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RADIO-TV MIRROR

JANUARY

N. Y. radio, TV listings

WARREN HULL - STRIKE IT RICH

PEGGY McCAY
Her Love of Life

JOE MANTELL
The Real Cass Todero

PHYLIS AVERY
Meet Mrs. McNutley

25¢
New! a shampoo that silkens your hair!

Sheer heaven... the way your hair will shine... so silky soft, so silky smooth, so silky bright... with new Drene. Breath-taking... that shimmering silkiness!

New Magic Formula... Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

Lathers like lightning—
no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use this new formula every day.

This is a New Drene!
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Stops Bad Breath
4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste!

No Tooth Paste—Regular, Ammoniated or Chlorophyll
Can Give You Listerine’s Lasting Protection

Listerine Clinically Proved 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste. In clinical tests, Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

That's important for you to remember before you go anywhere where you might offend. Your own doctor or dentist will tell you that the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria, the major cause of bad breath.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria—by millions. That means Listerine stops bad breath instantly!—and usually for hours on end.

Listerine does for you what no tooth paste can do. No tooth paste is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn’t kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Remember, Listerine always—before you go out on a date

The most widely used antiseptic in the world

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria—by millions. That means Listerine stops bad breath instantly!—and usually for hours on end.

Listerine does for you what no tooth paste can do. No tooth paste is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn’t kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Remember, Listerine always—before you go out on a date

The most widely used antiseptic in the world

...and for Colds and Sore Throat due to Colds... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

The same germ-killing action that makes Listerine Antiseptic the extra-careful precaution against halitosis, makes Listerine a night and morning "must" during the cold and sore throat season!
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Lovely *White Magic* is a smooth latex sheath, with cloud-soft fabric lining. It washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry!

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*Playtex Magic-Controller* from $6.95

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Extra-large sizes, slightly higher.

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WHAT'S NEW

Topper: Really-weds Robert Sterling and Anne Jeffreys are "cast to type" as TV-weds.

• By JILL WARREN

"Famous Husbands" Edward Arnold and Tom Harmon greet famous Mrs. Charles Black (Shirley Temple).

One of the saddest events in all show business occurred last month when Arthur Godfrey, who was characterized by Julius La Rosa as, "He's been like a father to me," dismissed Julius, of whom he had once said, "He's like a son to me." Here, bared in all its ugliness, were behind-the-scenes workings in show business—perhaps events, more than persons, are to blame for the break-up of one of the finest relationships that had existed between two persons in show business.

... Arthur Godfrey, some three years ago, heard Julius sing while Julius was still in the Navy. When Julius finished his stint, Godfrey made him into a "Little Godfrey," gave him singing, dancing, skating lessons, took him to Florida with him, handled his business affairs, counseled him in problems that were personal, as well as business problems. In turn, Julius worked hard to perfect himself, tried to make himself into the entertainer that Godfrey wanted him to be. ... Meanwhile, Julius and Godfrey's orchestra leader, Archie Bleyer, formed their own record company (after they had been turned down by the major companies) and Julius found himself with two hit records on his hands. As a result, literally hundreds of requests poured in for Julius, Our Famous Husbands: At TV premiere—Mrs. Tom Harmon, Mrs. Art Linkletter, Mrs. Edward Arnold, Sheila MacRae (with hubby, Gordon).
from COAST to COAST

The inside story on Julius La Rosa . . .
a million new shows for TV . . .
what's happened to your old-time favorites!

(Continued on page 7)
The name Ralph Collier is practically synonymous with WHAM radio and television in Rochester and for good reason. Each broadcasting day is punctuated with a grand variety of top-flight shows, thanks to the sparkling talents of this personable emcee-announcer-disc jockey. Just to mention a few—on WHAM-TV, there's Midday Midway, Collier's Cafe, and Cinderella Weekend, and, hopping over to WHAM-FM, you'll hear On Stage and Merry-Go-Round. Fortunately for his many fans, this exhaustive schedule doesn't seem to bother Ralph (though he does insist upon a month's vacation each year so that he and his very pretty wife Donna can get off to some faraway rest spot). Perhaps it's because Ralph has long had his feet firmly planted in radio and TV.

Ralph first became interested in radio while at Columbia and New York Universities. His family wanted him to go into something more "professional" such as medicine or law, but Ralph could not be dissuaded. In the early days of New York TV, he was piling up acting and directing experience when the war broke out. The Office of War Information then grabbed him for propaganda broadcasts to Germany and Austria. Next, the Army took him into their psychological warfare division.

Ralph's career really began rolling after the war: news-casting and announcing in New York; publicity work for the Savings Bond Series with top bands such as Guy Lombardo, Harry James and Sammy Kaye. Next, and best: Rochester, shows unlimited, and popularity galore.

When and if he gets a spare moment, Ralph likes to play tennis, cook, or just relax with Donna and their two over-active boxers. His latest ambition is to buy an old Rolls-Royce—about 1929 vintage—and fix it up. No one knows how he'll find time to do it, but everyone's sure it will be one more job superbly done by the whiz at WHAM.
Good News For FATTIES

New ideas about the best way to reduce
are making present-day diets obsolete

One out of every four Americans is overweight. Could this one be you?

Science constantly marches on. Each day new developments are being advanced so that we might all live happier and longer lives. Old ideas and theories must give way to the new. In the field of nutrition, Dr. Munro of Utica, N.Y., has good news for fat people. In his book, just published, he reveals how to reduce weight only at the expense of deposited fats and water—not at the expense of vital tissues.

Many of the so-called Miracle Diets and Wonder Diets reduce weight all right, but most of the weight is lost from vital tissues, rather than from the fat deposits in the body. This kind of weight loss explains so many cases of weakness, anemia, and other infections following a course of reducing diets.

No Arithmetic Needed

When you follow Dr. Munro's very simple Slenderizing Diet you need not be a mathematician. You won't have to add calories. Instead, you will find in this book menus for all your meals for an entire month. These menus will direct you to eat one egg or two chops, or so many ounces of meat, etc. Simple, isn't it?

No Rabbit Feed Diet

Make no mistake about Dr. Munro's Slenderizing Diet—it contains no rabbit food, such as carrots or salads. But does contain such foods as eggs, oysters, steaks, fat (yes, fat), as well as desserts, such as baked custards, mocha pudding, Spanish cream, and vanilla ice-cream. Naturally, you must prepare these dishes according to the instructions contained in the doctor's book Slenderizing for New Beauty.

Dr. Munro's book will be of no interest to the health "faddist." It is written for intelligent men and women who want to reduce fatty deposits and not vital tissue.

The price of this splendid new book is only $2.50. If you are overweight you owe it to yourself to obtain a copy of this remarkable book—immediately.

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Send me postpaid a copy of SLENDERIZING FOR NEW BEAUTY. I enclose $2.50.

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ADDRESS ________________________________

CITY ______________________________ STATE ______

(Continued from page 5)
By CHUCK NORMAN


What’s Spinning

For years it’s been difficult to distinguish the wax racket from the radio biz, because they scratched each other’s backs, and they both had the same itch to grow big together. Now television has moved in, and everybody is in the act, because TV producers have decided that no music can be played without there’s a Shakespearean production going on in the background. In spite of it all, the record firms, singers, and bands are still calling the signals, with those miserable creatures, the disc jockeys, riding herd on the sidelines, pausing occasionally to wonder if anybody’s listening.

No one knows for sure. That’s what makes it so interesting.

What to do until the bills come due. If you’re looking for a few places to place some Christmas bucks, I know where you can convert them into hours of loveliness. I’ve had a few such hours myself, soaking in the stuff that Oscar Peterson and Mercury records have bestowed upon a hungry audience.

The gifted Negro pianist, with the subtle aid of his two sidemen, bassist Ray Brown and guitarist Barney Kes- sel, has taken the works of four of our greatest popular composers, Ellington, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, and Gershwin, and wrapped them up with loving care to form the crispest and most delicate package of solidity in recent years.

The only “impressions” of these composers’ tunes that Peterson has to offer are on the records. He has taken each one and done it just as each composer would have done it if he had been as good a pianist as Oscar. (With apologies to the Duke, who has so many laurels to want to pluck more from Oscar Peterson’s bouquet.)

There is no boogie-woogie as distilled by Liberace, no screaming Kentonizing of the classics—nothing but the best of the best, done by the best... Oscar Peterson.

Tell ‘em about me—That’s what he told me in a hastily scrawled letter recently. In our youth we unknowingly shared a home town and a few dreams—and his were big... big enough to carry him to Hollywood and into the home of one of the biggest, where he spent his days and nights composing music for a very special movie... a dream come true for the boy—shattered when the movie came out with composing honors credited to someone else. But that’s the way it is when the movie is “Limelight” and the “someone else” is Charlie Chaplin. But it gave him a push, and with another one from his wife he penned a song, “Fly, Little Bird,” his last hope before he has to go back into the saloons and tinkle his stuff on battered uprights. So maybe you can help write the end to this story. A guy named Ray Rasch has taken care of the piet up to now.

Ragpicker extraordinaire—A few weeks ago, I had a chance to mix it up with Pee Wee Hunt when his Dixielanders swung into my village, riding high on the splash from his hit, “Oh!”

I was surprised to hear that, in spite of the other established stars recording for Capitol—Nat “King” Cole, Ray Anthony, and Les Paul, to mention a few—Pee Wee’s “12th Street Rag” of a few years back is, to date, the wax-house’s biggest seller.

I was also glad to see that the Huntsmen were able to handle the dancing crowd along with the aficionados, much in the style of the old Crosby band. For aging two-beaters who dig the bunch, they’re like an echo of the past but the reverberations are anything but hollow.

Tea and trumpets—Maybe it all happened here, but London town heard about it many years ago, thanks to a fellow who has had the job of being England’s Duke Ellington. Glen Gray, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, and Stan Kenton for twenty years or so.

Ted Heath has spent many years learning to swing in the natural style of American musicians, but he gets an “A” for the course this season, for he’s put together the best of America and melded it into an original offering that would pass a security check anywhere apple pie is eaten and the Dodgers are booted.

Last spring, Ted Heath’s band was taped at a jazz concert in London’s Palladium and the results as displayed in London Records’ new album prove that lend-lease did some good. It’s the purest jazz of any of Heath’s things that I’ve spun... and I think it’ll spin the same web for you.

Earth is earthy—Eartha Kitt came back home recently, and nobody said “So what?” as the results as displayed, but you might have a few years ago when she became a voluntary expatriate. Europe and the Near East opened their ears to hear, and Miss Kitt picked up a few languages herself. Aside from having a continental style and a body by Fisher, Eartha doesn’t hide all of her innuendos under a barrel of Berlitz. Though she can toss it around in French, Turkish, and Spanish (to say nothing of Swahili), she lets a little pool-hall English slip through just to show you why she’s been banned in so many places she’s become the “God’s Little Acre” of the music world. But RCA is Victor again with their album issuing of Eartha Kitt’s best including “I Wanna Be Evil,” “C’est Si Bon,” and a very sterile “Avril au Portugal,” which means heavy heartbeats in any language.

Lates on the greats—Sylvano Mangano, the Italian actress, recently received a gold record for the millionth purveyance of her grooving of “Anna.” My West Coast tipster and hipster informs me that Syl didn’t even make the record and that a gal named Flo Sanders is getting much less gold for her three-minute effort.

It is not true that Ezio Pinza is really Sylvano Mangano’s father, and that his vocals are really dubbed by Bobby Breen. But it is true that such well-known stars such as Jean Peters, Vera-Elfen, Ava Gardner, and Rita Hayworth “have help” on their records and soundtracks.

See you later...
ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF that brings new hope to millions for

**Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!**

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

Now you can get New Colgate Dental Cream—the only toothpaste with clinical proof of long-lasting protection against decay-causing enzymes! The only toothpaste in the world with amazing new miracle ingredient, Gardol!

**LABORATORY EXAMINATIONS** of hundreds of people have proved that New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol acts immediately to prevent the formation of tooth-decay enzymes—gives you the most complete long-lasting protection against tooth decay ever reported. Because Gardol’s protection won’t rinse off or wear off all day, just ordinary daily use—morning and night—guards against tooth decay every minute of the day and night!

**CLINICAL TESTS** on hundreds of people were conducted for a full year under the supervision of some of the country’s leading dental authorities. Results showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before!

And similar clinical tests are continuing—to further verify these amazing results! Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! Millions, who use New Colgate Dental Cream regularly and exclusively, can now look forward to a lifetime of freedom from tooth decay!

A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

FOR LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY
A well-known New York newspaperman recently said in his column: “We got up accidentally at eight-thirty this morning and turned on the radio to fall asleep again. But we couldn’t—’cause we’d tuned in on Tex and Jinx and their showmanship—shape patter makes you think instead of blink. Best ad for early rising we’ve stumbled across yet. . . .”

Truer words have never been spoken about NBC’s stellar husband and wife team, who for seven years have been changing the sleeping—and thinking—habits of scores of listeners. From 8:30 to 9:30 each morning, the incomparable McCrarys present a bright, fast-moving, and consistently adult program. Then, from 1:45 to 2:30 P.M., Jinx has her daily show, Jinx’s Diary, on WNBT. Sundays, they get together again on NBC’s Weekend. Highlighting each show is an interview with a well-known personality, and the McCrary guest list includes people from all walks of life. Recently, their reportorial roster was enlarged to include President Eisenhower, as—each Sunday at 3:15 P.M. on NBC-TV—they present The President’s Week. Tex and Jinx offer an intimate glimpse into the busy week of the Chief Executive and his wife through the use of film, live coverage and interviews. Designed to give the pros and cons of the President’s life, the show reflects the ingenuity and charm that have made the McCrarys so appealing.

A peek into the past of these two reveals a background every bit as fascinating as those of the personalities they interview.

Tex was born in Calvert, Texas, forty-three years ago. After graduating from Exeter Academy and Yale University, he joined forces with the New York World-Telegram. Transferring to the New York Daily Mirror, he worked his way up to editor. Combining his writing and announcing talents in 1941, Tex acted as commentator, writer and director for a series of Pathe newreels until the war broke out. Then he became a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force and saw action during the blitz in England as a photo officer and as a paratrooper in France. Later, he headed public relations for the B-29 operations in the Pacific and took the first group of correspondents into atom-bombed Hiroshima.

While in Europe, Tex met Jinx Falkenburg, who was on tour with the USO, and began an international courtship that stretched from London to Cairo. Finally, back in New York in 1945, they were wed.

By that time, Jinx Falkenburg was already very well-known to Americans. Born in Barcelona, Spain, in 1919, where her father, an electrical
Few of the outstanding guests they interview have led lives more interesting than Tex and Jinx.
7129 Crochet this set in a jiffy. Cap and mittens are easy to do in heavy knitting worsted. Directions for sizes 4 to 10 included in pattern. 25¢

7155 No embroidery, just iron-on these lovely old-fashioned girls in sunny yellow, sky blue and peach. Washable. Transfer of eight motifs: two girls 4 1/2 x 10 inches; two girls 4 1/2 x 5 inches; four sprays 4 1/2 x 2 1/4 inches. 25¢

7308 Top your tables with modern-design doilies of graceful leaves. Large doily is 19 inches in No. 30 cotton. Small is 13 inches. Complete, easy-to-follow directions. 25¢

7151 Iron-on fruits and vegetables in red, yellow and green to beautify your linens. No embroidery necessary. Washable, too! Transfer of 16 motifs: eight about 3 x 4 inches; eight about 1 1/2 x 2 inches. 25¢

7323 So easy, even a beginner can make this rug. Single crochet in two sizes, 30 x 36, or 30 x 50 inches. Use rug cotton. Directions. 25¢

603 Beautify your bedroom linens and guest towels with this garden of flowers. Easy to embroider, and so pretty. Transfer of 6 motifs about 4 x 13 inches. Directions. 25¢
WHAT'S NEW

(Continued from page 7)

Mulling the Mail:

Miss P. G, Newark, New Jersey, and others who wrote about Freddie Stewart: When you saw Freddie on television, you saw him in some old movies made several years ago in Hollywood. Recently, he has been devoting most of his time to night-club work and just finished an engagement at the Celebrity Club in New York City. Mrs. J. L. M. Redlands, California, Cathy Lewis informed Miss Friend Irma this season because she didn't want to become permanently "typey" and also because she wanted more time in order to accept different free-lance parts. Her successor, Mary Shipp, who actually is a blonde, had to darken her hair to brunette for the role. Yes, Mary's been in radio for years—she played Henry Aldrich's sister and was also the schoolteacher on Life With Luigi, both on radio and TV. Mrs. O. P. N., Albuquerque, New Mexico: Les Paul was in a very serious automobile accident a few years ago and did suffer bad injuries to his arm, but in time he recovered sufficiently to play the fine brand of guitar he has been playing on his hit records. Mrs. L. H., St. Cloud, Florida: Alice Frost and Joseph Curtin weren't "taken off" the Mr. And Mrs. North program. Neither of them was able to move to the Coast when the show was transferred to Hollywood, so the producers had to make a cast change. Mrs. B.A.B., San Antonio, Texas: Since her television show went off the air, Martha Stewart has been appearing in supper clubs and recently worked in Las Vegas on the same bill with her ex-husband, comedian-singer Joe E. Lewis.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Felix Knight, former Metropolitan Opera singer who also was heard on many radio programs? At the present time, Felix is rehearsing in a quartet which they hope to present as a revived "Yacht Club Boys"—the group who were very well known in the cabaret circuit several years ago.

Connee Boswell, the veteran songstress of radio, records and theatres? Connee has been working right along, though she hasn't made too many air or TV appearances lately. However, a few weeks ago she did pinch-hit for Joan Edwards on Joan's disc-jockey program over WCBS in New York while Joan took a vacation.

Well, finally we located the mysterious Clayton Moore, whom so many readers have asked about and written about. His wife informs me, from Tarzana, California, that Clayton has been concentrating on making Western movies since he left the Lone Ranger program about two years ago. "Montana Territory," "Son of Geronimo," "Canadian Mounted Police" and "Robin Hood of the Jungle" are some of his films now being shown around the country on television. Clayton wishes me to thank his many fans who have been so loyal and so interested in his career.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mission Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all the questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

Are you in the know?

If a friend's ex-steady wants to date you—

[ ] Grab the guy [ ] Get the facts [ ] Be sly

Secretly, you've been green-eyed about him—'tho' as Sally's beau he was "mustn't touch." But they've broken up; and now you hear the "all clear" (you t-h-e-e-n-k). Listen again. Get the facts—from Sally. Is she still torching for him? Then he's still off-limits, unless you'd like being the town's meanest moll! You're all clear, confidence-wise, when you rout certain days' discomfort with Kotex. For softness unlimited, Kotex holds its shape.

Is she getting first aid for—

[ ] Skier's backache [ ] School-girl slump

Before those shoulders droop again, here's a posture plan you can really stick to! Put a strip of adhesive tape across your shoulders: good reminder to keep 'em on the square. And next time you need sanitary protection, remind yourself to try all 3 absorbencies of Kotex. There's one just for you... Regular, Junior or Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Who rates best with Brain Boy

[ ] A Charleston whiz [ ] Paper doll [ ] Gigger

He's the intellectual type—and you're smitten, but chatter-shy. Don't fret. Days before your date, start scanning the newspapers; get a line on world topics to show you're alert, save the conversation from bogging down. But on calendar days, you need never get a line—the telltale kind. Trust those flat, pressed ends of Kotex. And this napkin gives extra protection.

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

[ ] Ask Sis [ ] See a librarian [ ] Read "V.P.Y.

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations. Hints on diet, exercise, grooming... do's and don't's a girl should know. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1214, Chicago 54, Ill.
AUNT JENNY Some of Aunt Jenny's neighbors have lived in Littleton since they were born. Some have moved in from farms; some have gone off to big cities. Most of them think of themselves as ordinary folk, unaware that in their loves and hates, their problems and joys lies the stuff of which drama is made. It is these hidden stories Aunt Jenny tells in her dramatizations of the lives of her Littleton neighbors. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE In her desperate anxiety to save her marriage, Mary Noble becomes so embroiled in Lucius Brooks' oil stock swindle that the hypocritical Dolores Martinez finds it easy to make her the center of a devastating scandal, Mary manages to prove her innocence, but what will happen as predatory Elise Shepard takes full advantage of the situation to promote her own standing with Mary's actor husband, Larry? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE BENNETTS His young friend Bert Wells is becoming an increasingly awkward thorn in the side of lawyer Wayne Bennett. At thirty-five, Bert seems unable to adjust to responsibility, and Wayne resents having to point out Bert's blunders. For Ellie's sake, both Wayne and Nancy would like to see the marriage succeed—or is Ellie herself beginning to get ideas about that? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Older people often puzzle over why—and how—those who are young and in love can put so many obstacles into their own paths. But Patsy Dennis is more fortunate than most girls. Whether or not the future holds what she hopes it does for her and Alan Butler, she will always be able to turn to her father, the Reverend Richard Dennis, for help in understanding and facing it. Can she make Babby see it the same way? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART Julie Fielding's mother is almost hysterically determined to break off the romance between her daughter and Peter Davis, and Julie herself is as determined to live her own life. Is this a real case of mother knowing best? Peter himself has explained how much of his past must remain a mystery. Is Julie getting in over her head? And what of red-headed Georgie, who knows she must forget Peter—but can't? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell's passion for justice could have been a handicap for a reporter who is only supposed to report. But David turned it into an asset by becoming a crime reporter—a reporter whose reputation as a detective often gets him entrees other reporters cannot achieve. Risky as his work often is, David wouldn't exchange one innocent victim freed, one criminal exposed, for the most glorious armchair job in the world. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT With love and happiness right in her hands, young Kathy Grant seems on the verge of throwing them away as she continues blind to the misery of her young doctor husband. How long can Dick wait for Kathy's confession about their child—the truth he already knows? How far will Janet Johnson go in her efforts to cash in on Kathy's failure? And what happens as Bill and Bertha approach a crisis in their marriage? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS; 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HAWKINS FALLS Running a paper, even a small-town paper, is quite enough to fill a woman's life. Dr. Floyd Corey would like to offer Lena Drewer a different kind of life, as his wife, but even Floyd has now become wary as Lena seems incapable of making the decision to marry him. Although he is sure of their mutual affection, Floyd is reluctant to press for an answer. It might be a mistake—but is he making a bigger one? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE As head matron of the orphanage, Hilltop House, Julie has found the Klabber family troublesome in more than one way. But when young Len Klabber enters so importantly into the life of teen-age Babes, Julie has a personality problem with Conrad that she isn't quite sure how to solve. Can her beloved charges successfully divert Julie from the tragedy that darkens her own life? Will they make it full and rewarding enough? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL As Bill Davidson struggles to block young Phyllis Hunter's desperate plan to discard her husband, Rex, in order to free herself for marriage to Cornelius Townsend, Bill finds he has endangered the happiness of his own darling Nancy. In her frustration, Phyllis turns vengefully against Nancy and her husband, Kerry Donovan. Will Bill find himself unable to protect those he loves from the vicious, unstable Phyllis? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Papa David has a hard time remembering to call Chichi by her married name—and no wonder, it's so new! It's what he has always wanted for Chichi, a vigorous young man who can keep her in line and command both her head and her sometimes too-soft heart. But Papa David is too wise to believe that there is nothing but happiness ahead. The question is, how will Chichi react to the trials of her new life? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo, confused by his inability to recall his past life married to Belle, has begun to pay frequent visits to the theatre where Belle is rehearsing in Verne Massey's new play. Is he at last dimly remembering their former happiness? What will happen as Gail Maddox, fearful of losing Lorenzo on the very verge of marriage, takes determined and desperate measures to keep him and Belle separated? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE Both Vanessa Dale and her sister, Meg Harper, are drawn to the small Wisconsin town unhappily aware that they do not come as conquering heroes. But Van, stimulated by family necessity, goes out and gets a job. Meg, bitterly regretting her lost wealth, has her usual trouble adjusting. What happens, as they find that Barrowsville is not quite the simple, innocent town they thought they knew so well? M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ma's adopted son Joe hasn't demanded happiness, but in his quiet way he has earned it in the shape of a wonderful wife and a nice steady place in Rushville Center life. But the accident to his boss Alf Pierce throws Joe into a dilemma and shows up perhaps the one weakness Ma suspects—his lack of confidence. Just how will Billy Pierce and Joe affect one another's lives? And what of Fay and Tom in New York? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Brian Durant, mentally disturbed, finds in Sunday a resemblance to a girl he believes killed herself because of him, and the strange coincidence causes an alarming upheaval in the lives of Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brimbohope. How is Brian's wife Connie involved, and what happens as Charlotte Abbott, troublemaking wife of Henry's friend, Dr. Julian Abbott, (Continued on page 92)
New Patterns for You

4589 Jumper and blouse to wear together or with your other separates. Misses' sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size-16 jumper takes 2½ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, 1½ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

4877 Separates wardrobe designed to flatter the shorter-waisted, fuller figure. Blouse, weskit and skirt—all easy to sew. Half-sizes 14½ to 24½. Size-16½ weskit and skirt take 2½ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse takes 1½ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

9329 Jiffy-sew jumper, blouse and bolero jacket. Children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size-6 jumper takes 1½ yards 35-inch fabric; jacket, 1½ yards; blouse, ¾ yard. 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to:
Radio-TV Mirror, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137,
Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y.

YOUR NAME...............................................................STREET OR BOX NO..................................................CITY OR TOWN..................................................STATE..................................................
Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

“TOO HOT TO LAST?”
Rita and Dick, Ava and Frankie, Lana and Lex—Hedda Hopper asks, Are these romances too hot to last? Read her inside answers in . . .

JANUARY
PHOTOPLAY
Magazine
At Newsstands Now

“ON THE SPOT WITH MARILYN”
A famous photographer takes his camera into the Canadian wilds with Marilyn Monroe!

"THIS IS THE TRUTH"
One of Hollywood's top writers gives the real lowdown behind hot rumors about Liz Taylor and others!

These and dozens of other exciting stories and beautiful color photos in . . .

PHOTOPLAY
America's Largest-Selling Movie Magazine
BUSIEST MAN IN BOSTON

From dawn to dusk, Ray Dorey brightens the way for New England listeners

RAY DOREY is one radio personality (of very few, no doubt) who can’t get started early enough on his daily rounds at WHDH. Promptly at six each morning, his record of “Big. Wide, Wonderful World” begins Ray’s Music Shop, and he stays around till 9:00 A.M., making the morning pleasant. Then, at 1:35 P.M., Ray returns with his musical helpmates, organist Ken Wilson and pianist Bill Green, to solve listeners’ mystery tune questions on Stumpus. Again at 7:00 P.M., he’s on hand with more music and delightful chatter.

To get the true picture of this busy Bostonian, you have to look back a few years. Ray started singing with Lou Doucette’s band when it was a unit of the Rudy Vallee organization. While with them, he won a competition for vocalists and a trip around the world. At this point, however, the long arm of the law tapped Ray and forced him to quit the band and pass up the world tour. Reason: Ray was only twelve years old!

After finishing high school in Augusta, Maine, Ray took a whirl at college life, but gave it up in favor of a disc-jockey job in his home town of Burlington, Vermont. It was there that he met and married his wife, Lorraine. Ray remembers that she gave him the world’s coolest reception. Nevertheless, in three weeks they were going steady; six months later, they were married.

Marriage proved to be the big thing in Ray’s life. The responsibility of having a wife started him up the ladder of success, the first stop being Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he sang and spun tunes at a local station. Ray’s fine voice and delivery caused quite a stir among Pittsfield listeners, which inspired him to send a sample of his vocalizing to New York. Less than a week later, he became featured vocalist with Benny Goodman’s orchestra. But then fate stepped in, and Ray’s association with the Goodman band was cut short by World War II and the inevitable draft call. It wasn’t until after the war that he started to record, hitting a peak with his version of “Mam’selle.”

In September of 1949, Ray found a new home. He joined Station WHDH in the 7:00-8:00 P.M. strip, and has since broadened his activities to include appearances throughout the day. So it is, nowadays, that New England listeners enjoy a pleasant variety of music, helpful information and general cheerfulness, courtesy of Ray Dorey, who in exchange for all his fine entertainment humbly says, “Remembrance is all we ask.”
Yes, Prell Shampoo actually leaves hair more radiant than any leading cream or soap-shampoo—comparison tests prove it! Your hair simply sparkles after Prell—it looks younger, lovelier, more 'Radiantly Alive'! And just touch your hair after you've used Prell. See how much softer and smoother it is—so much "silker"—yet it has plenty of "body." You'll be thrilled using Prell, too... Its beautiful emerald-clear form is much more exciting than liquids or creams. Prell is so economical—no waste—and it's so handy at home or traveling. Try it tonight!
**Handsome Singer**

**Dear Editor:**

Would you tell me something about handsome Russell Arms, the wonderfull singer on Your Hit Parade?

E. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Born in Berkeley, California, on February 3, 1926, Russell Arms as a youngster studied to be an actor. After spending three years at Pasadena Playhouse near Hollywood, he signed a contract with Warner Brothers and appeared in films, including “The Man Who Came to Dinner” and “Captain of the Clouds.” After World War II, in which he was a member of the Army Signal Corps, he returned to movie-making until 1948. Then he came to New York, hoping to do a play. Instead, he wound up with a radio show on Station WNEW, where his heretofore unknown singing talent was revealed and very well liked. In 1951, Rus was hired to do the commercials for Your Hit Parade and Robert Montgomery Presents. His great appeal as a singing actor prompted producers of Your Hit Parade to make him a regular star on the show. Rus is married to Liza Palmer, a former singer, and they live in Flushing, New York.

**Eddy Arnold**

**Dear Editor:**

I would appreciate knowing how old Eddy Arnold is and whether or not he is married.

M. J. C., Johnson City, N. Y.

Eddy doesn’t give his age, but we do know that he was born in Henderson, Tennessee, started in radio when he was eighteen, and married Sally Gayheart in 1941. He has a little girl and lives now in Madison, Tennessee.

**Froman Fan Club**

**Dear Editor:**

Several of my friends and I have started a Jane Froman Fan Club in the Pittsburgh area. We would appreciate any help you might give us in securing new members.

E. S., Carnegie, Pa.

We are glad to be of help. Anyone interested in joining this Jane Froman Fan Club should write to Emma I. Shaffer, President, 521 Center Street, Carnegie, Pennsylvania.

**Suave Swayze**

**Dear Editor:**

Would you please give me some vital statistics on the good-looking John Cameron Swayze of the Camel News Caravan? I think he’s terrific.

I. G. M., Bristol, Conn.

One of NBC’s foremost news commentators, and winner of numerous awards for his work in that field, John Cameron Swayze was born on April 4, 1906, in Wichita, Kansas. After graduating from the University of Kansas, Mr. Swayze came to New York to pursue a dramatic career. The Depression pinch, however, forced him to switch to newspaper work, which he did for ten years. His work as newscaster for the Kansas City Journal-Post led to a full-time job with Station KMBC and next to NBC, where he has been since 1944. Mr. Swayze has also won honors as one of the ten best-dressed men in America and his collection of ties is famous. He lives in Greenwich, Connecticut, with his wife, Beulah, and two children, John Jr., and Suzy. He is a great antique lover. He also likes to sail his own boat, when he gets the time.

**Versatile Mr. Lewis**

**Dear Editor:**

I would like to know if the Elliott Lewis of the Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show is the same Elliott Lewis of the Cathy And Elliott Lewis Onstage show and other Lewis-directed shows on CBS.

F. F., Charles City, Ia.

Elliott Lewis, often referred to as “Mr. Radio,” is one and the same on all the shows mentioned. He originally played the part of Frankie Remly on the Harris—Faye Show, but now goes under his own name. Besides having his own show with his wife, Cathy, Elliott directs, produces, and sometimes writes for and acts in the Suspense radio programs. Elliott has few outside interests, other than home life and cooking, because, as he says, “If you really enjoy what you’re doing, I don’t think there’s much need to ‘get away from it all.’”

**“Mr. North”**

**Dear Editor:**

Would you please tell me a little about Richard Denning’s life? I would also like to know why you said in a recent article, “Richard’s own little girl, Diana.”

B. R. K., #averbury, Conn.

Handsome Richard Denning, who is well-known as Jerry in Mr. And Mrs. North, was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, and brought up in Los Angeles, where his father was a garment manufacturer. After working his way up in his father’s business from mail boy to vice-president, Richard entered the “I Want to Be An Actor” contest which netted him a contract with Warner Brothers. Except for his submarine duty in the Navy during the war, he has been acting in movies, radio and television ever since. He married actress Evelyn Ankers and they have one daughter, Dianna. Radio-TV Mirror referred to “Richard’s own little girl, Dianna” in our September issue for obvious reasons. He is married to Evelyn Ankers in real life. He was pictured with his leading lady, Barbara Britton, who is his radio and television wife but has her own marriage and children in real life.
Booth

Rising Star

Dear Editor:

I have greatly enjoyed the acting of Roger Sullivan, who has appeared in Three Steps To Heaven and Wonderful John Acton. Could you tell me what other things he has done and print a picture of him?

D. T., Hornell, N. Y.

Talented Roger Sullivan hails from Syracuse, New York, where he started his training with the Syracuse University Children's Theatre. He came to New York City to work in various stock companies and on local radio stations. Roger entered television during its infancy and has appeared on many shows, such as Armstrong's Circle Theatre and A Date With Judy, besides his current role as Barry Thurmond on Three Steps To Heaven. On radio, Roger is heard as Leonard Klubber in Hilltop House and in a variety of roles on Let's Pretend. He also does some writing, and several of his dramas are soon to be seen on television. Roger is single and especially likes red-headed girls who are not too career-minded.

For Your Information—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

Rita Hayworth

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We’ll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

Rita Hayworth starring in "MISS SADIE THOMPSON"
A Beckworth Production • A Columbia Picture
Color by Technicolor

Rita Hayworth says, “Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo.” In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America’s most glamorous women—beauties like Rita Hayworth—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn’t it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamorous and easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans; leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It does not dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can “do things” with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage; tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

NOW in new LOTION FORM or famous CREAM FORM!

Pour it on . . . or cream it on!
. . . Either way, have hair that shines like the stars!
Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to $2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to $1.
THERE'S COLD CREAM NOW IN CAMAY

Your skin will love it!
Wonderful new Camay with cold cream for complexion and bath!

Here's the happiest beauty news that ever came your way! Now Camay contains cold cream. And Camay is the only leading beauty soap to bring you this added luxury.

For your beauty and your bath—new Camay with cold cream is more delightful than ever. And whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay will leave it feeling beautifully cleansed, marvelously refreshed.

Of course, you still get everything that's made Camay famous... the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that foam-rich Camay lather, skin-pampering Camay mildness and delicate Camay fragrance.

LOOK FOR NEW CAMAY IN THE SAME FAMILIAR WRAPPER.
It's at your store now—yours at no extra cost.
There is no finer beauty soap in all the world!
THE
BEST THINGS IN LIFE

The day on which our New Year begins has come to be symbolic to all of us. It's a time for counting the blessings of the past, looking forward to a future which, we are determined, will be still brighter. At year's end, it is a wonderful feeling to total up the things learned, the things experienced, and then go on to new hopes, new plans for the future. For each of us, there is a ledger, a balance sheet of our participation in this civilization—and I've discovered that the best things in life are not free, but must be paid for. The song is on the lips from the toil and travail of the composer. The child is in the crib from the anguish of the mother. The peace is upon the earth from the graves of those who fought to attain it. This is the give-and-take which makes the world progress and man survive. In 1954, let us pray that each of us finds the strength to pay for all the good things that life offers. The balance sheets will then be balanced, the ledger of life be clean.

By JEAN HERSHOLT (beloved Dr. Christian)
CBS Radio, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST, for 'Vaseline' Brand Products.
Little Mike Lewis beams in the arms of his mother, Zoe, who just "struck it rich" for his sake, to the tune of $205. Emcee Warren Hull (center), producer Walt Framer (right) and announcer Ralph Paul (left) couldn't be happier about it.

Warren Hull is a rugged man under most circumstances. When he heads for the beach, it's not to sunbathe but to put in a few miles of vigorous swimming. In the winter, he's in jeans and a flannel shirt wielding an ax on wood for the fireplace. He's never side-stepped responsibility to his family, work or country. But Warren Hull, as much of a man as you'll find in fact or fiction, has found himself with tears in his eyes and a prayer on his lips as he's interviewed some contestants on Strike It Rich.

"I can tell when Warren may break down," Walt Framer, producer and creator of the show, says bluntly. "I can see his lips begin to quiver, and I'm alerted. I signal Ralph Paul to be ready." Ralph Paul is the commercial announcer and, on occasion, he has had to walk right onto the stage and take over. Warren, tears blurring his eyes, has lost his voice in a well of emotion.

Sometimes it's the contestant who forewarns Walt Framer of what's to come. And Walt, who knows Warren intimately, understands the origin of Warren's emotions.

"Now, some men begin to perk up when they meet a pretty young girl," Walt says good-humoredly. "With Warren, it's a little different. He goes soft when an elderly woman comes on. He shows an immediate eagerness to meet her and draw her out."

There were two women, along in years, who were recently helped by Strike It Rich, and these two unknowingly struck at a sentimental root in Warren's make-up.

One woman, Miss Quinnie Stanley, was seventy-one years old. Outside Fayetteville, Georgia, she lived in a two-room log house, and she lived alone with no modern conveniences. She toted in her water from a spring, a quarter of a mile away. She raised her own
PLEASE DO!

This is Warren Hull's silent prayer, as tears come to his eyes for those who need help

By MARTIN COHEN

Happy endings are Warren's specialty on Strike It Rich, whether he's helping a gifted youngster or bringing about a family reunion.

See Next Page→
Young people have a place all their own in Warren Hull's heart. With six in his family, he always knows just what to say and do to make a child's eyes sparkle.

vegetables. She was an immaculate housekeeper: the weathered pine boards were always scoured and the old steeple clock and worn family Bible were always dusted. She was a lovable, dear little lady dressed in fashions long forgotten: high-top shoes and black stockings and, on her head, a sunbonnet. She had spent a hard life caring for and waiting on others.

All Quinne Stanley wanted was an outlet for one light bulb—and a radio with electricity to go with it. She got $340 from Strike It Rich, and she couldn't have been more excited if she had won a mink coat, car and trip abroad on The Big Payoff.

"Of course, I won't burn the light and run the radio late at night," she said. "That would mean keeping a fire going these cold nights, but I'm going to have a good time, come summer."

And there was the former Army nurse of World War I, sixty-nine years old, happy and sound but for her present deafness. She lived alone in a furnished room in Manhattan, reading and writing. She seldom went out, but not because she wasn't friendly and outgoing. Miss Helen E. Root couldn't afford a hearing aid. She couldn't hear a word of what her friends said, and so she was lonely. Of course, Strike It Rich got her a brand-new hearing aid. She wrote Warren afterwards, "It's wonderful to live again in a noisy world."

These were two worthwhile, wonderful women, but they meant something more to Warren. They had much in common with his mother and grandmother.

In the village of Gasport, New York, they tell about Warren's great grandmother, who was affectionately called Aunt Hannah. Throughout her life, she was on call to help the sick and many times took trails through the woods, night or day, to help the ill. And there are whole families that wouldn't be in existence today if Warren's grandmother (Hannah's daughter) hadn't dropped her mop, run into the garden for a handful of wormwood and worked her horse into a lather to save the life of some youngster. Warren's mother and aunts, who pleaded with their mother not to overwork herself, forgot the advice when they came of age and carried on in the same tradition. These are the women whom Warren honors and remembers when an elderly lady comes on the show.

A youngster in need touches anyone but practically tears out Warren's heart. There was one lad on the show so badly off that everyone was speechless. His parents were poor and ill; the boy himself suffered so from leukemia that his life was in constant danger.

Warren Hull is host-emcee of Strike It Rich, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M.—as well as Wed., at 9 P.M.—and heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 11 A.M. All EST; sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive.
"I was standing by, as Warren talked to him," Walt recalls. "There were tears in Warren's eyes and I wondered what words he could possibly find. Suddenly, Warren put up his hand and said quietly, 'Let's all bow our heads and pray for this boy.'" 

Warren reads many of the letters that come in, and it doesn't take a professional writer to appeal to his heart. It can be a mere thirteen-year-old like Roger Wise of Rochester, New York.

Roger wrote, "Mom and I are alone. She always teaches me to be brave and puts on a brave front for me. Since I was three, Mom had to raise me and I don't want to bore you with that. I'll let you just imagine. She worked on two jobs while Grandma took care of me. I had pneumonia twice and it left my heart quite weak. When she got my doctor bills paid, Grandma took very sick. For three years things started to look brighter and Mom was happy. We had a small apartment and Mom was working two jobs again. Last year, she caught cold and was very sick but went back to work too soon and had a heart attack."

He described their home: rent—$25, hardly any furniture, a hot plate instead of a range. His mother was in the hospital again. Roger wrote, "Mom is pretty sick and I sure would hate to lose her. She is coming home this weekend and her birthday is next month. When I watch that program I wish Mom were lucky enough to get a stove and pay for the ambulance and transfusions and doctor. She always catches cold in winter because she has thin blood. If she just had a little stove and warm woolen coat. That's all I'm wishing (Continued on page 80)
SQUIRE OF BEACON HILL

A fence closes Godfrey off from strangers, but his neighbors have found a way to his heart

By TOM DAVIS

Arthur Godfrey has been the source of legends almost from the day he made his bow, first to the listening, then to the seeing public. Now another legend has sprung up—that, since he has gone down to his Virginia farm to live, he's become one of the hardest men in the world to meet.

This legend is true, and yet it stems from the desire of any ordinary man to have privacy in his own home. Godfrey (Continued on page 88)

Arthur Godfrey's just about the biggest farm operator in Loudoun County. He farms and raises livestock for "real," not show.

Mrs. Robert Reed, Paeonian Springs postmistress, often sees the fabulous redhead—he's her biggest customer, by far!

Closest neighbor of all is Mr. Ray Peacock, a life-long farmer—who actually owns the entrance to Beacon Hill.
Squire of Beacon Hill

A fence closes Godfrey off from strangers, but his neighbors have found a way to his heart

By TOM DAVIS

Arthur Godfrey's estate near Leesburg, Virginia—seen from a back country road, via telephoto lens.

Arthur Godfrey's just about the biggest farm operator in Loudoun County. He farms and raises livestock for "real," not show.

Privacy must be insured, not from his fellow Virginians, but from the horde of tourist-fans attracted by his presence.

Mrs. Robert Reed, Paeonian Springs postmistress, often sees the fabulous redhead—he's her biggest customer, by far!

Closest neighbor of all is Mr. Roy Peacock, a life-long farmer—who actually owns the entrance to Beacon Hill.

MEET MRS. McNUTLEY

Phyllis Avery's romance has known both sun and rain—
Three young ladies having a wonderful time together, from first stroll in their California garden until bedtime stories: Phyl and her look-alike daughters—Avery, who has just turned five, and Andy (Anne), who will soon be four.

By ELIZABETH GOODE

Phyllis Avery hurried from the set of Meet Mr. McNutley, where she was filming the popular CBS-TV series with Ray Milland—hurried to the large home which she and her husband, Don Taylor, had bought but two short years ago. In one way, it was a lonely sort of homecoming, for—although their two children were at the door, waiting for her to return—her husband Don was making a motion picture in Reno and would not be home.

As a matter of fact, Don might not be there for a long, long time—for, after more than nine years of marriage, Don and Phyllis had announced a separation. In one of those statements which mark such an occasion as "Private—keep out," Phyllis said, "Only the principals in this case can understand the cause, which is the result of many things, not only one thing." And, with that as their official attitude, Don and Phyllis began the period of trying to find ways and means of settling their differences.

