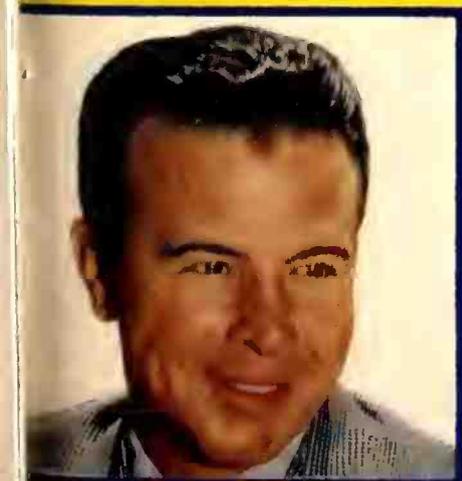


RADIO-TV MIRROR

N. Y. AREA TV PROGRAM LISTINGS

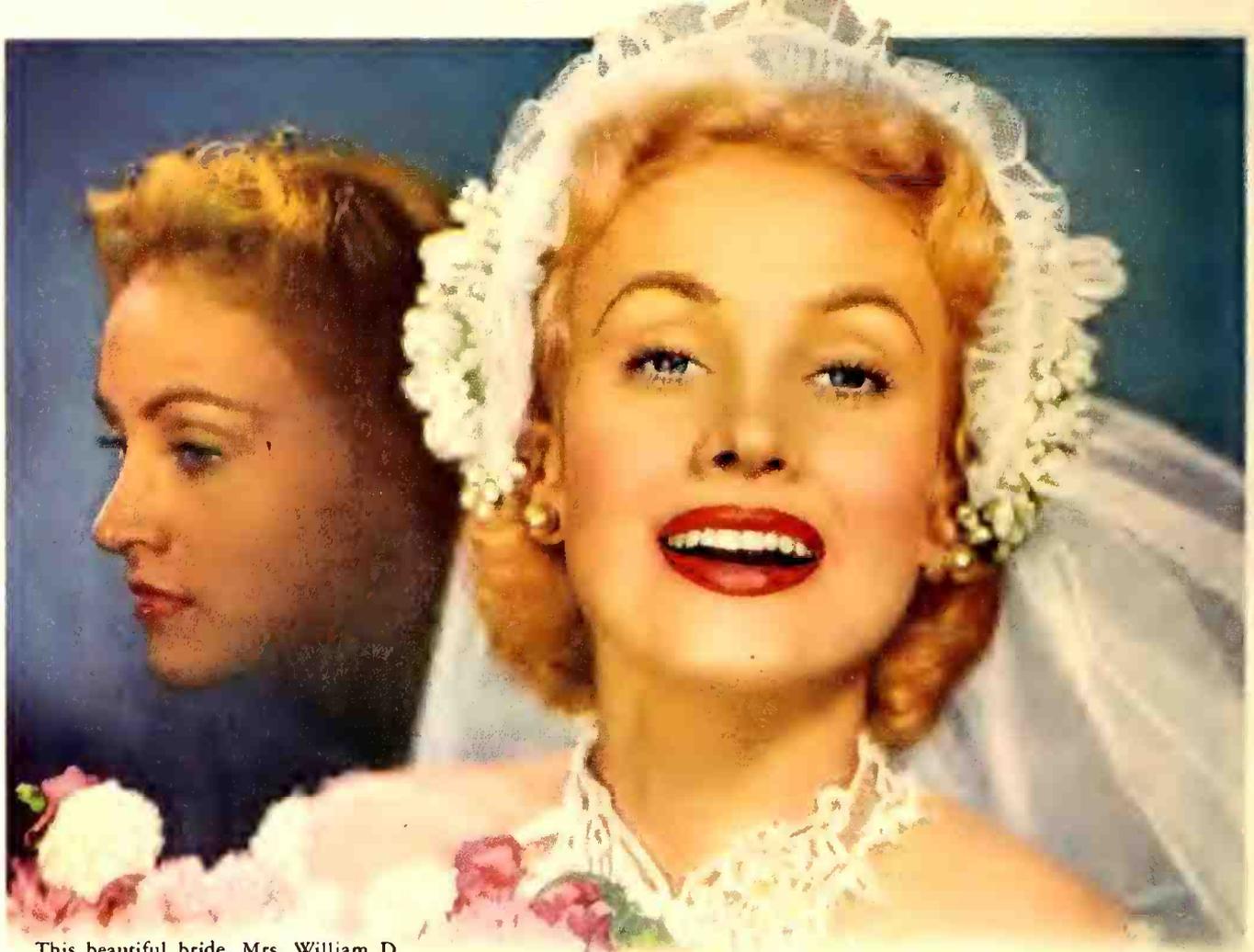


SPECIAL **ABC** ISSUE:
Dagmar's Love Story
•
NEW! Victor Lindlahr's
7-Day Miracle Diet
•
Contest: Win A
Hollywood Screen Test!



Exciting Pictures — Mary Marlin • Against The Storm • When A Girl Marries

Count on **Camay** to take your skin
 "Out of the Shadows"
 and into the light of New Loveliness!



This beautiful bride, Mrs. William D. Harden, declares: "After I changed to regular care and Camay, my skin became clearer so quickly I was astonished!"

Like this Camay bride, you'll discover that your **First Cake of Camay** helps to clear and brighten your skin!



Camay

the soap of beautiful women

ANY GIRL who has romance and wedded bliss as her goal won't let dullness dim the natural beauty of her complexion and come between her and her heart's desire!

Don't let shadows veil your natural beauty! Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

A lovelier complexion will soon greet your eye—if you'll change to regular care—use Camay alone. Your skin will be clearer, softer, really lovelier, before

you finish your *first cake* of Camay.

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap. Camay is so mild! And what a rich, creamy lather Camay gives you. See your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Wake your sleeping beauty—head to toes!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings all your skin head to toes that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Use the big Beauty-Bath Size Camay for more lather, luxury and economy!



Why Sweet Sixteen's first party was so wonderful



THINK OF IT! Dancing every dance at the school party . . . twice with the nicest boy there. Meanwhile a schoolmate, far prettier and more expensively dressed, sat neglected most of the evening.

How come?

It was as simple as this:

Betty Lou was *extra-careful* of her charm. The other girl wasn't.

Betty Lou took no chances with halitosis (unpleasant breath). The other girl did.

Betty Lou used Listerine Antiseptic before leaving home. The other girl didn't.

That little *extra-careful* precaution spelled the difference in their popularity.

How Is Your Breath Today?

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending. Remember, halitosis (unpleasant breath) can affect you any time, without your realizing when.

So, always, before any date where you want to be at your best, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution against bad breath. Instantly your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend . . . stays that way not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours.

To be *Extra-Attractive* be *Extra-Careful*

Yes, actual clinical tests showed: that in 7 out of 10 cases, breath remained sweet for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odor it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

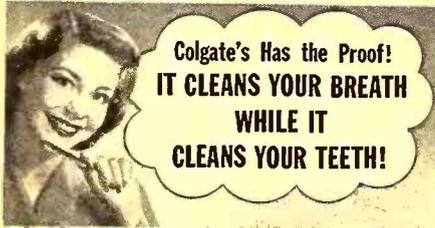
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . .

Stops Bad Breath for Hours

Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT
**STOPS BAD
BREATH!**

*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN
7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS
BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



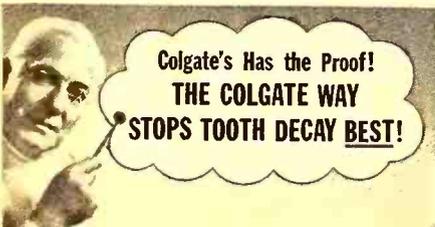
Colgate's Has the Proof!
**IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!**

For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.*



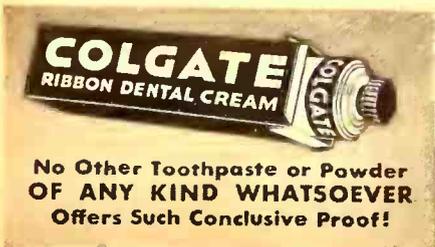
Colgate's Has the Proof!
**COLGATE'S IS BEST
FOR FLAVOR!**

Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Colgate's Has the Proof!
**THE COLGATE WAY
STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!**

Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best!* The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



No Other Toothpaste or Powder
OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid circulation 470,024 for 6 months ending June 30, 1950.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Offices: 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and 221 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.; Harold A. Wise, President; James L. Mitchell and Fred R. Sammis, Vice Presidents; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices also in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.50 one year, U. S. and Possessions; and Canada \$5.00 per year for all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.
FOREIGN EDITIONS handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.
Re-entered as Second Class Matter Oct. 5, 1951, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1952 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co.
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Here's the world's most popular new girdle!



Invisible **White Magic**

Newest Playtex **FAB-LINED** Girdle

SEWING FABRIC-NEXT-TO-YOUR-SKIN PRODUCE



See how Playtex White Magic caresses you to true slenderness, gives you a newly fluid line from waist to thighs. See how it encourages such grace of movement, allows you such freedom to sit, to stand, to step, to twirl!

Nettie Rosenstein says

"White Magic is fabulous! As a designer I love the slim, free lines this newest Playtex Girdle gives!"



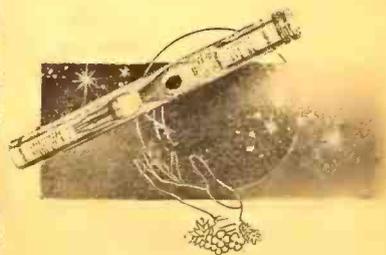
"For slimmess, freedom, beauty—there's no girdle like it!" says top designer Rosenstein. "It flatters your figure in every way under the newest fashions."



"A girdle should do more than slim you, it should be comfortable. That's why PLAYTEX Fab-Lined Girdles—with fabric next to the skin—are so very perfect!"



"This girdle smooths away the inches, without a seam, stitch or bone—invisible under all clothes."



PLAYTEX ... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At better stores everywhere. \$3.95 to \$6.95. Choose from PLAYTEX White Magic, Fab-Lined, Pink-Ice, and Living Girdles.

who's who

Lee Bowman

For a time, it looked as if Lee Bowman, television's Ellery Queen, would give over to family tradition and become a lawyer. Both his parents were descended from a long line of lawyers, judges and ministers. While Lee was attending high school in his native Cincinnati, his sister, Rowena, met with some success on Broadway, which more than ever inclined young Bowman toward acting.

Nevertheless, Lee enrolled as a law student at the University of Cincinnati where colleagues can still remember his prowess in ice hockey, baseball and track. From time to time his singing voice on the radio earned him extra spending money. But Lee could not divorce the idea of an acting career. Leaving tradition behind him he went to New York and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Art.

Following several years of stock, Lee entered a partnership as part owner of a New Hampshire stock company. His performances there resulted in his being signed to play the lead in "Berkeley Square" in New York.

Talent scouts caught him in this, and the next year saw him in Hollywood making his film debut in "Internes Can't Take Money." After three years of various screen roles, MGM placed him under exclusive contract. Then Columbia borrowed him for one of the two male leads opposite Rita Hayworth.

Lee has moved his household to a roomy home on Long Island for the duration of his current eastern activity. His wife, Helene, his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter and seven-year-old son are enjoying New York as a change after years out on the coast. Tennis, golf and hunting have been Lee's chief recreations when he is not on the airwaves.

Lou Prentis

Calling all wolves! Beware of blonde, blue-eyed Lou Prentis. The upcoming emcee on Foodini The Great can wing a coyote, prairie-dog or jack rabbit—and undoubtedly a wolf—at well over fifty paces. Lou is a champ with the bow and arrow. And she can cope with wolves on an intellectual plane, too, having earned a B. S. degree at Missouri's Kirksville State College. Amarillo-born, Lou comes from an old American family. Her mother is a member of the DAR. Her father is an agent for the Internal Revenue Bureau.

Lou got into show business by finding a diamond bracelet. A college Bernhardt, she stormed Broadway in 1946, but found that the only way she could get into the theatre was by buying a ticket. Then she took a job as an usher at the 46th Street Theatre and one night found and turned in what she believed to be a rhinestone bracelet. It turned out to be a diamond job valued at more than \$10,000, and the resulting publicity led to a summer stock assignment. She has been emoting ever since—on the stage, radio, TV and in Eastern-made movie shorts.

Her stage chores have ranged from walk-ons to leads in plays including "The Women," "Dear Ruth," "Jane Eyre," "Twelfth Night" and "I Gotta Get Out." The latter offering got out after a run of three or four days. Her radio successes included an appearance on The Buddy Rogers Show, on which she was chosen as a "star of tomorrow." Also a video veteran, she played on many dramatic shows and did a thirty-nine-week stint as the girl friend of one Buck Rogers.

Lou once was a hostess for a Texas airline. She has a radio operator's license and she speaks French and German. She's also an expert drum majorette—studied with baton-twirling champion Karl Thurman.



in Radio-TV

Pauline Frederick

Pauline Frederick holds the distinction of being the only woman network news analyst and diplomatic correspondent in American radio. The Frederick career began in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, when she reported school and social events for the local newspapers. Faced with the choice of becoming the local society editor or going to college, the latter won out. Decision number two was made by Pauline when she decided to become a lawyer.

While studying, a history professor suggested she should abandon law. He felt that the world possessed too many lawyers—particularly in Washington, D. C. The professor suggested Pauline try interviewing the wives of diplomats. Result—a Washington newspaper immediately ordered a weekly series. It was from this series that Pauline was assigned her first broadcast.

The life of a newscaster is a hectic one, but Pauline set a special kind of record when, during a period of three weeks, she covered the Jessup-Malik negotiations leading to the lifting of the Berlin blockade. She took off the same day for Germany where she flew the airlift both ways and rode the first train into Berlin. From there she flew to Warsaw where she broadcast the Polish reaction on the day bail-jumper Gerhardt Eisler was removed from the *Batory*. Then to Paris for the opening of the Council of Foreign Ministers meetings, then back to New York—all in twenty-one days.

Living in Manhattan, in a lofty apartment from which she can see the great new United Nations building, Pauline's workday lasts from 4:30 A.M. to 8 P.M. She writes all of her own newscasts. Her hobby is her dog, Patrick, a large French poodle who walks her to work each dawn.



Earl Wrightson

Earl Wrightson attributes his extraordinary success as a singer to two things—first, that he was born in Baltimore and second, that he “just happened to be around when the balloon went up.”

The baritone regular on *Masland At Home* and the *Paul Whiteman Revue* was born in Baltimore where his father was pastor of a local church. In fact, his first voice instructor and the man who kept after him to continue his studies was the choirmaster at the church. Upon leaving college, Earl went to work for a local bank and launched his own radio program on a small Baltimore station. The bank job palled, but radio and singing were right down his alley.

Feeling he was ready for the big time, he came to New York, but found that the top network officials were not wildly enthusiastic about his appearance in their midst. So, he took a job as a page boy.

He just happened to “be around,” he says, when a fellow Baltimorean, Met Opera star Robert Weede, was emerging from the stage door of Radio City Music Hall. Wrightson's enthusiasm so impressed Weede that the noted singer hired him as a secretary and saw to the youngster's vocal instruction personally. The big break came unexpectedly.

“I was delivering some music to Walter Damrosch one day,” Earl recalls. “Dr. Damrosch wanted to run through the music I had given him. As there was no soloist around, I just sang the part—and have been singing on radio, television and the stage ever since.”

Maybe it has all been because he was born in Baltimore and that he “just happened to be around,” but perhaps a large helping of talent, seasoned with hard work, had something to do with it.





Lovely Maureen Cannon is seen on the Paul Whiteman Revue, Sunday at 7 P.M. EST, on ABC television.

which she was soon signed as a regular. Paul, who considers her one of the cutest colleens in the business, is the one who nicknamed her "Pistol," insisting that she's too petite to be a Cannon.

A five-feet-two dynamo of energy, Maureen is the envy of her soda-slurping friends. She's lucky enough to just naturally like milk. And she's cra-a-z-y about salads.

Tipping the scales at 111 pounds soaking wet, Maureen keeps her weight constant with swimming and horseback riding. This pleasant exercise plus the eight hours of sleep which she's careful to get every night, keeps her pep and bounce intact.

Maureen is one girl who knows that the best charm insurance is the healthy inner glow that make-up can enhance, but never create alone.

She owes her scrubbed, little-girl complexion to her health routine—and a jar of cold cream. Before going out she applies a thin film to her face—just enough to create a glow, not a shine. To this she adds a touch of cream rouge and a deep red lipstick. Mascara and eyebrow pencil emphasize her dancing brown eyes. The result is dramatic but very, very natural.

Like most petite girls, Maureen finds long hair a little overpowering for her build. She wears her thick, dark hair cut short and curled all over her head, young but sophisticated, a style that gives length to her round face. And best of all, she needs to set her hair in pin curls only once or twice a week, instead of every night.

Like most girls who have to look their best at all times, Maureen is grateful for all beauty shortcuts. It's not a question of saving energy . . . in that department she's well stocked. But with her busy schedule of shows, rehearsals, interviews and publicity pictures, to say nothing of piano lessons, time is a pretty precious thing. She's learned that the only way to be well groomed always, and ready for anything is to streamline her beauty routine, and then stick to it!

PINT-SIZE Valentine

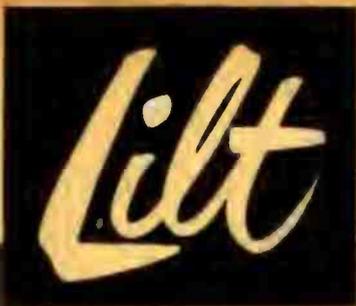
Maureen has the glow
that comes from good
health—aided by the
proper use of make-up

By
HARRIET SEGMAN

DAINTY, vivacious and darkly pretty, Maureen Cannon's greatest charm is her natural sparkle and vitality. Although she's a fast girl with jump music whenever a beat is downed, she was trained for the concert stage. Her great ambition was—and still is—to sing at the "Met," New York City's famed opera house.

Born in Chicago, Maureen made her debut at thirteen and was accorded the great honor of singing at the annual President's Birthday Ball in that city. Her concert debut followed shortly after and a featured role in the Broadway stage show, "Up in Central Park," provided her first big chance. Since then she's been seen in musical comedy and in some of the plushiest night clubs throughout the country.

Maureen's entrance into television started with guest shots. Several were on the Paul Whiteman Revue, for



Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only \$1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

Evening bodice, Nelly de Grab



A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave

looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest

Naturally Curly Hair!



Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!

Never before a wave so easy to manage!

Never before such a natural-looking wave

that would last and last!

Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Refill \$1.25*
Complete Kit \$2.25*
*plus Fed. tax



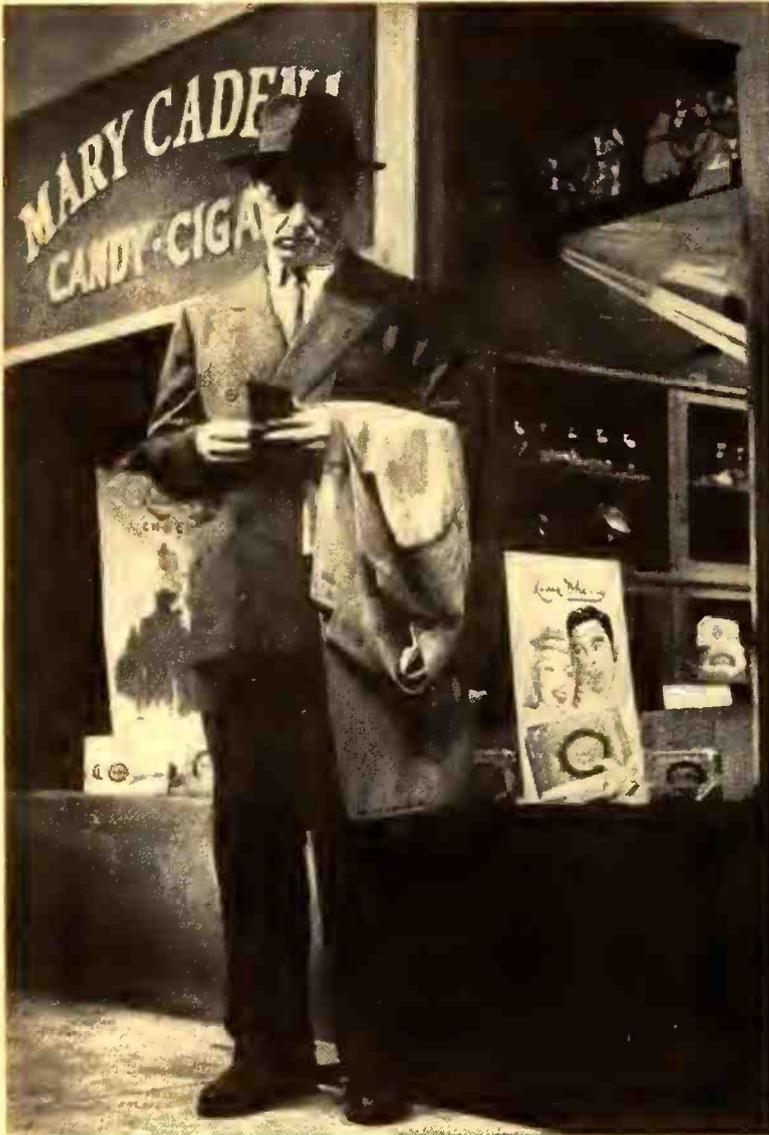
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Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

Can you guess how Mr. District Attorney broke

the case



1. Plainclothesman Tom Hunter, on special assignment to investigate neighborhood stores used by numbers racketeers, was last seen checking shops such as this. He failed to return and was never seen alive again.

CAST:

Mr. District Attorney.....Jay Jostyn
Harrington.....Len Doyle
Miss Miller.....Vicki Vola
Tom Hunter.....Billy Quinn
Mary Cadena.....Rolly Bester
Leo Cadena.....Ralph Bell

Mr. District Attorney is seen alternate Mondays at 8 P.M., EST, over ABC-TV. Sponsored by Bristol-Meyers.



2. A grief-stricken Harrington learns that Hunter's body has been found. He begs Mr. District Attorney for permission to take over his fellow officer's assignment.

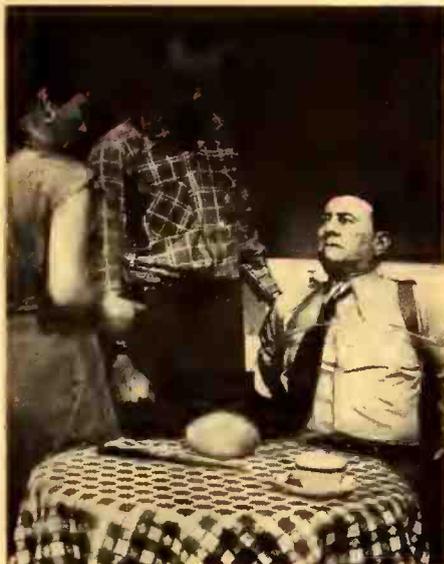


6. A car mileage check and close study of a country map shows Mr. D.A. and Miss Miller Harrington's probable location. Can you guess how they found the answer?

of the COP KILLER



3. Convinced that Hunter has discovered something, Harrington takes over. At the Cadena store his curiosity fools no one.



4. Harrington winds up in the back of the shop, a gun at his middle—a securely-bound prisoner of Mary and Leo Cadena.



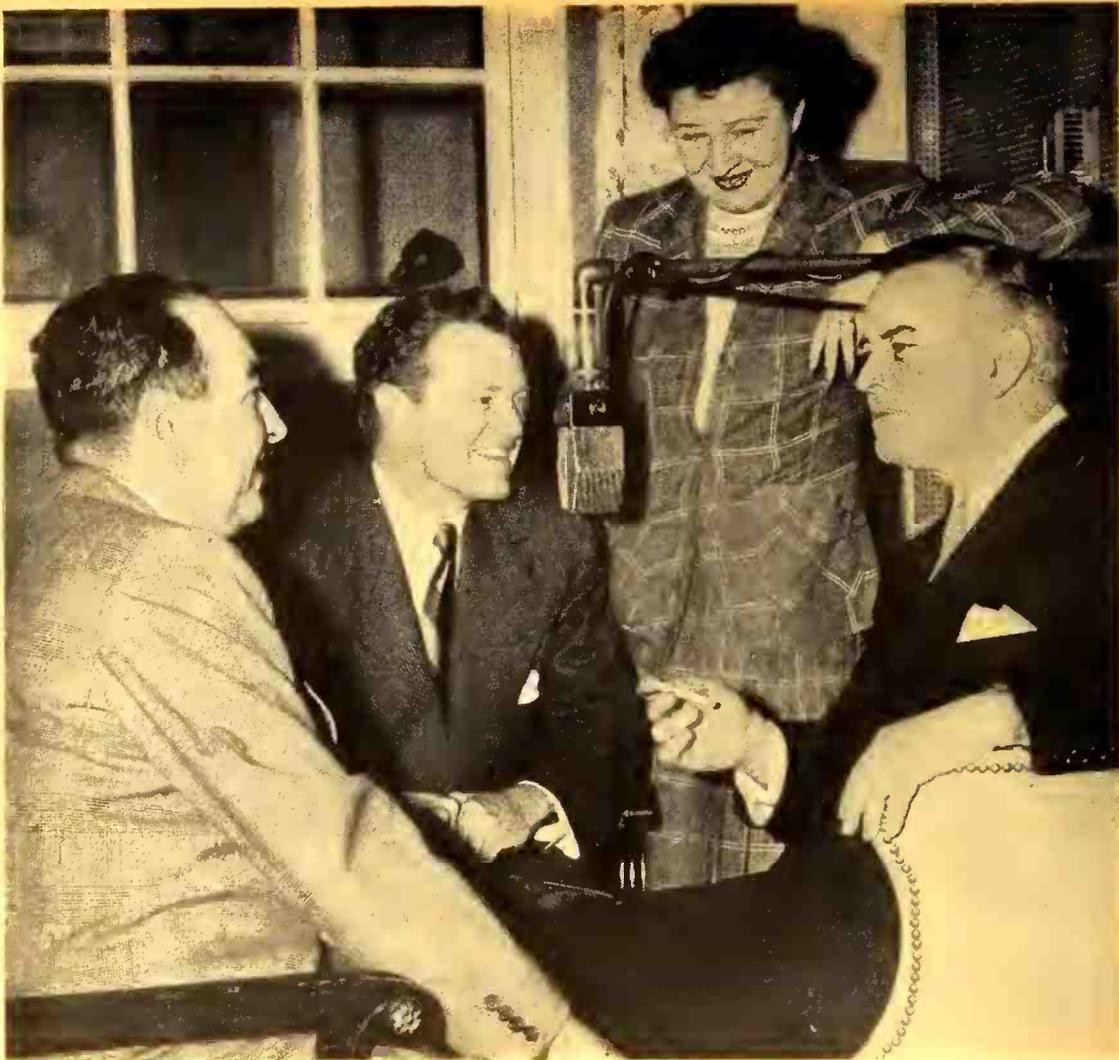
5. Meanwhile, a worried Mr. D.A. and Miss Miller learn that Harrington's car has been found away from Hunter's beat.



7. Mr. D.A. approaches the place which was the end of the trail for two men. He has the shop covered, confronts Mary.



8. As Mr. D.A. suspected, he finds Harrington in the back of the shop. The crestfallen Cadenas are then booked and ushered off to prison.



Van Heflin and Sidney Blackmer pay a visit to the Jones family of WFIL—Howard, left, and Mary.

Keeping up with Mrs. Jones

MARY JONES is more than a radio personality—she is a woman with a conscience. As a leader of one of the fastest growing women's civic groups in Philadelphia, the "Mary Jones Club," she is an inspiration to the three thousand women who share in the charitable work of the club.

The club had its beginnings in the WFIL radio and television shows presided over by Mary and her husband, Howard.

Mary is now vigorously extending the club's activities to take up the work of the old Big Sister Club. Through their new work the club will try to aid in the rehabilitation of delinquent young women.

Mary, off-duty, is an excellent cook, and a landscape artist. She and her husband have a fine farm in the rolling hills of Pennsylvania, and she has authentically redecorated six farmhouses in the Pennsylvania Dutch style.

Mary's relaxed, but convincing, manner is the result of many years in radio. She has had shows both in New York City and Boston, but it wasn't until a few years ago that she teamed

up with her husband to form the popular husband-wife team. Howard had been a Philadelphia favorite on the airwaves for years before he and Mary went on as a team, so that it was no accident that when the Mary Jones Show first came on WFIL it became an instant hit with Philadelphia housewives.

Mary's program is unusual in that she frequently follows local activity to its source. She talks to the people concerned and meets thousands of her listening friends in person. Among the many stops the program has made are the Barnum and Bailey Circus grounds, the world-famous Hobby Show, the Home Show and the New Jersey State Fair. It was there that Governor Driscoll gave Mary and Howard an award for the meritorious service and consistently good entertainment provided by their shows.

Mary Jones feels that her listeners are entitled to know what is going on, and, what's more, to make news themselves. She has great plans for her Mary Jones Club and with her perseverance, she is sure to carry them out.



Meet Mrs. Mary Jones—charming WFIL personality.

"I nearly froze in sunny California!"

"Skiing is my hobby, but wind and frost on the slopes can bite your skin raw, even while folks, a few miles away, bask in California sunshine. So Jergens Lotion is always in my suitcase. Here's what happened on my last trip:



JANE RUSSELL
starring in
'DOUBLE DYNAMITE'
an RKO-RADIO PICTURE

"My first day out, my hands and face got stinging red and chapped. But later, Jergens softened my reddened, rough skin beautifully. Jergens is never a bit sticky, either . . .



"Before skating, I protected my hands and face with Jergens Lotion. You can *prove* Jergens contains quickly-absorbed ingredients, instead of oils that merely coat skin . . .



"Just try this 'film' test: See how water won't bead on a hand smoothed with Jergens as on a hand coated with an oily skin care . . .



"At the studio, my skin was soft, smooth—ready for close-ups." (That's why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens 7 to 1 over other hand cares.)



Use Jergens Lotion this winter, for soft and pretty skin. Used by more women than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

P Patterns for you

Easy-to-make patterns for both Mother and Daughter. Right: An "extra feature" fashion—comes with matching (or contrasting!) jacket, smartly collared for street wear. An ideal Spring-into-Summer style for many fabrics—rayon prints, shantung, linen, cotton. Below: Easter-and-on ensemble for Daughter. Flared jumper with companion buttoned bolero and puff sleeve blouse—she'll love the grown-up styling!



#2512 Young Ensemble. A fabric saver and a quick-sewing trick. Jumper is cut in just one pattern piece. Try lightweight wool or rayon suitings in plaid, plain or check. 2-8. Size 4 uses 1½ yards 54-inch for jumper and jacket. Jumper only, 1 yard 54-inch. Blouse, 1⅛ yards 35-inch. Price 25¢

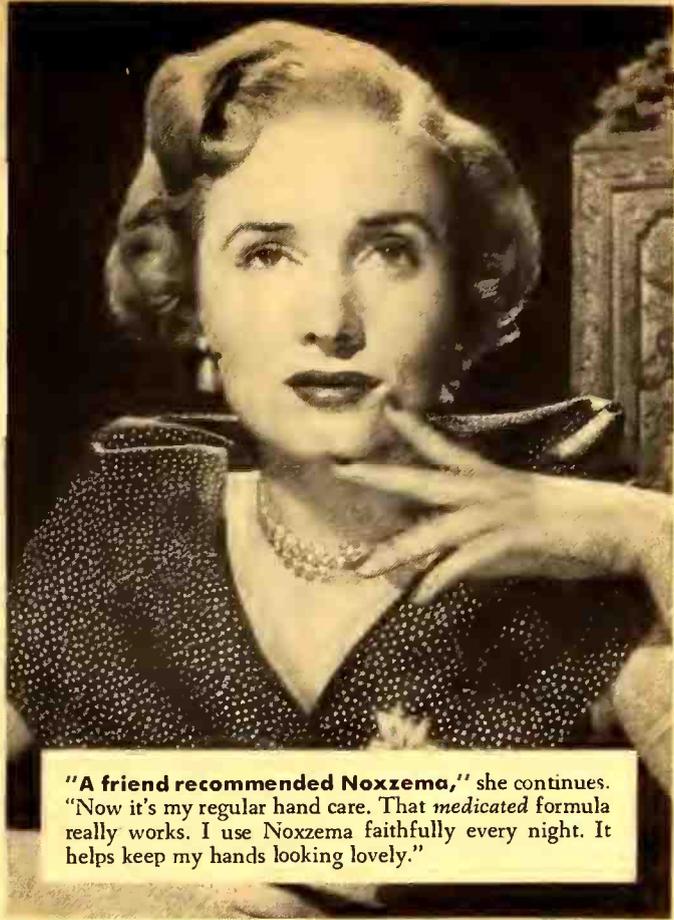
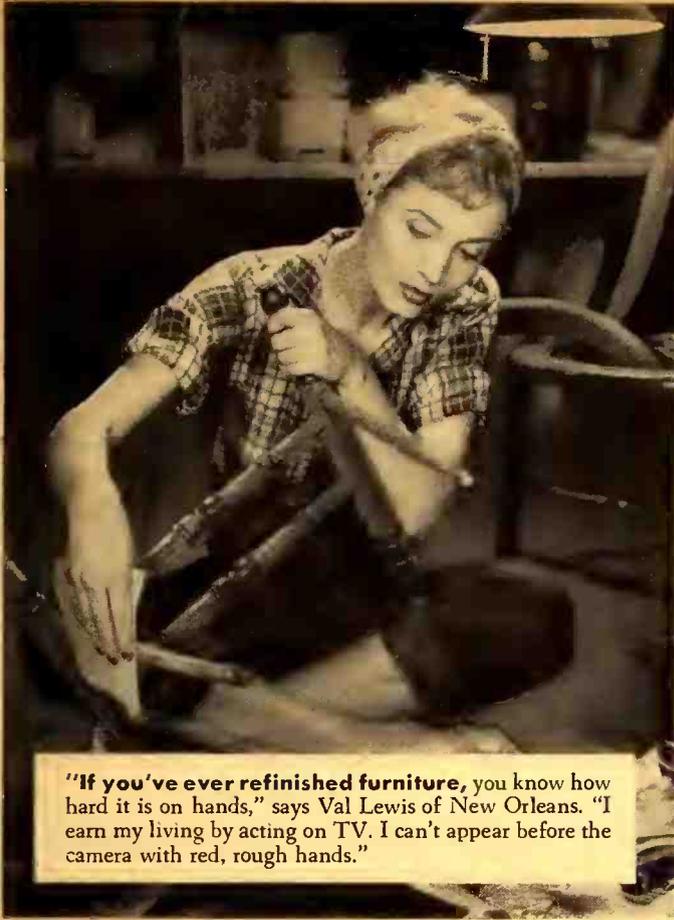


#2144 The Double Duty Dress. Cap Sleeve basic with six-gore skirt. Short or three-quarter sleeve bolero. 12-20, 36-46. Size 18, dress and bolero. 5¾ yards, 39-inch or 6 yards 35-inch fabric. Price 35¢

Radio-TV Mirror Magazine
Box 42, Old Chelsea Station
New York 11, N. Y.

Please send me the following patterns. I enclose \$.....
#2144....Size..... 35¢ each. #2512....Size..... 25¢ each.
For FASHION BOOK with 125 attractive patterns send... 25¢.

NAME.....
STREET or BOX NUMBER.....
CITY or TOWN..... STATE.....
For special handling of order by first class mail, include an extra 5¢ per pattern.



"If you've ever refinished furniture, you know how hard it is on hands," says Val Lewis of New Orleans. "I earn my living by acting on TV. I can't appear before the camera with red, rough hands."

"A friend recommended Noxzema," she continues. "Now it's my regular hand care. That medicated formula really works. I use Noxzema faithfully every night. It helps keep my hands looking lovely."

Hands that work look lovelier in 24 hours* or your money back!

Are you a homemaker? Do you work in a shop or office? Here's the hand cream just for you!

● If you aren't getting much help from your present hand cream, maybe that's because it's made for lady-of-leisure hands. Hands that work need the two-way care Noxzema gives!

Helps heal—helps beautify! Noxzema is especially made to help sore, chapped, unattractive working hands look lovelier these two important ways:

1. Helps heal tiny cuts and cracks quickly, with its unique medicated formula.
2. Helps hands feel softer—look smoother and whiter—supplies a light film of oil-and-moisture to skin's surface!

And Noxzema is *greaseless*, too! Never leaves hands feeling sticky. Apply *faithfully* each night, also, before going out into the cold. And always rub in a little *medicated* Noxzema after having hands in water.

Noxzema works—or your money back!

*In clinical tests, Noxzema helped the red, rough hands of 9 out of 10 women look lovelier—often within 24 hours! It should do the same for you.

