite TV
HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM is

My Favorite TV
SINGER (man) is

My Favorite TV
SINGER (woman) is

My Favorite TV
SPORTS ANNOUNCER is

My Favorite TV
NEWS COMMENTATOR is

My Favorite TV
HOME MAKING EXPERT is

My Favorite TV Entertainer
FOR CHILDREN is

THE TV STAR I LIKE LEAST is

Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. postmarked not later than Nov. 1, 1950.

My Bosses, AMOS



By LOUISE SUMMA

Founded on friendship and faith, no wonder this



Besides regular secretary's duties, Louise deals with such things as sending out (sometimes strange) gifts.



Freeman Gosden—Amos—is married to Jane Stoneham, has three children: Virginia, Freeman Jr., and baby Craig.



ANDY

partnership flourished says the woman who's been secretary to "The Boys" eighteen years!



The Corrells' family ranges in age from ten to two, consists of Dorothy, Barbara, Charles, Jr., Jackie, Richard.

When I went to work for The Boys—as just about everybody called them then and just about everybody still does—I decided almost immediately to reform them. There was nothing wrong, of course, with their radio programs; I'd been listening to them and enjoying them for a long time. But the office routine of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll left just about everything desirable to be desired. I considered myself a brisk and efficient secretary and I set about making my bosses brisk and efficient, too.

Buying paper, for instance. Anyone who uses up paper the way radio script writers do ought to know that buying it a ream at a time is a waste of money and effort. I looked into the matter of volume purchasing, found I could buy the kind of paper they used in twelve-ream lots, or hundred-ream lots, or even thousand-ream lots. I promptly ordered a thousand reams. Written down on an order blank it seemed quite reasonable—a perfect first way to demonstrate my theories of how a business should be run.

Have you ever seen a thousand reams of paper all at once? I'm inclined to think that Amos and Andy and (Continued on page 79)

“BEING A



Lawrence learned how to play the accordion from his father. Now he's teaching young Lawrence.

What's the magic formula for making good in the big city? That's a question Lawrence Welk is often asked. His answer will surprise you



Welk sideline is, the “squeezeburger”—a super hamburger.

By HELEN CAMBRIA BOLSTAD

This is a story for everybody—but with a special aside to all talented people who live outside the big talent centers, New York, Chicago and Hollywood. The special message is this: read this—and take heart!

All over the country there are people rehearsing songs, practicing their music, reading lines of a skit or play. And they harbor in their hearts the conviction that they, too, possess the golden gift of making people laugh or cry or just enjoy themselves. They revel in their dreams—but they wonder how to

make those dreams come true. If they lived in those three big cities where most of the network radio programs originate, they tell themselves, things would be different. “But,” they sigh, “here I am—stuck in the sticks!”

Some of them write letters: “Dear Radio Mirror—I live in a small city (or town, or village) and my friends say that I can sing (or dance or play the oboe) very well. Please tell me, how do I get my start?”

Then the editors get together and ask each other,

Lawrence Welk stars in the Miller High Life Revue, which is broadcast on ABC

LOCAL BOY MYSELF..."



Young Lawrence seems to be the winner here. Losers Shirley, Lawrence, Donna Jean and Fern take it with a smile.

"What can we tell them? Whose story shall we tell that will prove to them that a Hollywood background, or a Chicago one, or a New York one, isn't necessary?"

Someone poses the question: "How far from Radio City can you get?"

After that, it's easy. Because all signs point to Lawrence Welk. Since he's one of the travelingest stars, many of you have danced to his band. Others have heard his light-hearted champagne music ripple out over ABC network, as if he'd never had a worry in the world. When next you hear him, remember

this: he started about as far from Radio City as you can get!

Fate endowed Lawrence Welk with a burning desire to be a musician, taunted him with a taste of success, and smacked him down with reverses. It has taken real ingenuity for him to achieve his own happy ending.

You see how happy that ending is when you go to call on him at his comfortable home in River Forest, a suburb just west of Chicago. When Welk greets you, you enter a house (Continued on page 95)



Very alike, these two, Portia's mind told her. And very different, her heart said!

THE SILENT

What was there in the long-ago past of these two men that made Portia's husband resent his gay and lovable brother so deeply?

Very softly, Walter Manning came out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him. He stood for a moment, staring down the dark stairway, but he did not move toward it to descend. He had no wish, any longer, to run away from the problem that he had just left in the room behind him. Now, he knew, it must be faced; there could be no more running away. His study downstairs, the typewriter at which he had so often lately tapped in a pretense of working—they must no longer be counted on for escape. This was the gravest crisis of his married life, the life he had shared with Portia; the lie he had just told her might mean the end of that life. Now he must face the whole thing, decide once and for all what kind of man he was, and was going to be. The whole thing—the thing that had started when his brother Christopher, whom he hadn't seen for twenty years, had rung the bell last week . . .

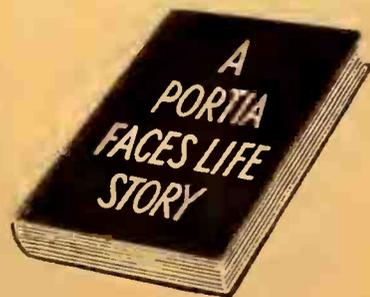
Oh—wait a minute, Walter told himself roughly. Let's not begin by lying all over again. Christopher's coming made a difference—but not all the difference. You were in trouble before that. You were feeling yourself to be a failure before Christopher came along to measure himself against you—his glamorous, much-traveled background, his world-wide reputation in his field, his wonderful clothes and the hand-made shoes that had all Parkerstown discreetly gaping; and his warm, brilliant personality. It had started months before—

It was so easy for a writer to see himself as a failure. One story that didn't sell, and there you were. Walter knew that he could write now as well as ever—better, in fact. But there had been that one thing that came back from Jonathan Hale, his

New York agent, with a short note saying that it wasn't "up to form." And after that, glum depression from which, try as he might, he could not pull himself. Portia's attempts to cheer him up had merely irritated him, making him conscious that she understood what he was going through and wanted to help. He didn't want help. He only wanted her to go on looking up to him, treating him as a successful, creative human being who never needed help. Once, just a short time before, he had been such a person. They'd even said so in Hollywood, hadn't they? And when you were successful there, you really were way up on top. Well—he'd been there once, hadn't he? *Walter Manning, brilliant author of "Challenge."* *Walter Manning at the Brown Derby with the star of his new picture . . .* and so on and so on. He'd had it all. Portia had had it all, too—the excitement, the money, the big-time thrill of achievement. He wasn't just a small-town hack who couldn't sell his stuff. He was Walter Manning, who'd done it once—and would do it again.

It was a happy thing for the Mannings that little Shirley came along when she did. Occupied with the new baby, Portia had less time to hover—as he secretly expressed it—over Walter. Even though Miss Daisy, the housekeeper, took partial charge of Shirley, Portia and everyone else in the house had the infant's well-being, schedule, activities, her new and exciting presence, constantly in mind. Even young Dickie, who'd had a bit of a struggle taking into his heart a baby sister instead of the brother he'd naturally expected, now found her irresistible. And Walter had set to work at his typewriter with a fresh and fierce conviction that now, surely now—for (Continued on page 96)

CHALLENGE



RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Portia Faces Life is heard M-F at 5:15 P.M., EST, over NBC stations, sponsored by Jell-O.

Nonsense

READER'S OWN VERSE—OR BETTER: SEAT OF LEARNING

When she dines, our little Mary
Sits upon the dictionary.
While her hunger's being sated
Mary's being elevated!

—Ernestine Cobern Beyer

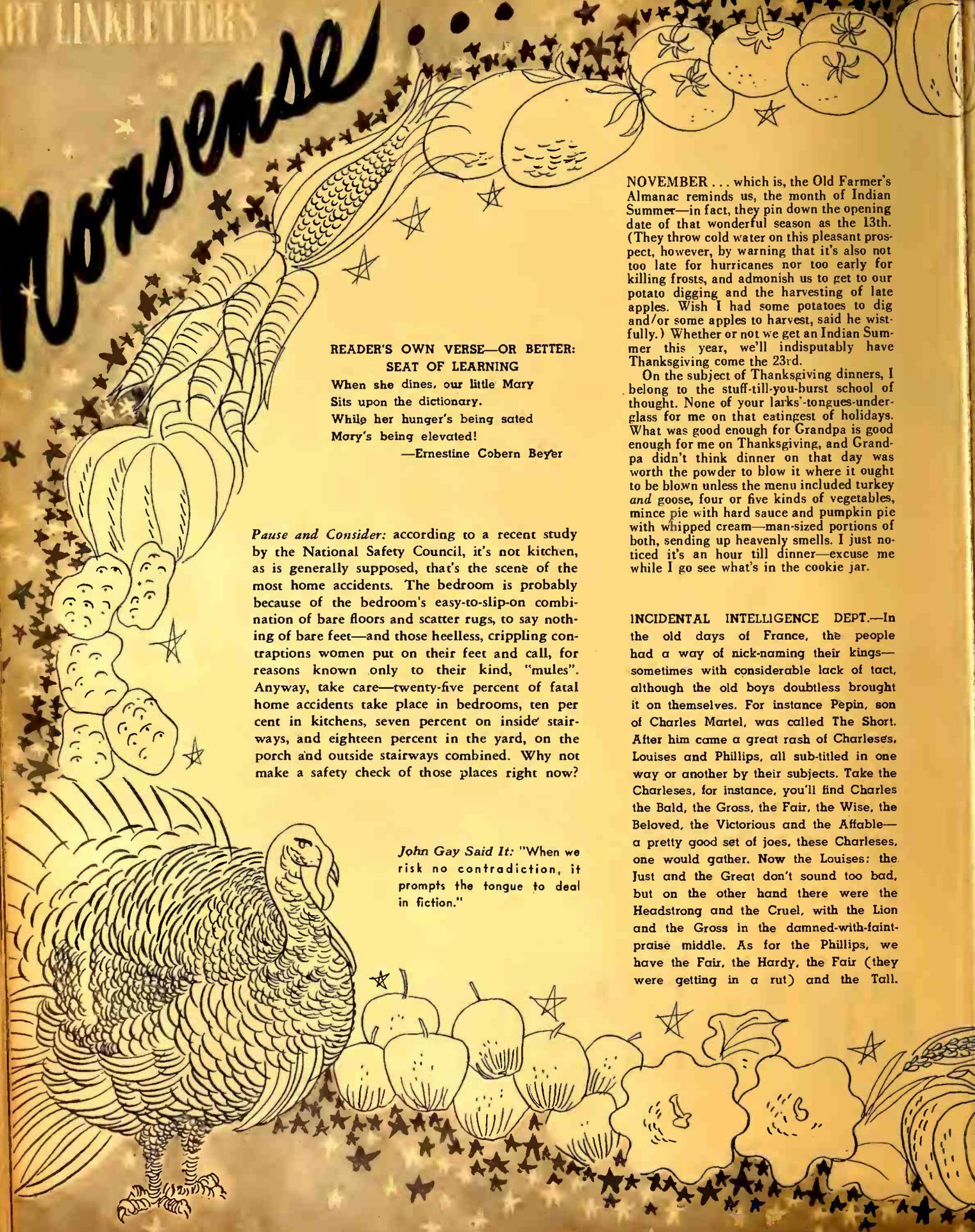
Pause and Consider: according to a recent study by the National Safety Council, it's not kitchen, as is generally supposed, that's the scene of the most home accidents. The bedroom is probably because of the bedroom's easy-to-slip-on combination of bare floors and scatter rugs, to say nothing of bare feet—and those heelless, crippling contraptions women put on their feet and call, for reasons known only to their kind, "mules". Anyway, take care—twenty-five percent of fatal home accidents take place in bedrooms, ten percent in kitchens, seven percent on inside stairways, and eighteen percent in the yard, on the porch and outside stairways combined. Why not make a safety check of those places right now?

John Gay Said It: "When we risk no contradiction, it prompts the tongue to deal in fiction."

NOVEMBER . . . which is, the Old Farmer's Almanac reminds us, the month of Indian Summer—in fact, they pin down the opening date of that wonderful season as the 13th. (They throw cold water on this pleasant prospect, however, by warning that it's also not too late for hurricanes nor too early for killing frosts, and admonish us to get to our potato digging and the harvesting of late apples. Wish I had some potatoes to dig and/or some apples to harvest, said he wistfully.) Whether or not we get an Indian Summer this year, we'll indisputably have Thanksgiving come the 23rd.

On the subject of Thanksgiving dinners, I belong to the stuff-till-you-burst school of thought. None of your larks'-tongues-under-glass for me on that eatingest of holidays. What was good enough for Grandpa is good enough for me on Thanksgiving, and Grandpa didn't think dinner on that day was worth the powder to blow it where it ought to be blown unless the menu included turkey and goose, four or five kinds of vegetables, mince pie with hard sauce and pumpkin pie with whipped cream—man-sized portions of both, sending up heavenly smells. I just noticed it's an hour till dinner—excuse me while I go see what's in the cookie jar.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE DEPT.—In the old days of France, the people had a way of nick-naming their kings—sometimes with considerable lack of tact, although the old boys doubtless brought it on themselves. For instance Pepin, son of Charles Martel, was called The Short. After him came a great rash of Charleses, Louises and Phillips, all sub-titled in one way or another by their subjects. Take the Charleses, for instance, you'll find Charles the Bald, the Gross, the Fair, the Wise, the Beloved, the Victorious and the Affable—a pretty good set of joes, these Charleses, one would gather. Now the Louises: the Just and the Great don't sound too bad, but on the other hand there were the Headstrong and the Cruel, with the Lion and the Gross in the damned-with-faint-praise middle. As for the Phillips, we have the Fair, the Hardy, the Fair (they were getting in a rut) and the Tall.



and Some-Sumpe

HERE COME THE BRIDES—Remember how I told you, a couple of months back, that my wife had been looking up information about old-time weddings? Here are a few more tidbits that Lois unearthed. In the late nineteenth century, the groom, the best man, the ushers and the "groomsmen" (who used to walk down the aisle two-and-two with the bridesmaids) always wore white tie and tails at society weddings, in spite of the fact that the most fashionable matrimonial hour was high noon . . . The "first bridesmaid"—she didn't emerge as maid of honor until later—was considerably weighed down; besides her dress and all the assorted layers of undergarments no lady would be caught without in those days, she had to carry, in addition to her bouquet, a fan and a bottle of smelling salts. Those were the days of stays, you know. A bride naturally wanted to appear at her best, and what with the tightness of her laced-upness and the excitement, she might swoon any number of times . . . Quote from a newspaper description of a wedding of the period: "Evergreens festooned the pillars, and chaste decorations adorned the chancel, over which a brilliant light was shed by a star composed of gas jets."

FUN AND GAMES—Here's a treasure hunt that's not as strenuous as the usual kind for those among us whose bones sometimes seem a bit brittle, but which is fun for youngsters as well—and educational, too, only don't tell 'em so. It can be worked to fit any group—young or old, up-and-at-'em or don't-make-me-work. It does require however that the hostess—or in our case, the father of the kids—do a bit of work in advance. She makes out a list of definitions or queries, for the game is a word treasure hunt. List can be as long or as short as you wish, and there should be as many identical copies of the list as there are players. You can get in special subjects, such as items like this: *List five different kinds of sparrows* or *Name ten common garden flowers*. Or straight vocabulary tests, such as: *List six words beginning with the letters "qu."* Or synonyms: *Give two words which mean the same thing as "jump";* or antonyms: *Give two words which mean the opposite of "run."* (Suggested ammunition for the list-maker-upper: a dictionary and a crossword puzzle book.) There should be, of course, a prize for the one who correctly completes his list first—what's the fun of playing a game if there's no prize?

**If you're an animal lover—by all means pack up on head for Clawson City, Michigan. In contrast to the usual laws which forbid something, Clawson City has an ordinance which encourages its residents—encourages them, in this case to sleep in the some habitation with their pigs, cows, chickens and goats, if they feel so inclined.*

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to little girl): What do you like to do best?
Girl: I like to tell tales.
Linkletter: What else?
Girl: I want a pet skunk. And I'm saving money, I've got \$17.32.
Linkletter: Are you saving for anyone you know?
Girl: No—I'm going to buy a skunk, not a person!

Ar, Linkletter, emcee of House Party, is heard M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsor—Pillsbury Mills.



Daytime

Diary

AUNT JENNY



Aunt Jenny
heard on
CBS 12:15 P.M. EST

Have you ever wanted a look-in at the lives of others? Aunt Jenny can give that to you. From the vantage point of her home in the pleasant town of Littleton, she watches the dramas that are acted out all around her. Monday through Friday, she tells these stories for her listeners—stories taken from every age group and every walk of life, to provide a cross-section of the problems of modern living. Adolescent troubles; romantic entanglements, business failures and successes, marriage problems, the triumphs and defeats of old age—all these and many other tales of emotion and suspense have their place on the stage of the little kitchen of Aunt Jenny's house.

BRIGHTER DAY



Babby
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M. EST

Liz Dennis makes a great decision when she refuses to marry Hollywood executive Nathan Eldredge. It is a hard decision for Liz is very much in love with Nathan, but she feels her background as the daughter of a small-town minister is very bad preparation for Hollywood life. She writes Nathan her final answer, but Nathan, knowing what he will lose if he loses Liz, comes in person to Three Rivers to try to get her to reconsider. Nathan's coming—and going—perpetuate a tragedy which wipes out the sensible planning which Liz has done, and which will have such far-reaching effects on her future that she cannot possibly foresee them.

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Larry Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M. EST

Clever Claudia Vincent, having convinced famous stage star Larry Noble that she is good acting material, talks herself into a part in his new play and manages to spend so much time with him that his wife Mary is seriously disturbed. Maude Marlowe, an old friend of the Nobles', introduces the ambitious Claudia to dashing young Oliver Wilson, a fortune-hunting Englishman, and succeeds in making each of them believe that the other is wealthy and prominent. Maude expects only to distract Claudia from her artful pursuit of Larry, and does not dream that her little plan will very likely result in the sudden elopement of Claudia and Oliver.

DAVID HARUM



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

When David's friend Ed Brice married young, attractive Ina, he ran into trouble with Lucy, the daughter of his first marriage. Resentment of Ina prompts Lucy to some rash actions, among them an interest in worthless young Denny Elkins. David approves of Herbert Elkins, Denny's brother, to whom Lucy was engaged, and is dismayed when Lucy breaks this engagement and plans to marry Denny. Knowing that Denny must be discredited if Lucy is to be saved, David obtains proof that Denny is getting large sums of money from a mysterious source. When he is able to present Lucy with the complete story, will he succeed in stopping her marriage to Denny?

BIG SISTER



Dr. John Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M. EST

Ruth Wayne watches anxiously as wealthy old Parker gains increasing power over her friends and family—power which she suspects he will use to ruin as many people as he can. Her brother Neddie and his wife Hope are already on the verge of disaster, but so skillfully has Parker managed his intriguing that Ruth cannot prove her suspicions to anyone. She does manage, however, to catch Parker without his usual suave surface manner, and causes him to lose his temper so violently as to provide her with a guide to her future actions with regard to him. Armed with this knowledge of his real nature, will Ruth be able to foil Parker's plans?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



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

"The Garden of Eden Murder Case" is the exotic name that David Farrell, star reporter for the *New York Daily Eagle*, has given to one of his recent assignments. David's introduction to the case comes when he is assigned to interview a retired inventor, the famous Alexander Eden, who spends all his time cultivating a fabulous garden. Some time afterward Eden is found dead in the garden, ostensibly of snakebite, but search of the garden uncovers no snake. However, David does find an interesting clue which leads to four suspects, and enables him and his wife Solly finally to break the case and get the entire story exclusively for the *Eagle*.