As this is being written, Don has established a bachelor apartment to which he will return after his location trip. Phyllis is living with the children in the home which once contained such happiness. Phyllis called this her (Continued on page 86)

Meet Mr. McNutley—heard on CBS Radio, Thurs., 9 P. M. EST—seen on CBS-TV, Thurs., 8 P. M. EST—for General Electric.

They're separated now—but friends are hoping that Phyllis and Don Taylor will soon be reunited.

may the dark clouds roll away!
Both Jeff and Lisa are sure he'll one day be a jukebox favorite.

Being together is happiness for now.

The world was before them...

They've kept their courage and faith in darkest hours.

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

The two good-looking young people sat across a table from each other in the dimly-lit New York cafe, that early spring day in 1950, and clinked glasses of red wine over their steaming plates of spaghetti. The girl was Lisa Clark, a TV actress, and the boy was Jeff Clark, who had just been booked at the Capitol Theatre in New York, was already on one of the biggest radio shows in America (Your Hit Parade), and just that afternoon had signed for a TV show sponsored by Lucky Strike.
When Jeff Clark and his bride faced an uncertain future, it was Kate Smith who helped them see the light.

Jeff and Lisa had been married only a few weeks. This was their celebration of the at-last-obvious fact that Jeff was headed for the top, had won his long fight for success. Lisa (whose real name had been Jeanne Romer before she married Jeff) pushed back her plate and stared thoughtfully into her glass. Jeff, who had been talking and laughing delightedly about his new contract, suddenly sensed her mood.

"Hey, Jeanie," he said, sobering, "what's the matter? Is this a celebration or a wake?"

She looked straight into the eyes of the man she loved, her husband of less than a month. "I wasn't going to tell you tonight," she said, "but—I guess I'd better. I had a checkup a few days ago, because I haven't been feeling well, and today I got the answer. I've got tuberculosis, Jeff."

They sat staring at each other over a table that suddenly had become as (Continued on page 90)

The Kate Smith Hour is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, from 3 to 4 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
When Dotty was a teenager, she thought she was the homeliest girl in school—but that's all changed now!

By BETTY HAYNES

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Dorothy Macaluso looked in the mirror as she sat in front of the desk she used as a dressing table. She sighed heavily. "What, oh, what am I to do with this mop of black hair?" she asked herself as she brushed and brushed to try and get the unruly locks in some sort of order. "My neck's too long to wear my hair short, my eyes are too big to pull it back from my face—and I'm just too tall for words." Suddenly, she put down the hairbrush and dismissed the whole distasteful subject of her appearance.

Dorothy Macaluso was like teenagers the world over who are unable to visualize what the future may hold for them. Certainly, the tall, shy, (Continued on page 88)

The Dotty Mack Show is seen over ABC-TV, Sat., at 7:00 P. M. EST.

Today, Dotty's a glamour girl—and "Fuzzy Wuzzy" (below) should rate a bear hug. He's really Len Goorian, production director of the Paul Dixon Show which gave Dotty her start.
Once a junior golf champ—now breaking something besides records, out in Hollywood!

Versatile Henny can cook and act—and even made this sculpture for a Bette Davis movie.

Jim Backus—

By BETTY MILLS

JIM BACKUS (co-star with Joan Davis on NBC-TV’s I Married Joan) walked into his Beverly Hills kitchen with a pot of water in his hand and a perplexed look on his face. He put the pot on the stove and dropped in two eggs. “Hard-boiled eggs,” he muttered, “hard-boiled eggs. I’m sure that’s the way Henny makes hard-boiled eggs.” Then turning the heat on “high” he walked into the den with his script.

Henny, Jim’s wife, was on a short vacation. It was the third trip away from home she’d made in the past six months. She’d returned from her first trip at the same time Jim came in from a four-day jaunt of his own to find her refrigerator door wide open! “Look, honey!” said Jim. “We’ve got our own crop of penicillin!”

Henny hadn’t seen the humor in the situation.

On return from her second trip, she’d found the automatic coffeemaker plugged in. Jim had left it that way for three days. Fortunately, the safety unit had burned through a day-and-a-half before—but it left the silver pot with a new black crust!

Henny had taken this third trip with misgivings—and only after she’d made Jim promise to eat his meals out and to stay away from her kitchen!

Twenty minutes after Jim was deep in his script in the den, the water in the egg pot turned to steam. Six minutes later, the eggs exploded (Continued on page 86)

The TV wife of Jim Backus is, of course, Joan Davis—in I Married Joan, on NBC-TV, Wed., 8 P.M. EST; sponsored by General Electric.
and his Other Wife

"I Married Joan," groans Jim—as TV's most harassed husband, Judge Stevens.
And there are times when his real wife, Henny, wishes that he had!
WALTER BROOKE'S

Three steps to Heaven

Faith, courage and love symbolize the three steps with which Walter and his wife, Betty Wragge, face the birth of their child

By ELIZABETH BALL

He didn't come in unexpectedly, says expectant father Walter Brooke, to find expectant mother Mrs. (Betty Wragge) Brooke knitting Tiny Garments!

Nor did Betty whisper, tremulous and dewy-eyed, her Sweet Secret. Which deprived actor Brooke of exclaiming, with an air of stunned surprise, "Oh, darling . . . !"

It wasn't a bit like in the movies, mother-to-be Betty and father-to-be Walter tell you.

"There wasn't any dray-ma," they laugh. "We both missed out on playing a Big Scene!"

"Walter couldn't possibly (Continued on page 66)

Walter Brooke is seen as Bill in Three Steps To Heaven, NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST. Betty Wragge is heard as Peggy Young Trent in Pepper Young's Family, NBC Radio, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble.
Joe Mantell—
THE REAL CASS TODERO

Just a while ago, Joe met Mary and decided he could be happy though married

By GLADYS HALL

Joe walked in one day. Into the producer's office of the Garry Moore Show here at CBS," said bride Mary of bridegroom Joe Mantell. "He asked, 'Where's Barbara?'
"'I'm the new secretary,' I said. 'Barbara's been promoted.'
"'Oh,' he said, 'glad to hear it. I used to drop in to say hello to her whenever I came up to CBS.'
"I liked him," said Mary. "In spite of his quiet voice, his noncommittal manner, he was, I felt, a very warm person. Sort of lonely, too, I imagined—I don't know why. Then I didn't think about him any more."
"Mary was interested in (Continued on page 77)

Joe Mantell is Cass Todero in This Is Nora Drake, over CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Toni Co.

They love their own fireside and domestic life. Mary's a whiz at sewing—and both of them can cook.

Midnight snacks are a treat, after Joe's many TV assignments—but naturally don't rate their treasured Ironstone china (right).
Lucky Barbara! All children know their mothers are beautiful, but her mom was “Miss America”—and how many fathers are actually in the business of manufacturing dolls, like Papa Allan Wayne?

Bess Myerson of The Big Payoff finds happiness at home—in a housedress

By GREGORY MERWIN

Beauty, some people say, is only skin deep—but, when the skin is mink and draped over the Miss America figure of Bess Meyerson, the result makes a liar out of an old cliche. But this picture of Bess is one-sided. The Big Payoff’s lady in mink is just as much at home (and just as lovely) in a housedress.

Bess and her husband Allan Wayne, a businessman, live in Manhattan’s east nineties with their six-year-old daughter Barbara Carroll. Bess is up mornings at seven-thirty to breakfast with Allan and Barbara. At eight-twenty, she walks Barbara ten blocks to public school. Back home, she takes a quick inventory of the refrigerator, plans the day’s meals, prepares a shopping list, lays out projects for her housekeeper. Around ten, Bess leaves the apartment for the fashion market, where she picks clothes for The Big Payoff and gets her fittings. By one, she is at the studio, rehearses, goes on the air with Randy Merriman and, at four o’clock, is back at the apartment to meet Barbara and take up household chores again.

“Sometimes people are suspicious when I tell them my life approximates that of a typical housewife,” she says, “but I was raised in a typical home. Becoming Miss

Continued
it was a roundabout route to such happiness for three, but Bess has never been sorry she entered that contest.
the LADY in MINK

America—which was the explosive beginning of my career—came as a shock to me and my parents, but didn't change the basic things about my life.”

Winning the beauty crown was the turning point in Bess's life, but the prize-winning figure that suddenly appeared on magazine covers and billboards had, until that moment, been pretty much overlooked.

“I was a sweater girl, all right,” Bess recalls, “but in the loose, sloppy kind of sweater you wear to school.”

Bess was a talented, bright youngster. She was raised in the Bronx, New York, where her father was an interior decorator. She was the second of three daughters.

Bess and her sisters were given an extensive musical education. Throughout their school days, Bess's father insisted that his children spend most of their evenings practicing while

Bess sometimes gets a trip of her own—like the time she and Randy took The Big Payoff to Hollywood.

Randy Merriman and Bess are thrilled when a couple wins that fabulous coat and the trip of their dreams.

Bess Myerson is seen on The Big Payoff, CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, for the Colgate-Palmolive Co.
their friends met at the corner drugstore.

"But I never felt lonely or persecuted," she says.

Bess and her father were close. They had many long, philosophical talks. He explained why he wanted her to study music seriously: later, her life would be so crowded with other things that she would have no time to develop her talent. Because he was kindly and loved his daughters, and because his reasons were good ones, Bess agreed with him.

From the time she was twelve, Bess earned part of the cost of piano lessons by baby-sitting. She was so good a pianist that she began to give lessons when she was in her early teens and, during her college years, had as many as twenty students a week. She also picked up a little money as a model.

"I couldn't get anywhere as a fashion model," she remembers. "Even (Continued on page 82)
Home in Manhattan: Just like Vanessa, Peggy McCay is a devoted daughter. Her parents have always encouraged her (but at one time believed she would be a writer, rather than an actress).
Peggy McCay is like Vanessa Dale, the girl whose life she lives daily

By FRANCES KISH

Holiday in Canada: Peggy enjoys riding—and catches her first fish (with Jimmie Shaw, Banff Springs Hotel guide, wielding the net).

Peggy McCay was crossing a New York street, one day last spring, on her way to rehearse her television role of Vanessa Dale in Love Of Life, when an elderly woman shook her cane at her. "Vanessa," she called from the sidewalk. "I want to talk to you." As Peggy approached, the woman took her arm. "I want to tell you, Vanessa, that your sister Meg is faking paralysis. She's just faking, my dear, and you should know it. I saw her get up out of that wheelchair and laugh—yes, laugh—at the fraud she was perpetrating, after you (Continued on page 67)

Love Of Life is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, American Home Foods.
How to be right about the McGuirees: It's always Christine at left, Phyllis in center, Dorothy at right.
LUCKY TO BE SO RIGHT!
The McGuire Sisters are grateful to a mother who took the time to teach them true values.

By MARIE HALLER

Would you say we've been lucky?” asks Christine McGuire, oldest of the three lovely McGuire Sisters heard and seen on Arthur Godfrey Time, weekday mornings, and seen on Arthur Godfrey And His Friends on Wednesday nights.

It's a fair question, and one which many people in all walks of life have asked about themselves, but few with as much reason as these three harmonizing beauties.

At a glance, you can see they really are interested in knowing the answer... is it luck, or is it, perhaps, something else—something even less tangible than luck? Is it, perhaps, something that has its roots in their early, formative years? Something, (Continued on page 81)

ROAD
OF
LIFE

Dr. Jim Brent faces an age-old problem: Can a marriage withstand constant outside interference?

1 Aunt Reggie helped raise Dr. Jim—but now she’s alienating the affections of his daughter, Janie, from both Jim and his new wife, Jocelyn (at left).

2 She also raised Jim’s foster son, John—and now interferes so strongly in his marriage to Francie (above) that Francie and Johnny are separated.

There are two types of women in the world—those who walk bravely up to the tree of life and give it a vigorous shake to get what they want . . . and those who sit under the tree, waiting for the fruit to ripen and fall into their longing hands. Each type may be right in her own way of living . . . each may, however, be disappointed in the rewards of her actions. In the town of Merrimac, there are both types of women—as there are in any town. Doctor Jim Brent’s wife, Jocelyn, is a girl who knows what she wants and goes about it intelligently, with sensitivity and full understanding of the effect which her actions may have on her husband, whom she deeply loves, and on his child, Janie, for whom she has true affection . . . On the fringe of her life, influencing it and yet not quite a part of it, is Regina Ellis, the woman who brought up Jim Brent and,
later, the boy Jim adopted, Johnny Brent. Aunt Reggie is definitely the "let's shake the tree and let the consequences fall where they may" type of woman. For Aunt Reggie is a good, intelligent, competent—frighteningly competent—person who has come to Merrimac to live out her last days with "her boys." Unfortunately, Aunt Reggie's ideas of what is "good" for others bring complications into the lives of Dr. Jim Brent and Jocelyn and to those they dearly love—consequences which are beyond their imaginings and possibly even beyond those of Aunt Reggie! ... First to feel her influence is Janie, Jim's child—who grows farther and farther away from Jocelyn and Jim, as Aunt Reggie encourages Janie to think of their marriage as a betrayal of Janie's "real" mother's

3 Meanwhile, the newly widowed Sybil schemes to win Jim's heart. Secretly expecting a child, she makes plans which involve her maid Pearl (left).

4 Pearl goes to California with Sybil and, when the child is born, accepts the baby girl as her own—leaving Sybil free to pursue Jim.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Dr. Jim Brent.............Don MacLaughlin
Jocelyn Brent...............Virginia Dwyer
Dr. John Brent................Bill Lipton
Francie Brent .............Elizabeth Lawrence
Aunt Reggie..................Evelyn Varden
Sybil Overton Fuller........Barbara Becker
Pearl Scudder Snow..........Hollis Irving

*The Road Of Life*, M-F—NBC Radio, 3:15 P.M. EST—CBS Radio, 1 P.M.—for Procter & Gamble.
memory. In an atmosphere of divided allegiance, Janie's confused young emotions run wild. … Probably a far more tragic outcome of Aunt Reggie's domination, however, is the inevitable result of her interference with John Brent's marriage to Francie. Incident after incident proves to Francie that Johnny cannot be successfully "married" to two women and she feels John must decide between them. John's gratitude to his aunt, who was so kind to him as a child, makes it impossible for Francie to hold their marriage together. In his dilemma and anger, John leaves their home and opens his new office in Aunt Reggie's apartment. … Thus separated from Francie, John is at loose ends. And it is inevitable that he should be bent on "showing" everyone that he was right and Francie was wrong. Meanwhile, lives being entwined as they are, a series of incidents almost completely outside the circle of Jocelyn's and Jim's lives is leading to events which will ultimately make their influence felt. … Sybil Overton Fuller has long believed herself in love with Dr. Jim. The fact that she has been married to another man—and has secretly borne a child after his death—does not keep her from imagining that some day, somehow, her love for Jim will become a real, living fact, culminating in their marriage. Sybil's insistence that Pearl Scudder take her little girl and care for her as her own, Sybil feels, is one more step she's taking which will ultimately bring her close to Jim. Even the marriage she arranges between Pearl and Eddie Snow, a merchant marine man, is for Sybil's benefit, not Pearl's. That Eddie loves Pearl and wants her to set up a home for

5 For one agonizing moment, as her baby's fingers entwine around her own, Sybil regrets her tragic decision. But her obsession about Jim steels her purpose. She must win Jim, no matter what the cost.
Back in Merrimac, all of Jim's medical skill is called upon to save the ailing baby's life, while Jocelyn comforts the anguished Pearl. Pearl loves the baby, but finds that her deception about the little girl's parentage has complicated her marriage to a man who knows the child isn't really hers.

him is something Sybil hasn't foreseen. Nor does she realize that Eddie will return from a tour of sea-duty and object to Pearl's keeping the baby. . . . Meanwhile, when Pearl returns to Merrimac with the baby, the circle narrows and Jim, through doctoring the baby Sybil turned over to Pearl, is once more embroiled in Sybil's affairs. Sybil is unattached now—and so is Johnny. It is inevitable that the two should get together. Johnny, resentful of all criticism, has a great need for the emotional give-and-take of a relationship with a woman—and Sybil is the woman he chooses. This role, even Aunt Reggie cannot play in his life. Sybil has taken one more step toward Jim. . . . Johnny is not only one who will give her access to a passing relationship with Jim, but is also a person through whom she could give vent to vengeance on Jim—should it ever please her to do so. Jim and Jocelyn are unhappy about this relationship but, for Johnny's sake, they take Sybil at the value which he places on her. . . . One of the bright spots on Jim's and Jocelyn's horizon, however, is the romance that develops between
Malcolm Overton and Augusta Creel—these two have been destined to continue the romance of some twenty years before. It is with great happiness that Jim and Jocelyn see them married. Despite the ebb and flow of events around them, Jim and Jocelyn are finding happiness—Jim in a job which he can tackle and feel himself of public service, Jocelyn in the slow but steady building of a real home and a good life with Jim. . . . For Jim and Jocelyn, the tree of life is yielding some fine rewards for the careful nurturing they've given to their life together.

Separated from Francie, Johnny is in such a state that Sybil finds it easy to win his confidence. And Aunt Reggie, of course, is still adding her bit to the emotional tension. Will these two women—one scheming, the other well-meaning—destroy the happiness Jim and Jocelyn have built so carefully?
ROAD OF LIFE

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Ralph Bellamy, video's popular private eye, Mike Barnett, looks like a husky, handsome man on your screen. He is. He looks like the kind of man who would be at ease in the Maine woods or on an elephant hunt. He is. He looks like the kind who would make a good spouse for some lucky woman. And he does. In private life, Ralph Bellamy does not dally in murder, intrigue and bedeviled women, but anyone who takes to his he-man TV personality would find little disappointment in Bellamy, the man.

Home for Ralph and his wife Alice is in one of the first apartment buildings to be built in uptown Manhattan some sixty-eight years ago. And there are very few apartments like it. "What our (Continued on page 75)"

Man Against Crime, as sponsored by Camel Cigarettes, is seen on many NBC-TV stations (except WNBT) and several of Du Mont TV (including WARD), Sun., 10:30 P.M. EST.

Ralph and his beloved wife, Alice, at home.

He collects primitive art (Alice always finds room for it somewhere), makes a man-size stew, and hates that morning alarm.
As Mike Barnett,
Ralph knows no fear;
in real life, he's every
inch as good a man

By
KURT
MARTIN
The trip was wonderful, but the best part of my
Crossing the Pacific: Left, at Pearl Harbor—I couldn't help crying when I placed a wreath "in memoriam" on the U.S.S. Arizona. Center, a brief stop at Wake Island—the GI's were on their way to Midway, I was enroute to Guam. Right, at the enlisted men's mess, Clark Field, near Manila—Army chow may not be home cooking, but it's good.

East meets West: Left, with Ed Wade in Tokyo—loaded down with souvenirs. Center, with Dick Brill at the famous Geisha House—though I couldn't dance to that music. Right, in Naples—I enjoyed visiting all the USO's. But the greatest joy of all came in Paris (below) when my son kissed me and said: "You took a long time coming, Mom!"

By MRS. EVA WILCHER

I know that people have won refrigerators, automobiles, mink coats and thousands of dollars on radio and TV, but I think my award on Wheel Of Fortune was the best of all. I won a trip around the world which meant a chance to visit with my son stationed overseas.

It isn't every day that a woman is offered such a trip, so I can't easily forget that Monday morning in early July. I was at home in Tell City, Indiana, a town of about five thousand. It was (Continued on page 84)

Wheel Of Fortune is seen over CBS-TV, Fri., 10 A.M. EST. Mrs. Wilcher is pictured on opposite page with program's co-producer, Peter Arnell, at far left, and emcee Todd Russell (beside her).

prize was visiting my son overseas
Francey stared, as I led the way to our table—stared at her "fiancé," dating another girl.

WHEN A GIRL IS IN LOVE WITH MARRIAGE, RATHER THAN THE MAN, ALL
ONE of the nicest things about being Terry Burton—that's The Second Mrs. Burton, the radio role I play—is that Terry not only leads such an exciting life herself, but is always in the thick of all the romances and adventures involving the whole Burton family and their friends. My own private life as Patsy Campbell seems quiet by comparison, and—while I'm sure there's a great deal of drama and depth of feeling in the lives of those around me—I try not to ask prying questions or interfere in their romantic troubles. That's why, as I look back on it now, it seems rather strange that I should have taken action (or tried to) in Francey Clark's life.

I first met Francey shortly after we bought our house in Brooklyn, when I discovered that some of the neighborhood shops offered as good a selection of many household things as I could find in New York—and, moreover, were open late Friday nights, which meant a lot to me, with my tight schedule of rehearsals, broadcasts, conferences, and what-not. A fabric shop called Cora Lee's had tempted me since my first glimpse of it, and one Friday night, after dinner, when Al had some business to attend to, I went over there. I brought with (Continued on page 73)

Patsy Campbell (seen at left in checked coat) stars in The Second Mrs. Burton, as heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST; sponsored by General Foods Corp.
Francey stared, as I led the way to our house—stared at her "fiancé," dating another girl.

"When a girl is in love with marriage, rather than the man, all sorts of things can happen—and do!"

*Love Can Be Blind*

By Patsy Campbell

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who's who on
KRAFT TV THEATRE

Six talents headed in
a dramatic direction . . .

Tom Taylor was recently seen on Kraft in "The Blind Spot," opposite Ruth Matteson—who played his mother. The role was not a new one to Tom, who played Ruth's son in the Sunday-afternoon serial Fairmeadows U.S.A. From Springfield, Vermont, Tom planned on being a set designer—unlike his older brother, who teaches mathematics, or his father, who is in the export business—from the time he was in Holden grammar school right through Norwich Academy and Colby College in Maine. But, when he joined the Weston Playhouse Theatre in Vermont, he went from the designing boards to the acting boards and liked it. Though he came to New York determined to look cosmopolitan, Tom has found his natural college-boy appearance has gained him favor with both the TV directors and fans.

Constance Ford

Constance Ford is New York born and bred. She has always wanted to be an actress, as long as she can remember. Connie studied dramatics at New York City's Hunter College and followed her training with good parts in the prize-winning New York stage play, "Death of a Salesman," "See the Jaguar," and the very successful John Garfield revival of "Golden Boy." Her hobbies are beach-bathing—never mind the water—and reading. Her favorite foods, steak and broiled tomatoes. A recent Kraft role provided her with her favorite kind of part—she has always enjoyed doing comedy.

Two different Kraft Television Theatre productions are seen each week—on NBC-TV, Wed., at 9 P.M.—on ABC-TV, Thurs., 9:30 P.M.—both EST, sponsored by Kraft Foods.
JOHN BARAGREY is six-feet-four and dark and handsome in the best tradition of Southern gentlemen and leading men. His home is in Haleyville, Alabama, and the soft speech he knew when he was a boy wells up when he is not on the stage. A journalism major at the University of Alabama, John came to New York in 1940 to try his hand at acting. Summer stock jobs came first, and then a Broadway part in 1944. Variety is John’s forte; he has played villains, heroes, saints and sinners on Kraft Television Theatre since his appearance on the first Kraft show in 1947. His performance as Heathcliff in “Wuthering Heights” was chosen one of the best in Kraft history and included in their sixth anniversary show.

ANN HILLARY’s real name is Ann Frances, but she had to change it (the Hillary comes from her mother’s maiden name of Hill). Ann is twenty-three and calls La Follette, Tennessee, her home. In fact, Ann was once chosen Miss La Follette—during her senior year in high school. Ann attended the University of Kentucky at Lexington, but gave up college for a chance in the theatre. Her choice was a wise one, for she is now in demand for roles which range from that of spitfire to the sweet girl next door. Ann played leading parts in summer stock this year, to prepare herself for further TV roles—and for a try at Broadway in the near future.

PATTI O’NEIL is a sixteen-year-old New York high school miss whose easy acceptance of direction has made her a favorite of Kraft directors in parts calling for anything from thirteen- to eighteen-year-old comediennees or dramatic actresses. She started in show business when a CBS photographer saw her at the age of nine and thought she should be a model. Patti is a New York Yankees fan, a big swimming enthusiast, and a commendable tennis player. Patti has played one Broadway role, in the musical, “Finian’s Rainbow.” Her biggest fear, after finishing an hour show for Kraft, is always—“What if I had forgotten a line!”

IRENE VERNON is a Hoosier by birth who started out for Hollywood as a very young girl, then reversed her steps and ended by dancing in New York at the Copacabana, where a scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her for a picture as the featured singer in front of Xavier Cugat’s band. A tour in vaudeville followed, then three more pictures: “The Blue Veil,” “Deadline, U.S.A.,” and “Sound of Fury.” Irene designs but does not have time to sew her own clothes. She likes to cook, too—but, again, rehearsals take too much of her time. Her ambition? “To be a darned good versatile actress!” When time permits, she studies with a group of players, now in America, who formerly were part of England’s famous and historic Old Vic Theatre.

John Baragrey

Ann Hillary

Patti O’Neil

Irene Vernon
Roughing it
with LINKLETTER

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

Fate seemed against the packing trip
Art Linkletter and his pretty wife Lois
had planned for last fall. For months
they'd organized for it—with Art restricting
his efforts to theorizing, and Lois doing
the rest.

From previous experiences, she had a
good idea of what they needed. Before they
went on their first pack trip—three
years ago—she had asked her friends what
to take along. On subsequent trips, she's
added to the original list all the
items they'd missed.

This year, Art, Lois, and their three oldest
children—Jack, 16, Dawn, 14, and Robert,
8—were supposed to go along. Then
things began to happen.

Continued

Eating—or preparing to eat—is Art's specialty, particularly when out in the open air!
When Art and Lois headed for the High Sierras
they thought their troubles were over, but—
Roughing it with LINKLETTER

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This year, Art, Lois, and their three oldest children—Jack, 16, Dawn, 14, and Robert, 8—were supposed to go along. Then things began to happen.

Continued

Pack and ready to start at dawn—almost.

Eating—or preparing to eat—is Art's specialty, particularly when out in the open air.

When Art and Lois headed for the High Sierras they thought their troubles were over, but—
Eight days before they left, Jack got into a fight during a basketball game which resulted in a broken eardrum. Confined to bed, he was out of the picture.

The day after Jack's accident, Art and Lois drove up to Lake Arrowhead to practice riding, in anticipation of the long hours on horseback the following week, and also to pick up Dawn, who'd spent ten days at a Girl Scout camp in the San Bernardino Mountains.

When Lois got off her horse she pulled a tendon, and for a few days, it looked as if she'd be unfit for the trip. Fortunately, she recovered in time.

Dawn was less fortunate. On the drive back to Los Angeles she felt chilly. The family doctor's examination, when they got home, indicated her condition to be more serious than her parents had feared. She had pneumonia. The temperature broke within three days, but she was far too weak for the trip. The party was down to three.

There was nothing wrong with eight-year-old Robert, except being the only one of the children left to go along. "Gee, Pop, I don't want to go. All you'll talk about is grown-up (Continued on page 79)"
Look lovelier in 10 days with Doctor's Home Facial
...or your money back!

The moment you smooth on this different beauty cream, you're on your way to a fresher, prettier complexion. For you've taken the first step in the wonderful, new Home Facial, developed by a noted skin doctor.

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Follow Doctor's Home Facial below. It's especially beneficial to dry, rough or blemished skin: Noxzema supplies a film of oil and moisture that works night and day to help skin look fresher, prettier.

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier — helps you keep it that way, too!

- If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion here's important beauty news for you!

A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine — with a special beauty cream. It's actually a new cleansing method and a wonderfully effective home beauty treatment — all rolled-in-one!

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's medicated — aids healing — helps skin look clean and fresh! Here's all you do!

1 Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear after this 'cream-washing'! How fresh skin looks and feels— not dry, or drawn!

2 Night Cream: Medicated Noxzema supplies a protective film of oil and moisture — helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them — fast! It's greaseless, too! No smeary pillow!

3 Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then as you long-lasting powder base, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

Results are thrilling. Surveys show over a million women all over America have changed to this sensible beauty care. Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; *externally-caused blemishes; and especially for that dull, lifeless, half-clean look of many so-called normal complexions.

It works or money back! In clinical tests the Noxzema routine helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to have lovelier complexions. Try it for 10 days — if you don't look lovelier — return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore — money back! Get Noxzema today — 40¢, 60¢, and $1.00 plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters.

Pat Noxzema Skin Cream
Walter Brooke’s Three Steps To Heaven

(Continued from page 36)

have learned the news in such a dramatic fashion,” says Betty. “It’s much too impor-
tant for both!”

Concerning the coming of this, their first baby, there wasn’t, actually, any surprise for either of the young Brookes. There was just the normal unfairness to God that a baby was on the way.

When Betty and Walter were married in January of 1951, they naturally wanted children as soon as possible. Planning for their family, and, in due time, their baby, had begun long before they were married. Their baby was due, by the calculations of their doctor, in January, 1954. It gives them a sort of extra-special feeling, Betty and Walter say, about their baby...

They don’t care, either of them, whether the baby is a boy or a girl—or both!

“Of course, if we should have twins, one girl and one boy, that would answer all preferences,” Walter grinned, “conscious or unconscious!” And, since there are twins in Betty’s family—could be. We rather hope it will be. Otherwise, we don’t in the least care which—just hope God sends us a nice healthy baby.

“And I feel sure, because of Betty, that He will. All expectant mothers should be like Betty. If they were, all expectant fathers would be like me,” Walter laughed. “At ease!”

“For there hasn’t been any difference in Betty at all,” happy father-to-be Brooke says. “She’s always been a blonde and green-eyed, size-12 dress to wear—rather dainty, says he. “And, first baby, like a first marriage, is certainly new! Likewise, untried. Happy anticipa-
tion—but also some apprehension—is the way she describes the emotion of her normal expectant father. In the case of this expectant father, the emotion is now, thanks to Betty, ninety-nine per cent happy anticipation. The remaining one per cent is apprehension any man must feel when he asks himself, as I ask myself, What kind of a father will I be?”

“A good father!” Betty, speaking robustly, answered. “I don’t know. Everyone says you’ll be an exceptionally good fathe-. Betty said earnestly, “I have a small niece and nephew, you know. Walter takes an intense interest in them. I, personally, do not. I’m not sure they know it. In the country, when the kids play ball, Walter joins in right away. Same with anything kids do, or say, Walter’s right—well, right with them. I can’t wait,” Walter said, as if thinking out loud, “to take our child out in his buggy! Take him to the park, to the zoo. I’ve already bought the baby a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica,” Walter gestured toward the handsome and imposing volumes stretching their length on a near-by shelf, “expect him to read very early."

“Concerning how Walter takes to chil-
dren and, what is even more important, the way children take to Walter,” Betty mused, also aloud, “it would be fun, I think, if he has a lot of children. Have them two years apart, so that—"

“More than one?” Walter’s blue eyes held a startled expression. “I don’t know about that—yet. The first child has, he arched a quizzical brow, on probation!”

—“so handy with babies,” Betty was saying, placidly, “with my brother’s children, as I’ve said. Walter joins in, way too. He prefers the other things but, if he had to—the baby wouldn’t starve. He could do the formulas. Which is as it should be. Sort of old-fashioned, nowa-
days, for babies!" Walter said, with a smile.

“My been around,” Walter admitted modestly, “I know my way around—a-trium. If I had a daughter, I’d teach her how to hold the baby, wash it, weigh it, change it, make the formulas, and the rest of it. I haven’t done, and I don’t think I am going to do, anything like that.”

“Patient, too,” Betty said, “he’s a very patient man, Walter is."

“I just don’t want him to cry,” Walter said, warningly. “He won’t say that, you scare me to death!” Betty exclaimed (without a trace of fright). “They have to cry sometimes, for exercise.

“Just meant that I hope he isn’t one of those babies who’s always crying.” Walter explained. “I have always liked walk-
ing, but not the floor!

“And, although I imagine Walter would like it too, I expect he’ll be best and orderly, he won’t make a point—"

“Nor think of making one,” Walter laughed. “After all, of the reasons I have for being glad a baby is coming to our house is that he is going to be the only one with things all over the floor!”

“His tools, he means,” Betty explained, “the tools with which he re-makes furni-
ture—it’s his hobby!—this old mahogany table, for instance, which was originally a dining table and is now, as you see, a coffee table—and beautiful, isn’t it? His oils and varnishes and waxes for repairing and refinishing doors and floor-makes are also, well, sort of strenuou, you know."

“I believe I’ll be a pretty understanding father,” Walter said. “I think I’ll have a fellow-feeling, a ‘sympathy’ for whatever”—and Walter shrugged go on. Judging from what I’ve heard Mother and Dad telling Betty about me in the tadpole stage, I should be. I’ve been gather, an absolute little monster. Den-
nis the stinker! I’ve seen him in Dover and in West Orange, New Jersey, in Ber-
lin, Germany (where I lived and went to school for five years), in Westchester, in the Bronx—always in trouble, always scrapping!

“I think I’ll also be a fairly relaxed father. I’ve been around kids quite a lot,” Walter said. “When I was eighteen, I was a Sunday school teacher up in the Bronx. And for two summers I was a camp coun-
selor with kids of about nine to fourteen in my care, at Camp Sharparoo in Dutch-
east, New York. It qualifies me to be a fairly all-round coach—and companion—
to my son, or daughter, or both, in the sports department. For I can teach him (or her) swimming, life-saving, horseback riding, baseball, badminton, basketball . . . . how to skate, especially on wheels! Since I once became —that is, almost became—a forest ranger, and phase my work is to the wilderness. If we have a wonderful course in Animal Hus-
bandry and Forestry, I have an interest in, and a shattering of, these loves, too.

“If we have a daughter, or both, I will want, more than anything I can think of, for him or her to be a Boy or Girl Scout. I was a Scout and nothing in my life has meant as much to me or been as evaluable. It’s the greatest organization in the world, in my opinion, for building moral values and good citizenship and discipline built on mutual respect.

“Which reminds me of my first camp-

A Vaccine will mean Victory! Join the MARCH OF DIMES January 2 to 31
Life's Easy to Love

(Continued from page 45)

left the room." And with an air of having done her Girl Scout deed for the day, the woman waved her cane triumphantly at Peggy and moved off, leaving Miss McCay aghast but not at all surprised. She had carved napkin rings for tourists. But also in full view were the beautiful Madonnas and figures of the saints. Finally, tired of reading the sight of my flatternoned nose against his windowpane, he put me to work dipping the napkin rings.

"Later on, in my teens, I knew what I really wanted to be—the ambition was revealed to me when I was going to night school at Roosevelt High, up in the Bronx. One night, I was trying to get a date with a girl. 'Oh, I can't, I've got a date,' she told me, adding in a hushed voice, 'he's going to be an actor!'"

"Something in the way she said it...."

"So that same night I saw this guy in the play he did and I thought, 'This guy is awful!' I became so interested in all the wrong things he did that I joined a dramatic class.

"For my first appearance on any stage, I did an audition while William was playing the part of 'Emperor Jones.' But there was a lot of family opposition. I didn't know any actors, or anyone at all who could help me. Then one day I was the last customer in a soda jerk. I was a short-order cook in Jersey for one whole summer. I sold belts on the street, up in the Bronx, twenty-five cents a belt. I was an usher in a theater. At the same time, I was working an office in Richmond Hills, Long Island. I loathed it. There must be some other way to make a living, I thought. At just about that time I saw an ad in the paper for 'Dr. Krickel and Mr. Hyde.' That, I guess, did it! I'd either succeed as an actor, I told myself, or I wouldn't. But I'd give myself every chance. I quit my job in the office and I've been acting ever since.

"If, when my son finds, or chooses, the thing he wants to do and the going, at first, is rugged, I won't! I'll remember the old saying well as this: At the start, the outlook was rosy. I came down from the Bronx and, the first week got a job (at the Empire Theatre, that theatrical landmark now torn down) as a spear carrier in that musical, 'Hamlet.' Then the war and, after I got out of the service, I played with Tallulah Bankhead in 'The Eagle Has Two Heads' and was the partner of the finest, most generous actor I've ever worked with, in a summer Package Production of 'The Second Man.'"

"Five years ago, right at its beginning, I started in TV. And have gotten progressively (and happily) busier...."

"Fifty shows last year," Betty spoke up, "a show a week, Walter did—imagine that! A few weeks ago he was on the Big Story and another time he played Bill Herbert on One Man's Family... most of the big shows, in addition to his five-day-a-week gig as Bill Morgan on Three Steps To Heaven!"

"So wonderful to be on this show," Walter said, his slender, expressive face lighting up, 'so wonderful to have found a job where I can do a small part and do it. If our son, or daughter, can some- day do the same."

"But this is all pretty long-range planning," Walter laughed, "the young man has only been born yet! Better face his coming, I think, rather than his career. Even or his character. Better give some thought to what I'll be doing in the future."

Then, turning serious (Actor Brooke's versatility and emotional range are not easy to see on the camera turns—he's really like that), Walter said: "Our TV show, Three Steps To Heaven, the 'Three Steps' going in the authentically. And I love it! If this is, the month of February, just now around the corner, when I'll be pacing that hospital corridor!"

"But that's the month of February," Peggy laughed, and adds, "And I am sure Vanessa feels the same way and will one day feel desparately in love and forget everything else!"

Peggy laughs again as she considers the question of just when she decided to become an actress. "Probable in my high school senior year when I made up stories and thought of myself as all the heroines. Perhaps no more than most children do, except I kept up the make-believe and turned it into a career."

"I still feel that even now the audiences laugh or cry and applaud when I was in kindergarten or grade-school plays. I felt everybody was playing my part with me, my game of believing the stories.

"In college—with its huge classes, in which I sometimes felt lost—it was good for me to be able to have a career any day now. And I felt I was contributing to the entertain- ment of others, and my innate shyness wore off whenever I got the chance to perform. I think every child should have something to work on and something to make him forget himself and yet feel an important part of his group. It needs not be act- ing, or anything at all unusual. Acting just happened to be my bent."

It was odd it should have been, because there were no actors in her ancestry. A grandfather had given piano concerts, but the family thought of that as "music," not
“theatre.” When Peggy talked of becoming an actress, her parents made no objection—but they have since said they had thought it was only a phase and had hoped she would find something else she was good at, like writing, which she also studied in college. (She doesn’t tell about winning the prize for the best plays turned out by a member of the school. She wrote a play herself, but they didn’t do, although they’re happy now about what she’s doing, because she’s so happy about it.)

All through her school days, Peggy studied the piano, and later took singing lessons as part of a general musical education, developing a lyric soprano voice. She has sung only once professionally, and that was an audition for a part which she made a guest appearance. On short notice, she was asked if she could “do something to entertain.” She obliged with some tunes from “Finian’s Rainbow,” and very satisfactorily.

Peggy has even had to pretend to play the piano in a dramatic television play in which she had the role of a music student. They wouldn’t let her really play, just finger the keys properly, feeling she had enough to do as an actress without venturing into an actual performance of a difficult concerto. Her friends, knowing how well she does play, were sure the music came from her fingers.

She thinks the whole of the audience felt the same way, for reading is safe.

In spite of this interest in music, and in spite of her love of writing, Peggy was the girl who grabbed the library’s copy of “An Angel Street,” wrote her name on the inside cover of it, and never returned it. Her great love is reading, though she’s missed some classes because of it.

“I read it from front to back every week. When the other kids were reading Chaucer, and The Pickwick Papers, and The King of the Golden River, I had read Chaucer, too, and all the other books I was supposed to, but it seemed equally important to me to get all the background of a novel. I had no idea. By the time I was finishing my senior year, I gave myself two years after college to make good as an actress. I said I would be willing to go anywhere to get the part. If I had had a chance, I would have. Things happened so fast that I never had a chance to find out. Luckily!”

Armed with a list of names she had concocted from her library research (and not out of Chaucer, Peggy said, teasingly), she went to see three photographs, with accompanying letters telling about herself. Eighteen answers came back, resulting in eleven personal appearances. She landed a part in “Round the Rainbow,” Chicago Theatre-in-the-Round. “When I went to see her, she said, ‘Why, you have no professional face. How can you do a role like that?’ I followed the advice and was fitted for an audition. Two weeks later, I was cast. The auditions are as important to me as the other work that I do. I try to do my best, but I think my best is not enough. I want to be the best. I want to be the best because I love it.”

When I have some readings later on, you can come and we shall see. I was bitterly disappointed.

The first time, I had been making the rounds, going to at least ten offices a day (the minimum I had set for myself), during one of the hottest periods in a very hot summer. We used two pairs of shoes, and kept changing off, so my feet wouldn’t give out. I tried to keep my looks as fresh as my spirits, which refreshed itself with a long coffee break."

"One sweltering day, an agent commented, ‘I don’t see how you manage to look so crisp in this weather.’ I was feeling wilted at that moment, but he noticed me, and about noon, after graduation I was reading for the Kraft Television Theatre. I did an ingenue role in a play called ‘A Young Man’s Fancy,’ which was being shot on a sound stage, and I was always supposed to learn more. Then, by fall of that year, she became Vanessa Dale in Love Of Life—sister to Meg, aunt to Beau (‘I share Vanessa’s enthusiasm for this wonderful little boy, played by Dennis Parnell,’ she says), and heir to all the problems of the Dales and the Harpers and the other people who figure in the program. Deeply human problems, which seem beyond the comprehension of a girl as young as Peggy—and of Vanessa—but which both face courageously every day.

Peggy would love to give a school in a full one. Her vacation last summer was a memorable trip to Benf and Lake Louise and the whole Pacific Northwest (she caught her first fish-only a tiny crappie), but it was only a base run, but a tun wouldn’t have surprised her more—and she swam and rode and ran smack into three different sets of location shots. For three different Hollywood movies—Alfred Hitchcock’s The Birds, Bob Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe, and Jimmy Stewart. Ever since coming back from that exciting trip, she has tried to control her enthusiasm. She got up at the crack of dawn and rides for an hour in Central Park, about a mile from where she lives with her parents in an East River apartment house. She’s due at the studio at 9:00 for the dry-run, which is a reading by the cast of the day’s script, followed by make-up and camera rehearsals. While there’s a half-hour break, with air time at 12:15 EST. The lunch break often takes in an interview with the press, and then there’s rehearsals for the first part. A part of a drama which interests her greatly even since she saw it performed in Paris by a company of mime. "Such plays have no words, no dialogue," she explains, and for that very reason they must have very carefully written plots.

And through all this is woven the normal social life of a pretty young girl—a sport, a social gathering, a party, a dress rehearsal. Bronzed light-brown hair is five-feet-three and weighs about 150 pounds. A girl who loves to dance, who has music in her heart, who has a horseback riding habit, who wants to have a good time and a good life.

I have been in the theatre—which includes television, of course—for almost four years, she says thoughtfully. "I was dazzled by it at first. Completely charmed. I still am. But I wanted to do nothing else. I wanted to see only people who were interested."

"Now I know that, in order to keep understanding all sorts of people and to keep learning about the world, an actress must be a general pupil of all people. She must have many friends outside of it, and she must have many other interests. If you are one-sided, it gets into your performance."
### Inside Radio

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**TV program highlights**

**NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8 DECEMBER 11—JANUARY 10**

**Monday through Friday**

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 8
Have your orange juice with Garraway and get news, weather reports, special features and comedy fillers by Muggsie.

9:00 A.M. Morey Amsterdam Show • 4
Second cuppa coffee with Yerom, vocalist Francye Lane, others.

9:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)
The whole Godfrey gang. Or listen to same show on your radio.

10:00 A.M. Ding Dong School • 4 & 8
Kids love Miss Frances and mothers renovate her for kidnissitting.

10:30 A.M. Glamour Girl • 4
Quiz-winning gals get renovated by experts. Harry Babbitt, emcee.

11:00 A.M. Hawkins Falls • 4 & 8
Heart-tugs and humor in serial story of small town people.

11:15 A.M. The Bennetts • 4 & 8
Ex-Pennsylvanian Don Gibson in drama of lawyer and family.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 8
Warren Hull lends helping hand (up to $500) to the deserving.

11:30 A.M. Three Steps To Heaven • 4
Phyllis Hill as small-town girl going it alone in big city.