Try soothing *medicated* Noxzema on your hands tonight. If you don't see improvement—within 24 hours—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, and you'll get your money back. But like millions of other women, you will be delighted with results. Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema today and save money!

Surveys show 5,000,000 women all over America now use this greaseless, medicated hand care!



Registered Nurse. Jean Crow of Baltimore says: "Scrubbing my hands constantly could easily make them red, ugly. But using *medicated* Noxzema daily helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth!"



Homemaker. Mrs. J. I. Ransome of Dallas says: "Housework used to leave my hands looking rough, feeling dry and uncomfortable. Now Noxzema helps keep my hands looking lovely and feeling wonderful!"

look lovelier offer!

40¢ Noxzema Limited time only!

now only **29¢** plus tax
At drug, cosmetic counters.

After you find out what Noxzema can do for you—you'll want the big, thrifty 10 oz. jar, only 89¢ plus tax.

R
M

Advice to Young Wives

on what to use for

Intimate Feminine Hygiene



Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Action — Daintier . . . More Convenient



Each in separate glass vial

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless snow-white vaginal suppositories which offer women a far daintier, more convenient method for feminine hygiene. And every woman today fully realizes the necessity of feminine cleanliness for married happiness, her health, after her periods and to guard against an odor more offensive than bad breath or body odor.

So **POWERFUL** yet **SAFE** to Tissues

Zonitors provide a *powerfully effective* yet *harmless* higher type of hygiene. When inserted, Zonitors release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous ZONITE. And they continue to do so for hours. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. Ready for immediate use. No mixture or apparatus required!

Easy to Carry if Away From Home

Zonitors actually eliminate odor. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can **DEPEND** on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ. So easy to carry if away from home. So easy to use at home!



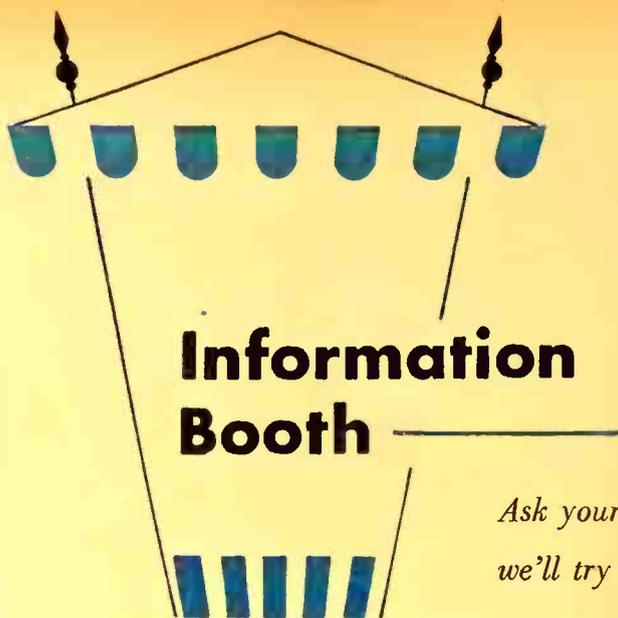
NEW! FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-22, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____
Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.



Ask your questions—
we'll try to find the answers

Captain Hodge

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of Al Hodge, who plays Captain Video? Could you tell me something about him?

W. De M., Sharpville, Pa.

Al comes by his daring exploits naturally. First, his father was a member of Buffalo Bill's troupe. Second, he was a track star in college. Besides acting as a force for good on TV, Al turns to teaching Sunday School on the weekends. Married, Al claims his own children as his severest critics.

Dr. Brent Junior

Dear Editor:

Being a devoted listener to *Road of Life*, how about a picture of Johnnie (Butch) Brent? His voice is so full of expression and, well . . . it's just interesting to listen to.

Mrs. H. W. M., Zanesville, Ohio

Here's your man—Bill Lipton. Now in his middle twenties, Bill has been in radio since he was nine. Just before he was given his first audition, he had been to see Paul Robeson in "Showboat" and decided that he, too, was a basso profundo. After four bars of Bill's piping version of "Old Man River," the director hired him, saying, "Anybody who can sing like that *must* be an actor!" Bill hopes someday to star in a play written by his wife, Joan.

Versatile Joan

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me something about Joan Tompkins. I've heard her on so many radio shows, but have never read anything about her personally.

E. W. B., New York, N. Y.

Joan, who is heard on *Against the Storm*, *This Is Nora Drake*, and *Ma Perkins*, has been in radio for over ten years. Once a Broadway star, in shows like *My Sister Eileen*, she now considers herself lucky when she can find time to go to a play. With all this experience, however, Joan has suffered from stage fright ever since her leading man walked out of the studio in the middle of a broadcast, forgetting he had another scene to play. Joan had to ad-lib the entire end of the story!

F.B.I. Agent

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me who plays the part of Agent John Sheppard on *F.B.I. In Peace and War*? I would like to see a picture of him.

Mrs. E. H. R., Sebring, Ohio

Martin Blaine has played that part since the show first started in 1944. A veteran of the Broadway stage and innumerable major radio shows, Martin worked with the OWI during the war. He is married to Catherine Laughlin, herself an actress, and they have two children, Linda, eleven, and Christopher, five.



Al Hodge



Bill Lipton



Joan Tompkins



Martin Blaine

Fran's a Favorite

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information about Fran Allison? Is she married?
Miss V. C., Springville, N. Y.

Fran Allison, the sweetheart of Kukla and Ollie, is happily married to one of her most ardent admirers—Archie Levington. They met when she was singing at a supper club. Archie, as a music publisher's representative, had brought her a song to try out. They were married in 1941, just before he went overseas as an infantry lieutenant. Fran is a wonderful cook, but she dislikes housework.

Al is Astro

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information about the boy who plays Astro on Space Cadet? His name is Al Markim, isn't it?

J. C., Flushing, N. Y.

You're right. Astro is known in 1951 as Al Markim, twenty-four-year-old TV star. He started in show business with Uncle Sam and the Army, touring Germany, France and England as a member of "Soldier's Shows." A devotee of science-fiction, Al is married to a secretary and lives in a three-room apartment in Greenwich Village. His main hobby, besides baseball and bowling, is a pet alligator which appeared on Space Cadet. Al is also seen on Young Mr. Bobbin.

Fenneman Fan

Dear Editor:

I would like some information on George Fenneman, announcer on You Bet Your Life.

L. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

George Fenneman, who also emcees The Perfect Husband (see Page 90 for picture), was born in Peking, China, in 1919. His parents then moved to San Francisco. An amateur actor since eight, George started in radio in 1942. He now lives with his wife, Peggy, and three children on a ranch near Hollywood.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO TELEVISION 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 attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



Fran Allison



Al Markim



It's New! It's Sensational... Spillpruf CUTEX

It's here! A sensational new bottle that won't spill when it's accidentally tipped over! No more worry over spilled polish ruining clothes and furniture—thanks to Spillpruf Cutex, the polish that's better on every count!

Fabulous, Flattering Colors! A wide choice of latest-fashion shades. All with matching Stay-Fast Indelible Lipstick!

Longer "No-Chip" Wear! Why pay more, when only Cutex contains Enamelon—the miracle ingredient that makes Cutex the longest lasting, best wearing nail polish in all America!

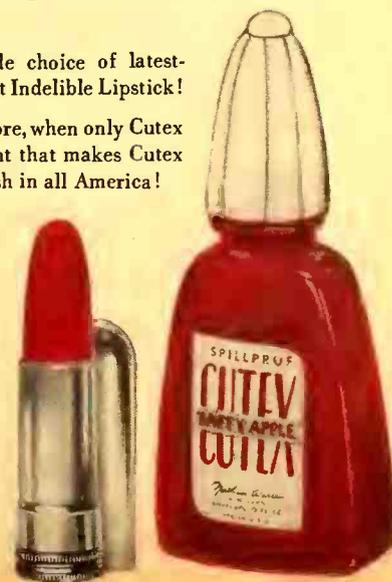
Perfect Manicures! Exclusive new "Nail-Measure" neck automatically measures polish to cover each nail perfectly.

TRY CUTEX. It gives so much more—for less money! You'll rave!

CUTEX SPILLPRUF... 15¢ plus tax

New, exciting!

STAY-FAST INDELIBLE LIPSTICK
Never leaves a kissprint! Lasts all day, all evening! Creamier because it's made with pure lanolin. 29¢ plus tax



Music master

IF THERE'S one thing Howie Leonard hates, it's the term "Disc Jockey." The original wax wrangler on the air was so christened and his successors all over the nation have quietly borne the name in sufferance ever since.

That's why Howie, who emcees WLAW's Howie Leonard Show, was one of the first to respond to the sympathetic campaign started by Jack O'Brian, radio columnist for International News Service. Jack hopes to title platter pals with a more engaging, more glamorous and perhaps more snooty moniker.

Howie was one of the disc jockeys, along with Martin Block and others, whom O'Brian contacted for suggestions. Every one had a different idea for a name. Howie's was "Music Master," which is perhaps as good as any.

O'Brian's campaign started when he heard the story of a disc jockey who warned a friend who was going to the radio man's hometown not to tell his parents he was a disc jockey. He uttered the request with such

sincerity that the friend for a moment feared that the Kefauver committee was going to start an investigation and his pal was trying to keep under cover.

But disc jockey or no, Howie doesn't have to worry about what he is called. He has been a popular air personality since the time he started in radio four years ago. After his graduation from Curry College, Boston, and a stage engagement with the Hub's Clarendon Players, he joined a Fall River radio station. There he worked his way up to chief announcer, having done outstanding work with his own record shows, on-the-spot news reporting, and other important assignments. Although his show is comparatively new on WLAW, it was an instant success. His knowledge of music, and the public's tastes for it, compares favorably with those of any similar personality on the air.

Howie's wife, Lolly, is a transplanted Canadian from Montreal, who figured that keeping house for a disc jockey is much more fun than teaching the three R's.

Proof that Howie Leonard of WLAW plays some of the hottest records—his wife, Lolly, has to fon this one.



SPACE PROPS

MAUREEN O'HARA, co-starring in Universal-International's

"FLAME OF ARABY"—Color by Technicolor



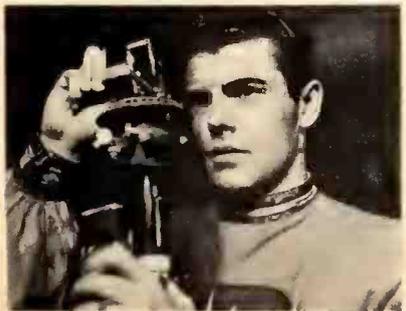
For world-of-future props, ABC's Dik Dorley, Spocce Patrol producer, searches o wor surplus counter.



One problem solved—on oversized plumbing bulb turns up on the show as o spocemon's oxygen tonk.



"I never ask clerks what these things really are," says Dik. "I'm afraid it might distract me."



By evening, the thing-um-o-bob in Dik's left hand has become the newest interplanetary weapon.



MAUREEN O'HARA . . . beautiful **Lustre-Creme Girl**, one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Maureen O'Hara uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Maureen O'Hara says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Maureen O'Hara, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

R
M

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. You see, Dial's bland beauty-cream lather does far more than remove dirt and make-up...does far more than give you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial with AT-7 every day—it effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread pimples and surface blemishes. Skin doctors know this, and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays



Lt. Col. Wes McPheron

LEUTENANT Colonel Wes McPheron is definitely not a typewriter soldier. His Time For Defense reports come straight from the front lines—from one Heartbreak Ridge after another. With him the listener is taken to the enemy-infested hillsides in Korea to watch a duel between enemy tanks and artillery, to listen to a soldier's message to his wife. As combat correspondent for the Radio-TV Branch of the Office of Public Information, Department of Defense, Colonel McPheron's eye-witness reports are tape-recorded for ABC's Time For Defense.

Colonel McPheron, who fought his way through World War II, says, "I've never seen anything quite so nasty as the fighting in Korea! There is just no safe place!"

Although the Colonel has come close to death many times, his nearest approach to the grim reaper came when he was picked up by a truckload of North Koreans who had infiltrated our line. Using him as a blind, they tried to get through, but an American patrol grew suspicious and the Colonel was rescued after a short, hair-raising ride.

Shortly after our invasion at Inchon, Colonel McPheron volunteered to assist a helicopter pilot in the rescue of a pilot shot down eighty-five miles behind the enemy lines. With heavy odds against their ever reaching the spot at all, they finally arrived at the scene, only to be met by fire from enemy guns. A signal mirror began flashing from the trees near the chute. It was possible that this was a ruse to lure them into killing range.

Realizing this, the Colonel and his pilot took the long chance. As the helicopter's wheels touched ground, the Colonel ran across the field to a crouching figure. It was the injured pilot. Colonel McPheron managed to get the man back to the plane and safely back to base.

For this Colonel McPheron received the Bronze Star—just one more medal in a large group he is rightfully entitled to wear. But the Colonel sticks to just one—the Combat Infantry Badge. "The man who wears that," he says, "knows that he's entitled to most of the medals in the book, even if he wasn't awarded them. And he knows that the rest of the infantry soldiers know it, too." That, the Colonel feels, is satisfaction enough for any fighting man.

WJZ's Herb Sheldon, who is up before the roosters in the morning, finds himself strangely wide awake as he interviews Janis Paige, star of the Broadway hit, "Remains To Be Seen."



Sleepy-time guy

HERB SHELDON, WJZ's popular disc jockey-humorist, originally got into show business because he liked to sleep late. Result: now that he has risen to radio's upper echelons of fame and income after ten years of hard work in his chosen field, he is obliged to rise at 4:30 every morning in order to shine at 6:30 A.M. when his Monday-through-Friday stanza goes on the air.

This is but one of the mixed-up situations in the hectic life of the genial Mr. Sheldon. A born-and-bred New Yorker, brought up in the fast-paced life of the big city, Herb, for years, hankered for a place of his own in the country and the leisurely life that goes with it. Now that he has his country home, he also has ten radio shows a week

and finds himself with little time to spend in it.

A typical Sheldon day would send many a lesser man to a rest home or a psychiatrist, but Herb's unflinching good humor and boundless energy never flag. The day starts off at 4:30 with a little shower-stall vocalizing. This serves the dual purpose of limbering up the Sheldon vocal cords for his broadcast (he sometimes sings along with the records he spins) and awakening all the neighboring roosters in time for their morning chores. Then he drives to work.

"I've practically got the road to myself," says Herb, "and I *never* get into a traffic jam. No other commuter can make that statement!"

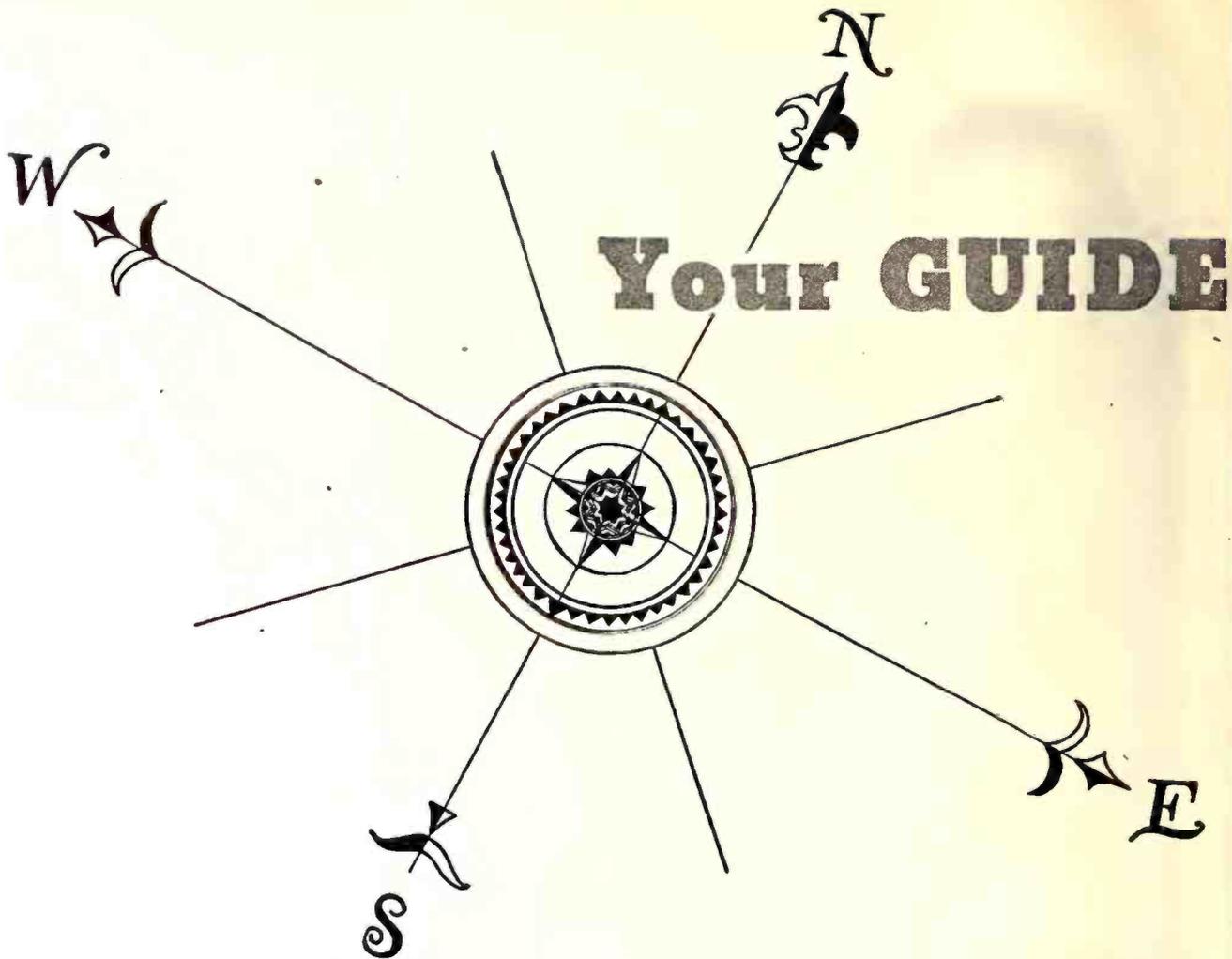
Ensnared before a microphone,

collar loosened and container of coffee at his elbow, Herb then sets about his task of helping the rest of New York get up and get to work in a happy frame of mind. A few services he has instituted on the show have proved popular and very successful. One is the Sheldon Telephone Service. If you let him know when you want to be awakened, he'll phone you—on the air—and make sure you get out of bed when you are supposed to. Another is Sheldon's Weather Songs. They're cheery little ditties, recorded by a vocal quintet, that tell whether the day's going to be sunny, cloudy or rainy—in a different tempo for each kind of weather, so that the experienced listener can tell the weather by the rhythm—rhumba, waltz or fox-trot—even if he's in the bathroom shaving and can't hear all the words.

After getting off the air at 8:15 Herb spends the morning in his Rockefeller Plaza office, where he listens to incoming batches of records and decides which discs he wants to schedule on future shows. After attending to other business of the day—setting celebrities for interviews on his later half-hour show, answering the day's mail, talking with song pluggers—it's back to the studio for his 12:30 show. This, too, blends breezy banter with selected records, and features such Sheldon standbys as the listeners' community sing, birth announcements of "Who's New Around Town," and nostalgic reveries of past headlines and song hits.

In the afternoon, Herb occasionally finds time to dash to a Broadway matinee, shoot a fast eighteen holes of golf (Perry Como is a frequent partner), or sneak off to a baseball game in the summer—but these are rare occasions. "The show may sound casual and easy-going on the air," says Herb "but, believe me, a lot of work goes into it."

Bedtime for Herb is 9:30 sharp, and neither the blandishments of friends nor the lure of the glittering social events to which he is invited can budge him from it. "My friends used to feel sorry for me for having to go to bed so early," he says, "but they're used to it now. It's better than having me yawn in their faces!"



Your GUIDE

Abilene, Texas	KRBC	1470
Ada, Okla.	KADA	1230
Akron	WAKR	1590
Albany, Ga.	WALB	1590
Albany, N. Y.	WKKW	850
Albert Lea, Minn.	KATE	1450
Albuquerque	KOAT	1450
Alexandria, La.	KALB	580
Allentown	WAEB	790
Altoona	WRTA	1240
Amarillo	KFDA	1440
Anderson, Ind.	WHBU	1240
Ann Arbor	WHRV	1600
Anniston, Ala.	WHMA	1450
Ardmore, Okla.	KVSO	1240
Asheville	WL0S	1380
Atlanta, Ga.	WGST	920
Atlantic City	WMID	1340
Augusta, Ga.	WGAC	580
Austin, Texas	KNOW	1490
Bakersfield, Cal.	KPMC	1560
Baltimore	WFBR	1300
Bangor	WABI	910
Baton Rouge	WLCS	1400
Battle Creek	WELL	1400
Bay City-Saginaw	WBCM	1440
Beaumont-Pt. Arthur	KFDM	560
Bellingham, Wash.	KVOS	790
Big Spring, Texas	KBST	1490
Binghamton-Endicott	WENE	1430
Birmingham, Ala.	WGSN	610
Bloomington, Ill.	WJBC	1230
Bloomington, Ind.	WITS	1370
Boise, Idaho	KGEM	1140
Boston-Lowell-Lawrence	WLAW	680
Bowling Green, Ky.	WKCT	930
Bridgeport, Conn.	WNAB	1450
Brownsville, Texas	KVAL	1490
Brunswick, Ga.	WGIG	1440
Buffalo, N. Y.	WKBW	1520
Burley, Idaho	KBIO	1230
Burlington, Iowa	KBUR	1490
Burlington, Vt.	WJOY	1230
Butte, Montana	KOPR	550
Canton, Ohio	WHBC	1480
Casper, Wyoming	KVOC	1230
Cedartown, Ga.	WGAA	1340
Charleston, S. C.	WHAN	1340
Charleston, W. Va.	WKNA	950

Charlotte, N. C.	WAYS	610
Charlottesville, Va.	WCHV	1240
Chattanooga, Tenn.	WDEF	1370
Cheyenne, Wyo.	KFBC	1240
Chicago	WENR-WLS	890
Chillicothe, Ohio	WBEX	1490
Cincinnati	WSAI	1360
Cleveland	WJW	850
Clinton, N. C.	WRRZ	880
Coffeyville, Kans.	KGGF	690
Columbia, Mo.	KFRU	1400
Columbia, S. C.	WCOS	1400
Columbus, Ga.	WGBA	1460
Columbus, Ohio	WCOL	1230
Corning, N. Y.	WCLI	1450
Corpus Christi	KSIX	1230
Covington, Va.	WKEY	1340
Cumberland	WDYK	1230
Dallas-Ft. Worth	WFAA-WBAP	570
Danville, Va.	WBTM	1330
Dayton, Ohio	WING	1410
Daytona Beach	WMFJ	1450
Denver, Colorado	KVOD	630
Des Moines, Iowa	KSO	1460
Detroit, Mich.	WXYZ	1270
Dothan, Alabama	WDJG	1450
Dubuque, Iowa	WKBB	1490
Duluth-Superior	WDSM	710
Durham	WTKK	1310
El Dorado, Ark.	KELD	1400
Elmira	WELM	1400
El Paso	KEPO	690
Enid, Oklahoma	KCRC	1390
Erie	WIKK	1330
Eugene, Oregon	KUGN	590
Eureka, Calif.	KHUM	1240
Evansville, Ind.	WJPS	1330
Fall River	WSAR	1480
Fargo	KFGO	790
Fayetteville, N. C.	WFLE	1490
Flint	WFDF	910
Florence, Alabama	WJOI	1340
Florence, S. C.	WJMX	970
Ft. Smith, Ark.	KFSA	950
Ft. Wayne	WGL	1250
Fredericksburg, Va.	WFVA	1230
Fresno	KARM	1430
Gadsden, Alabama	WGAD	1350
Gastonia, N. C.	WGNC	1450

Geneva, N. Y.	WGVA	1240
Glens Falls, N. Y.	WWSC	1410
Goldsboro, N. C.	WGBR	1150
Grand Island, Nebr.	KMMJ	750
Grand Rapids	WLAV	1340
Great Falls, Mont.	KMON	560
Green Bay	WDUZ	1400
Greensboro, N. C.	WCOG	1320
Greenville, S. C.	WMRC	1440
Gulfport, Miss.	WGCM	1240
Hagerstown	WJEJ	1240
Harrisburg	WHGB	1400
Hartford	WTHT	1230
Hattiesburg, Miss.	WHSY	1230
Hickory, N. C.	WHKY	1290
High Point, N. C.	WMFR	1230
Hot Springs, Ark.	KTHS	1090
Houston	KXYZ	1320
Huntington, W. Va.	WSAZ	930
Huntsville, Ala.	WHBS	1490
Idaho Falls, Idaho	KIFI	1400
Indianapolis	WISH	1310
Iron Mountain, Mich.	WMIQ	1450
Jackson, Mich.	WIBM	1450
Jackson, Miss.	WSLI	930
Jackson, Tenn.	WTJS	1390
Jacksonville	WPDQ	600
Jamestown, N. Y.	WJTN	1240
Johnson City, Tenn.	WJHL	910
Johnstown, Pa.	WCRO	1230
Kalamazoo	WGFG	1360
Kansas City, Mo.	KCMO	810
Kinston, N. C.	WFTC	1230
Klamath Falls, Ore.	KFLW	1450
Knoxville	WBIR	1240
La Crosse, Wisc.	WKTY	580
Lancaster	WLAN	1390
Lansing	WJIM	1240
Las Vegas	KENO	1460
Lawton, Okla.	KSWO	1380
Lewiston-Auburn	WLAM	1470
Lexington, Ky.	WLAP	630
Lima, Ohio	WIMA	1150
Lincoln, Nebraska	KFOR	1240
Little Rock	KGHI	1250
Longview, Texas	KFR0	1370
Los Alamos, N. Mex.	KRSN	1490
Los Angeles	KECA	790
Louisville	WKLO	1080

to Great Entertainment

Wherever you are . . . wherever you go, there's an ABC station
 on your radio dial. Over these local ABC stations, all the
 wonderful radio programs featured in this issue
 come to life. These call letters stand for great radio
 entertainment. That's why from Altoona to Amarillo—
 from Battle Creek to Baton Rouge—America is sold on ABC.

ABC RADIO

American Broadcasting Company



Abbeville, Texas	KFYO	1340
Adrian, Mich.	WKLA	1450
Albany, N. Y.	WLVA	590
Albany, N. Y.	WNEX	1400
Albany, N. Y.	WISC	1480
Albany, N. Y.	WMUR	610
Albany, Minn.	KTOE	1420
Albany, Ohio	WMAN	1400
Albany, Ohio	WMRN	1490
Albany, N. Y.	WMSA	1340
Albany, Okla.	KTMC	1400
Albany, Texas	KRIO	910
Albany, Oregon	KYJC	1230
Albany, Memphis	WMPS	680
Albany, Meridian, Miss.	WTOK	1450
Albany, Miami	WQAM	560
Albany, Midland, Texas	KCRS	550
Albany, Milwaukee	WMAW	1250
Albany, Minneapolis-St. Paul	WTCN	1280
Albany, Mobile	WABB	1480
Albany, Modesto, Calif.	KMOD	1360
Albany, Monroe, La.	KMLB	1440
Albany, Montgomery, Ala.	WAPX	1600
Albany, Muskegon, Mich.	WKBZ	850
Albany, Muskogee, Okla.	KBIX	1490
Albany, Nashville	WSIX	980
Albany, Natchez, Miss.	WNAT	1450
Albany, New Haven, Conn.	WELI	960
Albany, New Orleans	WSMB	1350
Albany, New York	WJZ	770
Albany, Norfolk-Ports-Newport N.	WGH	1310
Albany, Oklahoma City	KTOK	1000
Albany, Okla. N. Y.	WHDL	1450
Albany, Omaha	KOIL	1290
Albany, Orlando, Florida	WHOO	990
Albany, Oshkosh, Wisc.	WOSH	1490
Albany, Palm Beach	WWPG	1340
Albany, Panama City, Fla.	WPCF	1400
Albany, Paris, Texas	KPLT	1490
Albany, Parkersburg, W. Va.	WCOM	1230
Albany, Pasco, Wash.	KPKW	1340
Albany, Pensacola	WEAR	1230
Albany, Peoria, Ill.	WIRL	1290
Albany, Philadelphia, Penn.	WFIL	560
Albany, Phoenix	KPHO	910
Albany, Pittsburgh	WCAE	1250
Albany, Pittsfield	WBEC	1490
Albany, Plattsburgh, N. Y.	WEAV	960
Albany, Pocatello, Idaho	KWIK	1440

Portland, Mich.	WTTH	1380
Portland, Me.	WPOR	1490
Portland, Oregon	KEX	1190
Portsmouth, Ohio	WNXT	1260
Poughkeepsie	WKIP	1450
Providence	WPJB	1420
Pueblo, Colo.	KGHF	1350
Quincy, Ill.	WGEM	1440
Racine-Kenosha	WRJN	1400
Raleigh	WNAO	850
Rawlins, Wyoming	KRAL	1240
Reading, Penna.	WEEU	850
Reno, Nevada	KWRN	1490
Richmond	WRNL	910
Roanoke	WROV	1240
Rochester, Minn.	KLER	970
Rochester, N. Y.	WARC	950
Rockford, Ill.	WROK	1440
Rock Island	WHBF	1270
Rocky Mount, N. C.	WEED	1390
Rome, Ga.	WLAQ	1410
Roswell, N. Mex.	KSWA	1230
Sacramento	KFBK	1530
St. Cloud, Minn.	WJON	1240
St. Louis	KXOK	630
Salisbury, N. C.	WSAT	1280
Salt Lake City	KUTA	570
San Angelo, Tex.	KGKL	960
San Antonio	KABC	680
San Bernardino	KITO	1290
San Diego	KFMB	550
San Francisco	KGO	810
San Luis Obispo	KATY	1340
Santa Barbara	KTMS	1250
Santa Fe	KTRC	1400
Santa Maria, Calif.	KCOY	1400
Saranac Lake	WNBZ	1450
Sault Ste. Marie	WSOO	1230
Savannah	WDAR	1400
Scranton	WARM	590
Seattle-Tacoma	KJR	950
Sheboygan	WHBL	1330
Shenandoah, Iowa	KMA	960
Shreveport	KRMD	1340
Sioux Falls	KSCJ	1360
Sioux Falls, S. D.	KSOO	1140
South Bend	WHOT	1490
South Boston, Va.	WHLF	1400
Spartanburg, S. C.	WORD	910

Spokane	KGA	1510
Springdale, Ark.	KBRS	1340
Springfield, Ill.	WCVS	1450
Springfield, Mass.	WSPR	1270
Springfield, Mo.	KWTO	560
Springfield, Ohio	WIZE	1340
Stamford, Conn.	WSTC	1400
Staunton, Va.	WTON	1400
Stockton, Calif.	KWG	1230
Suffolk, Va.	WLPM	1450
Sunbury, Pa.	WKOK	1240
Syracuse	WAGE	620
Tallahassee	WTNT	1450
Tampa-St. Petersburg	WSUN	620
Texarkana	KCMC	1230
Toledo	WTOL	1230
Topeka	WREN	1250
Torrington, Conn.	WTOR	1490
Tucson, Ariz.	KCNA	580
Tulsa	KRMG	740
Twin Falls	KLIX	1310
Utica-Rome	WRUN	1150
Valdosta, Ga.	WGAJ	910
Waco	WACO	1460
Walla Walla	KWWB	1490
Washington, D. C.	WMAL	630
Washington, N. C.	WRF	930
Waterbury, Conn.	WATR	1320
Waterloo	KXEL	1540
Waterville, Me.	WTVL	1490
Wenatchee, Wash.	KPQ	560
West Point, Ga.	WRLD	1490
Wheeling	WKWK	1400
Wichita Falls	KFDX	990
Wichita, Kansas	KFBI	1070
Wilkes-Barre	WILK	980
Wilmar, Minn.	KWLM	1340
Wilmington, Del.	WILM	1450
Wilmington, N. C.	WMFD	630
Winona, Minn.	KWNO	1230
Winston-Salem	WAIR	1340
Worcester	WAAB	1440
Yakima, Wash.	KIT	1280
York, Penna.	WSBA	910
Provo, Utah	KCSU	1400
Anchorage, Alaska	KENI	550
Fairbanks, Alaska	KFAR	660
Montreal, Canada	CFCF	600
Toronto, Canada	CJBC	860
Honolulu, Hawaii	KULA	690

The modern woman



Mrs. Perle Mesta, U.S. Minister to Luxembourg, visits with Ruth Crane and her WMAL radio audience.

FIRST LADY of Radio and Television in the Nation's Capital is a title that could certainly characterize Ruth Crane, Director of Women's Activities for WMAL and WMAL-TV, the Washington ABC outlet. In radio for twenty-three years and on TV since 1947, Ruth's schedule of programs would stagger the usual performer. Each week she produces and presents five half-hours on radio and

her TV stint has grown to eight half-hours weekly.

In addition, Ruth manages her own home and is frequently hostess at small dinner parties. Her husband is William H. Schaefer, who gets a good-natured chuckle out of being addressed, occasionally, as "Mr. Crane." Their Georgetown apartment is serene and inviting—cool green walls with flowered chintz at the windows. An

outdoor terrace is a special delight to Ruth and Bill—where they frequently enjoy Sunday morning breakfast or entertain their friends at cocktails. Mint, parsley, chives and flowers of many kinds are carefully tended by the Schaefers.

As a cheerful surprise Ruth is actually an excellent cook, and can prepare delicious meals with a minimum of time and trouble. "It's a popular misconception," says Ruth, "that the woman on radio and television who dishes out the cooking advice, actually can't boil water." The TV staff has had to concede that Ruth is no amateur at the kitchen stove and at the end of her daily TV show they dash for the kitchen to sample her latest triumph.

Ruth is considered one of the smartest-dressed women in Washington. Her hats are conversation pieces at parties. And parties naturally abound in Ruth's life—diplomatic, social, political and business parties. It's important to Ruth and to her audience that she attend many of them, to bring news to the radio listeners about the Washington whirl and to bring celebrities to her TV cameras.

But life is not all fun and frolic for Ruth Crane. She has more than enough work to do, even with two capable assistants. Her day usually begins at seven or thereabouts when she's routed out of bed by phone calls from friends or business contacts who "simply can't reach her any other time."

From that time on, there is barely time for her to catch her breath during the day. Although Ruth contends that temperament is not a necessary part of the modern woman, she does paraphrase Kipling's poem this way: "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs—you just don't understand the situation."



Ruth Crane and Jackson Weaver await the day's guest in the living room of their television studio "home." That's Norah, the maid, in the kitchen.

Can a clever woman win a man from the one he really loves?



Right To Happiness is heard Mon.-Fri., 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC, for P&G's Ivory Bar and Duz.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Carolyn Nelson in the November drama problem

In November Radio-TV Mirror reader-listeners were told Carolyn Nelson's problem and were asked to answer it. Radio-TV Mirror editors have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. Sue Edgar, 1305 East Fifth, Winfield, Kans., for the following letter:

No! She may upset his life temporarily by arousing conflict, doubt and suspicion. She may appear attractive, intelligent and at times, necessary to his life. All of this, she accomplishes by cleverness. But real love stands up to all of this—just to prove its strength. No matter how clever, she can build no lasting happiness with him on someone else's heartbreak. Love that is true grows deeper from trials. The only thing she will win is the loss of his respect.

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

Mrs. Louis Boeckman
Albers, Illinois

Mrs. Mabel Webber
Dowagiac, Mich.

Elsie Dungan
Cincinnati, Ohio

Mrs. Harold Smith
Lima, Ohio

Mrs. E. R. Gulbrandsoy
Mesa, Arizona

EXTRA MONEY
FOR WHATEVER
YOUR HEART DESIRES

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Friendship
ALL-OCCASION
**GREETING
CARDS**

Get all the things you want. Just show big value \$1 All-Occasion Assortments in spare time. They sell fast wherever shown. Make \$50 cash profit on 100 boxes. Many other leading sellers, including \$1 Personalized Stationery, double your earnings. You need no experience. Send no money. Mail coupon now for samples on approval.

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529 Adams Street, Elmira, New York
YES! Send me full facts, Assortments on approval and FREE Personalized Samples.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**CLUBS!
CHURCH GROUPS!**
Easy to raise hundreds of dollars for your organization. We show you how. Send coupon!

MAIL NOW FOR SAMPLES

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
★
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Magic is
the Word
for Tampax!



A product so small, so dainty—and yet featuring so many improvements and advantages for the benefit of women . . . women faced with that old problem of sanitary protection on "those days" of the month. . . . No wonder they call it "magic."