Here's your Radio Mirror guide
to daytime drama—information on
plot, characters, time and station

GUIDING LIGHT



Ray Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M. EST

Once again little Chuckie is the pawn in a desperate game between his mother, Meta, and his father, wealthy advertising executive Ted White, as their difference over Chuckie's education breaks out into open conflict. Because he controls Bill Bauer's job, he is able to suggest to Bertha, Bill's wife, that she support certain statements about Meta which he plans to make. Suddenly, however, all Meta's fears that Chuckie will be harmed by the rugged regime his father has dictated for him are justified. The child is severely injured during a boxing lesson. As he lies near death in Selby Flats Hospital, Meta wanders if there is any way out for herself and her child.

HILLTOP HOUSE



Grace Dolben
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M. EST

It isn't often that one of the older children of the orphanage known as Hilltop House gets a chance at adoption. Most people want babies but fourteen-year-old Pixie has appealed strongly to one childless couple and Julie Paterno, Hilltop's supervisor, is especially delighted when plans for Pixie's adoption are actually put into motion. Adoption plans take some time, however, and before they are put through, Pixie makes the shocking discovery that her real father died in jail. Pixie, an extremely sensitive adolescent, reacts violently to the revelation and Julie sees with some concern that the bright future she envisioned for the girl may not really materialize.

JUST PLAIN BILL



Bill Davidson
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M. EST

Bill Davidson brings his investigation of the Lewis case to a close by revealing that Mrs. Lewis's son, Ronald, was responsible for his mother's death. In his frenzy over being discovered, Ronald shoots and seriously wounds Bill's daughter, Nancy. Medical advice sends Bill on a search for surgeon Dr. Nathan Drew, the only man who can save Nancy's life, but when Bill discovers Drew at his summer camp the doctor has a sprained ankle and cannot be moved. He urges Bill to allow his son, Leonard, to perform the operation. Is Bill right in thinking that the emotionally upset condition of Dr. Leonard Drew might cause him to perform an unsuccessful operation?



Toby Nelson
heard on
NBC 3 P.M. EST

On their recent trip to Texas, Chichi and Papa David met the handsome rancher Cal Duncan, and were delighted to see him again when he came East. It turned out that Cal was not pursuing Chichi so much as a singing career, something he wants with all his heart. Cal's break into the big time is not entirely successful, and he takes the incident so deeply to heart as to disappear. Before he is found again, Chichi goes through some serious heart-searching and Papa David, always sharp-eyed where Chichi is concerned as he is over most people whom he loves, really believes that Cal Duncan may become a very important person in Chichi's life.

LORENZO JONES



Sandy Matson
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M. EST

Fifi, the beautician from Paris, has done a lot to complicate Lorenzo's life of late. He is working on an invention financed by her uncle Pierre—a youth machine—when his boss, Jim Barker, tries to talk him into perfecting a half-finished previous invention, a self-winding carjack. Just as Lorenzo is about to agree to Jim Barker's request, Uncle Pierre writes Fifi that there is somebody else in Paris working on a youth machine. So naturally Lorenzo throws himself into the youth machine project in an effort to complete the first machine and be recognized as the original inventor. Is this the wise choice for him to make at this point? Has his wife Belle real cause for alarm?

MA PERKINS



Evvy Fitz
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M. EST

Shuffle Shober is about to begin to fight. Horrified as he sees his old friend, Ma Perkins, increasingly at the mercy of her cousins, the Hammachers, Shuffle begins to gather proof to show Ma of the dishonesty of the cousins. Since they've been in town they have managed to drive Shuffle out of it, alienate Ma from most of her family and have now started to work on Fay, Ma's widowed daughter . . . the one with the money. Sylvester Hammacher asks Fay to marry him, and when she doubtfully consults Shuffle he decides the time has come to bring the cousins out into the open. Can he convince Ma of what he knows—that the cousins are no good?

NONA FROM NOWHERE



Vernon Dutell
heard on
CBS 3 P.M. EST

Nona Brady, adopted daughter of Pat Brady, is now well on her way to screen stardom, with a glamorous career planned for her at Palladium Films. Producer Vernon Dutell, Pat's old friend, has asked Nona to marry him, and Nona has accepted. Every promise of happiness appears in store for Nona when J.M.L., head of Palladium, gives a party at which Vernon once again meets J.M.L.'s daughter, Kay. Nona discovers that Kay and Vernon were at one time very close, and it is evident that Vernon is much disturbed by the meeting. Has Kay made him re-examine his love for Nona? Is his feeling for Kay just friendship—or something more?



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

Life at Black Swon Hall, the Virginia estate of Sunday Brinthrope and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, is about to resume on even keel after the recent trouble involving Kevin Bromfield when, unexpectedly, Lord Henry is called to England. His uncle, Lord Percy, requests his presence under circumstances so strange that despite their reluctance to leave Virginia and their home, neither Sunday nor Lord Henry questions the necessity for going at once to Lord Percy. They are both terribly upset and speedily make plans for departure. Together, they board a transatlantic plane, not knowing what they will find when they arrive in England, or how they will be called on to help.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Mother Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EST

Pepper and his family are overjoyed that Edie Hoyt's trip to South America was not a wild goose chase after all; she has really found her husband Andy who disappeared some time ago after a plane crash. Impatiently the Youngs await word from Edie and pilot Jerry Feldman who flew her down to South America as to when they'll be coming back. But Edie has found that her troubles were not ended merely because she found Andy. The harrowing months during which Andy was lost have left their mark on his whole personality. He has changed almost beyond recognition, perhaps beyond any help that Edie might be able to give him.

PERRY MASON



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

In spite of many red herrings drawn across the trail and many narrow escapes from death, Perry Mason, working with the metropolitan police, is drawing constantly closer to the mysterious man who controls almost all the criminal operations in the city. Intensive investigation of the drug racket has turned up many clues for both Perry and the police. With the help of his secretary, Della Street, Perry begins to narrow down the possible roads to the man he is after. A photograph which comes into Perry's possession provides him with the single clue that may turn out to be the most important—a picture that proves the link between socialite Allyn Whitlock and the crime ring.

PORTIA FACES LIFE



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

How much of a turning point will Walter Manning's disappearance mark in the life of his wife, Portia? Still stunned by news of Walter's death in an accident, Portia tries to obtain more information but the only survivor of the accident is suffering too severely from shock and amnesia to be able to help. In her bereavement, Portia turns for comfort to Walter's brother Christopher, who has been trying for some time to suppress his own feeling for her. Now that Walter is gone, will Portia turn to Christopher for more than comfort? Or will she turn instead to reviving her own legal career, which many people have urged her to do?



Carolyn Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EST

Carolyn Kramer seems unable to extricate herself from the increasingly tragic set of circumstances which have followed on the court's decision to award custody of her son, Skippy, to her divorced husband, Dwight Kramer. When Dwight plans to move to Chicago, taking Skippy with him, Carolyn becomes hysterical in the face of the realization that this will make it almost impossible for her to see Skippy. She takes the child with her for a day's outing and on impulse drives over the state line, knowing that somehow she must prevent Dwight from taking Skippy out of her life. But so far there is no practical way for Carolyn to do this. Will she ever regain custody of her son?

ROAD OF LIFE



Beth Lambert
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M. EST

Although Beth Lombert has been the cause of much suffering in Dr. Jim Brent's recent past, he finds himself impelled to try to help her while she is on trial with the rest of the Rockwell gang for treason. Jim is particularly upset when Rockwell manages very cleverly to put the chief portion of the blame on Beth—an accusation which Jim knows is unfounded, although he knows better than anyone else the degree of Beth's complicity in Rockwell's plot. Meanwhile, Jocelyn McLeod, the sick girl in whom Jim has recently become interested, faces possibly tragic news of her physical condition. Will Jim, who has aided many other people, be able to help Jocelyn?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Helen Trent
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M. EST

Once again Cynthia Swanson manages to prevent Helen and Gil Whitney from coming to an understanding with one another. Although Gil apparently went out of Helen's life, she used some of her savings to buy his beautiful Bel-Air home, where she once expected to live as his wife. Learning of this, Gil returns from the South, ready to accuse her of wanting to sell the house at a profit, but when he makes an offer for the house through an agent and Helen refuses it he realizes that he has misjudged her, and that she bought the house out of a sincere attachment to him. He tries to reach her, but again Cynthia Swanson successfully interferes.

ROSEMARY



Rosemary
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EST

What Rosemary tried desperately to avoid has come to pass. Her family now knows that she and Bill are on the verge of dissolving their marriage. Unable to struggle alone with her problem any longer, Rosemary phoned her stepfather, Dr. Jim, from New York and told him of Bill's strange actions, which culminated in his walking out of their apartment. Dr. Jim went to Rosemary's aid, promising that he would keep the disturbing situation from Rosemary's mother, but Mrs. Cotter has too keen an ear for the voices of those she loves. During a talk with Dr. Jim she forces him to confess that all is not well with Rosemary. The question is . . . how bad is it?

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Stan Burton
heard on
CBS 2 P.M. EST

Even a well-brought-up boy can be brought to the edge of delinquency, the Burtons learn, when their teen-age son Brad becomes involved in a kind of trouble they certainly never expected would touch him. Suffering from a confused feeling of neglect because both Terry and Stan were concentrating on the baby, Wendy, during the latter's recent illness, Brad fell in with a group of boys whose true activities he did not understand until it was almost too late. However, realizing that it is up to him to prevent a crime, Brad does some quick thinking, and finds that in a crisis his own good sense and fine upbringing help him turn in the right direction.

WENDY WARREN



Don Smith
heard on
CBS 12 Noon EST

Wendy Warren, successful newspaper-woman, wonders of late whether she will be equally successful as a woman. Almost engaged to her managing editor, Don Smith, Wendy encourages his friendship with wealthy Mrs. Clement, whose interest in Don appears at first to be purely professional and financial. It is she who makes it possible for Don to take over the paper. As Don and Kay Clement see more and more of one another, Wendy cannot continue to convince herself that their meetings are made necessary by business affairs. Is Kay Clement pursuing Don—or would it be true to say that he is quite willing to be pursued?

STELLA DALLAS



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

For a long time, Phil Baxter, Stella's dear friend, has also been her devoted suitor. Now she has finally consented to marry him, and they become engaged. Stella's daughter Laurel is not too happy over the engagement, but her reaction is mild compared to that of her mother-in-law, aristocratic Mrs. Grosvenor, for Mrs. Grosvenor herself has become much interested in Phil. Shortly after the news is made known, Stella begins receiving threatening notes from an extremely mysterious source. Can there be any connection between these curious messages and the fact that Mrs. Grosvenor herself is really very much attracted to Phil Baxter?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Joan Davis
heard on
NBC 5 P.M. EST

One of the most difficult trials of their married life confronts Joan and Harry Davis when Joan returns from the hospital a hopeless cripple. Patiently and cheerfully they begin to reconstruct their lives to adjust to this new trouble, still feeling that having each other and their two children gives them much to be thankful for. Mother Davis, Harry's mother, understands and sympathizes with this point of view, but Joan's mother is a different sort of person. She had never wanted Joan to marry Harry and her hysterical accusations against him and her efforts to get Joan to leave home create a situation which rapidly becomes unendurable.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Nora Drake
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M. EST

Any possibility of marriage for nurse Nora Drake and lawyer Charles Dobbs now seems definitely over. Disappointed and confused by Dobbs's peculiar actions of late, Nora discusses them with psychiatrist Dr. Seargent, only to make a startling discovery. One of Charles Dobbs' persistent accusations was that Seargent was actually in love with Nora. This appears to her to be a sheer invention until, during her long talk with Dr. Seargent, she realizes that it is probably true. But even if there should be an attraction between Nora and the psychiatrist, it seems quite evident that Seargent is not at liberty to act as he chooses in this particular situation.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



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

Anne Malone's separation from her husband, Dr. Jerry Malane, is about to end in divorce. Anne has at last allowed herself to hope that she can find happiness with Sam Williams, whose love for her has deepened and strengthened ever since they first met. Believing that Jerry will welcome release from their marriage in order to go ahead with his own plans, in which wealthy Lucia Standish is an important factor, Anne is stunned to learn that Jerry cannot be reached at the Institute in New York. She does not know that he has learned some truths about Lucia which upset the whole structure of his life. But she cannot go ahead with her plans until Jerry reappears.

WE LOVE AND LEARN



Madame Sophie
heard on
NBC 1:45 P.M. EST

In spite of Madame Sophie's efforts to straighten out the marriage of Thelma and Jim Carlton, it looks as though there will be trouble for the young couple. Jim's inability to make a success of any job he gets, the susceptibility to his mother and the strange disappearance of the valuable jewelry he gave Thelma sometime ago, all add up to a disturbing picture for Thelma, who is expecting a baby. What further complications will result between Thelma and Jane Dae, the would-be actress to whom Mickey Smith has been so kind? Is Thelma right in distrusting Jane in spite of the fact that Madame Sophie herself is sponsoring the girl?

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



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

Although Ellen Brown's plans to marry Dr. Anthony Loring were not immediate, there existed a binding attachment which neither of them had cause to question. Now, however, Anthony finds himself irresistibly attracted to Dr. Alison Shaw, who recently performed an operation which saved Ellen's life. Alison, more than returning Anthony's interest, takes every advantage of the rift between him and Ellen. Suddenly Ellen learns that her husband, William Brown, who was supposed to have died years ago, is alive, living in Chicago. Through a mysterious visitor, Ellen learns that William wants a divorce, and sets out for Chicago to see him.

INSIDE RADIO

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

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	String Quartet	Local Programs	Let There Be Music	The Garden Gate Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Wormwood Forest Bach Aria Group Hudson Coal Miners	Elder Michaux Dixie Quartet Christian Science	Sunday Morning Concert Hall Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art of Living Morning Serenade	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Negro College Choir	Church of the Air
11:00 11:15	Faultless Starch Time UN is My Beat	Back to God	Foreign Reporter Frank and Ernest	News Makers News, Howard K. Smith Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:30 11:45	News Highlights Soi'air Time	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Falth	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	American Forum of the Air Eternal Light	Kiwanis Choral Groups Chamber Music	Music of the Day Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning Elmo Roper Charles Collingwood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Roundtable	William Hillman Organ Moods Lutheran Hour	Sammy Kaye National Vespers	Charles Collingwood Elmo Roper
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes With Trendler Bill Cunningham Washington Reports	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Choraliers Treasury Bandstand
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	The Truitts The Quiz Kids	Bobby Benson Juvenile Jury	Music With the Girls The Lutheran Hour	New York Philhar- monic Symphony
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Falcon High Adventure	Hashknife Hartley Martin Kane Private Eye	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Symphonette
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Big Guy Charlie Wild, Private Eye	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Milton Cross Album The Greatest Story Ever Told	Les Brown World News

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Dream Show	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Speaking of Songs	Rate Your Mate Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Affairs of Peter Salem Under Arrest	Voices That Live Amazing Mr. Malone	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Adventures of Sam Spade Theater Guild on the Air	Singing Marshall Enchanted Hour	Stop the Music	Charlie McCarthy Red Skelton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	American Album	Opera Concert Gabriel Heatter George F. Elliot	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Crossroads With Ted Malone	Corliss Archer Horace Heidt
10:00 10:15 10:30	54 Question Meet Me in St. Louis	This Is Europe Dance Bands	Glnny Simms Love Letters Jackie Robinson	Contented Hour One Nation Indivi- sible



BOB LEMOND—Texas-born an-
nouncer of CBS' Our Miss Brooks has
done everything from sweeping the
studio to emceeing Hollywood shows
in fourteen years in radio and TV.



DAWN BENDER—made her first
screen appearance when a mere two
weeks old. Her first speaking role
was at the age of two years and she has
made several movies since. This sum-
mer the fifteen-year-old girl was heard
as Maggie on *The Trouble with the
Truitts* and she is well-known for her
portrayal of Margaret on NBC's *One
Man's Family*.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story 10:25 Edwin C. Hill Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 News Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Dave Garroway George Hicky We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like A Millionaire	Variety Show* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Read of Life Pepper Young Right to Happlness	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere This Is Nora Drake House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Conversation with Casey Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Challenge of Yukon	Jimmy Wakely Show Space Patrol 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio H. V. Kallenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Bobby Benson Crime Fighters 8:55 Bill Henry	Inner Sanctum Henry Taylor Joe Hasel	Hollywood Star Playhouse Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	Murder By Experts Korean War Roundup	Treasury Show Rex Maupht	Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Night Beat Top Secret	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	United or Not John B. Kennedy	My Friend Irma Bob Hawk

* Heard in southern & west-central states



KARL SWENSON—Lord Henry on Our Gal Sunday and hero of Lorenzo Jones was expelled from college because he studied too hard—at acting! Born in Brooklyn, he was Sunday School elocutionist and choir boy of the Calvary Episcopal Church. A master of dialects, Swenson also speaks Swedish, German and French.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story 10:25 Edwin C. Hill Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometown	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross	Johnny Olson's Luncheon Club	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		Bands for Bonds	12:25 News Local Program	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Dave Garraway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Variety Show* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Conversation with Casey	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Curley Bradley	Jimmy Wakely Show Superman 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Jack Armstrong	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Baby Snooks	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective 8:55 Bill Henry	Paul Whiteman Presents Gentlemen of the Press	Mystery Theatre Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Flibber McGee & Molly	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham Fine Arts Quartet	Life With Luigi Truth or Consequences
10:00 10:15 10:20	Big Town	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Time For Defense John B. Kennedy	Dance Band

* Heard in southern & west-central states

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story 10:25 Edwin C. Hill Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometown	Kate Smith Speaks	Johnny Olson's Luncheon Club	Wendy Warren
12:30 12:45		Bands for Bonds	12:25 News Local Program	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Dave Garraway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Variety Show* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Conversation with Casey Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trall Challenge of Yukon	Jimmy Wakely Show Black Hawk 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy Great Gildersleeve	The Hidden Truth International Airport 8:55 Bill Henry	Dr. I. Q. Cliche Club	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx Mr. District Attorney	2000 Plus Family Theater	Detour Chandu the Magician	It Pays to be Ignorant Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Richard Diamond	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Champagne Music John B. Kennedy	Dixieland Jazz Concert

* Heard in southern & west-central states



RONALD COLMAN—this English born actor (Halls of Ivy, NBC, Wed., 8 P.M. EST) and motion picture star landed in New York in 1920 with fifty-seven dollars and three clean collars and within a few years was a movie idol. Prior to "Ivy" his radio experience was limited to highly successful guest appearances with Jack Benny.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follie
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Faith in Our Time Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Harvey Harding Say It With Music	Mv True Story 10:25 Edwin C. Hill Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News The Note Noodlers Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonde	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 News Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Dave Garraway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Variety Show* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Conversation with Casey	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Curley Bradley	Jimmy Wakely Show Superman 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Jack Armstrong	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Rod and Gun Club 8:55 Bill Henry	Screen Guild Players	FBI in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet Duffy's Tavern	Limerick Show Reporters' Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Sara's Private Capers Presenting Charles Boyer	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics John B. Kennedy	James Hilton Playhouse Hollywood Theatre

* Heard in southern & west-central states



ANNE ELSTNER—was born in Louisiana, went to school in Chicago, West Virginia and Arkansas. An outstanding high school athlete, she also was active in dramatics . . . played parts from Hamlet to old character women, and made costumes. First major theater assignment was in "Liliom." She entered radio in 1923 and is heard in the title role of Stella Dallas.