11:45 A.M. Follow Your Heart • 4
Story of girl in horse-y set for boy who can’t answer.

12:00 Noon Bride Aud Groom • 4
Love in full bloom as nice young couples stutter. “I do.”

12:15 P.M. Life Of Life • 2 & 8
Peggy McCay stars as successful, sympathetic career damsel.

12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow • 2 & 8
The secret, emotional upsets in lives of typical families.

12:45 P.M. The Guiding Light • 2 & 8 (at 2:39 P.M.)
The perennial popular serial of radio TV. Herb Nelson stars.

1:00 P.M. Journey Through Life • 2 & 8
Couples recall experiences that enriched their marital lives.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 8
Cheer up with chipper Garry and his tuneful, funful variety.

1:30 P.M. Maggi McNellis • 4
The witty, amiable femcee with talk strictly for women.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 8 (W.M.E)
Double-barreled fun as zestful Bert Parks quizzes for cash.

2:30 P.M. Art Linkletter’s House Party • 2
Quick-witted Art with delightful audience participation.

3:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 2 & 8
The mink quiz line with a trip abroad and a car, $$, etc.

3:00 P.M. Kate Smith Hour • 4 (at 3:30 P.M.)
Variety fit for royalty served 'up' by the queen of song.

3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show • 5
Cute, clever pantomime to hit records with Wanda, Sis, Paul.

3:00 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4 & 8
People on the go stop off in Chi to visit with Tommy Bartlett.

4:00 P.M. Turn To A Friend • 7
Handsome Dennis James with quiz-aid for needy, worthy people.

4:30 P.M. On Your Account • 4 & 8
Contestants deposit deposits. Banker Win Elliot pays out $.10.

7:30 P.M. Kathryn—Dinah—Eddie • 4
Mon., Arthur Murray’s lovely wife with dance party; Tues. & Thurs., Shore enough, it’s Dinah warbling; Wed. & Fri., Eddie Fisher soars aloft in song with Don Ameche your host.

7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9
Full-length, live revivals of great plays. New show each week.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como—Jane Froman • 2
Prince Perry’s great voice Mon., Wed., Fri.; vivacious, glamorous Jane Froman in a gay singing mood, Tues., Thurs.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 8
Today’s headlines in picture with debonair J. C. Swayne.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey’s Talent Scouts • 2
Talent showcase of up and coming professional entertainers.

8:30 P.M. Voice Of Firestone • 4 & 8
Howard Barlow conducts 49-piece symphony for fine artists.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 8
Mirthquakes as Lucille Ball’s escapades make Desi dizzy.

9:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
Comedy and songs with Dennis in role of bachelor.

9:30 P.M. Red Buttons Show • 2 & 8
Button-sized Buttonomac comes up with king-sized laugh making.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Fine, full-hour dramas personally narrated by Mr. Montgomery.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 8
Highly acclaimed 60-minute theatre superbly produced.

10:30 P.M. My Favorite Story • 4
Suave Adolphe Menjou is teller of fast-paced tales. On film.

**Tuesday**

7:30 P.M. Cavalcade of America • 7
Vivid, dramatic portrayals of great events in our history.

8:00 P.M. Bob Hope, Drama, Milton Berle • 4 & 8
Bob bids gags your way Dec. 15; on Dec. 22, the first teleplay written by famous dramatist Robert E. Sherwood; Dec. 29, Uncle Milty sunburned from his Florida vacation.

8:15 P.M. Life Is Worth Living • 5
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen’s stimulating, non-sectarian talks.

8:30 P.M. Red Skeleton Show • 2
Side-splitting skits by the carrot-topped comic and cast.

9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2 & 8
Top-flight variety with witty panel talk. Fadiman, moderator.

9:15 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Impressive, engaging teleplays with Gene Raymond your host.

9:45 P.M. Make Room For Daddy • 7
Ingratiating comedian Danny Thomas in whimsical situations.

9:45 P.M. Suspense • 2
Supercharged melodrama is the rule in live teleplays from NYC.

9:55 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Original dramas that reflect real-life family problems.

9:55 P.M. U. S. Steel Theatre • 7

10:45 P.M. Danger • 2
Spine-tingling stories that build to suspenseful climax.

11:00 P.M. Judge For Yourself • 4 & 8
Devastating wit of Fred Allen combined with variety acts.

11:30 P.M. See It Now • 2

11:45 P.M. The Mike’s Boing Tone • 2 & 8
Surprise and laughs as Robert Q. Lewis puzzles panelists with living persons who bear famous and/or amusing names.

**Wednesday**

7:30 P.M. Mark Saber • 7
Tom Conway, in title role, leads homicide squad to killer.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 8
Pilot Arthur’s variety takes wing with all the Little Godfreys.

8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
Laughter flows like water (at Niagara) when comedienne Joan Davis gets into domestic ruckus with hubby (Jim Backus).

8:30 P.M. My Little Margie • 4 & 8 (at 9:30 P.M.)
Refreshing, light comedy with Gale Storm, Charles Farrell.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 8
Human drama as Warren Hull interviews and helps the needy.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Vivid, full-hour dramas. Mostly original teleplays.

9:30 P.M. I’ve Got A Secret • 2
Garry Moore, of the bristling scalp, in teasing panel show.

10:30 P.M. The Mike’s Boing Tone • 2 & 8
Fistic events of national interest. Russ Hodges at mike.
TV program highlights

Thursday
8:00 P.M. Meet Mr. McNuttley • 2
Laugh-loaded series. Ray Milland as besieged professor.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 8
Groucho displays Marxmanship with wit and big cash quiz.
8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2
Screen stars in moving 30-minute pieces filmed in Hollywood.
8:30 P.M. T-Men In Action • 4
Puzzling cases from Treasury files and how they are solved.
9:30 P.M. Where’s Raymond? • 7
The great dancer Ray Bolger in musical-comedy format.
9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Adventures of a crime-hunting reporter starring Pat McVey.
9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4 & 8
Drama, humorous or gripping, always excellently played.
9:30 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 7
Consistently one of TV’s high rated dramatic productions.
10:00 P.M. Playhouse On Broadway • 4
Headliners score in this live drama series from NYC studios.
10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 8
Marty’s a smarty at catching killers. Mark Stevens as Kane.
10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 (& 8 at 11 P.M.)
Top-drawer melodramas filmed abroad starring James Daly.

Friday
7:30 P.M. Sta Erwin Show • 7
Laugh-provoking problems of an amiable, harassed father.
8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 8
8:00 P.M. Bace Garroway Show • 4
Camera witchery in musical variety with vocalist Jack Haskell, comic Cliff Norton and Skitch Henderson’s band.
8:00 P.M. Ozzy and Harriett • 8
Wonderfully warm and gay story of the real Nelson family.
8:30 P.M. Topper • 2
Leo Carroll as the dignified banker plagued by jaunty spirits.
8:30 P.M. Life Of Riley • 4 & 8
William Bendix brings on comic crisis as lovable Riley.
8:30 P.M. Pepsi-Cola Playhouse • 7
Thirty-minute teleplays, Hollywood style.
9:00 P.M. Playhouse Of Stars • 2
Name actors in teleplays adapted from famous short stories.
9:00 P.M. Pride Of The Family • 7
Forceful dramatizations of real reporters chasing headlines.
9:00 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Adventures of a vivacious school marm (Eve Arden).
9:30 P.M. TV Soundstage • 4 & 8
A good story, first and last, is the aim and result here.
9:30 P.M. Comeback Story • 7
George Jessel, with compassion and understanding, presents people who have lost their niche in life and want it back.
10:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
Bubbling fun series with Marie Wilson as the dumb honey.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade Of Sports • 4 & 8
Your screenside seat to slugfests. Jimmy Powers, announcer.
10:30 P.M. Person To Person • 2
Ed Murrow goes right in homes of the famed for interviews.
10:30 P.M. Down You Go! • 5
Tiltillating panel show. Dr. Evans, Toni Gilman, others.
10:30 P.M. Liberace • 11
The Valentino of the keyboard with song and light anecdotes.

Saturday
7:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Booyant juvenile variety emceed by the great Pops Whiteman.
7:30 P.M. Beat The Clock • 2
Bad Collyer timekeeper as couples try tricky stunts for loot.
7:30 P.M. Ethel And Albert • 4
Merry mishaps of happy mates with Peg Lynch, Alan Bunce.
7:30 P.M. Leave It To The Girls • 7
8:00 P.M. Jackie Gleason Show • 2
A galaxy of gag men starring that dandy, dandy comic.
8:30 P.M. Bonino • 4 & 8
Charming Ezio Pinza as widower briddled by brood of eight.
8:30 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 8
The talent show close to American hearts. Ted Mack, emcee.
9:30 P.M. The Money The Money • 2
Herb Shriner, Interlocutor. Contestants win thousands of $.
9:00 P.M. Your Show Of Shows • 4 & 8
Caesar and Coca light up the sky (and your screen) with luscious 90-minute revue. Every fourth week (Dec. 26) All-Star Revue.
9:30 P.M. My Favorite Husband • 2
Terrific, racy comedy with Joan Caulfield and Barry Nelson.
10:00 P.M. Medallion Theatre • 2
Classical stories ably adapted to video. Live from NYC.
10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 8
Dance and songlist with Snooky, Dotty, Giselle, Hit Paraders.

Sunday
5:00 P.M. Omnibus • 2
Ambitious, class show presenting finest actors, dancers and musicians of our day in 90 minutes of superb entertainment.
5:00 P.M. Hall Of Fame • 4
Superior dramas of important men and ideas. Sarah Churchill.
6:00 P.M. Meet The Press • 4
First session as reporters cross-examine political figures.
6:30 P.M. George Jessel Show • 7
Variety à la carte with plenty spiced wit of famed Toastmaster.
7:09 P.M. Life With Father • 2
7:30 P.M. Pops Waring Show • 4 & 8
Paul in tickling vignettes with splinter head Jerry Mahoney.
7:30 P.M. Jack Benny—Ann Sothern • 2 & 8
Ann Sothern in Private Secretary mostly, except Dec. 27 and Jan. 17 when Buck Benny rides the Hollywood range.
7:30 P.M. Mister Peepers • 5
Whimsical Wally Cox wows ’em as small-town school teacher.
8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 8
Champagne quality variety served up by famed Ed Sullivan.
8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Jesters to the nation. Durante, Martin and Lewis, Abbott and Costello, Cantor, O’Connor, take turns in the lavish hour.
9:00 P.M. Fred Waring—G-E Theatre • 2
9:00 P.M. TV Playhouse • 4 & 8
Dramatic showpiece for Sunday evening running a full hour.
9:00 P.M. Rocky King—Detective • 5
Bloodhound Roscoe, Karna shadowed (9:30) by Plainclothes Man.
9:00 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7
WW fills the nation’s ears with news, gossip and predictions.
9:30 P.M. Man Behind The Badge • 2
Inspiring stories of the heroism of real police in action.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
Taut, tense melodramas of people struggling against death.
10:00 P.M. Letter To Loretta • 4 & 8
Lovely Loretta Young interprets drama-wise problems of women.
10:30 P.M. What’s My Line? • 2 & 8
No dallying as John Daly challenges panelists to guess jobs.
10:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 4
Thriller-dillers as handsome Ralph Bellamy outwits killers.
Love Can Be Blind

(Continued from page 59)

me a purse bulging with snips of fabric and wallpaper—and an eager hope that I might be able to solve a lot of decorating problems with this one swoop. But when I entered the elegant little shop, my hope sank. Not only was it crowded, but because the lady I took to be Cora herself appeared to be one of those large, firm, perfectly-groomed women who have such positive business looks that you entirely lose sight of the yellow cushion, darn it, is what I want. I might have slipped quietly out if I hadn't caught a glimpse of a yellow flowered chiffon tossed over a chair that seemed to be just what I'd be looking for some time. As I moved to get a better look, a pale, slight girl came up with a friendly smile and asked if she could help.

Even afterwards, when I knew Francy Clark was almost twenty-five, I found it hard to believe she was more than seventeen. She had an artlessly eager manner and a smooth appearance that seemed almost childlike. At that moment, after my view of Cora Lee's long cigarette-holder and jutting chin, Francy was as welcome as a breath of fresh air. We knew we were sitting together with all my samples jumbled before us, deep in excited talk of textures and contrasts and all the minute details that had been hidden away. There was nothing childlike about Francy's talent. It went far beyond anything I'd expected of a neighborhood fabric shop. She had a fascinating knack for making up combinations of quiet colors and textures that came together and with something so much that I began to get back my own excitement over the house—which, I must confess, had flagged a little bit, as it seemed things would never, but never, get finished. I kept saying, "You're absolutely right, I'll take that and that and that," until after a week there was not a single piece of folded fabric waiting to be wrapped. I had no idea it was past closing time until Cora Lee asked how we were getting along. The shop was so far from her very young again. "I'm not exactly Cora's assistant, Miss Campbell. I just hang around and help out now and then."

"Well, it's not for want of asking," Cora retorted. With one hand on Francy's shoulder, she studied a rough sketch we'd made of my living room, and she looked so kind and 'interested and concerned that I wondered if Francy had done any better for you than Francy has. What would you think of a girl who took her talent in her two hands and just threw up in the window, eh? She could make a fortune and just throw it away! A color sense like hers you don't find every day."

"She's been a tremendous help to me," I agreed.

Cora shook her head ominously, sighed, and began to adjust a small pink hat on her hennaed coiffure. "She'd be worth her weight in gold if she had her talent. But having such a talent as she has to sit around moaning, throwing away a good future. Now then, do you want to take some of this or shall I have it sent back?"

Francy, quite unconcerned, had been making two piles of my purchases while Cora talked. Now she said eagerly, "Why don't I help you take these all home now? I only live a block away, and I'd love to do it."

"I can't take that much of your—"

"Nonsense," Francy insisted. "Really, I think you'd get more of a kick at home. I love messing around with decorating."

"You can believe it, she hasn't got a thing else to do. And why not? Because Bob is busy, that's why not. How dumb can you be?" Francy was in the middle of a fine old-fashioned old-fashioned huffy, this time for her not being credited with having a past, and her lip was jibing old-fashioned, aged, that we'd been out lugging the two big cartons into which she'd, crammed my fabrics. On the short ride to my house, I felt a little awkward, as though I'd wandered into a family gathering. The place was completely unembarrassed that I began to study her once more. There was something that I found puzzling. She was, I saw now, a remarkably pretty girl. Then why the skinned-back hair, ill-fitting suit, shy nose, complete lack of make-up? Even a pretty girl makes the best of herself. Unless I was mistaken, she seemed as if she could attract any man that the rest simply do not exist. Cora Lee's comments stuck in my mind. Who was Bob? And did Francy really love a girl who was so wrong in Cora's common-sense eyes?

When we had dumped our packages and started on a tour of the house, I realized I was entirely wrong about Cora. When a girl mentions a man's name as often as Francy did, she's just dying to be asked questions. "Of course you can use blue and green together—you ought to be able to if you've got the right bit. And later on, when we went down to the workroom to put away a hammer I'd stumbled over: 'This is one thing I'll never have enough of and really, why ever does around a house is make dark-rooms out of all the closets. He used to drive his mother crazy with his signs on all the doors, and taking up all her storage space."

I smiled at the way she kept bringing him up. "Is Bob one of those ravid amate-

urs who even take their cameras to work?"

"The shop—he's fine. I'm sorry," I apologized. "Your assistant is so inspired she just carried me along! I had no idea it was after hours."

Francy gave me a blank look and began to laugh. "He has to take it to work—I mean, it's already there. He's a profes-
sional, you know. But, a good one, too, they say. That's what Cora told me. It's fascinating about tonight. You see, he moved out of Brook-

lyn a year ago, moved right into New York so he could be near his studio. And he's been just adjacently building it up so that he hasn't had much time left over. But, golly, if I don't mind, why should I? I mean, I know it's only till he gets estab-
lished. A day or two, a week. And he knows, you ever knew him! He does lots of publicity shots for radio and magazines."

"The only Bob I know is Bob Padgett. I'm afraid," I said apologetically. "Of course, if your Bob's only been at it a year—"

"But he is Bob Padgett!" Francy exclaimed delightfully. "How wonderful, Padgett!"

"I agree," I said.

Luckily, we weren't face to face then, and I could conceal my astonishment. Francy's Bob was Bob Padgett? But that was ridiculous. The way she spoke of him, they'd been engaged for ages . . . I mean, he never actually dates you. In the past six months, he's bought you exactly one sandwich-and-Coke lunch at the corner drugstore. . . when you dropped in on him unexpectedly. Or even, "Francy, stop living in a dream and start living for real! Bob isn't your Bob anymore!"

As it would have been more than useless; it would have sent Francy into one of her porcupine moods. I didn't want her to class
me with Cora, who—Francey claimed in-dignant—didn’t believe in love. “Just because her own marriage flopped,” Francey said, as she helped me hang the kitchen curtains. “Just because she had a hard time, she doesn’t believe in marriage. It’s all work and business with her. “You’re just not up for that kind of business, though, Francey,” I said.

“Well, but I don’t want to. I want a home and a husband and a baby and a right husband. Not just any man. That isn’t what you want. Francey, maybe you’re just in love with the idea of marriage. After all, in the past year or so, I’ve been in love with Bob—”

“I’m in love with Bob,” Francey said with finality.

I took my courage in both hands. “But isn’t her love for you?”

Francey lowered her arms and gazed at me reproachfully. “Look, do you think I’m a complete fool? I know Bob, Patsy. I grew up with him. I could show you letters he wrote to me when he was in the neighborhood.”

“But that was long ago. Years ago. He’s—grown-up now. Francey, wouldn’t it be healthier for you to go out and make a little money of your own?”

Francey shook her head impatiently and held up the curtains again, and we went back to work. The trouble was that she didn’t dislike the work. Her father’s death a few years before had left her with a two-family house, and the rent from the apartment upstairs more than carried all her expenses. No, that wasn’t the trouble. The trouble was that Francey simply wouldn’t see the truth. Her dreamworld was too pleasant—she wanted to keep on living there. She simply hadn’t done anything, if two things hadn’t happened close together. The first was that I ran into Bob Padgett in a CBS elevator one afternoon. As usual, there was a girl hanging on his arm, but it didn’t stop me from tribalizing as I had the year before. We were the neighbors of a good friend of his. And Bob’s expressive face told me everything I needed to know, when I mentioned Francey’s name. He looked confused and irritated and guilty.

“How is Francey? How’s she getting along with that old battle-axe decorator?” he said meekly.

“Francey’s not working for Cora Lee, if that’s what you mean.”

“Oh. Last time I saw her she said something about it. I just thought—”

He took a firm grip on the handle of the elevator. “I’m afraid we go that way. Give Francey my best when you see her, will you? So long now.” And off they went.

I tried in half a dozen different ways to frame the feeling of that encounter so Francey would get it. In the end, I just reported it to Francey, who, I thought, was going to be “the Give her my best,” but it simply bounced right off her armored shell. She would not, or could not, see how the casual greeting of a girl with the picture Cora and I had tried to draw behind her back was any different from what else could she say, for heaven’s sake?” she said with a shrug. “In a crowded ele-

vator, in a hurry, what could you expect him to do? I’m sorry, Francey, I’m sorry, she said. “It’s just that I was looking for an excuse for her.”

I had been on the road the way that only an eager young person with the whole world before her, can look. “I wasn’t wearing the dress she’d bought for Bob’s benefit, that was real date stuff. But she was wearing the—”

Francey’s face changed, as of a turpentine, over a little silk print which blended exquisitely, and the color did won-

derful things for her sparkling eyes and remarkably lifelike, I never had had powdered, she had on just the right touch of lipstick, and even her rather nondescript dark hair had been brushed till it curled in silky tendrils down over her too bad Bob Padgett couldn’t see her.

Of course, if it had all been part of a master plan, it would never have worked out. But, in my innocence, I had thought—”

Francey burst out laughing. “You’d be surprised, Francey, I had no idea that my work was already over, even before we sat down at the table. My first warning came when Francey didn’t say anything, and I realized that she was staring white-faced across the room. I followed her gaze and gulped.

Bob Padgett was staring back at her over another girl’s shoulder.

I never really saw that girl. All I saw was the stunned look in Francey’s eyes giving way to anger, to a fierce, blazing anger that she could not have known she was capable. And I saw Bob Padgett drop the coat he’d been holding for the other girl and slowly, in slow motion, move away from Francey. The movement was from any place I could disappear to; I was just there. Otherwise, I’d never have believed what happened.

“Bob Padgett?” Bob said. “Nice to see you. I mean—how are you?”

“Was Bermuda, Bob? You don’t look a bit sunburned.” Was that Francey’s voice or someone’s—hard sound?

“I meant to call you that. The as-

signment fell through. This morning. We were supposed to be leaving this morning, and—”

The assignment fell through. Like a lot of other things. Suddenly, unexpectedly, Francey burst out laughing. She fumbled in her smart little purse and pulled out an enviable amount of money.

And Francey, I think, didn’t resist when she put it into her hand.

“Here, dear,” she said. “Remember—you told me how anxious you were to see the play. I think of you sitting around town all night and thinking of a thing to do! You should use the tickets. Take your—your friend. Happy birthday, dar-

ling. You’d better run along. You’re keep-

ing the wait. See you around.”

And she looked back at the table with such dismissal that Bob Padgett stum-

bled off, without having answered a word.

I was afraid to look at Francey, until I realized the soft, muffled sound was not tears, but laughter. “Oh, Patsy, you’re mar-
}

vellous. I think you really are a friend. I’d never have made myself admit the truth if you hadn’t brought me here and made me see it for myself—even though I guess really knew it all along.”

I opened my lips—and closed them again firmly. Francey was too busy, between laughter and tears, to notice my confusion.

“Don’t think I’m hysteric,” she babbled. “I’m not used to thinking of Bob, planning life together with him—I was just scared of the emptiness of admitting he wasn’t part of the future. He doesn’t want that, like a child who starts a temper tan-

"It put my mind at ease"

For reading that tugs at your heart, get January TRUE STORY at newsstands now. Don't miss "She Stole My Man."

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say many grateful listeners to radio's "My True Story." For this on-the-life program you hear real people deal with real problems of love, hope, fear and jealousy. Taken from the files of "True Story Magazine," the characters you meet on "My True Story" may well be your family, the folks across the street—and they may have problems about which you may care very much. Something may help very much be the problems you want solved.

"It put my mind at ease"
Joe Mantell—
The Real Cass Todore

(Continued from page 38)
someone else at the time," Joe said, "and I wasn't interested in anyone. Not even, he smiled shyly, captivating smile, "in her! I never wanted to get married," the bridegroom Mantell added, speaking with emphasis, "until the day I got married. I was afraid," said the menacing man who is Cass Todore on This Is Nora Drake.

You never know.

"He used to come up to my office, just the same, after that first day," Mary said with sly amusement. "He'd come in and tell me what he was up to—Danger, for instance, or Suspense, both of which he's appeared on several times. Others, too: The Web, Philco Television Playhouse, etc. He was about as of now, well over 100 television shows. Gangster roles mostly, like his Cass Todore in This Is Nora Drake."

"Occasionally, during the first year after we met, we'd have dinner together, and once or twice he came up to my house. But it was a friendly relationship," smiled just-married Mrs. Joe. "Most of our talk was shop talk, and that superbug that I really liked Joe. Liked him a lot. About a year later, we began to date a lot more often, when we both discovered how much fun we had together. By this time, I was studying stage design at Hunter College. Before classes, I'd have some free time, and Joe and I would tour the zoo in Central Park, and feast on ice cream."

"When I could afford them," Joe interrupted, "or else she used to buy 'em!"

"But, every time we got some money, we'd go to dinner at our favorite French restaurant and then to the theatre, or to the ballet," Mary said brightly.

(Joe, it develops, likes ballet; likewise antiques. A lover of ballet and cobwebby antiques, Joe seems rather off-beat casting for the menacing Mantell of the airways, both radio and video. But you never know...)

What bowled me over," Mary said, "was Joe's tremendous honesty. It flabbergasted me! It still does. He didn't try to sweet-talk me. I don't believe he'd know how. And I never felt I had to impress him, either. Always felt I could be myself. Rather, Joe is a master of the understated phrase—he underplays everything he does. He's a very romantic character, but you'd never guess it from his unassuming manner. The story of his life, for instance..."

"The story of my life," Joe echoed, with a shrug in his voice. "It goes like this: I was born and brought up in Bad Brein. After a year at Columbia University, I got on a tram steamer and worked my way to the Philippines. Why?" Joe shrugged again, this time with his shoulders. "I was a 'Depression Baby,'" he explained. "By the time I was growing up, everybody was running away. Nobody wanted to face it. Neither did I."

"In the Philippines, I was a beachcomber. I liked it— for a while. Beachcombing is not, however, what it's made out to be in fiction and in the movies. Nothing picturesque about it. You don't, you know, actually comb the beach for cast-up treasures. Beachcombing means just hanging around, doing nothing. When things got too tough and my belly pulled in too tight, all I had to do was walk into an Army mess hall. No one could tell whether you were a soldier or a civilian—the soldiers stationed at Manila at the time walked around in civvies. There and there again, I picked up little jobs. One of them was writing baseball results for a Manila paper."

"One day, someone didn't turn up for

Noted Beauty Authority Advises

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by MARCELLA HOLMES
(Former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" Magazine)

"As a beauty editor many people have asked me, 'What should I do for pimples?' I always say, don't try just anything on them! Acne-type pimples are a serious condition that if neglected can permanently mar your looks. So use a medication specifically developed for pimples, and not multi-purpose skin creams or ointments that are claimed to be also good for sores." "No general purpose cream or ointment provides in a fast-drying greaseless base the specific medical ingredients so necessary in the treatment of pimples. Fortunately, today there's modern, scientific medication developed especially for pimples—actually tested and proven by leading skin specialists. This medication is called CLEARASIL."

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77
We realized that there might be difficult
times ahead for television and film.

"That's so," Joe said. "We had fears,
of course, and they were well-founded.
Everyone knows that there's no security
in the film business, and you have your
bad years. Yes, we realized there were
plenty of problems to consider.
And it's not an easy decision to
make. But both of us felt that the
thing was for us to be together. That's
gonna go along in the good times,
and the bad of the best times."

On a sunny day in April, said
blonde Mary, with the dark, brown
eyes, "we were married. It was a simple
service, with only our immediate family
and closest friends present. With only one
thing to worry about, the marriage of Joe's
radio commitments, we drove to the Silver
mine Tavern in Connecticut—an old
and storied place, just made for honeymooners
where, all by ourselves, we had a little
wedding supper, sparkled by two bottles of
champagne given to us by our friends on
the Garry Moore Show. It was a lovely
week. And then we came home.

Home, for the just-married Mantells,
was the 1/2-room apartment on West 95th
Street off Central Park.

"Since we've been married," Joe said,
"we're working toward a goal. Someday,
when we're ready to start a family, we
want to have a home in the suburbs where
the kids will have a little room to grow up in.
Of course, we're still raising the
children of a family for a couple of years and,
in the meantime, Mary is staying on
with her public relations work at CBS.

"We're a happy couple, said I, and I
share the household jobs. It's more fun
doing things together. Though Joe never
took a hammer or nail in hand before we
were married, he has quite a handy
man around the house. For
instance, when I came home one day with
an antique brass lamp for the kitchen, Joe
just went in the car and bought a couple of
wires, and installed it himself.

And, when our collection of books and records
began dropping off every available bit of
shelf space, Joe got some lumber and in
a couple of days built a bookshelf to hold it.
And, to keep the space of our weekends, browse and burrow for
antiques...we've found some wonderful
pieces—early American wainscating that we
just need a couple of weeks to put in place for
our living room, a beautiful old
mahogany drop-leaf table for our dining room,
and a whole collection of Ironstone china,
good plates and cups with our modern
pieces. I do most of the cooking,
and love it. My specialty is a divine
Beef Stroganoff. But Joe's the
'company cook'..."

"I learned to cook in Hollywood," Joe
explained, "when I stayed with friends
there and watched the lady of the house,
who had the know-how in a kitchen, pre-
paring elaborate meals. The best of what
I know from her. I can cook, but actually
I'm not crazy," Joe wrinkled his well-cut
nose, "about being in the kitchen."

Mary added, "Joe taught me that
women's clothes (size 7), and the draperies for
the apartment. "Often at night, when I'm
stitching something together," Mary said,"Joe
never comes in my way."

Joe explained, "the only time I was
Milt Lewis's new play (Milt writes
the Nora Drake show) which Joe (this is
a 'news flash!') will play the lead in.

"short, we're happy," laughed Mary,
brown eyes shining, "though married!"

"Because married," Joe corrected,
and his voice was gentle. "As I said before,
I never wanted to get married—that is,
until the day I got married."
Roughing It with Linkletter

(Continued from page 64) stuff!" And so now there were only two.

The sensible thing to do, Art reasoned, was to postpone the trip, which he did. But when his radio told him and personal appearances couldn't be set back, and it was a matter of "now or never," he decided to go, after all. Only—instead of the three of them, Lois and Lois' father to join them. Jack Forrester, a San Diego pharmacist, happily accepted.

On Friday afternoon, when Art, Lois and Jack with the Linkletters' Cadillac, kissed the children goodbye and headed north on Highway 6, they thought all their troubles were over.

Their first surprise occurred when they arrived at Mammoth Tavern in the High Sierras, six hours' drive north of Los Angeles, and about an hour from their take-off place. Instead of the main building, Art's spirit was unshaken as he searched his way back to the cabin, carrying a couple of wax candles. "I'll get us used to roughing it and provided Lois, who was much too tired to care.

They decided to get up at five the next morning and planned to be on their way up at eight. An hour later, they left for Reds' Meadow, fifteen miles along one of the most mountainous, narrowest, rockiest, dustiest roads in the Sierras.

After a quick cook, "Devil's Postpile"—a strange rock formation formed during the ice age—they arrived at the packing station, where Arch Mahan, boss of the outfit, had horses, mules and supplies all lined up.

Already waiting were Arch's son, Bob—a nineteen-year-old, momentarily expecting to be called into the Army, who acted as guide and polo player. The three of them went along to take care of the "household chores," and Charlie, a World War I veteran, as cook.

The next day they were to set up camp at night, break it in the morning, cook, look after the supplies, and do the hundred-and-one tasks connected with such a trip—leaving Art, Lois and Jack to enjoy themselves.

Arch Mahan assigned a horse and a pack mule for each person. The mules were quickly and efficiently loaded with an average of 250 pounds of supplies—tents, gear, and fruit, and enough other items to run a close second to any menu Romanoff's could produce.

All the supplies—other than their clothing, handkerchiefs, and other personal incidentals—were furnished by the packing outfit. But wouldn't you know it! Just as Art climbed on his horse, he remembered that he would need a fishing license, and had to rush back to the nearest license place to buy one!

Every hour, the trip itself proved as enjoyable as Art, Lois and Jack had hoped for—well, almost every hour. How could they have anticipated that the coldest week in two months, the coldest on record in fifteen years? And so they spent their nights cuddled up in sleeping bags, wearing everything they could put on— and piling on top of the bags mountains of extra clothes, tarps and blankets.

From the time they left Reds' Meadow on Saturday noon till they came back seven days later, they constantly kept on the go. Snow Canyon, Minaret Lake, Ediza Lake, Rush Creek, Iceberg Lake and Agnew Meadow—just dots on the contour map they carried along—came to life in all their beautiful glory.

The routine was pretty much the same every day. Get up at sunrise, breakfast (Art thought nothing of consuming eight or nine helpings of fresh toast, three scrambled eggs, five slices of bacon and coffee), ride about twelve miles along narrow trails (often so steep that they had to guide their horses on foot), camp early in the afternoon, fish for two or three hours, eat supper, and go to sleep soon after sundown.

For Art, the relaxation was three-fold. Fishing, no shoveling, and no news of any kind. Intentionally, he didn't take along a portable radio, although the reception in that altitude is excellent. When the second pack train caught up with them, he insisted that they take back the newspapers they'd brought along.

Although Art managed to get away from news, he wasn't as successful in staying clear of风扇, not even at an altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet.

The highest point of their itinerary was Iceberg Lake, 11,800 feet above sea level. To get there, they had to leave the horses behind on a lower plateau, then climb the rest of the way on foot.

The turquoise lake beneath the glacier looked breathtaking, except for the trout which could easily be seen through the crystal-clear water.

Art hardly took time to catch his breath before he unpacked rod and reel and was headed for the most isolated-looking spot on the lake. Imagine his surprise when—just as his line hit the water—eighteen Boy Scouts let out a yell from behind a big rock and stormed down to the lake. Instead of fishing, Art spent the next thirty minutes signing autographs.

However, when the Boy Scouts weren't around, the fishing was excellent. Four days out of seven, he caught the limit permitted by law—and that's no fish story.

Only once did he get into real trouble.

He'd stood on a rock at the edge of one of the picturesque little Alpine lakes, just ready to cast his line, when Lois struggled up with her fishing equipment. Art felt very sure of himself, very manly, very humorously, when he told her.

"And now," he told the Mrs., "I will demonstrate how to catch a trout. Do you want it small, medium, or large?"

"Any size will do just fine," smiled the wife, who hadn't done so well the day before.

"All right. Watch . . . " and Art cast his line into the water.

The last seconds passed till he had a bite. But, when he pulled the fish out of the water and tried to grab it, the trout fell off the hook and started sliding down the bank. Not one to call quits easily, Art quickly bent over after it, when—rripp—his pants split from one seam to another, and fell clear off! Singing he buttoned his yellow shorts, clinging to the rock with one hand and grabbing his pole with the other, Lois
laughed so hard she couldn't catch her breath for five minutes.

"If I'd had a lawyer within shouting distance who would have gotten him off for divorce," Art proclaimed. But he, too, couldn't fail to see the humor of the situation.

With trial-riding, climbing, fishing and eating away at him, it was little wonder Walt was tired. With the exception of the cold—and the ripped pants for Art, of course—the only other inconvenience was caused by the two horses and several miles to head for home at each opportunity.

They had little chance during the day, when they were closely watched. It was a day of victory—but a sunset.

At night, the riding and pack animals were put out to pasture, because it was impossible to carry enough feed to see them through any length of time.

To keep check on them, they had bells tied around their necks. In addition, up to the last two days, the guide was able to find camp ground with only one way out. The campers then put their gear and themselves in front of the animals, barricading the animals into a natural compound.

The last two nights, however, no such arrangement was possible. The rear and several trails led away from their campground. Consequently, everyone had to sleep across one of the exits—far apart from each other.

Nevertheless, on both nights, a couple of hones managed to get away unobserved, and had to be chased back the following morning. One was four miles down the trail by the time it was caught, causing an eight-mile round trip, in addition to the regular day's ride.

It was a late afternoon when the campers finally returned to their starting point. Originally, Art, Lois and Jack had planned to spend the night in the Tavern and then return before driving back to Los Angeles the following morning. But the longing for family and home was too strong to be resisted. They two were away another day, and they headed back the same day—arriving in Los Angeles shortly before midnight—tired but happy, and so much richer for a week's experience that couldn't have been purchased by another vacation anywhere else in the world.

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(Continued from page 25)

for. I will be Mother's nurse when she comes home and, golly, I wish I could make her birthday a 'happy birthday.'

Waltie isn't to tell Walt that the boy would be brought on the program. Warren blinked and got up and walked out of the office. Warren could have been thinking of his own childhood and his ineptness at finding a legal father. He was working eighteen hours a day in the family's sprayer factory and drawing an occasional five dollars for the home. When the boy told him of the-looking his mother, Warren might have remembered his own father's passing. His relatives can tell you of the tender care he gave his father all through the latter's fatal illness. And they tell you of the loving kindness he always gives his mother. Warren knows the way a son feels about his parents. Or he might have thought of his own sons, the years he was both father and mother to them, and what it would have been like for them if there had been no one to help them.

Roger Wise did get his mother a gas range, clothes, a year's supply of canned food, milk and $230.

"It was early in our association that I learned about Warren's missing a daughter;" Walt recalls, adding still another angle to Warren's great interest in his contestants.

It happened when there was a penniless orphan on the show, a good, earnest girl who needed help.

When Warren walked backstage after he had talked with the youngster, he was thinking hard and he turned to Walt. "I'd like to adopt that girl."

He was completely serious and Walt had to explain it wasn't possible. Walt had to play the stern father and explain that, furthermore, Warren couldn't get personally involved in the lives of everyone on his show. He happened on Strike It Rich—for obvious reasons.

That was a couple of years ago, but you could see Warren crumbling recently when sixteen-year-old Patsy Schauer, of Chicago, was selected on Strike It Rich.

Patsy had been blind in one eye from the age of four. For twelve long years, she had worn a patch over her eye. Her father was a kindly man who comforted her, and supported her and her family from odd jobs of paper—hanging and by raising chickens. Mrs. Schauer was never able to catch up with medical bills resulting from Patsy's illness, let alone help Patsy with an eye operation.

Others in the Methodist Church that Patsy attended took it upon themselves to raise money to buy Patsy a glass eye, then discovered they would need more than to pay for a couple of operations. The church was just too poor to raise the full amount and so turned to Strike It Rich.

Patsy and her mother won $265, but their anxiety was easily matched by Warren's. He strained for the correct answers to the quiz as if his own life depended on it. Inwardly, he was praying that they would get it right.

"Warren never had daughters of his own until recently," Walt points out. "He has three fine sons, but he always felt a void."

When Warren married the lovely widow, Sue Schauer, he became father to another son and two daughters. Older daughter Buff was sweet sixteen, and there was an immediate affection and understanding between them. Sue's gentle, warm personality made the exchange of remarks, training, empathy, identification with the problems of others—that is Warren's marked characteristic. Sally, ten years old now, and Omar, five years of age, was third girl Warren instantly close to him. More than ever, acquiring two daughters as he has, he feels the cruelty of fate toward those girls who are less fortunate.

Over all, Warren talks about his sons, and it generally happens when there is a serviceman or veteran on the show. It is a spontaneous reaction. Warren has been a father, brother and mother to his three boys. When they were tots, he protected them from imaginary monkeys. He ran with them in foot races and taught them to swim. He has watched them in Scout parades. He has accompanied them when he has rehearsed them for school operettas and taught them to enjoy music in the home. Now Warren's two oldest, John and Thomas—almost nine years of age—are learners. George, the youngest, who seems too much his parents, for a man with sons in uniform feels deeply about soldiers and sailors, anyone in service. Walt still talks about the joy in the theatre when Sgt. Billy Wright appeared. His request was a little different. He had written ten about his mother, who hadpolio. His father had died at an early age and his mother alone raised him till he was six, when he entered work. He had begun supporting his mother. He went into the Army, married and, returning from Korea, set up his home in a suburb of New York City. They were pregnant. Billy's reason to "strike it rich" was simple. His mother had never been to New York. He couldn't afford to bring her up or go to Virginia to visit her. Billy merely wanted to do something that would make his family happy.

"Strike It Rich crossed Billy up. He told his story on the telecast and said, "It's impossible for me to pay for her trip.


Warren looked into the wings. Mrs. Wright, sprightly although lame in one leg, came on the stage. Strike It Rich had flown her to New York. The reunion was something to see.

And Warren's eyes were wet with admiration the day two Korean veterans appeared. They were on crutches, but they only wanted financing so they could continue to hitchhike around the country and visit families of buddies who had been killed in action.

For Warren, above all, there is nothing quite so overwhelming as the person who, battered by hard luck, still has the will to do for himself.

"It's a small flame that refuses to go out," Walt adds. "And that, when Warren sees this in a person, you can hear the respect in his voice. It's a sacred moment."

Mrs. Anna Kinney, of Newark, New Jersey, won it. She was making aprons by night and selling them, door to door, by day, barely making enough to feed her three sons. Her husband had deserted her shortly after the birth of their third child. She had been living with her mother, then her mother was evicted.

"Now, Warren, the housing authorities have given me four rooms," she wrote. "But I haven't any furniture or, in fact, nothing that I could go into housekeeping with. Besides, the children all need clothes.

She camped on a beach and won $200, but Warren realized that he must give this woman help in another way. Mrs. Kinney wanted to make her own living in order to keep her family together. Her problem, as she explained it, was of making the third apron but in the slow, tedious business of walking from door to door. Warren asked if she had brought one of her aprons with her.

He looked at it and nodded his head approvingly, then held the apron up to the camera.

"This is worth a lot more than a dollar," he said, "but it's a lot more than a dollar. I'll send her an apron, a new one, and aprons would be tickled to have aprons as pretty as this."

That little sales talk did it and, within the next week, the mail brought Mrs. Kinney over a thousand orders from every part of the country. Mrs. Kinney was really in business.

Warren says that there is no statesman, no genius, no one who respects more than he, the man or woman, regardless of station in life, who has the will to do for himself. In Warren's vocabulary there is no such word as "handout." His father taught him that giving is better of giving people a chance to help themselves.

"Warren's job is probably one of the most difficult in all of radio and TV," Walt says. "He lives every hardship with contestants, then must turn around and quiz them and, perhaps, deny them money they badly need."

That's why Warren sometimes pleads with contestants not to give him more than one answer (if they do, he must disillusion them). That's why Warren, sometimes with tears in his eyes, secretly prays, "Strike It Rich—please do!"
Lucky to Be So Right!

(Continued from page 47)

perhaps, for which they have their mother and father to thank? For, in their careers, these three girls have been phenomenally successful.

"You see," explains quiet, thoughtful Dorothy, "we were brought up in a religious atmosphere. Our mother attended the First Church of God in Miamisburg, Ohio. She was the minister of that church for several years. I, of course, was ordained as a minister before Dorothy was born. Up until a couple of years ago, our lives almost completely centered around the church.

"Don't misunderstand Dorothy," interrupts Phyllis, the youngest of the singing sisters. "Even though it was a religious atmosphere, it was by no means stifling. That was not Mother's idea of religion. Sometimes it's hard to put feelings into words. . . . but maybe, if I say Mother's approach to religion—living—is a positive one, you'll understand what I mean. Or, to put it another way: we were raised with the Bible, but not with fear. Humility and thankfulness, yes—but no fear. Mother worked hard to instill in us the teaching of the Golden Rule. . . . so it would become second nature."

Twenty-two year-old Phyllis, twenty-five year-old Dorothy, and twenty-five year-old Mother, were the youngest of the McGuire family. Mother was the minister of the First Church of God in Miamisburg, Ohio. She had been minister of that church for several years. In fact, I was ordained as a minister before Dorothy was born. From that time on, our lives almost completely centered around the church.

When they returned from the tours, they successfully auditioned for their first television program—on Station WLW-TV in Cincinnati. Here they met with great success—particularly Phyllis, who later married Neal Van Eps, program director of the station. Their reception on television soon brought forth offers of club dates, and the girls successfully played twenty-two weeks at the Mayfair Room of the Van Cleve Hotel in Dayton.

"You might say," explains Dorothy, "that the real turning point in our careers happened not long after we finally mentioned the possibility of our going to New York to try our luck, we were knocked out of our heads. . . . we didn't feel we were ready for it. We were almost overawed by the whole thing, and I think it was a minimum of professional guidance. You see, Phyllis is the only one of us who has really had vocal lessons. We had a lot to learn—and what we did achieve, up to this time, was mostly by trial and error. But it wasn't until nearly the end of our Mayfair Room engagement that we thought we might be ready for New York. . . . the idea of the McGuire in New York seemed real.

From the very start of their New York venture, it was obvious that their feeling had been right. Shortly after their arrival, the girls landed a spot on the Kate Smith Show. One spot led to another until they had accumulated a total of eight appearances on Miss Smith's program.

"This in itself was pretty wonderful," continues Phyllis, "but I guess probably the greatest thing that happened to us was the result of those appearances was our meeting Murray Kane—the man who has arranged the vocalizations for many of the top singers of recent years. Murray happened to see one of our shows, and took an interest in us—in our unorthodox singing ways, which we had learned through experience."