Let's take a look at this modern, doctor-invented wonder-product endorsed by many medical scientists and now used by millions of women. Here are the facts . . . Tampax is worn internally, absorbs internally and is only a fraction of the bulk of the older types. Made of pure surgical cotton contained in slender individual applicators, making insertion easy and convenient.

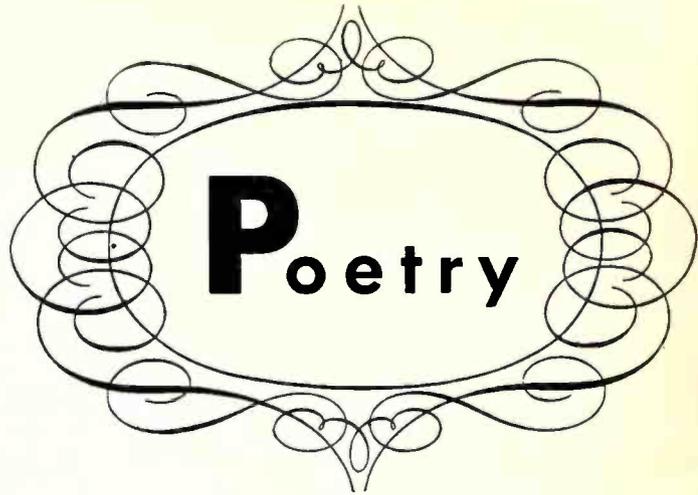
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO DOOR

No belts, pins or external pads with Tampax. No odor; no chafing. You cannot even feel it while wearing it! No bulges under clothing. You need not remove the Tampax for your tub or shower bath. And naturally, with its small size, it is easily disposable.

Buy Tampax at drug or notion counters. 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



TIME-DISTANCE

Tonight my trembling thoughts must upward flow
To where our chosen star is shining bright,
I cup my hands to hold its falling light,
And warm my tear-chilled face beneath its glow;

Star beams slip through my clumsy fingers, slow,
And swiftly disappear into the night.
Beside me stands a dream, a spectre-sight,
A vision that too soon will fade and go.

To mortal man time-distance is too long,
And somehow with our star cloud-canopied,
My warmed heart seems in tune with Heaven's
song,
And useless, deeply-buried love is freed.
The night sounds hold their breath. Without a
sigh
My thoughts kiss you and dreams of you goodbye.
—Jean Fuller Rausch

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The people next daor have a videa set.
They invite us aver to see
The programs they fallaw week after week
With fiendish, insatiable glee.
Our praise it is lavish and fulsome,
Our laughter is never remiss.
But they spend the evening complaining,
"Last week it was better than this!"
—Ruth Adams

STAIRS . . . AGE TWO

Slow
but
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ad
v
e
n
ture!

—Dan Kelly

BLUES

I was in a smoke filled room packed with
sweating bodies
And faces that laughed and talked
And hands that beat tables keeping time
with the music.

I heard a guy ride high trumpet
To touch a hundred misty things he felt
Yet never talked about nor fully understood.

I heard a guy sob on sax
While the other instruments told stories
in gray.
And suddenly it was familiar as if I had
heard it all before
Coming from some dark, lonely corner of
my soul.
—John Thomas Church

RADIO-TV MIRROR WILL PAY \$5.00 FOR MAY POETRY

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines. No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it. Poetry for the May issue must be submitted between January 10 and February 10, 1952, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by March 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: May Poetry, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

JOHN DALY



MR. DALY performs the difficult task of being dignified without being pompous. His voice is thoroughly agreeable, his speech is flawless, and what he has to say . . . is refreshingly literate and spontaneous."

With these words, Deems Taylor presented to John Daly one of the Sylvania Television Awards of 1951. John Daly was in a small, select group, for these awards are presented very sparingly. Only nine individuals in the whole industry were selected by the Sylvania Committee.

Behind John's urbane manner, lie many hours of hectic, shirt-sleeved work in the news room. If John is casual and spontaneous on the air it is because he is so thoroughly prepared on every aspect of the news.

John knows the news business. Often described as a "distinguished commentator and foreign correspondent," he has worked a lifetime to earn the title. He knows not only the elements of the news, but he knows intimately the major world figures who make the news. In 1941 he completed five years of service as a White House correspondent—five of the most important years of our history. In '41 and '42 he was called back to New York to lend his immense knowledge of world affairs to interpreting the first years of the war. For the next six years, John was on roving assignment. London, Algiers, North Africa, Italy, the Middle East, Alaska and the Aleutians—wherever news was being made, John Daly was on the spot. He has covered every kind of story, from the Nuremberg Trials to the ill-starred Texas City explosions. There is probably no man before the TV cameras today who has spent so many years preparing himself for the exacting job of completely covering the news for the home viewer.

It's a rough schedule that John and his staff meet every day. At 11 A.M., John Dunn, ABC newsman, and Daly's right-hand man, starts work on the show, checking all the news services for the general content of the day's news. At 11:45 he phones United Press, who, in a new combine with Fox-Movietone, supply the film for the Daly show. Dunn checks on their plans for specific coverage for the night's show, and checks it against his first list of major news items. He plans on-the-spot coverage by the UP-Fox cameras and orders background material from the millions of feet of film in their library. At

12:15 he starts work with the art staff who draw the maps, charts and graphs used to illustrate the stories in detail.

At 1 P.M., John Daly arrives and holds a meeting of the entire news staff—a meeting that in an hour must arrange every element of the show, leaving time open for late news developments. By 2:30, the staff is ready to meet with the film editor. For another hour, Daly and his entire staff hold stop watches as they view background film that has arrived early—for TV news must be timed to the split-second. From 3:30 until air time, Daly and Dunn write the show, discarding one story or another as later film, which takes precious time to view and edit, arrives by messenger.

Because TV news is visual, the viewer gets more news in fifteen minutes than on radio. John schedules from seven to eleven film spots a day, as against five or six "pick-ups" used on radio. Acme news photos provide the stills on the last minute stories—and these stories have been used when the pictures arrived as late as five minutes before air time. Daly, the old newsman, insists upon full coverage and actually uses stories that come in—while he is reporting "on camera"—as late as 7:14—or one minute before he goes off the air!

John Daly believes that editing and reporting for TV demands a completely different technique from that required by any other medium. He says, "Not only does history march across the face of your tube, but also personalities and material substance move. In place of the 'who-what-when-where' formula of newspaper or radio reporting, TV news must deal with places and persons, constantly drawing upon a background of visual information to help the viewer see them in terms of the night's news."

How does he like the arduous hours and stop-watch schedule of TV reporting? Daly loves it, and feels it is doing a better and better job. "It cannot, however," he says, "come to full stature until basic technical problems are solved." He means that he wants on-the-spot coverage of every event, either put on the air as it happens or recorded for later use. To achieve this, we'll need a lot more facilities than we have now, but with perfectionists like John Daly on the job, we may get that kind of news sooner than we've dared dream.

NEW!
a liquid 'LIPSTICK'

Can't Melt!

Can't Smear!



Marie McDonald
lovely motion picture star

... Beautiful Heavenly Lips

Romance-hued liquid colors that take to your lips with the idea of staying. Liquid Liptone, the miracle 'lipstick' at last, that can't smear—and that really won't rub off! Makes lips beautiful and keeps them beautiful for an extra long time. And the shades are lovelier—much lovelier than you have ever hoped for!

Now you can make up your lips before you go out—and no matter what you do—or whether it be in sunlight or in moonlight—they'll stay divinely red until long after you are home again. Sounds impossible, doesn't it? But it is so true. Obviously, this miracle couldn't be performed by lipstick made of grease, and it isn't.

A LIQUID DOES IT...

A heavenly new liquid which instantly imparts glamorous color in the most romantic shades ever! Lips feel delightfully soft and smooth—no dryness or chapping. All better stores feature new liquid liptone. Get yours today. Price, complete with patent brush applicator \$1. For lovely natural cheek color get 'magic' creamy Cheektone \$1.



liquid liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 2142
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below.
I enclose 25c coin for each one.

- Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- Royal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
- Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smearproofs.
- CHEEKSTONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.

Miss _____
Mrs. _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

feast your eyes!



on Hollywood's most beautiful stars at their very bee-u-ti-ful-est in

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- ★ Rhonda Fleming
- ★ Debra Paget
- ★ Elizabeth Taylor

and many more of the world's most curvaceous glamour girls in captivating full-color pictures—14 of them are full-page size.

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205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid PHOTOPLAY PIN-UPS as checked below.

- 1 copy—I enclose 35¢
- 3 copies—I enclose \$1.00

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ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

PP7

Advice to a new-comer from the man who knows—Ted Mack.



This wonderful world!

By TED MACK

There's top billing for the best and plenty of room for everyone way up the ladder in any business. But in show business we are probably more conscious of America's opportunities than in any other business. Again and again, newcomers are assured that there is always room in American hearts for a new entertainer who brings cheer and happiness into the home. In show business we have dramatic proof of the realization of America's democratic ideals.

In the past seventeen years over three-quarters of a million people have auditioned for our show, for example. Among the amateurs introduced by the late Major Bowes and myself were Robert Merrill, the great, world-famed opera star, Frank Sinatra, motion picture actress Vera-Ellen, TV's Jack Carter and Paul Winchell. Many of these people had very humble beginnings, but in the great American tradition, they were given every opportunity to get ahead. The Original Amateur Hour is strictly in the best spirit of the democracy that is all-America. For inspiration take the Polish singer, chased from one refugee camp to another, who learned the true meaning of the torch held high by our Statue of Liberty. The votes of listeners made her a three-time winner. Today she understands why America is called the land of opportunity. On the following pages is another inspiring story. The story of a typical American girl who auditioned for our Original Amateur Hour. And found this indeed a Wonderful World!

CONTINUED ►

THIS WONDERFUL WORLD!

I'm a Cinderella Girl

By DEANNE FRAPPOLLO



My pop runs a hardware store in Brooklyn and I often help him out when I'm not taking singing lessons.

IF IT hadn't been for all the teasing that Thursday in August, perhaps I wouldn't yet have asked to be auditioned for the Original Amateur Hour. First it was the man at the subway change booth kidding about the lipstick and comb and tissue I dropped, searching for my fare. At noontime, the counterman at the lunchroom teased about my diet because I wouldn't order dessert. Back in the accounting office at Western Electric someone had wedged a piece of paper into my comptometer—a note kidding me again. And that evening when I went down to the store to relieve Pops for dinner, a customer came in and asked for a left-handed monkey wrench. Kidding me, whose father has had a hardware store for twelve years.



My sister-in-law Ruth, Mom and I tuned in Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour—my whole life changed.

None of my family has been in show business, but Dad, Mom and Ruth and my nephew all love to sing for fun.



"Men always tease pretty girls," Dad said when I complained.

"And you're as bad as any," I told him.

I went upstairs—our apartment, in Brooklyn, New York, is above Pops' store—and offered to help Mom with the dishes. She told me to go on about my own business. I'd been remaking some of last year's dresses. I've had to because I've lost forty pounds since February . . . Believe me, dieting isn't easy in our home for Mom's from Dixie, of Irish extraction, and Pops of Italian extraction. That makes for fun but also a variety of appetizing, high-calorie dishes like Southern fried chicken and spaghetti and corn pone and ravioli. But if I wanted to be an actress, I had to exercise



I was auditioning. My knees were shaking hard, but in the control room they only paid attention to my voice.

self-control. Take my word for it, it wasn't easy.

I set up the ironing board at one end of the living room and tuned in Ted Mack's Amateur Hour. Pops was listening and reading his newspaper, and Moms was in another chair, working on a crossword puzzle. I suppose I had kind of drifted off from both the ironing and the program when I heard Mom.

"A penny for your thoughts, Deanne," she offered. "I was just listening."

BUT she gave me one of those I-know-better glances. Well, we look alike, blonde with blue-gray eyes, so maybe she knows what's going on in my head sometimes. I was really day-dreaming, picturing myself at the theater with Ted Mack introducing me to the audience. After all, the chief reason for the diet and singing lessons, started the year before, was the hope that I could get into show business. Then one of the contestants sang "Some of These Days" and as Pops put down his newspaper I knew what he would say.

"Deanne, you can sing better than that woman. Why don't you write for an audition."

"Stop teasing," I said. "I've been teased so much today, I'm ready to scream."

He stopped grinning and answered, "I'm not teasing, Deanne. Don't you want to find out if you're good enough?"

I went to bed but I stayed awake wondering what to do. After all, my experience was limited to singing at parties and placing in a couple of local amateur contests. Would I be good enough? A couple of weeks before my singing teacher, who had once taught Vic Damone, had said, "Don't you want to find out if you're good enough?" Tonight Pops had echoed her words. Maybe they were both right! I got out of bed around midnight, unable to sleep, and (Continued on page 81)



I reported to Radio City and there found other contestants who were as anxious as I to crash the big time.



Designing and making the dress I wore for my big debut occupied my mind during the days of waiting.

TWO HAPPY

By FRANCES LANGFORD



Even in the serious business of rehearsals, Don finds time to josh Frances and relieve the tension.

MONDAY through Friday I co-star on an ABC television show with a fabulous character. His name is Don Ameche. Don and I have worked together before, for several years. That was when we played *The Bickersons* on radio. Actually, we're a trio now, since Tony Romano joined our permanent cast. . . Rehearsals run the gamut from the greatest collection of gags you ever heard to the serious business of putting on an hour-long show every day. . . On the serious side, Don does all the worrying about technical things. The lights. The camera positions. The introductions. Always the introduction. No one has ever yet written an opening scene that entirely satisfied Don. Not that he doesn't think they're good, but only that they might be better. He'll say, "I don't feel right doing it this way," and he keeps on changing it until he does.

On the gag side, well—you never know what Ameche will do next. There was that first day of the new show last September, five minutes before we went on the air. I had been going over the commercial I was to do at the end of the program. Don came up to me. Casual, immaculate, unruffled as always, not a hair out of place. The rest of us were already a little limp. . . "You know, Frances," he said, "that there has been a slight change. Oh, no problem, or anything like that. It's only that the third segment of the show has been moved up to the second segment and the last segment has been moved up to the first, and the first one is now third. It's really nothing at all." I looked at him helplessly, trying to figure out what it added up to. I knew it would change my whole routine, on our very first program, and with only a few minutes to air time. When he saw he had me completely confused, he confessed it was another Ameche gag. "Gee, Fran," he apologized. "I thought you were used to my jokes by this time."

I am used to them, but I go on taking them seriously. It must be that sober face that fools me. He even has Tony Romano, an old hand at gags himself, wondering. Just the other day he said to Tony, "Oh, I forgot to tell you about that number you're rehearsing. It's out." . . . Everybody laughed. Big joke. Tony might even believe it. . . Tony didn't. He went over and over the number like mad, racing with the studio (*Continued on page 77*)

The Langford-Ameche Show, seen M-F, 12N EST, ABC-TV, for Cory, Cliquot Club, Warner-Hudnut, E. I. DuPont De Nemours.

PEOPLE

By
DON AMECHE



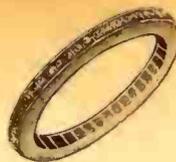
During rehearsal break, Don and Frances gleefully twist Tony Romano's eardrums.

IF Frances Langford has been telling tales out of school about me, it's my turn now. In the first place, let me say that we think television is tops. If our viewers have fun, as we hope, it's because we ourselves have fun on the show every day. . . Not all the jokes are in the script, either, as Fran may have told you. Not by any means. . . There was that production number I was doing, with a snow machine giving the effect of a light flurry. Very seasonal and pretty it was supposed to be. Only something went wrong with the mechanism and the flurry became a raging blizzard that no one could turn off. I stopped in the middle of my song and called, "This is ridiculous. What's going on up there?" The laughs were breaking me up. . . Fran went me one better. She grabbed a fur coat that belonged to someone twice her size. She draped it ridiculously around herself, came out announcing jauntily, "Now I'm ready for my next number." The audience got hysterical with laughter at this point,

and the mail response from viewers was enormous. They thought it was wonderful.

On the serious side, Fran's greatest contribution to the programming of the show is the way she picks vocals. I like the routining. I don't like to choose songs. Fran doesn't like the planning for the show. She does know what songs are good for me and for the program. . . I never could figure out the best tempo, but Fran and Tony can time a song just right. When I'm on camera singing, Fran sits on the sidelines and tells me by motions whether I'm too slow or too fast. . . But no one phrases and puts a song across like Frances.

I still don't think of myself as a singer, because it isn't the way I started out. I began in radio as a dramatic actor and didn't sing more than a few times during my first six years on the air. When I was going to take a motion picture test at Twentieth Century-Fox, my agent asked me if I could do a song. I said I thought I (Continued on page 77)



A REAL LIFE STORY OF

a Wedding Ring for Mary

BY MARGARET SANGSTER

TTrue stories—years and years of true stories flashing over the airways! I'm the woman who collects these true stories and puts them into radio form. As I set them down, one by one, I'm invariably surprised at the things that happen to real people—truth is stranger than fiction, and no mistake!

But there's a catch in this writing a true story for radio—at least five times out of ten the stories which I collect are based on coincidence. And script editors, program managers, sponsors and producers feel unanimously that coincidence makes a story unbelievable, unreal.

And yet, believe it or not, coincidence is the stuff that real life is made of. And it was a coincidence that brought about the most touching, beautiful love story I've ever run into. It will never be broadcast because my producers would never believe it, yet it took place right under their very noses—in the studio at ABC in New York.

But leaving the actual stories out of it—*try and leave them out of it!*—I feel that the success of our program is due, in a great part, to the teamwork that goes into it. The same group has been working on the show through the long years. Charles Warburton, a calm and courtly Englishman—ex-British army officer, leading

authority on Shakespeare, and a great actor in his own right—directs half of the show. Martin Andrews—young, fiery, excitable and explosive, an ex-American army officer—directs the other half. Rosa Rio, one of the world's great musicians—born in New Orleans, and with the rhythm and romance of that city in every bar of her music—is responsible for the theme and transitions. She often plays the piano and organ simultaneously—it's a neat trick.

Then there's Jack Mitchell, our script editor—who tells me when and where I'm wrong in my interpretation of a story. But—I don't hate him—I love him and respect his judgment! And there's Glenn Riggs, our top-flight announcer—and there's William Simpson, the electrician who can do miraculous things with a commonplace voice. And there are an assortment of sound men who drift in and out, and hundreds of fine actors—many of them Broadway stars—who make my words come alive.

Yes, the success of our program is largely due to teamwork—but there's one catch in the routine. At least five times out of ten the stories which I collect are (Continued on page 98)

My True Story is heard Monday through Friday, 10:00 A.M. EST, ABC for Sterling Drugs.

A BOY AND GIRL WHO FOUND THE MEANING OF LOVE BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE

When John put the
solitaire on Mary's
finger, they thought
it would be forever.







A REAL LIFE STORY OF

A BOY AND GIRL WHO FOUND THE MEANING OF LOVE BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE

a Wedding Ring for Mary

BY MARGARET SANGSTER

True stories—years and years of true stories flashing over the airways! I'm the woman who collects these true stories and puts them into radio form. As I set them down, one by one, I'm invariably surprised at the things that happen to real people—truth is stranger than fiction, and no mistake!

But there's a catch in this writing a true story for radio—at least five times out of ten the stories which I collect are based on coincidence. And script editors, program managers, sponsors and producers feel unanimously that coincidence makes a story unbelievable, unreal.

And yet, believe it or not, coincidence is the stuff that real life is made of. And it was a coincidence that brought about the most touching, beautiful love story I've ever run into. It will never be broadcast because my producers would never believe it, yet it took place right under their very noses—in the studio at ABC in New York.

But leaving the actual stories out of it—try and leave them out of it!—I feel that the success of our program is due, in a great part, to the teamwork that goes into it. The same group has been working on the show through the long years. Charles Warburton, a calm and courtly Englishman—ex-British army officer, leading

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When John put the solitaire on Mary's finger, they thought it would be forever.



ABC's Mercedes McCambridge and director-husband, Fletcher Markle, have found life's formula for peace, laughter and happiness

If you want to be LOVED

PROBABLY the mushiest, corniest, most sentimental, most over-used and the most beautiful word in the whole dictionary is the four-letter word—love,” says Mercedes McCambridge, her warm brown eyes twinkling with high spirits. “But I know from experience that this word can bring more contentment, peace and happiness in life than all the glory, all the fame of radio roles, all the motion picture Academy Oscars rolled up in one. And to me there is one simple rule, if you want to possess all the wonder and the magic of this word, if you want to feel its meaning and its rewards, if you want to be loved—you must first be able to love.”

Mercedes, who weekly plays a lady lawyer in exciting courtroom dramas as ABC's Defense Attorney, radiated contentment and peace as she sat talking in her Westwood, California, home which she shares with her director-husband, Fletcher Markle, their new-born baby and her son John.

“Love is a mighty big word to us because it covers not just the moonlight and roses (who couldn't get a thrill out of that kind of love) but the day-to-day sharing experiences with our children, the day-to-day understanding of our partners in marriage, the day-to-day self-respect you get from a job well done. Without all these composite parts there is no real love, no real marriage, no real motherhood or fatherhood.

“Odd thing, ironic thing, is that as soon as you learn to give out with this understanding which is the real basis of all love, you find that the other fellow understands and loves you.

“I think that Fletcher's relationship with John is a perfect example,” she said thoughtfully. “John is my ten-year-old son by a former marriage and when Fletcher and I were married three years ago we wanted the fine relationship between John and Fletcher established during our courtship days to continue. Fletcher and John worked it out so that they have their own hour every night. We've set aside the period before dinner when they get together and chat over the events of the day or any problems that might have arisen. It's man to man and they sort of look forward to it.

“I know I do,” she smiled mischievously, “be-

cause that's my hour too. I retire to the bathroom where I soak leisurely in a hot tub, bubble bath and all. I even bought a tray that stretches across the tub for books and whatever I might like to do.

“But, seriously, the understanding that comes from John knowing Fletcher is there to help him and guide him, makes for a fine relationship. After we have our respective sessions, we all have dinner together. This is nice, too, for John and Fletcher and I are able to talk over things in peace and quiet, laugh at the world's troubles—and our own—together. Nothing like it except, perhaps, that special period of the day when we are together no matter whether we are in the same house or not. I'm talking about the period at the end of the day when we all say our prayers together.

“It's a special sort of sharing, for no matter where we are, if one of us is away, we say our prayers and think of the one who is not with us.”

Mercedes' serious mood changed rapidly to smiling, half-banter which is her approach to the world. She loves to laugh, and sharing her laughter is part of loving Mercedes.

“We aren't parted often either, we see to that,” she said gaily. “We're a little different from most families—we have itchy feet and we like going places together. Many times before Fletcher and I were married John and I explored romantic points in London, Paris and Italy. John is as at home abroad as I am. He speaks excellent Italian and I speak Spanish fluently—and we both cheat in French. Fletcher shares our desires for the old, wonderful places in the world, too, but I think his wanderlust increased when he caught the fever that possesses John and me.”

The Markle family moves to London this spring when Fletcher goes over to direct a motion picture. “We'll all commute between Paris and London when that happens,” Mercedes added happily.

“When we aren't traveling we're thinking about it—that's why this London trip is so exciting for us. We spend whole (Continued on page 97)

Mercedes McCambridge is heard weekly as Defense Attorney, Thursdays, 8:00 P.M., EST on ABC for American Chicle Co.



It's good to be home, Siri Allen Thomas felt. In the study of her father, Professor Jason McKinley Allen, she sat on the arm of his chair, as she had many times as a little girl. Her mother brought in some tea. Here, Siri knew, was the security, warmth, and unquestioning understanding of home. But she would spare her parents the real reason for her return.

Against the Storm

Siri's elopement brings secret tears and problems she dare not reveal to her parents

AS SIRI ALLEN walked up the steps of her old home in Hawthorne she breathed the clear air with its winter sharpness. It would be good to be home, to be surrounded once more with the familiar, peaceful existence of her father, Professor Allen, and her mother, serene, uncomplicated, somehow comfortable. Siri sighed briefly—impatiently she pushed back the unpleasant thoughts of her elopement and marriage to Hal Thomas, and opened the door on her former home. Once inside, her parents' warm welcome filled her heart with comfort, and before the afternoon was over she was already settling back to enjoy the pattern that was so familiar to her. It wasn't until she was comfortably settled in bed back in the room which had been hers as a child that her thoughts took form. She thought back over the years of her young life, over the stories that her mother and father had told to her about their beginnings, their hopes, their fears and Siri began to sort out her own problems, and where she must go with her own life.

She remembered the story her mother had told her of her father's early beginnings as a teacher at Harper University as an instructor in the English department. Her father, now the eminent Professor Jason McKinley Allen, then just another teacher out of an upstate high school, had been guided by his own sense that "these are big times and a teacher carries a tremendous responsibility." These words were prophetic since they were spoken just before the first world war. Jason had realized that he wasn't going to solve all the problems of the world in one semester, but he had leaned heavily for his philosophy, upon the riddle of Willy, an old Civil War veteran—a philosophy which he had tried to instill in Siri and the other members of his family. "What can you take away from a sword to make it something stronger?" was the riddle Willy had asked. The answer is: take away the "s" and you have a "word." And then Willy would raise his hand like a minister and say, "Boys, the word is stronger than any sword. The word is 'love.'" Siri smiled to herself—all during the days when her father had been



Relaxed and comforted in Hawthorne, the scene of her growing up, Siri found joy again in its people and living . . . if only for a short while.

See Next Page _____

Against the Storm



When Professor Allen reached the retirement age at Harper University, he began the Deep Pool Farm experiment . . . adaptation of the folk school idea.

teaching and guiding her she had heard this story many times both from his lips and the lips of her mother. Her father had repeated the riddle when the second world war came along and added, "If the world is up against trouble and the storm of a world war, well, Willy's word may not sound formidable. But I think it's the final answer." This final answer he'd tried to teach to his pupils at Harper University where he was honored and respected. Now, he was trying, even after his retirement from his teaching post at Harper at the age of sixty-five, to teach this same philosophy to a different group of students at Deep Pool Farm.

That afternoon the Professor had told Siri about his beloved experiment. He had bought an abandoned farm—Deep Pool Farm—in Hawthorne. Here new buildings were necessary. For a starter he had converted an old barn into a dormitory to accommodate the first hundred students. This school was putting into effect an agrarian theory as practiced in Danish folk schools, a theory he had long held to be an excellent one.

Restlessly Siri stirred in bed. "No one must know the truth—that is, no one but Liz Porter," she whispered sternly to herself. She resolved to stick to her "white lie," that she was just home for a short visit, while Hal traveled on business up and down the West Coast. With Liz Porter she'd be truthful, tell her the whole story and Liz, sparkling actress that she was, could help her out with her "little fiction" about the visit. There were many reasons for this little subterfuge. Siri knew that her parents were grieved by the news of the elopement. They had doubted that happiness could come through her course of action. Above all, now, they must be spared the truth about this marriage. Particularly with the Professor so busy with his educational experiment at Deep Pool Farm.



Margaret Allen had encouraged Jason through his thirty-seven years at Harper. She was a tower of strength as she helped him in the building of Deep Pool.



Confidante and best friend of Siri is Liz Porter, brilliant actress who spends her summers in Hawthorne. While living in California, Siri had often written Liz, but, admittedly, she never mailed the one letter which told the real reason for her returning home.

See Next Page —————



At night Julian Browning grades the papers of his freshman physics class at Harper. His special interest lies in research for the non-military use of atomic energy.



Carla Foster, Julian's fiancée, feeds the Sardinian donkey at Deep Pool. It is one of the many animals lodged on the old farm . . . now a school.



A few days before Siri came back to Hawthorne, Julian had asked the lovely Carla Foster to marry him. Carla, raised in a faculty family, genuinely relished the prospect of being an instructor's wife.

Against the Storm



To see Julian again, and to talk with him,

Playing their parts as you hear them on the air are:

Professor Allen

Roger DeKoven

Mrs. Allen . . . Katherine Raht

Siri Allen Thomas

Joan Tompkins

Julian Browning, John Harvey

Liz Porter Anne Seymour

Carla Foster Judy Parrish

Against The Storm, Sandra Michael's Peabody Award-winning novel, is heard M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC, for Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.

Thinking of her parents' disappointment over her elopement, Siri remembered the conversation about Julian Browning, the handsome young physics instructor who once had hoped to marry her—whom her parents had once hoped would be their son-in-law. Now, Julian had asked beautiful Carla Foster to marry him. It had been on the night of the Harper faculty dance, in the very shadows of the physics building where Julian taught the freshman course. Carla, the talented and beautiful daughter of Harper's music teacher had said "yes" to Julian's proposal.

Had Julian thought of Siri even as he was proposing to Carla? Siri suspected that old wounds caused by her sudden marriage to Hal would not be

quickly healed. Her own heart she knew was in a turmoil. She remembered how, disappointed and hurt, Julian had sailed for Europe immediately after her secret marriage to Hal had been revealed. She knew too, that her parents had never really gotten over her union with the son of the socially prominent Evanston, Illinois, Mrs. Harvey H. Thomas.

Siri admired Julian tremendously, remembering, for instance, how he had conducted research into the field of non-military application of atomic energy out of a deep conviction that this could be a great force to free men. He worked side by side with other men who, although they worked hard on the atomic project, also felt that matter can sometimes be changed into



The melody Carla played reflected an inner happiness which Siri could not help but sense and want herself.

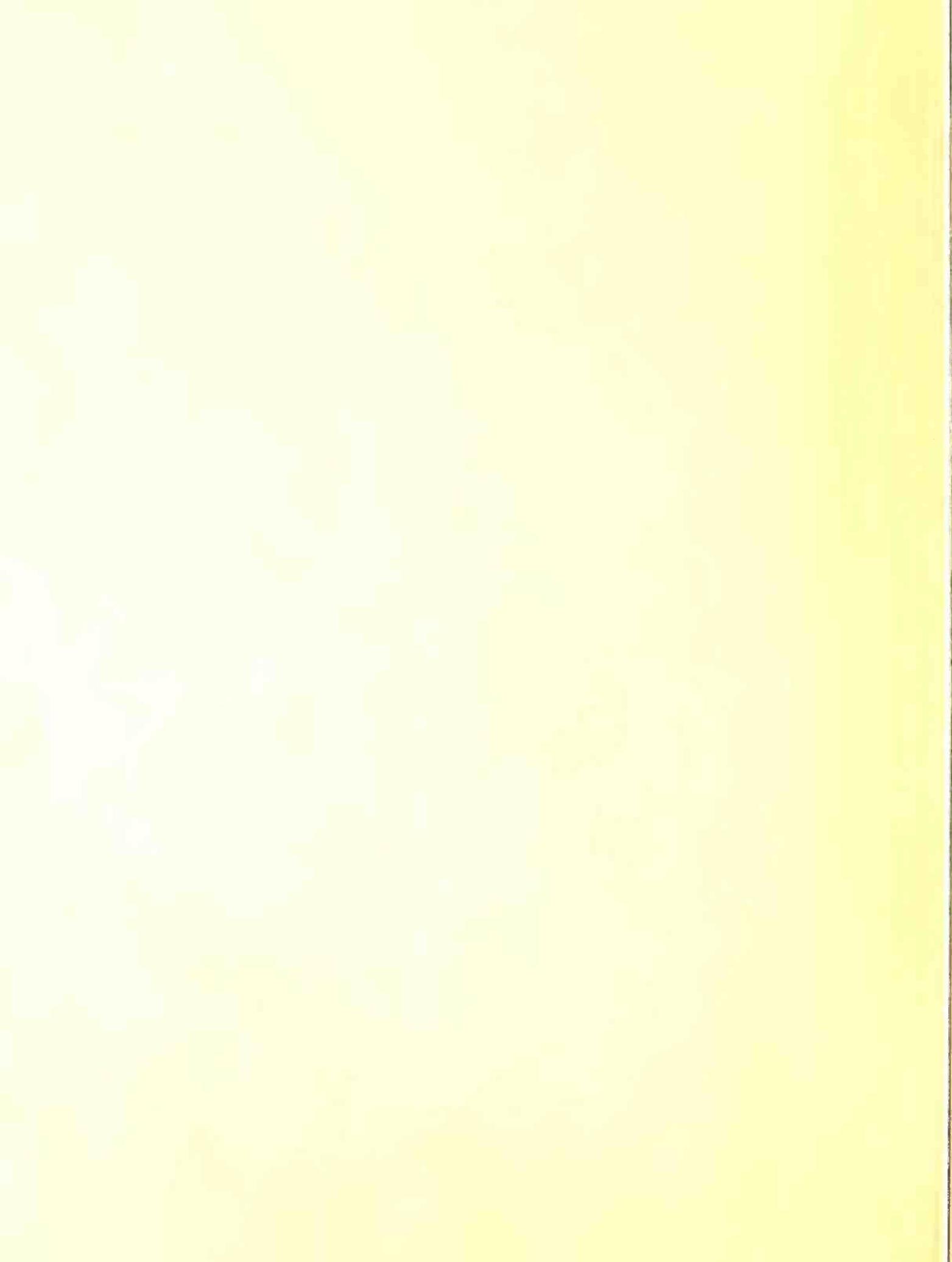
Against the storm of life, Siri was brave. But down deep in her heart, she fought remorse and loneliness.

Old times for Siri . . . nothing had changed.

energy without any bomb in mind. Julian had been a fine friend to Siri and nothing must come between Julian and his fiancée Carla.

Truly, back in Hawthorne, Siri would find consolation in the unquestioning understanding of her family and the friendliness of Liz Porter, who would help her over this difficult period in her marriage. But mixed with this consolation and the warmth was the conflict of coming face to face with Julian Browning, of meeting Carla this time as "Julian's fiancée." The conflict of what to do about her own personal marriage problems—how to keep these personal problems from infringing on her father's greatest work and her mother's quiet life. Siri could not help but fall into a troubled sleep.







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Against the Storm



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A closely knit family, Don, Jr., Sr., and Tom set off for a weekend of their favorite pastime . . . hunting and fishing in the deep Canadian wilds.



One of ABC's most successful stars tells the big and little details of his life that have put him on top of the world
By DON McNEILL

luck's been a **LADY** to me

Editor's Note: Don McNeill was asked: "If fate offered you a new friend and a single hour to talk, in that hour, what would you tell that new friend about yourself?" Millions of published words have recorded the facts that Don, the son of Harry McNeill, a furniture manufacturer, grew up in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. That he married his college sweetheart, Kay Bennett, a Milwaukee-born colleen whose Irish wit has grown into sound wisdom. That Don is the father of three stalwart sons, Tom 17, Don, 15, Bobby, 10. That today they live in a twelve-room house in suburban Wisconsin where a backyard becomes in season, a basketball court, a golf practice tee and a football gridiron. Few words, however, have given the intimate, personal account which Don here sets forth of his fabulously successful self.

IT would be a good thing, I think, if people could be completely frank about backgrounds as soon as they meet, for then they'd know about each other and out of such knowledge comes understanding.

If I were face to face with a new friend, the first thing I'd want him to know would be that my whole life centers around my family and my shows.

Let's talk about Breakfast Club first for that belongs to the listeners as well as to us and I'd like my friend to know he's the (Continued on page 70)



Don's college sweetheart, Kay, is still his sweetheart, guiding light and inspiration. Her continued faith has been, in good measure, responsible for Don's success.

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club is heard Mon.-Fri., at 10 A.M. EST, ABC for General Mills, Philco, and Swift and Company.





This is the beautiful colonial house that Johnny bought for his family and this is Jean, the girl that loved and married Johnny some fifteen years ago.



To Johnny, home is a place to be lived in, and the world is just for children. Whether dancing, swimming or fishing, he's soon surrounded by youngsters.



Reasons for loving the man you marry can be a sweet smile, kindness, thoughtfulness. It's all that and more, too, for Mrs. John Reed King

I'm glad I married JOHNNY

By MRS. JOHN REED KING

I HEARD a noise in our bedroom. It scared me half to death. Half-asleep I looked over at Johnny's bed. It was empty. Then, in the shaft of light made by the moon I beheld a pajamaed figure stealing on tip-toe out of the room. A familiar figure. Familiar to you as the Master of Ceremonies on "Chance of a Lifetime" on ABC radio every Tuesday night, as the giveaway king on the same program over ABC-TV every Wednesday night. Familiar to me as Johnny, my husband of fifteen years and the presumably sane and normal father of my two daughters, Joanne and Julie.

"Johnny," I whispered in that midnight-muffled tone of voice, "what on earth . . . ?"

"Oh," the furtive form turned. "Sorry I woke you, Maw, I just remembered a midnight show I wanted to catch."

It scared me the first time it happened. Now I sleep right through it (*Continued on page 88*)

Chance Of A Lifetime, Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST, ABC and ABC-TV Wed. 7:30 P.M. EST. Both for Bendix.