GERALD MOHR—better-known as Detective Philip Marlowe is also famous as the French teacher on Our Miss Brooks and the French salesman on the Beulah show. In addition Mohr has played a variety of other nationalities in radio. The thirty-four-year-old actor has also appeared in movies including "It Had to Be You."

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Faith in Our Time Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Harvey Harding Say It With Music	My True Story 10:25 Edwin C. Hill Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air John B. Kennedy	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick Ae A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 News	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Dave Garraway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Variety* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Conversation with Casey Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Challenge of Yukon	Jimmy Wakely Show Space Patrol 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World The Playhouse H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Football Preview Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cloak and Dagger We The People	Louis Prima Dance Orchestra 8:55 Bill Henry	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Songs for Sale
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jimmy Durante	Army Air Force Show	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff	Up For Parole Philip Marlowe
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Bill Stern	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Cavalcade of Sports Dance Music	We Take Your Word Capital Cloakroom

* Heard in southern & west-central states

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Down Homers	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York
9:15	Coffee in Washington			Galen Drake
9:30				Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring Show	Local Programs		Family Party
10:15	Marv Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols		Morton Downey
10:30		Helen Hall		
10:45				
11:00	Smilin' Ed McConnell	U. S. Marine Band	New Junior Junction	News, Phil Shadel
11:15	Archie Andrews	Hoosier Hot Shots	Joe Franklin's Record Shop	11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30				Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs		American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez			12:55 Cedric Adams
12:45				
1:00	National Farm Home	Everett Holtes	Navy Hour	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15		Jerry & Skye	Roger Dann	Give and Take
1:30		Cumberland Valley		
1:45		Barn Dance		
2:00	Football	Football	Football	Football
2:15				
2:30				
2:45				
3:00				
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00				
4:15				
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Music	True or False	Tea and Crumpets	At the Chase
5:15	Herman Hickman	Ben Pollack Show	Club Time	Make Wa. For Youth
5:30	The Sport of Kings	Twin Views of the News		
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Albert Warner News	News From Washington
6:15	Bob Considine		Faith for the Future	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	Living, 1950	Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer	Sports Review
6:45		Helen Westbrook	Your Business	Larry Lesueur
7:00	Voices and Events	Football Review	Robert R. Nathan	Winner Take All
7:15		Twin Views of the News	Bert Andrews	
7:30	People Are Funny	Comedy of Error	Buzz Adlan's Playhouse	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Chamber Music of Lower Basin Street	Twenty Questions	Shoot the Moon	Gene Autry
8:15		Take a Number	Marry Go Round	Hopalong Cassidy
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Hawaii Calls	What Makes You Tick?	Gangbusters
9:15	Dennis Day	Lombardo Land	Can You Top This?	My Favorite Husband
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Sing It Again
10:15	Grand Ole Opry		Dixieland Jambake	
10:30				

* Heard in southern & west-central states



EILEEN WILSON—vocalist on Your Hit Parade was born in San Diego, California and received her A.B. degree from U. C. L. A. While attending college, she began singing over local stations. Skitch Henderson gave her a break on his radio show. She met husband Ray Kellogg while singing with Les Brown.

BREAK the BANK QUIZ



Bert Parks emceeds Break the Bank, Wed., 10 P.M. EST on NBC-TV. On radio, it is heard M-F, 11 A.M. EST, NBC, emceed by Bud Collyer. Both programs are sponsored by Bristol-Myers.

TV TESTING

- Who writes and stars as Molly in The Goldbergs?
- Who is the famous orchestra leader on Break The Bank?
- Who is the man that gives life to Kukla, Ollie and all the Kuklapolitan players?
- Who is the man and wife team behind Foodini, Pinhead and all the other Lucky Pup characters?
- Who is the producer of Studio One?
- Who is the famous motion picture director that directs Martin Kane, Private Eye?
- Who is the stage actor that plays Captain Video?
- Who is the famous stage and screen star that stars as the Private Eye in Man Against Crime?
- Who is the screen comedian that plays Rocky King in Rocky King, Inside Detective?
- Who is the famous stage star that plays Father Barber in One Man's Family?
- Who is the screen comedian that plays the hotel manager in Holiday Hotel?
- Who are the three regulars on This is Show Business?
- Who is the dead-pan comedian on Garroway at Large?

ANSWERS

- Gertrude Berg
- Peter Van Steeden
- Burr Tillstrom
- Hope & Mary Kay Bunin
- Edward Everett Horton
- Clifton Fadiman, George S. Kaufman, and Abe Burrows
- Cliff Norton
- Richard Coogan
- Eddie Sutherland
- Worthington (Tony) Miner
- Edward Everett Horton
- Bert Lyell
- Roscoe Karns
- Ralph Bellamy

SMART SETTING

*Set an
attractive table
every day—
your family is
as important
as company*

"There is no price tag on beauty and imagination!!!" That's what Carole Stupel, top authority in table decor, emphasized when she visited us as a Family Counselor guest recently.

Miss Stupel is a crusader for beauty, color, and comfort in every day table settings. She feels that American women show too little imagination with their settings. Not when company comes, of course, but for every day usage.

When I asked if interesting table settings were an expensive proposition, her reply was "Definitely not." The most important basic idea in lovely settings is correlation—correlating color, texture, and form.

Carole suggested using place mats in such unusual materials as raffia, plastic, and gilt-shot cloths. "And wicker, wood, pewter, and colorful ceramics all make for striking settings. An old pewter tea pot filled with garden flowers for a centerpiece is very effective."

I was interested in Carole's hints to the couple buying their first table wardrobe—on a budget. She said that if theirs is a limited amount of money set aside, then by all means select a lovely pottery service and at the same time select the glassware, flatware, linens and table decoration—all as a unit. Pottery, she added, is infinitely less than a china service, and in pottery one can achieve so much more drama.

One point Carole emphasized was: "Don't buy table settings separately if you can help it. You can pay as much as \$1000 for a set of service plates and then buy the most expensive linens and silver, but if selected independently, you usually end up with a hodge-podge. Price is no factor or criterion in achieving table glamor."

Carole's idea of good correlation, or "carolation" as she calls it, is to select a color in your mats and napkins that is picked up in the dinnerware pattern. Then follow through with your centerpiece, in the same color or a good contrasting shade.

In parting Carole said, "Mealtime—especially dinner, is one time of day when the family comes together as a unit. So make it a real occasion by having the right setting."



An inexpensive table setting can be just as pretty—and as effective—as one costing infinitely more, advised table decor authority Carole Stupel.

By **TERRY BURTON** • RADIO MIRROR for **BETTER LIVING**

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P.M. EST, CBS, Sponsored by General Foods.



Bobette Hilton—everyone notices her wonderful complexion—so very soft, fresh, clear!



Her Ring—
a star-sapphire,
diamond set

She's Engaged!

BOBETTE SLOAN HILTON of New York will be the bride of Frederick Stanton Wicks of Boston this fall. Right now, her days are filled with excitement—parties, gifts and plans! The plans include a bridal party of sixteen, a church wedding in picturesque Millbrook, New York, a wonderful reception at her family's country home there.

She's Lovely!

Just looking at Bobette's lovely face makes you feel the bright charm of her real Inner Self. For her face lets you see the completely *darling* girl she is. Her friendly, wide-set eyes, her flower-fresh complexion, her adorable smile—promise you that you will *like her very much indeed*.

She uses Pond's!

"When you look your best—you act your best," Bobette says

It's easier to be poised when you know you look your nicest. And, Bobette feels, a lovely complexion helps every girl's beauty score. "I love Pond's Cold Cream for face care. It cleans my face *extra* clean, *never dries it*, and keeps it soft," she says.

You, too, will find Pond's beauty care a magic treatment. Use it *every* night at bedtime (and mornings). *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl fluffy-soft Pond's Cold

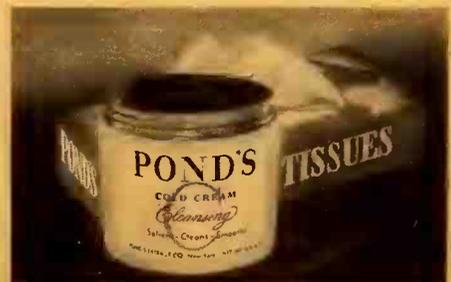
Cream all over your face to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Doesn't your face feel *super* clean, *extra* soft? And see how *glowing* you look!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. It sends a happy confidence winging out from the real you within, attracts people to you—on sight!



Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today

Start now to help your face show a lovelier you!

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 20)

heard, "Firing time—plus thirty seconds—plus twenty seconds—ten seconds—three seconds—two seconds—one second"—and then through the radio came the roar as the fourth atom bomb picked up Bikini Atoll and flung it to the skies in a writhing mushroom of flame and smoke. The full results of the experiment were not released to the public, but they were staggering enough to take Bernard Baruch to the newly formed United Nations with a plan to share our knowledge, destroy all existing bombs and cease manufacture of more, provided other countries would do the same and international control and inspection could be established. "We are here to choose between the quick and the dead," he said.

The offer could not have been stated more forcefully, but nothing happened. Instead, several new words came into the language. Speaking in this country on the radio, Winston Churchill used the words, "The Iron Curtain," for the first time. "Veto" took on international significance. Gromyko walked out of the United Nations for the first time. The "Cold War" was on.

The radio was full of campaign speeches. For the first time since 1928, the Republican party had a majority in both houses. New shows were *A Day in the Life of Dennis Day* and *Hi Jinx with Jinx Falkenberg and Tex McCrary*. Benny Goodman became the first international disc jockey when he was appointed Director of Popular Music for The Voice of America and did six broadcasts weekly, beamed overseas by short wave. The OPA ended and prices rose fast. That was one of the reasons that give-away shows had another immense boom. For the first time since before the war, goods for civilian consumption could be manufactured without restriction. Hundreds of manufacturers eagerly competed to supply items in return for free publicity. Some forty different companies supplied Queen for a Day with \$250,000 worth of prizes this year. *Bride and Groom*, featuring a real wedding on the air, gave away \$550,000 worth of stoves, refrigerators, washers, freezers, radios, watches, jewelry, cars, and the like. No wonder that a prize "broker" set up shop in Hollywood and made a good thing from taking over such unwieldy winnings as airplanes, boats and trailers.

1947: This was the year of the "new look," of droopy circular skirts, flowing cloaks and ballet slippers; the year of the flying saucers; the year Princess Elizabeth married Philip and Margaret Truman made her professional debut with the Detroit Symphony. Though all of these events were widely covered, the biggest news on the air was when General George C. Marshall, Secretary of State, speaking at Harvard on June 5 outlined the Marshall Plan for European Recovery that was to become law the following year.

The biggest change in radio was the concentration on sober sustaining documentary shows, notably a series on ABC dealing with such problems as under-payment of teachers, plight of displaced persons, slums, and communism in the U.S. for which the network won the highly prized Peabody Award.

The greatest novelty of the year was Helen Parkhurst's *A Child's World*, an

unrehearsed half hour show in which children from four to fourteen were led to discuss with staggering frankness such subjects as lying, stealing, running away, jealousy of a new baby, fear of death and ideas of God.

CBS bought The Housewives Protective League and Galen Drake's home-spun philosophy became nationally popular. The outstanding new humorist of the year was Abe Burrows, at last graduated from writing to monologue and the singing of his own weird ditties like "The Girl With The Three Blue Eyes."

1948: This was the year of bebop on the air. General Eisenhower meant it when he said "No." General MacArthur and Henry Wallace meant "Yes," and everybody was going to vote for Governor Dewey. Nobody paid much attention to the man who doggedly stumped the whistle stops and broadcast, "I'm Harry S. Truman. I work for the government and I'm out to keep my job." The Kinsey Report was a hotter topic. One of the *smallest* radio audiences known for such an event listened to the election returns. Even Truman was asleep in a Kansas City Hotel, but the next day he gave his now famous imitation of H. V. Kaltenborn, and the nation sang the new hit "Baby, It's Cold Outside" to the dismayed pollsters. There was big news in the news broadcasts. Israel was born, the Air lift to Berlin started, Whittaker Chambers opened his pumpkin. The air was packed with his charges against Alger Hiss and with the continuing Congressional investigations many of which had top listener appeal.

Phil Harris and Alice Faye started their own show featuring their home life and their little ones, a growing trend. Lassie took to the air. Vic Damone was a new rage with the bob-bysoxers. Ralph Edwards started *This is Your Life*, a staggering undertaking in which relatives and friends, flown to a central point from all parts of the country, reenacted scenes from the life of an individual who was supposed not to know a thing about the show until he heard it on the air. Good, too.

Bob Trout was firmly promoted to Robert Trout by NBC when he began a new quiz show, *Who Said That?* It had a wonderful new idea: his witty panel of experts didn't get prizes—they paid out ten dollars every time they missed a question!

Bert Parks emerged as an engaging new personality on *Stop the Music*, a show that mesmerized listeners with the size of its prizes. The first winner, a Mr. Reginald Turner, got \$17,000 in gifts.

The end of the year was marked by the departure of Amos 'n' Andy and Jack Benny from NBC to CBS, followed during the next year by Bing Crosby, Red Skelton and others.

1949: It was the year of love in the news. The romance of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini was the subject of many a broadcast bulletin and, after intensively reported romances, marriages were celebrated between Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan, Tyrone Power and Linda Christian, The Veep and Mrs. Hadley, Mayor O'Dwyer of New York and Sloan Simpson, Jimmy Stewart and Gloria McLean, Clark Gable and Lady Sylvia Ashley, Cary Grant and Betsy Drake. Even the perpetual

bachelor, Amos of Amos 'n' Andy succumbed to the trend and married Abigail. It was a clean sweep of all romantic possibilities when Dick Tracy eloped with Tess Truehart on December 24.

It was the year of canasta, of the Welfare State, of a brief but nationwide fever of Pyramid Clubs. Gargantua died. Everybody and his family went abroad. This included Lowell Thomas who went farther than most, broadcasting from the "forbidden city" of Lhasa and causing a concentration of public concern, unequalled since the "sinking" of the Seth Parker in the Pacific, when he broke his leg on the way out of Tibet. The main difference was that Thomas really did break himself, most severely in eight places, and only a few months ago was able to throw away his crutches, though his broadcasts have continued. Mary Margaret McBride's fifteenth anniversary on the air was celebrated with a rally of 42,648 fans in Yankee Stadium in New York. Frankie Laine and "Mule Train" became simultaneously famous. Every time you turned on the radio you heard "Some Enchanted Evening" and someone's imitation of Ezio Pinza's "you will meet a strainjoooooor . . ."

One of the memorable moments of the year in radio was when genial Arthur Godfrey had the good taste and courage to prove his studio audience in the middle of a broadcast. One of his guests was a distinguished authority on the atom bomb. The interview was dignified and informative. When some of the thoughtless youngsters in the studio, many of them fans of the engaging young soloist, Bill Lawrence, displayed a certain restiveness, Godfrey spoke up.

"I am not very happy about the reception you folks give to a serious discussion . . . if we can't be polite to a guest, there'll be no more audiences, at all, for these broadcasts!"

1950: Faint dots and dashes of wireless crossed the Atlantic for the first time in 1901. In 1919, the very first broadcasting for entertainment was heard when the experimental station 8XK in Pittsburgh played records twice weekly for the benefit of a hundred "hams" hired to check reception at various distances. It is only thirty years since the very first news program was broadcast in this country. It is only twenty-eight years since the first commercial sponsor took the air. Only twenty-five years ago, most radios were still being powered by storage batteries, coast-to-coast hook-ups were still quite a novelty, and there were vast reaches of the land where no broadcasts at all were available.

Today in the remotest forest or the deepest valley, we can choose from the fabulous flow of entertainment anything we want for the turn of a dial—symphony or serial, recipes or religion, comedy or congress, drama or news or bebop.

There is much to be proud of—the inventions that made it all possible, the enterprise that seized an idea and made it an industry, the rich talents that made that industry a success. We can be proud of radio's record in war and as an implement of public service, but most of all we can be proud that it remains free—a constant expression of our way of life.

My Bosses Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 61)

Louise Summa are the only people outside the paper business who have. I was still staring at it when the boys arrived for the day's work.

They lined up beside me and let out long, admiring whistles. Said Gosden, patting my shoulder, "We may not believe in ourselves, but it's plain that you think we're going to be in business a long time!"

Said Correll, removing a package of paper from one of the piles and striding into the private office, "One down—nine hundred and ninety-nine to go!"

However, I was young and eager. A few days later I decided I'd better tidy up a welter of old check stubs that were lurking in various unseemly places. A cursory investigation of these, plus a little questioning, supplied me with fascinating information that during the six years of partnership, from 1926 until 1932 when I came to work for them, the boys had never reconciled a single one of their monthly bank statements. They had simply deposited their money, withdrawn their salaries, and paid their expenses. Innocently they assumed, at that point, that they were at peace with the financial world. I spent months, in my "spare" time, tracing missing checks, correcting vagaries in addition and subtraction, and reconciling seventy-two bank statements!

I soon discovered, however, that even if Correll and Gosden might be a bit inefficient in small matters, they were doing just fine in general, thanks. I might have known that, even before I went to work for them, simply by their powers of persuasion.

It was in 1932—the depths of the depression—and I was working for an advertising company in Chicago. I saw the boys, who were even then a radio phenomenon, occasionally around the building where I worked. At one of these chance meetings they cornered me to ask, without emphasis, "How would you like to work for us?"

I said I didn't know offhand, but I'd think it over. A day or so later I telephoned to say that I would.

"Okay—how about coming to work tomorrow morning?"

That wasn't my idea of the ways things were done at all. I'd report on April 6th, I said.

I reported on March 28th. I've been that much ahead of myself ever since.

Those early days were hectic beyond belief—even without my contributions to efficiency. From 1928 until 1934 the boys did two original fifteen-minute broadcasts every day of the week, plus a third broadcast for the West Coast.

They had no writers. They did all the scripting themselves. Until they cornered me, they had no secretary. But they did have a routine, rough-and-ready but it worked: They reported for work mid-morning and—under normal circumstances—the rough draft of the script was complete in about two hours.

Part of this natural script-writing talent of theirs came from their early training. Freeman Gosden—Amos—was born in Richmond, Virginia, raised with a little Negro boy named Snowball. When mentally groping for an effective phrase or incident for the shows Gosden always asks himself

I just hated to wash work clothes until I tried Fels-Naptha Soap.



We've always used Fels-Naptha in my family. We like the way it washes.

Out of the mouths of Brides



Fels-Naptha's "sunshine" makes my sheets look whiter than new.



Tom fussed about his shirts till I washed them with Fels-Naptha.



Nothing washes clothes as clean as soap—Fels-Naptha, that is.



I like the clean smell of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



Gentle Fels-Naptha helps my hands stay soft and lovely.



MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO.



IMPROVED Fels-Naptha Soap

also makers of FELSOL, the new, White Instant Sudser

Women in Danger



An unusually sound and sensible article on how women can recognize sex criminals and what you can do to protect yourself against molestation and attack! Read this vital article which employs factual case histories to illustrate the twofold need for an informed community and instructions in self-defense for every woman

in November

True Story

Now On Newsstands

Other Exciting Stories and Articles

Don't Marry Me Off—When Mama is a determined matchmaker, watch out! A delightful tale of how to get your man despite an over-anxious mother.