We became more and more active in the church entertainments. . . . Chris played the piano and eventually directed the chorus, we all took part in the plays and pageants and, of course, were members of the choir.

In addition to their church entertaining activities, the girls were soon kept busy singing at parties, weddings, civic gatherings and the like—all of which led to their thinking seriously of making a career of singing and entertaining. The Army Entertainers Association gave them their first professional opportunity by signing them for a nine-month tour of Army camps and veterans' hospitals in 1950 and 1951.

Through the hard work and dedication of the McGuire family, they were able to achieve their goal of making a career in the entertainment industry. Their success was the result of their hard work, dedication, and passion for music.
The Lady in Mink

(Continued from page 43)

Conover and Powers turned me down. They said I didn’t look like the typical American girl.”

Bess was all (five-feet-three) long-legged beauty in a size-fourteen dress, and was very pretty. Her height had been a handicap when it came to dating, for she was self-conscious about towering over a boy’s head on the dance floor. Many nights she stayed home while her friends were at parties.

“I had a schoolgirl premonition that something wonderful would happen to me, she said. “The first day in my high school I saw an ad in the newspaper which said: ‘The girl who draws the most attention in a beach scene will win a trip to a faraway land.’

Bess had been spending summers in a girl’s camp near the lake. And she was there the summer after graduation from Hunter College. One day, she had a letter from a professional photographer. He wrote that he had entered her picture in the preliminary contest for Miss New York City and it was his opinion that she should compete. He sent along an entry form that she had to fill out.

“I just thought it was simple,” she says. “My parents had a low opinion of beauty contests.”

Bess talked to her folks on the phone and they got the agreement of her premonition that this year, for the first time, a contestant had to have talent as well as beauty. They told her that, if by some miracle she should go on and become Miss America, she would also get a $5,000 scholarship to continue her studies. Her parents were cool but didn’t say no. They told Bess she would have to decide for herself. Then Bess talked to her friend Sylvia.

“Sylvia and I always talked things over,” Bess says. “I wanted her opinion.”

Sylvia said wisely, “You have nothing to lose.”

Bess, at the time, was rehearsing her young campers in a production of “H.M.S. Pinafore.” When she told them she was entering the contest, they laughed.

“No one at the camp could have imagined that you would win,” they said. “The girls were very lucky to have you as a counselor.”

“I didn’t mind the laughter at all,” Bess says. “I was grateful for it. I had never felt that way about myself. I felt like I belonged.”

But Bess’s friends were not the only ones who thought that she was a long shot. When she entered the preliminaries, she was faced with stiff competition.

“Those little girls couldn’t see me for dust,” she says.

And Bess rather agreed with them. Her own ideal was the popular New York model who is blond and stands at five feet and six inches.

“One reason I wanted to enter the contest was to get off camp for a while,” she says. “It was a hot summer, and I was ready for a little break.”

She took a temporary job in August saying she would be back just as soon as she lost. She never went back.

Against thousands of competitors, Bess was designated Miss New York City. Mr. Powers, whose model agency had turned her down, was ironically one of the judges. (And Mr. Conover was one of the judges when Bess won the national crown.)

She was not hard to please; she said Bess was “absolutely adorable.”

Bess had to compete for the crown against sixty beauties. And she was competing against beauty queens—beauties with talent, too.

The girls were to be judged in three different contests, one of which the girl could sing, dance, act, or play a musical instrument; the evening gown contest, in which a girl was scored for poise and charm; the bathing-suit contest, in which the girl was judged on her figure and beauty. Bess was told that if she was first in any two of these she would win.

In the talent test, Bess played excerpts from Grieg’s piano concertos and then, as an encore, played some Gershwin tunes on a flute. She won first honors. In the second part, the evening-gown test, no announcement was made.

“The ordeal lasted a week,” she recalls. “and it was an ordeal.”

On the third day of the week, many newspaper people began predicting Bess as the winner. By the third day, Bess decided she had a chance. To win, Bess had to triumph in the bathing-suit contest, and she was about to learn that—regardless of nature’s handicap—clothes make the woman.

She had picked up a heavy tan at camp and so decided to wear a white bathing suit. But the swimsuit was too small for her. It fit snugly to look right. Well, the matrons objected to the suit. They thought it was too tight. They put Bess in a green suit, size 36.

“It fit like anything,” she remembers, “and it was the wrong color.”

The day before the finals, all the contestants took part in a show for hospitalized children. The matrons put Bess in a white bathing suit in front of each of the girls with never-diminishing smiles, until Bess patented her comfortable green suit.

“The only one who wasn’t a whistler. Not even a squeak.”

Bess was near tears, ready to give up. But her sister Sylvia, who had accompanied Bess, saved the day. Sylvia was a professional model, and knew something about bathing suits.

Bess taught her way into the size-34 white jersey. She wore it all that evening and slept in it that night. The next morning, Bess hopefully tried it on again. It had stretched to a 35. Bess says, “I’d have been in tatters, and this time they approved the fit.

And so did the judges—that night, September 9, 1945, Bess was crowned Miss America.

“All the time you are hoping to win, you are thinking of the folks back home,” Bess says. “You want to win so that they won’t feel bad—and then you do win, and you suddenly find yourself a national figure.”

The year Bess reigned was jam-packed with functions, interviews, modeling, personal appearances. She was offered a Hollywood contract.

“I turned it down,” she says. “I couldn’t accept. I knew it would be a dead-end street.”

She was signed to a vaudeville contract but, after a short time, quit.

“All they wanted me to do was come out in a bathing suit,” she says. “I didn’t like it.”

She did give a piano recital with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. A wisecracking columnist predicted she would enter dignified Carnegie Hall in a Bikini. She wore a long-sleeved, high-necked gown, and earned fine reviews.

Bess was invited to talk to school students in Chicago, where there had been some ugly interracial outbreaks. When Bess got up in the school auditorium, the boys thought she was dreamy and the girls thought she was too tall. Bess told them that you don’t dispute a person’s intelligence, talent or personality because of race or religion. The talk was successful so that Bess was asked to talk to the student body.

However, on the social side, Bess found a marked change in her life. Boys she had once knew very well were now distant forms of a decade ago. She was no longer part of the group. The boys got aggressive and thought Bess had to be belittled. Others were just plain scared.

“I had to make so many appearances at fancy affairs, wearing evening gowns and orchids,” she remembers. “My old friends didn’t realize how much I’d have appreciated a home movie and a sundae in the drugstore.”

One of her many jobs took her to Atlantic City, in the summer of 1946, as hostess at a convention. There she met Captain Alan Winton, who had spent three years in the Pacific. Allan’s father was a participant in the exposition, and he introduced his son to Bess.

Allan was tall and handsome, six-feet-two, with light-brown hair. To Allan, Bess was a very nice girl and her fame was incidental. They began dating and fell in love. If Bess was obligated to attend any function, Allan went along as her escort.
"I found he was the kind of man who is at ease whether in tails or a sports shirt," she says. "And he was fun to be with."

On October 9, 1946, exactly a year and one month from the time Bess won the title, she and Allan eloped. Two months later, on December 29, they had a formal religious wedding.

Today, Queen Bess of TV finds her days full, from shortly after dawn to shortly after midnight, but this she takes in stride, for she has always been active. She has never lost her prize-winning figure—except temporarily when she carried Barbara—and, in fact, wears a size twelve today instead of the old fourteen.

"Food is no problem," she says. "I have to fight to put on weight."

Allan isn't quite so immune to calories, so sometimes there is double work to do in the kitchen.

"I'll have a broiled meat for Allan and make myself a macaroni casserole," she says, "but Allan can't resist trading me a little bit.

They dine in a room off the kitchen that Allan and Bess created themselves. The kitchen had once been very large. Bess had the shelves removed at one end. One night, she and Allan stood off the linoleum and de-papered the walls. Now the room is all white, with handsome charcoal-black frames and a wrought-iron table with a glass top.

Bess chooses all the furnishings and colors, for she learned the art of interior decorating from her father. The living room has been done in a quiet, handsomely. It is predominantly blue, with traditional furniture. There are ceiling-high bookcases at one end, with a television set in the center. A parakeet roosts in its cage on the set. Above a red sofa is a huge, rectangular mirror framed in antique glass. In one corner is a grand piano.

"Allan still insists that I practice," she says. "He's as bad as my father.

Their bedroom is furnished in provincial, and here the major colors are coffee-and-cream tones. A little farther down the hall is Barbara's room, light and gay.

"Barbara is just beginning to be obsessed about my being on television," Bess says. The six-year-old at first found it a nuisance to have a famous mother. In the street the past couple of weeks has always stopping them to ask or for an autograph. Now Barbara enjoys the attention but finds the responsibility worrying. She came home one day upset by a little boy she plays with.

"I saw your mother on TV and didn't think much of her," the lad had said, brandishing his Gene Autry shooter. "She didn't do anything exciting."

Bess explained that the little boy had a right to his own opinion and that it was no reason to be angry with him.

Bess and Barbara are very close. In fact, "Bess turned down work in show business until Barbara was old enough to start nursery school. Barbara knows that she always has first chance for her mother's time. Allan and Bess have never gone away on long weekends or vacations and left Bar-

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A young soldier from Brooklyn came to our aid, a boy named Al Block. He had been sent out to meet Horace Heidt, and Mr. Heidt wasn’t on the plane. Al drove us to the hotel and was with us much of the time.

During that short week, we visited a hospital and I was impressed with the wonderful care our boys got. I was at the airport to meet the first P.O.W. returning from the war, and there were so many reporters around that they were in a daze. I saw the enlisted men’s huge, luxurious three-story club in Tokyo, but there were so many reporters around them, for they seemed a frivolous name for a cemetery, but it was explained to me that the name had been given to the terrain long before it was made into a burial ground. It was a small crater in the bottom of a beautiful valley. I didn’t know it was a graveyard at first. The stones lay flat on the ground in a field covered by grass and moss. There was not one tree. It was so quiet and peaceful, my heart stood still.

I was shown the grave of Ernie Pyle, marked by the same simple stone as the others. I asked to see the grave of my cousin, Garland Austin, a boy who had been killed in naval service. I knew how much it would mean to me, as a mother who has had five sons in the armed forces, I knew how I would have felt had one of my boys been buried overseas. As I placed a wreath on one grave, I felt, in a way, that I was representing all American mothers who could not get to visit the graves of their sons.

It was these two stops, at the Arizona and at the cemetery, that were the most significant in my journey.

We went on to Tokyo, stopping at Wake, Guam, Okinawa, and Clark Field near Manila, on our way to Hong Kong and on a show line. It didn’t come up to home cooking, but it was a lot better than I expected after hearing my sons gripe.

We got into Tokyo in the midst of a driving rain. We were met by such a party of reporters and photographers and Army officers that for the next half-hour we just stood under a shack and posed for pictures and answered questions. We were VIPs all right, and then someone said, “Okay, that’s enough. Let’s break it up.” Suddenly, we were deserted. There were my two redheads, my luggage, and the Japanese luggage, and we were all alone in the rain. Everything had been thought of but transportation.

“Isn’t even hire a cab,” one of the redheads said. “We have no Japanese money.”

(Continued from page 57)
One other amusing thing happened in Tokyo. I went shopping to pick up souvenirs. When I got back to the hotel with my brass and parasols, I looked again at the stuff I had purchased in New York's Chinatown. I found some of the things I had bought in New York and carried all the way to Tokyo had, in fact, been made in Japan.

We went on to Rome, via Bangkok, Calcutta, Karachi and Tel Aviv. (And here let me ask: How can one express in a few words the magnitude and sheer wonder of this trip? Rattling off the names of these foreign cities awes me, even now.) At Rome, we were put in a palatial hotel. I had a terrace overlooking a garden and my bathroom was all marble.

We visited the Vatican, where I bought rosary beads for my Catholic friends. We saw the ruins of ancient Rome, the galleries and the market places. At a restaurant, I felt that I had to order spaghetti. I love spaghetti and I wanted to eat real Italian spaghetti in real Italy.

The redheads waited until I had my first mouthful and asked, "How do you like it?"

The truth was that I liked my own sauce better.

Our last day in Rome, I went shopping for a couple of simple dresses. It was like being back in the States. I found a department-store sale and saved twenty-two dollars.

In Naples, we had a reception from the Army and the Army cook served up a special cake he had made for me. We were there one day and the next went on to what was the high point of the trip for me: Paris—not just because it was Paris, but because my son was near.

We got in after midnight and were taken to the Hotel Grevin Cling. It was luxurious, but I was out of my fine bed early the next morning—and Marshall met us for breakfast.

He looked fine. He's a tall, blond boy, quite settled and mature for his age. He seldom complains, but takes things as they come. We began talking and didn't stop for five days. We talked about the family and baseball and our neighbors at home and all the little things that mean the world to us as individuals.

We went down to SHAPE the first morning to meet General Alfred M. Gruenther. He holds one of the most important American positions in Europe and it was a great honor—also, a great delight, for the General was a charming host.

"You want to watch your step traveling with redheads," he said, then turned to the redheads. "How do you fellows get a job like this, anyway?" he asked, smiling.

He asked me about Tell City, Indiana, and said his wife was from the same state. He told me how much he thought of the trip I was making and said it would be wonderful if every American mother could do the same.

General Gruenther was as easy to talk to as a corporal or private.

Then Marshall showed me the office where he worked at SHAPE, and we went on to the enlisted men's club, where he entertained me at a special luncheon with his friends.

That afternoon, and the following days, we saw the beautiful sights of Paris. One day the General's young girl friend, who is a WAF at SHAPE, spent with us. We went shopping and dined in some extraor-dinary restaurants with the redheads.

When the five days were over, I was ready to go straight home. Perhaps you can understand that I felt I had accomplished the major objectives of the trip, but we still had another stop—three days in Copenhagen. No one who wants to see the world should slight Denmark. We saw crown jewels and the kind of castles you read about in fairy tales. And, if for no other reason, you must stop in Denmark for coffee—it was the only good cup I had in a foreign restaurant.

We had started our trip on July twenty-ninth and we were back in New York on August twenty-second. Frankly, I was tired, but not unequalled. I wasn't ready to report on my trip on the telecast.

After 30,000 miles of a living travelogue, I admit to feeling a little inept. Although I hadn't been unduly excited by the first phone call from New York, I was excited when I thought of everything I'd seen.

I did report on our soldiers overseas. I found most of our men cheerful. There is lessumbling from them than from those at home. The armed services have done their best to give our boys good housing, good food, clubs, and the kind of recrea-tional facilities they would have at home. But morale still depends mainly on mail from home. Letters tell the boys they are loved and very much missed. And, believe me, they very much miss their homes, and it is the thought of turning back that keeps their chins up. It seemed to me that our soldiers, more often than the people at home, understand there is a reason for their being away.

I only wish that, as General Gruenther said, every American mother might have the same opportunity given me. May the "wheel of fortune" spin for you!
Meet Mrs. McNulty

Don and Phyllis walked down Broadway looking for a place to eat. They ate at a small Italian restaurant (Phyl)... fell in love ("You'd love him, too, if you knew Don") married (with"

Let's keep it gay" embazoned on the wedding invitations) and spent six months of that meeting in the rain!

Though Phyl and Don desperately wanted
children, it wasn't until late in 1948 that they were present to form a family. Though they had been in a relationship for a year later and, as the children grew, they began to look and act more and more alike.

There were times during the first year
and-a-half when Phyllis thought one child would have been enough. "I must have had twenty-nine meals going at the same time," she says. "I'd never feed one than it was time to feed the other. I had double diaper trouble, too. Plus nap trouble. As soon as I had Avery asleep, Andy woke up. It was like a six-day bike race!"

Those days were tiring days, but days in which both Phyllis and Don were happy. Phyllis' career was homemaker. Together they recorded their children's growth in a brick-by-brick, cupboard by cupboard account of their development almost from week to week. Together they built toward a permanent home.

As a sentimental family, they religiously observed birthdays—all of which happened to fall between the middle of September and the beginning of January. "This was Phyllis' real specialty," Don says. "Three months of the year. Besides the birthdays, we have Thanksgiving, Christmas, Hallowe'en, and New Year's. Poor Avery's birthday falls on January 3, just when we're racing to get a place in a New Year's parade—up until the TV show Meet Mr. McNulty began, Phyllis had not been away from the children for any length of time. When she agreed to take the part, she didn't realize how time-consuming TV could be. Then she found she was working six days a week—and she had twinges of conscience where the girls were concerned."

"I've never been one hundred per cent set on a career," says Phyl. "My children are too important. I'd just as soon make it a now-and-again thing. But it looks like I'm caught—temporarily—though we're arranging the schedule to make it a five-day week."

Don and Phyllis, even after her TV show commitments, tried desperately hard to keep the family knit together as one unit. Phyllis arranged their vacations, spending two weeks together at Balboa, at the end of which time Don went to near-by La Jolla to play in the summer theatre.

Trying to live up to their whirl of work, they called "Let's keep it gay." Phyl planned a surprise while Don was in his play at La Jolla. Phyl thought she'd drop in for a three-day weekend of honey,
nt, but Phyllis was so upset she could have cried. But she didn't. The weather did clear, the plane took off—and landed in San Diego. Phyllis was still separated from La Jolla by a four-dollar taxi fare and most of a mile.

An hour later, the taxi drove up in front of the theatre. Phyllis paid the driver and ran inside. It was the middle of the first act and Don was on stage. But there wasn't a seat in the house. The only thing to do was set up a chair in the last row. With a clatter and a bang Phyllis was ensconced on the stage. They'd planned Don stopped in the middle of his lines to examine the latemeter in the audience.

"Some surprise," says Phyllis, "when Don looked up as if to say, 'Lady, will you please go away? I have commitments, and more important things!'

But all the real thought and planning that have gone into this marriage, friends and family believe that it's going to be a success. Perhaps, like that bygone day when Don and Phyllis found they had a lot in common while they waited and talked in the rain on a deserted New York street, these two will again find that separation is not the answer and they'll resume a marriage which brought them so much happiness. Everyone one who knew them hopes they make it."

Jim Backus and His Other Wife

(Continued from page 34)

with a bang that sounded like the backfire of two diesel trucks; a new yokel-yellow polka-dotted wall met Jim's gaze when he arrived on the scene. "Well," he muttered, "I guess that's not the way Henny boils eggs, after all!"

It's apparent that Jim's "at home" personal-ity is that of an actor (I Married Joan) than like Judge Stevens' (his own role). Give him sixty minutes at home and, without trying, he can come up with as many ways of getting into trouble. For example, he can practice golf putting in the back yard—and easily put a ball through the kitchen window! He can also break his foot while talking to his wife. (Since Jim's broken foot, he has a waist-ward down the stairs.) He can even get into hot water sitting in his living-room chair.

For example, the time seven years ago when Jim and Henny came to Cali- fornia, where he was to do Hubert Updyke on radio. They rented a house on Orange Drive and, every day's work, Jim came home to spend the late afternoon sitting in his favorite chair. Of course, while he was sitting inside, the garden was simply growing wild outside. This made the neighbors unhappy. Un-

happy? They were ready to stick their green thumbs into Jim's eye. They had the smartest-looking house in the neighbor-
hood, and they wanted to keep it that way. But every afternoon, while they raked leaves and planted bulbs, Jim was sitting in a dis-

This do-nothing attitude wasn't entirely Jim's fault. Jim left Cleveland, Ohio, because he'd wanted to get away from lawns and hedges. For twelve years, he'd suc-

cessfully kept the New York Yard —without yards, without lawns, without hedges—and said, "I'm glad I got away from that!" (meaning lawns and hedges.) So Henny tried to change habits of twelve years weren't entirely broken.

Finally, the lawn grew so high that Jim couldn't find the walk. One rainy day he wanted to go out, and this made the more spoiled the shine on his shoes. He knew then that something would have to be done.

The next day, in Brewer's Bar and Grill, Jim asked his radio producer to recom-
mend a gardener. "Got just the man for you," said the producer. "He does land-

scaping for Sam Goldwyn, Loretta Young, and Joan Davis."

"Well," said Jim, "in Hollywood, I guess even the gardeners have to have credits. Send him over."

That afternoon, two trucks pulled up in front of Jim's place and five men got out. They mowed the lawn, pulled weeds, and trimmed the hedges. Jim planted a few flowers. But he'd never planted anything with the neighbors. But it was no go. Hir-
ing the gardener had been bad sports-

manship! I cheated!"

When the Hennys first came to Cali-

ifornia, they didn't intend to stay. They kept their bags packed, thinking that surely next week they'd go back to New York for good. It is five years and a year later and they have not entirely given up the fight. They still keep one bag packed, ready to go, from force of habit.
That was the bag Jim tripped over when, talking to Henny, he fell down the stairs and broke his foot! He'd been on the golf course earlier that day—and even on the golf course he can get into trouble.

Jim had gone with his friend Vic Mature how to drive a golf ball. Jim was a juvenile champ and Vic was only a novice. Since Jim was the golfer, he was in a position to win. Unfortunately, Vic is a natural athlete and his first drive went 220 yards—uphill!

Jim wasn’t going to let a novice outdrive him. After all, a champ is a champ, even if twenty years have passed. Still, the title was bestowed. He let fly at the ball with all his might—and threw his back out of joint. Then he went home—and broke his foot.

That evening, sitting in his easy chair with his back tightly taped and his foot in a cast, Jim had another shock while watching the TV news. “Imagine how I felt,” says Jim, “It was the last time I felt. There were summer forest fires raging from one end of the country to the other, peace in Korea looked bleak—

Then, the announcer came up with the top story!” Jim recalls: “Though the news looks grim, he said, we can close the broadcast with a laugh. Today on the golf course, comedian Jim Backus threw his back out of joint, only to fall down the stairs and broke his foot! That’s what I call a double break! Ha, ha, ha!”

None of Jim’s friends took his injury seriously, either. “I was walking with a large cast!” one said, and “I didn’t know you were so broke, Jim, Ha, ha!”


His television career keeps Jim on a rigorous schedule. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, he works from 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. and at night he memorizes lines. Friday, he does the I Married Joan show. Saturday he sleeps late, then goes golfing. Sunday is his day at home. “And Monday,” says Jim, “I get my teeth drilled, my hair cut, and my license plates renewed!”

Jim’s new TV career has paid off with the fans, however. Every performer loves fans, and today Jim has millions! “Before I was in television, I made thirty pictures,” says Jim. “But now, at least, the people on the lot knew my name.

“But when I went into a café, I’d get mixed reactions. People knew they’d seen me before—but they didn’t quite know where.”

Take the time Jim was in Chicago. He went into a drugstore for a soda. The clerk watched him closely for five minutes while Jim sipped his soda. Finally, when Jim was ready to go, the clerk said, “Didn’t you sell my brother-in-law a new Oldsmobile in 1948?”

Today that couldn’t happen. Everybody in the country knows Jim. They come up to him on the streets and say, “Fardon me, Judge Stevens, but I have a question. Can you help me?” And on the train going into Chicago there were people trying to talk to him that the last two cars became out of balance! The engineer had to ask the conductor to clear Jim’s car of the extra passengers so the train could maintain its speed.

One day, shortly after Jim and Henny came to California, Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, came up to them in a restaurant and asked for Jim’s autograph. They were fans of his Hubert Updyke character on radio. This was the greatest kind of praise to Jim, and the Gages and the Backuses became fast friends.

When the Backuses entertained friends (the Gages, the David Waynes, and the Victor Matures), Henny spends her time crocheting cotton-yarn rugs. She has finished one for the dining room and is working on another to go wall-to-wall in the living room.

She is also a talented sculptress. At present, she is working on a head of Bette Davis and the wet-clay model was used in Miss Davis’ recent picture, “The Star.” Besides this artistic interest, Henny is a wondrous cook. “I’ve got a thousand favorite recipes,” she says, “and I love to work in the kitchen. You can’t blame me for wanting to keep Jim out of there when I’m away!”

One day, when Henny was working at M-G-M on “Julius Caesar” (she’s also an excellent actress), she asked Jim to stock their G-E refrigerator because they were fresh out of food. “I came home from the studio,” says Henny, “and looked in the refrig. There were two bottles of champagne, a pint of caviar, and an orchid!”

“But I didn’t mind. After ten years of marriage, I think that kind of attention is wonderful.”

Jim and Henny were married twice. Once on January sixteenth, in New York, and again on the eighteenth, for Jim’s family in Chicago. Introduced by New York producer Herman Levin—who knew them both and thought they’d be great for each other. Herman had a hard time getting them together, for they both still had blind dates.

Herman finally tricked them. He played sick and called Henny over to cook some of her famous soup. When Jim arrived to commiserate with Herman, he found Henny. They hit it off at once and their blind date went out the window. The impact of their romance was demonstrated in their double wedding. Says Jim, “It was great the first time, but it was twice as good the second.

The lasting quality of their romance has been proved, for they celebrated their “tin” anniversary last January, marking the passing of ten exciting years together. They are still grateful to Herman Levin for introducing them. In humorous Backus fashion, on their ten-year anniversary, Herman gave a gold Oscar inscribed, “Your play should run so long.”

Jim’s only problem at present is the fact that he has two wives, Henny at home and Joan Davis on the I Married Joan show. “I get nagged twenty-four hours a day,” says Jim. “If I’m late for my morning coffee, I get bawled out. Then, when I’m late to rehearsal, I get bawled at by 9:00, ‘Don’t forget to eat your lunch’ so often that I lost my appetite for it.”

Jim even is accused of infidelity. Show viewer associates Jim with Joan and think she is the one off screen and off. Recently, a taxi driver accused him when he was with Henny and accused him of being out with another woman.

Henny takes the little in stride, which demonstrates their good-natured relationship. She just winked at the taxi driver soothing him with, “That’s all right, I’m Jim’s other wife!” With that, the cab driver didn’t know what to do. But the Backuses did. They squeezed each other’s hand and Jim said to Henny, “Let’s hope you can still say that after ten more years.”
Dotty Mack—Beautiful Ugly Duckling

(Continued from page 33)
rather gawky girl who looked into her mirror at the Cincinnati Old Oaken Bucket store, could hardly visualize that some ten years later she would be Dotty Mack of ABC television, heralded as one of the beauties of her generation, one of the talented entertainers of the TV airwaves.

Some small inkling that at last her change from ugly duckling to handsome womanhood would be recognized came to Dotty in her junior year in high school when she was chosen the queen of the spring dance.

"I wanted that honor more than anything else," Dotty says now. "I didn't think I had a ghost of a chance—still I pictured myself as that awkward thirteen-year-old who couldn't do a thing with her hair—or anything else for that matter."

"When I told my family what had happened, they cried, too—we all cried together until we could laugh again," Dotty recalls. "When we dried our tears, we then held a family budget session to find out how we were going to get me a dress to wear.

"Everyone chipped in to buy the dress, and I'll never forget it. It didn't matter to me that it wasn't the most expensive dress in Cincinnati—I thought it was the most beautiful dress in the world, and I still think so."

When Dotty graduated from high school, there was no money for college. Instead, Dotty took a course in modeling and finally landed a job in a Cincinnati dress shop. She was earning $30 a week.

One day in March, 1949, Dotty was modeling in a fashion show and she was discovered by Mort Watters, WCPO's top manager. WCPO-TV was not to go on the air for five months, but Mort was on the look-out for potential talent, and he thought Dotty's beautiful face and figure might very well work her into a spot on one of the shows. He offered Dotty five dollars a week to work as music librarian, typist and switchboard operator with the promise that opportunity might be hers if the right thing came along.

Dotty accepted, and two months later she began working in the music library at WCPO. She became her "Girl Friday" on his radio show and later on his TV show.

As her salary increased, Dotty started building a savings account. Within less than a year, she had bought her family a house on the west side of Cincinnati. "You can guess who paid the mortgage—Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Macaluso, and her two half-sisters from their modest apartment in Cincinnati to the new house. Her father, who is a supervisor for the Cincinnati Street Railway Company, spent his spare hours fixing over close space for the wardrobe that Dotty was acquiring. Recently, Dotty bought a new and larger home for her family, and they now live in a charming, spacious Colonial house in Westwood, a suburb of Cincinnati.

Dotty worked on the Dixon show until nearly a year ago. WCPO-TV then gave Dotty a show of her own, Pantomime Hit Parade, a late-evening musical. Out of it grew the Dotty Mack Show which is now on ABC-TV at 7 P.M. EST. When her own program began, Dotty didn't want to work alone, so she got herself two partners, Bob Beal and Mort Watters.

Bob and Dotty have known each other for about four years. When they first met, they dated and Dotty helped Bob get his first job on WCPO TV. Later, he went into the Army, and when he was discharged, about the time Dotty was starting her own show, Dotty asked Bob if he'd work with her. Although Dotty's fans are convinced, at times, that there is a romance between Dotty and Bob, this is not the case. They seldom see each other, except during working hours.

WCPO-TV's news announcer was the other man who joined Dotty's show. Colin is an ex-policeman, ex-a-lot-of-things, and at the moment it looks like he'd be a personal- ity for a long time to come, for his six feet three inches of masculinity have worked well in on the program.

Off-camera, Dotty finds little time for romance—something which saddens her matchmaking girl friends almost as much as it does her would-be boy friends. She is devoted to her grandparents and spends her free time either working the countryside or visiting with them. Much of Dotty's warmth and charm is a reflection of her beloved "Gram," whom she adores almost as much as she does "be kind and loving to people and they will be kind and loving to you." This philosophy has worked out for Dotty, who recently, with her own hard-earned dollars, bought a mini-steel for herself. "And to think," she murmured as she wheeled in front of the mirror to admire its beauty, "not so long ago I couldn't afford even a cloth coat." As a matter of fact, some ten years ago, Dotty wouldn't even have been sure she'd look good in a miniskirt, let alone have envisioned herself owning one. Truly, Dotty Mack was an ugly duckling who has made good—beautifully.

Squire of Beacon Hill

(Continued from page 26)
has privacy—behind a high board fence, a heavy iron chain hung across his driveway, and a uniformed guard at the entrance gatehouse.

And yet, he lives in a region where a man's desire for privacy is a recognized and time-honored right. His neighbors respect his wishes and accept him as they would any other person who might come into a region whose proud history goes back to 1768.

His closest neighbor is Ray Peacock, a life-long farmer of Loudoun County, who owns the ground on which Godfrey's gatehouse and driveway is. Mr. Peacock is a friendly, easy-to-talk-to Virginia gentleman in his sixties who, like Godfrey, owns extensive farmland in the area and likes to return to his grounds whenever the spirit moves him.

Shortly after Godfrey found it necessary to fence and close off his land in order to assure some semblance of privacy for himself and his wife, he and Mr. Peacock decided to look over a patch of woods he owns adjacent to his famous neighbor. He approached the Godfrey gatehouse and started through the entrance way. He promptly was challenged by the guard.

Mr. Peacock informed that gentleman that he was going in to look over his woods. The guard called attention to the sign which reads, "Private—No Trespassing." It was then the guard learned that Mr. Peacock not only owned the patch of woods—he owned the land on which the gatehouse and driveway is. Mr. Peacock told the guard he'd have the "doggone" gatehouse hauled down to his property and turned into a doghouse. Mr. Peacock says that a dog as big as the gatehouse.

About this time Squire Godfrey himself wandered onto the scene. He called to his neighbor, jokingly asked if the guard was holding him up. After he'd heard about the "discussion" and Mr. Peacock's jocular "threat," he laughed. A few minutes of friendly conversation followed and then Squire Godfrey gave Mr. Peacock a thorough tour of the gatehouse.

Visits his woods without further difficulty.

The closest town to Godfrey's farm estate is a high atop Beacon Hill, is Leesburg, located about three miles away. The farm takes its name—Beacon Hill Farm—from an airway beacon light that has been there for some time.

The town of Leesburg is one of the oldest in Northern Virginia, having been settled in 1758. It was named for Francis Lightfoot Lee, the son of Richard Lee, an early landowner in the vicinity. When the city of Washington was evacuated in 1814 because of the invasion of the British, history says that government archives were loaded on wagons and taken to Leesburg. Its people today are rightly proud of its place in the great pageant of American history.

Godfrey's town neighbors are not given to doing anything but watching in rapture as the town comes into raptures over the presence of a celebrity. The respected General George C. Marshall (retired), former Secretary of State and a resident of the town, attached no undue notice when he walks about the narrow streets.

Godfrey, on the other hand, rarely is seen in town, and then only when he is being driven either to or from the airport. Those with whom he's had business dealings, however, say he's always friendly, yet manages to have little or no actual contact with them. At least, this is the way people who have lived in the region all their lives.

It is the tourists who stir all the excitement in Leesburg. Tourists who literally pack town from all over the United States. They stop townspeople and local policemen and inquire the way to the Godfrey farm; some of them want only to look from a distance, others want to walk around it. Damascus Farm, meeting Arthur Godfrey. The Godfrey farm home is not an easy place to find, being located several miles from the center of town. According to Godfrey, this can easily be missed by anyone driving more than twenty miles an hour.

Those who do manage to find their way usually are told politely by the guard that, unless they are expected, they can't come in. Sorry, the guard on duty at the time knows whom to expect, because
such names are telephoned down from the house. For expected guests, there is no delay.

Besides Mr. Peacock, one other neighbor has fairly close contact with the Godfrey family. That neighbor is Mrs. Robert Reed, who operates the small combined grocery store and third-class post office at near-by Paeonian Springs, a mile from the Godfrey estate. This is the tiny post office where Godfrey gets his mail.

Mrs. Reed, a pleasant, soft-spoken, bespectacled lady, looks on her best mail patron as a close friend. "Mr. Godfrey is the only man in town who imagines we'd enjoy meeting other people, and would, if he could."

A rural carrier delivers Godfrey's mail when it arrives at the Godfrey residence. Godfrey drives down to pick it up when it is unusually heavy. In that case, Mrs. Reed uses the Godfrey unlisted telephone number, which has been given to her, to call the house and explain the situation.

Sometimes, Godfrey rides down with the chauffeur and sits outside in the car while the mail is being picked up. Like others who have occasion to come into personal contact with their famous neighbor, Mrs. Reed has nothing but friendly words to use in describing him.

She told of a lady from near—Hamilton—who has been known to sell at a neighborhood exchange, a place where people take things they make at home and offer them for sale. Godfrey happened to drop in one day, and bought the cake. It was his favorite kind.

Later, over the air, he mentioned her name and said much how he enjoyed her cake. Word flew among her friends that Godfrey was interested in selling her cake. The lady gave Godfrey her name during one of his programs. His personal Hooper rating is high in the Northern Virginia countryside.

When August 5 came, Godfrey drove up to the Godfrey farm. It was not his fiftieth birthday, but also another marble cake from the lady. And this one was baked with one of the products he sells over the air. Godfrey—mention of a name can cause lots of things to happen, as several of his neighbors have found out. Some time ago, he referred to Mr. Peacock as his Virginia neighbor. Mr. Peacock, gent, looked to the magic of the Godfrey appeal. Mr. Peacock earlier had sold Godfrey five acres of ground he wanted. Promptly mail began to arrive at the Peacock farm from all over the country, one letter from as far away as California.

Mr. Peacock was flabbergasted. One letter writer even claimed kinship with him, while one letter wanted nothing more than to have Mr. Peacock introduce him to his friend, Godfrey. Not long after, Mr. Peacock hunted up his neighbor (he’s about the only one in Loudoun County who can walk in unannounced) and said, “Man, you’ve got to stop that.”

The incident led to Mr. Peacock’s becoming what might be termed Godfrey’s “Ambassador to Loudoun County.” It seems naive, but to a stranger wandering in the land, wants to see Godfrey, he first hunts up Mr. Peacock.

It is not without some embarrassment to this gentleman, too, Mr. Peacock. He has done nothing to encourage this sort of thing and he’s ever concerned that his good neighbor may take offense. It does a stranger little good to ask Mr. Peacock to intercede.

There was one time, though, when Mr. Peacock did take a man up to the Godfrey estate. Arthur happened to be away at the time. He lived in the Peacock farmyard and a man got out and introduced himself. He said he had driven down from Canada to see the farm and the cattle he had heard Godfrey mention over the air. He was particularly interested in ice-cream.
I should explain here that the Will Rogers Hospital is supported by the Variety Clubs of America for the benefit of show people and their families. It has facilities for fifty patients and is one of the best sanitariums in the country, with attractive Tudor buildings and superb surgical equipment. It does not discriminate between a star and an usher, and is absolutely free.

The hospital is experimental in its approach, while at the same time maintaining the soundest of standards. The board of directors therefore considered carefully Jeff’s application to be admitted at the same time as his wife was.

They explained that it had always been the hospital’s policy, in cases involving married couples, to put one in the hospital and the other in a near-by retreat. Theorists had maintained over the years that no man, sheltered in the same building with the woman he loved, could help himself from sharing worries with his wife. But the Will Rogers Hospital was willing to try a test case. Jeff and Jeanne were “it.” They were quartered in rooms well-separated, one from the other, and allowed to meet for an hour once a week. When, eighteen months later, they were both released as fully cured, they were commended by the hospital for their exemplary behavior and observance of the rigid rules.

Jeanne’s problem had been caught at such an early stage that her cure was easy and fast. Jeff submitted to a new operation, in which a resection on a lung is done; the tumor in his lung was removed, and when he recovered from the operation he was not only well but in much better health than he had ever had before. His chest walls were strengthened, he had gained weight, and he could sing once more—sing, and sing, without fatigue.

Together, they left the hospital with a gay song in their hearts that they had never known before. They had only a little money left from their savings, but they were strong and well and young, and very much in love, and the world was before them. Jeanne’s twin sister had written to them, offering an invitation. California was beautiful and warm and Hollywood was there, with all its opportunities. Why not? They talked it over. In their first evening of freedom, after the painful months of near-separation, they headed against the usual night-club, champagne, caviar celebration. Instead, they took a bus up to Riverside Drive, got off somewhere in the Eighty-fifth Street area against a wall and look at the Hudson. It flowed serenely past under the full moon. To their right, the arch of the George Washington Bridge sailed like a comet across to the Jersey Palisades.

“We’re broke,” Jeff said. His arm went around Jeanne’s waist, and he leaned close to kiss her cheek. “And I love you.”

That’s the end of the story!” she answered, turning her face up to his. “You stole the words right out of my mouth. . . ."

They went to California. They stayed nineteen months in agents’ houses. No jobs showed up. Their savings were dwindling fast.

They came back to New York. They looked around till they found a one-bedroom apartment in an old brownstone on West 85th Street. This is a street that, only a year ago, was shabby—gentility, where you lived in somebody’s ex-ballroom. Now you pick up the baseballs through your windows and shrieked in arguments while you tried to sleep.

Jeff was starting from scratch, and scratch was what he got. Anything to get started again, anything. . . . He did kid-die’s records. The holidays were on, and he offered his services to everyone in New York. Blank. He finally got a one-shot on Your Show Of Shows. He was on the Arthur Murray show five times, which paid some rent. And then——

He had gone to an audition for the Kate Smith show, sort of routine, one of those things a guy out-of-work always did.

She liked his voice. After the audition, Kate came over and talked to him. You who listen to her and watch her TV show may think that, after all these years of success, Kate Smith is an institution and doesn’t listen to the personal lives of her artists so long as her show clicks month after month. You would be wrong.

Kate Smith liked Jeff Clark, not only for his smart good looks, but for his voice. They went into a corner of the studio and Kate talked to him—first like an acquaintance, then like a friend, then like a favored aunt, and finally like a mother.

When she finished, she had given him an entire new outlook on life, an entire new philosophy.

He had been told by other inmates when he left the sanitarium: “Whatever you do, don’t tell anyone where you’ve been. Because, if you do, you’re dead in show business.”

Kate Smith, listening to Jeff’s story, refused to accept any such dictum.

“You’re one of the few people who can say this. Kate Smith, listening to a fellow with TB is just the same as nearly going deaf or nearly losing your eyesight. Let’s just say that you’ve got your hearing back, you can see again, and you can sing again! Want to sing for me?”

“I’d like nothing better,” Jeff told her.

“You then can begin tryouts tomorrow.”

He started the next day. Kate Smith does not get into an act without running them through the test of fire. First, Jeff had a “visual” test, to see how he’d look on a screen.

Then he had to see how he’d sound on a regular mike. He sang in that test.

Since he would have to appear with a group of girls, he auditioned with the girls.
He was auditioned again reading lines, and finally dancing. All he could dance at the time was a fair ballroom dance.

After four days’ hard work, he went home. When the phone finally rang, it was Kate Smith herself on the wire. “You might make a little money Thursday,” she said, “to start rehearsals.”

I spent two hours with Jeff, not long ago, as part of the business of getting this story. I stood there while he fell asleep, then dragged him to rehearse a dance sequence with about twenty other people. He slipped away for a second while the rehearsal was in a lull and said, “I’ve been at this since ten this morning. See you as soon as we get through.”

I looked at my watch. It was then five p.m. I hung around for another hour, watching what goes on in preparation for a half-minute job on Kate Smith’s show.

The dance-director (choreographer, if you want to be smart about it) was still cleaning up a few fine points. An exhausted troupe of girls and boys, all of them over and over and over, rehearse a dance routine. The star of the troupe, time after time after time, put on her camera smile, clapped her hands, and the corps of dancers went into their routine.

“Try raising your hands on the off-beat here,” the director said.

They tried it. It was terrible.

They tried it. Day after day, I left for the café across the street where Jeff was to join me when he was through. “Why,” I asked, when he turned up at last, “aren’t you practicing for one of your solo spots instead of beating your brains out all day in a chorus line?”

He laughed. “That’s just the way it goes,” he said, “I do what I’m told to do, and make out the best I can. After what’s happened to me, this is the greatest break I could have. Maybe I’d better explain.”

It was during the next couple of hours, over many cups of coffee, that he told me the story I have tried to relate. I say I began at the point where the private world Jeff and Jeanne shared was suddenly split into a million shattered fragments.

Jeff began at the very beginning.

You should know what I left out, the brief history of those earlier years, in order to understand completely what being on Kate Smith’s show really means to him.

Jeff’s father, during World War I, met and fell in love with a pretty young dressmaker in Paris. He returned for her, claimed her and brought her home with him to the country, to a drab and hideous home. A year and a half after Jeff was born, his father died. Mrs. Clark bought some needles and dress goods and spools of thread, and was back in business. She worked for a large department store.

Jeff helped pay his way through high school by working for the local radio station, WPIC. For a time he was the color commentator to Westminster College in New Wilmington, taking his degree in English and journalism. During all those years he never tried to be an actor. Unlike many who would seem likely, he never sang until late in World War II. He was working as a control engineer for the Voice of America in 1945, when Ed Schemin, an agent, got him a voice coach and started him on his way.

Jeff had been deferred by the Army, and at this time he was with the crooners. Jimmy Rich, who had started Dinah Shore and other notables on their way to stardom, began directing him and, the first thing Jeff knew, he was making $2.50 an hour, the amount of money he had been used to. He sang all through 1947, spending his money as fast as it came in.

Then a lot of the crooners who had been around began coming back to work. Jeff spent 1948 wondering what had happened to him and the career he’d thought was so secure. That was when he really got down to brass tacks, started knocking himself out.

Late in 1948, after he had won on Godfrey’s Talent Scouts show, he began playing a lot of radio and TV dates—the Henry Morgan show, Your Hit Parade. And one fateful evening he accepted a blind date with a girl because the invitation was to Shavey Lee’s Chinese restaurant in Chinatown. Jeff was real gone on good Chinese food.

The girl was Jeanne Romer. “I’d been dating another girl pretty steadily for some time,” Jeff remembers, “but we weren’t really in love. When I met Jeanne, I knew right away I’d hit the jackpot. She was beautiful, intelligent and real. The kind of girl I’d always wanted to know.”

He fell for her, and they went out to the Coast the next summer and were married there. They had been married about a month when they were slapped in the face by the crushing fact of their mutual illness.