Three of the four "J's" . . . John, Julie and Jean (Joanne was away at school) . . . prepare to test the ice of the local pond.



FLASH. Top Pilot ...



FLASH. Betsy Drake and Cary Grant



FLASH. Pope Pius XII ...

Walter Winchell Predicts...

(Editor's Note: This year Walter Winchell celebrates his twentieth anniversary with ABC. Probably one of the most controversial figures in all broadcast history, Winchell, over this period of sometimes tragic, but certainly historic years, has brought to the American people in dramatic fashion the news of events which were to affect their lives, their futures. Radio-TV Mirror takes you back over the history of this modern day Paul Revere who today rides our airwaves—with his coverage of sometimes trivial, sometimes momentous events.)

WHHEELED from the delivery room after giving birth to her first-born, the famous movie star looked up at her nurse with an expression that could only ask one question. "It's a handsome little boy," the nurse advised gently.

"Oh, good. He was right then," the new mother sighed happily.

"The doctor called it? Isn't that wonderful?"

"Oh, no. Not the doctor," the pert patient snapped. "Walter Winchell! On his broadcast last week, Winchell said it would be a boy!"

This isn't to imply that America's most-listened-to reporter dabbles rather expertly in the study of prenatal sex determination. But, as his radio audience of 30,000,000 has come to know, no Winchell prediction—be it a world-shaking political development or a (Continued on page 72)

Walter Winchell heard Sunday, 9:00 P.M. EST, ABC. Sponsor, Warner-Hudnut, Inc.





FLASH. Sloane Simpson and Mayor O'Dwyer . . .



FLASH. Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra . . .



FLASH. Judy Garland . . .



FLASH. Pres. Truman and Gen. MacArthur . . .





FLASH. Betty Drake and Cary Grant...



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FLASH. Pres. Truman and Gen. MacArthur...



When A Girl Marries is heard Monday-Friday, 11:15 A.M. EST on ABC. Sponsored by Instant Maxwell House Coffee

My Husband Loves Me—

My Mother Loves Me—

Which LOVE should I choose?

THE time has come in the life of Joan Davis of *When A Girl Marries*, when she feels she must make a choice between the man she loves and has been married to for seventeen years, and her mother whom she also loves dearly and to whom she owes so much.

Joan has arrived at this conclusion because she is now faced with the possible breaking up of her marriage as a result of her mother's constant hints that her husband, Harry, is unfaithful. Actually, ever since Joan married Harry Davis, her mother has disliked and distrusted him. In the first place, Harry was the product of rather humble circumstances, whereas Joan's family was well established in the community of Elmwood, U.S.A. In the second place, Mrs. Field was just as sure as she could be that Harry would never amount to a row of dimes. Certainly, would never be good enough for *her* Joan!

Ever since they were married, Joan has been aware of the friction between her mother and her husband . . . has known that every time some little misfortune has overtaken them, her mother has said to herself, if not to somebody else, "I told you so!"

Most of the time Joan has been able to overlook her mother's bickering over Harry's faults or supposed faults. Even Harry, himself, has been able to overlook much of the unpleasantness caused by Joan's mother. He realizes that Mrs. Field has never believed him worthy of her daughter. Sometimes he is inclined to agree with her.

Both he and Joan know that even though he is now a very successful corporation lawyer, in the eyes of Mrs. Field he will always carry the stigma of his comparatively low birth. They realize that this is a refuge in which Mrs. Field's self-righteousness and snobbishness can feel secure . . . no matter what, Harry cannot change this "fault."

For a time after Joan and Harry and their three children moved from Elmwood to Stanwood, things were easier. Mrs. Field did not live with them as she had in Elmwood. Joan and Harry discovered that long-distance sniping loses much of its sting—they could shrug it off and credit it to "mother love." However, since her recent illness, Mrs. Field has again moved in with the Davises, and once more the trouble has started. This time Mrs. Field has set up a subtle campaign of accusing Harry of indiscretions with his secretary, Claire O'Brian. Joan has tried hard to discredit her mother's accusations, knowing full well that her mother loves her and *thinks* she is protecting her. But once in a while a thread of doubt creeps into Joan's mind . . . the result of the constant pounding home of the accusations against her husband by her mother. Is her mother actually destroying Joan's love for her husband? Is Joan, by allowing this friction between her husband and her mother, actually destroying her own marriage? If so, she must protect herself and her family. She must choose between the love of her husband and the love of her mother.

From your own experience, and your friends', can you help Joan Davis? Can you tell her what to do? Can you tell her which love to choose? Should it be the well-meaning but misguided love of her mother, or the love of the man to whom she has been married for over seventeen years?

CAST

Pictured here, as heard in the cast of *When A Girl Marries*, are:

Joan Davis	Mary Jane Higby
Harry Davis	Lyle Sudrow
Mrs. Field	Ethel Wilson

RADIO-TV MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question: "Which love should I choose?" Writer of the best letter will be paid \$25.00. Writers of the five next best get \$5 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words and send it to: Joan Davis, c/o **RADIO-TV MIRROR**, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. The editors will choose the best letter, basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for \$25.00. Five next best letters will be purchased at \$5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. The opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than January 1, 1952, and should have this notice attached.

B

ringing up our



We're the Ozzie and Harriet family in real life and on radio. Reading from left to right there's Harriet, Ozzie, David and Ricky. Our parents have written a thousand scripts about us and now it's our turn to write everything about them.

PARENTS

By DAVID and RICKY NELSON

People like Ozzie and Harriet prove that parents can be better than anybody at understanding the problems of two teen-age boys



David has a certificate from school that proves he can run the home movie projector—only Ozzie says he can't!

WE'RE two kids who got a lucky break at the very beginning of life some fifteen and eleven years ago respectively—we drew Ozzie and Harriet as parents! Perhaps you already know about us because you hear our mother and father and us on the radio every Sunday night over ABC. If you do, you know that mother is Harriet, the sweet (no matter how long-suffering) wife of Ozzie Nelson who used to be a band-leader, but who on the air can't properly solve life's more complicated problems without mother or us coming to the rescue. On the air in the Ozzie and Harriet show we're a happy, human family that has its moments of doubt that this is the best of all possible worlds, but somehow or other finds a way to reaffirm this faith each week. Since most of the material is drawn from our own home life situations you probably have a faint notion of what it's like to be the sons of

two such wonderful people as Ozzie and Harriet.

We guess our bringing them up began the first day they started using us as script material. Because, you see, Mom and Dad are real sharp observers and have long called us their "technical advisers"—a tag we're mighty proud of. Before you think we're a couple of upstarts talking through our hats, we want you to know we think it would be hard to even *imagine* teaching them anything—because our mother and father are the smartest people we know.

The first time we became really conscious that Mom and Pop were learning from us (*Continued on page 69*)

Ozzie claims he "glossed over" Science and Geography in school. Makes up for it by reading with Ricky.



David and Ricky prepare for a teen party which helps furnish real life material for parents' radio show.



All Washington is
talking about
an exotic woman's
love for Mary's
husband in the life of

MARY MARLIN

Mary knew Mme. Tao Ling was Joe's most important client but she didn't suspect such an exotically beautiful one!

WITH FEARFUL HEART, Mary Marlin today faces the greatest crisis of her married life. In Washington, where her husband, Joe, has chosen to carry on his career, she finds herself face to face with a rival out of Joe's past—a devastatingly attractive woman in the person of Mme. Tao Ling who is obviously in love with her husband. Tao knew Joe when, just before World War II, he disappeared while on a Government mission to the Far East. While he was in the vast reaches of China and Tibet, his mind became affected with amnesia. During this period, Mary finally succumbed to the belief that Joe was dead, and struggled to remake her life back in the small



town of Cedar Springs. In this fight she was helped by David Post, an old family friend. David became more than a friend, and after turning him down repeatedly, she finally consented to an engagement. On the eve of their marriage, Joe was miraculously restored to her. Together they decided to take up their life in Washington. It was then that Mme. Tao Ling came to Joe from out of the past. Joe received a telephone call from a lawyer in Paris, who said he was sending him a client who represented tremendous financial interests in the Far

Mary Marlin is heard Monday through Friday, 3:15 P.M., EST over the American Broadcasting Company network.



David Post is an old family friend, once almost married Mary, and she feels free to go to him with the situation that has Washington talking.



At home, Mary tries to keep her marriage with Joe sound and untainted by the rumors that plague her ears and tear at her heart.



East. Mme. Tao Ling arrived and Mary discovered that she was an exotically beautiful Eurasian woman. Mary envied Tao stopping conversation when she entered a room—her clothes, her jewels. But her feeling turned to more than envy when she discovered that her husband had obviously known Tao very well indeed when Joe had been in the Far East. Mary is gradually realizing the position into which she has been placed—she must now fight the greatest battle of her life. She must hold her attractive husband against the charms and wiles of a devastatingly attractive woman—a woman obviously in love with Joe.



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the 7 day

"MR. LINDLAHR, it's miserable being fat!" That's what one woman said to me, and it just about expresses the feeling of every stout person.

Excess fat is dangerous, unhealthy and unsightly. Many a pretty girl has lost a good man because of it. Doctors know there is no truth in the alibi that people inherit a tendency to be overweight. It's usually a case of people upsetting their glands with bad eating habits. You can reduce—but not by starving. You must eat *certain* foods . . . high protein foods . . . to reduce.

On the following page we've planned a seven-day diet that gives you nourishing meals while eliminating heavy calorie foods. You can juggle the order of the meals in the diet to suit your taste. If you like one particular meal you can repeat it the next day. If you're a coffee hog, go ahead and have a cup per meal as you had at breakfast . . . *in addition* to the glass of skim milk called for. *But eat no extras!* Cut out nibbling between

meals. If you must relieve a "hunger pain," confine your raiding of the refrigerator activities to a half grapefruit, an apple or a similar food.

And be sure to use this salad dressing: Combine one half cup skim milk with one teaspoon onion juice and one tablespoon each of lemon juice, minced parsley and pimento with a sprinkle of paprika. Shake thoroughly in small jar. Half a cup of this tasty dressing contains only sixty-eight calories.

Mild exercise while dieting is good for body metabolism as well as your heart. A brisk walk thirty minutes every day will help tone up the body.

It is always a wise idea to have your doctor check you over before starting any reducing diet. Having done that, get yourself in the mood for eating to reduce. Remind yourself that you'll be losing unhealthy, unsightly pounds while achieving new energy and beauty!

Now go to it. Good luck, good looks and, most of all, good health!

STANDARD BREAKFAST

For All Seven Days of Diet

	Calories
1 glass orange juice, 6 oz.	95
1 egg, poached, hard or soft boiled	75
1 slice Melba Toast	20
1 cup coffee, 1/4 cup skim milk with saccharin	22
Total calories	212

EAT YOUR BREAKFAST—Remember that with every meal you eat on this diet you probably lose more calories digesting the meal than you gain from the meal itself. Breakfast supplies protein which you must have for nourishment—**YOU ARE NOW EATING TO REDUCE.**

Victor H. Lindlahr is heard Mon.-Fri., at 12:15 P.M. EST on ABC for Serutan.

4

BREAKFAST

Standard 212

LUNCH

Salmon salad	142
(1/2 cup salmon, canned, no oil; 1 medium tomato, 1/2 small cucumber, 3 leaves green lettuce)	
1 slice Melba toast	20
1 pear half, canned, no syrup	30
1 glass skim milk	90

DINNER

Watercress salad (1 1/2 cups watercress; 1 scalion, 1 tablespoon dressing)	25
Broiled lean round steak, 3 1/2 oz.	155
1/2 cup tomato and celery, stewed	25
1/2 cup string beans	22
1 peach half, canned, no syrup	30
1 glass skim milk	90

Total calories for day 841

MIRACLE diet



By VICTOR
LINDLAHR

1

BREAKFAST	Calories
Standard	212
LUNCH	
1 cup consomme.....	25
Hamburger, broiled, 3 oz.....	150
1 tomato, medium, sliced.....	25
1/2 cup carrots, diced.....	30
1 peach half, canned, no syrup	30
1 glass skim milk.....	90
DINNER	
1/2 cup coleslaw.....	20
Baked lean ham, 3 oz.....	135
1/2 cup string beans.....	20
2/3 cup spinach.....	20
1/3 cup applesauce, canned.....	40
1 glass skim milk.....	90
Total calories for day.....	887

2

BREAKFAST	Calories
Standard	212
LUNCH	
Toasted cheese sandwich.....	200
(4 heaping tablespoons grated American cheese on 2 slices very thin toast)	
1/2 cup diced pineapple.....	35
1 glass skim milk.....	90
DINNER	
Sliced cucumber, medium....	15
Beef liver, broiled, 4 oz.....	160
with sauteed onions and green pepper.....	
1/2 cup carrots, diced.....	30
1/2 fresh apple, medium.....	40
1 glass skim milk.....	90
Total calories for day.....	902

3

BREAKFAST	Calories
Standard	212
LUNCH	
Tomato juice, 4 oz.....	30
Cottage cheese-fruit salad....	220
(3/4 cup cottage cheese mixed with 1/2 cup canned fruit salad)	
1 glass skim milk.....	90
DINNER	
1/2 cup pickled beet salad....	30
Flounder, broiled, 4 oz.....	100
(with Spanish sauce)	
1/2 boiled potato, medium....	40
1/2 cup mashed turnips.....	25
4 apricot halves, canned, no syrup	35
1 glass skim milk.....	90
Total calories for day.....	872

5

BREAKFAST	Calories
Standard	212
LUNCH	
Red Pepper Coleslaw.....	46
(1/3 cup cabbage, 2 spoons chopped red pepper, 1 spoon parsley, 1 spoon dress- ing)	
Spanish omelet, 2 eggs.....	195
1/2 grapefruit, small.....	40
1 glass skim milk.....	90
DINNER	
1 small tomato, sliced.....	25
(vinegar and salt dressing)	
Broiled codfish fillet, 4 oz....	100
1/2 boiled potato, med.....	40
2/3 cup spinach.....	20
4 stewed fresh plums, no syrup	36
1 glass skim milk.....	90
Total calories for day.....	894

6

BREAKFAST	Calories
Standard	212
LUNCH	
Cottage cheese-vegetable salad	200
(3/4 cup cottage cheese with chopped 1 stalk celery, 1/2 small cucumber, 10 sprigs parsley, 3 radishes, small to- mato and 3 leaves of lettuce)	
1/2 cup pineapple, diced.....	35
1 glass skim milk.....	90
DINNER	
1/2 cup parsley coleslaw.....	20
Boiled lean beef, 3 oz.....	180
1/2 cup carrots.....	30
6 stalks asparagus.....	15
1 pear half, canned, no syrup	30
1 glass skim milk.....	90
Total calories for day.....	902

7

BREAKFAST	Calories
Standard	212
DINNER	
Lettuce salad, 1 tablespoon dressing	20
Broiled chicken, 1/2 medium broiler	150
1/2 cup broccoli.....	20
1/2 boiled potato, medium....	40
1/4 cup cherries, canned, no syrup	50
1 glass skim milk.....	90
SUPPER	
1 cup chicken consomme....	25
Toasted cheese sandwich....	200
(4 heaping tablespoons grated American cheese on 2 slices very thin toast)	
1/2 cup string beans.....	20
1 peach half, canned, no syrup	30
Total calories for day.....	857

MY HEART SAID "yes" →

MY LIPS SAID "no" →



Dagmar and her Danny live in a penthouse high above Manhattan, but before they could realize their dream, Dagmar had to build a life for the family she adored.



DAGMAR

IN a penthouse high above the roof tops of Manhattan a beautiful blonde girl sat listening to a radio program. Her fingers nervously brushed through her platinum blonde hair and the figure which had made her so famous before the television cameras was curled up in the easy chair in an attitude of utter dejection. Her eyes were closed as the throbbing notes of a trumpet from the radio sounded in the stillness of the room. Suddenly the shrill ring of the telephone cut across the trumpet notes and her blue eyes opened wide. Automatically she switched off the radio and eagerly she raced for the telephone. A man's voice



Once they parted forever but Dagmar found that forever was too long to wait for Danny's love.

and her DANNY

sounded over the phone and a radiantly beautiful smile broke across her face.

"Danny, oh, Danny it's you," her voice rose in high excitement. "This place is like a morgue without you. Danny I miss you so much. I'm so blue I can't stand it."

Pausing for breath, Dagmar, the darling of the TV cameras, listened eagerly as Danny talked out his lonesomeness on the other end of the wire. It was the first time that Dagmar had been parted from her Danny since the glorious days last September when they honeymooned on the golden sands of Hawaii's beaches. Danny Dayton was

calling from Hollywood where he was making the motion picture "This Is Dynamite," which was separating him from Dagmar, who had remained in their New York penthouse apartment on Central Park South.

"Danny, it's awful, just Jean and I rattling around here without you," Dagmar said soulfully, her glance taking in all forty feet of their out-sized living room. "It's so lonesome!" Then, having been assured that it was lonesome for Danny, too, she asked gaily, "What did you do today, honey?"

Her delighted giggle filled the air.

"Blew up a building," (Continued on page 84)

MY HEART SAID "yes" →

MY LIPS SAID "no" →



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Once they parted forever but Dagmar found that forever was too long to wait for Donny's love.

DAGMAR and her DANNY

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Betty Ann Grove

By
BERT PARKS

Off camera they're just plain Bert and Betty to each other. On camera they're the delightful song and dance team that sparks ABC Television's Stop The Music.

When the boys down at Oak Ridge get tired of fooling around with those puny little atoms and start looking for a real energy source, I'm going to tell them it's in the bag . . . Betty Ann Grove, that is. This cute hundred-pound side-kick of mine on TV Stop The Music has more vitality than a passel of highly pleased coon dog puppies, and all the drive of a hyper-thyroid cyclone running late.

I'm not the only one who 'knows this. When our show moved into ABC's new Television Studio No. 1, director Don Appell took Betty and me up there to look it over. We stared at the loading docks that hold twenty sets simultaneously, marveled at the thirty sets of counterweighted lines that change scenes instantaneously, gaped at the 368,000 cubic feet of stunting studio space, and enthused over the famous "Monster," a motor-driven movie-type crane camera that whirls more than fifteen feet off the floor.

"Great!" exclaimed Don. "Now if we can only get Betty to wear lead boots our cameras will have a fighting chance to catch her!"

Of course that bounding liveliness is a great asset in doing a fast-moving hour-long Stop the Music show. We have a lot of split-second costume changes, acrobatic dancing, and energetic comedy sequences, but Betty takes it right in stride, and even asks for more of the same.

Betty has been with the program right from its premiere in May 1949, and for five months in 1950 did a double-duty stint that would have put Superman in a rest camp overnight. She was featured in the leading Lois Lane part of Cole Porter's smash musical "Kiss Me Kate" at the same time she worked our show. At 7:30 every Thursday night she would rush into a dressing room at ABC's Ritz Theatre on West

48th Street, change into her TV costume, tear on stage for her numbers, change again into her first act "Kiss Me Kate" togs, make a beeline for the Shubert Theatre on West 44th Street, arriving just in time for her on-stage cue. All this following a full day of rehearsing.

But audiences never had a hint of her exhausting routine, and night after night her "True To You In My Fashion" and "Why Can't You Behave" were show stoppers. Even after these hectic twelve-hour days, I suspect she probably went out and danced the Samba till dawn.

Perhaps her bounce comes from her New England background, and her early start in show business. Betty was just five when she made her first public appearance singing "This Little Piggy Went To Market," a particularly apt selection since she was performing at a Grange meeting. However her first "professional" booking did not occur until she was a lady of twelve when she made a debut at a Boston YMCA party for the tremendous fee of five shiny silver dollars.

In Boston, Betty attended the Longfellow Grammar School, Cambridge High, and Latin School. She studied tap dancing with Mrs. Grace Bates, and ballet with Mme. Paparello, a former Ballet Russe artiste. Now she lives with her mother in a modest east side apartment, but her greatest fan is her grandmother back in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "Grandma thinks I'm the greatest," says Betty Ann. "She invites all the neighbors in on Thursday evenings to watch the TV show. No one dares talk or hardly breathe during Stop the Music."

In that vivacious family, Grandma probably goes out after the program and skates in the Roller Derby!

Paul Whiteman's TV teen club

By JUNIE KEEGAN

Pops Whiteman is quite a guy!

Maybe I shouldn't be talking like that because he's the leader of our Saturday night TV Teen Club, and a famous musician, and a big vice-president of the network and everything, but he's so friendly to people I know he won't mind. But more than being just friendly to people, Pops believes in *doing* things for people, and that makes him different and kind of real special.

Back in 1947 when Mr. Whiteman was living on his big farm near Lambertville, New Jersey, stories in newspapers usually got around to "Youth And Its Problems" and juvenile delinquency and all that. At the time Pops was plenty busy. He had a business and was supervising his herd of a hundred prize Aberdeen Angus beef cattle and experimenting with truck farming and crop rotation. His fame had been established as long as anyone could remember, and he didn't have to stir himself a bit unless he wanted to. The important thing is that he did want to help—even more, that he did something about it.

Beginning that Fall he started a series of Saturday night dances for teen-agers at St. John's R. C. Church in Lambertville. These get-togethers were known as Paul Whiteman Club Dances and were the first part of his plan. "It's no use," he said, "telling kids where not to go unless you give them a happy, wholesome place where they *can* go for a good time." He provided games and music for the gang there while giving up his only free night in the week on their behalf.

These parties gave him the idea for the Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club. He developed the idea of nationwide telecasts devoted exclusively to the needs and talents of teen-agers. Soon the program grew to a weekly event staged in Philadelphia's great Town Hall and telecast as far as the cables could go.

I first met Mr. Whiteman there when I was eleven. My mother and my big sister, Dorothy, took me to see him. I had always loved to sing and had been on some of the local radio stations, but my knees were really shaking when he started talking to me . . . Paul Whiteman, the man who had discovered Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey, Morton Downey, the Dorseys, Mindy Carson, and just everybody. But he was real kind and said he liked my singing. He put me right on the show, and I've been with him ever since.

Pops has been wonderful to me. I never had any formal music training, but he showed me how important it is. Now I'm learning dancing too. Since being with him I've been invited on shows with Jimmie Durante, Eddie Cantor and Milton Berle, and he's helped me get started making records for Decca. Probably the most exciting things are offers from Hollywood, but Pops advised me to wait, and I'm doing what he says.

It's really wonderful being with him and watching his patience and understanding with all the kids who



Pops Whiteman and Junie Keegan, who reveals how teen-agers feel about the Dean of Modern American Music.

want to be on TV Teen Club. He has a word of encouragement and advice for those who aren't ready yet, and he makes sure those who do qualify stay right on their toes. He sincerely wants each and every one of us to be even a bigger success than he was, and he helps in every way he knows.

As I said, Pops Whiteman is quite a guy!

The Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club can be seen every Saturday at 8:00-8:30 P.M. EST on ABC-TV for Nash-Kelvinator Corporation.

Mr. D.A.



Radio and television star Jay Jostyn is a favorite of fans for his vibrant interpretation of Mr. D. A.

WHEN the producers of radio's famed Mr. District Attorney series created its television counterpart, they had no problem in finding a rugged yet polished actor to play the video lead role. Veteran performer Jay Jostyn, who has portrayed the familiar racket buster on radio since 1941, has the happy quality of looking precisely the part. Indeed, to listeners throughout the nation, Jay has come to represent a realistic disciple of law and order. He is so generally believed to be a real life lawyer that he frequently receives mail from listeners inviting him to move to certain cities where they feel crimes are going unsolved.

Jay lives in Manhasset, Long Island, with his wife and their two teen-age sons. He is a favorite with the high-school crowd and is idolized by youngsters of popgun age. He has fostered a town youth council, and it is his dream that other communities will adopt the idea. Its main design is to give teen-agers an opportunity to learn more of their chosen profession—photography, painting, music, acting.

Today, with his assignments on both radio and television, Jay Jostyn is busier than ever. But it's a role he believes in, a conviction quite clear to listeners hearing him speak the famous Mr. D.A. oath "... not only to prosecute to the limit of the law all persons accused of crime, but to defend with equal vigor the rights and privileges of all citizens."



Richard Diamond and his girl Helen, leaving the studio, revert to Dick Powell and Virginia Gregg.

Diamond Dick

IT took two years for Dick Powell to persuade Hollywood into filming "Murder, My Sweet" and to let him play the hard-bitten leading character. But it was a hunch which proved to be the turning point of his career, a graduation from insipid band-leader roles to assignments of action and intrigue such as his current radio series, Richard Diamond.

Powell revels in his new work because he truly loves a mystery. His collection of mystery novels is enormous, and he belongs to all the crime book clubs. Favorite author, understandably, is Raymond Chandler, whose book "Farewell, My Lovely" became Dick's pivotal movie.

Dick also collects firearms, old and new, his pet being the Ithaca shotgun that has bagged many a duck for the Powell table. Puzzles amuse him; he's fairly good with Chinese interlocking blocks. One item which baffles him is baby tending for year-old son Rickey, and he invariably calls for help from pretty wife June Allyson.

With his new mature roles, Dick has changed too. His humor has broadened, and with his portrayal of more rugged roles, Dick has lost his shyness to become more assured, more definitive, and even more likeable than ever before.

Victor Borge



A Beethoven touch with a piano. A Chaplin touch with humor. Both add to a charming Dane.

WHETHER the "Great Dane," Victor Borge, can actually play the piano with his eyebrows has never been completely proved. But one fact is clear; this Pixie of the Paderewskis, in making the piano perform the impossible, has given the hotfoot to pomposity, and thus tickled millions of people on two continents into laughing off their worries.

But for one wink, Bette Davis and Bing Crosby, this droll musician might be unknown to American audiences.

The wink happened when he was fifteen and as a protege was performing with the Scandinavian State Orchestra. In the midst of Rachmaninoff, Borge did a silly two-finger trill and winked at the audience. They roared. He decided serious music needed more winks.

He came to America and learned English from watching Bette Davis in all-night movies. As a gas station attendant he met Crosby, who hired him for one studio warm-up. Borge convulsed the audience and stayed on for fifty-six hilarious weeks.

Now at last Victor Borge, his eyebrows, his impishness, have their own delightful five-minute program, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.



Shriver's the name, Herb . . . the kind of a fellow you can stop on the street to swap a joke.

Hoosier Humorist

EASY-GOING Herb Shriver wasn't actually born a Hoosier. "It was Toledo, Ohio," he explains. "But my folks moved to Indiana as soon as they heard about it."

This tall, quiet-mannered young man who wanders on-stage with a whimsical twinkle in his eye has won a lot of friends with his unpretentious stories of small town life, mostly midwestern. He's just naturally easy to cotton up to when he reminisces about "the fellow we had back home, well he wasn't working, and he began drinking and just loafing around. His folks got so worried that they got him into politics where he wouldn't be noticed."

Although he started in show business as a harmonica player, Herb found audiences would rather hear him spin yarns. They enjoyed his telling about the "old friend who ran the fix-it shop back home. He had to sleep in the place though . . . the lock on the door was busted."

Herb was an instant hit in television when he took over for Arthur Godfrey on the talent program last summer. But he continued searching for the right show for Hoosier humor, and finally came up with just the ticket on his new Herb Shriver Time.

Herb Shriver Time can be heard weekly on Thursdays at 9:00-9:30 P.M. EST over ABC for Cluett, Peabody, Incorporated.

Teri Keane



Teri's greatest thrill came one memorable afternoon when a radio role suddenly came to life.

VIVACIOUS Teri Keane claims she's just an "actress by accident," but radio producers seeking her services know it's more talent than fate that has made her one of the busiest favorites on the air.

The "accident" Teri refers to occurred when her mother, a Professor of Music at Wittenberg College, enrolled nine-year-old Teri at New York's Professional Children's School thinking it was for children of professional parents—not professional youngsters. To her great surprise Teri came home from school after her second day to report that a Broadway producer had picked her out of class to rehearse with his play. Surprise turned to complete amazement when just three days later Mrs. Keane watched her daughter play to a packed house in the rollicking success, "Swing Your Lady."

Equally astounded was Mr. Keane, an editor of the famed *New York Globe*. He immediately called a family huddle to discuss the situation. Teri declared her new-found interest in things theatrical, both parents acknowledged her aptitude, all three agreed dramatic training should continue. Mrs. Keane also redoubled her efforts at coaching Teri in music—which proved invaluable in future assignments.

Teri soon became very much in demand. She appeared with Joe Laurie, Jr., played a role as Hope Emerson's daughter, and because a protegee of the memorable "Showboat" radio series. While growing up, Teri found radio of particular interest, and radio found Teri that way, too. Soon she had appeared on more than thirty programs. She waited for her big break, and one day it happened.

Life Can Be Beautiful, a top rated program, announced auditions for the starring role of "Chichi." Actresses came from everywhere, actresses with big names, little names, or no names. They swarmed to the auditions. In the center of things, determined, was Teri.

After hectic preliminary auditions, the casting directors asked a certain few to return for a second reading. Teri was among the fortunate as the auditions continued on the following days. Finally the big moment. After seven competitive, exhausting auditions, Teri had lost fifteen pounds but had won the part! That night she ate the biggest steak in New York and slept for twenty-four hours, knowing that life could be beautiful.

Exciting as that role was to her, Teri discovered her favorite program was *True Story*. She discovered this on the very day four years ago when she played the romantic lead opposite a handsome Irish actor named John Larkin. The sentimental speeches in the script seemed to come to her quite naturally that day. In the best *True Story* tradition they met after the show, and then upon more and more frequent occasions. Soon they discovered they both loved the Yankees, chicken livers, Judy Garland, chewing pencils, green ties, licorice—and each other. Their next performance together was a bona fide June wedding and a delayed Bermuda honeymoon. Now they share their Manhattan apartment with ten-month-old daughter, Sharon, and a happier trio would be hard to find.

Today, Teri's major assignment can be called *Marriage For Two*. That's the title of her ABC daytime dramatic serial, and also sums up her off-microphone activities. Home life with John is very important to the petite, five-foot-two actress. She's currently painting Pennsylvania Dutch motifs in the kitchen and conferring with John on Early American furniture pieces. Both reformed piano players, they enjoy collecting records, especially jazz classics. Her shish-kabob recipe is John's greatest delight, with a production line for argyle socks running a close second.

She feels, sincerely, that marriage has helped her portray the challenging role of "Vikki." It has given her understanding and conviction. To talented Teri Keane, *Marriage For Two*, on and off the air, is the most important thing in life.

Teri Keane can be heard as *Vikki* in the daytime radio serial, *Marriage For Two*, Monday-Friday, 4:15-4:30 P.M. EST. She is also heard on *My True Story*, Monday-Friday, 10:00-10:25 A.M. EST, sponsored by Sterling Drug Company. Both programs on ABC.

Celanese Theatre

By GILDA OAKLEAF



Two jobs at once! In costume, Gilda assists director Segal before going on stage to act.

I HAVE television's Dream Job on "Celanese Theatre." Oh, I'm not the star of the show, far from it. In fact I'm not even close to being listed on the credit cards following the program. But as Script Girl (or "production assistant" as my boss, Alex Segal, calls me) I have a wonderful opportunity in a small way to help produce this outstanding drama series. I can study top directors working with America's best known plays. I can admire at first hand the most competent performers in show business, and, greatest of thrills, even appear with them occasionally in very minor roles. It's a job that has everything I've ever wanted, a chance to be close to, and part of, the working theatre, while supporting myself and my two wonderful children.

Doubtless my own background in the theatre has made me particularly appreciative of being with "Celanese." When just seventeen I left Providence, R. I., for New York. Here an almost unbelievable miracle occurred. During my second week in town, I was stopped on 45th Street by a distinguished looking gentleman who said, "Pardon me, but are you an actress?" When I found my voice and said I was, he asked me to visit him the next day. He told me



Climaxing two weeks of work and rehearsals, Gilda relaxes before show as make-up man adds final touches.

his name was Brock Pemberton. I was stunned.

That night my roommates howled with glee. Imagine producer Brock Pemberton stopping an unknown actress on the street! It must all be a gigantic joke. By morning they had me convinced, then on a sudden hunch I hurried over to the Pemberton office. The most beautiful sight I've ever seen was that same gentleman seated there behind a great big desk. He was Mr. Pemberton and he engaged me on the spot for a wonderful part in "Fun for Cinderella."

After some work for the Theatre Guild, I went to Hollywood to play Sylvia Sydney's daughter in a film. I loved California and left the stage to marry and raise a family.

Years later when my marriage proved a failure, I faced a momentous decision: could I once again find a career in the theatre, or did I owe it to my children to seek a less appealing but more secure job as a clerk or office worker. After days of debating with myself I decided to take a chance, bundled up seven-year-old Laurel, four-year-old Craig, and we three came to New York. I won a role in "Hostage," where I met director Alex Segal, renowned for "Actor's Studio" which won him TV's first Peabody Award. When he needed an assistant-script girl for the distinguished Celanese Theatre series, he remembered me.

Now all is wonderful. My work is something the children and I both love, particularly when Mr. Segal has me appear in a small part they can stay up to see. So far I've appeared in Celanese Theatre productions, "Ah Wilderness," "Winterset," and "Old Acquaintance." On these occasions I'm triply sure I'm the lucky lady with television's Dream Job.

The Celanese Theatre can be seen on alternate Wednesdays from 10:00-11:00 P.M. EST on ABC-TV for the Celanese Corp.



Star, Neil Hamilton, casting director, Marie Stroud and guest, Vanessa Brown, confer on script.

TALENT SEARCH!

HAVE you ever wished you could have an opportunity to become a professional actress? Do you want to see your name in lights? Have you ever thought, "If I could only get to New York, I'd show them!"

All right, then. Here's that opportunity you've been waiting for! Radio-TV Mirror Magazine and ABC's famous television program, Hollywood Screen Test, have gotten together in a search for new talent . . . for a young, aspiring actress who has had even a small amount of acting experience, *excluding motion picture work*. Perhaps you've had experience with college theatricals, or local little theatre groups. Perhaps you've had small roles on radio or TV programs. To enter this contest, radio

or television experience is not essential, but *you must have had some acting experience*, whether it be amateur or professional.

Now here's what you do. Fill out the questionnaire on page 78, and return it to Radio-TV Mirror Magazine. On the strength of this questionnaire and the accompanying photographs, contestants will be selected to have audition records cut at local ABC-TV or radio stations . . . at no expense to the contestants. The station will then forward the recording to Radio-TV Mirror, where it will be added to the applicant's file. Judges will then make a selection based on this complete file. A lucky winner will be chosen. She will be notified to alert herself for the trip to New (Continued on page 78)

contest to win a role on the Hollywood Screen Test

CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to everyone in continental United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and their families.

2. Carefully and accurately, fill out the questionnaire which appears on page 78, and send it to the address indicated.

3. Attach to the questionnaire one close-up photograph and one full-length photograph. These can be snapshots, if they are clear and good likenesses. All photographs must be *clearly* marked on the back with the name and address of the contestant. Do not send negatives.

4. All entries become the property of Radio-TV Mirror Magazine and Hollywood Screen Test. No entries, or parts thereof, can be returned to contestants.

5. The cutting of audition records will in no way bind Radio-TV Mirror or Hollywood Screen Test, but merely indicates that those contestants' entries have passed the first judging.

6. The winner of the Radio-TV Mirror-Hollywood Screen Test contest agrees to come to New York at the time designated for her to rehearse and appear on a suitable program to be selected by the producers of Hollywood Screen Test.

7. Contest winner will be brought, expense free, to New York. Transporta- (Continued on page 79)



Producer, Juliet Lewis, talks things over at rehearsals with candidate David Moore of Minneapolis. Beulah Frankel, Hollywood Screen Test's scenic designer, joins the conference.

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



Producers Lester and Juliet Lewis handle everything from scripts to costume. With Philly's Ann Murphy.

Autumn romance

By EDWARD ARNOLD

As everyone knows who listens to my Story Teller program on the ABC network, I like a romantic tale that turns out happily, especially when it has an unexpected twist at the end. The one I am about to relate combines all three: romance, a lovely ending, and a surprise twist to top it off.

The story is about a man I have known a long time, an actor in radio, stage, movies and television. He is a man of my age, which is old enough to have grandchildren and young enough to feel that life is to be fully lived and savored until its end, and that love is not the exclusive possession of youth, although it may be difficult to convince my younger readers that this is so. Let them be unbelieving now, if as the years pass they too will come to understand that love and life are forever one and forever indivisible.

My friend was a happy man, but sometimes a little lonely. He was happy, because in addition to success in his work as an actor he had achieved recognition in other chosen fields—in politics, and the labor-management relations in which he pioneered in the motion picture industry. He was lonely at times because, as men often find who move about constantly in their work and are always meeting new people, there was not the pull towards one place and one person that makes the heart turn homeward wherever its owner may go. And so he was a little thoughtful on a Thanksgiving Eve, in the year 1950, after he left some friends and walked back to his hotel on the edge of Central Park in New York. In fact, he stopped to talk with the doorman a while because he was loath to go up to his suite.