I Am Waiting For My Darling—Disgraced and shamed, 16-year-old Sara runs away from home only to find there is love and kindness in the world after all.

I Didn't Sleep A Wink—The truth about insomnia and some down-to-earth practical advice on how to fall asleep.

Jack

Benny



Follow the fabulous life story of Jack Benny, the tailor's son from Waukegan, Illinois, whose name has been a household word for 15 years. Illustrated with a gorgeous full-color portrait of Jack and his wife, Mary Livingston.

Get November

True Story
ON NEWSSTANDS NOW

How would Snowball say that? How would he react? His memory of his little friend, along with other vivid boyhood memories, plus his wonderful understanding of the Negro people, have all been priceless to the boys.

Charlie Correll—Andy—planned, as a youngster, to go into business and prepared himself accordingly. He takes the most beautiful shorthand I've ever seen, and he's the fastest typist I've ever watched—I always suspect there are burned-out bearings when he's finished typing a script.

When the boys first moved into the Palmolive Building, in 1926, they cautiously contracted for one room, and at that begged out of signing a lease. Obviously, they didn't regard Amos 'n' Andy—or Sam 'n' Henry, as the characters were known in those days—as the institution they were about to become. But as the fame of the Fresh Air Taxi Company spread, the boys were compelled to branch out, add another room and then another and then another, until they found themselves—slightly dazed—in the suite of offices they occupied when I went to work.

Nowadays the boys' library boasts forty-nine bound volumes of scripts. They're a treasure—single-spaced, x-ed out here and there, penned in with plot lines and changes of mind, many of them showing traces of hair oil. In the old days, Gosden owned and operated an unbelievably thick thatch of extremely curly hair. It was his ambition to find a means of making it lie sleek as a panther's coat. In order to keep the mop even somewhat under control the process was to wet his hair, apply liberal hair-dressing, put on a skull cap.

Whenever Gosden emerged from the office he'd sweep off this cap and stuff it into his right rear pocket—where he also kept, neatly folded, his script for that day. The script came out of the pocket folded, no longer neat.

(Nowadays Gosden is as troubled by receding hair as he once was by a too-bountiful supply. Charlie kids him about it—and Charlie can afford to, because his wavy hair has merely grown wavier, has turned the grey that is always termed "distinguished," and has stuck by him in unabated quantities.)

If you're old enough to remember 1933, you'll also remember that it was a year of terrifying conditions: millions were out of work, banks were closing left and right, panic was something that walked beside us as we passed the corner where an ex-corporation president sold apples. In the midst of this troubled time the boys worked up the program I speak of, based on a story published by a Chicago advertising agency. It concerned the life of a boy of humble background, whose future was without one ray of promise. His childhood was a battle with hunger and cold, without any advantages except for the things his mother could teach him. By his own efforts, he finally earned a law degree and for seven years afterwards worked like a slave to get together enough money to go into law practice. At the end of the seven years he lost everything. The girl he loved died. His first law partner drank away the income from their joint venture.

Every time Gosden, in rehearsal, came to the final, triumphant last line, "This, my friend, was Abraham Lincoln," his voice broke. For hours he paced the office floor reading the script, trying, by familiarity, to overcome the choking emotion which flooded him.

Gosden, too, has one program that touches his heart more than any other

—in his case one which is repeated each year: the traditional Christmas program, explaining the Lord's Prayer.

When people ask me, as of course they do, what the boys are like off the air, I can only say—like *that*. Good, kind, generous, and sentimental.

Both are great family men. Gosden has three children. The eldest, Freeman Jr., was graduated from Princeton last June. His daughter, Virginia, is a graduate of Bradford Junior College. These are the children of his first wife, who died in 1942. Several years later Gosden married Jane Stoneham, and they have a delightful baby boy whose name is Craig Leigh Gosden.

The Correll family is larger. There are five youngsters: Dorothy, ten; Barbara, eight; Charles Jr., six; Jackie, four; Richard, two. They've also "adopted" a little French war orphan, taking on responsibility for her care and education. When they were recently in France, the Corrells had a wonderful time getting acquainted.

Between the boys' sentimental love of holidays and their large families, our offices on occasion look more like a gift shop than a place of business. At Christmas toys must be hidden at the office lest the children lay eyes on them ahead of time. But even at off-seasons we have our share of odd items.

I hope to heaven the boys never develop an interest in lions, alligators or other hand-out presents equipped with teeth. The nearest to such an emergency was the time Gosden shipped a black bear cub from Alaska to Frank Buck, with a telegram which read: "If you're afraid to open this our secretary, Louise, will do it for you!"

Gosden—"The Dapper Mr. Gosden" he's known as—is extremely style-conscious in his own masculine way. His greatest enthusiasm is for comfort combined with flair, and not long ago he found these two ideally mated in a sportshirt made of batiste, soft and cool as a handkerchief. He promptly bought a half dozen. By nightfall he had only one—the one on his back—left. He'd given the others away. The next morning he purchased six more and sent them, air express, to as many friends who "needed" just such a shirt. As I'm writing this the give-away count on these shirts is in the thirties.

As you can see, our office isn't strictly business—at least, not in the way that one thinks of "strictly business" in connection with a bank, say, or an insurance company. Something extra-curricular is always going on, year 'round. But on holidays and other special occasions we take on a carnival air.

There's Charlie Correll's birthday, for instance. No one likes to have people around him more than Charlie does, and there's no day on which he enjoys people more than on his birthday. Give him a piano—at which he's expert—a crowd to sing along with him, and he can ask for no more. Of course there's cake to be eaten, toasts to be made. It's the toast of Freeman Gosden, Charlie's long-time partner, which always tops them all—in sentiment, in seriousness, in warm expression of the deep regard the boys have for each other. Each year the toast is different, but always it is the final one, always it sums up and reaffirms what the others have said. And always it speaks, in one wording or another, of the basis on which this truly great team was founded and has lasted: *we are two parts of one partnership, but more important, two parts of one fine friendship, always have been, always will be.*

A Woman to Remember—

(Continued from page 39)

considered an accident from heaven. To comfort his young friend, the editor printed her story—*The Flower Girl of New York* by Louella Oettinger. Contemplating the miracle on a bed of pain, her spirit soared into dizzying space. She was now a writer.

That conviction remained undimmed. Manuscripts might come shooting back as fast as she mailed them. Next day she'd be pouring her heart into another. Her family might laugh, and did, waiting for her to get over it like the measles. Their skepticism hurt her, but never grazed her faith. The outward details of life made small impact on her. She'd been too young when her father died to remember him clearly. Her mother, brother, and a brood of close kinfolk formed a background of warmth which she took for granted. When they moved to Dixon, she scarcely noted the change. Her real life was with the people she created, among whom walked Louella, heroine-in-chief.

Dixon, nevertheless, marked a turning point. Weary of being nagged for a job, the editor of the *Dixon Star* forked out five dollars a week and put her to work during summer vacations. She covered music, society and ran off her willing legs as errand girl. More important, she made a discovery: that the lush figures she dreamed up weren't as fascinating as the Smiths and Joneses. This was a lesson she never forgot.

A beauty at sixteen, she was ripe for love as any other romantic adolescent. At seventeen, she stood in her mother's parlor and married John Parsons, Dixon's most eligible bachelor. The happiest outcome of that marriage was her daughter Harriet. Louella blames neither herself nor her much older husband for the fact that they drifted apart. If there must be a villain, call it the difference in age which made for too great a difference in viewpoint. They were never divorced. John Parsons went to war. From the hospital at St. Nazaire he wrote many letters, looking forward to his return and perhaps a new beginning with his wife. But he died on the ship bringing him home.

Louella doesn't lie about her age. With complete good humor and equal firmness, she merely refuses to give it. So let's say she arrived in Chicago one anonymous day, bag, baggage and baby, and landed a newspaper job on the *Tribune* at nine dollars a week. Her assets were courage, curiosity, a tremendous zest for life and the vitality of ten. She gained others along the way, but those she started with she's never lost.

There was a brief but valuable interlude at Essanay, where she read manuscripts, wrote scenarios and formed some of the friendships with youngsters as green as herself, who were to become top Hollywood stars and executives. Yet, exciting though Essanay might be, it had one great drawback: it wasn't a newspaper. Louella hired herself to the *Herald*. Having gone through the Essanay mill made her an expert. She produced a series of articles on *How to Write for the Movies*, which some misguided publisher put between covers. This sent her head spinning with fresh inspiration. "How about a movie gossip column?" she inquired

ARE YOU A MODERN MOTHER WHO CAN FRANKLY TELL YOUR DAUGHTER These Intimate Physical Facts?



IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU
THINK I SHOULD KNOW BEFORE
GETTING MARRIED, MOM?

YES, DEAR, REMEMBER
THERE'S A WOMANLY
OFFENSE GRAVER THAN
BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR

Isn't it a comfort in this modern age for a mother to be able to speak frankly and openly to her daughter about hygiene (internal cleanliness). And of course a modern mother keeps up to date and is able to tell her daughter why she should always put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for health, womanly charm, after her periods and especially to follow this practice in her married life ahead.

She must make her daughter realize there's an offensive odor graver than bad breath or body odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

And isn't it reassuring for a daughter to know: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE.*

A Modern Miracle!

Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solu-

tions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

Developed by a world-famous surgeon and scientist—the ZONITE principle was the first in the world that was powerful enough yet positively non-irritating, non-poisonous. You can use ZONITE as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It gives external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy ZONITE today!

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For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-110, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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FOR NEWER
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R
M

Is Your Daughter a STAY-AT-HOME Because of Periodic Pain?



(Have you told her
about Midol?)

No modern girl need "stay at home", miss parties and break dates because of the time of month. Midol has changed all that by bringing quick comfort from menstrual suffering.

MIDOL RELIEVES HEADACHE

Midol brings amazingly fast relief from menstrual headache because it contains two highly effective, proven medical ingredients that are often prescribed by many doctors.



MIDOL EASES CRAMPS...

Midol contains an exclusive anti-spasmodic ingredient which quickly eases cramps. Even women who have suffered severely report that Midol brings quick comfort. And Midol does not interfere in any way with the natural menstrual process.



MIDOL CHASES "BLUES"

The mild stimulant in Midol helps lift her out of the depression and "blues" which often attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it *in time*. She'll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.



MIDOL
is the Thing to Take for
FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN



FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. B-110, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

of her boss. "You know—what they're like off the screen, where they go, what they do—"

"Might try it. Use your byline. We'll start you at forty-five dollars a week—"

That's how movie gossip columns were born, and how Miss Parsons achieved the upper brackets. No more need to worry about Harriet, the lode-star of her mother's existence. She loved her work, yes, but she worked first of all for love of Harriet. Harriet must have the best. Whatever she'd missed, Harriet mustn't miss a thing.

The column proved popular. Louella had learned her creed well: your first loyalty's to the paper and you stick on the scent of a story till you track it down. But you never reveal a confidential source and whatever's said off the record stays off the record, so that you bury more stories than you write even if it kills you. Harriet thrived, life was gay. And to cap the climax, Louella was being sent on her first trip to New York to cover the Motion Picture Ball—all expenses paid, including a thirty-five dollar evening gown. From this high adventure she returned to discover that the *Herald* was dying. Hearst's *Chicago Examiner* was taking over. Stunned and disbelieving, she stood at the office window, staring sightlessly down at the rain-drenched street. Dick Little joined her. He'd been the paper's brilliant dramatic critic and her own good friend. A milkman hove into view, and out of his bitterness Dick spoke, "See that guy, Louella? Well, go take his job—scrub floors, wash dishes, anything—only don't ever work for Hearst—"

She didn't, at first. And when she did, it was almost against her will. Decision Number One, after she'd picked up the pieces, was to head for New York. Train fare melted her capital down to twenty dollars, but brother Ed and his wife took the pilgrims in. Louella's idea was to sell her column to W. E. Lewis of the *Morning Telegraph*. She did.

On the old *Telegraph*, Louella flourished. Presently she was made motion picture editor, her salary mounting to one hundred and ten dollars. A large section of it went in rent for a pleasant apartment, and in fees to the school which Harriet attended. But twice and ten times the sum would have dribbled through her fingers—and did, in time. She was born with two talents—earning money and spending it. That she can't hang on to the stuff doesn't bother her. Neither can she take it along.

Louella met Hearst through Marion Davies. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" presented Davies as a come-

dienne and made her a star. Along with most of her co-reviewers, Louella said so. To counteract any effect of sweetness and light, she then proceeded to give Hearst a piece of her mind. Why, she demanded in a Sunday editorial, did he keep bragging about the money that went into his productions? Talent, she informed him, could be pulverized under mere mountains of gold. Having dusted him off, she felt pleased with herself and went on home.

A few days later she was to speak at an exhibitors' dinner. Marion called to ask if she might go along. This startled Louella, since they weren't that good friends, but of course she agreed. She was due to be further startled. Marion arrived with an escort to pick her up. The escort was none other than that braggart, William Randolph Hearst.

For once, Miss Parsons was speechless. So, for his own good reasons, was Mr. Hearst. In the car, Marion talked for all three. As they neared their destination, Louella's eye fluttered helplessly toward the man in the corner. He smiled. "I liked your editorial. You ought to write more of them—"

Their second encounter proved still more unnerving. Through one of his executives, Hearst invited her to dinner, which could mean just one thing. She didn't like it. The *Telegraph* had come to be home and haven, and she clung to it now like a kid to its mother's skirt. Dick Little's voice rang in her ears: "Never work for Hearst—" All right, she'd play it smart. She'd ask for so much money that he'd laugh in her face.

She asked for two hundred and fifty dollars. He agreed. Caught in her own net, she flailed wildly around for an out. "I can't possibly sign the form contract. I'll have to see a lawyer—" Again he agreed. The contract Louella came up with was a honey—stuffed with demands like a chocolate bar with peanuts. Hearst refused to sign it. Parsons went happily on her way for the *Telegraph*, using the contract as scratch paper. After an out-of-town trip, Hearst sent for her again. She arrived complete with contract, and laid it on his desk, lipstick smears, scribbles and all. Making no comment, he picked up a pen and signed it. Then he eyed her gravely. "Miss Parsons, I'm disappointed in you. There's one thing you neglected to ask for. Hairpins—"

Like Louella's previous employers, Hearst became a friend as well. How good a friend, Louella was to learn in a dark hour. The years flew by. Harriet entered Wellesley. Louella, working her head off, was happy in her work. Her

"Refreshing"

• No make-believe here! That's why "My True Story" Radio Program is so often called a "refreshingly different show." These real-life dramas, picked from the files of True Story Magazine, give you a further insight into life. You'll readily recognize situations which your closest friends, and even you, may have to face—and be interested in their solutions. A complete story every day, Monday through Friday.

TUNE IN

"My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS



social and professional life blended into one. What happened at parties became grist for next day's column. Sleep was something you snatched between times, and if it was only a couple of hours, who cared? Forever on the run, forever on deadline, the routine would have taxed an iron constitution. Louella took it for granted that hers was steel. Even though she, who'd never been tired, grew tired. Even though a stupid cough hung on and on. The less attention you paid to such nonsense, the better. One Election Day she could hardly find the strength to dress. Nevertheless, she dressed, went to a luncheon, voted for Jimmy Walker, waltzed off to a party and returned to the office. Alone at her desk, a cough seized and racked her body and, before it was done, brought her bright world to a standstill. She'd had a hemorrhage.

Others followed. For a week she tried to keep this agony to herself. Dazed and shaken, her logic was still her own. To meet the bills, she must go on working. To go on working, she mustn't let anyone know. There was just one flaw in her scheme. Tuberculosis is rarely a reticent disease. At a dinner party given by Mr. Hearst, Louella collapsed. Frances and Sam Goldwyn took her home. All night she walked the floor of her bedroom, and in every corner met the faces of death and despair.

From the start Louella had liked and admired Hearst. But the deep devotion, the rockribbed loyalty that has never flagged through the years, stemmed from a phone call he made her the following morning. "You're discharged, Louella. On full salary, of course. Until you're completely well—"

If ever a rope was flung to a drowning swimmer, this was it. Hearst made

all the arrangements. He insisted on her going to Colton, California, where Jimmy Swinnerton, his pet cartoonist, had recovered from t.b. He sent train tickets for herself and Harriet, a frightened youngster hastily summoned from Wellesley and told by some kind informant that her mother couldn't live. At first, Louella seemed too exhausted to care, but as strength began oozing back, she began to fight. Her salary checks arrived on the dot. Messages of cheer streamed across the continent from the Chief, determined to free her of every obligation but getting well.

It took about a year, with the help of rest, peace of mind and a mild climate. Louella sent Harriet packing back to Wellesley and telephoned her boss. "I've got my release. I'm coming back to New York—"

His answer bounced her back on her own springs. "If you want to please me, Louella, you'll go to Hollywood. The winters here wouldn't do you any good. Besides, you belong where the movies are, and they're in California—"

"But what about my column?"
"We'll syndicate your column," said Mr. Hearst.

The story of Louella in Hollywood is the story of Louella in New York, only more so. Her column, syndicated, spread wherever movie news is devoured—through the country, through Europe and the world. As the industry grew in importance, other columns popped like corn in a popper. They've been good, bad and indifferent. But no Hollywood byline has ever approached the magic of Louella O. Parsons.

For this eminence she's slaved, and continues to slave. You don't keep the crown in a fiercely competitive game by resting on your laurels. She goes after

stories today with unjaded gusto—and the sixth sense she's acquired through years at her trade. Long before the woes of Shirley Temple and John Agar were so much as whispered, she saw them dancing at Ciro's cheek to cheek. "I have a hunch they're not getting along," she said almost absently.

Her companion wondered if she'd gone out of her mind. "They're practically smooching right under your nose—"

"That's the point. It's not like them. They're trying too hard—" She turned out to be right. It's happened too often to be called guesswork.

A true newspaper woman, she draws the line between rumor and fact, checks every story, and prefers the direct method. Only a docile telephone wire separates Miss Parsons from the stars. "Did I get you out of bed, dear?" she'll inquire blandly. "Are you suing for divorce?" Throwing the question fast, she catches them off guard.

To a layman, this may sound like invasion of privacy. To a reporter, it's getting the news. Moreover, by checking, she protects the players. Hard-pressed writers have been known to fill up space with imaginary tidbits. "Why?" scream the victims. "All you had to do was pick up a phone and call—" This complaint has never been hurled at Louella. She picks up the phone.

As far back as 1931, her name was potent enough for the Sunkist Orange Company to sponsor her on a fifteen-minute radio program—ten minutes for an interview with some star, five minutes for commercials and music by Raymond Paige. "I chose the material," she recalls, "I wrote the scripts, I produced the shows—which will give you a general idea of how bad they were—" At

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JOAN LANSING

This is discovery month, gals! Old Chris Columbus crossed the oceans blue in 1492 and discovered America and all its pleasures. Well, all YOU have to do to discover America(n) is cross the room, turn the radio dial and let yourself relax to the greatest "discoveries" in pleasurable listening.

Yes, ma'am, there's a treasure of wealth on the American Broadcasting Company—and through your local station you can enjoy the "riches" of great programming. Just take Thursday night, for instance.