You see,” Jeff said simply, “I started with nothing, and then had a good break, when everything I wanted was dropped into my lap. I didn’t appreciate it, and I lost what I had.

“Once again I got the breaks, and even found Jeanne. I was climbing right up the ladder, there were promises of even bigger things ahead than the real thing. I’m a man, and I wanted it all. I’d take the job when the sky fell in on Jeanne and me. We sat up there in the hospital and watched the guy who took my place turn into a national TV starmaker. Sure, he had it on the ball and deserved everything he earned. But I couldn’t help feeling bitter. Why should this have happened to me, and not to somebody else? Why should I take such a rotten rap for no good reason?”

He stirred his coffee thoughtfully for a while, then looked up. “Well, Kate has been through enough trying to take care of me. I’ve learned about things like kindness and sincerity and loyalty since I’ve been on her show, things I might never have been sure about if events hadn’t happened the way they did.

“And because of my treatment and cure, I’m stronger, I’m singing better than I ever did in my life. I’m being forced to take a chance on other things that will make me a better entertainer. I’d never have bothered, otherwise.

“That’s why I don’t mind working all day, twice a day, until I’m that much at a loss, and I’m back in a show like Kate’s. Believe me, bud, I’m the most grateful man in New York this afternoon.”

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pepper young's family A new baby almost always means a new evaluation of the family's life, and Linda Young has decided with eager determination that her baby must grow up the right way—on a farm. Is Linda right, or is she being carried away by a romantic notion that may have serious consequences? Is she too lightly taking on a way of life that may make more of a change than she realizes? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY Mason Perry Mason has met plenty of men like Ed Beekman—men who can't see trouble coming. Anger at Ed almost makes Perry want to allow him to suffer, but he cannot stand by and see young Kate Beekman pay the price for her father's mistakes. Spurred on by Audrey Beekman's anguish, Perry fights desperately to snatch Kate from the edge of the pit her father has dug for her and many others. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

right to happiness For a long time, Carolyn has struggled against the forces that seem determined to destroy her marriage to Miles as a preliminary to destroying him politically. And even as she fights desperately in the battle of wits against her husband's enemies, she wonders how much she will lose even if she wins. Even if they come through the political crisis, will anything restore their mutual confidence and trust? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

road of life Although Sybil Overton Fuller returned to Merrimac to make a new start, the sight of Dr. Jim Brent's unhappiness with Jocelyn pitches her headlong into another neurotic attempt to ruin him, and in this she finds her father Conrad a willing ally. Will they manage to get to Jim through his stubborn foster-son, Dr. John? Or will Hugh Overton take an unexpected stand? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, CBS, M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

the romance of Helen Trent With the tragic episode of Kelcey Spencer's murder now part of the past, Helen Trent hopefully takes up her life and her career once again. What now will they be affected by the fascinating millionaire, Luke Chapman? Will Helen become involved in Luke's effort to bend his young son Richard to his will? Or will she and Luke affect each other's lives in an unforeseen way? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

rosemary As Bill Roberts' paper, the Banner, comes closer to the heart of the intrigue involving Edgar Duffy, Duffy and his cohorts turn to increasingly desperate measures to protect their profitable syndicate. Innocent people suffer, and Rosemary desperately wonders at times if she and Bill can ever again be happy in Springdale. Even if Bill is successful, will he and she emerge from the battle with their happiness intact? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

search for tomorrow Joanne Barron determinedly tries to face the future as courageously as she managed the recent past, during which she built up her Motor Haven to the point where she and little Patty could look forward to a fairly secure future. All that has been changed by her partner, Arthur Tate. Has Joanne really fallen in love with a man who doesn't want her? Or is there another controlling secret in Arthur's life? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

The second mrs. burton Terry Burton, a firm believer in love and marriage, would give a good deal to help her romantic sister-in-law Marcia find the right man. Will she lose Marcia's confidence when she questions Lew Archer's fitness to fill the bill? Does Archer himself really know what he wants of Dickston—and of Marcia, daughter of one of his leading families Can Terry keep Stan Sargent more than arm's length better than good? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

Stella Dallas Stella, anxiously trying to keep her daughter Laurel from becoming inextricably bound to the wealthy Ada Dexter, is further disturbed by the young man befriended by Lucas Greenleaf. Encouraged in her doubts by lawyer Arnold King, Stella grimly sets to work to find proof of the young man's identity. Is he the long-missing Scott Dexter? Will proof free Laurel and bring happiness to Ada Dexter—or ruin them all? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

This is Nora Drake When Grace Sargent started on the terrible path that led to a danger she had never imagined, she took the name of Sherrill Boller. Now that the truth has emerged—now that her life is endangered both by the law and the underworld—will the significance of that false name finally emerge? Will Nora and Grace's father, Dr. Robert Sargent, come to see that Grace is really divided against herself? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

three steps to heaven Model Poku Thurmond continues grimly to hope that Bill Morgan will see Jenny Alden in her true light. But what is Jenny's true light? Will Poku's young brother Barry, who is closer to the underworld fringe than Poku realizes, be the one to unearth the truth about this strange girl who has invaded the house on River Lane and almost won Bill completely away from Poku? What is Max Bremer's real hold over her? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

Valiant lady Helen Emerson would scoff at the picture of herself as a heroic泼onster. In her view she is simply striving to be true to the demands life has placed upon her. But the recent tragic change in her life has so altered those demands that it has taken all her courage and resourcefulness to meet them. Will she and her children be able to help each other in the strange and perhaps terrifying future that looms ahead? M-F, 12, noon EST, CBS-TV.

wendy warren Wendy has long realized that her brilliant playwright husband, Mark Douglas, lives dangerously exposed in a world of his own, always on the brink of disruption. When his work goes well, Mark's elation makes him wonderful to live with. When it goes badly—well, Wendy can never forget the last such episode. What happens as actress Pat Sullivan makes the tragic mistake for which Mark bears almost equal guilt? M-F, 12 noon EST, CBS.

When a girl marries Joan Davis doesn't consider herself particularly wise or experienced in life, but she has a fundamental awareness that nobody can be safe from the consequences of his own actions. Clair O'Brien aimed all her activities at other people, trying to control their lives—but what has happened to Clair in the meantime? And what will happen to Joan and Harry that not even Clair anticipated? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

woman in my house James and Jessie Carter are grandparents now, but in many ways their problems as parents haven't changed too much. There is still the debate on how much interference they can risk even to keep one of their children from harm—still the possibility that they must stand by and see painful mistakes being made. And still the chance, as Jeff has shown them, that they can be just as wrong as anybody. M-F, 4:45 PM. EST, NBC.

Young dr. malone As a doctor, Jerry knows the danger of becoming emotionally involved with a patient. But neither Tracy's serious injuries nor her more serious predicament regarding the murder of a man named Peter Wilson have enough weight to keep Jerry from thinking about her entirely too much—and in a way that scares him. What is she going to do? Must she stand by and see painful mistakes being made. And still the chance, as Jeff has shown them, that they can be just as wrong as anybody. M-F, 4:45 PM. EST, NBC.

Young widder brown After entering into the plan to force Ellen to marry Dr. Anthony Loring, beautiful socialite Millicent Brown confuses everything by falling in love with Anthony herself. With the successful climax of Millicent's campaign to get Anthony to propose to her, Ellen's last dream of happiness with Anthony vanishes. Does this mean that there is a place in her life for the attractive businessman from Chicago? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.
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safely and easily, without making a
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**WITHOUT** Antizyme—Temporary Protection. People susceptible to tooth decay brushed their teeth, in tests, with dentifrices of all kinds. ½ hour after brushing, they were given a sugar rinse. In almost every case the Acidometer showed the presence right on the teeth, of dangerous tooth decay acids (below pH 5.6).

**WITH** Antizyme—Continuous Protection. Later, people used Antizyme Tooth Paste for one week. 12 to 24 hours after the last brushing, they again rinsed their mouths with a sugar solution. In 9 out of 10 cases, the Acidometer indicated "no harmful decay acids" on the teeth.
Chris got what she wanted: Husband Larry Menkin, and four grand boys, Kit, Peter, Tommy and Mickey.

Chris Riland finds excitement and happiness with two important jobs

When asked how she manages to be producer of television’s award-winning Mono-Drama Theatre and at the same time run a household with seven men, vivacious Chris Riland wisely replies: “I just never think ahead; I work for now and take each thing as it comes along—that’s the only way to get them done.”

Now very much a part of the television picture, Chris smiles as she says, “I always wanted to be a commercial artist, but I guess I was destined to be in show business.” After majoring in Fine Arts at Maryland Institute, Chris came to New York with high artistic hopes—and landed a job as doughnut maker in a restaurant window. Next, she modeled evening gowns. Moving even farther way from her original ambition, Chris joined the New York World’s Fair as part of the cultured pearls exhibit. Her job involved remaining under water for three minutes at a time—a feat she mastered after diligently practicing in the bathtub every night for a week while her roommates timed her.

After the Fair was over, Chris says, “Show business was still pursuing me—or rather, I was pursuing it, in the person of radio actor and writer Larry Menkin.” Two months after they met, they became Mr. and Mrs. Then began the career that has always been first with Chris: raising a family. “I always wanted four children, and I wanted them while young,” she says. And she got what she wanted: Kit, who is 12 now; Mickey, 10; Peter, 7; and Tommy, who is a rambunctious 4 years old. Including her husband, plus her father-in-law and younger brother who also live with them, that’s a lot of manpower to supervise! But Chris loves it and spends as much time with her men-folk as she can.

Chris and Larry have always been complete partners. When he was producer-director of Du Mont’s Mono-Drama Theatre, Chris was his Girl Friday. Then, when he had to find a new producer for the show, Chris said, “Why not me?” Larry agreed, since, he beams Chris proudly, “He’s always told me he wants me to do what I’ll be happy doing.”

Chris, who feels it’s good for a woman to branch out as her children grow up, finds great happiness and contentment in her second career. Up each morning bright and early, she sees the boys off to school, does a jumbo wash, housecleans, and is off to the studio. Sometimes, in the quiet hours after the boys have left, she does some writing. Yes, she also writes a good number of the scripts used on Mono-Drama Theatre. Then, in the afternoon, she is home from the studio in time to greet the boys as they come in from school.

“There’s never a dull moment in our house, as you can expect,” laughs Chris, “but I wouldn’t have it any other way. I feel very lucky to have such a wonderful marriage and such wonderful boys, plus my grand job with Du Mont.” And, knowing Chris Riland, you know that “luck” is well-earned and well-deserved.
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By
Jill Warren

Comedian Joey Adams gives Jill Warren a fast diction lesson just before his comedy quiz show, Back That Fact.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

A brand-new half-hour show called The Search will start some time this month over CBS-TV. It will be seen on Sunday afternoons and promises to be one of the most interesting and entertaining educational shows ever to be presented on TV. Each week, The Search will cover an outstanding research project at a different leading university in the United States, with top CBS newsmen acting as reporters. The first show will be telecast from Yale, with Don Hollenbeck reporting from the famous Child Study Center there.

Another show scheduled will come from the University of Michigan's English Language Institute, where foreigners learn a speaking knowledge of English in six weeks. Still another will be done from the University of Minnesota's famous Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene, where an intense study of heart disease and its causes has been going on for several years. The Search will be produced by Peabody Award winner Irving Gitlin, who did "The People Act" and "The Nation's Nightmare."

If you like your Shakespeare television style, be sure to mark Sunday afternoon, January 24th, in your date book. On that day the Hallmark Theatre, over NBC-TV, is going to present a tremendous two-hour production of "Richard II," starring Maurice Evans.
Tallulah Bankhead is giving up her TV comedy antics—temporarily at least—to do a bit of heavy drama. She will perform Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" on the United States Steel Hour over ABC-TV January 19th.

Also on the ABC January schedule is the new musical situation comedy starring the Will Mastin Trio with Sammy Davis, Jr. Sammy is the popular dancer-singer-comedian who has been so successful on records and in clubs. It will be a half-hour show with a name guest each week.

City Hospital is CBS Radio's newest daytime dramatic serial and can be heard regularly every Saturday afternoon with Santos Ortega playing the lead role of Dr. Barton Crane.

Also back on CBS Radio's Saturday afternoon schedule is Make Way For Youth, which was such a popular program. It was only dropped temporarily from the network during the football season. The show again originates from Detroit with Don Large as conductor-director.

This 'n' That:

Julius La Rosa has nabbed a sponsor for the Monday night portion of his tri-weekly CBS Radio show, and network officials are convinced that the other two nights may go commercial any time now.

January (Continued on page 19)
Hayloft Jamboree takes time out as Slim Whitman and Roy Smith introduce Miss Massachusetts (Joan Daly) to the audience at Boston Symphony Hall.

WCOP's biggest "voice" belongs to Elton Britt, star of the Jamboree.

Handsome hillbilly: Elton Britt (backed by the WCOP Ranch Gang) is particularly known for his yodeling and colorful outfits.

Another Jamboree member with a big following is singer and guitarist Doug Garron, New England’s own personality cowboy.

Ever since early 1952, Bostonians have been showing signs of a disease they're actually glad to have. The major symptoms are gay smiles, hearty foot-tapping and complete enjoyment. The grand malady is hillbilly music, caused chiefly by WCOP's talent-packed Hayloft Jamboree. At first, it was just a three-hour studio show, but New Englanders, who like to do things in a big way (not to mention any tea parties), soon changed that. They clamored for more and more space in which to see it. That's why, today, history-making Hayloft Jamboree fills the airwaves six days a week for a total of twenty-six hours, is seen by thousands at Boston Symphony Hall, and sometimes at beaches, ballrooms and outdoor ranches.

The stars that make the Jamboree tingle and shine so brightly are as numerous as they are outstanding. Topping the list is Elton Britt, handsome cowboy from the Ozark Mountains who is half Cherokee Indian.

Laughter and hilarity are supplied by young Muriel White, New England’s only hillbilly comedienne. Then, too, there’s Ray Smith, who’s been acting musical since he was eight, having sung at rodeos and fairs all across the land. Others featured on this rip-snortin' show include singers Doug Garron, Lucky Albee, Pete Lane, and the Lilly Brothers; hot hillbilly fiddler Dave Miller; and Jimmy Maynard, the rocking cowboy.

Adding extra icing to all this sweet entertainment, the Jamboree frequently features guests like Pee Wee King and Minnie Pearl.

Probably the best explanation for the fanfare the Jamboree has received is that hillbilly music represents everyday living set to music; it is simple and plain, and people just love to hear it. Judging from its overwhelming reception, it's certain that this music is here to stay in staid Boston.
Rinse Away Your Blackheads

By CLAIRE HOFFMAN

A leading skin doctor today showed an audience of men, women and skin-troubled teen-agers how to clean oily skin and shrink their enlarged pores with a 10-minute home medical treatment he has perfected. Then to the amazement of young and old, he demonstrated how you may rinse away externally caused blackheads, and dry up white heads and adolescent pimples skin eruptions!

Before our very eyes the doctor selected men and women, each typically oily skin. This woman had blackheads around her nose. Enlarged pores could be seen visible to the naked eye. To this woman's face, the doctor applied a cream. Within minutes the pores, typically plastic-like mask. Next he sprinkled her face with water, and banded her an ordinary washcloth to rinse the cream from her skin. To her utter astonishment, clinging to the washcloth, were only dark streaks of dirt . . . but several blackheads, and a few whiteheads which had marred her beauty for years.

As we stared at the washcloth in disbelief, the doctor's assistant turned to us and explained how to use the mask which first appears very little, but then it will begin to wash out of your head some silty notions most people have about their complexion.

The Truth About Cosmetics

Has it ever occurred to you that you lavish more care on your face than any other part of your body? Yet how many of you find the most offensive looking pimples, blackheads, blemishes and enlarged pores, or do you do about it?

Nine out of 10 women simply don't or won't understand that if they have oily skin, blackheads, pimples, acne, then and only then will you begin to understand what a drastic change in complexion care.

1) The first part of your doctor's treatment is a medical cream and mask which is a break-through in blackheads, whiteheads and externally caused skin eruptions which cause so much misery. Apply it to your face with your fingers and you would have just a little thicker around the "danger area" around the nose lips, eyes and cheeks.

The first 3 or 4 minutes you will feel hot and cold. This massaging action of the medical ingredients going to work on your face will feel hot and cold. You will like it. Your face will feel refreshed. It is like a massage and helps to bring fresh purifying blood to your face to draw off the poisonous wastes in your skin.

After 3 or 4 minutes this hot and cold action soon goes away and you will feel a pleasant relaxation of all your tense, overworked facial muscles sets in. Your face is getting to a stage where you are so relaxed you feel a great tendency to fall asleep. In another moment, you will feel your skin getting tighter and tighter. What is happening is that a wonderful medical absorbing agent doctor calls you is drying on your skin. It is turning the cream on your face into a firm, plastic-like mask. You get a pleasant drawing feeling, a relaxing feeling, your complexion is better.

2) The second part of your doctor's treatment is a medical cream and mask which is a break-through in blackheads, whiteheads and externally caused skin eruptions which cause so much misery. Apply it to your face with your fingers and you would have just a little thicker around the nose lips, eyes and cheeks.

The first 3 or 4 minutes you will feel hot and cold. This massaging action of the medical ingredients going to work on your face will feel hot and cold. You will like it. Your face will feel refreshed. It is like a massage and helps to bring fresh purifying blood to your face to draw off the poisonous wastes in your skin.

On the other hand if you have a skin that is irritable or broken-out, you are a man who is troubled by "pimples" or "whiteheads", then you are sensible enough not to be buying a "just for your skin" treatment! In the privacy of your own home, or if you are a woman who suspects that your skin is not as beautiful and as free from blackheads, whiteheads and enlarged pores as it could be . . . but your cosmetic common-sense can't give it to you. In that case . . . we think you will be thrilled by the sheer, smooth, silky beauty that one or two treatments can give you.

Try This Skin Treatment In Your Own Home Without Risking a Penny

The name of this 3-way doctor's formula is the Queen Helene Skin Treatment. It is named in honor of the woman who worked at the doctor's side for 15 years while this formula was being developed. Your Queen Helene 3-way formula, enough for 42 home treatments, includes your germ destroying film on your skin for hours. You do not feel it, you cannot see it, but it is there to help guard you against trouble.

Now Look Into The Skin Analysis Magnifying Mirror We Send With Your Treatment!

Some of your blackheads should be gone with very first treatment! Look at the magnified skin you and whiteheads that may break or be drawn out in your next treatment or two. Look at the corners of your mouth or your chin, and the corners of your nose, around your mouth, and the area around your cheekbones! See how your enlarged pores have tightened? Your skin will feel softer! And you will be amazed to see minor wrinkles gone . . . and this fresh, buoyant, youthful effect will last for hours.

Is This for "Normal" Skin, Too?

Certainly. Simply because this is a doctor's formula doesn't mean that you have to have a "skin cure" to use. You may be a woman past 30 who has never had a really serious skin problem, but who becomes self-annoyed by occasional blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores or periodic skin eruptions. You may be a woman who suspects that your skin is not as beautiful and as free from blackheads, whiteheads and enlarged pores as it could be . . . but your cosmetic common-sense can't give it to you. In that case . . . we think you will be thrilled by the sheer, smooth, silky beauty that one or two treatments can give you.

With your order, you also get a professional skin analysis, enlargement mirror, at no extra charge. Follow your daily progress in your mirror and after each treatment. If your Queen Helene treatment does not do for your skin everything we have led you to believe it will do, if you don't see dramatic improvement after just one 10-minute treatment, if you don't see a faster improvement each day for the next 14 days, return the unused portion. We'll thank you for trying it, and refund your full purchase price. But keep the enlargement mirror as our gift to you.

But act today! The longer you wait the worse your skin is bound to get. And like any other condition, the worse it gets, the longer it takes to get well. So right now, while you're determined to help yourself, send coupon today!

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If your hero’s cronies leave you cold—
☐ Hold your fire  ☐ Demand a showdown

Though your new Sigh Man’s old friends may be sterling characters—seems to you they could do with plenty of polish! Of course, you could ignore the guys. Yet wouldn’t it be nicer to try winning them over, for his sake? (You’ll boost your rating!) And win yourself an A for “assurance” at problem time, with the comfort of Kotex. For Kotex is an old friend you trust for softness that holds its shape; absorbency that saves panicky moments.

What can’t a sharp dresser do without?
☐ A wolf call  ☐ Knit wit  ☐ Cashmere

You needn’t put all your cash in cashmere! Just put your wit to knitting your own sweater wardrobe: those new, long, bulky jackets that copy-cat your beau’s. Nylon and wool; won’t stretch; wash easy. So, for a “purl” of little price—needle up! But on certain days, bulk’s what you don’t want—napkin-wise. Choose Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And Kotex gives extra protection.

Are you in the know?

How to cut a gabby phone belle short?
☐ Drop dead  ☐ Disconnect  ☐ Thank her

Connie’s got you hooked—for hours. Just when you’re expecting a Very Important Call! Wriggling off the line would be easy, if you knew her better. But try this: At the first semicolon, thank her for calling; say you’ll see her soon. To free yourself from calendar dilemmas (such as which absorbency of Kotex to choose)—try Regular, Junior, Super. You’ll find the very one you need.

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Which of these “steadies” does most for you?
☐ Ramea & Juliet  ☐ Kotex and Kotex belts  ☐ Moon ‘n June

Made for each other—that’s Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic . . . they’re designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you’ll hardly know you’re wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . for a change?

Information Booth

No Relation

Dear Editor:
Could you please tell me if Perry Como and Dean Martin are brothers?
D. A. H., Attleboro, Mass.

No, they are not related. Como is Perry’s real name and he was born in Pennsylvania. Dean Martin’s real name is Dino Crocetti, and he was born in Ohio. The idea that they were related may have come from the fact that Dean was the son of a barber and Perry was once a barber himself.

Pretty Panelist

Dear Editor:
I think June Lockhart on Who Said That? is terrific and would like to know more about her background. Is she married, does she have any children, and does she appear on any other TV shows?
R. O. B., Ladoga, Ind.

Born into the theatrical family of Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, June has made the most of her “inheritance.” Starting when she was eight years old, June has appeared in many movies and plays. She made her Broadway debut in 1943 as the ingénue in “For Love or Money,” which won stardom for her almost overnight. Her movie credits include “Meet Me in St. Louis” and “The Yearling.” TV viewers have also seen her on This Is Show Business, Robert Montgomery Presents, Studio One, and Lux Video Theatre. In 1951, June married Dr. John F. Maloney, and last September they had a daughter, Anne Kathleen. In addition to her role as panelist on Who Said That?, June lends her beauty and wit to another panel show, Quick As A Flash, which is heard Thursday nights over the ABC-TV network.

Marital Mix-up

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me to whom Joan Alexander and Meredith Wilson are married? Some friends of mine are under the impression that they are man and wife, but I don’t think they are. Am I right?
L. B. C., Franklin, Ohio

You certainly are. Joan Alexander was married to a Dr. Crowley, a surgeon. Meredith Wilson is married to Ralina “Rini” Zarova, a former concert singer who appears with him on his radio show, Ev’ry Day.
Edward R. Murrow

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some vital statistics on Edward R. Murrow? I think he's one of the most interesting personalities in radio or television.

M. G., Indianapolis, Ind.

Born Egbert Roscoe Murrow on April 15, 1908, Mr. Murrow grew up in North Carolina and Washington. After graduating, a Phi Beta Kappa, from Washington State College, he was president of the National Student Federation of America for two years. Next, he was with the Institute of International Education for three years and traveled extensively in Europe. In 1935, Mr. Murrow joined CBS as Director of Talks and Education. In 1937, CBS sent him to Europe, where his career as a newscaster was launched. During the war, he became famous for his broadcasts from London. Since World War II, he has concentrated on newscasting, and in addition has covered stories around the world, including the coronation of Queen Elizabeth and the Berlin story. In addition to being a member of the Board of Directors of CBS, Mr. Murrow is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Institute of International Relations, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He married Janet Huntington Brewer in 1934 and they have an eight-year-old boy, Charles. His main hobby is golf, but he also enjoys a good hand of poker now and then.

(Continued on page 13)

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Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.

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Panty Girdle...with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95
Panty Brief...$6.95
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Edward R. Murrow
Ever anyone in show business is nominated for a Distinguished Service Medal, Jon Massey should be among the first mentioned. For he has served his country and fellow men well, with a list of talents that is spiced with variety. This master of all trades first distinguished himself in 1944, while studying at North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College. He wrote a play that was accepted for the Dr. Christian program. That same year, three of his poems appeared in the Avon Poetry Anthology, and Jon was hailed as "one of the most promising young poets in the nation." Next on his list was service in the Army Intelligence during World War II.

After the war, ex-Master Sergeant Massey came to Washington with one purpose in mind: to make people happy. "My idea," he says, "was to give away money on a continuous basis." Somewhat skeptical, Station WWDC hired him on a trial basis and aired the Jon ($100) Massey Show for two hours, one night a week. That was five years ago. Since then, Jon's show has become a nightly two-hour affair, and the ante has been raised to $500.

But that's only part of the story. In addition to his deejay duties, Jon has a permanent job as graphic designer for the Department of Labor, and also does surgical drawings for Johns Hopkins University. Many of his cartoons and feature articles have appeared in magazines such as Colliers and Esquire. Music-wise, Jon has written several songs to be recorded by Perry Como and the Four Aces, among others, and his fine baritone voice is heard in night clubs, theatres, and at charity benefits. And finally, Jon is husband to the former Jeanne Shields and father of three-year-old Elizabeth.

When asked if he has any spare time for other things, Jon replies: "I'm now writing a novel, and a publisher is interested in it." All of which sums up, in short, the masterful man Jon Massey is.
Leading Ladies

Dear Editor:

I would like to know if the woman who plays Sunday on Our Gal Sunday also plays the role of Laurel in Stella Dallas. Also, are the parts of Wendy Warren and Ellen Brown in Young Widder Brown played by the same person? Could you tell me something about the latter, and print a picture of her?

B. S. R., Seattle, Wash.

You have good ears and are right in both instances. Vivian Smolen plays both Sunday and Laurel Grosvenor. The part of Wendy Warren is played by Florence Freeman who, until recently, also was Ellen Brown in Young Widder Brown. The latter role is now played by Wendy Drew.

Florence Freeman is a veteran radio actress and has played in many daytime serials including Criminal Court, Valiant Lady, and A Woman Of America. She has always been interested in the theatre and, except for a year and a half of teaching English, has devoted her career to acting. She is married to a clergyman and they have a son and two daughters.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!" Specially formulated to vanish instantly... leaving no sticky feel, no oily film... just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

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WHAT'S

By CHUCK NORMAN

Well, Christmas has passed, but record collectors from coast to coast are still spinning the Glenn Miller Memorial Albums they got from Santa, and will be doing same for many years to come. For those who still have gift money jangling in their jeans, these sixty-odd echoes from Glenn's green years are a fine investment in good listening.

One of the most interesting things about the album is the way youngsters, who were still singing nursery rhymes when Miller's men were college prom-encoding their way into the hearts of millions, sing and sigh along with the tunes, just as if they had been among the crowds at Glen Island Casino in 1937. But that's the way it was, and always will be, with Miller's music.

To the kids who grew up in the uncertain era preceding World War II, Miller was a symbol of something they could all hold on to, the maker of music they could take with them wherever they went. He was the star of high-school record dances, king of soda-joint jukeboxes, part of their suppertime menu through his daily radio show, and the maker of many romances when his organ-like sax section flowed its mellow melodies through the gymnasiums, ballrooms, and parlors.

The live tape recordings in the album are guaranteed to crack the memory of the most sophisticated listener. There is no more fitting memorial to Glenn Miller than his music.

Two choruses of the minute waltz—Don't know if you've noticed, but records are getting shorter. A few years back, popular records, almost without exception, took at least three minutes to spin the route. Now, for several reasons, the trend is to end in two minutes.

Musically speaking, there is an argument against the two-minute limit. Musicians and arrangers say that it's too restrictive, that they can't tailor all their numbers to fit into a narrow slot. Jazz artists claim they can't get started in that time, that they're just going and not "growing" when the red light flashes. The fact that some of the best jazz has been made on 12" standard discs and LP's seems to back up this last plea.

Sales-wise, however, the argument is that people won't go stale on tunes so quickly when they just hear one chorus.

On this same side of the ledger, and strictly business, is the strong lobby of juke-box operators and disc jockeys. Juke owners buy and play the records, and the jocks promote them over the air, and they both have some touching pleas of their own.

Coin-machine operators want the two-minute standard because customers can play thirty of them in an hour as compared to but twenty of the longer offerings. If they ever stopped buying records, the companies would have to look for another market for 50,000,000 discs. So the waxers are listening.

The lads from my lodge, the Benevolent Knights of Jive and Java, have a similar pitch. With three- and three-and-a-half-minute sides, the number of times
per hour which we can "plug the product" is limited. (Wonder how many record firms will get letters requesting five-minute records, after divulging that?)

However, I love music as well as food, so I'll remain in neutral, waiting to see which way they shift.

Looking backward—Does anybody ever look backward when facing a new year? I did, and it brought a bit of nostalgia and a return bout for the old argument, were the old tunes better? Helping to brighten the new year, to my thinking, was such new tunes as "Thanks For the Memory" and "Dipsy Doodle." Ralph Flanagan passed that information on to me, but he must be wrong about these next ones from 1936—it couldn't have been that long ago, Ralph—"Red Sails in the Sunset," "Moon over Miami," "Dinner for One, Please, James," and "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round." But they were great tunes. And if anybody asks why I know, tell them that my nurse used to hum them to me.

High brow, hi-fi, and high-priced—Every few years or so, the record and music bizges go on what Variety calls "a kick." Swing, Dixieland, sweet, hop, boogie, Latin American, novelty, juvenile, all styles have had their time on the throne, but the latest is the healthiest and solidest trend to come from the platter-preseries in years. Long-ballad music has gotten a crewwut! Attractive packaging, LP convenience, and the boon of hi-fi (high fidelity) tonal reproduction are mainly responsible, because the artistic qualities of the musicians, artists, and producers, have been around for a long time.

Up to now, classical music has not had a chance to make popular headway in the commercial mass market. The quick, easy sale of popular music has been too attractive, and though a steady market has always existed, a firm's classical issues were often subsidized by million-record sales of five-and-dance tunes. Now, sparked by such factors as artistic and imaginative album cover designs, the fact that there will be high-fidelity phonographs in over a million homes this year, and the convenience of easy listening uninterrupted by the frequent clanking of changing records, there is a tremendous and steadily increasing sale of semi-classical and classical recordings.

Some say that it is an indication of an uplift of taste among Americans. More likely it is the fact that an untapped market is suddenly being catered to. There is nothing mysterious about classical music, as a few hours spent with some of the selections I have had passed on to me as good starters will quickly show.

Listed below are a few of the most popular classical recordings made by many firms, and all available on LP records.


Overtures: Overture to Wagner's "Tannhauser"; Overture to Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet." Miscellaneous: Johann Strauss Waltzes; Bizet's opera, "Carmen"; Gershwini's operetta, "Porgy and Bess."

A new classical album of special interest to the uninstructed would be Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra in Ottorini Respighi's "Pines and Fountains of Rome." These selections are vivid tone poems, each a musical cued to interpret scenes along the roads and among the sleeping ruins of the Eternal City. Journalist Vincent Sheehan has written a running commentary to accompany the prodigious illustrations which make the RCA Victor offering one of the most attractive packages of the season.

Things ain't what they theme—Figure this one out if you can; then wire me c/o St. James Infirmary. Kenny Myers of Mercury records was telling me about Ralph Marterie. You've probably heard by now, "The Love of Three Oranges," and it tops anything done yet in the current field of recording theme-songs from radio shows.

Many listeners, says Kenny, think that it's a variation on the theme from a Lava Soap commercial. Others recognize it as the long-time theme of the popular radio show, The FBI In Peace And War. Well, it goes back farther than that, to an opera named "The Love of Three Oranges," written by Sergej Prokofiev. Does this mean that Prokofiev was writing soap commercials—or opera scenes—or that he's being investigated by the FBI? Only the Shadow knows . . .

Country and Western 1953 poll—Hank Williams, folk singer, composer, and combo leader, ran off with many of the awards in the 1953 end-of-the-year popularity poll taken among 500 disc jockeys. Hank died in 1952, but he left enough music in his wake to carry his name for a long time.

Williams captured first place in records with "Your Cheatin' Heart," had three numbers in the best song division, tied for third place as best male singer, and his combo placed second in the small unit class. Quite a record.

Best male singer was Eddy Arnold, best gal singer, Kitty Wells, best big band, Pee Wee King. The Carlisles hit pay dirt as the best singing group, and the top tune of the year was "Crying in the Chapel."

No longhair, he—it's not true that Artie Shaw's new version of his old "Gramercy Five" combo is made up of his ex-wives. But it is true that he has shaved his head of all his hair. A boister walked into The Embers in New York to dig Artie, looked up at the bare noggin and said, "Man, I knew you was temperamental, but you really blew your top, didn't you?"

And, by your leave, I too shall blow for now, staccato and in a minor key, but shall return to blow again next month.
the girl
you used
to be...

what would she think
of you today?

She looks out at the world through older, wiser eyes...that girl who once was you. Would she approve the way you look at things, or would she miss the fresh enthusiasm that was so much a part of her make-up? Ask yourself the question she would ask: Do you still have a "young" viewpoint?

Part of feeling young is a willingness to accept new ideas. Perhaps that's why so many young people have turned to the new idea in sanitary protection: Tampax®. Because Tampax is worn internally, it avoids many of the discomforts of "those days"—chafing, irritation, the whole bulky belt-pin-pad harness, and odor.

Doctor-invented Tampax is so comfortable the wearer can't even feel its presence. It's easy to dispose of. Can be worn in shower or tub. The Tampax package never betrays your secret. In fact, it's so small a month's supply slips into purse. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


DAYTIME DIARY

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; all times given are Eastern Standard Time.

AUNT JENNY When a boy falls in love with the daughter of family friends, and when both sets of parents are delighted with the match, the stage would appear to be set for an ideal marriage. But what happens when the two fathers suddenly find themselves running for the same political office? In a recent story, Aunt Jenny told how this perplexing situation was solved by two of her Littleton neighbors. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble now realizes that, in her desperate attempt to save her marriage from actress Elise Shepard, she leaped from the frying pan into the fire, for her involvement with Lucius Brooks threatens not only her marriage, but her husband Larry's Broadway career and her very life. Lucius will stop at nothing to suppress Mary's evidence. Is it possible that Elise can turn even this to her own advantage? 4 P.M., NBC.

THE BENNETTS What happens to a lawyer who won't make deals, isn't afraid to fight, and has a way of sticking to his own principles no matter how ruthlessly they're attacked? Wayne Bennett has no desire to become a martyr, and still less to create danger for his family. But the friends and clients who have come to rely on Wayne's advice now have a new, better-than-ever reason for respecting him. 11:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

THE HIGHER DAY Once again, the Reverend Richard Dennis and his family set up a new home—this time in the new township of Hope—whose creation caused so much trouble. Unexpectedly, daughter Althea and her little girl, Spring, arrive back East to take part in the adventure, but Papa Dennis soon realizes that Althea, the most beautiful and difficult of his children, is, as usual, involved in a problem of her own. 2:45 P.M., CBS.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART A few short months ago, beautiful Julie Fielding was a pampered, sheltered girl whose chief worry, on getting up of a morning, was the selection of a dress for her luncheon date. Not even Julie herself suspected the strength and stubbornness and fight that lay beneath her attractive surface. Will her sudden, overwhelming love for Peter Davis lead Julie into paths stranger than she can possibly imagine? 11:45 A.M., NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL One of the strangest cases in crime reporter David Farrell's career leads him into great personal danger as he prepares to write the story that will expose the secret of the crime. David's wife Sally, sensing the desperation of the criminal, is shaken with terror over David's danger as he ignores his own peril in his effort to obtain the last clinching bit of evidence. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT When Dr. Dick Grant and nurse Janet Johnston become a gossip item at Cedars Hospital, Kathy Grant at last realizes what her lies have done to her marriage. It is Dick's cousin Peggy who tells Kathy about Janet. Will Kathy in turn be able to help when a stranger named Dan Peters stirs up trouble in Peggy's heart? And is she mature enough now to understand how young Dr. Kelly feels about her? 1:45 P.M., CBS; 12:45 P.M., CBS-TV.

HAWKINS FALLS A newcomer to Hawkins Falls will find it a pleasant place—if he's patient and knows the ways of small towns. For strangers don't become friends overnight in towns the size of Hawkins Falls, Lona Drewer is so accustomed to her fellow-townsmen's attitude that she generally doesn't think about it. But is it right not to think about something that could cause unnecessary heartbreak? 11 A.M., NBC-TV.

HILTOP HOUSE Long experience as supervisor of an orphanage has taught Julie Paterno Nixon not to take too seriously the emotional extremes of adolescence. But her unreasoning over teen-age Barbara's worship of Leonard Klabber is more than justified when the full potentialities of Len's precocious brain begin to emerge. Is Conrad really guilty of the crime for which he is expelled from Hilltop House? 3 P.M., CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville, has many times used his compassionate, tolerant understanding of human nature to help his friends straighten out their tangled lives. But not even Bill can save himself, his daughter Nancy and her husband Kerry Donovan from...
near-disaster when they become the targets of a hate so violent and unbridled that it passes the bounds of normalcy. How will Bill weather this danger? 5 P.M., NBC.

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL** Chichi waited a long time to fall in love but, when she did, she did it thoroughly. Did she and Mac really marry too quickly? Papa David always taught her to think for herself in important matters, but is he sorry this time that her thoughts led her in Mac's direction? Good fortune or bad, Papa David will be there to share it—but Chichi so fervently hopes it will be good! 3 P.M., NBC.

**LORENZO JONES** Though Lorenzo still cannot remember his marriage to Belle, he finds new hope for the future in his friendship during the difficult early days of the play in which she becomes a Broadway success. Will brilliant, predatory Gail Maddox allow Lorenzo to become ever more deeply drawn to Belle? Or will she make a final attack so desperate and vicious that Belle will be defenseless against it? 5:30 P.M., NBC.

**LOVE OF LIFE** There is no mystery about Meg Harper's talent for getting into trouble. Willful, spoiled, and filled with resentment at the way fate gave her riches only to snatch them away, Meg almost seems to seek trouble out. But Hal Craig may be more than even Meg can handle. Can Meg's sister Vanessa fight a man like Craig without important help? And even if there is help, can Van herself escape unscathed? 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

**MA PERKINS** Over the years, Ma Perkins has learned the wisdom of accepting happiness—and the further wisdom of not expecting it to last forever. But young people have a way of demanding that happiness last, and Ma wonders how she can best help as she sees her loved ones entering on a time of trial which she can do little to alleviate. Will patience and love be enough to help them win through? 1:15 P.M., CBS.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** Successful and happy as the marriage of the Brinhopbes has been, Sunday has always been aware that there have been many glamorous, worldly women who have tried to win Lord Henry's wealth, charm and title away from her. So far their love has been proof against all attacks, but suddenly Sunday finds herself threatened by a woman so ruthless that the specter of divorce looms over Black Swan Hall. 12:45 P.M., CBS.

**PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY** Pepper and Linda's ecstatic delight with their new home on the farm is shattered when the discovery of oil on the property disrupts the entire Young family in a frightening, unprecedented manner. Is Father Young justified in mortgaging his whole financial position to take advantage of this opportunity? Is he, as Mother Young insists, bedazzled by a mirage that can only lead to tragedy? 3:30 P.M., NBC.

**PERRY MASON** As lawyer Perry Mason tries to protect the Beekman family from the consequences of Ed Beekman's (Continued on page 90)
Guy Lombardo, the musical wizard, has hit the jackpot again

he leads a ROYAL life

Good music, like good wine, improves with age, especially when the maker is a master like Guy Lombardo. Today, Guy, his Royal Canadians, and their "sweetest music this side of heaven" are almost a legend—loved by generations old and young. Of almost equal interest has been Guy’s continually close association with his brothers—Lebert, Victor, and Carmen (who’s often called Guy, by mistake, too).

For twenty-five years plus, Guy has stuck to one music formula: to give the public what it wants. He and his orchestra have never tried to be anything but a musical organization. While other bands have tried to push vocalists or use new styles—and have fallen by the wayside in doing so—Guy has stuck to his original format, emphasizing simplicity and melody. Proof of his success is in the listening and the thousands of people who yearly jam the Roosevelt Grill in New York and concert halls across the land to hear and dance to his music.

In every venture he has undertaken—whether it’s been as a musician, speedboat racer, or restaurateur—Guy has always come out on top. When radio was in its infancy, Guy was one of the first to take advantage of its unlimited possibilities. And, since television first burst upon the entertainment scene, he has been following it with a keen eye. Asked many times to do his own show, Guy turned down all offers until he got just the one he knew he—and his audience—would like. The result: a relaxed, informal half-hour of his music—with no gimmicks or extras, as Guy puts it—televised from the surroundings he’s so identified with, the Roosevelt Grill. In addition to this new Friday night show over WNBT, Guy still has his weekly Lombardoland, U.S.A., heard on Mutual radio Saturday nights, also broadcast from the Roosevelt.

Guy is pleased and amazed by the wonderful reception his new show has had. And, if the enthusiasm continues, it’s certain he’ll soon be at the top of the TV list, adding one more honor to his well-deserved and already overcrowded roster.

Time out for a sample of wife Lilliebell’s scrumptious cooking, and a "chat" with one of his pets, before racing his speedboat.
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

seems to be quite a month for anniversaries in the broadcast world. The Greatest Story Ever Told starts its eighth year this month for its original sponsor, The Good Year Tire and Rubber Company. The Second Mrs. Burton is nine years old, and Aunt Jenny starts her 18th year on the air.

Danny Thomas has two personal holidays in January. The 6th marked his 40th birthday, and the 15th his 17th wedding anniversary.

Speaking of birthdays, it's hard to believe that Ray Bolger hits fifty on January 10th. He certainly doesn't look it.

Gloria Stroock is one television actress who doesn't believe in idling her time away while waiting for parts to come up. Though she plays Gay Gotham on the weekly Stork Club TV show, she also holds down a steady job as manager of The Little Studio, an art gallery in Manhattan. Gloria says she has the nicest boss possible—Richard Kollman—because whenever a good part comes up on Studio One or another of the dramatic shows, he lets her take time off.

The Jack Webbs' reconciliation didn't take and their marriage is definitely over. The Dragnet star is said to have given his wife, former actress Julie London, a tremendous property settlement, $25,000 a year alimony for life—or until she remarries—and custody of their two children.

Remember Anna Q. Nilsson, beloved star of silent films? She just landed a small role in the Anne Jeffreys—Robert Sterling television series, Topper. And Mae West is said to be looking for a sponsor for a projected video show called She Done Him Wrong.

Betty Hutton may be signed to a long-term CBS-TV contract if she and the network brass can get together on salary. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz will have to find a new baby-sitter for their I Love Lucy program. Elizabeth Patterson, who plays the part, is planning to return to the New York stage. Speaking of Lucy, did you know that Ricky Ricardo, Jr., is

(Continued on page 22)
First stop, of course, the Empire State Building, with its unequaled view of Manhattan and the harbor.

Then a ride by hansom cab through Central Park—a touch of "country" in the middle of a bustling city.

Sightseeing with Robert Q.