At this point a lady enters our story, a charming and lovely woman who is now alone with her son, a high school senior. They had come from their home in a mid-western city to see some plays and to shop over the holiday week, as a change from the boy's school work and a rest from his mother's responsible post as director of Aid to Dependent Parents in the Prosecuting Attorney's office. Riding back to their hotel, on the farther side of the Park, she said on an impulse, "What a wonderful crisp night, too lovely to waste inside a cab. Let's get out and walk the rest of the way." They paid their driver near where my (Continued on page 96)

Edward Arnold, Story

Teller, writes his

favorite love story . . .

a story to warm the

cockles of your heart



Radio and film star, Edward Arnold, and his wife, Cleo, on recent visit to New York from Hollywood.

Edward Arnold is the Story Teller, M-F, 10:25 A.M. EST and Mr. President, Wed., 10 P.M. EST. Both on ABC.



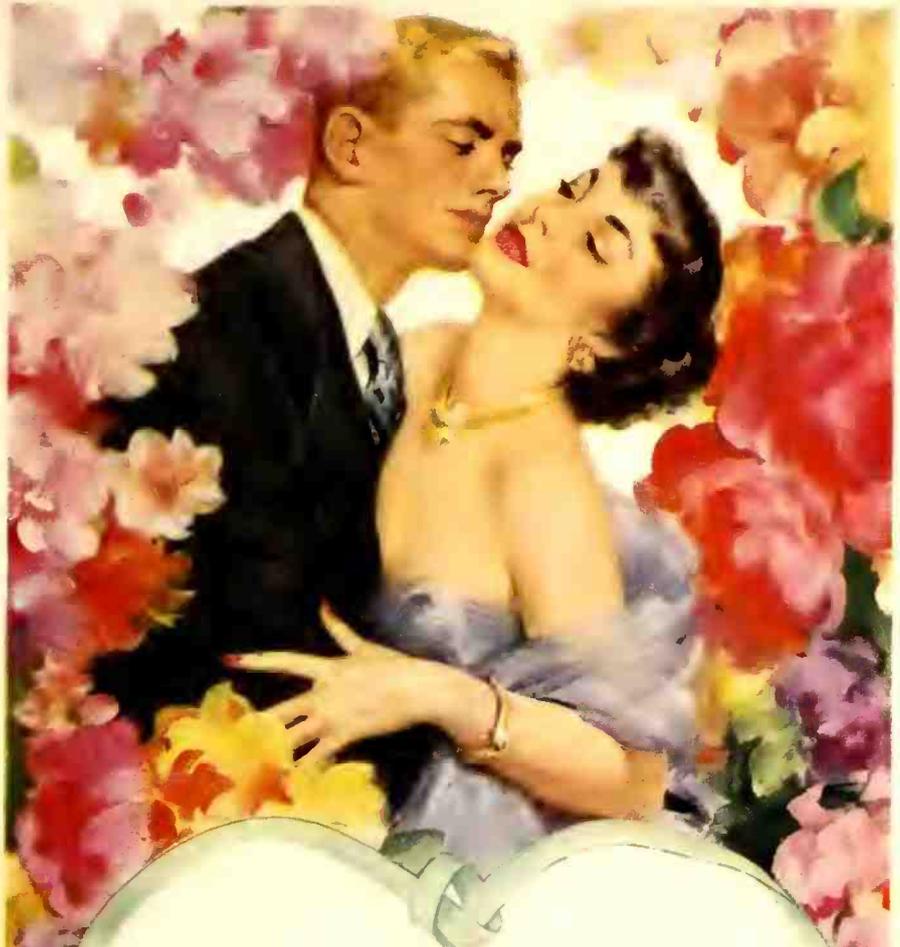
The Lone Ranger

OFF IN a cloud of dust and a hearty "Hi-Yo Silver, Away-y-y-!" ABC's Lone Ranger rides into another thrilling adventure of the Wild West, with over twelve million children listening breathlessly to his daring feats. From the imagination of George W. Trendle came the idol of youngsters across the nation—the masked champion of justice who uses his silver bullets to right the wrongs of outlaws, but never to take a human life.

In leafing through the annals of the Old West, we find that at one time during his career, the Lone Ranger was not alone, but a member of the Texas Rangers. There were five others in his particular group. One evening the six Rangers were preparing to camp on the canyon floor for the night when, seemingly out of nowhere, outlaw bullets found their mark. Five of the Rangers were killed in cold blood and the sixth left behind, presumably dead. However, the sixth Ranger was found by an Indian, who was later to become known as Tonto, and nursed back to health.

Tonto buried the five dead Rangers, but made six mounds of earth to give the impression that all had died. In order to conceal his identity, the Lone Ranger donned a black mask and began his campaign of reprisal. He was determined to find the assassins and bring them to justice. The territory he covered extended throughout Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri, up into the Dakotas and even as far as California. At the completion of this mission he continued to champion justice in the wilds of the West, for he had become the symbol of law and order. This hard-fighting, straight-shooting avenger remained behind his mask and left his real identity buried with his five dead comrades.

Before the Lone Ranger found him, the great white stallion, Silver, was king of a herd of wild horses. Having conquered all opposition, Silver left the protection of the valley to seek greener pastures. It was during this quest that he encountered a bison for the first time. The gallant young horse put up a heroic fight against the buffalo, but he would have been gored to death had it not been for the timely arrival of the Lone Ranger who shot the ferocious animal and saved the great horse. From that time on, the Lone Ranger and Silver, with Tonto's help, have faced and outwitted death in the West together.



Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild . . . leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly . . . for the finest complexion care . . . for a fragrant invitation to romance!

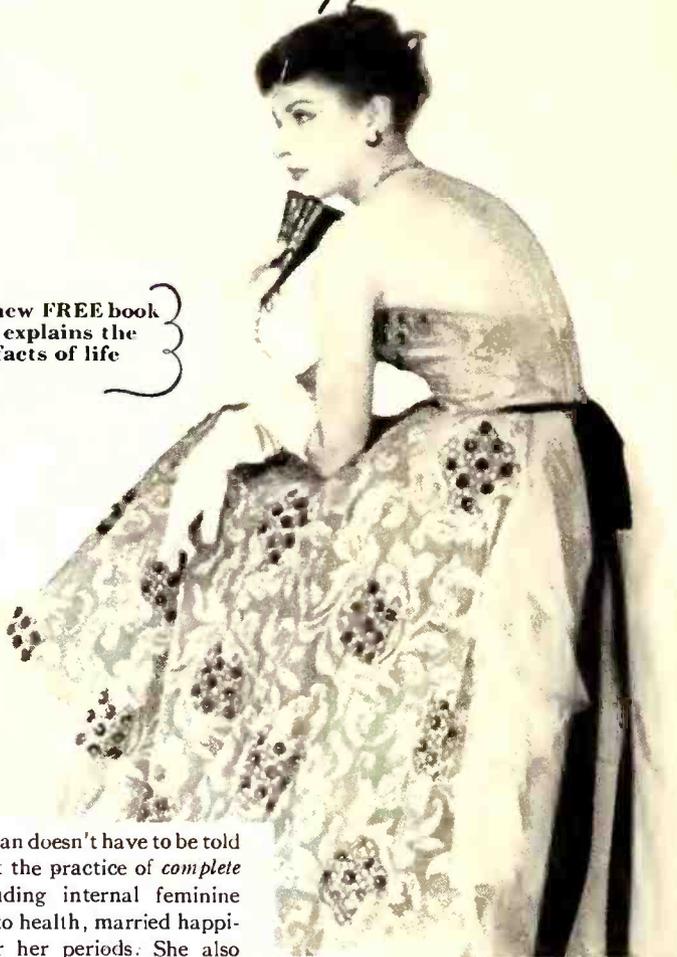


**Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap**

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!

What every young wife must know for married happiness

Send now for new FREE book
which fully explains the
intimate facts of life



Gown by
Kiviette

A modern woman doesn't have to be told how important the practice of *complete* hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness) is to health, married happiness and after her periods. She also knows that even the most refined woman must constantly guard against an odor—far graver than bad breath or body odor. And a modern woman knows she should always use ZONITE in her douche because *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues.*

Wise Women No Longer Use Old-Fashioned Methods

A well-informed woman would no longer even think of relying on old-fashioned ineffective mixtures which are nothing more than 'kitchen makeshifts.' On the other hand she understands the serious dangers of using harmful poisons. That's why ZONITE is such a blessing for womankind!

Yet, despite its great germ-killing

© 1952 Z. P. C.

Zonite

FOR NEWER
Feminine Hygiene

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada

power, ZONITE is ABSOLUTELY SAFE to the most delicate tissues. It is *positively* non-poisonous, non-irritating—the first antiseptic-germicide in the world so *powerfully effective* yet *harmless* for a woman to use.

ZONITE's Miracle-action

ZONITE dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. 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 them from multiplying. You can depend on ZONITE!



NEW! FREE!

Mail coupon for FREE book (never before published). Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-22, 100 Park Ave., N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Fun of the month

Herb Shriner Time

Herb says his home town folks bought a new TV set just to watch him. "And that's sumpin'," he adds, "when you realize they don't even have a television station out there."

Herb Shriner Time: Thursday, 9 P.M. EST, ABC-TV.

Paul Whiteman Revue

As a check-rein on his two girls, Julie, five, and Jan, ten, Paul Whiteman has invented a "television eye," whereby, they believe, he knows everything they're doing when he's out of town. His first question via the phone is, "How were you in school today?" knowing the replies will be truthful because of his magic eye. But Paul received a setback during a recent call when Julie asked him if he had his "television eye" on her at the particular moment. "Of course," he assured her. "Okay," was the retort, "then you won't have to ask me what I'm doing."

Paul Whiteman Revue: Sunday, 7 P.M. EST, ABC-TV.

Mr. District Attorney

Actress Rolly Bester couldn't very well go to the law with her problem. Cast as a candy store proprietor on the telecast of Mr. D. A., she started the day's rehearsal with full candy counters and cookie jars. Come show time the larder had sharply diminished. Culprits: stagehands, cameramen, hangers-on and—worst of all—those guardians of the law, Jay Jostyn, Len Doyle, and Vicki Vola, who comprise Mr. D. A. and staff.

Mr. District Attorney: Monday, 8 P.M. EST, ABC-TV.

Break The Bank

When quizmaster Bud Collyer asked a young contestant about his future career, the boy answered unhesitatingly, "A doctor." Bud beamed approval and suggested some humanitarian reasons for his choice, but the boy cut in quickly with, "Oh no. I just want to make a lot of money."

Break the Bank: Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M. EST, ABC.

Breakfast Club

Don McNeill takes time out to give some advice to youngsters. "Always eat a good breakfast, so you'll grow to be big and strong enough to make your kids eat theirs!"

Breakfast Club: Monday through Friday, 9 A.M. EST, ABC.

Stop The Music

Betty Ann Grove, petite songstress on the show, has Bert still shaking his head dubiously over her explanation of why a new dress she just bought didn't cost a cent. "I paid \$20 for it," she contends. "but it was reduced from \$40, so I bought it with the \$20 I saved while buying it."

Stop The Music: Thursday, 8 P.M. EST, ABC-TV.

Bringing Up Our Parents

(Continued from page 51) was the evening Ricky couldn't find his science book. After searching all over the house and making various accusations about certain brothers who always were borrowing things they shouldn't, we found Pop carrying the book into our kitchen to see if water really would stay in a jar when, under proper circumstances, the jar was turned upside down.

"Just thought I'd read along with you, Ricky," he explained with a smile. "Your book is serving as sort of a refresher course for me—sort of glossed over science in my school days."

Many of the events dramatized on our ABC radio program happen right in our house. Mom and Dad don't miss a thing, especially when it comes to teen-age talk. They're really hep in this department and Mom is nice enough to say that we're her sources of information. We don't deserve all the credit because a few of the kids from Hollywood High and Bancroft Junior High who congregate at our house help, too.

Sometimes you have to really feel sorry for parents. Right now, Mom's learning the hard way about football heroes. David is on the B football team at Hollywood High. On Thursday afternoon David is proudly on the football field, and the rest of us are in the bleachers. Mom says she never has suffered one bad moment over our work on the show because we've never missed a cue and are as dependable as our mantel clock (except when Dad's just fixed it). But, how she suffers over those football games!

"Run, David," she calls and clasps her hands in agony if a tackler gets near him. When the other side scores she's just plain heartbroken.

Dad says her worst moment is to come when they might have to carry David off the field someday. We kids never worry about this because it's just too exciting to be either the brother in the game or the brother yelling from the stands. Sometimes the other boys get banged about a bit, but knock on wood—our representative has been mighty lucky so far.

Now that we're older, we're becoming as lenient about disciplining our parents as they have been with us. Most of our friends squabble with their parents over chores they have to do. We never do because our chores consist of doing the radio show once a week, and who'd want to quarrel with their parents over that? We used to earn our allowances by making beds, washing cars and all, but now Mom and Dad feel we have enough to occupy our spare time with the show. Mom says kids have to do chores to learn discipline—we've already got through the period of doing disagreeable chores—so now we do the program to teach us more discipline. Only, we like this type discipline!

And we still get our allowances. (David gets two dollars a week and Ricky gets a dollar fifty cents.) We discussed this, however, last week and Mom agrees that we ought to get a cost of living raise. Golly, sodas have gone up to twenty-five cents!

Speaking of discipline—Mom and Dad earned what most kids could have told them in five minutes—very often outside things we want to do will accomplish miracles if they'll just wait long enough for us to indulge ourselves. Mom was utterly amazed, for instance, when David came in the first day of football practice and went to bed at eight-fifteen after boning up on his school work. He was just too tired to lay up and argue about bed-time. Ricky (David speaks from his older perch) wants

to develop his football prowess in the sandlots so he, too, is obeying football training schedules. Makes fellows like us agree "Football gives us something to work for."

The folks sometimes kid about this business of our bringing them up. They try to make us think we're teaching them to drive all over again. This is because David is taking a course at high in driving which is included in the school's curriculum. (Ricky is learning from his brother, but says he'll wait until he gets into high school for serious instruction.)

"I have to be on my guard," Mom laughs, "when the boys are with me. They correct my driving manners if I'm not careful." Only this isn't even in part true because Mom is a real careful, considerate driver—as polite in driving as she is in all her relationships with people.

Mom and Dad are proud of David's mechanical sense because he doesn't come by it from either of them. Mom can drive a nail, but when it comes to using his hands Dad is strictly a "watcher." His usual excuse when David fixes things is, "just let me see how you do it, son. You know the quickest way to learn is to dive in and do it yourself." Umm!

David has a diploma from his audio-visual class at school which already certifies to his abilities. "This means," Dad teases, "that he can run the home movie projector—even if he can't." But we know that David sure can! He's good at tinkering with motors and when he's sixteen he hopes to have a car like the other fellows at school. We hope that Mom remembers about telling us how we're teaching her and Pop about driving when that time comes. We don't believe in hot rods and Mom says that's one less thing to worry about for which she's grateful with us. Guess she was a bit shaken the day that she heard the awful noise in the driveway and thought it was an airplane diving into the house. Actually it was only David coming up the driveway in a jalopy his best friend owned. You know parents, though, they don't get over those little scares easily. Mom jokes a lot and refers to this as the time she was frightened by an "outboard motor" but deep down we know she's like every other parent—plain scared at the idea of kids in cars.

When it comes to the clarinet and saxophone which we're learning to play (David's sax, Ricky's clarinet), Dad's still bringing us up. Ricky shows ability. After two lessons he sounded like a budding Goodman and almost as good as Dad.

"You just think that because you recognize the tune I'm playing," he laughed. But we both keep honking it around the house and maybe someday we'll be able to teach Dad a new note or two. When somebody asked Pop if we had jam sessions, he sighed. We don't know whether he was sad or glad when he answered, "We haven't come to that—yet."

There are times when we are real happy that Mom doesn't leave all the bringing up to us—for on occasion we've tried to assume full control and have fallen flat on our faces.

Recently David had a big party with the high school gang. There are fifteen guys in the club and each one was bringing a girl—all except David who thinks girls are a nuisance. We were both pitching in so we decided there was no need for Mom to worry—she does enough tending to us in the ordinary run of things. "Just lend us the house," we said, in manly fashion. This she did willingly. We played football all Saturday afternoon and stopped at the grocery store on the way home. When we came in with the boxes of food and Cokes she asked us what we were having. We explained that our menu consisted of bacon and tomato sandwiches and soft drinks. She had the absent-minded look that means she's trying not to interfere but still is so darned honest she can't with any truthfulness say we're using our heads. Finally, she just off-handishly remarked that bacon and tomato sandwiches had to be prepared at the last minute and perhaps we'd be a little too busy entertaining our guests to spend the better part of party time in the kitchen. Gosh, who'd ever think of a thing like that!

Then, she asked if we were going to play games as well as dance. We told her games were only for very young kids and older folks. (Well, at least folks who're our parents' age, for they always play games at their parties.)

Anyway, Mom pitched in and baked our favorite brownies and a cake, and fixed some sandwiches that would keep, and chilled the Cokes and if it hadn't been for her, we'd never had all the stuff done in time. Later, during the party when the kids were playing charades, David walked into the kitchen and found Mom laughing. When he asked her what was so funny, she said "nothing, not a thing."

There are times like that when fellows realize that the older you get the more you learn about how much your parents already know. It's nice to relax and let them bring you up, too.



"No Make-Believe Here!"

say thousands of regular listeners to radio's "My True Story". That's because "My True Story" is not just another radio program with made-up characters and situations. It's a refreshingly different slice of real, everyday life, lived by the kind of people you know and see all the time. And for a true life drama acted behind the scenes at a broadcast of "My True Story," read "Ring For Mary" in February RADIO-TV MIRROR magazine now at newsstands.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Luck's Been a Lady to Me

(Continued from page 43) guy I'm thinking about when we go on the air.

I visualize him getting up in the morning and he's got problems. Maybe the mortgage is due, his wife is sick, or his kid is flunking Latin. He doesn't feel so good. If we can coax him into the first smile of the day, we've done a good show. We try to touch his emotions. There Breakfast Club is like a soap opera—for real.

He's taught me many things, the most important of which is to believe in the innate goodness of people. I have proof of it every day. Some folks in radio point out that by inviting unknown, uncoached guests to our microphone, we're taking an awful chance. They prefer recording on tape and editing before broadcast.

I'll risk it live. I've learned that somewhere in the bunch I'll always find some one with a good story who will sparkle in telling it. Sure, some of them have put me in tight spots, but no one has done it viciously or deliberately.

Of the celebrities who have visited us, I got the most kick out of Jerry Lewis, partly because he asked to appear. For him, it entailed a sacrifice, for he was then at the Chez Paree, working until four o'clock in the morning. He'd had no sleep, yet he showed up fresh as ever. He set fire to Don Dowd's Swift commercial, he made Murphy miss a station break, he interrupted my jokes, he broke us up so completely I laughed until my sides ached. Yet for all the confusion, I sensed Jerry was letting us know Breakfast Club meant something to him. He listened to it as a kid and his own children listen to it now. He was returning thanks by contributing his own zany talents.

Encountering this attitude from both the well known and the unknown brings me my deepest satisfaction. What more can a man ask of life than assurance he's understood and appreciated and that he has succeeded in communicating his own ideas and emotions to his neighbor?

Right there, I think, lies the definition of what radio has added to American living. It has brought people closer together and eased a tremendous amount of loneliness. I'm proud to have had part in it.

I'd also like my new friend to recognize I'm no glamor boy. Once, a woman asking an autograph paid me the compliment of saying, "You're just like you were on the air. So many times I've seen the charm turn off when the lights did."

There's no reason why I should change. At the mike or off-stage, I'm myself and that goes for the rest of the gang, too. Sam is just as funny, Johnny just as sentimental, Patsy just as romantic. The only exception is, our gossipy old maid, Aunt Fanny. In real life, Fran Allison is happily married to Archie Levington and in all these years, none of us has ever heard her say a sharp or catty thing.

Personal habits? Kay says I'm easy to feed . . . meat-and-potatoes guy.

If I were to talk about my clothes I'd say that's where I exercise my imagination. Some of my suits are as conservative as an investment counselor's, others are wild as I can get. Maybe changing the scenery with clothes is what's left of my early desire to be an artist. I even get a big kick out of going shopping with Kay once in a while. I think she looks best in trimly tailored things and usually our tastes agree.

It's my hunting clothes I'm really fond of and particular about. No one but another hunter would ever guess it, however. My coat is at least ten years old and ripped by barbed wire in a dozen places.

The pants, mud stained and dirt splattered, can practically stand alone but I get mad when anyone sends them out to be dry cleaned. It took me a long time to get them that way.

Kay says they smell. I say so what, but when she hinted very strongly that it would be a good idea to build a special cabinet for them down in the basement, I agreed. They'd be safe there.

It worked swell. Too swell, in fact. Passing the cabinet one day, I had to admit that a distinctly gamey odor was seeping out. I thought, "Gosh, they can't really be that bad." I investigated. It was worse. I'd forgotten a pheasant in the pocket of the jacket.

As for hobbies. I'm no household mechanic, if that's what you mean. No wood-working, no tooled leather or stuff like that. I'll still have attacks of art now and then but its direction shifts. Sometimes it's photography, sometimes modern painting, sometimes more traditional form, sometimes cartooning, but my interest never lasts long.

The diversion which endures is my hunting and fishing and that's pretty much a family tradition. My grandfather was one of the first men in Wisconsin to promote the cause of game conservation. He taught my father to hunt and fish and my father taught me.

How adaptable am I? Let's say I like change in day-to-day events but want a solid foundation under me. I'd rate being able to roll with the punch as my most valuable asset. Analyzing it, I see my whole career has been built on disappointment which worked out for the best.

It starts away back when I was a kid. Because I grew so fast I got rickets. I had to spend most of my time in bed or lying out in the sun. I was dying to play football, but when I couldn't, I compensated by writing and drawing.

I thought when I entered Marquette school of journalism that I wanted to become an editorial cartoonist. I was a sophomore when my father's business failed. To stay in school, I went to work as an announcer at WISN for seventeen fifty a week. When I asked for twenty five, I got fired, so I went to WTMJ for thirty bucks. My job included writing and illustrating a radio column for the Milwaukee Journal, which owned the station.

Out of that came my big-shot period. I was hired by the Louisville Courier Journal and at its radio station developed, with Van Fleming, an act called Coo Coo College. As the Two Professors, we moved to San Francisco. When our sponsor canceled, we tried Chicago and New York, but no soap. I landed in Milwaukee flat broke and with a wife to support.

WTMJ took me back and Kay worked with me on Saturday Night Jamboree. The station manager decided I had no future in radio but he'd like to hire my wife. We didn't see it that way. Kay went to stay with her folks, I went to Chicago and eventually latched onto a weak little waker-upper called the Pepper Pot. I changed the name to Breakfast Club, but it was a long time in building. First evidence of its success came when the musicians who had fumed over getting up so early began asking for the assignment.

I'd like my new friend to know I have gripes—plenty of them. I'm no sweetness and light guy. In the petty irritations department, my prize goes to the person who says in a patronizing tone, "My, it must be awful to get up at 5:45 every morning." His equally abhorred opposite number says, "Pretty soft. Work an hour and you're through. How do you keep

busy the rest of the day?"

On the deadly serious side, my fervent anger is directed against the traitors who don't recognize the value of their own citizenship. I can't understand these characters who let themselves be led into Communism. You can't be a Christian and be a Communist; neither can you have much of a sense of humor. If anyone told me to do some of the things they've done, I'd end up laughing. But most baffling of all is their lack of perspective. Apparently, they have absolutely no evaluation of the good things life in America has brought them.

In the same traitorous class, I place dope peddlers. In fact, I think they're even worse for they destroy our young people. I'll fight them every chance I get.

From my views on those subjects, my new friend is going to know I'm pretty intense about the obligations of Don McNeill, U. S. A. citizen. I think those obligations start at the local level, so I belong to a number of parents' organizations and improvement associations in Winnetka. It's up to me to take an active part, for if I don't work for things I believe in, other people will, and if I don't like the result, I have no one but myself to blame.

I'm serious about my citizenship because I'm serious about my family. They're part of the show because they're part of me. I guess after you have a family, you just can't imagine yourself without them. I judge everything I do by the effect it will have on them, and by projection, the effect it will have on other families.

Planning for the boys is always in the front of my mind, for making such plans is not as simple as it used to be. Parents today must assume their sons will spend a period in military service and Kay and I feel it's part of our job to equip them mentally and emotionally for that as well as for a larger life later.

I don't necessarily want them to follow in my footsteps. That's a lesson my family learned a generation ago. My grandfather dictated my father's occupation but my father let me choose my own and I owe my kids the same thing.

Kay and I consider the best heritage we can give is to help the boys be happy. We believe if we show them what a good home life is, they'll want the same thing for themselves and go about achieving it.

The foundation for such building, we know, lies in a strong faith in God. There Kay leads the way, for hers is the kind of faith which moves mountains. The deepest of all satisfactions I have gained is that of adding Prayer Time to our shows, for I think that is the most vitally needed thing we could contribute. We know from letters that through it many people have realized they are not ashamed to acknowledge their moral need.

Prayer Time, too, points up the rights and dignity of the individual, and through such emphasis, becomes another weapon in my fight against Communism.

But in the final analysis, for me, as well as for many in our audience, its greatest value is personal. Down underneath, we all take a dim view of our own capabilities. We're not sure of ourselves. When something happens which knocks all the props out from under us, we don't know how to start over until we turn to God and ask His guidance.

I ask such guidance in my own prayer every day. For the future, I have no desire to set the world on fire, but I do want to contribute whatever is within my own ability toward making tomorrow's world just a little better for my own sons and other kids.

She's Engaged!



Margaret's Ring—
a solitaire with rose
diamonds and baguettes

Charming MARGARET E. BROWN announced her engagement to Sylvester P. Larkin, Jr. in September. Both of Greenwich, Connecticut, their exciting plans include a winter wedding and reception in New York. There will be a matron and a maid of honor, but all eyes will be on Margaret—a perfectly exquisite bride!

She's Lovely!

Soft brown hair, sparkling sky-blue eyes, a beguiling smile, and *wonderful skin*—as smooth-textured as the petals of the first snowdrop! These are the things you notice first about Margaret. And her face lets you see *at once* the quick understanding warmth of her *bewitching* Inner Self.

She uses Pond's!



Margaret Brown—"Pond's Cold Cream is my most indispensable beauty accessory," she says

"Looking your prettiest gives you a special confidence,"

Margaret says

Doesn't it give you a *lift*—when you know you *look* your most attractive self?

Margaret feels a "must" in any girl's beauty rules is *fastidiously clean* skin. She thanks her nightly cold cream cleansings with Pond's for her own lovely complexion. "I *couldn't* go to bed without a thorough cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It makes my skin feel marvelous."

You can have a "happy-to-look-at" complexion, too, if you will only *cream* your face with Pond's Cold Cream every night as Margaret does. *this is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat 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.

Now, doesn't your face *feel tingly clean*, rosy, waked-up? And *look* velvet smooth?

Don't think it's vanity to want to look pretty. When you know you are showing your *nicest* face, a confidence sparkles you, attracts others to you *on sight!*



Get a big jar
of Pond's today

Start your Pond's beauty care now.
Help your face show a lovelier You!

R
M

Walter Winchell Predicts..

(Continued from page 46) "hot" horse in the fifth at Hialeah—can be taken lightly. Winchell doesn't have a crystal ball and his super soothsaying isn't intended to cause fortune tellers to fold their tents and silently steal away en masse. But his ability to call his shots in all directions—to reveal secrets from the most closely guarded executive chamber, hoodlum's den or plush boudoir—has brought him a reputation and respect unparalleled in the history of radio journalism.

In fact, many of Winchell's famous forecasts are made with the intention of alerting his listeners to a particularly threatening situation or condition. Long before the outbreak of World War II, for instance, he called the turn on Hitler's evil plans and the rapid expansion of the German war machine. And when the shooting ceased, he correctly predicted that the Russian army would not demobilize, but would be kept ready to march anywhere. He scouted the alarm on the split between MacArthur and the White House months before the General was recalled from his command. And his running attack on President Truman over this incident—and numerous other matters—is indicative of the fiery commentator's fearless approach to his job. Winchell even takes his own bosses to task when he feels the occasion demands it. In 1950, when Pope Pius XII announced that the tomb of St. Peter had been found, Walter relayed this news to his audience along with a bouquet of dandelions for one of his network superiors: "The announcement of His Holiness yesterday confirmed a Winchell exclusive of nearly two years ago. An exclusive, by the way, frightened off the air by some very timid vice-president at ABC."

When the country was slightly ga-ga over the triangle that involved Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra and that Spanish bull-fighter in the spring of 1950, Winchell put countless minds to rest with this gem on one of his broadcasts: "Frank Sinatra just walked in here after his flight from Europe. He says to tell you all that the rumors are so very wrong. The bull-fighter thing was strictly (publicity) for Ava's new picture. And that their love—Ava's and Frank's—is the real thing."

A couple of years ago, when William O'Dwyer, then Mayor of New York City, thought his secret courtship of Sloane Simpson was just that, Winchell, the super snooper, not only spilled the beans but even pin-pointed their most recent dates.

Walter takes great delight in scooping his rivals on the Hollywood gossip beat. On a 1949 program, just before signing off, he taunted Louella Parsons, dean of the Movieland reporters, with a late flash: "Oh, oh, Louella, I'm sorry to do this to you. Cary Grant and Betsy Drake were married today, twenty miles from Phoenix, Arizona. That just came in, Louella."

The silver-thatched one-man newspaper leaves no stone or rumor unturned as he gathers the sensational material for his staccato-fire broadcasts. He barges in where angels fear to tread, and twice within the past decade he has been responsible, through the use of his microphone and his widely-syndicated column, for personally apprehending long-sought notorious criminals. In 1939, the amazing Winchell delivered Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, of Brooklyn's infamous Murder, Inc., to the FBI, after he talked the fugitive into surrendering. This he personally considers his greatest feat. Buchalter later was electrocuted. In June, 1949, he launched a psychological campaign of appeal to a "BM," who was wanted in connection with the killing of William Lurye, a New York

union official. He concentrated on "BM" with both barrels, for he wanted the \$25,000 reward offered by the union for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund—the project closest to Winchell's heart. One June 20, 1950, a year later, "BM"—Benedicto Macri, surrendered to Winchell and Walter walked into the police with him. Both feats are unmatched in radio and newspaper annals.

Winchell enjoys making like Sam Spade, super sleuth. Very often he will jolt listeners with a message like this:

"Attention, Mr. Police Commissioner of New York: If you will send a detective to see me, I think I have an alleged clue in the ——— murder." And usually before he leaves the air, the detective is in the studio.

In his "Tips to the Newspapers," a regular feature of his trenchant commentary, the fifty-four-year-old broadcaster often leads editors to local stories and achieves humanitarian deeds en route. Recently he pleaded:

"Attention, Washington Post: Please do something to stop what they are doing to Adelaide Johnson, the great sculptress. She is 104 years of age. They recently foreclosed on her home in Washington and she will soon go to the poor house. Please don't let that happen."

In a flicker he shakes off this gentleness and lashes out in defense of a fellow American. "To all London newspapers: It is very funny, I think, to see the British reporters criticising Judy Garland for being too fat. If it weren't for American taxpayers such as Judy, you British would be too skinny. There now, pip, pip."

His listeners don't often remember Walter's scoops, for he often makes them months—sometimes years—in advance. He has called some very big ones—like FDR's decision to run for a third term; the identity of the flying saucers; the big New York police-bookie scandal and hundreds of others. Of course, just in case his followers forget, WW is quick to remind them that "you heard it here" each time one rings true. There is one prize bit of prog-

nostication that Winchell fans won't forget for a long time—and neither will a large number of bookmakers. On his February 27, 1949 broadcast, Walter advised his following to get a bet down on Top Pilot, a horse entered in the next day's program at Hialeah Park. Tipping a horse is a rare Winchell practice, but when Top Pilot came in a \$16.60 winner, hungry followers of the horses voted him their favorite handicapper of all time. Many who cashed in handsomely on the tip sent a share of their winnings to the Runyon Fund as a token of their appreciation to WW.

Winchell has been cited by scores of patriotic, veterans and medical groups for his intense campaigning for an alert and strong America. But, his favorite citation is the one tossed at him by a communist newspaper which labeled him "the most venomous anti-communist newspaperman and commentator in the United States." Upon receipt of same, WW considered his long battle against the Reds successful. He has other critics, too. And some of them tab his warnings and finger-waving predictions as the hysterical outbursts of an alarmist. Some of his tips have brought law suits to his door, others a sock on the jaw. Some have sparked king-size hassels in Congress and others have earned him an invitation to appear before a Grand Jury.

Winchell sums up his mission this way: "To earn the confidence of the public often costs a reporter people's affection. No one likes to hear bad news, but it is a part of a reporter's hard job to report cold facts. It was no fault of mine that Hitler was building an air fleet in 1934, but it would have been if I hadn't reported and warned that it would be used. I did not keep the Russian Army on a war basis in 1946, but I would have been false to my microphone if I hadn't sounded the alarm before eleven countries fell. My critics have always conveniently overlooked that that kind of news causes a man far more pain as an American than the joy of a reporter in a scoop. But the compensation learned the hard way is that, whether people like you or not, they trust you when they are convinced that you are trying to tell them the truth."

The afore-mentioned Runyon Cancer Fund started out in December, 1946, when Winchell made a casual appeal for his audience to "send in a buck or two" to help fight cancer. Since then it has snowballed into one of the most unique and successful fund-raising projects in history. In memory of his late, close friend, Damon Runyon, Walter has labored ceaselessly in the battle against the dread disease. He runs slogan contests, raffles off good seats to top sporting events and emcees benefits of all types. Over five million dollars have been realized thus far, and there is no telling what the fabulous Mr. Double Double-U will accomplish in this fight.

Many attempts have been made to measure Winchell's contributions to his field and the sphere of influence he controls. Perhaps the best indication of that was given in an announcement made by the American Broadcasting Company. In one of the biggest financial deals ever made between one radio personality and a network, ABC revealed they had signed Winchell to an exclusive LIFETIME contract at a fee-said to exceed \$750,000 in cash and a chunk of Richard Hudnut (his sponsor) stock.

Which is one way of telling Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea, that Mrs. Winchell's little boy Walter is set for life. And that's not a prediction!