At 7:30 PM (EST) JACK ARMSTRONG, the famous young man of heroic action, is heard in an exciting new series, **ARMSTRONG OF THE S.B.I.** You'll find JACK engaged in scientific adventure on Tuesdays as well as Thursdays . . . a double treat from General Mills.

Another ABC Thursday-discovery is **SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS**, the most fabulous show in dramatic radio, now presented on your local station for a full hour, 8-9 PM (EST). The greatest stars of Hollywood fame lend their considerable talents to **SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS**, appearing in thrilling dramatizations of well-known screen stories. Here is a program of diamond-studded brightness. You'll be missing a real treasure-trove if you don't discover **SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS** by NEXT Thursday!

Next in this luminous line-up is the biggest "discovery" of them all . . . the program that specializes in exploring talent. **ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR**, heard on your local ABC station at 9 PM (EST), has zoomed many an unknown into the star-spotlight of fame and fortune. Wonderful **TED MACK**, of course, is staunchly in back of every **ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR** performer in Old Gold's treasure-of-a-program!

Coming up at 9:45 PM (EST), via your local American Broadcasting Company station, is **ROBERT MONTGOMERY** . . . speaking on events that make news of today and tomorrow. This outstanding commentator has been in on many an astonishing news "discovery" . . . which he doesn't keep under his hat (even though it's a Lee) but passes right along to you every Thursday night.

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

the time, however, that program was her baby and she loved it. She loved it so dearly that she saw no good reason for Paige. So she'd go on talking, and leave him standing there. But Paige was no dope either. One day he sneaked the sound men to another studio, and had her cut off in the middle of a breezy chat with Connie Bennett. "What you should have done," she told him in retrospect, "was to clout me over the head—"

Sunkist was followed by Charis Corset and then by the famous Hollywood Hotel, which ran so successfully for four years that Campbell's Soup had to build a new factory to take care of the orders. And with every year, Louella grew more unhappy.

The producer was good but wildly temperamental. From where he sat, Hollywood Hotel was the only broadcast on the air. Each program had to be more colossal than the last. To get results, he used the yelling system, shattering his own nerves and everyone else's. Dick Powell, who combined the jobs of emcee and star soloist, couldn't take it. Their battles still ring down the annals of radio history. In the end, the producer yelled his emcee right off the show.

Originally, Louella's part of the program consisted of a news period plus the preview of some unreleased picture. It happened that between Christmas and the New Year, Lowell Sherman died. As a reporter, Louella put this item on the air. As a friend, she commented on the tragedy of Sherman's sudden death. As a realistic human who knows that men die and millions of lives go on, she wished her audience a happy new year.

"It was one of my worst boners," she explains sadly. Few of her audience knew Sherman. Most of them doubtless wished themselves a happy new year. But sensitive feelings were shocked by this bracketing of death and happiness. A storm of protest went up, and the foot of the sponsor came down. No more news, he decreed. If people died, that was their own business. He wouldn't have them injected into an entertainment show.

Louella found her air time shaved down to sixty seconds of introduction. Off the air, her job was more exacting but equally thankless. She was supposed to bring the stars in, and did—though not, as the story goes, through bullying and threats. It hadn't been her idea to get them for nothing, and it made her miserable. With little to do on the program, Louella felt more and more that her name was being used as a decoy. Her sympathies lay with the actors who didn't get paid. Yet, short of paying them out of her own pocket—which she couldn't afford and they wouldn't have accepted—the situation was beyond her power to mend. She remained the whipping-girl. Studios and sponsors are impersonal things. It was more fun to snipe at a concrete Louella. From every broadcast, she returned deeper in the dumps. Till someone said, "Why not get off it—" And she wondered why that sweet solution hadn't occurred to her a lot earlier.

Louella vowed herself a vow. "Never again, unless it's my own show and I can do it my own way. Never again, unless the guests are paid—" The Louella Parsons Show is her own show. She does it her own way—with news and interviews. The guests are paid.

The rise of the show has been due to a number of factors, including Louella's zeal for self-improvement and the de-

voted teamwork of her staff. She herself hands much of the credit to Dick Diggs. "I've had lots of producers, but never one who gave me such confidence in myself as he does—" Watching them at work, this becomes understandable. Diggs has authority without self-assertiveness. He's there for one purpose—to help make the show good. Recording an interview between Parsons and Betty Hutton, he went over and over it to establish the right relationship in their voices. Asked why, he explained: "Betty must be loud, but she can't drown Louella out. This is Louella's show—"

It used to be that they had to sell stars the program. Now they can pick and choose. Plenty of thought goes into each selection. "The day's past," says Louella, "when you could burble, 'Darling, you look so beautiful,' and expect the hearers to palpitate—" They like guests with ideas. Cary Grant expressed himself candidly on bad manners in fans. Gregory Peck aired his views on the hurtfulness of censorship. Spencer Tracy spoke not only of the John Tracy Clinic, but of the scholastic honors won by his handicapped son. This brought letters of hope from mothers of deaf children all over the country.

Louella calls Claudette Colbert her lucky star. She was first guest on both Hollywood Hotel and the Woodbury show, providing moral support each time. "You're so frightened, Louella, that I can't be frightened myself—" Bing Crosby's been a Christmas visitor for the past three years, and once he and Louella between them almost snared Dixie, his wife. The flight to Pebble Beach was all arranged, when Dixie phoned. "I can't, Louella. Suppose I blew my lines! Think how ashamed Bing and the boys would be. Please call it off, I'm too scared—" Louella called it off.

Rita Hayworth provided Louella's most jittery moment. She's been as close to Rita as anyone—the only newspaper person invited to her wedding. Before the marriage, while Aly was over here, an interview had been scheduled. Though the newspapers blared their names, Rita turned coy, refusing to mention the man's existence. With the sponsor's hot breath down her neck and Miss Hayworth suddenly inaccessible, Louella called the studio. "Let's just skip the whole thing—" Two minutes later, Rita was on the phone. A compromise was effected. Louella could mention Aly, Rita wouldn't. Looking back, Louella doesn't blame her. "Why take a chance on displeasing your prince?"

One broadcast she'll never forget featured Ethel Barrymore and John, Junior. That his aunt believes in her nephew goes without saying. But she holds with no truck about inherited glamor. In the Barrymore book, what you get, you earn—

"I don't ever expect to be as good as my father," said young John . . .

Came the briefest pause, unmarked in the script. Only Louella could see Miss Barrymore's eyes, filling with memories of the brother she'd adored. Then the matchless voice spoke, tender and proud and sorrowful. "No one will be as good as your father—"

Tears stung Louella's throat. Nor was hers the only throat thus affected.

Reader-listeners who don't know her are apt to think of Louella Parsons as a voice on the air, a name in the newspaper, without a home-life existence. That's so wrong. The year before she

bowed on radio, a more significant factor entered Louella's life. On January 4, 1930, she and Dr. Harry Martin, an Irishman of wit and charm, married for love. It's been love ever since. Brazenly they hold hands in nightclubs while the band plays their favorite tune: "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby." As a matter of fact, he still calls her baby, though this she's diffident to admit. About her marriage she feels only one regret. "I wish we might have met earlier," she says wistfully, "and had children. Docky's crazy about children—"

It was he who nicknamed her Lolly, and from him it's all right. Otherwise, it jars on her—especially from people she hardly knows. In a town of first names at first sight, Louella keeps a touch of old-fashioned formality. She learned manners from her mother who taught her that being late is a breach of etiquette and that one is courteous, but never familiar with strangers. (Her mother, by the way, didn't think too highly of movies. On learning that her daughter had entered the field, she offered a suggestion. "Can't you just say you're writing for magazines?")

Louella's energy continues unabated. One day, after finishing her column, she appeared at the studio, did a radio spot with four newcomers, took time out to have an aching throat sprayed, drove to Alan Ladd's for a Christmas interview, dictated a story in the car on Clark Gable's marriage, went home to have dinner with her husband who was ill, then on to a party. She gets her best material at parties, and folks rib her about it. They insist that she says, "Any news?" before saying hello. Louella insists that she says hello first.

Several years ago, for the first time since her t.b. siege, she began feeling tired again. Doctors found that her blood count was very low and that she was bleeding internally from a diaphragmatic rupture. An operation was indicated.

"Pooh!" said Louella. "Too many people get operated at the drop of a hat—" She agreed to blood transfusions. These would help for a while, then exhaustion set in once more. Another woman would have been flat on her back. This one stayed on her normal schedule, which would have killed a normal horse. Till her husband raged: "For a woman who's supposed to have sense, you're a stubborn mule. I'm taking you to Dr. Johnny Jones tomorrow—"

After the examination, Dr. Jones said. "If you were my wife, you'd be on the train tonight for the Mayo Clinic—"

Louella declined the Mayo Clinic with thanks. If she had to be operated on, let Dr. Jones do it. He explained the risks: the stomach would have to be moved and a lung collapsed; she wasn't as young as she had been. Doggedly Louella maintained her faith in God and Dr. Jones. The latter sent for an Eastern consultant. They put her to bed for a month and built her corpuscles up. Just before going under the anesthetic, she murmured: "Don't forget St. Teresa—" This referred to the medal she wore round her neck. As someone was about to remove it, her husband stepped in. "If she wants it on, she's going to keep it on—" And he tied it round her ankle.

The operation was successful and the patient lived, though she stayed off the air five months that year—a silly piece of self-indulgence, to hear her tell it. Today, far from being slowed down, she



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wears her juniors out. With radio, seven columns a week, special news stories running from five hundred words to ten thousand, monthly contributions to three magazines, the dynamo works at top speed.

She needs only six hours' sleep, and can do with less. Two rooms in her home comprise the offices. Long before the arrival of the kids, as she calls them, she's hard at work. The kids are Dorothy Manners, her assistant, Doty May and Virginia Boyle, her secretaries, Earl Donovan, reviewer. At ten, Neil Rau, her legman, calls. Till one-thirty the place is a madhouse, with three phones going at once. Lunch for five is served on trays—naturally, at Louella's expense. Through all the hurlyburly, she dictates or writes. The house could be burning down and, as a trained journalist, she'd still write. By the time the column's put on the teletype, the kids are flopping around with their tongues hanging out. Louella's just getting her second wind.

Much has been said about her grammatical blunders. Nobody bothers to mention that she works under heavy pressure to meet a daily deadline, which alone could account for any number of slips. To Parsons, the story's the thing. She's never pretended to be a master of prose. She is, in fact, downright humble about her style and will take criticism from anyone. A messenger boy, coming in while she dictates, may wrinkle his nose. "Terrible, huh?" says Miss Parsons. "I'll write it over—"

The one thing she does pride herself on is being Hollywood's ace reporter. Her position as such has never been faintly challenged. She still goes after a story like a bloodhound, pointing out that "as long as you're a newspaper person, you've got to. The minute you let up, you're licked. I expect to fight for stories to my dying day. But maybe," she smiles, "without yelling so much. My throat won't let me—"

It's true that she'll battle through hell and highwater for a scoop. It's true that she suffers over her rare failures. It's not true that, if the scoop goes elsewhere, she's your enemy for life. "Life's too short to be cluttered up with enemies. I may bawl them out, but it's nothing personal. My notion is, get 'em told and forget about it—" This notion was illustrated one day when she ripped Susan Hayward up and down the phone. Later, she sailed over to Romanoff's for lunch. There sat Miss Hayward. "Hello, Susie," smiled Louella. Susie nodded. Louella's face took on a puzzled look. She turned to Dorothy Manners. "D'you think she was a little cool to me?" With the phone conversation still hot in her ears, Dorothy broke up.

She has no patience with the much-touted Hopper feud. "The idea of two women at each other's throats revolts me. I'm sure Hedda's as sick of the whole business as I am." They've never been intimates, and aren't now. But they're on easy terms—or would be, if the hecklers quit heckling. When Hopper gave a tea for Mrs. James Patterson, Parsons went. When Parsons had a bad throat, Hopper called with friendly advice.

Louella's quickness to spare others' feelings may be partly due to the fact that her own have been so frequently mauled. She knows well enough what it means to be attacked. This story is no apology for Louella. She doesn't need one. The potshots are on the picayune side. Her vagueness, for instance. She's about as vague as the Empire State Building. Her gaze may go forward, but she still doesn't miss a trick. Certainly, her beloved Harriet's affairs are of paramount concern to her. Yet even Harriet's been known to blow up. "Mother, you're not listening. You haven't heard a word—"

"Haven't I?" And Mother spins right back at her every word she's said. Louella's so-called vagueness is merely a spectacular ability to keep her mind on six different things at once.

It likewise becomes a bit tiresome to hear about all the presents she gets for Christmas. The practice of sending Christmas gifts to the press started long before Louella appeared on the scene. She didn't initiate and doesn't control it. What they don't publicize is that she gives as good and better than she gets. Her annual gift list is a pain in the neck to her business manager. But gifts are for friends. If some player she doesn't know seeks to ingratiate himself through a Christmas token, his money's ill spent. Nothing irks her more than the foolish assumption that she can be bought.

Because she's been so often and so thoroughly panned in print, Louella is all-out-of-proportion grateful for recognition in print. Last season, reader-listeners of RADIO MIRROR chose her their favorite woman commentator in the annual RADIO MIRROR Awards poll. The presentation, made on her broadcast, left Louella glowing and somewhat bemused. Her smile, believe it or not, held the kind of shy pleasure you see in a child. Later, as she was going on to a dinner date, someone offered to take charge of the Awards scroll for her, "No thank you," said Louella. "I wouldn't be parted from it!"

If Louella has been—and she must have been—hurt by the ceaseless jabbing of critics, professional and self-constituted, she's kept the hurt well hidden and taken most of the jabs good-humoredly. As a public figure she considers herself fair game. Only when she's hit below the belt does she fight back. And if anyone tries to get at her through Harriet or Ducky, the gloves are off and no holds barred.

She has enemies of course. No woman in her spot could please everyone and keep that spot. But her detractors are mostly the rumor-and-hearsay boys. Those who know her, know her as a warmhearted, lovable person with her fair share of foibles and more than her share of generosity. Very few people leave Louella's employ. One secretary shed bitter tears because her husband insisted that she quit to keep house.

To Collins, her butler, Louella's the world with a fence around it. Nobody knows just how long he's been with her, since they both keep adding on years to make him sound like a family re-

RADIO MIRROR DAYTIME FASHIONS: Pages 46, 47*

*If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where RADIO MIRROR Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers, listed below:

Wool and rayon check dress: Nali Bee, 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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tainer from way back. As a retainer, Collins feels he has the right to boss her. He disapproves of her diets, and sneaks butter on her eggs when the cook's not looking. Sometimes he disapproves of the people she visits. Once, while her husband was away, she had a dinner date that Collins tried to talk her out of. "They say the lady's loose, Mrs. Martin. The doctor wouldn't like it—" She told him he could call for her at the safe hour of eleven. He arrived at ten and waited within the hallway, which is not his custom.

In the seventeen years of association with Dorothy Manners, they've had words just once—a record made more notable by the fact that Manners is another positive character. Their words rose from the Chaplin-Barry paternity case:

"I don't think he's the father," said Louella.

"I do," said Dorothy.

"You know nothing about it," snapped Louella.

"I can still have my opinion," snapped Dorothy back.

On her desk next morning she found six pairs of stockings and a bottle of her favorite perfume. On the typewriter sat a note in the boss's execrable typing, all hashed up with crosses and asterisks. "Are you mad at me?"

Her lavish way with a dollar drives her business manager crazy. She regards him as a combination watchdog and revenue agent. When he says there's no money in the bank, she thinks he's bluffing and calls up to find out. Once she asked him for a large sum of cash. He said she couldn't have it. "I'll fix him," she thought, and drew a five thousand-dollar-bond out of the vault. To her intense amazement, he hit the ceiling at this maneuver, and quit. It took all her wiles to lure him back.

She's a good cook and likes to brag about it. On occasion, she'll go farther. One noon she took her staff to lunch in the American Room at the Brown Derby. "Oh, that reminds me. I cooked the most marvelous spaghetti for Dicky last night—" All afire, she launched into details, down to the last ingredients and how she'd mixed them.

When the head chef looked in: "Hello, Miss Parsons. How was the spaghetti I sent over last night?"

Caught dead to rights, Louella's laugh rose louder than all the rest.

The great and serious ambition of her life was to give Harriet college training, because she'd felt the lack of it herself. Now it pays off in more ways than one. To her mother, Harriet's the source of infallible knowledge. She knows more than the books. Let some question arise in the Parsons office, and at RKO a certain phone will ring. "Darling, how do you spell juxtaposition?" Harriet, a busy producer, may be in conference with eleven guys. Her mother could of course look up the word. So could Dorothy, Virginia or Dotty May. But none of them would deny Louella the bang she gets out of asking her daughter.

You don't even have to know Louella well to like her. For the first time you may be attending an industry dinner, where Miss Parsons is scheduled to speak. She gets up. Her eyes sweep the tables, graced by lovely glamorous creatures whose job includes glamor and loveliness. Her smile takes them all in. "Well," she begins, "as the youngest and prettiest woman in the room—" And the house comes down. That's Louella's. Exclusive.

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How to Win Contests

(Continued from page 29)

pump and this golden largess cascades out in a steady stream of homes, travel trips and cruises, automobiles, fur coats, television sets, automatic washers, refrigerators, ranges, radios, toasters, bikes, roller skates, movie passes and, last but not least, cash awards. There are some two hundred national contests each year, paying off about ten million in cash and merchandise prizes. There are many times that many local and regional contests. In these, the prizes are not as large but your chances of winning are better.

Where do the prizes go? They go everywhere; North, East, South and West; farm, small town and big city. Wherever you are, you can win!

What kind of people win? The winners are people like you. Most of them are housewives. Women win eighty per cent of the prizes. The composite picture of the big winners is a typical middle class American housewife of about thirty-five with a couple of children, a home to care for and a high school education tucked away in her background. To her, contesting is a game, diversion and hobby, an intriguing and challenging pastime that keeps her mind alert and adds zest to life.

Does lightning ever strick twice? Yes! Kate Spain of Tulsa, Oklahoma, a grandmother of seventy-five, won the five-thousand-dollar First Prize in the O-Cedar Contest. Six months later she won the One-thousand dollar Diamond Ring First Prize in the Betty Crocker Soup Contest.

Helen D. Radie of New Haven, Connecticut, a housewife, won the first Nash car to be awarded in the "Car a Day" Oxydol Limerick Last Line Contest—and the first Nash car to be awarded in the "Car a Day" Old Dutch Cleanser Limerick Last Line Contest.

Perhaps your lament is that you have entered many contests, but you've never won a prize. Were your entries read? Yes! In the big contests, the judging is turned over to professional judging agencies, who pride themselves upon their impartiality in picking the winners. These agencies read and grade all entries submitted. Each entry is initialed by a judge to show that it has been read. The best entries go from the junior judges to the senior judges and then to the final judges.

So you haven't won and want to do something about it. Here are *Seven Secrets of Winning* that have helped others win and may be just what you need to ring the bell. They will give you a sporting chance to be in at the finish.

1. *Go in to win and to win, go in!* You can't win if you don't enter! Being in on the big contests adds an anticipatory flavor to life. Some day that mailman of yours may hand you a long, thin envelope with the thrill of a lifetime in it.

2. *Enter the little contests too!* Your chances of winning are better because competition is lighter. The real hobbyist gets a bang out of bagging any prize, large or small.