Contest winner Nancy Ann Miller sees New York—with Lewis as guide

There was no more excited twenty-one-year-old in the whole United States than Nancy Ann Miller, when she was named the nation's "Queen of Eyewear." Nancy is definitely a 4-B queen ... blonde, blue-eyed, bespectacled and beautiful. In fact, she won her title for being the loveliest of all the lovely (and smart) models in America who wear glasses. ... Nancy's an Illinois girl, who lives with her parents in Mt. Prospect, a Chicago suburb. She's been a model for three years, has worn glasses ever since high-school days—and, Nancy adds, "They've never made a dent in my popularity with the opposite sex!" ... As winner of the contest, sponsored by Bausch & Lomb Optical Company, Nancy won an all-expense-paid trip to New York City, $300 in defense bonds, a complete wardrobe of eyeglasses—"One pair," she says, "is just not enough." She stayed at one of Manhattan's finest hotels, dined at the most famous restaurants, saw the hit shows ... and was personally escorted around the town one afternoon by Robert Q. Lewis—who is not only a highly eligible bachelor but has become pretty famous in eyeglasses himself!
Only a Central Park Zoo hippo would fail to smile at lovely Nancy—and laugh out loud at Robert Q!

Strolling down Fifth Avenue, they meet comedian Al Kelly—who says he should be "King of Eyewear."

Nancy Ann Miller herself is the undisputed "Queen of Eyewear." For dinner with Lewis at Toots Shor’s famous restaurant, she wears semi-rimless, rhinestone-trimmed evening glasses—just part of the eyeglass wardrobe she won!
Look lovelier
in 10 days with
DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps keep it that way, too!

- If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion, here's important beauty news! A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream.

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's medicated—helps skin look clean and fresh.

Letters from all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless, half-clean look of many so-called normal complexions.

Start tonight! Just do this:

1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear after this 'cream-washing'!

2. Night Cream: Noxzema helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes.* It's medicated to help heal them—fast! It's greaseless, too! No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then smooth on Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems have lovelier-looking skin. If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! For a limited time you get the 40¢ size Noxzema only 29¢ plus tax. Get this trial jar, then get the economical 10 oz. size for only 59¢ plus tax at all drug, cosmetic counters.

Continued from page 19

played by twins? They are the 15-month-old sons of Mr. and Mrs. Max Mayer of Montrose, California.

Eddie Fisher is laughing over a letter he received recently from one of his feminine fans. "Dear Eddie," she wrote, "I think you are the best singer in the world. You're handsome, you're a doll. I adore you. Would you please send me a picture of your brother Alvin?"

Speaking of fan letters, Make Up Your Mind, the Monday-through-Friday daytime radio program emceed by Jack Sterling over CBS, receives 10,000 letters a week, believe it or not. Many of the letters submit hypothetical problems to be presented on the show, but the majority of them are from folks who have disagreed with the panel, which only goes to prove that listeners often do speak their minds.

Recenty, someone asked Groucho Marx if he had seen his old movie "Copacabana" on television. "Yes," he answered, "I got a lot of fan mail about it—all threatening."

Helen Ward, who first won fame as the songstress with Benny Goodman's band several years ago, is making a comeback. As a result of an album she made for Columbia Records, "It's Been So Long," she has had many radio and television offers and will probably be set for a show in a few weeks.

Peggy Lee was out of commission for more than a month due to illness which forced her to cancel many bookings. Peggy was extremely nervous and upset at the time of her divorce from Brad Dexter, and her physician ordered her to take a complete rest. She should be back in action very shortly. If and when Jack Webb does his projected new television series, Pete Kelly's Blues, Peggy is slated for the lead.

Mulling the Mail:

Miss E. Y., Richmond, Virginia: Ethel Merman is not signed for any regular TV series, but she is set to do the Comedy Hour on Sunday, January 24, from Hollywood. Mary Martin's video appearances...
I dreamed
I was an eskimo in my
maidenform bra

Guess whose figure is going around in Arctic circles!
It's mine and it's marvelous—
so sleek and smooth, so fabulously curved—
who ever dreamed the bear facts could be so beautiful!
Here on top of the world we know
what makes the world go round
... it's Maidenform.

Shown: Maidenform's Chansonette,
In favorite fabrics . . . from 2.00
Send for free style booklet,
Maidenform, New York 16
There is a MAIDENFORM for
every type of figure.

from Coast to Coast

will be limited to extra-special guest shots only, because of her Broadway show, "Kind Sir," . . . Mr. J. E. M., San Diego, California: No, singer Andy Russell is not retiring from show business, but his wife, Della, is. They worked together as an act for four years and played their last engagement a few months ago at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. Andy will continue on alone and Della will devote her time to a new dress shop she has opened in Hollywood . . . Mrs. M. K., Chicago, Illinois: Yes, you are right. Homer Fickett did pass away in November, in New York City, and his death was a sad blow to the radio world. For the past eight years, he had directed The Theatre Guild On The Air, and had previously been associated with Cavalcade Of America. The March of Time, and the Helen Hayes radio series . . . Mr. K. O., Albany, New York: Shirley Harmer is from Toronto, Canada, and is considered to be one of the most promising young singers on the air today. She is just twenty-one, and has been signed for George Jessel Salutes and The American Music Hall programs on ABC. Shirley was discovered by Paul Whiteman, musical director for the network, after he heard a record she made for a local radio station in Canada. . . Mrs. H. B., Dallas, Texas: June Valli is very much alive and singing, but the reason you haven't seen her on TV is that she's been busy touring night clubs and theatres, in addition to making records. Her disc of "Crying in the Chapel" was a recent big hit.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Marion Hutton, the songstress, who used to be heard on many radio programs and who also made numerous personal appearances? For the past couple of years, Marion has been in semi-retirement, living on Long Island with her husband and two children. But when her sister, Betty, was in New York recently, Marion confessed that she missed show business and that she might return to the bright lights in the near future.

Beatrice Kaye, the gal who specialized in Gay Nineties songs and comedy and was a big name in radio a few seasons back? Beatrice has done little work on the air or in TV lately, but has appeared in supper clubs, mostly in and around the West Coast. She has a beautiful ranch outside of Reno, Nevada, and spends most of her time there.

Freddie Stewart, the tenor, who was very popular with the teen-age crowd a while back? Freddie is currently singing at the Celebrity Club in New York City, and occasionally does a guest appearance on radio and television. In answer to those of you who wrote about seeing him on TV movies, those are the films he made several years ago for Monogram, and they have recently been released for television.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all the questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

*RED. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1934 MAIDENFORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.
Only NEW DESIGN MODESS gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering...
no gauze ... no chafe.
Godfrey has always believed in learning new skills—such as handling a huge Navy transport plane.

Arthur Godfrey's Story

Work and play are the same thing to Arthur.

Man of the Moment. Whispered about. Shouted about. Exciting giant of entertainment in our time!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Two short months ago, Arthur Godfrey and Julius La Rosa came to the parting of the ways—a parting which splashed across the nation in enough newspaper ink to rival the reporting of the Korean prisoner exchange. Since then, Godfrey has rebuilt portions of his show, Julius La Rosa has begun the long, hard climb to success on his own with a radio show and personal appearances. The after-effects of the split remain, however, with a Chicago woman protesting, “Arthur Godfrey is a tyrant”—a Delaware woman defending, “I worship Arthur Godfrey. He is our greatest American and should be President of the United States.” Each has reason to believe she is right, for actually the
From childhood, Godfrey, when beset by problems, has taken strong, impulsive action to solve them.

At fourteen, that action took the form of running away from home. The financial difficulties of the Godfrey family, then living at Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, had reached a point where the small sums Arthur earned as a delivery boy made no dent in the total need. To friends, he said, "It's best that I get out on my own. I can't continue to be a burden to my family."

Getting out on his own led him to many strange places. For two years—the formative years from fourteen to sixteen—the lonely red-headed kid batted around the country. He was an office boy, a laborer, a lumberjack. Often he was hungry, cold, homeless. He had little education, much ambi-

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts is simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M., over CBS Radio and CBS-TV, for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, seen on CBS-TV, M-Th—both 10-11:30 A.M.—for Kellogg, Kleenex, Snow Crop, Esquire Boot Polish, Star-Kist, Toni, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, and Chesterfield. Arthur Godfrey And His Friends is seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Pillsbury, Toni, and Chesterfield Cigarettes. The Arthur Godfrey Digest is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Fiberglas. (All times are EST)
tion and only his nerve as an asset.

He broke the aimless cycle by joining the Navy. But, after his discharge, the same spirit-breaking whirl recurred. He went to Detroit to work in an automobile plant. It wasn't his kind of job. He turned wanderer again, washed dishes for meals, learned to be a chef, got fired, finally made his first real money by selling cemetery lots.

Promptly, he lost this money in striving to be an entertainer. He bought into a vaudeville act, got stranded in the wilds of Wyoming, was brushed off by Hollywood, hitch-hiked back to Chicago, drove a taxi—and this time, reaching again for security and order, joined the Coast Guard.

Perhaps in his own personal satisfaction, which he found in Navy service, there is an answer to the charge that Godfrey is a tough disciplinarian. For, in order to maintain perfection on his show, Godfrey brooks no interference.

Some indication of this reaches the air. Last summer, when he had sufficiently recuperated from his operation to be able to rejoin the show through a remote pick-up from his Virginia farm, viewers saw him glance at a monitor and call for a camera shot they weren't seeing. "Take Two," he ordered. (Continued on page 81)
La Rosa has the world on a string and is neatly wrapping it around his finger

By GLADYS HALL

Julie is sitting on a rainbow, as the old song goes. He has the world by a string—several strings, in fact. He has fame, for instance, of the kind that rates front-page headlines from coast to coast. Money, such as the simple boy from Brooklyn never dreamed he'd have. Applause, adulation, and even the adoration of the kids who flock around any theatre in which he is singing. And love—the love of the girl he loves.

But has Julie already found—too soon for a boy of twenty-three—that a rainbow is a lonely place? That the strings go both ways, and are tied in a knot around him? That, if the girl he loves is not to be his girl, for

Julius La Rosa is heard on his own show, over CBS Radio, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7:35 P.M. EST.
Strange new world for Julie . . . crowds demanding autographs (as he himself did, not long ago), his name in lights, lonely hotel rooms . . . and dreams of a girl named Dorothy!
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Julie loves good clothes, finds it hard to believe he can now have his suits tailor-made.

Not much time for fun and relaxation—but he does get in a game of Scrabble with his lawyer, Frank Barone, and a visiting reporter.

all time to come, fame and fortune are worth little? When Julie prays, as he does so faithfully, is it to give thanks for all that has come his way? Or is it to ask for Divine guidance in the problems he has faced ever since Arthur Godfrey spoke the words that shocked and stunned the listening world: “That was Julie’s swan song with us.” Almost before they left Godfrey’s lips, those seven words sent Julie skyrocketing to the top of the rainbow on which he is perched today—and started the problems coming his way.


It’s likely that he feels the same mixture of all these emotions that any nice, normal American boy would feel if he were suddenly thrust into such a spot.

Before those seven words shivered the timbers of the networks, Julie was just one of the “Little Godfreys” along with Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, Janette Davis, the McGuire Sisters, Lu Ann Simms and the others. Because of his melodic voice, his youth, his dark good looks, his boy-next-door appeal, he came a little closer to the heart, perhaps, than the others. But in terms of build-up, billing, importance and money, he was just one of Papa Godfrey’s “family” and, as such, was treated with neither more nor less partiality than the others on the Godfrey programs.

. When his heart first turned, as it did, to Dorothy McGuire, and hers (there seems no doubt of it) to him, no one outside the tight little Godfrey circle was any the wiser. Nor did the other Little Godfreys take it seriously. He was just fooling around, they thought and said. Julie always had fun with the girls—the kidding, practical-joking kind of fun. Julie and Lu Ann Simms, for instance, had been kind of coltish together. People tried to make a romance of it, but there was nothing to it.

There was the more serious rumor about a girl in Washington who wouldn’t marry Julie because, she felt, it might interfere with his career. Julie, it was hinted, had taken that hard. If he had, it didn’t show on him.

Dottie McGuire and Julie? When their names were first linked, the other Little Godfreys considered it kid stuff. Sure, Julie and Dottie had a few laughs together. And why not? They were thrown together for most of every working day, five days a week. True, she was separated from her husband and therefore vulnerable. Sure, Julie was heartfree, and vigorous, and Italian blood runs hot. Still, everyone gave it a laughing brush-off.

“Kid stuff” was what Arthur Godfrey called it, too,
It seems as though Julie lives his life in the headlines these days—this one from Boston is particularly exciting!

after the headlines had indicated it was something more mature. “We all knew Julie was crazy nuts about her, like a kid in high school is crazy nuts over another kid,” Arthur said.

Perhaps that is all it was, at first. Perhaps it would never have amounted to more than this if it could have remained a private matter, as affairs of the heart should be. It might then have run its normal course and ended with no more serious aftermath than a sentimental memory, with neither youngsters hurt and no harm done.

Or if, in calling it “kid stuff,” Godfrey underestimated the depth and strength of the emotion between Dottie and Julie (as now appears to be the case), the problem might have been worked out, in private, by the three young people concerned. Dottie might have got her divorce quietly, and she and Julie might have gone from working and laughing together to making a home and life together.

This happy ending, we hope, may still be possible.

But with Godfrey’s summary firing of La Rosa, the romance exploded onto the front pages, for all the world to read about. Seldom have two young people in love had their intimate feelings so publicly discussed. All of this has only served to add to the complications already confronting Dottie and Julie.

Will Sergeant John Henry (Continued on page 102)
Wanda Lewis, of the Paul Dixon Show, loves every action-packed moment of living!

By DICK ZAVON

Wanda was just putting the finishing strokes on an African motif in the elaborately self-decorated rathskeller of the Lewis household in Mt. Lookout, a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio. She heard a soft noise and turned toward the wooden staircase that leads to the basement in time to see her three-year-old daughter, Diane, seating herself on one of the steps. Barefoot and in pajamas, chin in hand, Diane was settling herself to watch her mother carefully using an artist's brush. "I only wanted to see what you were painting..."
before I went to sleep," argued Diane, as her mother kissed her and shooed her off to bed.
Actually, Diane Lewis could have viewed her mother’s artistic displays any weekday afternoon simply by turning on her television set at home. Wanda the artist, Wanda the pantomimist, and Wanda the comedian are all on *The Paul Dixon Show* from WCPO-TV over Du Mont each day. (Continued on page 105)

*The Paul Dixon Show* is seen over Du Mont TV, Monday to Friday, 3 to 4 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

**ARE FUN**
Wanda Lewis, of the Paul Dixon Show, loves every action-packed moment of living!

By DICK ZAVON

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At home: Daughter Diane, 3, watches Wanda painting. . . . Granny and Mammy feed Sharon Ann her formula . . . . Mama and Papa Al Lewis hear Diane's prayers. . . .
EVERYONE LOVES HOLLY

By MARTIN COHEN

The gal who plays Pearl on _The Road Of Life_ just happens to be a fabulous female. Superlatives fit Hollis Irving like a tailor-made suit—she is a true beauty with reddish blonde hair and green eyes, she is a fine and experienced actress with Broadway, radio and TV credits, she is an accomplished housewife with a devoted, brilliant husband, and Hollis is as bright and gay as a Christmas tree. Yet Hollis Irving is one of the nicest persons to be met anywhere. Her beauty, talent and achievements—combined—don't come close to matching her personal (Continued on page 92)

Holly is Pearl in _The Road Of Life_, M-F, NBC Radio, 3:15 P.M. —CBS Radio, at 1 P.M.—for Procter & Gamble. She is also heard as Gertie in _Perry Mason_, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M., for Tide.

She's an actress, he's a producer—so there's many a script to be read by their own fireside.
—unlike Pearl's—has been paved with dreams and led straight to home.

Household pets Ouida (left) and Salome never lack for attention, no matter how busy the Irving schedule.
WHAT'S STEVE ALLEN'S LINE?

By ELIZABETH BALL

He's a man who lives alone.

Five nights a week, from 11:20 to midnight, Steve Allen comes into East Coast living rooms, courtesy of WNET, and sends lucky listeners to bed laughing. On Sunday evenings, Steve joins moderator John Daly's panel on What's My Line? and furnishes more belly laughs, for the whole nation, these courtesy of CBS-TV. But what about Steve Allen? Is he laughing? What manner of man is it who has become known—as Groucho Marx puts it—as "the best Allen since Fred"? What manner of

Informality's the keynote of his show on WNET—but naturally.

He didn't start out to be funny... just couldn't help being funny... for he loves to laugh...
What's My Line? calls for quick wit—and gets it—from Dorothy Kilgallen, Steve, Arlene Francis, Bennett Cerf and John Daly.

man is Steve Allen, off camera?
I've wondered. But, talking with Steve the other day, having coffee with Steve in the living room of his spacious apartment on New York's upper Park Avenue, I found out.

Over the coffee cups in the big room—a handsome room, but manifestly devoid (Continued on page 86)

What's My Line?, CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M., is sponsored alternately by Jules Montenier, Inc. (for Stopette) and by Remington Electric Shavers. The Steve Allen Show is seen over WNET, M-F, 11:20-midnight. (All EST)

and enjoys sharing his laughter.

Serious side: Steve played drama on Danger, over CBS-TV. He wrote the script ("Flamingo"), composed the music—and tailor-made the romantic lead for his talented friend, Jayne Meadows.
Brandon de Wilde—JAGUAR

A big star "guns" his sport car—scarcely a British Jaguar—as Eugenia and Frederic de Wilde cheer.
FOR JAMIE

A pair of astonished, delighted parents find they have an actor for a son

By IRA H. KNASTER

The gentleman has clicked on Broadway? In Hollywood, too? And in radio and television? The gentleman gets star billing? That means he’s hit the jackpot! It goes without saying, he’s living in clover! Why, even in one entertainment medium, stardom is the magic carpet to luxurious living. Clicking in all of them— theatre, movies, television—well, that just about wraps it up. Goodbye, simple life. Hail, elegance! Bring on the beach cabañas, the town houses, the country estates, the staffs of servants, the private swimming pools. Bring on the gold-plated ninety-horsepower Jaguar! (Continued on page 96)

Jamie, ABC-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored alternately by Duffy-Mott Co., Inc., and The Ekco Products Co.

And pets to care for—hamsters, cats, fish . . .

Portrait of Brandon (above piano) has a “dreamlike quality” which reminds his mother of the fairy tale they’ve been living. More down-to-earth—but still fabulous—is the model railroad which delights both father and son. Then, in Brandon’s own room, a revealing glimpse of a very typical boy—surrounded by typical boyhood treasures.
Red Buttons' girl friend (and singer on *The Big Payoff*) has loads of reasons for feeling as she does.

"Love to live with Mother," says Betty Ann Grove

By MARIE HALLER

Of course, I know some people like to live alone," smiles petite, auburn-haired, green-eyed Betty Ann Grove, featured singer and actress on *The Big Payoff*, and Red's girl friend on *The Red Buttons Show*. "But not me. I know—I tried it once. For six months in 1948, when I first came to New York, I lived alone at the Barbizon Hotel. To my way of thinking, that's a life strictly (Continued on page 99)

Betty Ann Grove is seen on *The Big Payoff*, CBS-TV, M-F, at 3 P.M., as sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive, and *The Red Buttons Show*, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M., as sponsored by General Foods Corp. for Instant Maxwell House Coffee. (All times given EST)

Mutual admiration—Betty Ann relies on her mother's judgment, Mrs. Grove has complete faith in Betty Ann's.
Heartbreaks and hard knocks haven’t changed Win Elliot’s faith in human decency

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Late the other afternoon in New York, I slipped into a back seat of the Mansfield Theatre and watched Win Elliot conduct his TV show, On Your Account. The idea of the show is pretty simple. People who have been involved in personal tragedies come to the show with the idea of winning or borrowing money. Naturally, there has to be a screening of these people before the show, so that just anybody with a yen for some quick money won’t come in with a made-up story and victimize the public.

Three people made their pleas on the show that day. The first (Continued on page 83)

On Your Account, on NBC-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M., is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide. Win is also heard on Sanka Salutes, CBS Radio, Sat., 9:25 P.M., Gillette Cavalcade Of Sports, ABC Radio, Fri., 10 P.M., and Time For Betty Crocker (his wife Rita is often heard on this one, too); ABC Radio, M-W-F, 8:55 A.M., 2:30 & 4:25 P.M. All EST.

Family pets: Irish setter, Sean; cat, Paddypaws.

Good citizen Win Elliot campaigns from door to door.

Happy husband helps wife Rita weed out that garden.
Win Elliot with an armful of his dreams: Sons Peter (left) and Rickey, and daughter Susie (Sue Ann).
She's exciting, breath-takingly lovely, with the biggest heart in the whole, wide world.

Daughter Susan's interests are Mary's interests. For her, the children—and their smiles—always come first.

By BUD MARTIN

Some ten years ago, Mary Shipp—who at present plays Marie Wilson's roommate. Kay Foster, on My Friend Irma—was standing at a microphone pouring out teen-age emotion. A shy young man came out of the radio sponsor's booth and, with a quiet step and a still quieter manner, approached the pretty redhead.

"I'm sorry, Mary," said Harry Ackerman, the agency man for the show, "but I don't think you're right for this teen-age part. You're great just being yourself, but you'll never be able to play a youngster. By the way... uh... have you got a ride home?"

Mary didn't voice the thoughts that went spinning through her mind, but they approximated something like: How can anyone with such a nice face say a thing like that? How can a man with such a nice voice have such a contrary opinion? Doesn't he realize this is the most important thing in my life?

"I don't see how you can say that, Harry," she exclaimed aloud. "I wouldn't have asked you to listen to me if I thought you were going to disagree!"

"There goes your feminine logic," Harry replied in the same unruffled tones. "You did ask me, and my personal opinion is—you can't play that part!" (Continued on page 70)

Mary Shipp is seen in My Friend Irma, over CBS-TV, Fri., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Kool Cigarettes. My Friend Irma is heard on CBS Radio, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EST, for The Toni Company and Carter Products.
Meet the Ackermans—Lincoln-enthusiast Harry, pianist Susan, fisherman Stephen, and actress-mother Mary Shipp!

IRMA'S FRIEND, MARY
You asked for it!

By ELIZABETH GOODE

Query: "How does Santa do it?" Art checks up with balloon-toymaker Trebor, for a report to the children.

You can depend on Art Baker," Wayne Steffner, television producer of ABC-TV's You Asked For It, said at rehearsal. "It doesn't matter when the TV cameras roll, he's always ready. He and his smile are as dependable as Standard Time."

Art's smile says, "I'm glad I'm living!" It's a smile that comes from the heart and reflects his attitude toward life. Art will always be wearing that smile, for he says, "I am convinced that our happiness depends more on the way we meet the jobs of life than the nature of the jobs." (Continued on page 106)

Art Baker is host-emcee of You Asked For It, as seen on ABC-TV, Sun., 7:00 P.M. EST, for Skippy Peanut Butter.
ART BAKER GIVES YOU THE SMILE YOU WANT—BECAUSE HE’S GLAD EVERY DAY’S A HAPPY DAY

Fan mail: Baker gets it a ton at a time—and everyone wants his autograph!

Favorite: He loves this Burroughs portrait, called "Papita"—but hopes to dry those tears.

Hobby: Even the flowers smile for Art—who knows the sun must shine after rainiest days.
what marriage can do for a guy!
By FRANCES KISH

WHEN Mike Wallace, emcee of I'll Buy That and Stage Struck, looks at his petite, beautiful wife, Buff Cobb, he's apt to shake his head in wonderment and think to himself: That's what marriage can do to a guy! Buff has the kind of sabre-sharp mind that belies her kitten-soft prettiness, and the kind of determination to work out their dreams that gives Mike the incentive to know what's right for him.

When Mike and Buff first met in Chicago, he was already a successful young man-about-radio. Buff was a few years younger, just twenty at the time, and already well known (Continued on page 103)

Mike Wallace is emcee of I'll Buy That, CBS-TV, Tu and Th, 2 P.M. EST (first 15 minutes for Air-Wick and Nylast)—and of Stage Struck, CBS Radio, Frj., 9 P.M. EST.

THE SKY'S THE ONLY LIMIT WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR LOVE BY YOUR SIDE
Honeymoon House

Joan Caulfield, heroine of My Favorite Husband, finds life like a TV script—
Davey the Airedale came bounding into Joan Caulfield's bedroom. He came to make an announcement, for Davey is a bright dog.

"Wrought!" barked Davey.

"Really!" said Joan.

"Wreouufff!" barked Davey again. With another "wouff" and a wag of his tail, he emphasized his announcement: Joan's husband, movie producer Frank Ross, had just arrived home after a two-week trip for his New York premiere of "The Robe."

With the second (Continued on page 75)

Joan Caulfield in My Favorite Husband, over CBS-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, under the alternate sponsorship of the Simmons Co. and the International Silver Co.

Joan studying her lines for My Favorite Husband, which sometimes parallels her home life—accidentally!

amusing and completely delightful!
1. The new-found happiness of Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate (opposite page) is threatened by Higbee, who has sinister plans for using Hazel, a woman from Tate's past.

2. Unaware of Higbee's scheme, Joanne and Arthur happily announce their wedding plans to their friends Marge and Stu Bergman, as Joanne's daughter, Patti, listens.

A bright ray of happiness shone in Joanne Barron's life when Arthur Tate finally proposed to her. But, unknown to her, there were clouds of conniving and deceit—created by people determined to satisfy their own greedy desires at anyone's expense—threatening to destroy all her hopes for the future. Most mysterious were the reasons behind both Mortimer Higbee's and Carlton's desire to buy the Motor Haven and Higbee's purpose in bringing a woman named Hazel, who somehow figures in Arthur Tate's past, to Henderson from Los Angeles. Higbee,
3. Higbee goes to see Joanne and Arthur and offers to buy the Motor Haven, but they refuse, telling him of their marriage and plans to make Motor Haven their home as well as their business.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Joanne Barron..........................Mary Stuart
Arthur Tate.............................Terry O'Sullivan
Marge Bergman..........................Melba Rae
Stu Bergman.............................Larry Haines
Irene Barron.............................Bess Johnson
Patti Barron.............................Lynn Loring
Mortimer Higbee........................Ian Martin
Hazel....................................Mary Paton
Pearl March..............................Sylvia Field

Search For Tomorrow is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, for Spic and Span, Cheer, Joy, and Shasta.

4. After Arthur leaves, Joanne Stores fondly on the picture of her dead husband, Keith, feeling that she is doing what he would have wanted.

a suave member of an underworld “organization,” had been challenged by Carlton, a punk apparently on his way up, who owned an interest in the “organization’s” billiard and bowling emporium. But Higbee proved to be smarter than Carlton thought, and managed to get Carlton out of the way by forcing him to fly to Mexico. He decided to ship Hazel back to Los Angeles, but, at the airport, she saw Arthur Tate and tried to follow him. Higbee restrained her, however, because he had a better plan in mind. He took Hazel back to her room, planning to keep her there until he was ready to
5. Joanne and Arthur have set the wedding date for early in January, and preparations begin in full force as Marge helps the excited Joanne choose her trousseau and make other necessary arrangements. Meanwhile, Higbee tells Hazel of the forthcoming marriage, which Hazel is certain will not occur.

fit her into his new scheme. . . . Back at the Motor Haven, Joanne and Arthur excitedly discussed their wedding plans with Marge and Stu Bergman, as Joanne's daughter Patti listened. . . . On her way up to bed, Patti answered the doorbell and found Higbee standing there. He tried to pry information out of her, but then Joanne and Arthur appeared and he quickly switched the subject to his buying the Motor Haven. Joanne and Arthur refused the offer, explaining that it was now to be their home as well as their business. Higbee congratulated them, then returned to Hazel's room with a bottle of whiskey, allowing her to drink a toast for him—since he didn't drink—to the happy couple. Hazel smugly assured him they wouldn't be so happy when she went to see them the next day, but Higbee told her she would stay put until he gave her the word. . . . After Higbee had left them, Arthur finally had the long-awaited opportunity to place his mother's engagement ring on Joanne's finger. Tears sprang to her eyes as he removed the wedding ring that had been so symbolic of her first marriage to Keith, who had died so tragically after an automobile accident. . . . Later,
Search for tomorrow

6. Hazel gets drunk and prepares to go see Tate, but Higbee catches her in time. He hires a companion to make sure Hazel is kept under control until he needs her evidence.

7. Meanwhile, Irene Barron, Joanne's former mother-in-law, is secretly staying with Pearl March and plans to do her part in ruining Joanne's future.

after Arthur left, Joanne, alone in her room, stared at Keith's picture, recalling their deep love for each other and saying she knew this was what he would have wanted for her. Then she slipped the ring and his picture into the bureau drawer . . . With preparations for the wedding in full force, the darkening clouds of impending trouble continued to gather . . . Higbee had trouble keeping Hazel in line, especially when she managed to get hold of a bottle of whiskey and get drunk, then prepared to head for the Motor Haven. Higbee caught her in time, however, and put her under restraint in care of a woman capable of handling her . . . Then, too, Irene Barron—having recovered from a nervous breakdown in Arizona—had returned to Henderson for the purpose of thwarting Joanne's intended mar-
8. The day of the wedding approaches—and Higbee prepares to act. He dismisses Hazel's companion, gives Hazel a drink, and sends her on her way to Tate.

riage. She came back very quietly, fearful of having people know she was in Henderson because of the circumstances existing when she had left, caused by her efforts to take Patti away from Joanne. Irene went, therefore, to stay with her friend, Pearl March. . . . The day before the wedding arrived and, with it, the threat to Joanne's and Arthur's future happiness. For now Higbee was ready to act. He dismissed Hazel's companion, gave Hazel a drink, and turned her loose. Her destination: Arthur Tate's room, where she planned to tell him there would be no marriage and furnish the evidence why. . . . Was Hazel's mysterious connection with Arthur about to be revealed at last? Can she place another—perhaps insurmountable—barrier in the way of Joanne's search for a better tomorrow?

9. Hazel confronts Arthur at last. Is her mysterious connection with his past about to be revealed? Will the evidence she furnishes stop his marriage to Joanne?
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9. Hazel confronts Arthur at last. Is her mysterious connection with his post about to be revealed? Will the evidence she furnishes stop his marriage to Joanne?
BOB CROSBY—the boy

There was a time when people said he’d never be successful because of his brother’s fame—but how wrong they were!

By TONI NOEL

From the pinnacle of his success today, Bob Crosby can look back on the doubtful yesterdays and smile with confidence, with well-earned triumph. Today, Bob has his own big television show every weekday afternoon ... plus his regular Sunday-night stint on the Jack Benny Program over CBS Radio ... plus frequent appearances on the Jack Benny Show over CBS-TV. He has his own instrumental group—the Bobcats. Above all, he has his own niche as a singer—Bob (Continued on page 94)

The Bob Crosby Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 3:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. Bob is also heard on the Jack Benny Program, over CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M., for Lucky Strike. All EST.
who could work miracles

Busy Bob could use some more sleep, but he’s just playing possum before romping with his young 'uns (baby Junie at left, Chris and Cathy at rear, Steve and Bob Junior in foreground). Below, left—Chris, Junie and Bob; right—June, Junie and Bob hanging a family portrait painted by Mrs. C. herself.
BOB CROSBY—the boy who could work miracles

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Bob's not around home as much as he'd like these days, is glad June has her special studies.

Busy Bob could use some more sleep, but he's just playing possum before romping with his young ones (baby Juneie at left, Chris and Cathy at rear, Steve and Bob Junior in foreground). Below, left—Chris, Junie and Bob; right—June, Junie and Bob hanging a family portrait painted by Mrs. C. herself.
Young Kate Beekman, Gordy Webber and sultry Tony Fascina made up a triangle which pointed straight toward danger!
Can Kate Beekman escape from a web of violence and murder?

Of all the unfortunates whose cause Perry Mason has championed, Kate Beekman is one of the youngest, most helpless, and most desperately in need of his unusual talents as both criminal lawyer and sympathetic human being. It's a heavy burden which Kate carries on her youthful shoulders, and there's nothing surprising about the fact that—at nineteen—she doesn't always make the wisest decisions in handling her problems. For three heartbreaking years, Kate has had to live with the knowledge that her beloved father, Ed, was in prison . . . and her realization that Ed is basically an honest man—who had become involved in a marijuana ring through desperate circumstances, and who had voluntarily confessed his guilt and taken his punishment like a man—can't wipe out the shame which she and her lovely mother, Audrey Beekman, have had to endure. Now that Ed is home with them again, both Kate and Audrey realize their abiding love for him—but Kate, at least, cannot quite forgive her father for shattering her dreams of a successful career.

As far back as she can remember, Kate has always wanted to be a dancer and has shown great talent. She had even won a scholarship to a famous dancing school—and then had to give it up, because of the disgrace when Ed was sentenced to prison. Little wonder, then, that she eagerly grasps at Gordy Webber's offer of a job as dancer in the suburban night club he manages . . . What she doesn't know is that Gordy is the insidious serpent threatening the whole Beekman family. Gordy is a hoodlum of the worst type, whose one faint claim to respectability is that he met Ed Beekman while in prison and—since getting out—has been in a position to offer employment to both Ed and Kate. Actually, he has been trying to involve Ed in his nefarious schemes—and, while Ed has thus far eluded Gordy's most deadly traps, his parole officer has become suspicious of Ed's actions and it will be hard to prove Ed innocent if any crime occurs.

Violence and crime are very much in the cards, just now. Kate is only beginning to realize the dangers inherent in Gordy Webber's attentions to her—particularly the jealousy she has inspired in Tony Fascina, a temperamental beauty who plays the piano in Gordy's night club and has marked Gordy for her own. An explosion of some sort is bound to occur—and not only because of Tony's violent resentment. Towering in the background looms the menacing figure of "The Big Fellow," the master criminal who pulls the strings manipulating Gordy and wants Ed Beekman to be his puppet, too . . . Tony doesn't care what happens, if she herself can only win Gordy away from Kate—and "The Big Fellow," of course, has no pity for those who stand in the way of his own evil plans. No matter which way the wheel turns, Kate is bound to be hurt. Her only ray of hope is the interest Perry Mason has shown. And even the skillful Perry will find his wits tested to the utmost as, once again he finds himself defending a client who, to all appearances, is guilty of murder!

Perry Mason, on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST; Procter & Gamble for Tide. As pictured, John Larkin is Perry; Madeleine Sherwood, Kate; Lyle Sudrow, Gordy; Adrienne Bayan, Tony. Crime—and innocence—are challenges to Perry.
Rehearsing or performing, Bernardine is literally Lana Drewer, grows with the part.

Vic And Sade: Art Van Harvey—who still acts with Bern—was Vic when she was Sade, in that long-popular radio serial.

Hawkins Falls' congenial co-workers: Van Harvey (who plays Calvin Sperry), director Frank Pacelli, Bern herself, Jim Bannon (Mitchell Fredericks), assistant director Marilyn Lassen, wardrobe head Joan King, Vivian Lasswell (May Shipley).
First lady of Hawkins Falls, real-life wife and mother, Bernardine Flynn is never too busy to help others.

By LILLA ANDERSON

The universal wail, heard from nearly every television star, is: "I never get time to do anything."

Days and evenings, they often find, are shredded into confetti by the rush from rehearsal to camera, from camera to conference, from conference to costuming.

An exception in this hectic flurry is Bernardine Flynn who—on Hawkins Falls, over NBC-TV—portrays Lona Drewer, business woman, mother and community confidante.

Serene and gracious, Bernardine contrives her multitude of activities with sense and satisfaction. Unruffled as her own smooth brown hair, and without a worry line on her heart-shaped face, she sails through her schedule with time to spare.

How she does it is the marvel of her associates. Says Ros Twohy, the young actress who plays Millie Flagle on the show, "She never seems to hurry, either. Sometimes I think her hours are 120 minutes long."

Toni Gilman, (Continued on page 100)
1. As warden of a woman’s prison, Florence Monahan has made many reforms. Her assistant, Dora Shelby, disagrees completely with her “soft” policies—and warns her not to accept newcomer Erna Peterman, a “dangerous firebug.”

2. The waiting Erna seems oddly frightened by prisoner Mickey Phelps’s cigarette. Unknown to Mickey, Erna had set fire to the school she attended and has been convicted of arson.

As a warden and as a woman, Florence Monahan has always believed that there are no bad girls—only girls who need a better chance to remake their lives, to develop the finer qualities which exist in all human beings. Her struggle to defend that belief, under highly dramatic circumstances, is pictured here, just as it unfolded on TV. It’s a typical tribute to America’s guardians of law and justice, as they are saluted each week on The Man Behind The Badge.

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:
Florence Monahan............Ruth Matteson
Erna Peterman.............Bethel Leslie
Dora Shelby......................Peg Hillias
Mickey Phelps....................Ruth Manning
Milly Yarbo.....................Jane Seymour

The Man Behind The Badge is seen on CBS-TV, Sundays at 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Ipana A/C and other Bristol-Myers products.

6. To bring Erna together with the others, Florence assigns her to the kitchen, where inmate Milly Yarbo is head. Milly secretly sides with Dora Shelby and “frames” Erna by pouring kerosene on the stove so that it flares up the moment Erna lights the gas.
struggle to prove that no girl's past is one-half so important as her future

3. Florence welcomes Erna, sure that Erna made her one mistake because of too much pressure at home and school.

4. Erna is assigned to library work but is lonely, as the other girls shun her—they're afraid she will burn the building while they sleep!

5. Florence wants to reconcile the girls to Erna's presence, but Dora Shelby disagrees—and threatens to take her case to the prison board.

7. Milly quickly quenches the blaze, but the panic-stricken girls threaten violence unless Erna is sent away immediately.

8. Florence investigates and learns that kerosene had been used—that it came from a container Erna knew nothing about, kept in a place Erna couldn't reach. Everyone realizes Milly's the guilty one. Once more, the warden has kept faith with her girls—and proved that circumstances are not always what they seem.
Robert Haag of HILLTOP HOUSE is six-foot-three, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed—and an eligible bachelor

By MARY KELLAR

Says Bob: "I never expected to be an actor—was studying law, until that summer in Massachusetts."

Handyman: "Haven't any hobbies, outside my work, but have enjoyed remodeling every place I've lived in New York City."

But I haven't any story! Really, there's nothing about my life that's one bit different from anybody else's. Just eat, sleep and work . . . like everybody else. Nothing exciting. Nothing unusual. Just eat, sleep and work. I'd love to help you if I could . . . but, honestly, there's no story in me. Don't even have an honest-to-Pete hobby you could talk about . . . dabble in a couple of things, but I guess my work is really my hobby. You see, there's nothing unusual about me. Certainly wish I could give you a story, but there's really nothing to tell."

Which is strictly one man's opinion . . . strictly Robert Haag's opinion of Robert Haag, Dr. Jeff in Hilltop House (CBS Radio), Tex Mason in The Bobby Benson Show (Mutual), and narrator of Call Me Freedom (ABC Radio), to name a few. Strictly the opinion of a modest, affable, six-foot-three, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed bachelor—about himself.

It just doesn't seem to occur to Robert Haag that there's anything unusual about a chap who was born on a farm in Cullom, Illinois, started out to be a lawyer-politician . . . and wound up an actor. The fluke by which he became an actor doesn't in the least seem to impress him. "Well,
Meals: "Like most bachelors, I can cook—though my specialities have more substance than glamour!"

Clothes: "Wouldn't care how I dressed, if it were not for my work—what man needs more than one suit?"

Friends: "No family of my own—so I like to visit, seem to get along all right with children."
Dr. JEFF—in Person

More about Bob: "Born on a farm in Illinois, I can still stoke a furnace. But I'd rather delve into history—fascinated by antiques, old times, old places."

no," explains Bob. "Lots of people wind up in their professions by means of a fluke. In my own case, it happened while I was studying law at Northeastern University. During a summer vacation at Northampton, Massachusetts, I stopped in to see a show put on by the Louise Galloway Stock Company. Well, to make a long story short, I met Miss Galloway and in nothing flat she persuaded me to take a small part in the following week's play. Not that she had to be particularly persuasive... I thought the experience would be a barrel of fun and well worth the ride I was sure I would take. But she clinched the deal with the argument that every public-spirited citizen should have experience in facing an audience. Surprising as it may seem, from the second week on, she had me playing leading roles. Not so surprising is the fact that I never returned to the University. But, of course, lots of people make shifts in their intended careers... there's no unusual story there."

Certainly, lots of people shift from one possible career to another. Actually, some try their hands at several before settling down. But how many people do you know who were "found" by absolute strangers and immediately thrown into a completely different—and utterly correct—profession? In Robert Haag's case, the acting profession was one he had never even thought of... he had never participated in church pageants, prep school or college dramatics, or any of the usual things that budding young actors generally rely on to fill the need until such time as the professional theatre recognizes them. With Robert Haag, it was a casual visit to a summer theatre which changed the entire course of his life. In him, a producer-director sensed a "natural" actor... and, in the space of a few short weeks, she had him headed from the courtroom to the theatre. No story? Well...

That fall—the fall of 1935—Bob came to New York to try his luck in the theatre. "If quantity is any criterion," he laughs, "you could say I was successful. During the course of the next three years I was in a raft of Broadway plays... none of the names of which I can now remember—since, almost without exception, they all closed within a week of opening. I'm sure it was good experience, but it certainly made living rugged!"

"In between shows... and meals," Bob continues, "we of the great unemployed actors' army used to hang around a Broadway drugstore and discuss the state of the theatre... or lack thereof. Every once in a while, the subject of radio would enter the conversation... speculation as to what went on in that phase of the theatrical world. None of us knew a thing about the medium, the heart of which was located only a few short blocks east of our drugstore. We had heard it was a pretty tight corporation... small chance (Continued on page 88)
"I used to hate the way my skin looked!—peppered with coarse, dark pores—and so dull!"

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(Continued from page 44)

Perhaps it was her feminine reasoning, perhaps feminine intuition, which led Mary to bow out gracefully with an outright change of subject. To the radio, she would accept that ride home after all. She hadn't gotten a good opinion out of him about her characterization, but she had gotten what she had come for in the first place—to call his attention to the fact that she was alive. For Harry was the agency representative on the show, and he had sat in the sponsor's booth week after week, never saying anything at all. Shy! This shyness had intrigued Mary and she wanted more than anything else in the world to know this man.

As is the way of the world—at least in show business—Harry Ackerman listened to Mary playing the teen-age part for the next eight months and, as each show was over, he drove her home. At the end of the eighth month, they decided to be married, and a wedding was duly arranged at St. Kevin's Catholic Church in Los Angeles. And, for the next four years, Harry and Mary continued to live in the teen-age role—in spite of the fact that Mary missed a few performances when their daughter Susan, now eight, and their son Stephen, now six, were born. And, as if this weren't enough, when The Aldrich Family had a vacancy, Mary was auditioned for the part of a teenager and played that role, too, for six years.

Like all just-married couples, when Mary and Harry first started out, their shows, their scripts, were the only things that mattered in life. These were the center of attention, the subject of debate, the stimulus for arguments. But, when Susan and Stephen came, life took on a different perspective.

"Take that teen-age part, for example," says Mary. "Before I was married it was the most important thing to me. If I didn't get it, my world would collapse. I stayed awake nights worrying that I wouldn't be able to read the lines right, or maybe I'd miss my bus, thereby missing the audition entirely. My whole life was wrapped up in a couple of pages of script!

"Now, though I still have scripts—like the My Friend Irma show—I also have the children. It may sound corny, but the most important thing in life today is to keep the smiles on the children's faces. This is something that completely dwarfs any other problems we ever had.

"Take this house," says Mary. "We rented it for one year and fell in love with it. We desperately wanted to buy it. But the former owner said we'd have to take the furniture with it.

"We already had an apartment full of furniture in New York. So, we couldn't afford two sets of furniture, this easily could become a man-sized problem. But do you think it bothered us? Not a bit. How could it when the night we came home, there were the children waiting for us with grins. When you get a daily dose of sunshine like that, nothing can be a problem!"