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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Programs 8:55 Les Higbie News	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Hollywood News	Renfro Valley Country Store
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Harmony Rangers	Breakfast Club	Views of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:25	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time News, Frank Singiser	My True Story Edward Arnold Stories	Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Double or Nothing	Take A Number	Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Against the Storm	
10:45		10:55 Talk Back		
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Les Nichols	Lone Journey When A Girl Marries	
11:30 11:45	Kings Row Dave Garraway	Queen For A Day	Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	News Pickens Party	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage	Jack Berch Victor Lindlahr	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30		12:25 News, Frank Singiser		Helen Trent
12:45	Luncheon with Lopez	Bob Poole	Local Program	Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	The Hometowners Lou Webb George Hicks Songs, Eve Young	Harvey Harding Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez 1:55 Les Higbie	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire 2:55 News	Dixieland Matinee News, Sam Hayes Say It With Music	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise 3:25 News Poole's Paradise	Mary Marlin Joyce Jordan, M.D. Evelyn Winters	Hilltop House House Party 3:40 Cedric Adams Winner Take All
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Local Program 4:25 News, Frank Singiser	Valiant Lady Marriage For Two	
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman in My House	Mert's Record Ad- ventures	The Perfect Husband	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones Bob and Ray	The Green Hornet 1. Clyde Beatty 2. 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparky Mark Trail 3. 5:55 Victor Borge 4.	Galen Drake Hits and Misses Curt Massey

1. Sgt. Preston of the Yukon (T, Th)
2. Sky King (T, Th)
3. Fun Factory (T, Th)
4. Will Rogers (T, Th)

Monday Evening Programs

8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Echoes From the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Woman of the Year —Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay	The Big Hand Henry Taylor World Wide Flashes	Suspense Talent Scouts
11:00 11:05 11:30 11:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	News, Bill Henry Crime Fighters War Front-Home Front	Paul Whiteman Teen Club	Lux Radio Theatre
12:00 12:15 12:30	Mario Lanza Show Man Called X with Herbert Marshall	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Time For Defense	Bob Hawk Show Rex Allen Show

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Richard Harkness Echoes From the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Mr. Mercury	Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America New Hollywood Theatre	Black Museum—Or- son Welles Dr. Kildare Lew Ayers & Lionel Barrymore	Newstand Theatre Metropolitan Audi- tions of the Air	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	News, Bill Henry Official Detective Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air E. D. Canham	Life With Luigi Pursuit
10:00 10:15	Big Town	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery	News of Tomorrow	Meet Millie 10:25 Larry Le- Sueur, News Robert Q's Wax- works
10:30	Philip Morris Play- house	Dance Bands	United or Not	

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy The Great Gilder- sleeve	The Hidden Truth International Airport	Mystery Theatre Gregory Hood 8:55 News, Les Griffith	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx, You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry The Hidden Truth Family Theatre	Rogues' Gallery Mr. President	Red Skelton Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	Barrie Craig, In- vestigator Meredith Willson's Music Room	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Latin Quarter Orchestra	Boxing Bouts News, Charles Col- lingwood

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Father Knows Best	Modern Casanova— Errol Flynn	Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge	F.B.I. in Peace and War
8:30 8:45	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons	Hardy Family with Micky Rooney, Lewis Stone	Hollywood Star Playhouse	Hallmark Playhouse
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Dragnet Counter Spy	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Reporters' Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Foreign Reporter	Hearthstone of the Death Squad Stars in the Air
10:00 10:15 10:30	Your Hit Parade Al Goodman's Musi- cal Album	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Club Can-Do	Hollywood Sound Stage Robert Q's Wax- works

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis	Maisie With Ann Sothorn Gracie Fields	Richard Diamond with Dick Powell This Is Your F.B.I.	Musicland, U.S.A. Earl Wrightson Big Time with George Price
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern with Ed Gardner NBC Presents Short Story	News, Bill Henry Magazine Theatre Armed Forces Review	Ozzie & Harriet Mr. District Attorney 9:55 News	Paul Weston Show Robert Q's Wax- works
10:00 10:15 10:30	Nightbeat with Frank Lovejoy Portraits in Sports	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Boxing Bouts Dream Harbor Sports Page	Capitol Cloakroom

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
9:00	Coffee in Washington	Local Programs	No School Today	News of America
9:15	Smilin' Ed McConnell			Garden Gate
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Mind Your Manners	Local Programs		Morton Downey
10:15				Galen Drake
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Leslie Nichols, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Make Way For Youth
10:45				
11:00	Maugham Theatre	Georgia Crackers	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		11:25 News, Les Nichols		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	Army Field Band	Journeys Into Jazz	Give and Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	U. S. Marine Band		American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Soldier's Serenade Jerry and Skye	Navy Hour	Grand Central
1:15				1:25 It Happens
1:30	U. S. Coast Guard Cadets on Parade	Symphonies For Youth—Alfred Wallenstein	Vincent Lopez Show	Every Day City Hospital
1:45				
2:00		Dunn on Discs	Metropolitan Opera Company with Milton Cross, commentator	Music With the Girls
2:15		2:25 News, Sam Hayes		
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Music Rendezvous	Caribbean Crossroads		Report From Overseas
3:15		3:25 News, Cecil Brown		Adventures In Science
3:30	U. S. Army Band	Bands For Bonds		Farm News Reporter's Scratch Pad
3:45				
4:00	Musical Portraits	Sport Parade		Cross-Section, U.S.A.
4:15		Bandstand, U.S.A.		
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Big City Serenade	Matinee at Meadowbrook	Tea and Crumpets	
5:15			Pan American Union	Saturday at the Chase
5:30	Bob Considine	5:55 News, Baukhage	Club Time	
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Warren	Harmony Rangers	Roger Renner Trio	News
6:15	Earl Godwin from Washington		6:05 Una Mae Carlisle	U.N.—On Record
6:30	NBC Symphony Arturo Toscanini conducting	Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer	Sports Roundup
6:45			As We See It	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	Talking It Over	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
7:15		Twin Views of the News	Bert Andrews	
7:30	Archie Andrews	Comedy of Error	The Great Adventure	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		7:50 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Jane Ace, Disc Jockey	Twenty Questions	Saturday Night Dancing Party	Gene Autry Show
8:15	Inside Bob and Ray	MGM Theatre of the Air		Hopalong Cassidy
8:45				
9:00	Talent Search, Country Style			Gangbusters
9:15	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		9:25 News
9:30				Broadway's My Beat
9:45				
10:00	Dangerous Assignment—Brian Donlevy	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Robert Q's Wax-works
10:15				
10:30	Round-up Time		Music From Clermont Hotel	

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	String Quartet	Moments On the Mountain	Lyrical Speaking	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir World News
9:15	We Hold These Truths	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs
9:30	We Remember Hudson Coal Miners			
9:45				
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	Church of the Air
10:30	News, Peter Roberts			
10:45				
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	William Hillman	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Morning Serenade	Dixie Quartet	Christian in Action	Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN is My Beat			11:35 Invitation to Learning
11:45	Carnival of Books			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	America United	College Choirs	Concert of Europe	People's Platform
12:15				
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Hazel Markel Frank and Ernest	Piano Playhouse	World Affairs Collingwood, News
12:45				
1:00	Critic at Large "Mike 95"	Fred Van Deventer Organ Moods	Robert Mills Show	String Serenade
1:15	Univ. of Chicago Roundtable	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	Starlight Melodies
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes With Tender Bill Cunningham	Back to the Bible	The Symphonette
2:15		Report from Pentagon		
2:30	American Forum of the Air		Christian Science	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony, Dmitri Mitropoulos
2:45				
3:00	Music With the Girls	Bandstand, U. S. A.	This Week Around the World	
3:15	David Lawrence, News	Air Force Hour	Billy Graham	
3:30	John Cameron Swayze, News			
3:45				
4:00	The Falcon with Les Damon	Bobby Benson	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Fan Mail
4:15				4:05 News
4:30	Martin Kane with Lloyd Nolan	Wild Bill Hickok		It's Always Sunday
4:45				
5:00	The Whisperer With Carleton Young	The Shadow	Sammy Kaye Serenade	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15	Whitehall 1212	True Detective Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	Roger Price Show
5:30				5:55 Morgan, News
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Tales of Texas Rangers	Gabby Hayes	Drew Pearson Don Gardner	My Friend Irma with Marie Wilson
6:15			Concert From Canada	Miss Brooks with Eve Arden
6:30	Tallulah Bankhead In The Big Show	Nick Carter		
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster		
7:00		Under Arrest		Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30		Affairs of Peter Salem	Ted Mack Family Hour	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show	Singing Marshall	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen Show
8:15	Theater Guild of the Air	Enchanted Hour		
8:30				
8:45				
9:00		This Is Europe	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons	Meet Corliss Archer
9:15		John J. Anthony	Hollywood Stars on Stage	Jo Stafford and Tony Martin
9:30	Eddie Cantor Show			
9:45				
10:00	The Silent Men with Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	Oklahoma City Symphony	Paul Harvey Gloria Parker	The Choraliers
10:15	Southern Showtime		George E. Sokolsky	Music For You
10:30				

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 JANUARY 11—FEBRUARY 10

Monday through Friday

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Interesting contestants vie for cash awards. Warren Hull, emcee.
12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2
Daytime serial starring John Craven and Patricia Kirkland.
12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6
Femcee Ruth heads a folksy-chatter show with music and song.
12:00 Noon Frances Langford & Don Ameche • 7
(**& 6 at 10:30 A.M.**)

The two stars in variety plus interviews, guest celebrities.
12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6
Peggy McCay and Paul Potter, leads, in dramatic serial.
12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Family problems, featuring Mary Stuart and John Sylvester.
12:30 P.M. Ralph Edwards Show • 4
From Hollywood, radio's favorite, Ralph Edwards, in a new TV show with guests, contestants and faraway pickups.
1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
Pixyish Garry in funfule hour with Ken Carson.
2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2 & 6
The light side of a young couple's adjustments. Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey in lead roles.

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4 & 6
Story of a woman attorney's career, starring Susan Peters.
3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
Comedy and music with Betty Ann Grove, Bobby Sherwood.
3:30 P.M. Bill Goodwin Show • 4 & 6 (T, Th)
Variety with vocalists Eileen Barton and Roger Dann.
4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 (& 6 at 4:15 P.M.)
For women, music to fashion, dance to home guidance.
5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4
Everyday life as found in typical American town.
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6
Excursion into make-believe with Burr Tillstrom.

7:15 P.M. Bob and Ray • 4 & 6
The droll comics lampooning everything within reach.
7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
Vivian Blaine and Pinky Lee with laughs and sprightly song.
7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore Show • 4 (T, Th)
The Tennessean songstress in all her charm and grace.
7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M, W, F)
Top TV tunes with Perry, the Fontane Sisters, Mitch Ayres.
7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
John Cameron Swayze comments on the national and foreign scene.

Monday

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6
Drama billing different Hollywood stars each week.
8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell-Jerry Mahoney Show • 2 & 6
The laugh-loaded duo with audience-quiz, song and dance.
8:00 P.M. The Amazing Mr. Malone • 7
Biweekly crime series, Jan. 14 & 28, starring Lee Tracy.
Mr. District Attorney
On alternate weeks, Jay Jostyn in title role of crusading public servant. Jan. 21 & Feb. 4.
8:30 P.M. Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
Young professional entertainers compete for audience approval.
8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6
Guest opera and concert singers with maestro Howard Barlow.
8:30 P.M. Life Begins at 80 • 7
Panel discussion with the oldtimers. Jack Barry, emcee.
9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6
Lucille Ball and husband Desi Arnaz in domestic comedy.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Supernatural drama with funereal-voice Frank Gallop narrating.
9:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2
Panel quiz of news events. Presided over by John Daly.
9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
The star of stage and screen narrates full-hour drama.
10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2
The great full-hour drama show. Betty Furness, hostess.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Family comedy pivoting about Hattie McDaniel in title role.
8:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2
The swoon-crooner and an hour of variety with star guests.
8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6
Uncle Miltie romps through sixty minutes of top variety.
8:00 P.M. Charlie Wild, Private Detective • 7
Mystery drama with John McQuade as tough-talking sleuth.
9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2
Dramatizations exposing function of crime with Rudolph Halley.
9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Stories for the family, especially filmed for video.
9:00 P.M. Cosmopolitan Theatre • 4
Sixty-minute teleplays based on magazine fiction.
9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Hair-raising thrillers in this famous series.
9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Dramas starring well-known stage and screen personalities.
10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Taut, tense stories of people doomed.
10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6
America's beloved talent-testing show, Ted Mack, emcee.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. The Name's The Same • 7
Panelists Abe Burrows, Meredith Willson, Joan Alexander identify names of guests. Robert Q. Lewis moderates.
8:00 P.M. Godfrey and Friends • 2 & 6
Variety by Godfrey, Janette Davis, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, the Chordettes and Mariners.
8:00 P.M. Kate Smith Evening Hour • 4
The perennial favorite with Ted Collins, John Butler Ballet group and guests in an hour of entertainment.
9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Warren Hull plays sympathetic host to deserving contestants.
9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
One of TV's oldest and very best dramatic hours.
9:05 P.M. Intercollegiate Basketball • 9
Stan Lomax and Dick Nesbitt follow the ball: Jan. 16, Penn vs. Columbia; Feb. 6, Iona at St. Francis.
9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
Outstanding chiller-thrillers with Jonathan Blake narrating.
9:30 P.M. The Clock • 7
Hold your breath to these psychological suspense stories.
10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Russ Hodges at ringside for the nation's top slug-fests.
10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
Contestants withdraw ten to \$500. Bert Parks, teller.
10:00 P.M. Pulitzer Prize Playhouse • 7
Widely praised drama adapted from works of Pulitzer winners. Biweekly: Jan. 16 & 30. Alternating with—
Celanese Theatre
Superb productions of hit plays of our best playwrights: Jan. 23, Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie"; Feb. 6, S. N. Behrman's "Brief Moment."

TV program highlights

Thursday

7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7
The fearless cowboy in slam-bang shoot-em-ups. On film.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2
Wacky domestic comedy from Gracie and George. Jan. 17 & 31.

Garry Moore Evening Show
Biweekly variety (Jan. 24 & Feb. 1) with Denise, Ken, Durward.

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4
Studio quiz with Groucho Marx passing out cash and insults.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6
Bustling Bert Parks with melodies worth up to \$15,000.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2
Laughter reigns as the Kingfish doubles up the trouble.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4
Action-packed series. Walter Greaza as the chief.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2
Hilarious sketches with fumbling Alan and star guests.

9:00 P.M. Festival Time • 4
A big dancing-singing variety starring tenor James Melton.

9:00 P.M. Herb Shriner Time • 7
The droll Hoosier wit in a show marked by originality, warmth.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Courageous reporter (Pat McVey) with Lorelei (Julie Stevens).

9:30 P.M. Meet The Champ • 7
Two 4-round bouts between men in the armed forces.

10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2
Captain Braddock (Reed Hadley) pursues swindlers.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
Easy-going Lloyd Nolan stars in this whodunit series.

10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2
Lensman Casey (Darren McGavin) exposes the criminals.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Say It with Acting • 7
Maggi McNellis and Bud Collyer line up opposing teams from Broadway plays for charades. Jan. 11 & 25, Feb. 8.

Life With Linkletter
Comedy series from Hollywood. Biweekly: Jan. 18 & Feb. 1.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2
Warmhearted series of Norwegian family in San Francisco.

8:00 P.M. Ezio Pinza and Dennis Day Show • 4
The two singing stars alternate weekly with musical comedy.

8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5
Bill Slater emcees this long-time favorite parlor game.

8:00 P.M. Mystery Theatre • 7
Handsome Tom Conway as Inspector Saber unraveling crimes.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)
More murder and suspense starring rugged Ralph Bellamy.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6
Personalities in the news. Interviews by Dan Seymour.

8:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
Always trouble for Stu but chuckles and grins for you.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2
Teleplays headlining outstanding stars of stage and screen.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5
Clever panel-quiz. Dr. Bergen Evans, moderator; panelists: Carmelita Pope, Toni Gilman, Francis Coughlin, Robert Breen.

9:00 P.M. Crime With Father • 7
Rusty Lane in mystery drama based on actual police records.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4
Mirth-making antics by Henry (Henry Gerrard) and parents.

9:30 P.M. Tales of Tomorrow • 7
Adult science drama in the world of the future: Jan. 18, Feb. 1.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6
Sportscaster Jimmy Powers with IBC fights from New York.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
Be gleeful with Gleason's big hour of variety.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 (& 6 at 10:00 A.M.)
Ringmaster Jack Sterling presents exciting circus acts.

4:30 P.M. All-Star Pro Bowl Game • 4
On Jan. 12, from the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, All-Star teams of the National and American Conference kick off.

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2
The bandleader and featured vocalists Barbara Benson and Don Rogers with his famous "so you want to lead a band."

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
Contestants perform stunts for prizes. Bud Collyer, emcee.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4
America's oldest domestic dramatic series, featuring Bert Lytell.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6
Spectacular variety with Ken, guest celebrities and big cast.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4
Howls and belly laughs as different comedy stars rotate. Jan. 12, Spike Jones; Jan. 19, Jack Carson; Jan. 26, Jimmy Durante; Feb. 2, Olsen and Johnson; Feb. 9, Danny Thomas.

8:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club • 7
Exuberant youngsters entertain. Nancy Lewis as Pop's emcee.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6
TV's great revue headlining Caesar and Coca with Marguerite Piazza, Judy Johnson, Carl Reiner and many others.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2
Amateur songwriters strive for a "C-note." Emcee, Steve Allen.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6
The nation's choice in music starring Eileen Wilson, Dorothy Collins, Snooky Lanson with Raymond Scott's band.

Sunday

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30 P.M.)
Dazzling circus variety with bandleader Mary Hartline, ringmaster Claude Kirchner and Cliff, Scampy, Nicky.

6:30 P.M. Star of the Family • 2
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lind Hayes host to stars and relatives.

7:00 P.M. Sound Off Time • 4
Ribticklers take Sunday turns: Jerry Lester, Jan. 13 & Feb. 3; Fred Allen, Jan. 20 & Feb. 10; Bob Hope, Jan. 27.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6
Grand musical productions with guest stars, Maureen Cannon, Earl Wrightson and Frank Westbrook's dancers.

7:30 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2 & 6
A guest with humorist Sam Levenson and playwright George S. Kaufman make up panel as Clifton Fadiman presents show people for chatter and performance.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan with brilliant vaudeville.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Eddie Cantor, Abbot & Costello, Martin & Lewis and other favorite comics take turns bringing out belly-laughs.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)
Batoneer Fred with his versatile musical aggregation.

9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6
Sunday's big dramatic hour, excellently cast and produced.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6
Male and female guests take sides with Yale coach Herman Hickman and singer Jane Wilson. Conrad Nagel poses charades.

10:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4
Carrot-topped Skelton in a direct comedy line from Hollywood.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
Stimulating, funful guess-your-occupation show.

10:30 P.M. Leave It to the Girls • 4
The girls, Florence Pritchett, Eloise McElhone and others toss verbal grenades at guest male celebrity while moderator Maggi McNellis waves the truce flag.

Two Happy People

(Continued from page 31) could get by. The song I chose was "I'm in the Mood for Love." That happens to be a song written especially for Frances by Jimmy McHugh. The first song she ever did in a motion picture . . . As far as comedy is concerned, Fran has a natural sense of timing. Right from the beginning, even back on The Bickersons, she never stepped on any of my lines. No one had ever taught her the precise moment to cut in on a laugh, but she just seemed to know.

Fran has another talent not many people know about . . . She's an expert knitter of some of the fanciest socks you ever saw . . . Jon Hall, Fran's husband for fourteen years, is the only one who ever gets a pair. I've hinted, but Christmas comes and goes and nothing happens! Maybe it's because Jon loyally wears the first socks she knitted, the ones that took her a year and have an odd-shaped heel and sort of a floppy fit . . . 'When we worked together on The Bickersons people used to ask Jon how he managed to stay married to such a nagging woman. They mixed up Fran's radio character with the real Fran, as different from the Mrs. Bickerson type as a girl can be. That big smile you see on your screen is the real Frances Langford . . . The girl with the sunny disposition.

Her television wardrobe may yet prove her undoing . . . Getting enough different clothes for a daily TV show with a large feminine audience is a strictly woman-to-woman problem which, thank heaven, I don't have to add to my worries. Fran solves it in her own way. She models knockout creations from designers who ask her to wear their clothes on the show. Then she falls madly in love with so many of

the gowns that she goes broke buying them . . . She is a fan at heart. Collects autographs from famous people she admires and has them engraved on her silver cigarette case . . . Her own autograph is cherished by GI's she has met in practically every theatre of war and in every hospital along the Purple Heart circuit . . . She's the first entertainer to get the Little Al, in memory of Al Jolson, for her more than a million miles of air travel to entertain at camps, in combat areas, hospitals.

Fran and Jon own a ranch in Florida. Boat bases. Seaplane docks. Her real love, of course, is the mikes and lights and cameras. I'm sure she wouldn't change them for any other life in the world . . . If I've given you the idea that this girl is terrific, well, that's what I mean!

(Continued from page 30) clock. Only he was wrong. The number was out. See what I mean?

Don's kids have inherited his sense of the ridiculous, and the gags they pull on their papa sort of even things up for the rest of us. There are four boys. Donnie, Ronnie, Tommie and Lonnie, ranging in age from seventeen down to ten years. The two little adopted girls are Bonnie and Connie, both six years old . . . The parents' recipe for a happy childhood for the gang is lots of laughter mixed with enough responsibility to make them grow up knowing that life can't be all fun and jokes . . . I have never seen the whole Ameche family together at one time, Don, his wife Honore, and the six kids, but it must be pretty wonderful.

The start of Don and me as an enter-

tainment team was when he was doing a radio show for a shampoo sponsor. The show's format wasn't very successful at first. Don met Phil Rapp, who had an idea for a husband-and-wife skit that sounded good. I was already signed, so Don thought they ought to try me for the wife's part instead of adding another girl. That was the beginning of The Bickersons . . . We went to the studio for the first rehearsal and the way Don read that script he had never seen before was incredible to me. Not a fluff. Not a stumble over a word. Perfect, even to the slightest inflection. It might have been rehearsed for a solid month. I had only a few lines in that first script and I thought everyone expected the same perfection from me. I was so nervous I could hardly move my lips. Months later, when I told him I had been scared for weeks and weeks, all he said was, "Scared of what? You were great."

I have never heard Don say an unkind word about anyone. The only time he gets really angry on the show is when someone drops a prop or starts moving a set during one of my numbers. That's because he thinks it upsets me or Tony . . . Of course if there wasn't this wonderful co-operation between all three of us, Don, Tony and me, and between Ward Byron, our producer, and us, we couldn't do a show like this five days a week. Each has the backing of the others. No one leaves the stage while the show is on. Don can call on Tony or me fast if anything goes wrong and he needs a fill-in.

If I've been giving you the idea that Don Ameche is a pretty terrific guy, well, that's exactly what I mean!

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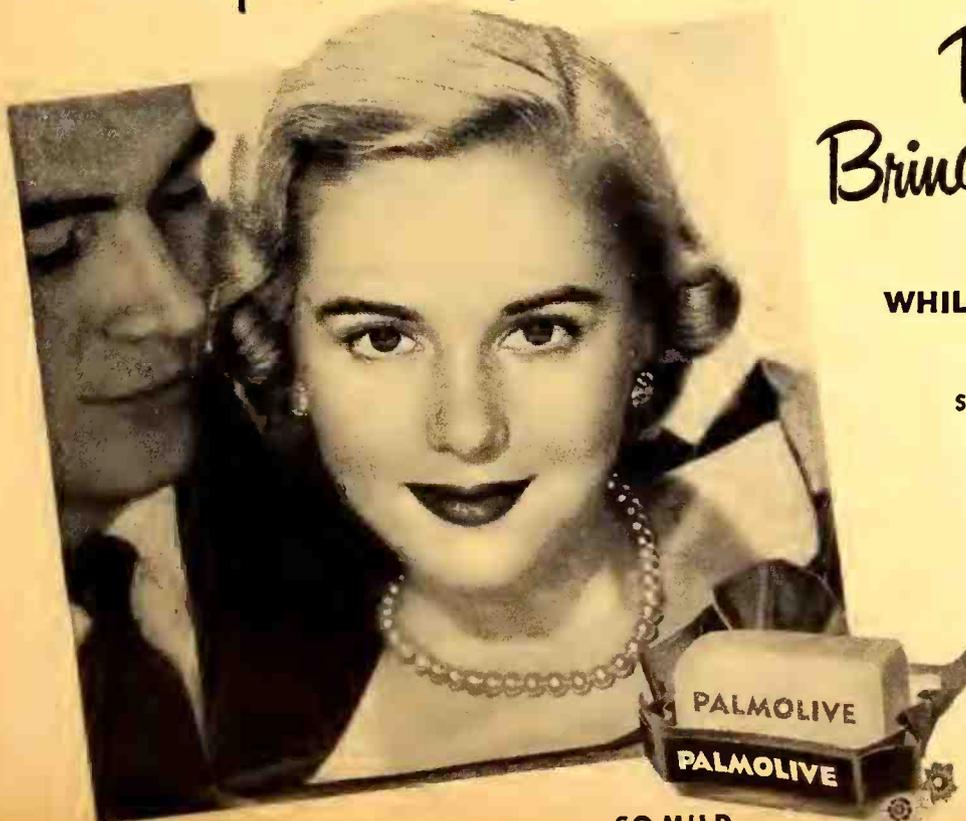
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Talent Search!

(Continued from page 64) York on a specified date, at no cost to herself. Reservations have been made for her at the famous Hotel Astor, at the crossroads of the world in New York's Times Square... the heart of the Great White Way. Meals and hotel accommodations will be provided for. If the winner is under twenty-one, a chaperone of her own choosing will

be included in these expense-free reservations.

The panel of judges will include Neil Hamilton, conductor of Hollywood Screen Test; Lester and Juliet Lewis, producers of the program; Fred Sammis, Editor-in-Chief of Radio-TV Mirror Magazine; and Ann Daggett, Editor of Radio-TV Mirror Magazine. The selection of the judges will

Hollywood Screen Test Questionnaire

(This questionnaire, or a facsimile, must accompany your entry)

Hollywood Screen Test
Radio-TV Mirror Magazine
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Please enter the enclosed two photographs (one close-up and one full-length) in your ABC-TV's Hollywood Screen Test-Radio-TV Mirror Contest.

My name is.....

Street or Box Number.....

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

My parents' names are:.....

Their address is:.....

My age is..... Date of birth.....

My height is..... The color of my eyes is.....

My weight is..... The color of my hair is.....

My bust measurement is..... My hip measurement is.....

I am (check the correct one) Married..... Single..... Divorced..... Widowed.....

I have no children..... I have children..... How many?..... Ages?.....

My acting experience so far is:.....

Names of professional theatre groups or organizations I have worked with:.....

Names of amateur theatre groups or organizations I have worked with:.....

Names of plays I appeared in:.....

What roles did you play? (state characters you played, whether leading or supporting roles, and whether plays were dramas, comedies or musicals).....

How many times did you perform in each role?.....

(Please be sure to answer all the above questions as thoroughly as possible, and to cover every part you have played, either in school, camp, little theatre or other community groups, on radio or television, or other professional work. If you need more space, use another sheet of paper and attach to the questionnaire. (Be sure to list all experience.)

be final, and not open for discussion. Besides offering a great opportunity to be seen on television, Hollywood Screen Test may prove to be the gateway to the world of motion pictures for the lucky winner. Already more than forty young players who have appeared on Screen Test have gone on to their first motion picture roles in the great film capital itself. Many were signed quickly, as a direct result of being seen on the program. Some got their opportunity later on.

Rita Colton was the first young actress to be signed for a movie after a Hollywood Screen Test debut. Someone in a producer's New York office caught the show on TV and recommended her to the boss. Patricia Wymore, who since became Mrs. Errol Flynn, was signed by Warner Brothers after her Screen Test appearance. She recently appeared in *Tea for Two*. Others who made the grade include Jean McBride, Aileen Stanley, Jr., Joyce Van Patten, Susan Cabot, Kay Buckley, Norma Eberhardt, Nikki Duval, who appeared in *Quebec*, Grace Kelly, in *14 Hours*, Ilka Windisch, in *Magic Face*, and Ava Norring in the new Dan Dailey picture.

Neil Hamilton, of course, knows both his movies and his television. He made his own motion picture debut in 1922 as a mere slip of a boy (but six feet tall!) in D. W. Griffith's *The White Rose*, and was a famous Hollywood leading man and star in some four hundred films, among them the well loved *Beau Geste*. He has co-starred with all the fabulous and glamorous Hollywood actresses of the '20's and '30's, great names like Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Helen Hayes, Constance Bennett, Maureen O'Sullivan.

His first appearance on Hollywood Screen Test was in a guest spot, when Bert Lytell was doing the part Hamilton has now. Bert left the show and Neil took his place. From the beginning he and Screen Test's producers have insisted on thorough and careful coaching of every young player who appears on the program, and every actress and actor has had the benefit of Neil's wide knowledge of motion picture and television technique and the help and know-how of all those who work on the show. There could hardly be a more favorable opportunity for a newcomer to appear on television.

Will you be that lucky girl? Good luck!

Contest Rules

(Continued from page 65) tion, Hotel Astor accommodations and meals will be paid for her. If winner is under twenty-one years of age, she must be accompanied by a suitable chaperone. Expenses will also be paid for the chaperone.

8. If for any reason the winner is not able to come to New York on the date specified for rehearsal prior to appearance on Hollywood Screen Test, neither Radio-TV Mirror nor Hollywood Screen Test is bound to hold this opportunity open.

9. Radio-TV Mirror Magazine and Hollywood Screen Test will have the exclusive right to publicize the winner, and promote and advertise the winner's appearance on Hollywood Screen Test.

10. The decision of the judges will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning the entries submitted.

11. In the event of a tie, both winners will have this opportunity, each on separate broadcasts.

12. Contest ends midnight, February 15, 1952. All entries must be postmarked no later than that date and time.

13. Address entries to:
Hollywood Screen Test
Radio-TV Mirror Magazine
205 East 42nd St.
New York 17, N. Y.

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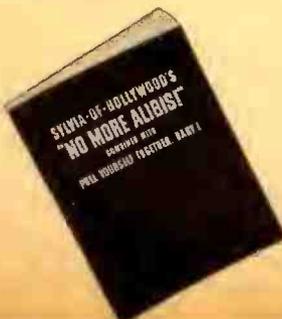
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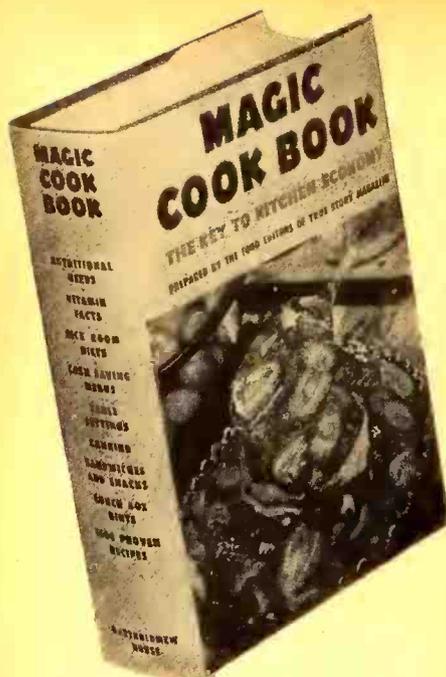
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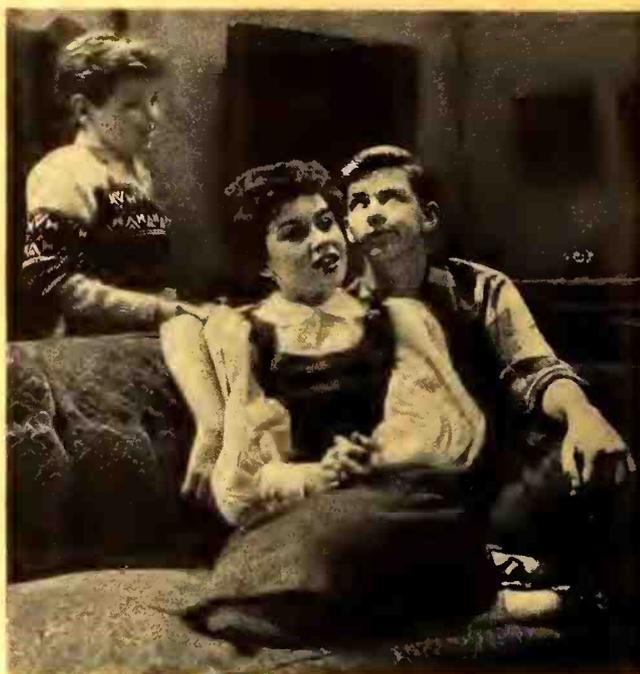
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The MEN in Judy's Life



A Date With Judy is incomplete without her kid brother. Cliff Sales horns in on Pat Crowley and Jimmy Sommer.

Jimmy Sommer

WHEN SIXTEEN-year-old Jimmy Sommer auditioned for the male lead in *A Date With Judy* and was asked if he could play a romantic role, he blushed, "Who . . . ME?" Attired in a typical open-collared plaid shirt, jeans, and sneakers, Jimmy sat down in a prop chair, leaned back on its hind legs and read a few "romantic" lines. He was cast immediately as Judy's steady beau, Oogie, the first amorous role he has played during his 12 years of show business.

Jimmy is as natural as a soda in a corner drugstore. Despite a busy theatrical career, he is on the honor roll in high school, a member of the local Boy Scout troop and a model-railroad addict.

Coincidentally, his career started on a train. Traveling with his mother and father, Jimmy was spotted by a photographer. Impressed with the four-year-old child's facial expressions, he asked and was granted permission to use Jimmy as a baby model.

With an affinity for acting, as natural as baseball, he soon left modeling by the wayside for his first role in a legitimate play. Cast as the young son in "Life With Father," he traveled for a year with the show, appeared on Broadway in "Star Spangled Family" and "Portrait in Black," and has appeared on most of the major radio and TV dramatic programs since then.

Jimmy's career, to date, has been secondary to his schooling and extra-curricular activities. Modest about his career, he would prefer to talk trains than television. "As a matter of fact," his mother reports, "Until *A Date With Judy*, it had been trains before girls."

Clifford Sales

CLIFFORD Sales, twelve, has been treading the boards professionally ever since age seven, when Rodgers and Hammerstein cast him as "Little Jake," Ethel Merman's brother in "Annie Get Your Gun."

With no known thespian forebears, Cliff "arrived" accidentally in show business. In February 1946, a neighbor told his mother, Mrs. Julius Sales, wife of a postal clerk, that she had read something in the papers about casting difficulties on "Annie Get Your Gun." They needed a red-haired, freckle-faced boy, reported the neighbor. What about Cliff?

Mrs. Sales trotted Clifford down to the Imperial Theater. Clifford went onstage and haltingly said his piece: "Jack and Jill." Rodgers and Hammerstein pronounced Clifford "a typical American boy" and hired him on the spot.

The Sales moved from Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, to midtown Manhattan, and Cliff took up the life of a professional child actor. He began attending Professional Children's School. When he had outgrown his part in "Annie," he went into "Happy Journey" in 1948.

He has handled several big-time TV assignments, including his "Happy Journey" role of Arthur for Pulitzer Prize Playhouse and appears as Donnie Henderson on the *Beulah* show.

Clifford Sales not only looks like the "typical American boy" tag he received from the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein, he acts it. Last time he saw himself on a TV film show, his mother reports, Cliff screwed up his face into an awful grimace and announced scornfully, "Boy, am I corny!"

This Wonderful World!

(Continued from page 29) sat down at my dressing table. I'd write a letter to the Original Amateur Hour, I decided. What had I to lose?

I told them my age, that I liked to sing popular songs and that because I worked in the day, I preferred an evening audition. I added that my friends and family thought I was good enough for the show, not because I'm conceited, but there had to be a reason for having so much gall.

The next morning I kept eyeing the sealed letter as I got dressed, still not sure that I'd mail it. Pops, as usual, drove my friend Elaine and me to our subway station. I carried the letter in my pocket, my hand covering it and my hand was tingling. Elaine guessed something was up and when we were on the train I had to explain.

"Well, it's about time you tried out," she said. "They're always looking for new talent and you're it."
"But I'm nobody."

SHE patted my hand and said, "When we get out, I'm going to see that you drop this in a mailbox."

And she did.

It was funny. It took a lot of pushing to get me to write and mail the letter but after it was posted I worried that it might get lost. My anticipation built up so fast that if my job didn't require concentration I would have soared right up into the sky like a toy balloon.

That evening I told the folks and Pops comes right out with, "We'll have a star in the family."

He and Moms had so much confidence in me that I felt like getting off to the bedroom and having a good cry. And my sister-in-law Ruth wanted to sit right down then and there and begin planning a new dress.

"We'll put that off for a while," I said quickly. Maybe I forgot to mention that I have a reputation for having some good sense.

I didn't expect to hear from Ted Mack's office immediately but I think after a couple of days, Pops was ready to write his Congressman complaining about mail getting lost. I knew there were a lot of requests for auditions. But two weeks later I had a letter in the mail telling me to report to a studio in the RCA Building on the following Wednesday night.

Pops and Mom were very excited and I carefully explained that anyone in the world could get a first audition merely by asking. I felt uncomfortable because they assumed that I couldn't possibly fail.

My friend Elaine was ill Wednesday and so I went over to fabulous Radio City alone. I'd been there many times before but this night was so different. I wasn't just another so-called "rubberneck" looking for celebrities but as a woman with a purpose, as a singer even if I couldn't claim to be a professional.

I found a good many others on the same business. I took a seat beside a woman who seemed to know a lot about what was going on. At this first audition, she explained, neither the producer nor director was present but the auditioning staff. She kept on talking but I couldn't keep my mind on the conversation. Suddenly I heard my name.

"Miss Frappollo! Miss Frappollo!"

A man beckoned to me. I followed him into the studio. There was a microphone in the room and a man at a piano and two more sitting behind a table. The pianist was wonderful, and told me to be sure to stop him if the accompaniment was

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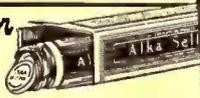
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wrong. The man behind the table smiled. "Take your time," he said pleasantly. "There's no rush."

I sang one song and I knew nothing had gone wrong. The piano was fine and my voice never better. If I didn't pass the test, I would have no alibis. And I waited while the pianist handed me back my music and the man behind the table seemed to make some notes.

"Am I finished?" I asked.

He looked up grinning and said, "For this evening only. I want you to come back next Monday for another audition."

He handed me a blue slip with an appointment. I thanked him and went out, my head swimming. I was over the first hurdle.

"Next Monday really counts," I explained breathlessly to my folks at home. "The director and producer will be there."

"You'll make it," Pops said.