3. *Obey the rules!* Read them carefully and adhere to them without deviation. In every contest, more than half of the entries break one or more of the rules and are discarded for that reason.

4. *Avoid the obvious!* Your first thoughts about any subject or product are likely to be the first thoughts of thousands of others also. The big secret

is to go on where others leave off. Try to make every entry you write a bit original and individual.

5. *Be specific and you are likely to be terrific!* Most entries fail to win because they are too broad and vague. Custom-tailor your entries to fit the product or subject. Delve a little deeper than the other fellow; write a little more explicitly.

6. *Be sincere!* Glib, tongue-in-cheek entries fall by the wayside. No sponsor wants to award real money for counterfeit sentiments. To win, tell how the product benefits you in a personal way.

7. *Stay in there and pitch!* Don't become discouraged too easily. The winners are the losers who keep on trying!

Most contests are announced on the air and your radio can be a passport to prizes if you tune in with a notebook at hand, ready to jot down the rules of a contest when one comes along. Often a contest is announced on a radio program and entry blanks are available at your dealer's also. This is ideal, as you don't have to jot down the rules hurriedly as the announcer gives them on the air. You have them in black and white on the entry blank.

Before you embark on your contest career, it will be well for you to see and study some winning entries. It is probable that the entries that have failed to win for you in the past were well-worded entries. The chances are that you were licked by duplication of idea or wording. Duplication is the Number One Goblin in naming contests. In a contest to name a baby or a puppy or a toothbrush, there will be thousands of duplicate names. As all names are filed alphabetically prior to the judging, the "words of a feather" flock together—and fail to win.

In a contest announced on The Great Gildersleeve radio program, you were asked to name a baby girl that Gildy found in the back of his car. Over one hundred thousand entrants submitted the name "Gilda" for the waif. This was a very appropriate name for the baby but another name was chosen to receive the First Prize of a Ford car and one thousand dollars in cash. The sponsor could not afford to award one hundred thousand Fords and one hundred million dollars in cash for "Gilda," although it would have made him very popular.

The best way to be sure that you are whipping duplication in naming contests is to coin your names. For example, the First Prize Winning Name in The Great Gildersleeve contest was "Romery," minted from "roamer" and "merry." Here is a cooked-up word that sounds something like a girl's name. You may not think it as suitable as "Gilda" but it is original and unique. It was not duplicated!

Another way to whip duplication is to borrow a word from some other field. When Esther Whitefield of Hollywood, California, saw the announcement of *Down Beat* Magazine's "New Name for Jazz" Contest, she went about her minting of the magic word by recalling that musicians refer to classical music as "longhair." This seemed to be a good jumping off place. She thought of "short hair—no hair—bald head—fuzz head—clipped hair—crewcut." "Crewcut" was the opposite word she sought and "Crewcut" won the one-thousand-dollar First Prize.

Contest winners are the highest paid writers in the world. A California lady tops the field by winning a five-thousand-dollar Prize with a single letter of the alphabet. Some years ago a builder in the Sunshine State offered a tempting five-thousand-dollar Award for the best name for his new California Bungalow, the kind with plenty of glass to let the sunshine in. The winner dropped the "b" from "bungalow," put an "s" in its place, bobbed up with "California Sungalow" and banked the prize.

In slogan contests, your entries should be catchy and rememberable. A superb example is the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund Winning Slogan: "Arrest Cancer! It's Wanted For Murder!" This top winner won a home and lot for its writer.

Short words are best. In a Jimmy Fidler Kids Day Foundation Slogan Contest, the Grand Prize was a thirty-three-thousand-dollar jackpot of prizes and the winning slogan was: "Child By Child, We Build Our Nation!" Similar words help to make slogans catchy. "There's More Pick-Up Per Cup" won the one-thousand-dollar First Prize in a Nash Coffee Slogan Contest and "More Styleage, More Mileage, More Smileage" won the same amount in an Arch Preserver Shoe Slogan Contest.

Last line contests are very popular at the present time. The sponsor supplies an incompleated jingle or limerick and you add a last line of your own to it. One important thing to keep in mind is that your last line must not only rhyme with the designated line but it must contain the same number of syllables also. Moreover, it should swing along with the same rhythm or meter. To test the rippling rhythm of your last line, read it aloud. Does it have the rhythm of the line with which it rhymes? If not, reword it so that it does. "It won't win a thing if it ain't got that swing!"

In a recent Old Dutch Cleanser Last Line Contest, Ruth Parnell of Shreveport, Louisiana won a Ford car. Old Dutch had been stressing speed in their advertising and the first word of the jingle was "Faster." Ruth took this key word and dramatized it in her last line. She flagged the judges with a vivid picture of the speed of Old Dutch as compared with less modern cleansers. Here are the three lines supplied by the sponsor and Mrs. Parnell's Winning Last Line:

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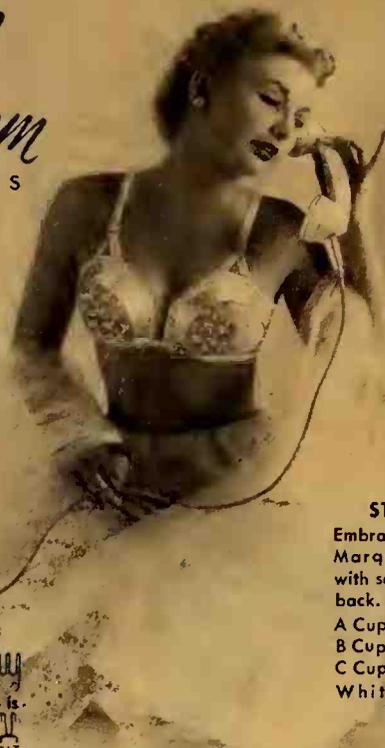
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Dutch jingle and you will find that the accent or beat falls on every other syllable. Read aloud Mrs. Parnell's last line and you will find this same rhythm: ta-boom ta-boom ta-boom ta-boom. Both lines contain eight syllables.

We come now to that hardy perennial, the twenty-five word statement contest. You complete the sentence "I like Super Sourpuss Pickles because..." in twenty-five words or less.

In entering statement contests, buy and try the product. Get acquainted with its special purposes and virtues. Aptness is supremely important in statement contests. Write sincerely, concisely and specifically, telling how the product benefits you in a personal way. As the tempo of modern judging is fast, tuck in a word or phrase to flag the eye of the judge and to win for your entry a second and more leisurely reading.

Here is a statement written by Lois Pauls of Tampa, Florida, which won a Daily Prize of one hundred dollars, the Weekly Prize of one thousand dollars and the Grand Prize of five thousand dollars in an Oxydol contest: "I like Oxydol because its rich, lasting suds give me the same pleasing results week after week—every piece washed clean, rinsed clear and dried soft."

Of the twenty-two words used in this statement, seventeen are of one syllable. Big words are likely to slow down your entries. This entry is apt, concise and complete. What more could be said?

Here is a winning entry in a different kind of statement contest. It won the Grand Prize of a Coast-to-Coast Trip in the Vacation Queen Contest on the Queen For A Day radio show. It is apt, pictorial and personal. "I need a vacation because I want to recover my identity which I lost somewhere between the maternity ward and the washing machine."

The following statement on juvenile delinquency won a television set. It is an excellent example of an eye-flagging entry: "STOP Juvenile Delinquency by encouraging STRAYWARDS to do the RIGHT THING now, instead of discouraging WAYWARDS from doing the WRONG THING later."

The quiz contests on radio and television are a gold mine of prizes for listeners as well as for studio contestants. The awards are not as spectacular as those of the last line and statement contests, but they keep flowing out to listeners week after week, month after month. This adds up to a lot of prizes.

Take the popular Quiz Kids radio show. Since the show first came on the air in 1940, five thousand four hundred ninety-seven radios have been given away to fans whose questions have been used. For questions missed on the radio show, two hundred twenty-four radio-phonograph combinations have been awarded, and twenty-five TV sets.

Researching for quiz material is like going on a treasure hunt. You never know when you are going to hit pay dirt. Your best sources of reference for quiz questions are dictionaries, encyclopedias, the Bible, standard books of reference on sports, music, history and literature, almanacs, year books, magazines and newspapers. Unless your question is one of opinion, always give

the answer and the source of reference. It is desirable to formulate your questions from sources of information easily procurable by the judges, in case they want to verify your answers.

An old Persian proverb reads: "Luck is infatuated with the efficient!" Here are Seven Special Secrets of Winning for contests. They will help you go about phrasing your entries efficiently.

1. *Make your quiz questions interesting!* Quiz shows are put on for entertainment. Select material with wide appeal and phrase questions cleverly.

2. *Be sure that your entries are easily read at a glance.* If your handwriting is not clear, type or print your entries. Illegible entries are wastebasketed.

3. *Style and slant your questions to the radio show.* If you plan to submit some entries to the Quiz Kids, listen in on three or four of their programs and note carefully the kind of subjects and the kind of questions they prefer.

4. *Submit timely questions—and time their arrival!* For example, questions about Easter or Christmas should be mailed at least a month before, as the programs are planned in advance.

5. *Do not make your questions too easy and do not make them too hard.* Slant them to the show. The Quiz Kids and experts on Information, Please can handle harder questions than the average person selected from an audience.

6. *Phrase your questions clearly, simply and concisely.* Never mind the literary flourishes. Do not use fifty words when ten will suffice. Time is precious on the radio.

7. *Keep plenty of hooks in the water!* Keep studying the different quiz shows and keep submitting timely, interesting, correct questions and answers with sources of information.

Here is a Quiz Kids winning question that illustrates good showmanship in subject matter and in wording: *Question:* If you wanted to sponsor a concert under water what kind of fish would you select to play in the orchestra? *Answer:* Trumpet Fish, Cornet Fish, Bugler Fish, Guitar Fish, Fiddler Crab, Drum Fish. *Reference:* Webster's New International Dictionary.

This is an interesting question, interestingly worded. The obvious way to phrase it would be: "What fish have musical names?" This winner phrased it in a more novel and entertaining way.

Luck plays a role in contesting. Good entries do not always win. On the other hand, good entries cannot always lose. In the long run, the good and bad breaks even up.

Pluck plays a bigger role. George Santayana once wrote: "The difficult is that which can be done immediately; the impossible takes a little longer!" The impossible is achieved daily in the contest pastime. One of America's biggest winners is blind and paralyzed. But his alert mind and unconquerable spirit carry him on to prize after prize.

It can happen to you! You can win! But you must work harder, think harder than the other fellow if you want to bag the prizes. For this is the American Dream—and the American Way.

If you want to cut yourself a piece of the Golden Fleece, be sure to sharpen your shears!

SWAMPED!

Because of the overwhelming response to the Johnny and Penny Olsen Home Name Contest (Sept. issue), RADIO MIRROR's staff has not had time to read all the entries. Therefore, names of winners will be announced in the December issue instead of in this issue as originally planned.

Home Is Where You Make It

(Continued from page 45)

Success is meaningless to Jack unless it is used for a pleasanter life. He looks with wonder upon the routines of other Big Timers in his business who eat and sleep and Work, Work, Work. Of course they pile up more money, but what, he asks, is money for?

For the Smiths, it is for more good times with more good friends, for more good food, and more travel—to South America in the summer of '47, to Hawaii in summer of '48, the last two summers to Europe, next summer to India and the Middle East.

It should follow that the house that Jack leased (since building was out of the question) would be as cheerful and relaxed as the Smiths themselves. And it does. From the minute you walk in to the big red and green living room you know that it's a happy house.

Grouped around the big fireplace in the living room are a vast, curving green velvet sofa, two downy magenta chairs and a circular coffee table of heroic proportions. A deep pile green string rug is laid wall to wall, in this room, the center foyer, and the dining room across the hall. The same green, with magenta highlights is repeated in the ceiling-to-floor draperies which are pulled back in the daytime to highlight the view, drawn at night to make the big room warm and intimate.

Except for the upholstered pieces—and a spectacular mahogany cabinet which houses the radio, phonograph and television receiver—all of the pieces in the room are antiques, the fine old wood pieces enhanced by old pewter candle holders from Pennsylvania, brass fireplace fixtures, a globe lamp.

Across the hall, in the dining room, comfortable arm chairs are drawn up to a vast, round Lazy Suzan dining table. One whole wall of this room is given over to a fine Williamsburg sideboard—"it weighs over six hundred and fifty pounds," Jack brags—which is the only one of their collection of antiques Jack bought sight unseen.

"I was sick in bed," he recalls, "and I saw it in an ad in an antique magazine. Wired them to ship it on." The freight bill must have cut at least one country out of the summer's travel.

"We've had more than sixty dinner guests in these two rooms," Jack marvels. Vickii has used her imagination to make the house, which looks intimate and compact, expandable. One trick, which turns the big coffee table—with its permanent centerpiece of philodendron—into dining space for twelve, is her idea of using little green leather hassocks for extra seating. They are stored in a handy closet.

In a room designed for maid's quarters at the back of the house, Vickii used more cupboards and a Stuart plaid wallpaper to turn a small, fairly cheerless cubbyhole into combination office and sewing room. All of Jack's transcriptions are stored in one wall of the cupboards, Vickii's sewing machine and dress-making form in another. This intelligent use of otherwise wasted space left the library free of clutter, added in fact a second "living room," used by the family for reading and relaxing on stay-at-home nights.

The really easy chairs are in the library—chairs chosen for comfort, with beauty incidental. A big sofa

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and the drapes are in a gay red and mustard yellow chintz. Jack has a small bar there, loaded with pewter mugs, an old hutch table holds stacks of magazines and Vickii's scrapbooks.

Antique lovers who set foot for the first time in the Smiths' cheery house immediately demand the full tour, and Vickii conducts them upstairs to see the canopy beds, spool beds, and Victorian marble-topped wash stands. The canopy beds are in the Smiths' big bedroom, a restful haven with pale blue wallpaper and crisp white organdy curtains.

"You've transplanted Connecticut," one awestruck visitor said.

"And New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and upper New York," Jack reminds them, remembering the exhaustive searching trips which procured all this wealth of antiquity as well, no doubt, as the muscle aches from scraping, waxing, polishing and staining which followed the trips.

Most of their guests are agreeably impressed with antiques. George Montgomery, for instance, who is a furniture maker of no mean talent himself.

"When Dinah brought George to dinner the first time," Vickii recalls, "he came in the door and promptly disappeared. We found him on his back on the floor under the Lazy Suzan—trying to find out how it was put together."

The Smiths realize that they have had a lot more time and energy than most young couples for scrounging about the countryside in search of antiques. They have no children—which has been a grave disappointment—and so have had a maximum of free hours to pursue their hobby.

Old furniture is fine, so is freedom, but it is obvious to the Smiths' friends that they would have traded both cheerfully for Grand Rapids tables decorated with crayon scrawls and carpets disfigured with spilled milk.

Their house is by no means childless. Jack's brother, Walter Reed, has three small sprouts, who have the run of the Smith house. Jack sponsors a baseball team of teen-agers. And there are always home-made cookies in the cookie jar for small fry who drop by with their parents.

The Smiths make up for the lack of a family of their own by making their friends all feel as welcome in their house as their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. They like nothing better than having mobs of people for dinner, and usually can find a good excuse.

In warm weather, dinner is served in the garden, by the light of old ship's lanterns. Jack, who says he can't boil water on an ordinary stove, can barbe-

cue a steak or turn a roast on his electric spit with na trouble at all. Vick turns out her famous salad in one of the giant size wooden bowls which are her favorite items in the antique collection, and the gang is fed. In the winter the parties move indoors as Vickii moves into the kitchen.

She has a collection of cook books from every country she has ever visited and every country she hopes to visit which leaves very few countries out—and manages never to cook the same dinner twice. Friends with sensitive (Hollywood ulcer type) stomachs are warned to bring their own health food. What comes out of the big copper pot in Vickii's kitchen are East Indian curries, Chinese lobster with black bean sauce, Mexican guacamole or Hawaiian poi.

"Our friends keep coming back, so I guess the food isn't too frightening," Vickii comments modestly.

Some of the more frequent comers-back are Dinah and George Montgomery, the Jeff Alexanders, the Mort Spertzels, the Garry Moores, and the Meredith Willsons.

"I like lots of people," Jack says. "And all at once," Vickii adds cheerfully.

He also likes lots of food, good food and parties and lots of good food are synonymous with the Smiths. Parties and travel. But they love coming back to the house with a view, and to their cocker spaniel Buff—who was not expected to live for a week when they bought him and is now a dignified old gentleman of eleven. They come back to make plans for the next summer, and the next, and the next.

The house which was a compromise only two years ago, looked welcoming—like home. And, since Jack and Vickii have made it theirs with their lovely things and their skills, it is home.

The dream of "a home of our own," however, has not been abandoned.

"I have my eyes on a lot," Jack says, "an acre and a half, with a breathtaking view. If I can get it, we'll build—a house with lots and lots of windows, and a whole room with nothing but closets."

Vickii is keeping up a dozen scrap books against the happy day that they can build their house. One is full of just fireplaces. Another front doors. Bedrooms. And kitchens. Especially kitchens.

The Smiths will get their house one day, and no doubt live happily in it—with summers off for travel—ever after. In the meantime, they'll continue to live happily, wherever they are.



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Neil Hamilton

(Continued from page 55)

first faced Griffith's cameras. Their downstairs neighbors never miss a Hollywood Screen Test program, and although they appreciate the bright new screen talent Neil introduces on the show, for them it's mostly Hamilton: The better Neil's part, the better the show.

Besides being a good neighbor, and a handy man with a vacuum cleaner or lawn mower, he's active in civic affairs and asked frequently to give informal talks on television and a variety of subjects at women's clubs, churches, synagogues and local organizations. During the last war he toured the Aleutians with a USO unit, doing a magic show and a memory act he worked up.

Only one of us had seen Neil on the screen before we met him in person on April 15, 1948, the night he made his TV debut as a guest on our first Hollywood Screen Test show. I (and this is Lester Lewis talking now) had seen that fine silent movie, "Beau Geste," and when I was about thirteen. The male stars were Neil, Ronald Colman, William Powell, and while I still remember them I have to confess that it was the beautiful Alice Joyce who sent me home dreaming. As I grew older I became a Hamilton fan, too.

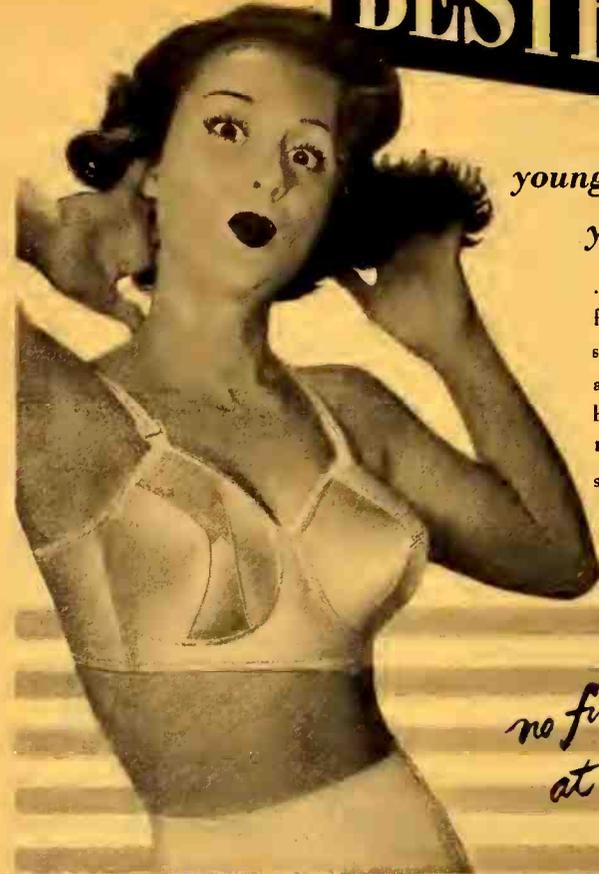
And I (this is Juliet Lewis talking now) had the fun of seeing Neil Hamilton on the screen for the first time with Neil sitting next to me, laughing at the younger Hamilton in "Beau Geste." "Wait," he said, "until you catch this next scene coming up. That camel hated me like poison, I'm sure."