Mary was born and raised in Southern California. She began her acting while still a child. As an eight-year-old pupil of Immaculate Heart Convent in Los Angeles, she toured Southern California in a stock production of "The Little Princess." She loved to dance and was an apt student of ballet. After finishing school at Los Angeles High, she landed the role of Becky Thatcher in Tom Sawyer's Adventures. From there she went into teen-age radio roles—and met Harry. "But I didn't get the star's role," she says, "are now secondary. I think the children have taught me that. Their problems seem to be far more meaningful. The fact that Stevie loses his toy gun, is crying and just must be soothed, somehow seems more important than whether I play another teenager or not!"

Though Mary finds her fun with the children, she feels that her husband still takes things very seriously. She has been trying to get him to relax more. "It's too bad," she says, "that he didn't have the children at home."

Harry does have other interests outside his work. He's devoted to fishing and to early Americanica. He's especially interested in Abraham Lincoln. And, mail, on Lincoln's leather briefcase. Mary says, "He was thrilled to find he'd been high bidder. When the case arrived, he fished around after it, and when they found it, he came up with a pocketknife with A. Lincoln inscribed on the handle. According to Harry, the knife was far more valuable than the briefcase! Both items are now under glass and proudly on display in their living room.

"Since Harry likes to fish," Mary went on, "we often go deep-sea fishing and, if I do say so myself, I sometimes catch more fish than he does."

Fishing has also shown Harry to be a wonderful father. The first time the Ackermans took their children pier fishing, Harry did catch more than Mary did—and he caught twice as many as the two children together.

This upset young Stephen. Each time Harry pulled out a perch with an eager hand and a smile on his face, little Steve would look at his own empty bait pail and raging line—and seem to feel jealous. Harry saw this and realized that Stevie was jealous. He figured he had to do something to straighten out the situation—but there was nothing he could do to keep the boys away from fishing. So, he just went along with it. The boys, though, on the way home, stopped at the Sportsman Lodge, where customers catch their own dinner and all the fish are guaranteed fresh. Harry proudly caught dinner for the four of them.

The next weekend, when they took the children to the pier, Harry didn't catch a thing. His line was in the water all day but he caught only a small fish. He was upset, though. He pulled in thirteen perch and, with each one, let out a shout of glee, "Look, Daddy! Look, Daddy!"

At the end of the day, Mary said why Harry hadn't caught any fish. He hadn't put a hook on his line! Why? "Because," he says, "I suggested to Stevie to make sure Stevie caught more fish than he did!"

Which only proves a man will do anything to keep a smile on his children's faces. And that's as it should be.

DAVE GARROWAY

All about the debonair Dave, the beleaguered bachelor, in the March issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR at your newsstand Friday 5.
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Meet Heinie II, the chimp imp whose self-styled tricks usually lead to unpredictable—and precarious—antics that amaze Director Perkins!

YOUR ZOO PARADE

He wears clothes the other kids have outgrown. His every new accomplishment, from tricks to intelligence tests, is compared with records set by his elders. Even his name is borrowed from the thirty-two-year-old patriarch who has become the oldest chimpanzee in captivity and, to avoid confusion, he must be designated Heinie, the Second.

His reaction is exactly the same as that of a small boy beset by similar woes. Says R. Marlin Perkins, mentor of NBC’s Zoo Parade and director of Chicago’s Lincoln Park Zoo, “Heinnie II is out to prove he’s no carbon copy of anybody.” Ruefully, Marlin grins and shakes his head. “When I think of the mischief that guy can get into…”

Some manifestations of that mischief have been excruciatingly public.

When J. Fred Muggs, “animal editor” of Dave Garroway’s Today, came to Chicago to celebrate his first birthday with his simian cousins, the table was set, the cake was cut, Ling Wong, the orangoutang, Sheba, the chimpanzee glamour girl, and other members of the Lincoln Park family wore their company manners as well as their company clothes.

But not Heinie II. While it is true that Heinie still regards Sheba, his probable future bride, strictly as the girl next door, he failed to relish Muggs’ flattering attention to the young lady.

With his hair standing out straight as a comic strip character’s, he swung at his guest. Held back by Perkins and Jim Hurlbut, Zoo Parade’s inquiring reporter, Heinie chattered profanely. Says Perkins, “It’s lucky no one could translate monkey talk. We’d have been off the air.”

Usually, however, Heinie’s mischief takes an affectionate turn. With Perkins and the four handlers whom he sees daily, he is gentle, friendly, good-natured and appreciative when they tell him he’s a good monkey.

Jim Hurlbut, when he turns up for his once-a-week visit, falls into the class of a fond, indulgent pal. At sight of him, Heinie goes “Mmmm—mmm!” He jumps up and down, lunges into Jim’s arms, pulls his tie, musses his hair, steals pencils from his pocket and tickles him. Once, just once, Heinie managed to sidestep Jim with a kiss. Says Hurlbut, “It was like being attacked by a suction pump. He darned near pulled my eye out.”

In his Lincoln Park Monkey House quarters, Heinie has about eighty neighbors, including his playmate, Ling Wong. He eats fruit, vegetables, milk, meat, and gets eggs as a treat. Vitamins keep his eyes sparkling and his coat glossy. He likes his two baths a week and the olive oil rubdowns which follow them, but he spouts, small-boy fashion, when his handlers wash his face.

Now five years old, Heinie II weighs 55 pounds. Full-grown, he is expected to reach 125 pounds and stand four feet tall on his hind legs. On attaining that growth, gregarious, mischievous Heinie will be a much lonelier monkey, for then his strength will be too much for a man, even a skilled handler, to control.

He’s shooting up so fast that it’s difficult to keep him in clothes. He’s gone from rompers through overalls and sweaters, and now wears the full-dress suit he inherited from Sinbad, the gorilla. Already he’s past the stage where he likes to dress up, and has rebelled entirely against wearing his custom-made shoes, even the pair with roller skates attached.

Inquisitive, alert, Heinie has learned most of his tricks himself. No attempt has been made to turn him into a performer. He plays dead, does back flips, loves to write with his own paper and pencil, and rides his bike.

But the self-taught trick which sometimes throws the NBC staff into a tizzy is Heinie’s effort to join the production crew. Not content to nibble at the microphone like a stick of candy, he also tries to chew the rubber-insulated wires along the floor.

Says Producer Reinald Werrenrath Jr., “Once, to get a laugh, Dave Garroway signed off his At Large show with a make-believe hatcheting through the coaxial cable. But if viewers ever see Zoo Parade go black, it may not be make-believe. If Heinie ever manages to chomp through our cable, that black is for real, brother!”

Zoo Parade, Sun., 4:30 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV.
Honeymoon House

(Continued from page 51)

"wouff!" Joan was off the bed and into her waiting husband’s arms. Davey the Airedale didn’t say anything for the next few seconds, because he understands about these things. But after a minute and a half he “wouffed” again, because he wanted some attention, too.

Frank and Joan had given one another with Davey, an orphan from the dog pound, just a few days before their wedding three and a half years ago. Davey is their baby, for as yet no children have graced their home in three years of waiting.

Since their marriage, Joan has felt a need for work to fill this empty place in her life. She had wanted children very much. She had retired from motion picture work and had planned to be only a mother and a wife. But, so far, her dreams have not been fulfilled, and she’s turned to outside work to keep herself occupied.

Their home is Frank’s and Joan’s pride and joy. Sitting like an eagle’s nest high above Beverly Hills, it commands a view of all of Hollywood. The house, though small by other standards, has a thirty-year history. Built by Hollywood director King Vidor, it was once John Barrymore’s home and, later, Katherine Hepburn’s.

"Some people," says Joan, "may not like this house. They may think it’s too far from town, it’s too isolated, or that the thirty-seven steps that lead up to it are just too much. But this isolation gives us a sense of security, for it’s what we want."

This is their honeymoon house. With the help of decorator, Mrs. Belzer (Loretta Young’s mother), they have filled it with a combination of comfortable “modern” and rare antiques.

"Frank is a man of definite opinions," says Joan, "and his strongest opinions concerned our selection of furniture. Some of those early scenes when we were both picking out tables and chairs were much like scenes from the show which I play in, My Favorite Husband."

There was the time, for example, when Mrs. Belzer brought in the dining-room table. It was an Old English piece, built like an old English draw table, and was about two hundred years old.

Frank didn’t like it. When he came in from the studio that night, and saw the table, he let his opinion be known. "It’s not even a foot wide!" he exclaimed. "How could you sit eight people at a table like that?"

"That’s the beauty of it," said Joan. "It’s narrow now but it unfolds to seat twelve."

Frank looked at the table with new eyes. But he had already committed himself; he had said he didn’t like it. There’s no retreat for a man with decided opinions, so he had to follow along the same tack.

"Well, you’ll just have to keep it folded up, Tell Mrs. Belzer I don’t like it."

That was Frank’s opinion of the table. But it took Joan a week to get the moving men to come pick it up.

They finally came Saturday afternoon and had the table halfway down the thirty-seven steps when Frank came home. With great surprise he said, "Where are you going with our table?"

"Mrs. Belzer was led to understand you didn’t like the table. We’re taking it back to the shop."

"Didn’t like it! Where’d she get that idea? Why, that’s a terrific little table. Believe it or not, it opens up to seat twelve. We used it the other night and it worked fine. I want that table and wouldn’t part with it for the Belzer’s"

The moving men turned around and marched back up the stairs with the table. Then there was the scene with the draperies. But it came after the table affair,

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72. Pennhy Edwards
73. Jerome Courtland
74. Gene Nelson
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76. Rock Hudson
77. Stewart Granger
78. John Barrymore, Jr.
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Mouthwash! Bicarbonate of soda used as a
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Why buy a number of different products
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and Joan had already learned her lesson.
Frank wasn't in the house when the
drapery arrived. If he had been, he
wouldn't have let them be put up. When
he came in from work, the draperies got
the same reaction as the table. He didn't
like them.

"You call those draperies? They're ter-
rible. Take them out and get something
else."

But Joan had heard that song before.
She didn't call the drapery people.
She just waited a week, then—one day in the
living room—said, "Dear, what kind of
drapery do you want?"
Frank looked up at the already hanging
draperies as though they were rare Chi-
nese brocade. "What do you mean, 'What
kind of draperies do I want?' What's wrong
with these?"

"Oh, you like these draperies?"
"Of course," said Frank. "Why you
women can't make up your minds on any-
things is beyond me."
The house is built in a U-shape around
the swimming pool. With its single master
bedroom and one guest room, it is rela-
tively small. The guest room and bath are
separated from the main house by a cur-
ered runway. The doors with the great
wooden B (emblematic of Barrymore) give
an air of a medieval setting to the home.
The pool in the patio is interesting too.
It has a two-story sundial, ten feet in
diameter, in its center. The sundial was a
Barrymore idiosyncrasy. When Frank and
Joan wanted a pool, the only place to put
it was in the patio. Rather than tear down the
colossal sundial, they built the pool around it!
"It doesn't seem to get into the ways," says
Joan. "None of us swims fast enough to get
hurt even when we do bump into it. Be-
sides, it's the only pool in Hollywood where
you can float on your back and tell if you're late for rehearsals!"

Now that she has My Favorite Husband
to keep her busy, Joan doesn't have much
time for floating. She rehearses four days
a week, spends one day on publicity, and
the rest of her time on learning lines.
For her thirty-minute show, she's found she
has to shoehorn ten days' work into seven
days' time.

Joan's new television career began by
accident. She had done two or three shows
in New York, and then Ralph Edwards
picked her as a subject for This Is Your
Life. By chance, Harry Ackerman, a CBS
vice-president, saw her and knew immedi-
ately that she was the girl for the up-
coming My Favorite Husband. He sent her
a script, she read it, liked it, and once
again was busy in show business.

For the first few shows, Joan learned
her lines by reading them to Frank, who
cried her. But Joan felt it was unfair of her
to take up Frank's time. After all, he was
working all day at the studio, too, prepar-
ing his motion picture, "The Robe." She
realized it couldn't be much fun for him
to come home for a rest and have to read
her lines with her at night.

Besides this, she knew Frank enjoyed
watching the show. If he knew what was
coming, it took away from his pleasure.
Fortunately (unfortunately), she dis-
continued their rehearsals together during
the week of the third show. This was the
program where Liz Cooper (Joan) used
tears to blackmail her TV husband (Barry
Nelson) into buying her a new dress in
exchange for his hunting trip. It was also
the week that Frank Ross took a trip to
San Francisco on business—promising to
bring Joan a present on his return.

Frank came back from San Francisco
without a present. Joan didn't say anything
—but were those tears Frank saw in her
eyes? If they were, they were the next
thing to it. When Frank saw those soulful
eyes and the quivering lip, then he re-
membered the forgotten gift.

"Oh, my gosh, dearheart, I'm sorry.
I forgot the present! Tell you what we'll
do. Tomorrow we'll go on a real spending
spree. You can have anything you want.
Anything?"

Joan hadn't said a word!

That evening, My Favorite Husband was
on. Frank watched as Joan's television
husband prepared to leave home on a trip.
When the trip was ended, and the show
over, Joan had a new dress and TV hus-
band Barry Nelson didn't even know if he'd
been taken or not. Frank Ross was even
less sure.

Now Joan read her scripts to Davey.
He "wooffs" in all the right places, for he's
a very bright dog. This reading is fine with
Davey, who loves the attention. But if the
writers ever add a dog to the script, Frank
Ross would like to warn Davey. Frank
feels it will somehow cost Davey—in dog
biscuits, if nothing else.

But you can't worry Davey. He sits at
Joan's feet and, with a wag of his tail,
punctuates every line of the script.

"Cause Davey thinks his mistress is the
most wonderful in the world...a thought heartily seconded by Frank Ross
—even in his most doubtful moments!

"It Opened Up a New
World of Hope"

say so many, grateful listeners to radio's "My
True Story." For this real-life program pre-
sents emotional problems of real people.
Any time you tune in, you may hear your
very own problem being solved—or that of
someone dear to you. These vivid dramas of
love, hope, fear, jealousy are taken right from
the pages of True Story Magazine and have
brought peace and happiness to countless
people.

Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"
American Broadcasting Stations

"REEFER PARTY"—the sensational story of teens lured into the dope
habit—is "must" reading in February TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, on
newstands now.
### Morning Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Egbert &amp; Umilty</td>
<td>Light And Life Hour</td>
<td>Reminio Valley</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>World News Roundup</td>
<td>Wings Of Healing</td>
<td>Milton Cross Album</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Youth Brings You Music</td>
<td>Back To God</td>
<td>World News Roundup</td>
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<td>Carnival Of Books</td>
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<td>Faith In Action</td>
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<td>E. Power Biggs' Organ Concert</td>
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<td>National Radio Pulpit</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
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<td>Art Of Living</td>
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<td>College Choir</td>
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<td>News, Peter Roberts</td>
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<td>Church Of The Air</td>
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<td>Faultless Starch Time</td>
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<td>Viewpoint, U.S.A.</td>
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<td>UN Is My Best</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>Air Force Chorus</td>
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### Afternoon Programs

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<td>The Eternal Light</td>
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<td>Better Living</td>
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<td>Ask Hollywood</td>
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<td>Round Table</td>
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<td>American Forum</td>
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<td>Wings Of Healing</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Golden Voices, with</td>
<td>Top Tunes With</td>
<td>Marines In Review</td>
<td>N. Y. Philharmonic-</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Lawrence Tibbett</td>
<td>Trendler</td>
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<td>Symphony (con.)</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>Golden Treasury</td>
<td>Lanny Ross</td>
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<td>Weekend Newspaper</td>
<td>Counter-Spy, Dan</td>
<td>Old-Fashioned</td>
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<td>Of The Air</td>
<td>MacLaughlin Nick</td>
<td>Revival Hour</td>
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<td>Weekend Newspaper</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>News</td>
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<td>Of The Air (cont.)</td>
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<td>True Detective</td>
<td>5:30 Evening Came</td>
<td>Quiz Kids</td>
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<td>Mysteries</td>
<td>Greatest Story Ever</td>
<td>5:55 Cedric Adams</td>
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### Evening Programs

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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bob Canidine</td>
<td>Building Drummond,</td>
<td>Monday Morning</td>
<td>Gene Autry</td>
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<td>Sir Cedric Hardwicke</td>
<td>Headlines</td>
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<td>NBC Symphony,</td>
<td>Squad Room</td>
<td>George Sokolsky</td>
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<td>Toscanini</td>
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<td>Don Carroll</td>
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<td>NBC Symphony</td>
<td>Red And Gun Club</td>
<td>What's The Name Of</td>
<td>Jack Benny</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(con.)</td>
<td>7:25 Titus Moody</td>
<td>That Tune?</td>
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<td>Chamber Music</td>
<td>This Week Around</td>
<td>Amos 'n' Andy</td>
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<td>The Marriage</td>
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<td>The World</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>7:55 News</td>
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<td>Six Shooter</td>
<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
<td>American Music Hall,</td>
<td>Bing Crosby</td>
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<td>8:25 News</td>
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<td>Burgues Meredith</td>
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<td>NBC Star Playhouse</td>
<td>Enchanted Hour</td>
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<td>My Little Margie</td>
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<td>8:55 News</td>
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<td>NBC Star Playhouse</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Walter Winchell</td>
<td>Hallmark Playhouse</td>
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<td>Symphony</td>
<td>News, Taylor Grant</td>
<td>Edgar Bergen Show</td>
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<td>Stroke Of Fate</td>
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<td>Call Me Freedom</td>
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<td>Last Man Out</td>
<td>News, Hardy Burt</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, News</td>
<td>Man Of The Week</td>
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<td>10:25 News</td>
<td>News, Hazel Markel</td>
<td>Alistair Cooke</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Meet The Press</td>
<td>Men's Corner</td>
<td>Outdoors, Bob Edge</td>
<td>10:35 UN Report</td>
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### Monday

#### Morning Programs

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>World News</td>
<td>Roundup</td>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Cliff's Family</td>
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<td>ABC</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Joe Edwards Show</td>
<td>Ev'ry Day</td>
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<td></td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<td></td>
<td>9:45</td>
<td></td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
<td>8:55 Betty Crocker</td>
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<td>Joe Edwards</td>
<td>Ev'ry Day</td>
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<td>John MacVane</td>
<td>8:55 Betty Crocker</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
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<td>Music Box</td>
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<td>Bob Hope</td>
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<td>Break The Bank—</td>
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<td>Bud Colyer</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
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<td>Strike It Rich</td>
<td>Ladies' Fair</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
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<td>11:25 News, Holland</td>
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<td>Phrase That Pays</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Curt Massey</td>
<td>Turn To A Friend</td>
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<td>MBS</td>
<td>Capitol Commentary with Lee Higginse</td>
<td>Bill Ring Show</td>
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<td>ABC</td>
<td>12:25 Guest Time</td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
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<td>CBS</td>
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<td>Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, New</td>
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<td>Lunchon With Lopez</td>
<td>Road Of Life</td>
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<td>Ma Perkins</td>
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<td>Young Dr. Malone</td>
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<td>The Gilding Light</td>
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<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Mary Margaret McBride</td>
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<td>2:25 News, Sam Hayes</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Burton</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Betty Cracker</td>
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<td>Wonderful City</td>
<td>Terry Mason</td>
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<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Right To Happiness</td>
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<td>Music</td>
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<td>Welcome Ranch, Vic Bellamy</td>
<td>4:25 Betty Crocker</td>
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<td>4:05 The Afternoon</td>
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<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
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<td>Wild Bill Hickok</td>
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<td>5:55 News, Cecil</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Brown</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<th>Time</th>
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<td>Alex Oriel, News</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
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<td>News Of The World</td>
<td>The Lone Ranger</td>
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<td>Perez Como</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
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<td>The Railroad Hour</td>
<td>Henry J. Taylor</td>
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<td>Voice Of Firestone</td>
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<td>Fibber McGee And Molly</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
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<td>Put It To Pat</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Music</td>
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### Tuesday

#### Morning Programs

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<td>Roundup</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td></td>
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<td>CBS</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Joe Edwards Show</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
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<td>Bob Hope</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>Break The Bank—Bud Colyer</td>
<td>Whispering Streets</td>
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<td>Strike It Rich</td>
<td>Make Up Your Mind</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
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<td>Phrase That Pays</td>
<td>Double Or Nothing</td>
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<td>Second Chance</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<thead>
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<tr>
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<td>NBC</td>
<td>Curt Massey</td>
<td>Turn To A Friend</td>
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<td>MBS</td>
<td>Capitol Commentary with Lee Higginse</td>
<td>12:25 Jack Berch Show</td>
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<td>ABC</td>
<td>12:25 Guest Time</td>
<td>Bill Ring Show</td>
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<td>CBS</td>
<td></td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Paul Harvey</td>
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<td>Lunchon With Lopez</td>
<td>Road Of Life</td>
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<td>Ma Perkins</td>
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<td>Young Dr. Malone</td>
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<td>The Gilding Light</td>
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<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Mary Margaret McBride</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
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<td>2:25 News, Sam Hayes</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Burton</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Betty Cracker</td>
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<td>Wonderful City</td>
<td>Terry Mason</td>
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<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Right To Happiness</td>
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<td>Music</td>
<td>Jack Owens Show</td>
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<td>4:25 Betty Crocker</td>
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<td>4:05 The Afternoon</td>
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<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>Bobby Benson</td>
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<td>Wild Bill Hickok</td>
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<td></td>
<td>5:55 News, Cecil</td>
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<td>Brown</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<td>CBS</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
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<td>Alex Oriel, News</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>News Of The World</td>
<td>The Lone Ranger</td>
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<td>Perez Como</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
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<td>The Railroad Hour</td>
<td>Henry J. Taylor</td>
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<td>Sammy Kay</td>
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<td>Voice Of Firestone</td>
<td>Hollywood Romance</td>
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<td>Mike Maloy</td>
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<td>Hollywood Show case</td>
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<td>Fibber McGee And Molly</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
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<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>Put It To Pat</td>
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<td>Music</td>
<td>Diana Taylor</td>
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### Morning Programs

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>World News</td>
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<td>John MacVane</td>
<td>Jack Hunt</td>
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<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>8:30 Betty Crocker</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
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<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>News Of America</td>
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<td>Cliff's Family</td>
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<td>Joan Edwards Show In Town Today</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey Show</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
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<td>10:25 Whistling Straits</td>
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<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
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<td>Bob Hope</td>
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<td>Strike It Rich</td>
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<td>Lady's Fair Queen For A Day</td>
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### Afternoon Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Turn To A Friend (con.)</td>
<td>Wendy Warren</td>
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<td>12:25 Jack Bench Show</td>
<td>Aunt Jenny</td>
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<td>Helen Trent</td>
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<td>Cedric Foster Lunchen With Lopez</td>
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<td>Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone</td>
<td>Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Barton Perry Mason</td>
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<td></td>
<td>2:25 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day</td>
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<td>Dave Garway Betty Crocker</td>
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<td>2:55 News, Bangh’r Pepper Young</td>
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<td>Wizard Of Odds Every Day</td>
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<td>Stella Dallas</td>
<td>Welcome Ranch, Vic Bellamy</td>
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<td>Woman In My House</td>
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<td>Music In The Afternoon</td>
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<td>Big Jon And Sparkle</td>
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### Evening Programs

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
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<td>Dance Orch.</td>
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<td>Bob Finnegan, Sports</td>
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<td>Una Mae Carlisle</td>
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<td>Sam Jones, Politics</td>
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<td>Chicago Theatre Of The Air</td>
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<td>News 10:05 Anonymous Orchestra</td>
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</tbody>
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**Note:** The table above represents a typical broadcasting schedule for a specific day, which includes various programs from different networks. The programs listed include news, music, shows, and other entertainment content typical for a specific time frame, with specific stations airing these shows. The schedule changes daily and is subject to broadcasting decisions by each network.
Arthur Godfrey’s Story

(Continued from page 27)

he missed and thus qualified for appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis—then passed up the appointment in favor of what he hoped would be active service, when a Navy patrol was sent out to prevent a squabble between the Greeks and the Turks from turning into a general war.

He followed the same pattern of study while in the Coast Guard, graduating with commendations from the Radio Material School. As a reserve officer, he has returned to active duty for further training in aviation and at an age far past that of the average student, qualified as a jet pilot. In this demand that his cast continue learning, he asks less of his employees than he does of himself.

Yet, for all his reliance on discipline, another side of Godfrey rebels violently against being confined either by a situation, a behavior pattern, or a place. It is significant that his earliest and most horrible memory is that of being lost in the maze of tall grass in the meadow which fronted his childhood home. As the tangle closed over him, he thrashed about and screamed frantically until his mother, rescuing him, pointed out that he was only twenty feet from the front porch.

He thrashed about equally blindly through the maze of unskilled, unprofitable jobs during his years from fourteen to twenty, but it was only after he found himself in radio that the thrashing about was done with some purpose.

Then it was the pattern of the exaggerated commercial which overwhelmed him. In the announcing fashion of that period, Godfrey, for a time, solemnly read—as ordered—the sonorous ads. Then came the moment when he couldn’t stand it any longer. One morning, after proclaiming the enticing qualities of “flimy, clinging, alluring silk underpants in devastating pink and black,” he exploded, “Whew! Is my face red!”

The station waited for the store to sue. Mr. G. waited to be fired. Instead, buyers stampeded the sale and the Godfrey style of kidding the commercial was born.

Similar evidence piles up. When Godfrey couldn’t bear being shut in, in Manhattan, and had equally strong objections to whittling his schedule of shows, he solved that problem by reaching into the skies. Flying his own plane, he can spend weekends at his beloved Virginia farm and still dominate the airwaves in New York.

But his most notable efforts against a sea of troubles have come through his violent objection to physical injury and illness. Here the toughness of the Godfrey character is revealed in stark, strong outline.

Years ago, when that oft-mentioned truck swerved across the road and struck his car, Godfrey sustained injuries which might have killed him. He had lacerations of the left arm, left hand, left leg and left side of the head. He had a fractured pelvis, a dislocated right hip, and fractures of both kneecaps. He spent nearly a year in the hospital. He came out of it, the doctors said, because he willed himself to recovery.

Viewers have watched agonizing evidence of the same determination being exerted now as he willed himself to recover from his recent operation.

The inner struggle was there for all the world to see during his famed broadcast
from Miami just prior to that operation.

There were those smarty-type critics who, for the sake of a gag, said he looked like a snorting gawumps as he swam in from the air.

There were others who will always remember the look on his face. It was the face of a man chilled with cold, acheing with pain, aware that within a few short days he might be dead or crippled for life, yet fighting back fiercely against the strongest of adversaries. Viewers who saw it remember, too, that he came out of the water, squared his shoulders, grinned, and ran briskly down the beach into the cutting wind.

Now, when the recovery from that operation is slower than Godfrey had hoped, viewers see the same determination exhibited on a long-term basis. They've seen him devise ways to move about without the aid of self-propelling feet; they've seen his little car, his bicycle, his reach for an assisting hand. And they have also seen him resort to crutches. "My sticks," he called them—as, after wobbling a bit, he braced both in front of him and leaned against them as nonchalantly as though they were a new kind of stage prop.

Red must, against this most imprisoning of conditions, it's small wonder that, when organizational problems also erupted, heflared out with what he himself has since admitted was less than good judgment. For the Godfrey temper is as real, as driving a force as his courage.

His temper has often got him into trouble, but it also is on the record that this same temper precipitated what became the best break in the Godfrey career.

Starting commercial broadcasting as an unknown Coast Guardsman who won an amateur contest by plinking a banjo, Godfrey had worked to build up a following for his programs. He had reached his first crest of popularity at the time of the accident. Absent from the air for months, he had it all to do over again when he returned to the National Broadcasting Company's Red and Blue network stations, WRC and WMAL, in Washington.

Then, as now, he stacked up more air hours than anyone else. On January 2, 1934, extra assignments produced a day which extended from 6:00 A.M. to well past midnight. He told the station manager that he needed sleep. He thought the manager agreed that someone else could pinch hit for him on his early program.

At 5:15 P.M., when he showed up, the hassle was on. The station manager and Godfrey exchanged insults. Godfrey shouted back the well-known suggestion as to what the station manager could do with his job. He stormed out.

Hours later, when he realized that in a few minutes' blaze of anger he had destroyed years of work, he came back to apologize. Coldly, the station manager accepted the apology, but added that Godfrey was fired. Harry Butcher of WJSV (now WTOP), a rival station, was ready with an offer for young Arth. He could have a morning show, starting immediately.

Then WMAL threw a punch. They would bring in a big name to take over Godfrey's former spot. But they gave Godfrey an idea. To catch his own audience, he'd go on earlier. Earlier, to him, was 12:01 A.M.

The decision produced dramatic results. At 12:01 A.M., other stations had signed off. WJSV had a clear channel. At distances, people picked up Godfrey's kick- off program. So did the program was Walter Winchell. He telephoned to complement Arthur, then, in his column, advised the smart operators of radio that here was big-time talent. When a snow storm of telegraphed offers blew in, he helped Godfrey sort them out and choose CBS.

In addition to Godfrey's determination, discipline and temper, other characteristics remain from those turbulent years.

Perhaps it is the realization of how much energy and talent he himself poured into his work, that the Godfrey picture is toward the unknown or down-on-his-luck performer. Perhaps it's an honest, warm, human desire to pass on to someone else the break that is needed. Perhaps it's a practical, subtle attitude.

Godfrey's critics gleefully cite the fact that Mugg Richardson, the Chordettes, Bill Lawrence, vanished as abruptly from his career. "The Mugg thing," they said.

Yet on the other side is the record concerning Janette Davis, Frank Parker, Marion Marlowe, The Mariners, Lu Ann Simmons and Fleetwood.

Janette Davis, let us hasten to state, was neither unknown nor has-been when she came to the Godfrey programs. But she was a stormy petrel of broadcasting. She had sung many programs in many styles on many stations, but not until she joined up with Godfrey did she find the niche which exactly suited her.

The Frank Parker story has often been told. A top broadcasting star in the 1930s, he was flat broke in 1948 and nobody wanted him. Godfrey and Frank had exchanged favors when Parker was a star and Godfrey unknown. Godfrey gave him a guest spot on a program, later added him to the cast. Today, Parker states he holds his "break of a lifetime" with Godfrey.

Marion Marlowe was brought up to be an entertainer. In childhood, she sacrificed all fun, all friends, preparing to be a star. The offer of a screen test left her sitting in Hollywood for a year, frustrated for months. Playing a lead role in a London musical comedy sent her home broken in health and in spirit. When she managed a one-shot booking in a Florida night club, Arthur Godfrey happened to be in the audience. Under his guidance, on his shows, she has bloomed into a delightful soloist and an attractive and happy woman.

The Mariners were the hit of the Coast Guard, appeared on Fred Allen's show, then earned steady bookings on Godfrey's. Today, they are in demand for personal appearances and also as recording artists. Lu Ann Simms is the little girl from Rochester, New York, who first turned up on Ten Ten. The Glee Sisters also graduated from that showcase.

The La Rosa story has been too much reviewed both by Godfrey and others to need further repetition. Julius came from a Navy chorus. He left, a star in his own right.

Perhaps the very repetition of this rise-to-stardom story became the fuse for the Godfrey—La Rosa explosion. He was an on-the-air, for-real chapter of "Life with Father."

For it could well be that, in Julius La Rosa, Godfrey raised up a protégé who is as strong in character, as determined, as hot-tempered, as impulsive as Godfrey himself. Godfrey, like many a formative figure in the picture which first had charmed him. He continued to see the young singer as a shy, awkward, stumbling-own-its-feet, bashful boy.

There comes the time in the life of any young person when a certain amount of rebellion is healthy. To find his own way of life, he sometimes has to break his own patterns, make his own decisions, instead of supinely accepting those which someone else plans for him.

Godfrey states it was high time that Julius La Rosa, a man in years, assumed a man's status in fact.

Godfrey schooled La Rosa and it is to Godfrey's credit that he did. Godfrey has conducted himself so well. For, in the main, the steps of his rebellion have been constructive. Where, in show business, there's many a case of an artist in a similar spot turning into Broadway's best hell-raiser, La Rosa showed his independence in better fashion.

In selecting an agent, an attorney, an auditor, he has had the sense that the entertainment world describes as "some of the best people." Now that he is on his own, he's getting his choice of the best bookings. La Rosa, he handled himself well and with dignity.

For the public, already a happy ending is in sight. Only a few days following the parting, La Rosa, shopping for ties at Saks Fifth Avenue, encountered a member of the cast who told him that Mr. Godfrey was not feeling well. Without further thought, La Rosa abandoned his shopping, hastened to Godfrey's office to sympathize.

He said nothing about the reunion to anyone. It was only when Godfrey's old friend Winchell reported in his column that Godfrey had been "out with a lady," that Julie's agent found out about it.

"Why didn't you tell me?" the agent demanded.

"What was there to tell?" La Rosa wanted to know. "I heard he was feeling lousy, so I went over to say 'Hi,' just the same as I would any other day."

And one thing is obvious—the public, which is fond of both men, comes out ahead. For, instead of one star, it now has two. La Rosa already has his own "time"—a 50-minute radio program of his own, has all the TV and theatre bookings he wants, and eventually will probably have his own television show. For everyone who turns a dial or goes to the movies, La Rosa has employment. And Arthur Godfrey's shows continue, tops of their kind, as always.
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(Continued from page 42)
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kind of majesty when they sit here on this stage and tell the problems they’ve faced and conquered.”

Win paused a moment, then asked: “You were in the service, last war?”

I nodded...

“Well, I was a pharmacist’s mate on a ship. Didn’t have a darn thing to do and my job was just to blow the powder to blow me up. But I spent a lot of time with men who were brought in minus arms and legs, men nobody would ever think could live. I watched these pieces of men come in, helped try to patch some of them up, helped them off in my mind as dead men. Then, a few weeks later, I sat with a lot of them and watched them come alive again. They were human beings. They needed and wanted felt and hungered. You don’t ever feel the same about your fellow man after an experience like that.”

“No,” I said, “I guess not.”

Win was talking to me. “Scratch anyone, and he’s decent,” he was saying. “I’ve found that out, and it’s changed my whole point of view.” He went on talking in a similar vein, but I’m afraid I wasn’t listening. I was thinking about the story I’d been told about Win’s personal life.

There is more behind the deep sympathy, compassion and understanding Win’s voice, as he interviews the people on his program, than just a kind heart and a willingness to listen to the troubles of others. In dealing with tragedy, Win’s knowledge of heartbreak isn’t secondhand.

Win was born in Massachusetts in 1915, and by the time he learned his first great lesson in pity and compassion, during that stretch with the Navy, he’d had plenty of years to learn the more cynical side of life. He’d been a zoology major at the University of Michigan, but then he’d deserted, won a few more interesting than animals and went into radio. He was general announcer for NBC in Washington, then a news editor at WBBR in Baltimore. By the time he entered the service he wasn’t too sure that the human race deserved to be saved.

His experience with dying and maimed seamen changed all that, however. In 1945, when he returned to civilian life, he had a new outlook—or, rather, part of one. This new TV show has completed the change in his philosophy.

One thing he wanted, besides a lot of hard work, was a family. Getting the hard work was easy. He became one of the top announcers in both radio and TV, doing all kinds of sportscasts, commercial announcing, and announcing on The Bank.

But the one thing he and his wife, Ruth, longed for most seemed to elude them. It finally began to look as if they just weren’t going to have any children of their own.

The idea of adopted child had been in both Win’s and Ruth’s minds for some time, but neither had wanted to broach the subject. When, at last, one evening after dinner, they finally talked the idea over, neither could later remember who had spoken first. It didn’t matter. They both wanted the same thing, a family, and they were both ready to begin.

That night, they felt closer together than ever before and, a few days later, they went hand-in-hand to an adoption agency.

After the usual interminable delays and false alarms, they received, by a god-lookiing, healthy baby boy. He moved into the New York apartment with a fanfare of jolly yowls, and took over as king of the establishment before either Win or Ruth had yet fully realized they were parents.

And then one day, while Win was at the sink opening a can of baby food and Rickey was chtorting and happily tossing spoonful of mush at the dog, Ruth looked up at Win, from her job of mopping up a glassful of orange juice and coed liver oil puddled under Rickey’s chair, and laughed.

“You can laugh, at this point?” Win asked, grimly.

“I’d be almost able to, and so had you,” Ruth said. “Remember what you said about people who adopted babies when they gave up thinking they could have any of their own, and then usually relaxed and started having the same experience.”

Win let that soak in. He dropped the can opener. “Oh, no!”

“Oh, yes,” Ruth said firmly.

They thought of their own boy, a few months later. But they had hardly had time to try to accept their new happiness when they both realized that Ruth was not finding it easy.

You cannot put this kind of thing into words, because this is tragedy in its deepest sense and, in our civilization, it is a matter of taste to glance away at such things, with respect for the feelings in knew that he would have to lose Ruth, and had already begun to think about the incredible problem of caring for Rickey and Peter and conquering his grief at the same time.

Nonetheless, Ruth’s sudden death, six months after Peter’s birth, was unexpected and crushing. Win sat in the New York apartment, alone, and wondered if he had had time to indulge his grief.

In one room was a two-and—a-half-year-old boy named Rickey, as dear to him as if he were his own flesh and blood.

In another room, a six-month-old baby played with his toes and waited for his mother to come to him.

And now we must look at this man, Win Elliot, at the one time in his life when everything he had known, everything he loved, had vanished, and everything he hoped to achieve in the future, hung in balance. What would he find the strength to do? How would he resolve this problem, which was a personal one, but which, if he had the will, the philosophical acceptance of his own subjection to God and fate, to rise above this incalculable loss?

Win is not quite sure how he did it. It was not a minute thing, nor yet a planned thing. It was just something that had to be done.

“Rickey had to be understood and helped in his own way,” said Ruth. “He was just a baby, just a baby. He was old enough to know and miss his mother.” Win told me. “That was my responsibility. But Peter was six months old, and physically he needed a mother. There is no substitute for the real thing at that age, and I had to realize that.”

As he spoke, Win sat back in his chair and rubbed his eyes hard. They had been looking at span of over 700 shows all during the show, and I knew he was tired. Remembering what I was asking him to remember wasn’t an easy thing for him. But Win is not an immature kid. Life has hit him in a hundred different ways—some tragic, some wonderful. After unhappiness and despair, he has found true contentment, and so is able to go back, re-conquer the old disaster.

Win was doing a series of radio shows at the time, but every moment that he had free he spent in the apartment. He hired a series of nannies, so good at their jobs, but in his heart he realized that, in the final analysis, they were inadequate. They gave Peter what he must have physically, and they gave him all the care, but it was not the kind of emotional care they possibly could.

But a baby senses and understands the difference between a ‘paid’ mother and a mother who adores and cherishes him, who touches him in a certain way, loves him in a special fashion. There is no substitute, ever. And Win, sensitive and intelligent almost to a fault, found the loss of his happiness—knew that it only too well...
Rita Barry was a secretary, and a darned good one. She'd played around with acting a little, had a brief success. She really wanted to be in love with a husband, a family, run a farm, and be loved in turn by her husband and family. Win fell in love whole alone. It turned out that she also adored kids, especially his, that was just an added gift of Providence.

In Rita, Win found he had everything he ever wanted. I have never met a man who was happier in his marriage and in his family. Once he begins to talk about his new life with Rita, his house, his home life, he becomes the complete sentimentalist.

He loves the house he and Rita and the three children live in, because it is a comfortable house that suits their needs. It is not a big house or a glamorous one, just a big square colonial family residence set down in the midst of what used to be expanses of lawn and flower beds. There are still the flower beds, what flowers are left are pretty straggly.

"You see, when we first moved there, Rita was pregnant and it gave her a lot of enjoyment. Whenever they would go up that wall, it would start a uniform pale gray, but now it's every shade of the rainbow. There's a place where Rickie made mud pies one day, now there is a stretch of green grass there. The dogs were uncivilized puppies and kittens—and of course the children contributed in that department, too. But we don't care. The kids come first. Later on we can fix up the house a little bit."

Win and Rita both take their civic duties seriously. "Since we are living in Westport and raising our kids there, we feel we should help to build up in some way to help with community activities. Democracy only works from the inside out. That's why Rita is publicity director for the League of Women Voters of Connecticut, and I'm campaigning to be elected to represent the Town Meeting."

It isn't hard to sum Win Elliot in relation to his show and his private life. For once, "You can see by his face."

Observe Mr. Elliot on his show during the week, talking to people who are victims of misfortune, sympathizing with them, helping them get money or prizes which will aid the development of the ladder to rehabilitation and happiness. Then follow him home to Westport, watch him play with the kids for a while and spend an insomniac few minutes with Rita. What's next?

The campaign, of course. Into the car, down the street to a neighbor's house. "I ring the bell," Win explains. "They tell me who's there. If it's a possible vote for me unless you agree with the way I think. And maybe—I hope—I've got another vote."

"What do you think?" I asked, seriously.

"The platform. First, better schools, better play facilities for the children. Better government generally. Sure, it may mean higher taxes but no real citizen minds paying taxes. The way Win sees it is: if the state is scrupulously fair deal for his money, the way he sees it . . ."

He said a great deal more, but I think you understand what he is driving at. And I hope, by now, that you know Win is what he undoubtedly is: Honest, sincere, a real citizen, and a man who deserves the happiness he's found at last.
of a woman's touch—I learned that, since his divorce two years ago (after eight years of marriage and three children). Steve lives alone and doesn't recommend it.

"I've never been particularly handy," he says, "with a fying pan, screwdriver or anything of that sort. Still, the material things are easy. Easy to manage, I mean. I don't mind getting my own orange juice, I send my laundry out, have a part-time maid and, when I give a party—which is seldom—some obliging young woman volunteers to act as hostess for me. But the more I think about it, the more I'm so busy, out so much, eat dinner out most of the time, that all I actually do here is sleep, work, perhaps open a can!"

"I feel that's a fairly easy fellow to get along with. I eat almost anything and like it. Only food I don't care about are the things described as 'delicacies.' 'Delicacies' because people don't eat them very often. People don't eat them very often because they're not as good as pork chops and mashed potatoes.

"Not being a collector, I'm not overburdened with possessions of the type that can be seen and must be dusted. Pretty much indifferent to clothes, I don't have fourteen suits. Usually buy just what I need.—when one suit wears out, I buy a few one.

"I suppose it's the emotional factor that I miss chiefly. Emotional relationships are important to me. I miss the children a great deal, I wish my show could be moved to Hollywood, where the kids are living with their mother, who has remarried. Usually fly out three or four times a year to see the boys and one or two older ones—Steve, who is nine, and Brian, six (David is three—and—a-half)—were here with me almost all of last summer. I greatly enjoy their company. Had them on a lot of TV shows. On one of them—The Garry Moore Show—the kids were able to see themselves, since it's on kinescope on the Coast. When they were here, I got to see something of the outdoors—boats, you know, and picnics and things—was out in the open more than I ever am when by myself. I miss them very much.

"So I'm glad I'm as busy as I am. A lot of artistic ambition fills up an emotional gap." In his quiet, understated way, Steve adds: "I play the piano." (Mr. A. is a pianist, a trained pianist, he can even write songs. How many? Oh, about two thousand. (For almost all of his songs, Steve writes both music and lyrics.) "My favorites among them? Well, 'Cotton Candy and a Toy Balloon,' And 'Let's Go to Church Next Sunday Morning.' (That one sold 300,000 copies!) And—let's see—'An Old Piano Plays the Blues,' I guess. I can get out the old one around Christmas. One of them is titled 'Can I Wait Up for Santa?' The other is called 'Can Santa Come to Puerto Rico.'"

"Sentimental songs, all of them—though I suppose that I am sentimental," Steve says, considerably. "Realistically sentimental—let's put it that way. Meaning that if there is a liquidation sale, I'm just as likely to see little kids mistreated or unhappy . . . but I don't make a routine of saving old valentines!"

"I write poetry. Just now and again. One piece privately-published—Windfall, it's called. I record for Coral Records. One of my recordings is called 'Be-bop Fanies.' It's a group of children's stories—'Little Red Riding Hood' and others—told in be-bop jargon.