THE five days passed quickly enough. I told my friends in the office and Monday evening before the office closed they came over to say they would be rooting for me. I reported again to Radio City. The studio was about the same but the talent-testers, a woman and several men, were sitting in a glass-panelled room.

"This is the one that counts, Deanne," I reminded myself and remembered the best advice of my teacher, "Be natural. Just sing the best you can."

I did "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." I did two choruses and sang it as if I meant every word. And then I waited, waited for the pianist to begin the second number.

"Okay," someone called.

A man grabbed my hand and pulled me away. I've failed, I thought, failed as so many others must have failed before me. I hardly heard what the man was saying and then as I concentrated I heard:

"You did fine," he said. "You were good."

He led me to another room and asked a lot of questions as he filled out a big application. He wanted all of my addresses, business and residence. He wanted to know what kind of work I did at Western Electric, about my previous experience.

"We need this record before you go on the show," he told me.

"Am I going on? Really on?" I asked, almost trembling with anticipation.

He smiled and said, "You should hear from us soon. In fact, if you don't hear within three months, please call us."

Three months seemed like a long time but when I got out in the hall again, the woman who had given me a seat told me differently.

"You did well," she said. "Usually they just say that and when they can find a spot for you, they'll call."

This was a good time to be level-headed, I told myself. There was no sense in getting the family all built up for a three-month wait. But it was written all over my face when I got home. Pops forgot all about his ballroom steps and went into an Indian war dance.

That night, when I closed myself in my bedroom, I got out a sketch pad. Art has always been one of my hobbies and I put it to a practical use at times by designing and making my own clothes. Working on a "broadcast dress" helped me relax so that I could get some sleep. When Ruth wanted to begin the dress immediately the next day, I put the brakes on hard and slowed the train down to a crawl. It could be a long time before I was called.

There is always plenty to do and lucky for that. Date nights for me are on Wednesdays and weekends. Other evenings I may baby-sit with my nephew, write my brother at Camp Pendleton or just keep my clothes in order. Watching television and listening to the radio is, naturally, a

pastime with the family but Mom is handy with the guitar and many nights we make our own entertainment. On Saturdays and early evenings I usually go down to the store and give Pops a hand. Every Thursday, with some of the girls in the office, I go over to the Lightbuoy Club in Brooklyn to dance with the blind men. Yes, there was a lot to do and thank heavens for that.

Three weeks had passed since the audition and I think it was the most trying period of my young life. Getting on the show with Ted Mack was always on my mind but I tried not to talk about it. Ruth and I had decided the dress would be of black taffeta with a black velvet top but I even put off starting it. Then the Monday of the fourth week Ruth came over.

"Let's get to work on the dress," she said. "I've got a hunch they'll be calling soon."

I gave in and she was right. A couple of days later, I received word from the program that I was to report and be prepared to sing several songs.

Monday night I reported to Radio City again. Then came the good news. They called me and I sang three numbers. The program director told me I would be on the show the following night, and that I was to sing "A Good Man Is Hard to Find."

On the way out I picked up an instruction sheet. It told me that I was to report back at 12:30 P.M. the following day, prepared to stay until the TV show was over at 11:00 P.M. I was so excited that I could have stayed up all night talking but Mom would have none of that.

"You go to bed at once," she said. "Even if you can't sleep, close your eyes and rest."

I was in a state of suspension, between joy and fear. I worried about my hair but my real concern was my voice. I tried to push it all into the back of my head and tried to remember how or when I began hoping to be a singer. There were the pictures of Tony Martin and Kay Starr and other singers that I collected. But many teen-aged girls do that. I remembered watching Judy Garland sing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" and wishing hard that I were her but, I suppose, most teen-aged girls do that, too. Somewhere along the line, I fell asleep.

There was no time to worry when I got up. First I called my boss and she gave me the day off. Mother laid a big breakfast out for me but I couldn't touch anything but toast and coffee. There were phone calls from friends wishing me luck, a hurried trip to the hairdresser, getting my clothes together and neatly packed. Suddenly, it was late morning, too late to take the train into town.

Pops put the lock on his store and drove me all the way in. At the theatre, he kissed me and said, "Good luck, baby."

My tensions dissipated when I got inside with the quick realization that the other contestants were in the same boat. One young man, an army sergeant, was not only "sweating out" his debut into show business but his wife was in a hospital momentarily about to give birth. And they were all wonderful, policemen, housewives, mechanics and other office workers like me. They couldn't have been nicer and friendlier if they had been part of my own family.

The producer, director, pianist, in fact, everyone who worked on the show was so kind and cooperative you knew instantly they were there just to help you. But they taught me that show business is a lot of hard work. Up to dinner time, we all took our turns on the stage, going through our paces, getting advice.

At dinner time, a gang of us went out

together. Back at the theatre early, we had a little jam session and then I called my parents. They were just leaving for the theatre with Ruth, as my guests.

I went up to the dressing room then, up those circular iron stairs, just like the kind you see backstage in movies about the theatre. I put on my new dress and looked at myself in the mirror from every conceivable angle to make sure everything was in place. Then I was in the "Green Room," off-stage, with the others and the show was on.

I caught a glimpse of Ted Mack once. I hadn't met him yet. But there were four policemen who had a hillbilly band; they were back for a third show. They told me how kind Mr. Mack was.

"Ted will put you right at ease," one said. "Don't worry about being nervous."

I followed a Turkish boy who played a guitar and while he was on I kept thinking this couldn't be happening to me. I should be listening or watching at home. I remembered as a child of nine when my favorite song was "Frenesi," and the whole family would listen to Major Bowes. Dad used to tease then, too, saying, "I'm going to put you on to sing Frenesi." But the teasing was over. This wasn't a dream. It was my turn to go on.

How I got out on the stage I'll never know. I can't remember using my legs. I must have floated out. It was Ted Mack who brought me down to earth. Up to that moment he had just been a legend and then he was real, a real friend talking to me. Some of the others told me that it's Ted's smile that put them at ease. For me it was his laugh.

"We have a young girl who's going to sing the blues," he said and asked me some questions about myself. Then he was gone and I heard the piano. I was on. This was it. And I was singing, thinking only of the song, trying to reach the people. It was the climax and it was no disappointment. The applause came almost like a shock at first, like a thunderstorm breaking in the sky. The audience was so wonderful that it took a split second to realize the ovation was all for me. And then it warmed me all over. When I got off-stage the others were congratulating me and a stagehand ran over and said, "You've got what it takes."

Then I waited off-stage for Ted Mack. Like any other stage-struck kid, I wanted his autograph. "You were really very good," he said to me. "You performed like an old trouper."

On top of that, I was told to report for the Thursday night radio broadcast, too. Two big shows in one week. It was almost too much to take. There wasn't even time for a letdown with only a forty-eight-hour lapse. Ted Mack was greater than ever and sitting in the front row of the studio was Patrice Munsel. She took my hand after my performance and said, "You'll go far."

There's no real ending to my story yet. But I've got a toehold in show business even though there is still a lot of work to be done. Ted Mack's office has told me that I will hear from them when they make up vaudeville units. And one of these days you'll see my name in lights, I know!

I first had to find out if I was good enough, and the Original Amateur Hour gave me that chance. Now the rest is up to me

Ted Mack moderates The Original Amateur Hour heard Thursdays, 9:00-9:45 P.M. EST on ABC. He is also seen on the NBC-TV version, Tuesdays, 10:00-11:00 P.M. EST. Both programs for Old Gold Cigarettes.



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Dagmar and Her Danny

(Continued from page 57) she repeated. "First you're a comedian, then a killer, now a building demolisher. That makes you virtuoso," she laughed into the telephone, pulling a Dagmar word for Danny's cheering benefit.

"Oh, and darling, I haven't even thanked you for the roses, those beautiful red, red roses which made me feel like a glamour girl—made me feel, well sort of Rita Hayworthish."

Suddenly the smile vanished and Dagmar was serious again as Danny's voice reached her.

"Darling, I can't. I can't. You know that I'm as tempted as I can be to hop a plane and be with you—but there is the Frank Sinatra show and then all the contract meetings on my new show. But, I will. I will. Just as soon as everything settles down for just one day—I'll take a plane just to look at that face of yours. Oh, darling, how long must this go on?"

THIS last was almost a cry and as she hung up the telephone a few minutes later, tears were spilling down her cheeks. This was the Dagmar whom millions had seen on their television sets on the Broadway Open House show, Dagmar the clown, Dagmar the statuesque beauty whom millions had seen but few really knew.

Dagmar's very human love story began four years ago when, tired and discouraged, she waited for her turn before the TV cameras. She had just a small walk-on part but she was anxious that her bit be as good as possible and her lips moved as she rehearsed her lines. Beside her, also waiting his turn was Danny Dayton, a young man who is built like Frank Sinatra, with dark eyes and dark hair. Dagmar glanced at him and wondered idly whether or not he looked sun-tanned all year round.

"Nervous?" he asked. Dagmar nodded her head. "A little. I'm not quite sure of my lines."

"Why don't you say them to me a couple of times before you go on. If you talk them out they won't be as difficult when you get on the stage."

"Thanks, I'd like to," Dagmar said and they found a corner of the stage where their voices wouldn't annoy anyone else and he listened, giving her occasional pointers on inflections which were later to make Dagmar's speech the most distinctive part of her TV appearance.

From then on, they would meet on TV shows where each had been cast for brief appearances.

"I didn't even know I liked him," Dagmar says of those first weeks of knowing Danny. "I wouldn't even have known whether or not I would give him a date if he asked me. And then one night, Danny kissed me—and then I knew. Kissed me backstage at a TV show and I guess love was born."

In those days the Dagmar character had not yet been created. Dagmar was plain Virginia Ruth Egnor of Huntington, West Virginia. Just another frightened, struggling girl who had acting ambitions and who booked herself into shows under the name of Jenny Lewis, trying to break into the big time in the world's toughest city, New York.

Where Dagmar leaves off and plain Virginia begins no one knows including Danny and Dagmar, who talks, walks and is Dagmar both on and off TV stages.

"Danny says that as Dagmar I'm just playing myself, that I even speak the same way Dagmar speaks only Dagmar speaks a little more slowly. I tell him it's natural that there is some similarity between the

two girls since I originated the character of Dagmar. But Danny says he doesn't believe me—my mother originated her way back when I was born. It's all confusing because sometimes I wonder which one Danny fell in love with—except it doesn't matter because both of them are me!

"Our romance began with Danny cueing me on scripts and things, all very impersonal. And the first thing you know . . . he kissed me and after that we dated steadily for four months. Then Danny had to go to the West Coast—to Hollywood—for eight months and we parted 'forever.'

"In the four months we'd been going steadily together, Danny had asked me to marry him. We were driving in a car along the Hudson River. We'd been up to his mother's house for dinner and we were driving back. There was a moon and music playing, only I don't know where it came from because there was no radio in the car. Suddenly, Danny said something that sounded like Percy Shelley's Ode to a Nightingale but it turned out to be 'Will you?' My heart said 'yes' but my lips said 'no.'

"We had an argument and after he left that evening, looking so sorry-faced, I was sorry I'd said 'no.' And then before he left for the Coast we quit for good and all. We said such things as 'Good-bye forever,' 'This is the end,' and I felt blue. I felt awfully blue. Then I felt I'd done the right thing, however painful for Danny and me, which it was. You see, when Danny proposed, Dagmar (that is the TV me) was only two days old and she required all my time and attention—interviews, pictures, buying clothes, in addition to rehearsals for Broadway Open House on which, full-grown, Dagmar was to be born.

"You see I wanted to get my family set before anything else—they never did have anything, my folks, and I wanted them to. And Dagmar, I foresaw, would make this possible."

Behind the Dagmar making with the blank face and funny-voiced jokes, on those first weeks of television was a young girl, hopeful at last that she was in the big time, earnestly trying to keep her head when her heart cried to her that Danny, not a career, was what she really wanted.

LIKE all women, Dagmar was hopeful that she could have both but for awhile this was not possible. Stifling her heart's cries, she doggedly worked day after day to perfect her roles, to perfect this girl-character she'd imagined into being. With her money she was able to buy her family the home of the former mayor of Huntington, West Virginia, located in the best section of town. She was able to furnish the home, give her brothers and sisters the start she couldn't have, bring her sister Jean to New York to live with her and be her secretary.

"As I look back, even if it meant Danny not speaking to me, it was all worthwhile. You see, my folks are real set and thrilled with everything. Grateful too. My little brother writes to me all the time, so does my older brother, Jackie, who is giving a brilliant account of himself at Marshall College. And my sister, Mary Ann, just sixteen, says when I get tired, she's preparing to take over.

"It's not just the house but there've been other things too. Last year when I was appearing at the Roxy in a stage show with Milton Berle, I brought my mother and Dad to New York. Daddy had never been to New York—or anywhere else—before. He'd never been on an escalator. He was so funny. 'You know,' he said, 'when I got to the top I thought the thing was

going to cut my toes off! He's a real hill-billy and proud of it. Bless him.

"There were other things that weren't so funny—just sort of heart-tearing. When I took him backstage at the Roxy and introduced him to Uncle Miltie, Miltie said Dad must be very proud of me. Straight as a stick my father stood there and looked at Milton Berle, the king of television. "We are," he said simply. "And we're real proud of you too, son."

Without Dagmar's 'no' to Danny, Dagmar might never have made these thrilling things possible for her family. She might have become just a wife and not a TV success which could bring fortune and with it all that fortune would mean in making her parents' lives comfortable. Seriously, intently, Dagmar says:

"One more thing I want to do for them. I want to get Daddy a little business. When I asked him what kind of a business he'd like to have he said: 'I think the best kind is a little hardware store—that way, nothing ever spoils.' So a hardware store it will probably be."

A career and money, even if for such a good cause, doesn't bring with it everything, as Dagmar soon discovered.

"Danny was on the West Coast and for four months I didn't hear a word from him. And I thought, when he says goodbye forever he means forever and forever is long, dark days. And then, miracle of miracles, in October he called me on the phone from Hollywood.

"I've tried to forget you," he said to me that first time he called. 'But how can I? I pass the newsstand and there you are. I pick up a magazine and you're looking at me. I turn on television and you're looking at me some more. Everything I touch, you're in it or on it. You haunt me.'

"You think it was funny? I guess I would have too if I hadn't been crying so I couldn't laugh.

"He proposed to me again—this time he said it was urgent. But I didn't, I couldn't say 'yes' over the telephone. For four months he kept calling me and it was the same.

"Then he flew home. The minute he got off the plane, the first thing he wanted to do was get married. But he went back to Hollywood with a 'no.' He got three 'no's' in all. He was back out there five days with me saying 'no' on this end of the telephone. But, in those five days I lived, counted in heartbeats and hysterics, 500 days.

"On the last of the five days, I was Queen of the Armed Forces Day in Springfield, Massachusetts. I was dancing with all the soldiers—Army Corps men, you know—some of them pretty cute. But I wasn't forgetting Danny, who wasn't forgetting me, either. He called me while we were having dinner. Each time he called he said: 'Now, are you coming out here or not?'

"Finally, all other reasons exhausted I said, 'I can't. I don't think I can get a plane reservation.' 'See if you can't get

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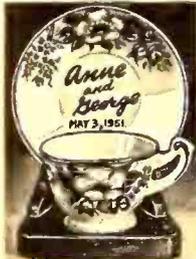
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an Army plane to fly you out—anything—just get here," he said. I went to the office of the enlisted men and enlisted their sympathies. They had a great deal of sympathy but no plane.

"By this time it was two o'clock in the morning. But when I got home there was another call from the Coast and I said: 'Danny, you may as well forget this weekend. Besides they need me for a new show. Jerry Lester and the kids could manage without me for a couple of nights, but not the new show coming up. . . ."

"So that was that. "So he resigned himself that I was not coming out.

"Then, suddenly, I could not resign myself that I am not coming out. I decided to go out there and get married. I loved him so much it was silly, I decided, not to be with him.

"The thing to do, I thought, is just take off—see if my attorney can't get me off the show on Tuesday night.

"So I called Danny and said, 'Honey, coming in on the plane tomorrow. 'Bye now.'

"While Jean called the airport for a reservation, I put my clothes together. I didn't even admit to Jean that I was getting married—not even very much to myself. I was that scared that I'd back out. I told Jean: 'I'm just going out there to take one look at Danny and then I'll come right back.'

"I took one look at him, waiting there for me at the airport, and this time my heart and my lips both said 'yes.'

"We drove into town and had some breakfast. Danny's friend, actor Don De-Lio, who was his best man, had breakfast with us. Then the three of us flew to Las Vegas. Danny and I were married around 8:30 that night of May 21. The nuptials were solemnized in the little chapel in front of the Flamingo Hotel. No one married in that chapel, we were told, has ever had a divorce. To which, thinking of Danny and me, I said, fervently, 'Amen.'

"I wore a gray lace dress—high-necked, with navy blue shoes and bag, no hat, and carried the orchids Danny gave me. A Miss Lewis, who is a professional witness permanently attached to the chapel, was our second witness. I cried all the while we were being married. But Danny was there now to kiss the tears away."

"We flew back to Hollywood, stayed the night at the Beverly Hills Hotel and then I flew, all but honeymoonless, back to New York. Danny was to follow me.

"But before he got here—the day after my return, in fact—I gave a big party for all the cast of Broadway Open House, for about 250 people in all, from NBC. Everyone asked—a natural question—"Where's the groom?" I said: 'He's on his honey-

moon.' But I didn't feel funny.

"I'd ordered a great big beautiful wedding cake but when the guests wanted me to cut it, I said: "I can't cut it.' I didn't cut it until Danny got back and cut it with me—10 days later because he was delayed by motion picture work.

"During that week and a half, I mostly shopped for Danny. Mostly waited for him. When he got there, I had three drawers full of presents for him—two beautiful pairs of pajamas, a robe, a shirt, shorts, ties, a little nail-file, handkerchiefs . . . and he bought me a beautiful white night-gown and a lounging robe to match. Chiffony.

"When he got back, this time, he stayed with me—until he left, day before yesterday. He was with me in Chicago where I was appearing in the theatre with Uncle Miltie. He was with me on TV appearances and finally the two of us got away on our honeymoon to Hawaii four months after our actual marriage day. Everything was hectic up to the moment of sailing aboard the Lurline but once aboard the boat we got our first break. It's the first time in the history of the boat that the telephone was out of order. This meant that Danny and I couldn't be reached by attorneys, press, people—anything. In Hawaii Danny and I danced under the stars. We had a beautiful lanai attached to our suite in which privacy was possible and we were in love, in our blue heaven. We were together at last.

"Now, Danny is busy blowing up buildings in Hollywood. I'm busy with guest appearances on radio and TV broadcasts and with my new TV show, the Dagmar story (I'M going to keep the Dagmar character in everything I do, whether on TV, in radio, in movies or on the stage) which is very much like my own life, except that on the show I won't be married as I really am. I'll be living at home with my mother and father and one brother instead of three. Each week there'll be a different episode—I'll be rehearsing for a TV show I'm going to be in, I'll have dates, problems and the material—well, it's endless, like my life.

"Meantime, while Danny is there and I am here, we'll commute by air, weekends. Between pictures he'll come home. It isn't the ideal arrangement because we both want a permanent home and we'd like to have children—not an only child like Danny, and not seven, like me. But somewhere in between like two or three.

"But we're a long way from this dream at the moment. We've got a lot of work to do yet . . . A long way and a long lane ahead . . . but it's a lane that will have a turning and the turning will take us home . . . wherever that may be . . . together."

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Walter Kiernan

TO WALTER KIERNAN news isn't news—it's people and what they do. Walter began meeting people some forty-odd years ago back in New Haven, Connecticut, where, he insists, he was born on the wrong side of the tracks. In fact, he adds, the entire neighborhood on both sides of the track was the "wrong side." His youth, after leaving school, he recalls as a "blur of odd jobs," including a factory hand, a grocery clerk, and a single tour of duty as a professional pall-bearer. "That," he admits, "was by mistake."

Somehow or other, he's not sure how, Kiernan drifted into a job as a cub police reporter. "I had a sheaf of copy paper sticking out of my pocket and my hat brim turned down," he says. A year later he graduated to the New Haven Register, where he knocked out a daily humorous column. Kiernan soon went to the Big City as a writer for the Associated Press. Here he built up a reputation as a solid political reporter and showed an amazing ability to make friends in important places.

Says Kiernan, "Whenever I come face to face with a prominent person, I remember my father's advice: 'Forget their clothes and think of them dressed in red flannels.' It really works. The first time I tried it, I was interviewing William Howard Taft, then President of the United States. After that, meeting VIPs was easy."

As a star reporter for AP and INS, Kiernan traveled all over the world. He swapped toasts with King George of England on his birthday. He passed the time of day with the Queen, later writing that she reminded him of "the sort of woman from whom you would be running over to borrow a cup of sugar, if you lived next door to Buckingham Palace."

One wartime New Year's Eve he sat up chatting with Winston Churchill, and recently, while interviewing Sarah Churchill on Family Circle, Kiernan told her, "He's a marvelous conversationalist, but he's certainly not a New Year's Eve date."

Kiernan, known as Head of ABC's Family Circle, heads up his own family of three sons, residing in Milford, Connecticut, with his wife and youngest son, Jerry.

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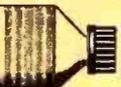
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I'm Glad I Married Johnny

(Continued from page 44) when it happens which is more often, I daresay, than I dream. For John Reed King is the radio and television fan to end all fans. We are all fond of the radio and TV in our home, Johnny, the children and I. But we are all normal fans while Johnny could sit and listen and watch his favorite entertainment mediums all day and all night, as (now you know) he sometimes does.

I often say to him, or I used to say to him: "I'd like to go to such and such a football game," to which Johnny's invariable answer is: "We can listen to it on the radio," or "We can see it on television."

Just about the only thing you can't watch or listen to is the live theatre, so to the theatre Johnny will go, and loves to go. But the rest of the world—the world of sport, new entertainment of all sorts and kinds—comes to us, right here in our living room.

LOVING to work (the busier he is, the happier he is), I often wonder that Johnny has anything left over to give to his home and to me and to the children. But—and this is The Miracle in our home at Scarsdale, New York—he gives us as much of himself as he gives his work. How he does it, I do not know. Which is why I label it "The Miracle."

Johnny is one that always tries to please, not only me, but everyone. Tries to please my family, his family, the neighbors, mere acquaintances and, of course, the public. And because he genuinely likes people—seems to have a feeling for people of all ages, kinds and occupations—he does please if, as they say, there is always one word that more than any other word describes a person, then amiable is certainly the word for Johnny. Easy-going. So easy-going that he isn't, can't be, a disciplinarian.

"Why don't you speak to those children?" I used to ask him in the days when Joanne, now 13, and Julie, now 11, were at the biting-and-kicking-each-other stage.

To which the reply would be: "I did speak to them. I said 'Hello.'"

As Julie shrewdly sums it up: "Daddy lets us do anything you won't."

The children are crazy about their father, as well they might be, for he's so good with them, so very patient with them, not a disciplinarian as I've remarked, but a walking encyclopedia of information on any and every question they may ask, always taking the time to explain everything.

There's one big difference between the Johnny on the radio and TV sets and Johnny at home—at home, he's quiet. He's very quiet. So quiet that neighbors who meet him for the first time can't believe, sometimes don't believe, that the man at our house and the man of ABC fame are one and the same. He's been obliged, on occasion (again to please the children or me), to flash that famous welcoming grin he gives viewers of his TV show in order to convince the skeptics that the noisy shadow and quiet substance are one and the same gentleman.

He is quiet, on purpose, in order to save himself for the hard and exacting work of appearing relaxed and carefree as he pours fabulous cornucopias of awards into the waiting arms of "Chance Of A Lifetime" contestants.

As an interviewer once wrote of him: "An active chap, who wears a microphone strapped to his chest for freedom of movement during the radio Chance Of A Life-

time, King keeps the video cameras busy as he bounds about the busy sets of the television version of the popular audience-participation show, with eyes and ears always set to make the participant feel at home."

This is a true description of man-at-work King. But at home he doesn't "bound about," and he tries to save his voice, by not talking too much, which is very important—especially as he is prone to the radio and TV performer's most baneful bugaboo, laryngitis.

No, he doesn't stir things up when he comes home—he mixes into the family life, up to his ears! He loves to cook and he's a good cook, especially of barbecued steak. He loves to make the appetizers and sets great store by them. He's very proud of his salads, too. As he hangs around the kitchen during dinner preparations (which he usually does the evenings he's home) he'll ask, rather wistfully, "Don't you want me to make the salad?" Or, when it comes time to use our fairly new acquisition, an electric dishwasher, "Don't you want me to take over?"

When we have company for dinner, we engage a cook for that evening and we have a cleaning woman once a week. Otherwise, we "do" for ourselves. We like it this way. Homier for John and me. And we feel that it's excellent for the children. Makes it unlikely that they'll grow up with that being-waited-upon idea. Besides, helping with the home chores makes home more *their* home; makes it mean more to them.

If I had to say just why, for what specific reason, I fell in love with Johnny I'd say: "Because he was so thoughtful so considerate, so kind..."

There were many, many other reasons goodness knows, for falling in love with Johnny and I can list them, one and all: His blond hair. His changeable color eyes now blue, now gray, now brownish. His six-foot height and athletic build. The fact that he was a "Princeton Man," which, to me, still in high school when we met, meant Mr. Glamour himself. That voice. That smile. The way he could swim, play golf and tennis. His love for children (yes, even then) and the way they loved him, even as they do today. The fact that he was of my religious faith—

BUT although all these qualities entered into it, of course, the great big, over-all appeal was his courtesy and consideration and good humor; and I can never be thankful enough that I had sense enough, even in my teens, to realize, not only that I was in love with him, but also that he would be the kind of husband every woman wants. (When he reads this, I'll never hear the end of it, but it's 100 per cent true!)

We met in Atlantic City, which is Johnny's home-town and mine, through one of my girl friends who was going, at the time, with Johnny's roommate at Princeton. One weekend, both boys were in Atlantic City and my friend introduced me to Johnny. That evening, we double-dated. We went, I remember, to see that gruesome movie, "King Kong." Afterwards, we had sodas and took a long walk on the boardwalk.

I always hear the sea when I think of our courting days, Johnny's and mine, and our courting days began that very first evening (it must have been, mutually, love at first sight!) when we went together from then on until we got married.

Those were happy days—how could they be otherwise, with Johnny—gay, carefree

fun days. I went up to Princeton for the proms and the football games. And when, in the autumn after we met, I went on to Goucher College, Johnny would come down to Baltimore as often as possible and take me out to dinner. When we could manage weekends at home, we always tried to make them the same weekends and in between being together times, Johnny used to send me flowers, telephone me, write letters.

Johnny entered Princeton University to study psychiatry—which is another indication, I think, of his real desire to understand and, whenever possible, help people. This is why dispensing complete houses, thousand dollar watches, shiny new automobiles, Savings Bonds and other fabulous gifts, plus bringing deserving people to the microphone to get their Chance Of A Lifetime gives him such joy today; makes his work his keenest pleasure.

When we were married (I left school at the end of my junior year to get married) Johnny had been working in radio in New York for almost a year. We had a home wedding in Atlantic City, with all the traditional beauty. A white satin bridal gown and veil and rice thrown and bridesmaids and a few hours later we departed for New York. In New York, Mark Warnow, with whom Johnny was doing a show, gave us a big, beautiful party at Louie & Armand's after the show. Thus fittingly was the bride initiated into the kind of life one leads when one marries into radio!

And thanks to Johnny's thoughtfulness and consideration with which, I maintain, I fell in love, it's been a lovely life, it is a lovely life, as normal as ever possible, and completely satisfying. . . .

Oh, Johnny has his little faults—when we play bridge, for instance, he is forever bidding with nothing in his hand when I have all the cards! Or, when everybody else passes, he invariably makes it—three no trump! He figures that, if no one else has anything, he may take a chance. "It's the gambler in me!" he laughs.

I love crossword puzzles, want to do every syllable of them myself—and when I go to sleep, Johnny puts words in my puzzle. Once in awhile, he makes up words that Webster never dreamed of!

Also, he writes little memos, hundreds of little memos on book-match folders and bits of paper no bigger than your thumb-nail and leaves them on his bureau until it's heaped ceiling high. And I don't dare throw a single one away lest it be one of the new ideas he's forever dreaming up for his show. . . .

He's clothes-unconscious. Left to his own devices, he'd wear summer clothes in winter and the other way around. I have a terrible time making him buy so much as a pair of shoes. He'll go around, blandly, with the most disrespectable pair of loafers on his feet!

He smokes a pipe. He's got an endless number of pipes all over the house—so many that he leaves pipes at our friends' houses so that he'll always have one "handy."

But these are very minor flaws, indeed, in a "fifteen-year-old" husband—and more than compensated for, over-compensated by how wonderful he is in all the ways that matter!

In spite of the fact that he can only be home four evenings a week, he spends more time with the children than any father I know. He drives them to school every morning, usually picking up several of their friends en route. In the summer, he takes them swimming and he's not in the water three minutes before all the kids around are climbing all over him. He takes them fishing and, in the wintertime, skating. He'll take them to New York to

see his show, takes them out to lunch. He usually takes them, one at a time. "More like a date," he kids—but means it. Once or twice, Julie has been on her Dad's show and loves it.

He's very difficult to buy for, at Christmas and birthdays, because he never expresses—or seems to have—a wish for himself. On Christmas I had the children's portraits painted for him—a surprise—and he loved them. For a time, we used to give each other something we wanted for the house; one year, our piano; the next year our radio and TV set; another year, the old Dutch dry-sink we use in the basement playroom. Three years ago, Johnny gave me (he's much more interested in giving than getting) my mink coat. And he's given me some lovely jewelry, a beautiful diamond pin and—my favorite gift from him—an aquamarine ring. But all this doesn't help me shop for Johnny.

He takes a great interest, will even shop with me, for the house. When we were first married, we had a small apartment in Woodside, Long Island. Then a small house in Malba, Long Island after which we lived in New York City for two years. But we always knew we wanted country life, a country house and when, four years ago, we saw this house we recognized it, both of us at once, as our house. Built of white brick and clapboard, Colonial design, we just looked at each other—words were unnecessary—and bought it. And have had a wonderful time decorating and furnishing, completely in accord about such matters as: Wall to wall carpeting in taupe gray. The Lovebird-and-Lace wallpaper in the halls. The Regency mahogany in the dining room. The rose velvet divan, the olive green chintz drapes in the living-room, the tier tables and alabaster lamps. The pine-panelled den . . . we just like the same things, have the same tastes, in houses, in people, in what is, or is not, the good life. . . .

All this, yet he also has time, or finds it, or makes it, to appear at events up here, at schools and churches. (He goes to church every week; isn't ostentatious about his religion, but lives it.) And he never turns down a request to do a benefit in his home-town, Atlantic City.

I'm still thrilled by the letters he gets, the fan-mail! Lots of requests, from youngsters, for his picture. Lots of letters with suggestions for questions, gimmicks for his show. People send us things, too, send me things—crocheted doilies by the gross, lovely, hand-made things. And when we were expecting Joanne and, later, Julie, dozens of little booties were sent me, tiny sweaters, bibs, dresses, letters from people suggesting names for the babies.

It is wonderful how interested people are, and so kind. . . . It's Johnny's "bread upon the waters," I always say, coming back to him. And to me, just because I am lucky enough to be Mrs. John Reed King!

In addition to his being quiet at home there is another difference, some people think, between Johnny on TV and Johnny at home—his looks. They think he looks younger in the flesh than he does on television. Perhaps he does but Johnny, who will be 37 his next birthday (he was born October 25, 1914) looks older than his age, anyway. And I guess he always has, for, except that he's put on some weight—he used to be very, very thin—and his blond hair is growing darker, he doesn't seem to me to have changed very much since we were married. Even on TV, he looks perfectly natural to me—the same six-footer with the changeable color eyes and the heartwarming grin with whom I fell in love, at first sight, on the boardwalk, in Atlantic City!



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MY

"Mmm, good!" says Joe, sampling his dinner. "Even when I was first learning to cook, Joe never complained about meals."



"Whenever I'm just too tired to run out for that extra loaf of bread, I can count on Joe's willing help."

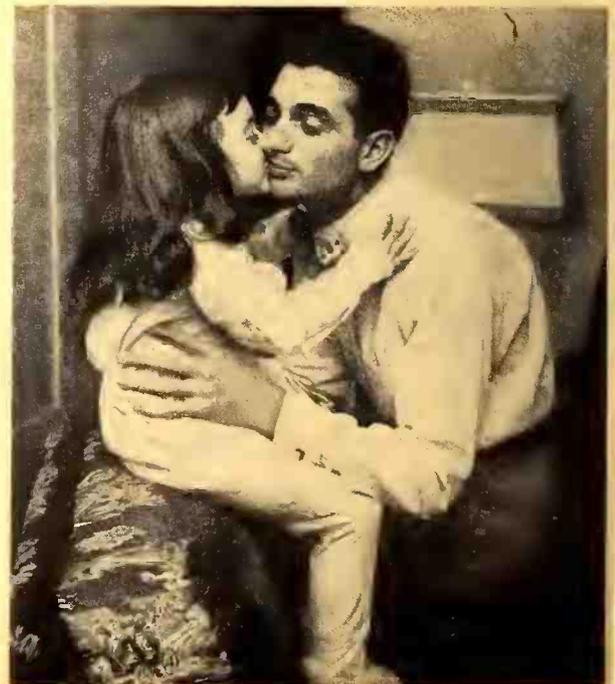


George Fenneman emcees *The Perfect Husband*, Mon. through Friday at 4:30 P.M. EST, ABC.

MY HEART beat faster as the curtain parted and Master of Ceremonies George Fenneman introduced himself before the ABC microphone as the Not So Perfect Husband, star of *The Perfect Husband* radio show. Four of us wives had been chosen from the studio audience and each was to tell the audience why her husband was perfect. I knew in my heart of hearts that mine was, but how to put all of our story into words so that I could be a winner—that was the problem.

For instance there was the night that Joe and I met.

"Don't look now," Shirley, a girl who modeled with me whispered, "but I think those two sailors are going to ask us to dance." Those two "sailors" could be distinguished as Naval Lieutenants, but



"Bedtime is always a high spot in the day for Mickey," says Charlotte, "just because Joe makes it that way."

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beyond that I couldn't tell another thing. It was a Saturday afternoon in the spring of 1946 and the Rendezvous Room of the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel was buzzing with wartime activity. Shirley and I had just finished luncheon and were lingering to watch the crowd of still-uniformed young men and their girls enjoy the tea-dancing session. I was eager to get going because I had a date.

The Lieutenants came to our table and asked us to dance and I waited for Shirley to say her usual polite "no" as she had several times before on this afternoon. But to my amazement she said, almost eagerly, "Yes, I'd love to." As Shirley left the table I found myself staring into a pair of sparkling brown eyes. There wasn't much left to do but graciously accept his invitation and inwardly pray that he was tall enough so my 5'8" figure wouldn't look utterly ridiculous. After working our way to the floor, I turned to step into the Lieutenant's arms and found that his height was just right. And such a wonderful dancer! One dance led to three. I completely forgot all about Shirley and my impending date.

"What's your name?" shyly the Lieutenant asked.

I told him Charlotte Crawford. I was noticing his dark, good looks. Besides being tall, he had black curly hair, soft brown eyes and a beautiful smile. "What's yours?" I asked.

"You wouldn't remember it," he laughed. "Just call me by my first name, Joe."

It turned out his last name was Di Giovanni, one most people couldn't remember. But I assured him I could!

"How about our just continuing this afternoon—" he began.

"I'm sorry," I interrupted, remembering, "I have another engagement. I must leave."

Disappointedly Joe returned me to the table. Gathering my purse and gloves, I turned to bid him goodbye. "May I have your phone number?" he asked.

To my surprise, I gave it to him. I usually didn't like to follow up this kind of meeting, but there was something about Joe—

During the week, I found myself thinking about him quite a bit. And wondering about the few facts I had learned. He was from Rockford, Illinois, had just returned from overseas duty, and was stationed at nearby Santa Anna.

The next Friday, Joe called. He was in town and could he see me. It broke my heart to refuse him, but I had a date. "How about tomorrow night," he persisted.

"Well," I tried to explain, "I have a fashion show to do—"

"Okay," interrupted Joe, "I understand."

"No, wait—I'll break the fashion show date—and meet you." And I did.

I called my employer, alibiing that I had laryngitis. But horror of horrors, this time

it came true—when I met Joe, I couldn't talk above a whisper.

Three dates—and two weeks later—he proposed. It was at a beach party at Malibu. We were sitting around a romantic fire, watching the flames against the night's blackness. Feeling completely perverse, I said I wanted to think it over. "Okay," matter-of-factly replied Joe, "forget it."