The shot showed Legionnaire Neil on a camel, and he told me that every time he got himself fixed up nice and tidy for the cameras with his jacket pulled down trimly, the camel would turn his head sidewise and pull at his coat. But Neil's characteristic calm won out over the camel's vagaries.

We both think that one great underlying reason for his poise on television, apart from the long training on stage and screen, is his profound faith. He doesn't hesitate to tell you that as a devout Catholic he believes in prayer. When he was an infant, his mother tripped with him in her arms while getting off a street car, and in trying to protect him she twisted her spine. Doctors said she would always walk slightly bent over. Then, when Neil was six, he hurt his right elbow in a fall and once again the doctor's verdict was permanent disability, with loss of control of the arm.

Neil's mother turned to prayer and with her little boy she visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, celebrated for its healing power. Neil tells you, quite simply and directly, that on the third day both mother and son were healed. Time and time again since, he says, his faith has been justified, when it has been sufficient.

When, more than two years ago, Neil took the permanent assignment of playing the director on Hollywood Screen Test, he told us, with a grin, that it was a sign of progress for him. The ABC studio from which we telecast is at 7 West Sixty-sixth Street, in New York. Said Neil, "I began my professional career, as a photographer's model, at 7 West Sixty-fifth Street. So, in thirty years, I have moved a block up. And moving up is always progress!"



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"D" Is for Dorothy and Dick

(Continued from page 53)

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she means.

- 1/2 cup prepared pancake mix
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1/2 cup milk

All mixed to give the consistency of a thin soup.

Spoon out on flat, liberally buttered griddle, not too hot, about the temperature you would use for ordinary pancakes. Tip griddle back and forth so the mixture runs out paper thin. Let brown, add your favorite filling, fold ends over to hold it in, and serve piping hot. Serves six.

Dick, who is program director for WCBS-TV, New York, has a favorite recipe, too, learned from his wife's program. More about that later.

The Doans moved to their house in the Silvermine woods a year ago last summer, and with them, of course, went the four precious pieces of furniture that they bought when Dick went into the Navy. Freshened with new blue slip covers, bound and tufted with white, they were the first things set in place in the Doans' upstairs combination bed and sitting room in their Silvermine home. The quartette consists of a bed and lamp, a love seat and matching chair with ottoman, now grouped in front of the red brick fireplace.

This upstairs room runs the full width of the house, and is reached by an enclosed stairway from one end of the living room. The ceiling is peaked, the glass doors that lead to a roof terrace let in the sky by day or night. Walls are pale green, curtains frilly yellow. Dorothy made the dressing table skirt from a pair of embroidered organdy curtains, caught up with bunches of daisies. There's a Peter Hunt desk, decorated with hearts and romantic French phrases.

Downstairs are the living room, kitchen, another bedroom and bath, a television room, and a complete guest wing with its own entrance.

From the outside, the house looks like a Hansel and Gretel cottage that has grown right up out of the woods—a log house, with blue-green trim around the white window frames, its hospitable front door lighted by a golden lantern.

You enter the little front hall, decorated with a framed replica of Dick's family coat of arms, and the big living room spreads invitingly before you, with its superb view of the Silvermine River. The two-story room is paneled in dark wood, with high peaked ceiling. A rough-hewn log, planed only across the top side, forms the mantel shelf over the fieldstone fireplace. An oval Cape Cod braid rug, predominantly blue, and some New England throw rugs cover the floor now, until Dorothy finishes the big hooked rug of tulip design she is making square by square on the loom in the corner.

Decoy ducks from Kansas, used on hunting trips in Dick's home state, stand on the sills of two small high set windows on the fireplace side. There's the pewter on the mantel shelf, acquired in Cape Cod fishing villages, and a Hepplewhite chest and tilt top table. A warm rose couch flanks one wall and big, comfortable upholstered chairs, ottomans cluster round the fireplace.

It's here the dining table is set on winter evenings, but breakfast is

served in the adjoining kitchen, and you couldn't imagine a pleasanter place to begin the day. The first thing you notice is an easy chair, just the thing for the guest who isn't quite awake yet but wants to know what's cooking. The walls are splashed with pale yellow, the linoleum is yellow-patterned, the woodwork cobalt blue, while the curtains are a gay yellow, gray and pink plaid.

Shelves are filled with lovely china and glassware and some cherished old pieces the Doans have been holding on to since their first housekeeping days.

The coffee pot stands ready on the electric range, because Dorothy is a coffee-lover, although she often forgets to eat when she's busy. Coffee is often served in a little patio just outside, from which you get a sweeping view of the cozy little river that widens out just at this point to give the Doans their own small private island. You go down a long flight of stairs made of rock, to the barbecue where steaks and frankfurters are roasted for summer evening parties, and to the swimming hole.

The woods come up to meet the bright flower gardens, and it's here that Dick's tractor has been such a help. Dick had been pricing tractors and deciding to do without one for a while, when someone told him about a secretary for a New York corporation, living in a little apartment, who had won a radio quiz show jackpot that included a live steer, a nine cubic foot deep freeze, and a garden tractor with all the attachments. A rancher had bought the steer, and by the time Dick got wind of her windfall only the tractor was left. He bought it and week-ends it works overtime.

Monday mornings, of course, and straight through Friday, there's the 8:18 from nearby Norwalk and the 6:02 out of Grand Central at night, if they're both lucky enough to make it. Dinner is necessarily late, but they both prefer to get it themselves rather than meet a cook's schedule.

On the train, Dorothy pores over the commercials for the show, translating them into her own direct, sincere phraseology, and Dick maps out program plans. But once home, everything changes. Both pitch in, and soon the house is filled with good cooking smells. Dick scrambles eggs like ambrosia, and you haven't lived until you've tasted his special sauce for baked potatoes. A deep freeze has now solved most of their marketing problems, and Dorothy cooks up a lot of things over week-ends. When they're alone she gets Sunday breakfast in bed, served by Dick.

Here's Dick's favorite supper recipe, learned too from a guest on the Vanity Fair program. It's called Brazilian Chop Suey!

Heat 1/4 cup peanut oil in skillet and Saute 1 large diced onion, 1 green pepper quartered, and 1 stalk of celery, cut in 1-inch lengths, tops included.

Add 1/2 small can tomato paste
 One small can mushrooms
 1/2 cup whole cashew nuts
 One No. 2 can of tomatoes (drained)
 1 small can whole cooked shrimp (or fresh shrimp)

Let simmer for ten minutes, season with salt, pepper, all-spice and nutmeg. Serve hot over steamed rice.

Serves four dainty eaters, or two Doans, according to Dorothy!

"Being a Local Boy Myself . . ."

(Continued from page 63)

planned for pleasant family life rather than for display. There's a wide living room with deep carpet, bright chairs, convenient tables and a grand piano stacked with music. The dining room is a size ample for family dinners and behind that there's a new room built across the back of the house, Lawrence explains, "Now that the children are getting big, we needed more space, but we liked this house and didn't want to move. So we just built another room. It's my office when I'm home and the amusement room for all of us.

"All" means Fern, Lawrence's lovely wife and Shirley Jean, Donna Lee and Lawrence Jr., their three children.

We stated our problem, and Lawrence flashed that sudden smile.

"Tell them first," he said, "I think it's an advantage to be born out in the wide open spaces."

On that score, Lawrence Welk should be an authority, for his own birthplace would make a good setting for a Hopalong Cassidy movie. The North Dakota prairie rolled almost unbroken around the sod house which his parents Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Welk had built themselves.

There were eight children and the Welks were the musical family of the frontier community. While the father played the accordion, the boys played fiddle and clarinet and the mother and daughters sang. Lawrence learned the old world waltzes and polkas which later grew into his characteristic champagne music. When he progressed to playing for Saturday night dances in the town of Winona, father was far from happy. "But a little opposition is good for a boy. It made me work for what I wanted and value it after I got it."

It was a magnificent understatement. The little opposition of which he spoke came to a head when Lawrence was seventeen and saw a picture of a piano accordion in a mail order catalog. It cost \$400. Minus cash but rich in plan, he consulted his father.

Recalling the conference, Lawrence said, "Dad had a peculiar philosophy. Instead of watching out for his own selfish interests, he would ask, 'Is it good for the other fellow?' He decided this would be good for me. Either I would become a good accordion player, or I'd meet a girl, fall in love and settle down to be the farmer he wanted me to be. When I stuck to my music, he kept his bargain, gave me his blessing."

With one of his first jobs came another important part of his education. "There was a band leader," he recounts, "who booked us into small towns all over the Dakotas and Nebraska. Once in a while we could pry a little change away from the guy for eating money. Then came the morning when I walked down the street of a little Nebraska town, and there was my boss, luxuriating in a twenty-five cent shave.

"I stood a long minute staring through the glass, thinking, 'The quarter it costs would have bought five hamburgers for the band.' I'll never forget how hungry I was and how mad I was. That was the point where I left the band, and it also was the spot where I realized I must learn to be a good business man. I never wanted anyone to feel about me as I felt about that band leader."

Welk made the decision pay dividends on his next job. An old trouper, George T. Kelly, brought vaudeville to the rural regions. His offer sounded good, but Lawrence held out for a partnership.

"And then," says Lawrence with a little twist to his smile, "I found out about booking—that one section's star can be another area's poison. We headed South, into a district where the dance was regarded as mortal sin.

Wiser and poorer, Lawrence returned to North Dakota to start over. He got a band together, gained some popularity—but little cash—and received his first offer to make recordings.

"Just about then," says Lawrence "I found the most important of all assets. I married the right wife."

Fern takes up the story. "I was a student nurse, and hearing the kids in the dormitory rave over Lawrence Welk, I thought, 'Now isn't that just like a bunch of silly girls.'"

When the group persuaded her to attend a broadcast with them, the handsome young man back of the microphone was introduced and promptly invited her to dinner.

Lawrence and Fern were married in Sioux City, April 18, 1931. The booker called right after the wedding to inform Lawrence an engagement had been cancelled and a replacement made. As a honeymoon, the Welks made a long jump to the next dance date.

The longest jump of all almost a year later from Albany to Phoenix.

There the worst jolt awaited them. The ballroom, too had gone broke. What's more, Fern was pregnant. It was by far the worst situation Lawrence had ever faced.

The experience scared him enough to put him into the hotel business. Fern, to have the baby, went on to Dallas. Lawrence, on arrival, leased a small residential hotel. Income from the property was their living.

Texans for two years they returned to North Dakota and Lawrence went back to the band.

It was the sleeper which, indirectly, brought his chance to achieve name band status. On a long swing into Minnesota, the gang decided to go into St. Paul to lunch at the Hotel Lowry and hear Will Osborn.

Lawrence says, of his hunch, "On the way to the parking lot, I told the boys to wait, I was going to book us into the St. Paul. I must have caught the manager at the right moment.

"His gamble paid off. We followed a band highly popular with the Coke set, but the Coke set was pretty broke in those days. We drew a smaller, older crowd, but they had money in their pockets. The St. Paul made a profit, and because they did, we were able to go on to the William Penn in Pittsburgh, opening New Year's Eve, 1938."

And as for Lawrence himself, the days of sleeper busses aren't wasted on him, either. His latest venture is the Lawrence Welk Squeezeburger. It's a snack with carrot sticks, onions and radishes surrounding a luscious hamburger and served in an attractive basket.

"I'm almost satisfied with it," he concludes. "When I get it just right, it will be delicious as the hamburger I dreamed about, when I didn't have a nickel in my pocket."

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The Silent Challenge

(Continued from page 65)

Shirley's sake!—he must produce something very special.

And so he had. The day he ripped the final page from his machine, he knew he'd written a story to be proud of. Hale would think so too—he must! It was right there in black and white, a story that was exciting, unusual, written by a man who obviously knew his job. For this story Hale might be able to get two thousand, maybe even twenty-five hundred. Enough to prove to himself, to Portia, to all of Parkerstown that Walter Manning wasn't just wasting his time when he sat day after day locked in his study.

If only Christopher hadn't chosen just that time to show up. Or if he had to do it, if there was some timetable of fate that brought him to their door at just that moment, after twenty years of silence—if only he had gone away again at once! Back to South America. Back to his fooling with poisonous plants, his research in toxicology that took him to corners of the globe so glamorous that even Portia, a sensible and level-headed woman, hadn't been able to keep the excitement out of her eyes that first night at dinner when Christopher was persuaded to talk about his work. Reluctantly, Walter acknowledged to himself that they'd had to persuade Chris to talk.

"I want to know about you, Walter," Chris had protested. "What I've been doing is all dull stuff, clinical details you couldn't possibly care about—"

"We're not so uneducated as all that," Walter had interrupted swiftly. He had remembered to smile as he said it, but he caught a puzzled glance from Portia's dark eyes and warned himself not to be so childishly defensive again.

Dickie added eagerly, "Yeah, tell us, Uncle Chris. About the Amazon and that stuff. What you were telling me upstairs."

Chris smilingly turned the topic aside. "It's not fair to me," he said firmly. "It was my curiosity about you folks that reunited us. If you had all been so anxious to ask questions about me, Walter would have come looking for me." His eyes sparkled as he appealed to Portia. "As a lawyer, Portia, you know a logical argument when you hear one. Isn't that one logical?" "Faultless," Portia agreed. "But as a woman—as your sister-in-law I must confess I'm twice as curious as Walter would ever admit being. So about that trip up the Amazon—"

Walter watched them, while he seemed to give all his attention to lighting a cigarette. Their laughing faces showed fondness and affection already, though they had known one another only a few hours. After Christopher had arrived, after the first excited and somewhat awkward introductions were over, after they had argued and persuaded until Christopher finally agreed to make it at least an overnight visit, Portia had cornered Walter as he was changing his shirt for dinner and had attacked him at once on the subject of his long estrangement from Christopher. "Why?" she had insisted. "Why, why didn't you ever even mention him, Walter? He's a tremendous person!"

Walter, evading her eyes, bent to pick out a pair of socks. He muttered something he knew she couldn't hear.

"Walter, I can't hear you. What did you say?"

He straightened up, annoyed because he knew he was flushing.

"I said we quarreled." Inwardly he was waiting, knowing that the next question would be. *Quarreled? But what about? What could two young brothers quarrel over that would be bitter enough to separate them for twenty years?*

It was quite a question. Now, sitting at the table, watching Christopher being charming, Walter felt, absolutely felt, that Portia was framing the question over again in her mind. But of course she couldn't ask it out loud.

And yet amazingly she did. Walter couldn't believe his ears. Outraged, he heard her saying, laughing a little, "Do tell me Christopher, if you remember—what on earth was it you and Walter quarreled about, that time? I can't forgive either of you, since it's meant that you haven't met Walter's family until now."

Christopher paused, frowning. "Darned if I do remember. How about it, Walter? Do you?"

You bet I do, Walter said to himself. *I couldn't forget. Not in twenty years or a million. How could I? It was a fight over the very essence of what makes us different people, you and I. It was the truth of why I can never be your friend, Chris, even though I am your brother. It was your arrogance we fought about.* Aloud, he only said, "I can't exactly recall. I have a faint recollection of myself saying I could, and of you saying I could not."

The funny part of it was that he couldn't really remember what it was he'd wanted to do, or where he'd wanted to go. That didn't matter. When he remembered the quarrels with Chris, he remembered, always, the same quarrel—his rebellion against Chris's authority.

Walter came back to the dinner table with a start, and looked nervously round. Portia and Chris were chatting amiably, but he thought he caught in their talk an undercurrent of embarrassment, as when people talk feverishly to cover a silence. This wouldn't do! Portia wasn't an easy woman to deceive. By now she must know that in spite of the front he was trying to put on, he wasn't glad to see his brother.

Chris was saying, "After all, why try to remember? The mistake wasn't in quarreling but in taking it all so seriously. I guess both the Mannings took themselves a little over-seriously back in those days."

Walter began to relax. Back in those days . . . that was a good point! Here he was, a mature—supposedly mature, anyway—man with a wife and two children. And although nobody could tell by looking at him, inwardly he had reverted to an eighteen-year-old stage—squirming with envy of his older, more successful, better-looking brother, convinced that Chris was trying to show him up, make him feel small; sure that Chris would very soon begin to offer him advice which Walter would resent all the more because of his own secret suspicion that it was good advice. At eighteen, all this had happened. But it was ridiculous to feel the same way now! It was worse than ridiculous—it was shameful. Chris had

come with outstretched hand and the desire to be friendly. It was unspeakably petty not to meet him in the same spirit. If Portia knew . . . Walter glanced almost guiltily at her. If she knew what had been going through his mind, wouldn't she be ashamed? Especially if she knew he'd gone so far as to sketch the possibility that she might think him wrong and Chris, whatever the argument had been, right? He was so wrapped up in his resentment of Chris that he was ready to turn it against Portia too—Portia, whose love and loyalty were boundless!

Things went along much better after that silent calling-down Walter gave himself. His own resentments out of the way, he found it easy to see why Portia looked at Chris with starry eyes, and why Dickie hung on every word. His brother was quite a guy! Shamefacedly, Walter admitted that he was a brother to be proud of . . .

And everything would have been fine if Chris had gone off again the next day as he'd planned.

But he didn't go. During the night both he and Dickie came down with violent attacks of sickness which were diagnosed, the next day, by the doctor as botulinus poisoning. They had evidently gotten it from a jar of green beans which they'd sneaked into the kitchen to pilfer from while Miss Daisy was getting dinner. The rest of the family had eaten the beans at dinner, but as Chris explained to Walter, by that time they'd been heated, and the heat had destroyed the germs.

Walter was torn between consternation and irritation, but after a few days, when he was assured that the illness was not serious, irritation began to creep uppermost. It seemed to him that all at once the whole house—in fact the whole darned town—had begun to revolve about Christopher. Little Shirley was quite in the background. To keep Chris from being bored, Portia invited their friends to make bedside visits every night, and Walter watched with increasing annoyance—mixed, however, with that strange, unwilling pride—as Christopher made conquest after conquest of all the people who met him. Dickie was beside himself with pride, particularly since Portia had moved him into the extra guestroom bed beside Christopher's, thus creating a kind of men's-dormitory effect. To be sharing a room, man-to-man, with an uncle who had spoken to headhunters—who knew the Amazon country like the back of his own hand! Walter saw Dickie's admiration bloom into adoration, and was annoyed with himself for the twinges of envy he felt.

There was the morning Chris said, in answer to a question of Dickie's, that the most important thing a man could do, was find work that he liked and was good at, and buckle down to it. "Take me," he said. "I'm one of the lucky ones. When I started out in medicine I had no idea I'd end up in this special field of poisons. But all the same I was working toward it without really knowing I was, and now here I am—fascinated, not caring how hard I have to work because to me it's the most absorbing stuff in the world. It's important, Dickie, to be the right man in the job that's right for you . . ."