Thirty seconds later, seriously and with all my heart I whispered, "I've thought it over. Yes, I'll marry you!"

Today, five anniversaries later, Joe Di Giovanni and I are a couple of the happiest people in Los Angeles. We are the overjoyed parents of a beautiful daughter, Michele, better known as Mickey, have a cozy apartment atop a hill affording a complete view of sprawling Los Angeles, and are still so in love.

It's the miracle of these past five years that led me to ABC's Perfect Husband radio show. I couldn't resist!

"A Perfect Husband" tag is quite a lot to live up to. Here is why I feel Joe qualified—he is kind, considerate, thoughtful. He has a wonderful sense of humor—you already know he can dance. Even coming from a family of terrific cooks, Joe thinks I'm a good cook—and Joe went willingly on an unexpected two-day vacation. It was our vacation that allowed me to convince the audience of my husband's perfection.

When George Fenneman got me in front of the mike, I told this story as simply as I could. Joe, being the handyman about the house I wouldn't be without, put a coat of quick-drying varnish on the kitchen floor as a surprise for me. The surprise was on him because he forgot to read the small print on the back of the can. "For best results, don't walk on the floor for 48 hours." But Joe had a suggestion after his discovery. We packed our bags and headed for a fling in Las Vegas. Everything was perfect.

These are the things I told the audience but I could have gone on for hours. Joe never forgets an anniversary or Mickey's birthday or mine. We are just about the most important things in his life with a tiny amount of time taken out for golf. There isn't a thing he would change about me and he says he thinks he's the luckiest guy in the world.

When the applause for my story had died away and I'd found out I'd won, I knew that every woman in the audience shared my feeling that this qualified my Joe as the most perfect husband in the world!

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AGAINST THE STORM In spite of Julian Browning's devotion, Siri Allen married Hal Thomas. Is she now regretting that marriage? Siri's reluctance to burden her family with her troubles may keep the truth about her marriage a secret from them even though she has returned home. What effect will this have on Julian's engagement to Carla Foster, and on the girl in San Francisco who should be so important to Hal? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

AUNT JENNY Folks talk to Aunt Jenny; she knows more about what's going on in her home town of Littleton than any of its other citizens. That's why, every week or two, she has a new story for radio listeners, a story about love or misunderstanding or trouble or happiness... a story about real life in an American town just like hundreds of other towns all over the country, where people like you live. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Although Larry Noble was once violently jealous of millionaire Rupert Barlow's attentions to his wife, Mary, both of the Nobles now believe that Barlow has no serious intention to disrupt their marriage. But Barlow's chauffeur, Victor, knows the truth—that Barlow is so determined to win Mary for himself that he will stop at nothing to get rid of Larry. How far will Victor go to help Barlow's scheme? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Is the rift between Dr. John Wayne and his wife, Ruth, already so deep that John finds, in everything that happens, a new reason for bitterness? Ruth is innocently championing the cause of young Dr. Philip Marlowe. But John interprets Ruth's desire to see justice done merely as another attempt to belittle him. Will Ruth find a way to rebuild understanding with John? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Inexorably the forces of decency and order close in on the infamous dope trade that enslaved so many of Plymouth's young people. The death of a high school boy, and the breaking of a promise of silence by young Babby Dennis, began the exposé. Will it end with the ruin of colorful, dynamic Tony Race? How

will this affect his wife Vicki, his brother Larry, and the Dennis family? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Assigned to interview a mining engineer, David Farrell, star reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, arrives to keep his appointment and finds the engineer dead—shot through the head. This is not the first time David and his wife, Sally, have helped unravel a murder, but before it is over, the "River of Gold Murder Case" turns out to be one of the most dangerous adventures they have ever had. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Once again Meta White, whose beauty has never brought her happiness, finds herself desperately fighting to save something that is slipping away. Her secret marriage to Joe Roberts appears doomed in spite of their love. Will Meta's trip to New York with her sister Trudy help her straighten things out—or introduce further complications into her already-troubled life? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno cannot avoid knowing all that is going on between her cousin, Nina, and Jeff Browning. Jeff was maneuvered into marriage by Nina although he loves Julie. Nina is now interfering with the lives of two other persons at Hilltop House. Will she succeed in causing heartbreak in another direction? Giving Glendale the impression that she and Reed Nixon are interested in one another? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson knows that where there is money there is generally trouble, but he is stunned when he realizes that Claude Stone and Joy Allen are prepared to commit murder to get possession of Marjorie Richards' fortune. And Marjorie's father, Guy, cannot believe that Claude and Joy are planning to kill Elise, Marjorie's mother, to achieve their ends. Does Bill's daring scheme expose the plot in time? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

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KING'S ROW Although Rex Belson was killed almost before their eyes, neither Randy nor Parris Mitchell can swear how it happened—except that both of them know Randy did not kill him. But the state has a powerful case against Randy. Is she wise in continuing to maintain a plea of not guilty, rather than to claim self-defense and make herself liable for a less serious penalty? Or will the truth be better? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi and Papa David are made painfully aware that something very strange and sad is going on in the home of their friends, Alice and Doug Norman, when they can no longer remain blind to the fact that Doug has been seeing too much of a mysterious young girl. They cannot believe any sordid explanation but what other reason is there when a happily married man takes out a young girl? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY Though Lansing McKenzie is finally reassured that Sydney, the wife with whom he has just been reunited, loves him, he cannot adjust to the realization that during his absence Sydney, believing him dead, married Wolfe Bennet and as a result of the brief union is carrying Bennet's child. Wolfe, meanwhile, endeavors to rebuild around his young son the happiness shattered by Sydney's return to Lansing. M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo Jones might stay put at his job at Jim Barker's garage if things didn't keep happening to stimulate his inventing and detecting instincts. When the charity funds are stolen, who but Lorenzo should get to work trying to track down the thieves? He puts his faith in the new, mysterious car wax he has invented. But just how the car wax operates remains Lorenzo's secret. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Ma's daughter Fay is so delighted at being head-over-heels in love with Tom Wells, so relieved that at the last moment her marriage to Spencer Grayson fell through, that she refuses to see any clouds on the horizon. But Tom's illness, and his own personality, may create some clouds that Fay will be forced to take notice of. Ma can only hope that Fay's love and faith will be strong enough for whatever lies ahead. M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO Is it the beginning of the end of a marriage when disillusionment sets in? Vikki, very much in love with Roger, at first is much shaken by her realization that she must substitute a real understanding of him for the idealized picture she cherishes. But as the months go by she begins to see that this understanding may mean strength, rather than weakness, for their marriage. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, ABC.

MARY MARLIN The physical separation between Joe and Mary Marlin is a thing of the past. They should look forward to happiness, but though Joe has to some extent tried to hide it from Mary, she knows that the mental and psychological separation is far from healed. What great emotional experience lies behind Joe's memory—an experience he cannot completely recall, the effects of which he cannot control? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, ABC.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Can even the most successful marriage survive the strain of jealousy? Sunday Brinthrope and her husband, Lord Henry, have always been secure in their mutual love and trust. But Craig Norwood, who cannot forget that Sunday was once, long ago, attracted to him has, by his mere presence in Fairbrooke, done something to that trust. Will Craig disturb Sunday's marriage? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Linda Young has always been unhappy over the childlessness of her marriage, but she and Pepper are so much in love that the unhappiness was never a serious disturbance. However, she became so attached to little Edith Hoyt that Pepper feared a crisis might occur when the child's parents returned for her. But not even Pepper was prepared for the tragic accident. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON May Grant and her daughter Dorrie are rescued, but for May it is a case of going from the frying pan into the fire as she is taken into custody for Marcel Blanc's murder. Will Perry prove Kitty de Carlo's complicity in time to save May? And what of May's marriage, now that her husband has learned that Dorrie is not really their child? How does he feel about May's secret? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn married Miles Nelson knowing that his position as Governor of the state would make heavy demands on every facet of his life. She believes their relationship is strong enough even to withstand some interference in their personal life, in their time together. But she was not prepared for active, organized enmity. Will Annette Thorpe succeed in her efforts to divide the Nelsons? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE After a long, hard inward battle, Dr. Jim Brent has come to admit his love for Jocelyn McLeod. His chief cause of concern was with the very great difference between their ages. He does not yet fully recognize that other forces are strongly aligned against them... forces that may convince both Jim and Jocelyn that Jocelyn's serious illness is reason enough for them never to be married. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

Daytime Diary

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Barkeley Bailey is sure that sooner or later he will get Helen to turn her thoughts from Gil Whitney to him. But Helen, though she accepts Barkeley's friendship, knows that Gil will never take second place. Cynthia Swanson, who tricked Gil into marrying her, knows this too, and when Gil insists on putting an end to their marriage Cynthia concocts a scheme to make Helen suffer. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY With his trial for the murder of Blanche Weatherby hanging over him, Bill Roberts goes through a very understandable emotional crisis, and even Rosemary's love cannot combat the effect of the reception he gets from one group in Springdale. Finally, however, some good comes out of the evil when Bill finds a measure of peace on the farm of some friends. Will this give a direction to his future? M-F, 11:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON For several years Terry Burton has been a reasonably protected and happy housewife in Dickston, chiefly occupied in looking after the welfare and happiness of her husband, Stan, and her two children. However, recent dramatic events have left Stan in a precarious state of health. If Terry has to shoulder a new kind of responsibility, will it have a bad effect on her marriage and family? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS The murder of Rex Marlowe endangers Stella and all those close to her—her daughter Laurel, her son-in-law Dick, and Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's aristocratic but foolish mother. Stella is astonished to learn that Mrs. Grosvenor is being shielded by the manager of a nearby night club, whose reputation is crooked. How deeply is Mrs. Grosvenor involved in Marlowe's murder . . . and how will this affect Stella? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS Evelyn Winters, in love with her guardian, Gary Bennet, despairs of making Gary realize she is no longer a child, and finally becomes engaged to young pilot Bob Mathews. This involves her life even more closely with that of gangster Bruce Holliday, Bob's employer, since Bruce has threatened to ruin Gary's career. Can Evelyn save Gary's reputation? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, ABC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Fred Molina, who is still in love with Nora, comes back into her life and stirs it into sudden drama when he determines to get her reinstated at Page Memorial. It is not long before he gets on the track that will lead to an exposé of the activities of Fred Spencer and Peg Martinson, who are behind Nora's trouble. What will happen when Spencer learns that his wife, Irene, is still alive? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

VALIANT LADY Many women share Joan Scott's problem . . . the problem of making a home and a life, unaided, for herself and her child. Joan is a courageous, intelligent woman with a well-established career which enables her to be of use not only to herself but to her community. But can a woman find happiness in this kind of achievement? Can a woman as attractive as Joan keep her life uncomplicated by men? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, ABC.

WENDY WARREN The failure of Mark's play, added to the presence of Roseanna, the European girl he married and considers himself responsible for, even though he cannot remember the circumstances of their marriage, combine to defeat the plans that Mark and Wendy have tried to make for a future together. Will Mark's Hollywood offer put up another barrier? How will the truth about Roseanna affect them? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES In spite of the anxious heart-searchings Joan Davis goes through during her mother's serious illness, the crucial time seems to be driving the two women farther apart rather than closer together. Will Joan discover in time that her suspicions about her mother's nurse are more than justified? And will more misunderstanding cloud Joan's life through her husband's all-too-devoted secretary? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The Carter family would angrily deny that it had any thought of interfering in the marriage of the youngest daughter, Sandy, but by the standards of Sandy's husband, Dave, it has interfered from the beginning by trying to be too helpful. Is Dave too touchy, as Sandy's brother, Clay, and some of the others feel? Or is it the Carters who are trying to make things too easy for Sandy? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE The consequences of Dr. Jerry Malone's New York adventure—the one that took him from Three Oaks and was supposed to be the start of a great career—are still haunting his attempts to rehabilitate himself. Apart from the shattering effects on himself and Ann, he has the bitterness of seeing his child's illness complicated by her inability to understand the family's breaking up. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown, struggling to help her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, out of his desperate, mysterious trouble, feels as though a door has been slammed in her face when neither Anthony nor his sister Victoria will take her into their confidence. What is the secret known to "Dr." Jonathan Luther—the secret so powerful it could blackmail Anthony and may part Ellen and Anthony forever? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

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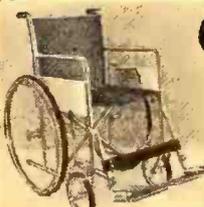


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Autumn Romance

(Continued from page 66) friend still stood with the doorman, and as they passed she recognized my friend as someone she had met several times, although she got only a glimpse of his profile.

"I'm going back to talk to that man," she told the boy. "I'm sure he is someone I have met several times and that he will remember our meetings. Besides, I'm one of his fans and it would be fun to talk to him here in New York."

"O.K.," he conceded, "but leave me out of this. I'll wait right here."

My friend had turned into his hotel and the lady, now feeling a little diffident, followed to where he waited for an elevator. "I saw her across the crowded room," my friend says now, "and when I realized this very attractive woman was moving straight toward me, I was delighted. I remembered perfectly our brief, but pleasant meetings, which had been at formal dinners surrounded by many persons, and when she spoke of some mutual friends who were dear to both of us we were off on a really good conversation. Her son joined us, and we three made a date for the next evening. When they left, a few days later, for their home, I didn't see them again for several months until—"

But I want to go on with the story again from here, for I have since learned that whenever my friend met anyone from the city where the lady lived he would inquire about her with such interest that the fact was relayed to her as soon as possible.

Then, in January of 1951, my friend found himself starring in a play in the lady's home city, and a mutual friend, eager for years to entertain him, now used the occasion to arrange a party for him on opening night. After the performance he brought the other guests backstage to pick up the guest of honor. My friend tells me he looked around quickly for the lovely lady he had seen in New York and was more disappointed than he thought possible when he failed to find her. Then, suddenly, he saw her, standing back a little from the others, smiling at him.

Our profession is exacting, and we go wherever our commitments take us. Plays close and move on, and friends, however dear, have to be bade goodby. My friend's play moved on to the West Coast and closed in Los Angeles in March, but he wasn't free even then, for he had television commitments in New York.

By this time the mail between these two had grown enormously and A.T.&T. stockholders were reaping the profits from long distance telephone calls. Also, a certain florist in the lady's city was getting telegraphed orders to deliver her favorite flower, tea roses, great bouquets of them. By the time my friend was called back to Hollywood to make a new picture they planned a meeting in Chicago between trains, when he persuaded her to bring her son to his ranch on the trip she had promised the boy for his graduation present.

Because this man has lived and worked in Hollywood for many years and is well known there, his attentions to a lovely woman might easily have caused romantic speculation, except that her grown son was always with them, a fact that made it possible to make their wedding plans and even to find an apartment with a view far out to the blue Pacific they both love, without the columnists catching even the faintest tinkle of wedding bells until the very last.

The date had been set for October 7 of last year, and the place, too, had been settled upon—a beautiful Connecticut home

belonging to his cousin. Arrangements were made a few days ahead to spend the wedding night in a converted mansion, now a romantic looking inn on a Connecticut roadside.

The wedding itself was beautiful. A chill rain fell all day but that only made the bride and her hostess happy because, womanlike, they wanted a setting in which all the candles could be lighted and the fireplaces set roaring. When all the guests had gone, host and hostess set out as planned in their car, followed by the bright red convertible carrying the bride and groom, for a nightcap at the honeymoon inn. It was a wild storm by this time and the host suggested that the newlyweds forget the inn and remain in their guest room, but was quickly overruled.

By the time one car had trailed the other through the town and into open country, there came a cloudburst that stopped both cars dead. "It's dangerous," the host shouted to the wedding pair in the other car. "We'll have to turn back," the hostess sympathized. But somewhere in the turning the red car lost the other one. There they were, on a flooded and lonely country road, late at night, with no idea of how to turn back or go forward. A sign said New Haven, which didn't seem to be the right direction. They tossed a coin, followed its leading and found themselves approaching a hamburger stand.

My friend, still in his wedding finery and sporting a flower in his buttonhole, ducked through the downpour to telephone his host, leaving his bride in the security of the car. His host, now happily at home, tried to find out where the dickens these two had landed and how now to direct them back. So did Nick and a couple of rain-soaked customers, but none of it made much sense to a man who knew little about the terrain. He dug in his wallet and found his California Highway Patrol badge, then phoned the State Police.

"Are you married?" the officer at the desk asked. "I read you were getting hitched today."

"I'm not only married, but I'm lost," my friend told him.

"Don't let the bride walk out on you," came the reply. "We'll come to the rescue."

By this time the bride had decided to walk out, but only into the beautiful circle of light and warmth and the promise of steaming coffee. Pulling a pair of heavy walking shoes from a bag in the car, she substituted them for the satin slippers, and hugging the delicate rose beige dress around her she entered the hamburger stand, wilted and wet, with all the dignity she could summon under the circumstances. Here her groom stood apologetically, in soaked and wrinkled suit, still wearing his bridal boutonniere, a sight that made her laugh heartily.

The bedraggled couple at last got safe convoy back to the guest room in the comfortable house they had scorned several hours before when they were bound for a champagne supper, a balcony designed to catch the moonlight—had there been any around that night—and the anonymity of a little country inn where no one would ever think to look for them.

Now, didn't I tell you this would be a simple little story, romantic, with a happy ending, and a surprise twist at the end? The surprise? Well, this man I have known so well for such a long time has a name like mine, too. It's Edward Arnold. And, oddly enough, his lovely bride has a name just like my charming wife's. It's Cleo. Cleo Arnold, since last October 7.

If You Want to Be Loved

(Continued from page 35) evenings poring over travel folders or the travel section of the New York Times. Spread everything out on the living-room floor and have ourselves an orgy of dreaming. Golly, you can literally see us drooling over an inn advertised just outside Paris, a road that leads up mountain sides—

"Whether we are traveling or at home in Westwood, however, is unimportant as long as we are all together. We have a keen house, as you can see, and we enjoy every inch of it from the white picket fence you can see through the windows to the three bedrooms in which we rest our weary heads. After living in a motel for seven months while we waited for it, having a home is sheer heaven.

"And I love keeping busy." Mercedes almost jumped up and down in her chair, her boundless energy bursting out all over. "I love housework and menus and guests and being an assistant Den Mother. John's interested in the Boy Scouts, you know, and we have meetings every Monday with the Cub Scouts. I'm afraid I'm strictly from nowhere with the arts and crafts. But, here again, the boys understand I'm useless in this department, yet they accept me anyhow—we have fun together."

Back on her favorite subject, Mercedes lighted up like a sunrise.

"John's amazing, he's such a wonderful boy. And so very gentle about people. I'm proud of his sense of understanding. A youngster whom he doesn't like very much is going through the unfortunate experience of having his mother and father in the divorce courts. John told me very seriously that we mustn't judge him too harshly when this youngster is rude because he's going through a pretty rough time. I thought to myself, 'Keep it up, son. You're doing fine.'"

Further proof that Mercedes practices what she preaches is in her pride in John's present choice of a career. She believes that to be lenient toward children, is merely to understand their point of view.

"John's avidly interested in farming and animal husbandry, which pleases me no end. He likes to spend summers with his great-Aunt and Uncle on an Illinois farm where he pitches in and works hard.

"Fletcher and I think we will send him to a Quaker school because he couldn't receive better training for farm life. And what a wonderful life this would be for him, if he should choose. He's interested in the piano—so if he likes, he can farm all day and play the piano all night."

Mercy and Fletcher's mutual interest in careers serves to bind them closer together, but Mercedes would give up her career in a moment if she thought it were in any way interfering with her marriage.

"However, for the moment at least, my role of working gal lends glamour in his eyes. We help each other immeasurably. Fletcher is good for me because he helps pick my parts (before I met him, I could never pick a Broadway play—I've always been in flops). I assist him in his work in any way I'm able.

"I like working in radio better than anything," she went on with her gay chatter. "It's great being a lady lawyer because I love being able to make official sounds. And too, this present series as Defense Attorney only takes four hours a week rehearsals and show time so I have more of the precious stuff to spend at home. We don't gad about a lot but we do like to entertain. Radio work allows me time for John and the baby and enough left over so Fletcher and I can fill the house with people as often as we like. Never more than six at a time . . . but

every night if we feel like it."

Mercedes and Fletcher share a solid relationship built on many years of going together before Mercy finally said "I do." For five years Mercedes had a fear of perhaps making a wrong marriage and for her own sake as well as that of her child, she did not want to fail the second time.

"I wanted to be sure, so I just couldn't make up my mind," she said, her voice getting deeper as she became serious. "We finally decided to be married in Paris, and Fletcher even rented a villa. Then I lost my nerve and hurriedly flew home. I didn't see him again for months, then we met again in Hollywood. Those months of thinking had made me realize that I could make a go of it, if I ever got another opportunity. The evening we met in Hollywood we went to Las Vegas and were married.

"It's funny with us human beings," she mused thoughtfully. "We do the darnedest things to those we love. It's usually the small things that grow into big things and the trick is to realize that the small things don't matter. For instance, Fletcher is nearly always late for an appointment, sort of forgetful. Me, I'm always on time. But, actually what does it matter in the long run which of us was there first?"

"I learned from my earlier marriage that you can't pick at faults and nag. It nicks your love and soon it will be dented so badly no one wants it. I've learned never to go to bed angry, but to say what is on my mind. Fletcher's the same way. John's learned it too. That way we don't wake up with grudges that ruin another twenty-four hours. If you can remember all the time, every day, that your man is the greatest thing to you and tell him so, often, you'll find your love is strong and true.

"Never, never let jealousy take hold of you. I know what it can do because I've been jealous—stupidly jealous of my best friends. There was a time during my pregnancy when Fletcher went to New York on business. My very dearest friend and the godmother to the new baby—Marlene Dietrich—took him to the opening of a play. They had a ball. Then she put him on the plane and called to tell me he would be home soon and that she was sending some things for the baby. When he arrived he had a box of candy which Marlene had given him as a present to me. I saw red. Fletcher was completely confused! He stood there like a ninny while I lashed out in my jealousy and suddenly in the middle of what I was saying I looked at him and burst out laughing. I realized I was the silliest, dopest woman in the whole wide world. And I told him so. Fletcher still teases me about it, but with understanding and that's what's important.

"Proof, I think, that I'm getting over it was the day just recently when my son met Fletcher's secretary, who is a very beautiful woman. Later at dinner when we were talking about the trip to Fletcher's office, John looked at me out of the corner of his eyes and said, 'Boy, I didn't know secretaries looked like that. You ought to take a trip.'

"I looked across at Fletcher and caught him grinning at John. Seeing those two laughing faces I couldn't help but reply, 'Hey, wait a minute—I'm not so bad.'

And Mercedes isn't either. With her vital, alive mind, her warm-hearted sharing of laughter and gaiety in her "keen house" out in Westwood, Mercedes is the smart woman who is too full of love of her own to be unhappy. She's contented and peaceful because she's learned life's greatest lesson—if you want to be loved, you must love first!

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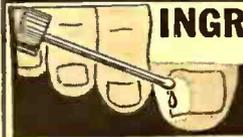


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POPULAR MERCHANDISE CLUB PLAN Dept. RV-2, Lynbrook, N. Y.

A Wedding Ring for Mary

(Continued from page 33) based on coincidence. And the producing staff feels—as one man—that coincidence should not be played up.

"Avoid it," Jack Mitchell warns me—"the long arm of coincidence is too long to be believable. Cut it out—or off."

The show was My True Story, which had gone past its two thousandth script and into its ninth year. The day was the fourteenth day of February, and it was cold—I couldn't help feeling sorry for Cupid, who was running naked through the streets shooting arrows. The script was a typically Valentine script—with the wistfulness and the heartbreak that must be a part of every Valentine. The first part of the real life love story had to do with the broken romance of two very young people who'd loved each other—who'd lost each other through jealousy and misunderstanding. The second part of the story, coming after the commercial break, told of the meeting, years later, of these young things, no longer young. It told of their final kiss which was saddened by regrets.

IN our script meeting Martin Andrews, the director who was to put the show on the air, had said—"I know just the couple for this young sequence. They're not only fine actors, they're engaged—they'll give the love scenes authenticity . . . The second part—well, it won't be hard to find two old people who've known disappointment."

And so the show was cast. A call was sent out to a certain young lady who shall be called Mary. A call was sent out simultaneously to a certain young man who shall be called John. And neither one of them knew what sort of a part they were going to play.

Valentine's Day—Cupid weather. I came into the control room pink-cheeked and a trifle pink-nosed from the cold. I got there a quarter of an hour early, and even though a glass wall separated me from the cast, which was going through its last moments of rehearsal, I could feel the tension of the players. Only the old couple, who would do the last scene, sat quietly with their hands folded. A character man who must have been seventy at least—a character woman who wasn't much younger.

Mary, who was to play the lead in the first half of the show, was blonde and slim and amazingly pretty. "It's a shame," I thought, "that this show isn't being televised!" Only the tightness of her mouth marred her beauty—it seemed as if every word she read was being forced between set lips. John, who was playing opposite her, was also startlingly attractive. Remembering what the director'd said about their being engaged I told myself that they were a handsome couple—that they'd have beautiful children. The final section of the rehearsal was finished and Martin Andrews came into the control room and slumped down in the chair beside me.

"I don't know what the deuce is wrong," he muttered. "I felt it from the beginning of the rehearsal and it's been getting worse and worse. Mary used to be one of the best little troupers in radio, and I could always depend on John to give a fine reading. But today they're as wooden as a pair of mechanical dolls."

"I noticed it myself," I nodded. "Mary seems to be biting off her words. And John is certainly taking his cue from her!"

"This show requires warmth," said the director, "or it'll be a hollow shell. I was sure I'd get just what I wanted. The last time I saw those kids they were all bread and cheese and kisses. I'll never forget when Mary showed me her en-

gagement ring. She was radiant and—"

I interrupted. Through the glass wall I'd been studying the girl as Martin talked. "Engagement ring?" I queried—"She isn't wearing an engagement ring now, Martin."

Martin Andrews glanced through the glass wall and did a double take. The girl's left hand, tense on her script, was ringless.

"Well, I'll be darned," he exploded. "Do you suppose the engagement's off?"

The door into the control room opened—it was Rosa Rio, our organist, coming in to say hello. When we'd passed the time of Valentine's Day she turned to Martin with a twinkle.

"What a boner!" she told him. "If this script goes over it'll be a miracle."

"Mary and John, eh?" questioned Martin. "They've broken up?"

Rosa nodded. "A shame, isn't it," she said. "They were so crazy about each other. It seems that Mary was waiting in a restaurant for John—she had a date with him and he was late, and she saw him stepping out of a cab and there was a girl in the cab and he kissed her, and slammed the door . . . And Mary ducked out of the side entrance of the restaurant and sent her ring back by a messenger."

"Didn't John have any alibi?" Martin asked, "and how do you know all this?"

"Mary told me during the break between rehearsals," Rosa said. "She hasn't given John a chance to pull any alibis—she's refused to see him. Well, I'd better trot back to my Hammond—"

Rosa left us and I sighed and Martin shrugged and engineer William Simpson fiddled with the keys on the instrument board. And then the clock's hands pointed to ten and Martin made a significant gesture and Rosa went into the theme and My True Story was on the air.

Glenn Riggs—for my money, the golden voice among announcers—gave the commercial. Martin chewed a fingernail as Mary and John took their places at the microphone, and I glanced down at the script in my hands, the script I'd written, and read the first ironic line.

"If you'd only give me a chance to explain," John was saying. "Why must you be so pigheaded? If you love me you should trust me." All at once he wasn't a mechanical toy any longer. "If you love me—" he grated—"You should trust me!"

MARTIN made another gesture—but Mary wasn't watching for signals. She was speaking hotly—"I saw you together," she said—"there's very little you can say to excuse—what I saw!"

"If you'd only give me a chance," John begged. "Half a chance—"

Mary's lips were a tight line. "I'm not blind," she told him. "I saw—what I saw. You were kissing her—"

"But she was—" began John.

"A redhead," Mary cut him off—"a cheap sexy redhead and you were falling all over her—"

Martin muttered, "On top of everything they're ad libbing."

"I must have been a prophet when I wrote this script," I said. "Oh, good—they're on the beam, again—"

For the leading man had returned to the printed lines on his page. "How can you be so—so hard?" he questioned. "Can't you remember the night we met—the first dance we had together?"

Rosa's hands on the organ were making magic with a Viennese waltz, and Mary and John were telling about the night they'd met at a Valentine party, the night they'd fallen in love at first sight. I wondered how they'd met, really. Mary's voice, despite her tight lips, was lilting as she

talked above the music, and John was properly husky. And then the music died away and the dance was over and the young couple were going into another throwback—it was the night they'd become engaged.

John said, "When I put that ring on your finger I thought it was there—forever—"

"So did I," countered Mary, "but now I know better. 'Forever,' in your language, means the girl you're with at the moment!"

John said, "If you'd let me put that ring back—where it belongs—"

"Maybe the redhead would like it," Mary told him.

Martin's hand jerked at the knot of his necktie. He pulled it down, he unbuttoned his collar—I knew the symptom, it was his way of expressing impotent rage. "They're ad libbing again," he growled.

In the script it was the climax of the argument. Mary's hand struck out suddenly—and a sound effects man wasn't needed for that slap—it came over the air like a million dollars and the mark of five fingers showed red on John's face. He said, bitterly—"You can go through your whole life before I'll make another move in your direction," and then he stepped back from the microphone and Mary shrugged and stepped back into the opposite corner. And the music came up to its climax, and Glenn Riggs gave the middle commercial, and then the years multiplied rapidly. The character man and woman stepped forward, and took their places at the mike. They started to play the scene—and suddenly they weren't tired old people. There was fire and passion in the woman's voice. And the man, over seventy, was taking his cue from her!

Two old people meeting. They held themselves erect—and as far apart as possible . . . They never raised their eyes from the scripts they held in their hands—but their voices—oh, their voices . . . I felt my heart melt as they spoke of the wasted years when they might have been together—the lost years. And the engineer leaned forward and his hands touched the keys almost affectionately as he deepened a voice or softened it.

"Meeting again after all this time," said the old man. "Weren't we fools to quarrel . . . Love's so easy to find and so easy to break and so hard to mend—"

"I've been lonely," said the old woman. "So often in the night I've reached out and touched the pillow beside me—and it was just a pillow. So many mornings I've waked to see the dawn and I've known it was just another day . . . Yes, darling, we were fools to quarrel."

I whispered to Martin, "Who are they, anyway?" And Martin said, "The woman's a regular, I've used her in half a hundred scripts—but she's never given a performance like this . . . It's the first time I've used the man. He came on from Chicago just a short while ago."

The girl and boy were back again, playing it as they'd played it in the first act of

the show—the night of the Valentine party. Was it my imagination or did they stand close as they read their lines against the background of music? When they stepped aside and gave way to the old couple they didn't go to opposite corners of the room—they took seats side by side. And then the show had gone into its final moment and the old woman was asking—

"Is it too late for us? There are still a few years left, dear—can't we spend them together?" And the old man's voice broke as he said, "The wasted years, we'll try to forget them . . . Oh, my darling—"

As the music came up to its finish, as Glenn Riggs came forward for the final commercial, Martin and I were staring out at the man who must have been seventy, at the woman who was only a few years younger. For all at once the man's arms were around the woman and they were kissing each other. Cupid had stopped running the streets. He was in that studio, as I snatched at Martin's sleeve—

"Look at Mary and John," I gulped. "Look at them, Martin." For Mary was in John's arms.

Then time was up and the show was off the air and I was out of the control room like a flash. Rosa slid from the seat of her organ—she came toward me and together we watched and listened to the final act of a real true story. The elderly couple, hand in hand, were congratulating Mary and John—

"It was a pleasure to work with you," said the old woman graciously.

Mary dimpled. "Thank heaven for this show," she said. "John and I had—had quarreled and this show brought us together again!"

"Thank heaven for you two people," added John—"It was the way you read your lines that made us realize—what might happen to us!"

The old man spoke up. "It made us realize," he said, "what had happened to us . . . We were divorced, you see—twenty-five years ago. We've never seen each other—since. But now that we have seen each other—"

I shook hands with Mary and John—with the older couple who looked as if they'd found a lost springtime! "Yes," I thought as I folded my script and put it in my purse—I'd keep this special script as a souvenir—"There's always another show!" I added mentally, "The deuce with the skeptics who say there's no such thing as coincidence!"

I went swiftly away from the world of make-believe—oh, yes?—into the world of people crowding the street, of a wind that made me draw my coat closer. It was cold outside, but my heart felt very warm.

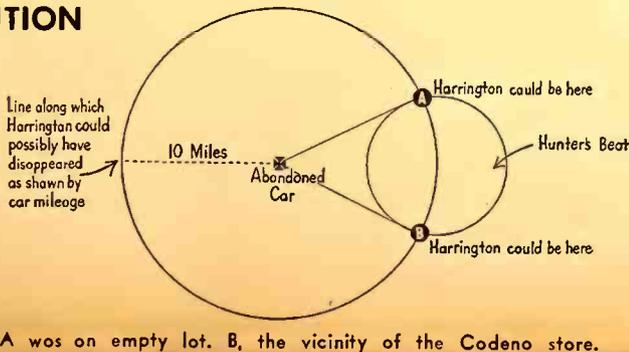
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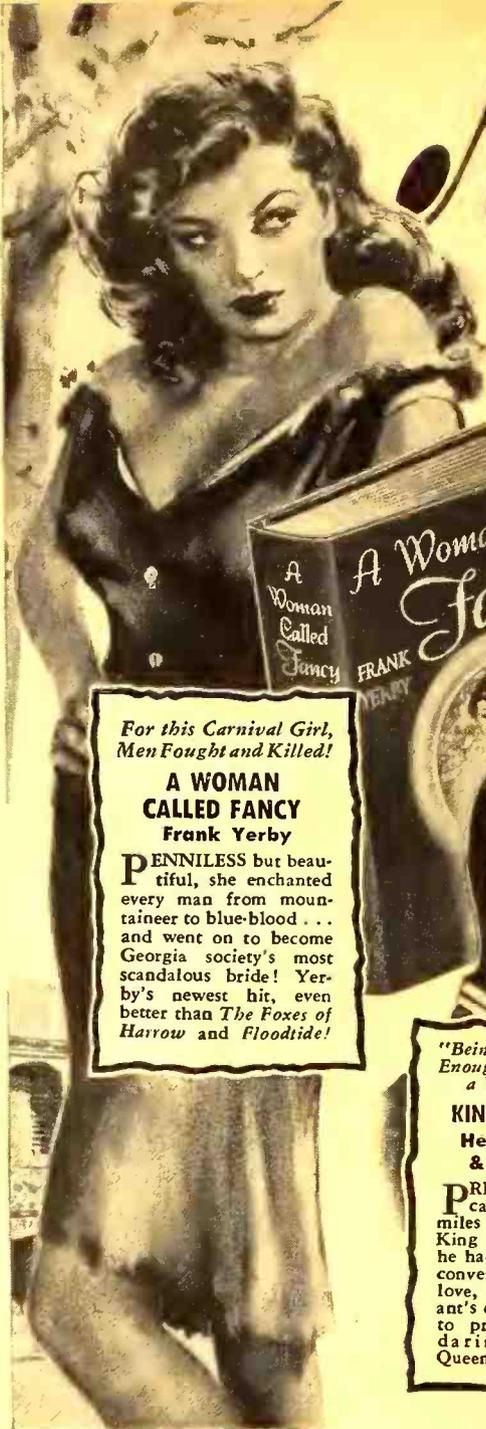
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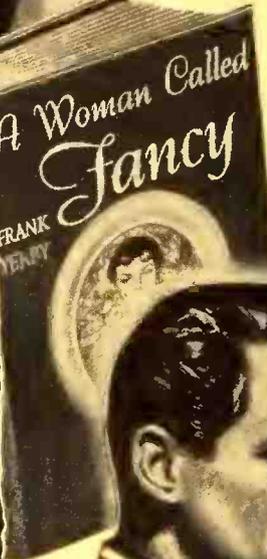
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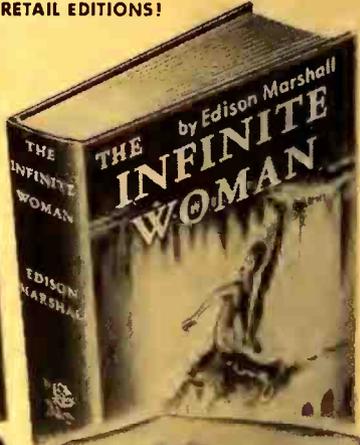
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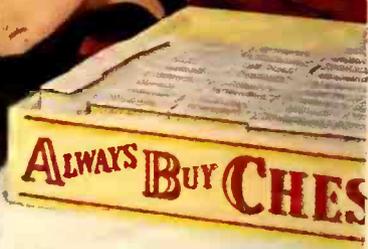
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