What's he making that speech for? Walter thought at once. His willingness to distrust Christopher, always near the surface, boiled up and over. All the way down the stairs and into his study he turned Chris's remark over in his mind, trying to squeeze from it some meaning that would amount to a criticism of himself. Did Chris mean to suggest that he, Walter, *hadn't* found the right work? That he was a misfit as a writer? That he ought to be doing something else instead of sitting here staring at a typewriter?

"Oh, nonsense!" Walter thought. "What's the matter with me, anyway? There's no reason for Chris to think that. This house doesn't look like a poor man's house—these rooms are comfortable, attractive, well-furnished; Portia and the kids are happy and well-looked-after. Why in the world should he get the idea that I'm not doing well at my work?" No reason, he answered himself. No reason at all—and yet the teasing, nervous question remained. No reason, unless one counted as a reason his own self distrust. Nobody knew about that, not Portia, not anyone except Walter himself. Nobody in the world knew how he had lately begun to doubt himself. How worried he was that Jonathan Hale might . . . just possibly . . . not accept his story at all. Nobody knew, nobody need ever know. When the story was accepted and the check came in, all these doubts would vanish as though they'd never been. Unless Christopher managed to guess. . . .

For a long time Walter sat motionless, staring at his hands as they lay idly one on either side of the typewriter. They looked so slender and weak, compared to Christopher's hands—Christopher's hands were brown, the short hairs on the back bleached blond by much tropical sun. A man's hands. His own looked boyish, ineffectual. But they weren't. He'd proved that, many times. Stories had gone out, checks had come in, the world's approval of

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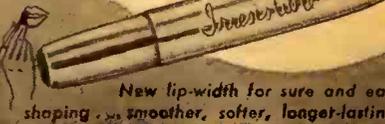
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Walter Manning as a writer. That would happen again. But he must work! He couldn't go on like this, waste morning after morning. With sudden fierce energy, he found paper, carbons, rolled them into the machine, poised his hands on the keys. And then, melodiously, the door-chimes sounded. Once. Twice.

Walter's hands fell away from the keys. He listened, but there were no footsteps going to answer the doorbell. He'd better go himself. Another interruption. Or—could it be what he was waiting for? The telegram from Jonathan Hale, about his story? He went quickly to the door, flung it open and started for the hall door, but before he got there he realized he was needlessly excited. Hale couldn't possibly be answering this quickly.

Nonetheless it was the mailman who stood there, a white envelope in his hands. "Special delivery, Mr. Manning. Sign here, please—thank you." He was gone, moving slowly down toward the fence in the sunlight, leaving Walter holding the white envelope between stiff, cold fingers. He turned it as he went back in and closed the door, and his fingers relaxed. Not from Hale. Of course not—there hadn't been time. So that was all right for the time being. But what on earth was it, then? Department of Taxation and Finance

Out of the envelope slid a letter with a pink slip attached. He glanced at them, then unbelievably stood and read them again. And again. Then he leaned against the wall and stared down at them, his mind washed clean of all activity by the figures that stood boldly out from the typewritten words.

It was impossible to take this in. It was impossible to believe that he owed the government two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, for—what did it say?—a mistake made in his 1947 income tax return.

Moving like a much older man, Walter went back into the study and shut the door. 1947. His mind began to operate again. He'd been in Hollywood, then. It had to be a mistake! He'd made a lot of money that year, sure enough—but the studio accountant himself had prepared Walter's return! Twenty-five hundred dollars? It was inconceivable that a professional accountant could make an error like that. The government must have made the error. It happened. Of course it happened. Accountants didn't go around leaving out a matter of over two thousand dollars . . . Walter's heart began a more normal pumping. His mind picked up speed. Something had better be done about this, right away.

He reached for the phone and called Bill Baker's office. Bill Baker's accountant would help him figure it out. He'd ask Bill to lend him the guy for a couple of hours, take all his 1947 papers down and they'd go over it together. By tonight he'd have it straightened out.

But it didn't even take that long. Bill's accountant had some free time before lunch, and in something less than half an hour had broken down the material Walter brought him into two long, frightening columns of figures. Figures whose information was uncontradictable. Figures which proved beyond any doubt that the studio accountant, in 1947, had simply forgotten to include certain royalties which a book of Walter's had earned. "And now," Bill's man said regretfully, "it looks like they've got you, Mr. Man-

ning. Sorry I couldn't make it come out any other way."

Muttering thanks, Walter left the man's desk and went across the corridor into Bill Baker's office. He felt as though he were being twisted in a vise. How in the world could he or any man who wasn't a millionaire just reach into his bank account and hand over more than twenty-five hundred dollars? Who did they think he was? There wasn't that much money in the Manning bank account even if they added in the little they'd saved for Dickie and Shirley . . . there just wasn't that much money, period.

Bill looked up. "Well?" Walter had explained the situation to him on the phone, and Bill's concern for the outcome of the accountant's figuring was written plainly on his kindly face. Walter shook his head.

"I guess the government doesn't make mistakes, at that," he said. "Seems I owe them every penny of it. And we just don't have it. I don't know what I'm going to do. If only they could wait, I've got a story in New York right now that will bring me that much and maybe more. But they only give me a week."

Both men were silent, thinking. Then Bill said hesitantly, "Say, Walter—what about your brother?"

Walter's hands tightened. "My brother? What about him?"

"Well . . . it's pretty evident he's well fixed. I mean—well, you know, all those consulting jobs he holds, directorships and what nots. And I've heard him myself speak of property here and there. I don't want to butt in," Bill said apologetically. "It's so obvious that he's the man for you to ask that I figure there must be some good reason why you haven't gone straight to him with this mess. But is it good enough reason, Walter? This is a pretty bad spot you're in—"

Walter stood up. "Listen, Bill—don't throw my brother's success in my teeth, will you? Not right at this minute. I don't care to discuss Christopher's wealth or his property or his directorships. For that matter I don't care to discuss Christopher. He's the last man in the world I'd go to for money or help of any kind, get that through your head."

Bill stood up too his face flaming. "Hold on to yourself, Walter," he said sharply. "I don't know what it is between you two Mannings and I don't care, since it seems to be so personal, but you've got no right to shove my words down my throat like that. It's perfectly reasonable to assume that a brother will be willing to help a brother, and plenty of other folks will make the same assumption." He paused, breathing hard, getting himself under control. "What is it anyway, Walter?" he asked more gently. "Why do you get that look on your face every time Christopher comes into the conversation?"

Ignoring Bill's question, Walter went to the door and said shortly, "Please forgive me for shouting, Bill. Just put it down to shock and nerves. I've got some tall figuring to do, so I'll just run along. See you later." He went out, impervious to the puzzled, worried look his friend directed against his stiffly-held shoulders until he was out of sight.

Christopher . . . Christopher . . . Christopher. Back in his study, Walter came to grips with the problem. Of course it was the obvious thing, to ask Christopher. Portia, even, would sug-

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gest it when he told her what had happened. He couldn't bring himself to tell her quite yet. Not without having any alternative when she said, as she would say, "But let's borrow it from Chris, darling. He's your brother, and he'd be more than glad . . ." He couldn't listen to that and not burst out with the whole nasty story of his envy of Chris, his resentment of Chris, his twenty-year-long battle to be as good as Chris, his conviction that he never would be.

If only that check would come from Hale! Then he could go to Portia and say lightly, "Look what's happened. We owe the government this, can you believe it?" And then when she looked concerned, he would take out Hale's check and place it before her and say soothingly, "Well, this takes care of it, at any rate. With a bit left over, as a matter of fact." How her eyes would glow. With pride, with love, with confidence that her husband would always be able to make things right . . .

Aloud, with finality and desperation, Walter said, "But this is a daydream. None of this is going to happen. The check from Hale may never come. It may come and be too small—a couple of hundred. Maybe nobody but a second-rate magazine will buy the story. Maybe nobody at all will buy the story. Face it, Walter. You have no certain way of getting that money unless you go begging for it to your brother."

The words hung in the air before him. They formed a rope, dragging him upward toward the room where Christopher lay. In one part of his mind he knew that if he asked Christopher the humiliation would be entirely of his own imagining. Christopher wouldn't see it that way. He'd see it as a chance to perform a brotherly act—to do something that members of the same family were bound by decency and affection to do for one another, if they could. Christopher would be proud to lend him the money. Yes, in one part of his mind, Walter acknowledged, he knew this to be true. But was the humiliation any less real if it was only in his own mind?

How odd that as yet Portia knew nothing. She'd been out shopping all the morning. Why, she didn't even know about the letter from the government . . . strange, that he should be going through something so dreadful and that she should be unconscious of it all unless and until he told her about it. But maybe the thing to do was to simply ask Christopher, pay the government and never tell Portia at all. Why should she be worried? Why—this was the real question—why should she be the witness to his humiliation, why should she have to know that he had been forced to turn to Christopher for help? That would only make her admire Christopher more.

In the end, he didn't make the decision for himself. It was the telegram that decided him. It came as he was sitting there, wondering what to do—a ring at the bell.

He knew before he slit open the yellow envelope that it was from Hale. It

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had come very quickly . . . was that good? Or was it bad, fatal, big No that would shatter his hope and leave him only Christopher? It could so easily say Yes, it's a terrific story, best you ever did. We've sold it already; your check is on the way to you. Three thousand dollars . . .

Walter stood in the dim hallway, fingering the open envelope. Then abruptly he reached inside and pulled out the message. It was from Hale, right enough. But he'd written it all wrong. The message was different, entirely different. "Story well plotted, but lacking punch. Keep trying. Let us hear."

Just that. Nothing more. Nothing about whether Hale thought he could sell it or thought it hopeless. Nothing that would help him to know whether he must ask Christopher. . . .

He told himself, as he stood there, "Don't be stupid. This is it. This is what says you must ask Christopher, if you're going to get the money to pay the government. There are no more ifs or buts."

Slowly, but steadily, he went right upstairs and into the guestroom. He couldn't afford any more time to sit around with his head in his hands. He'd ask, and get it over with.

It was over very quickly. It hardly hurt at all. Only a few words, and Chris looked up alertly. "Money? For Pete's sake, Walter, what else is it for? Just get my checkbook out of my coat pocket, will you, and a pen, and tell me how much." He scarcely seemed to listen to Walter's explanation about the government's letter, the mistake in the accountant's figures. It didn't seem to matter to him. The only thing that mattered was that his brother was in a jam, and that he, Christopher, could get him out of it quite easily. Why can't I be like that, Walter wondered. So big and simple and generous? Why did he always have to search and pry until he'd scraped up some double motive for people's actions? Why did he have to think, in the face of Christopher's open-heartedness, that all the same Chris was getting a big kick out of being able to hand out that much money without a blink? Dickie, in the other bed, looked on solemnly, unable quite to envision the huge figures that the grown-ups had been discussing. Seeing his impressed face, Walter was driven to offering an excuse for himself. "If my check had come through," he said in a low voice, "I wouldn't have had to bother you, Chris. But there's been some delay—"

Christopher glanced at the telegram which protruded from Walter's jacket

pocket. "Did they say anything at all, yet?" he asked.

I could lie, Walter thought. But he said, "Yes. There's some doubt about whether they can sell it at all, it appears . . ."

"Tough," Chris said softly. "But what the heck, Walter—go on down and toss off another one. You've done it before."

"As soon as I do, you'll get this back," Walter said grimly. "The next story I sell. No, I mean it," he insisted as Chris moved his hand as if to brush the subject out of the room. "This is just a loan, Chris."

"If that's the way you want it."

Walter nodded. "That's the way. Just a loan." He thanked Chris, gave Dickie a pat, and went out. As he started down the stairs, he came face to face with Portia, coming up. She was out of breath and glowing. "I've bought out the town," she said gaily. "That was a linen sale downtown—Walter! What's the matter?"

"Matter?" Walter muttered. If only he hadn't had to face her now, before he'd had a chance to compose himself.

Portia's glow had faded, leaving a look of apprehension behind. She put her hand on his arm and drew him back upstairs with her. "Aren't you well? Come here to the light, let me see your eyes—"

"I'm all right," he said shortly. His hand tightened on the telegram and the check in his pocket. Suppose he told her, told her now. Got it over with, wiped the glow completely from her eyes and saw her falter in her adoration. Saw her begin to wonder what kind of man it was, really, that she'd married. What kind of failure. Why drag it out?

He took a breath and said, "Well, that's not quite true. I've heard from Hale—"

"Walter!" Her cry was delighted. "Why didn't you tell me! Oh darling, he must have thought it was wonderful to have wired you so quickly. Has he sold it yet? Oh, tell me—"

"Wait!" Trying to stop her, Walter realized that she was drawing him quickly toward the guestroom. "Wait a minute, he—" But by that time she had burst open the door and was almost singing to the two surprised faces before them, "Haven't you heard? Why isn't everyone up dancing? Walter's sold this story! Chris, Dickie—don't you feel better already?"

There was a moment of blank silence. Walter stood dumbly, unable to think of anything to say. Over Portia's shoulder, he met his brother's eyes . . . un-

believing, puzzled, slowly changing to shocked dismay. *Did Chris think he had deliberately lied to Portia?* He glanced at Dickie. The boy was waiting, watching, not quite understanding what was going on. In one second's confused helplessness, Walter knew that if he chose he need say nothing. Chris would never betray him. Dickie would never say anything about what had gone on between the two men just a few moments before. Nobody would say anything, and he could just let Portia go on assuming that everything was fine in their little world. Walter had sold his story. Walter was a good writer, a fine writer, a man who could make money with his writing. Chris would rather die than betray him. He could tell Portia about the government's bill, and let her think it was his story that had really earned the money to pay it. It was all clearly before him, an upside-down version of reality that he could make come true if he chose.

"Wait a minute," he mumbled, "I'll be right back." He stepped out of the bedroom very softly, and closed the door behind him.

It was then, in those moments above the dark stairway, that Walter stood still and allowed his problem to marshal all its strength around him. It had to be faced, here and now; he had to think it out. It might possibly mean that his whole life with Portia hung in the balance.

He could allow the lie to stand. Christopher would not betray him. But what would he buy with his lie? What would it be worth to have Portia look at him with love and pride each day when he was intensely, increasingly aware how little he merited that pride? It was hardly a problem, now that he put it into words. There was only one answer. No man could love his wife as he loved Portia and allow her to go for any length of time under such a false impression of him. There was no problem, only the problem of what words to use when he told her. Simply and clearly and straightforwardly—what other way was there? He would just go in and explain all from the beginning . . . the government's letter; the refusal—for it amounted to that—of his story; the borrowing from Christopher. He would even have to explain his moment of silence back in the bedroom, when he allowed her—even for so short a time—to think that the story had been sold.

Surprising, Walter thought, how very simple it all was, once a decision was made. Taking a deep breath, he turned the knob and went slowly back into the guestroom. Christopher's eyes turned toward him expectantly, and Walter, not knowing quite why he did it, nodded slightly. Then he said quietly, "Portia, would you come outside for a few moments, please? There's something I want to tell you, darling . . ."

But he knew, afterwards, that he had done the easy thing, not the hard, in telling her. With anyone but Portia it would have been simpler to let it go. But with her it was different. She saw into your heart, Portia did, and saw, too, a lie if there was one there. And then, because, loving her, he could see into her heart too, he would have to see the hurt that the lie had brought her.

Portia understood. Of course she would, being Portia. Walter knew it by the warmth of her arm, tucked into his, as they went downstairs. And by the smile—pride, it looked like!—in her eyes.

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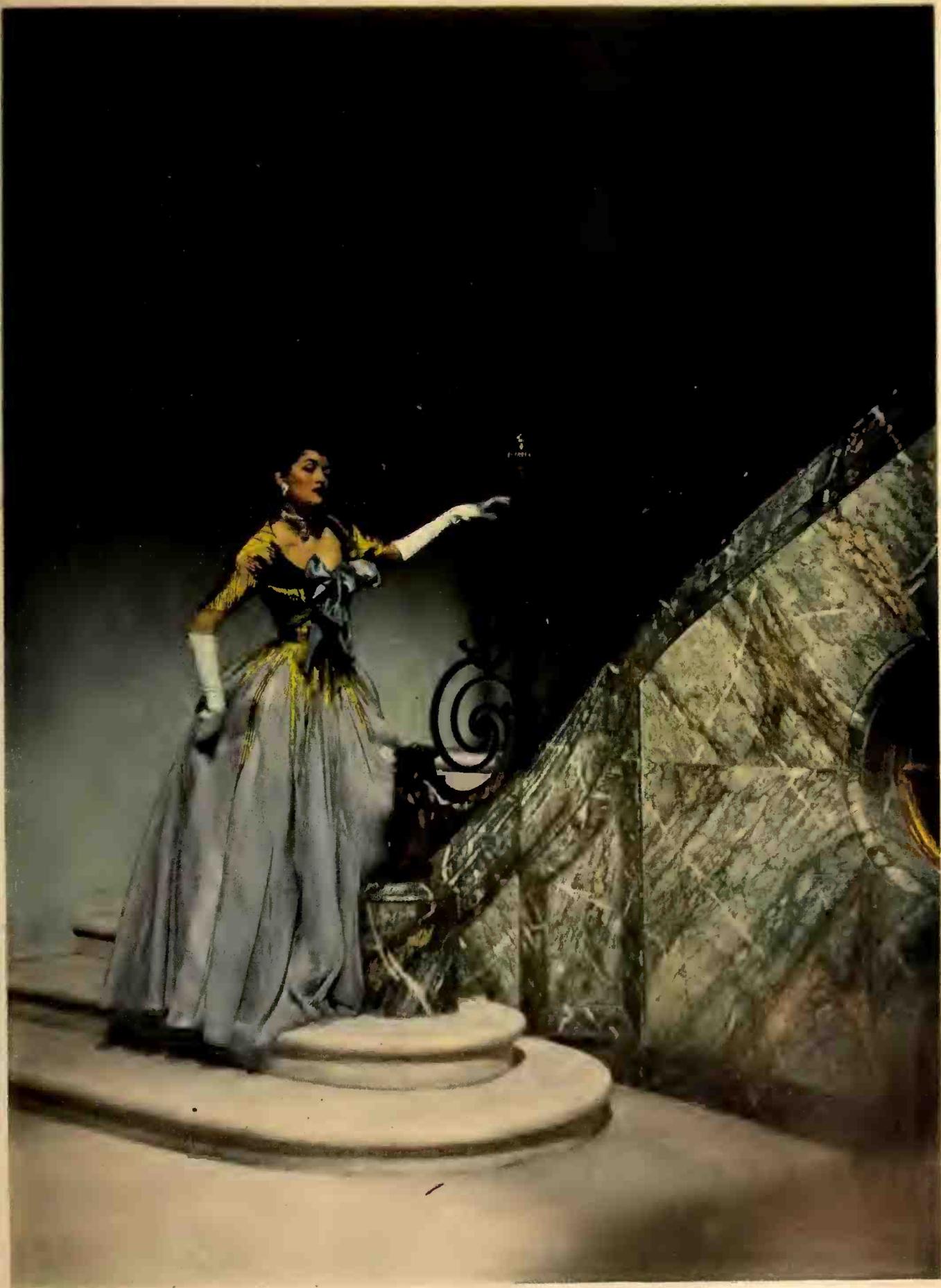
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