"I also fill in on TV programs for other entertainers. Began to be known as the "replacer," the fill-in, for Garry Moore once or twice, and for Arthur Godfrey on his Talent Scouts show three times and Godfrey And His Friends twice. Quite a bit of this traveling around goes on among us. Only way we can get away is by having advance notice.

"I write some scripts for television, too. Recently wrote one, called 'Flamingo,' for CBS-TV's Danger series." (Steve also wrote the music for Flamingo, and steps in when someone breaks up the lead—a Eurasian girl—opposite him.) "Did a Broadway play last season. A thing called 'Pink Elephant.' And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered me a part in 'Brigadoon.' But," Steve sighs, "since I can't do my show from the Coast, it follows that I can't do 'Brigadoon.'"

"Still, I haven't much time on my hands to be bulked out in which to be lonely in my heart. Even so,—yes, I suppose I'll marry again, feel sure I'll marry again. But no immediate plans, nothing of any practical nature. It's just a modest amount of dating. Probably see more of Jayne Meadows than anyone else.

"I was at this moment, as if on cue, that Jayne (I've Got A Secret) Meadows—vivid in a leopard coat, a mass of chrysanthemums in her arms—walked in.

A real bonanza, Jayne, for her girl's-eye view of Steve was one that Steve—for whom it is obviously punishment to talk about himself—would never have given of himself.

"I'm an appetizer: "The first date I had with Steve was—and is," Jayne says, "the most interesting date I've ever had in my life. He took me to the planetarium! Most magical place there is a dark night club," she laughs, "but he took me to—"

"I took you," Steve says gravely, "to the moon."

Concerning Steve's looks, in person versus on screen, Jayne says: "Much the same, you'd recognize him anywhere—although better looking. I'd say, in person. When you're introduced to Steve, the first thing that comes to mind is that he's tall and he's dark and he's handsome."

"I'll add to which," she immediately adds, "he's talented. Multi-talented, as you know. Completely artistic. His head in the clouds. That sums up Steve. Most important of all his facets, however, is his sense of humor. You often meet attractive men, even brilliant men, but with no sense of humor. What Steve is about are quick—as Steve is quick—with the ad lib but who—like Groucho Marx and Fred Allen—are not good-looking. In, if one may say so.

"On mike, he stands there," Jayne continues, "not a nerve in his body. But—whereas most performers are the life of the party 'of,' as well as 'on.'—Steve is shy, or am I wrong? He seems to know you very well..."

It is difficult to believe that this quiet-spoken, modestly-mannered young man, still in his early twenties in 1952, who has the birthmark of his birthdate—is a veteran of ten years experience on radio and TV and, what is more, spent his childhood on the road with his parents, who were a vaudeville comedienne, and his father, Billy Allen, who was a singer and straight man. Which should have made of Steve the hard-shelled trooper he so obviously is not, unless he knew he never meant to be one. A trooper, that is.

"Born here in New York, I used to travel with my mother," Steve recalls, "in the summers. In the winters, I lived with an aunt. Or maybe a grandmother. Or with any relative who came to hand—or to heel. In any town or city of that which you can think of. Chicago is about as near as I can come to a home
town, I guess. But I also lived in Phoenix, Arizona, in Des Moines, Iowa, Los Angeles, and many smaller boroughs.

"Originally, I wanted to write. I stumbled into radio more or less accidentally. At Drake University, in Des Moines, where I spent a year taking a course in journalism, I also took a course in radio—announcing, newscasting, writing. From Des Moines, I went to Phoenix, spent about four months at Arizona State Teachers College continuing my studies in liberal arts and journalism. It was at Arizona State," Steve says, "that I met Dorothy...."

"Later I got a job at Phoenix's local station KOY—a job which included playing piano, newscasting, writing, announcing, doing everything you can at a small station. But I liked it. I found it. Easiest way, it came to me, to make a living. Don't have to use your brains."

It was in Phoenix, Steve says, that he began to do what he describes as: "A little tiny bit of funny business. Another announcer, name of Wendell Noble, and I started entertaining at Rotary Club luncheons and the like. Noble sang, I played piano, and now and again we'd try a few little quips. They got a few little laughs. Then Noble quit the station, headed for San Diego somewhere, and wound up in Los Angeles. I stayed on in Phoenix for about two years, doing daytime radio, singing for my supper at nights, writing radio commercials and newscasts, until I saved up a thousand dollars with which I, too, figured, could wind up in L. A."

"Of that two years, I spent five months in the Army. During that five months, Dorothy and I I got married. And then during the five months, I was given a medical discharge. They'd discovered I have asthma. Which is why I went to Arizona in the first place, as Dorothy laugh, 'I had patiently explained to them.'"

In Los Angeles, whither Dorothy and Steve repaired after his discharge, they had what Steve always of as "a hard pull." A new wife. No job. Dwinding bank account. Pretty soon, a baby on the way.

"Then I got together again with Noble," Steve says. "He was an announcer at Mutual. And about that time we saw ourselves in a way others did not see—as entertainers. So we started listening to programs, musical and comedy programs. And we began to attend to programs, good and bad. And we believed—we shook hands on it—we were not that bad!"

"So we sat down and put together two skits, one musical, the other comedy. Two days after we made the transcriptions, we were told that the program show had been sold. So we found ourselves—at least on paper—on the comedy team. The show, called Smile Time, was coast-to-coast network. We had no writers, so we was obliged to write a fourteen-page script every day, five days a week. I've been told by taking a romance out of old joke books. I learned jokes that way. Once I'd mastered the technique, I discovered that I was able to make up new jokes. It's just a part of the craft. It would be nice to have a program of your own."

"But not anything, from that time on, stopped S-is-for-Steve ford and A-is-for-airborne Steve Allen."

"Pretty soon CBS hired me to do a disc-jockey show," Steve goes on, "At the end of three years, the disc-jockey business was in a complete metamorphosis. No records at all. Turned into a comedy show. So I'd launched myself, for better or worse, as a comic!"

Steve's success in California brought him so many offers from the Broadway and television that, in 1950—with the reputation of being one of the entertainment
Dr. Jeff—in Person

(Continued from page 68)

for beginners such as we were. Which is probably why it took me three years to decide that a 'restricted diet,' as a result of radio, would be no harder on my digestive tract than the one I was undergoing because of the theatre.

"Be that as it may, one day I sat down and wrote a rumor that may go loaded with dialects of all sorts and descriptions. Somebody had told me directors were impressed with dialects. In the normal course of events, I managed to land a part in a play and, with the suggestion that I drop the dialects...I am sure I could do it, I took it on myself. The casting director at the second audition took me aside and delivered himself of the suggestion that I drop the dialects...they all sounded alike, and were doing me much more harm than good. I'd do much better, he said, if I just stuck to being natural. It was probably the greatest piece of advice I've ever had, and the very next audition—for another casting director—resulted in my first radio role. That first role was a running part on a daytime drama, and I'm happy to say it lasted for several years. I've come to realize what they call the techniques of radio acting.

As is so apt to happen, once you're on one show, other jobs seem to gravitate toward you. Not because you're as busy as they are, but because they cannot imagine you being otherwise.

"I'm sorry to say, but you're absolutely right. Almost every show that was over the air at the time I was working was so busy that the impossible situation meant nothing. I just needed to get away."

"So I bought a trailer and took off across the western prairies of Canada, meandered down to Mexico, and returned slowly via the southwest Indian country. When I struck a place that was different from me, I'd wander off by myself. I started to learn about the people, the mode of living, or whatever...I'd just park and stay for as long as the spirit dictated. It might be a couple of days, or a couple of weeks, or even a month. It was a great way of seeing the country."

week's accumulation of city-tied knots. During the war I had to give it up and, since I do quite a bit of radio work over the weekends now, there's no point to my an- nexing another farm. However, some day I think I might like to try it again.

"But don't misunderstand me," he con- tinues, "I love living in New York...it has so much to offer. I could have lived for weeks at a time without 'making use' of New York, I always know its many attractions are here for my enjoyment, and on the spur of the moment I can be partic- ipating in any one of them."

"But I'd never been lost to me. I'm still on the farm or at the very best, would have to wait for a vacation trip."

"Come to think of it," exclams Bob, interrrupting himself, "vacation reminds me of the only story about myself that might in any way be different. Up to four years ago, I had never had a vacation...that is, since coming to New York. To put it mildly, I was tired! And there seemed to be only one way of getting that badly needed rest...severing studio comm- mitments."

"It was such a relief...I was so tired that the possible consequences meant nothing. I just needed to get away."

"So I bought a trailer and took off across the western prairies of Canada, meandered down to Mexico, and returned slowly via the southwest Indian country. When I struck a place where there was something different from me, I'd wander off by myself. I started to learn about the people, the mode of living, or whatever...I'd just park and stay for as long as the spirit dictated. It might be a couple of days, or a couple of weeks, or even a month. It was a great way of seeing the country."

world's best ad-libbers already is—Steve came to New York and, by July 1955, had ad-libbed himself into the star spot of The Steve Allen Show. It is as the emcee- star of this, his own show, that TV's master comic sends lucky listeners, laughing, to bed..."

"And, yes, he's laughing, too...

"When I'm ad-libbing, I'm happy," Steve says, "and relaxed. It's easier for me than memorizing lines. A long day's rehearsing the commercials and doing the musicians. But, as far as the entertainment is concerned, it's all catch-as-catch- can."

"It's an ad-lib almost anything," Steve says, contentedly. "On the show, I mean. Read letters. Kick any subject I want around, take a hand mike and wander around in the audience, whatever comes into my mind. At the moment, I haven't any writers on the show, not one. Work strictly ad-lib and like it this way. I'm the sworn foe of what I call the 'prepared gags.' Audiences—subconsciously—real his outstanding when it's ad-lib and when it isn't. When ad-libbing is real, people seem to laugh louder. So do I. Inside.

"The ad-libber has a mental block, seems, about the ad-lib. I don't know why. People ad-lib all day long and never give it a thought. Go see the butcher, I mean, and you haven't rehearsed what you're going to do. Meet a fellow on the street, it's strictly off the top of your head and the tip of your tongue. The secret of the whole thing is relaxation..."

Steve laughs, too, then adds: "Life has been very kind to me. Especially professionally. A few personal worries, of course, but nothing inconsequential. But, professionally, as I say, I never had to struggle very much. I seem to be doing as well on TV as I have a right to expect. From here on in, I'll expand in other areas—pictures, Broadway shows, more writing."

"I'm serious-minded, isn't he," she said, more as a statement than a question. "Very serious-minded man, very, very. Most comedians think seriously, I've found, on all the whys and wherefores of the world and everything. But I guess Steve's even a little more."
The time had come to go back to work. But, when I returned to New York, I found I had to start all over again. In the course of one year, a lot of new faces had entered the radio field, and mine must be to re-introduce myself. However, this time I was wiser... this time I knew better than to resort to dialects and gimmicks, and it wasn’t long before I could walk down the street free from fear of creditors.

When asked about hobbies, Robert is inclined to look somewhat taken aback. He really only said that business is his hobby. It’s the thing he really wants to do.

Therefore, the usual need for a hobby—relaxation from the daily money-making grind—isn’t there. However, when pressed for a rundown on extracurricular activities, he admits to an interesting variety.

"Even though it’s never inspired any of the fainthearted proposals of marriage," grins Hilltop House’s Dr. Jeff, "I am told I’m not a complete bust in the kitchen. Like most bachelors, out of self-defense—protection from the dullness of restaurant fare—I learned to cook. Don’t do very much in the line of fancy cooking... am pretty much of a meat and potatoes man, myself. I guess, that is because of a Haag House Specialty would be pig knuckles and sauerkraut... what it lacks in glamour, it makes up for in substance.

"Then I do quite a bit of reading and theatre-going. By the way, I’ve just about everything on Broadway that in any way, shape or form seems interesting. But, of course, just about every actor ever engages"

"As for reading... more often than not, it takes the form of history—either historical novels, or non-fiction. When I had my farm, and when I was touring the country, I did quite a bit of horseback riding... but, now that I spend all my time in the city, I’ve pretty much given that up. Riding a path around Central Park is my idea of next to nothing. It may be good exercise, but it’s awfully uninspiring.

Then," Bob concludes, "there’s always my apartment... or somebody else’s. With a hammer, saw, chisel and/or paint brush. Not at all bad. If the necessity ever presents itself, I guess I could always get a job as a handyman. All of the apartments I’ve ever had in New York have been of the old "converted" brownstone type... you know, the ones which were once private homes in the Gay Nineties. The management of this type of building are usually only too happy to have their tenants go to work and improve the places. With the help of friends, I’ve knocked out walls to enlarge rooms, built in fireplaces, and in general changed the layouts of my apartment."

"But I can’t imagine that there’s any real story in these activities... just about everybody reads, and most people can cook to some extent. As for my being a handyman, most homeowners sooner or later arrive at a degree of dexterity with tools. Honestly, I wish I could think of something about my life that would make an interesting story... but it’s just as I said—mostly I eat, sleep and work. Doesn’t seem to be a thing unusual about me or my life. I’m sorry to give you a hard time, but that is the truth.

Robert Haag’s modesty may prevent him from seeing the unusual—the interesting—aspects of his story, but I’m sure his fans will not. Nor will they be disappointed to learn that, in so many ways, he is like a member of the family, or the likable next-door neighbor. Now, more than ever, his fans will be convinced here’s a man they would really like to know.

"As a beauty editor many people have asked me, "What should I do for pimples?" I always say, don’t try just anything on them. Acne-type pimples are a serious condition that if neglected can permanently mar your looks. So use a medication specifically developed for pimples, and not multi-purpose skin creams or ointments that are claimed to be also good for pimples."

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bad judgment. Ed's lovely daughter Kate comes dangerously close to a terrible fate through her interest in Gordy Webber. Singing Tony Pastina has plans of his own for Gordy. Will this tough, experienced woman allow a girl like Kate to get between her and something she wants? 2:15 P.M., CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS In recent days Carolyn Nelson has often remembered that a great man once said that power corrupts. Has her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, really changed in a fundamental way as the result of his high office? Or are the misunderstandings between them merely the result of the interference of their enemies? What are Annette Thorpe's plans—regard to Miles' future? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton Fuller is caught in her own trap when she learns that a child of her marriage to the late Gordon Fuller would benefit from the Fuller money. Only three people know that the baby cared for by Pearl Scudder is that child, cast off by Sybil in an effort to destroy all memory of her marriage! What happens to Malcolm and Augusta Overton when Sybil learns they have adopted the child? 3:15 P.M., NBC: 1 P.M., CBS.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Not fully understanding the strange ties that bind Gil Whitney to the dangerous woman he married, Helen tried to hurry her hopeless love for him in the renewed excitement of her career as head designer at the Jeff Brady Studios in Hollywood. Brett Chapman's interest has also taken Helen's mind off Gil. though fear of being hurt again prevents her from taking Brett seriously. Will Brett overcome her resistance? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

ROSEMARY On the very brink of the greatest happiness she has ever known, Rosemary Roberts may be plunged into the deepest despair. Will she and Bill find strength in their love to weather tragedy? How will Lonnie and Anna Cisar affect the Robertses' future as the Boys' Club becomes an increasingly important part of Bill's activities? Will he run into the trouble that so many of Springfield's citizens predict? 11:45 A.M., CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Young Patti Barron made a fairly good adjustment to the death of her beloved father, largely because her mother Joanne found the strength and wisdom to guide the child through a difficult time. But, as Arthur Tate takes a significant place in both their lives, Joanne wonders fearfully about the future. Could Patti withstand another emotional upheaval? 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan and Terry Burton are well aware that for years Stan's sister Marcia has been struggling to escape the domination of her mother's personality and money, and they realize that handsome, magnetic Lew Archer seems like the answer to her prayer. Deeply in love, Marcia and Lew see in each other the fulfillment of their dreams. But they are dreaming different dreams. What happens when they wake up? 2 P.M., CBS.

STELLA DALLAS When Stella's daughter Laurel married into the prominent Groverson family, Stella tried to step into the background, fearful of disrupting Lolly's glamorous life. But the loving, devoted Lolly finds it hard to permit Stella to withdraw, and the selfishness of the dowager Mrs. Groverson, has forced Stella to fight for her daughter's happiness. Has Mrs. Groverson at last found a way to ruin the relationship between Stella and Lolly? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Dr. Robert Sargent is a bit of a frightened man as he watches his daughter Grace drawn ever more deeply into the pit of ruin and degradation, and knows himself powerless to stop her. Will Grace's love for the young half-brother drive her to the very doors of death? Or is it the only worthwhile emotion in her confused heart, even though it has plunged her into desperate danger? Can Nora Drake save her? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Young Poko Thurmond is a lovely, intelligent, self-reliant girl who has been fighting her own battles for quite a while. But her battle for love and happiness seems to be getting out of hand as writer Bill Morgan remains confused and uncertain in spite of all her loving encouragement. Will the young girl find a guardian and a terrible blow to Bill's mental balance? 11:35 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY The sudden death of her husband rips aside the curtain of contentment and security and forces Helen Emerson to face a dark, bewildering future. What will happen to her three children, whose lives must surely change under the impact of tragedy? Mickey, at twenty-one, is almost old enough to fend for himself. But what of Diane and young Kim? Emotionally and financially, can Helen provide what they need? 12 noon, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN All during the preparation and rehearsal for Mark's new play, Wendy was uneasy over his fanatical loyalty to the young star, Pat Sullivan. When Pat's betrayal sealed the doom of what might have been Mark's greatest success, Wendy was not deceived by his apparent adjustment to the inevitable. Is the damage to Mark's tight-strung nerves...
DIARY

as great as Wendy fears ... or is it even more terrible than she suspects? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Through-out the years of her marriage to Harry Davis, Joan has never lost a bit of her faith in the power of love. But the Davises have weathered many trials together, and Joan cannot help realizing that, no matter how strong love is, it cannot completely shut out the world. Hatred and envy are strong emotions, too, and people driven by them can be ruthless. Are they at last affecting the Davises? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter may well be proud of the strong ties of love and confidence that hold their children together as a family, even though almost all of them have now embarked on their individual adventures in life. But sometimes the oldest son, Jeff, wonders if there might be advantages in not having a family to fall back on. Do those who are alone find the necessary strength in themselves? 4:45 P.M., NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Time and hard work have helped Dr. Jerry Malone in the difficult task of adjusting after the death of his wife. Having achieved a way of life, and contented that his daughter Jill seems happy, Jerry does not ask happiness for himself, and at first he is confused by the strange effect on him of Tracy Adams. Is she destined to be important to his future? And how will the Williams family fare? 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Heartbroken by Dr. Anthony Loring's marriage to Millicent Randall, Ellen Brown turns to Michael Forsyth for comfort. Michael's friendship has been her bulwark against despair during this time of dreadful trial, but Ellen is disturbed by her knowledge that he wants to offer her more than friendship. Have the long years of her love for Anthony made her incapable of loving another man? Or will Michael help her to forget? 4:30 P.M., NBC.

FEBRUARY 5

That's the day your favorite newsdealer will have the MARCH ISSUE of your favorite magazine RADIO-TV MIRROR

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

1. With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

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Everyone Loves Holly

(Continued from page 34)

warmth and friendliness. Several hundred friends, as well as her husband, are head-over-heels in love with her.

"Holly is everyone's friend," husband Charley says. "She is considerate of everyone's feelings. She is the type she is tactless when she discusses herself."

Hollis came down to New York in the spring of 1947, and in six months brought the big city to heel. By fall of that same year, she had married one of Manhattan's eligible bachelors, starred in a production of one of the country's most famous repertory companies, and landed acting jobs on several network shows.

"Sounds easy," she says. "But that was my second attempt to storm the city."

When Hollis was graduated from the University of Minnesota Drama School, she made a deal at home. She was to go to New York for half a year, with the understanding that she would stay only if she got into a Broadway production.

"And no one could have tried harder than I did," she recalls.

Every weekday she was dressed and on her way at nine in the morning, making the rounds of producers, directors, and casting agents until five-thirty each afternoon. At the end of six months, she totaled up the number of people she had seen at least once. The list came to five hundred. And she had nary a nibble.

She went back to her home in Minneapolis and took post-graduate work at the University. She then went to New York and had the opportunity to "live" theatre in the city. Her reason was not merely to get more experience. Hollis was and is in love with the stage.

"Talk about intellectual stripes," she says, "my wedding to the theatre took place at the age of five!"

She was in a children's play at the University. After the performance, a woman came up to Hollis, put both hands on the child's shoulders and said, "Little girl, you have a great, great talent for acting. You must do something about it."

She did. In her back-yard productions with the neighbors' children, the admission charge was raised to two straight pins.

"There was no lack of encouragement in my back-yard theatre!

"Her father, a tall, handsome insurance agent, had once been in musical comedy. Her mother was a concert pianist. And her home was always filled with actors.

"Daddy had the knack of making a simple game or trip so exciting," she says. "Mother was my confidante. Mother was a 'progressive parent' before the term was in text books."

Any question, no matter how grown-up or perplexing, got her a straight answer. She was encouraged to make her own decisions.

"As soon as I was old enough, my parents gave me advice more frequently than most children."

She was allowed to choose her own clothes and her friends. As she got older, her parents carefully refrained from telling her the kind of man they expected her to marry. When she talked about her ambitions, her mother said, "All things being equal, you can do whatever you wish in life."

Throughout grade and high school, Hollis snatched all her roles in amateur productions. At the University, she got her first comeback.

"As a freshman, I was told we couldn't read for any play until we had completed certain courses. To stay close to her love, she worked as a stagehand, carpenter, dressmaker, and got down on her knees to scrub the stage.

Then came her first audition for a play.

She read for the romantic, beautiful part of Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac." She was cast as the orange girl. Then she read for the part of a fairy princess, an elegant, wistful role. She was cast as a cat. Her third try was for "Romeo and Juliet." That time, she made it and played Juliet.

From that day on, Hollis was a University star, with the encouragement of her teacher, C. Lowell Lees, who is now head of the University of Utah's drama department.

In between her first and second jobs with New York producers, Hollis did more playing, with a friend, opened a summer theatre which was a smash success and scored a $2500 profit. When Hollis came to New York again, she had some ninety different roles to her credit.

"I was really en route to London, that second trip," she says. "A friend of mine who had married an Englishman was trying to get me a work permit for the London stage."

When she arrived in New York, she brought with her a reference to Charles Irving. Charley was a graduate of the same school as Hollis, the University of Minnesota, and the two met. Hollis had been told to call him if she needed a little cheering up—she did need cheering and did call him.

He made a luncheon date, and she went to meet him at the entrance of the CBS Studio Building. When Hollis got there, two men were lounging just inside the door. One disengaged himself and asked, "Are you looking for Charley?"

"Yes!"

He introduced her to the other man and introduced him as Charley Irving. But it turned out that the man introduced as Charley was really Richard Widmark, a radio actor himself at the time (now, of course, in Hollywood), and the man who had met her at the door was Charley.

It was all a joke. But Hollis decided Charley must be a little shy, and she was right. However, she found he was just what the doctor—Dr. Mafone, in this case—ordered for the blues. He was jolly and had a vibrant personality. Charley stands about six feet tall and has thin hair.

They hit it off instantly. Charley's mother and sister were in town, and for a month they were a foursome. When Charley's folks left, Hollis and Charley solemnly agreed they were in love.

"We were quite a conversational couple," she recalls. "We were in the midst of an intellectual discussion, a few months later, when Charley proposed."

They were sitting over coffee, yaking away, when he suddenly asked, "Now, for example, what would you say if I asked you to marry me?"

"Huh?"

"Same question again," "I guess I would do it," Hollis said, "if we were married, I would marry you."

"That's what I mean," he said quickly. "If we were married, could we get along?"

"So, for the next half-hour, they listened rather intently."

"You can bet the scales tipped easily in favor of marriage," she says. "Nothing outweighs love."

They were married in October, and by that time Hollis had done something about her acting career. In the first place, she was no longer Minnie. Her maiden name was Hoffmeyer. And it was Minnie (from the German into "fruit field") and she had been christened Minnie.

Friends in the business contended "Minnie" was a handicap. Then there was Minnie-the-Moacher and Minnie Pearl. Minnie.
Irving obviously was like neither of these. "There's nothing wrong with 'Minnie'!," Charley said. "Don't change it."

One day they were in the country and the hollies were in bloom. Minnie Irving turned to her husband, put out her hand and said, "Meet Hollis Irving."

Charley shrugged and said, "I still insist a holly would smell as sweet by any other name—like for instance..."

But thereafter it was Hollis. As Hollis, she landed radio jobs—her first was in Gangbusters. She started at the country's most famous repertory theatre, the Hedge-row, in Moylan, Pennsylvania, in their twenty-fifth anniversary production, with Eric Bentley directing.

Since that first year she has worked in hundreds of different radio and TV productions—Suspense, Studio One, daytime dramas. She regularly plays Gertie on Perry Mason, as well as Pearl on Road Of Life.

Last summer Hollis took five weeks with Farley Granger in "John Loves Mary." A year ago this fall, Hollis was in her first Broadway production, "Men Of Distinction."

"It took me five years to get a Broadway part," she says, "and the show closed in four days." But Hollis's hopes are still high, and she has been working with David Alexander, noted Broadway director of such hits as "Pal Joey" and "Hazel Flagg."

She has a memento Charley gave her on opening night. It is a pin—a gold star framing a blue background crowned with a ruby. It is inscribed: "To the only star in my blue heaven."

Hollis herself gave Charley a rather unique piece of jewelry which tells the story of the farm they owned. It was a 35-acre farm, with a ten-room house, in Bucks County.

"And he had to enjoy it, once we'd bought it," Hollis says. "We enjoyed it with a vengeance."

They could get out to the farm only on weekends. It was a two-hour trip each way. They noted out on the farm they owned—anywhere from two to twenty-five guests. Hollis never got out of the kitchen. Charley found himself wrestling with storm windows, caring for the grounds, sawing and hammering. They would leave New York, looking for a rest after a week's work—and return from their weekend lighthearted.

Hollis finally prevailed on Charley to sell the farm. He hid, and she gave him a tie clasp.

The clasp is a miniature axe. The head lifts up to reveal a picture of Hollis, with the inscription: "And the farmer took a wife."

The Irvings exchange gifts frequently. A gift for Charley on his birthday might be a mochachino with the trimmings—or a box of potato chips that he gets to eat all by himself.

"He has everything," she says, "Once I gave him a dozen fine handkerchiefs. Came time for birthday present and I looked through his things to see what he needed. The handkerchiefs hadn't been touched—so I just rewrapped them and he got them all once.

On the other hand, Hollis likes quantity in the gifts she gets. A set of six wooden spoons for the kitchen, for instance, a football-size box of exams. He gets a new one."

"Why not?" he says. "I like her cooking."

Hollis, as a child, heard stories about spare-ribs. She soaks them in honey and soy sauce, then bakes them in a slow oven and serves with a hot barbecue sauce. Most of her cooking, however, is confined to weekends, when the maid is off.

The Irvings' apartment is in New York's fashionable Sutton Place, where they have two top floors in a brownstone. They enter by a private staircase which is painted...
pink and hung with famous reproductions and some of Hollis's own work.

"My paintings are just a hobby," she says.

Most of her canvases are impressions of Charley at manual labor or in other constructive moods with humorous implications.

The top floor of their duplex has a huge living room. The walls and ceiling and carpeting are in yellow. At the forward end are wall-to-wall windows which look out on the East River and on such neighbors as Gayle Rankin, Katharine Cornell, Irving Berlin. There are begonias and narcissus on the ledge. Under the window is a handsome ten-foot sofa. Halfway down the room is a large hunk of sofa with a semi-circular back.

There is a king-sized, custom-built radio and phonograph to the right of a woodburning fireplace, and ceiling-high bookcases and a spinet piano full-length. Near it, her eyes from the music, she looks through a glass panel into the dining room.

The dining room is dark red and yellow with French Empire furnishings in rose and tulip wood. On a summer night, the Irwins walk out their dining room window and up to their roof garden, where they have a dizzying view of Manhattan's skyscraper skyline.

The bedroom and den are on the first floor of the duplex. The den is a catch-all for sewing, ironing, letter-writing and video-viewing.

"We wouldn't have TV in the living room," Hollis says. "It interferes with conversation."

Their bedroom is furnished in French Provincial and boasts another woodburning fireplace, a collection of bells and a luxurious quilt with French figures. Above the bed are 12 reproductions of Charley's models. The colors here are purple, green and white.

"I love earth colors," Hollis explains. "I like clothes that way, too—yellows, oranges, reds, browns and all shades of grey and white."

She favors tailored clothes but, as Charley observes, "She dresses to fit her mood—and her moods range from denim to satin."

But Hollis has no time to be really moody. Their life is upside down and, rather than make a distinction between social and business worlds, they wrap each day in one big bundle.

Charley, who produces the TV drama, Search For Tomorrow, is up at six-thirty each morning. Hollis doesn't have to rouse herself until nine, unless she is working on a special morning show such as Man Against Crime—and then she, too, is up with the birds.

They may both be out all day, or the home may turn into the site of a conference. People come and go continuously. Several times a week they have six or more guests for dinner. But their home is not a home, but a sort of halfway housekeeping so that no one is ever at a loss as to where to find either underwear or cheese and crackers. Hollis plans the meals and the house cleaning schedule. Although she has the housework, she herself takes on a lot of the cleaning chores and still wields a mean scrub brush.

"The worst handicap in our work is that we can't make plans in advance."

They wanted a trip abroad, but had no idea of when they could get away. Hollis got the passports and put them in a safe place. Months later, Charley announced that he could get some time off. A week later, they were gone.

Often they don't know by Friday morning whether they will be able to accept a weekend invitation to the country. But they do have fun, and there is only one tragic note in their six years of marriage. Their only child died at three months. Hollis does not talk much about this.

"Hollis doesn't inflict her own sufferings on others," Charley notes. "But, for others, she'll cry her heart out."

It was believed that they could draw a parallel between Hollis and the part for which she is known on The Road Of Life. Pearl is a poor, harried domestic in the employ of a selfish woman. Any similarity in the lives of Hollis and Pearl is purely coincidental. But Hollis, before all other things, is a warm and understanding woman—and it is these qualities which undoubtedly reach out and capture listeners' hearts.

Bob Crosby—
The Boy Who Could Work Miracles

(Continued from page 58)

Crosby himself, not to be confused with any other product with a similar name.

All of which proves that Bob's a boy who can really work miracles. That treasured phrase, "his own," gives the clue. Talent like Bob's should always merit full confidence and -win triumphs for his possessor. Yet Bob had to work twice as hard as any other young hopeful. He had to prove to the world that lightning could strike twice in the same family. Brother Bing got the job but merely padlocked Crosby as a name famous around the globe. There was almost no one—except Bob himself—who believed that another Crosby could make the grade.

The road was paved with ifs. If Bob succeeded, people were bound to say: "Well, he must have had plenty of help—must be Bing Jr." If he failed: "See? What's coming of trying to ride the tail of your brother's kite?"

But Bing didn't fail. And he didn't have help. Bob Crosby achieved his own success, through his own efforts. A visit to his Brentwood home helps to show just how Bob got that way—and how he's bringing up all his own little Crosbys to have the same do-or-die spirit.

It's a Saturday afternoon and a rainy one, at that. But neither rain nor snow nor sleet can stop these busy Crosbys in the car—and Bob just isn't a family to sit around and mope.

Bob and Bob Junior are tossing a football the length of the living room, while they have a TV on and a phonograph and little Junie, who is easily the most beautiful baby girl in these parts, come in to say goodbye. They're weather-proofed from head to toe, wearing boots, slickers and gloves. But they're going out to investigate the unusual California weather. Steve is long since gone on some small-boy project of his own, and the voice of fourteen-year-old Cathy goes down: "Mother, may I borrow the adding machine to check this problem I'm working on in my madhouse."

Mother June raises her head from her own homework to answer, "Yes, dear." That's right, her own homework. She's a remarkable girl, Mrs. Bob Crosby. After more than fifteen happy years of marriage and the birth of five children, she is right in the middle of a stiff pre-medical course at UCLA.

"I've wanted to be a doctor since I was
six years old," she says with her shy, warm smile, "and my father, who is one, has been trying to discourage me from it just that long. I took some pre-med when I attended Sarah Lawrence College, and after we were married Bob went overseas, I got in some more via correspondence courses. And now I'm taking four courses a week at UCLA. She wants to be a part of it, and undaunted by the fact that she has approximately fourteen more years of schooling before she is through. "Maybe it's better that way. By the time she graduates I'll have served my internship, even Junie will be well into her teens, so I won't have any family problems on my mind."

"You'd want to see her, this small, slim girl—how she does it, and where she finds the time and energy. Going to school is only one small part of her daily routine. She does her own housework and the cooking for her large brood. She watches her husband's TV show five times weekly, making intelligent notes of things they might discuss to improve it. She's also an artist of considerable talent; the charming oil portrait of the five Crosby children which hangs in the living room was painted by her mother. And see, she's a fine mother indeed; regardless of what she, herself, is doing, she always knows where and how her children are.

June isn't impressed with her staggering schedule. 'The housework isn't bad, as each of the children has certain chores to do. Probably it would be easier to do them myself, she says to the youngsters—you know how children are apt to wrangle about things like that—but Bob and I feel very strongly that they should learn to accept responsibilities while they're young. So, eventually, everything does get done. As for the cooking . . . well, I've always loved to cook, and it seems to run in the family. Even the boys come out into the kitchen and help every once in a while.'

If the Crosby children, collectively, have a sense of responsibility, it might well have inherited it from their father. Believe it or not, Bob Crosby's family uses every product he advertises for his sponsors. What's more, he goes out and buys them. In fact, of course, I try my sponsors' products, he says seriously, as if surprised at the idea that any performer wouldn't. "How else could I stand, and be loyal to an audience about whatever I'm selling?" What he isn't selling his audience, obviously, is a pig in a poke.

Television has been some big changes in the life of Bob Crosby. For one thing, he says he has never worked so hard as he does now. "Taking the band out on the road for one-night stands seems like a vacation, compared to television. Frequently, The Bob Crosby Show can be seen over CBS-TV daily, Monday through Friday, which keeps the maestro and his boys pretty much on the go. And when they do a day's show, break for lunch, and immediately begin rehearsing tomorrow's program. 'And when you have five or six musical productions every day, man, you're working!'"

"That's one reason I'm glad June has taken up her medical studies again," he continues. "Of course, she'd be a television widow for a time, but usually bushed by the time I come home, and most of the time all I want to do is sit down and relax. Gosh, I don't even play golf any more. But I'm lucky, June doesn't mind if we don't go out as much as we used to. There's so much hard work in studying medicine that she lets me have my evenings at home to study. And she lets it, too, so I don't have to feel guilty about staying home a lot."

Bob is as thoughtful and conscientious a musician as you could find, which is one good reason why his hand remains up on the top. On all of the questions that lovers of popular music ask—like "Why don't they write the kind of songs they used to?" and "Why aren't there any outstanding bands left?"—are questions he's asked, too.

"I've talked to the best songwriters in the business, the same ones who wrote the songs we're still playing ten or fifteen years later. They admit that the stuff they put out today isn't as good; they admit that they just knocked out some little cutie or gimmick song. Why? Well, they say something new has been added since the days they wrote the songs you remember. Disc jockeys.

"One of our most famous songwriters told me that the life of the average song today is about five weeks. The disc jockeys play a new tune about that long and kill it. This writer told me that, if he would prove it, he'd be fired. I have a suspicion she's a fine mother indeed; regardless of what she, herself, is doing, she always knows where and how her children are.

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Brandon de Wilde—Jaguar for Jamie

(Continued from page 39)

Brandon de Wilde has achieved stardom in the legitimate theatre and now in the title role of Jamie, his own network show on ABC-TV.

Now, what about Brandon de Wilde’s Jaguar?

Kind of symbolic, that Jaguar. It’s an old nail keg and a high-chair seat fastened to a five-foot wooden plank mounted on a set of baby-carriage wheels. Brandon keeps it inside the picket fence on the postage-stamp-size front lawn of his home in Baldwin, Long Island.

It’s the very same unpretentious house that his living quarters were, a mere toddler. The same house that Frederic and Eugenia de Wilde (a pair of astonished but elated parents they must have been) brought their boy back to, on the day of his birth 1940 after he had shared repeated bows and curtain calls with Ethel Waters and Julie Harris at the Empire Theatre. As of that night, Brandon had a cheering public and critics in the palm of his little hand. At the tender age of seven, he had ‘em bewitched, bedazzled and de-Wilde’d.

Proof that you can read in the newspapers—next day. Gloria Swanson, in praise—the kind that usually form the warp and woof of a magic carpet fabric. A magic carpet to de-luxe living, replete with private swimming pool.

A mere four years have passed since Brandon’s sensational emergence in “The Member of the Wedding.” Since then his popularity has doubled and his fees have increased. He was co-starred with Helen Hayes in “Mrs. McThing.” With Lee J. Cobb in “The Emperor’s Clothes.” Again with Ethel Waters and Julie Harris in the filmed version of his Broadway study movie-goers saw him play unforgettable scenes with two-fisted, gun-toting Alan Ladd in “Shane.” And now he has Jamie, a top-rank role of dramatic series, as his fame-winning vehicle.

In the lingo of business, Brandon is “box office.” He is a “property,” the dollar value of which must be increasing with each new success.

It’s hard to say how any other parents of a bonanza like Brandon would behave in the face of such a temptation. What Frederic and Eugenia de Wilde have done is perfectly plain to see. They have simply vetoed the magic-carpet, gravy-train route to elegance. Their motto is “Normalcy.”

The de Wilde house on Westminster Road is just about as normal as Brandon’s dandies. The width of a garage drive-way separates the de Wildes from their neighbors on either side. The little picket-fenced lawn in front (parking area for Brandon’s nail-keg sports car) is no contender for the largest. The house is divided. A small porch leads to a tiny foyer and that, in turn, into a living room . . . comfortable, tastefully furnished, by no means spacious. For decoration, charming, well-bred Siamese cats of blue ribbon caliber, give a mildly inquisitive glance when a visitor enters and then promptly settle back into aloof indifference.

A ringing bell is answered by Brandon’s dad, there being no servant or housemaid to attend to the matter. Fritz (as his friends call him) has the appearance of a peripatetic, or the ebullient, or the ebullient cast as the sympathetic friend in good supporting roles. This first impression is only one step removed from the actual fact, because Fritz de Wilde is “theatre” right down to the marrow of his bones. He has a long list of credits as stage manager for Broadway and touring plays, and he is presently a member in the firm of Talent Associates, producers of Jamie.

“The idea of getting away pretty soon,” Fritz says. “Got to be in on a script conference for next week’s show, but Mrs. de Wilde should be along any minute—in fact, here she is now.”

Eugenia de Wilde, dainty, brown-haired, extremely attractive, comes in from the street, a bit breathless and with apologies for not being on the welcoming committee. Her new role as variously acclaimed as a drama critic, a lively meeting of the local Parent-Teachers Association.

Glancing at a wall clock, Eugenia says, “Brandon ought to be home before long. I doubt if he’ll have kept school two days in a row.”

Brandon de Wilde—kept after school?

“Yesterday, his teacher reprimanded him,” Brandon’s father, an endearing, sweet-faced Eugenia explains. “Had to write out a note to that effect and bring it home for me to sign.”

Aside from an occasional lapse of deportment like that, Brandon does very nicely in his sixth-grade class at Lenox Public School, just around the corner. The school’s playground can be seen from the rear window of the house, and during outdoor play periods, Eugenia can glance out and see Brandon romping about with his schoolmates.

“Our Education people have been wonderfully understanding and cooperative about the conflict between school hours and television rehearsal time,” she says. “Eugenia’s got a full schedule of camera and dress rehearsal, so he’s away from class all that day. Other rehearsal time cuts into only one other school day—Friday afternoon. All of this time, she’s being supervised by a school-approved tutor. The same teacher, incidentally, who’s worked with Brandon since all this started. It’s worked out very well for all concerned.

The conversation turns to Jamie as a vehicle for Brandon’s very special talents.

“We’re trying to keep away from ‘situation’ plays,” Fritz says. “We want honesty to dictate every mood, every conflict, every laugh, every action, wherever possible. In other words, we want the situations to arise out of Jamie’s character. When his younger, suddenly orphaned, learning to live with well-intentioned relatives.”

In the real-life home of the lad who plays Jamie, there is evidence everywhere that Brandon belongs, most importantly. The living room, for instance. In general, the tone of this room is subdued, underplayed. But the eye cannot avoid being drawn to one vivid focal-point of interest—a large oil painting, impressively framed. Brandon’s portrait.

In it, Brandon is perched on the seat of a car and looks like a child. But the caption suggests that he is at a great height because, far beneath, there is a luminous cluster of lights—city lights. And what suspends this swing? A row of model balloons, floating, swaying high up in a starry sky.

Eugenia explains that the strange canvas was painted by Lester Polakow, who designed the stage sets for “Wedding.” “The idea was to give a good likeness of Brandon,” she says, “it’s the dreamlike quality of the background, almost bordering on fantasy, that pleases us. It’s reminiscent of the naive style of de Wilde state of mind at that time.”

And Eugenia relates the fairly incredible events leading up to “that time.” She reveals that, back to November, 1949, at a time when Eugenia, very housewife-like, was trying to...
On a shelf beneath a corner window repose more games and a miscellany of possessions prized by most small fry—scale-model ships, trains, autos and planes; a full-grown, life-size rearing horse; a complete set of Army and Navy; a pair of spy glasses; and a signed photograph of Beatrice Lillie.

Eugenia almost giggles as she makes the next comment. "A sight to behold is Bea Lillie at the wheel of Brandon's wooden scooter, driving down our street."

"She doesn't drive," Brandon says. "I have to push her."

A mental picture of any lady astride Brandon's scrap-lumber jalopy, riding it down this staid suburban street, is amusing enough—but it stagers the imagination when you realize that Eugenia and Brandon really mean Lady Peel . . . Bea Lillie, the internationally famous comedienne. She, a visitor to his admittedly modest house on this admittedly unglamorous Baldwin side street?

"Bea's very fond of Brandon," Eugenia tells you. "She's been out here two or three times. Telephones us whenever she's in town, if she can't come out. Bea used to call for Brandon at the theatre, between a matinee and evening show, and whisk him off to some 42nd Street street shooting gallery or penny arcade. She's a grand person."

Other stage and screen luminaries like to make the pilgrimage to quiet West- mitten, and even Arthur and Julie Harris, among others. They, like the de Wildes, seem to be people whose sense of values doesn't depend on the private-swimming-pool yardstick. Celebrities or not, they visit the de Wilde house because Brandon, Eugenia and Fritz live there. Reason enough.

Brandon completes your tour of the house with a good look at the basement, headquarters for many of Brandon's special hobbies. There's a puppet stage . . . a rack holding several rifles of rare vintage—and the piece de resistance: an almost complete model railroad system with control board, several sets of lifelike trains, tunnels, switches, semaphores, bridges—the works.

Upstairs, in the living room again, Brandon sits restively on the sofa. You've got his politest, best-behaviorist attention, but you know he's anxious to tote his toy six-shooters outside and get going with the game of "pioneer days" with Greg, a chum who waits outside.

Brieﬂy, though, Brandon forgets his warping pale. For a long time, he squints at you carefully, appraisingly. He's weighing the wisdom of putting you to an acid test. Finally, he speaks.

"Which team did you root for?" he asks with deceptive mildness. "The Yankees or the Dodgers?"

Squirming will get you nowhere. Diplomacy stands only a 50-50 chance of success. You're not clairvoyant. You're on the spot.

Hesitantly, you reply, "The Dodgers."

"Yay!"

Brandon, yelling like a happy little maniac, jumps up and grabs your hand. "You're my friend!" he beams.

PATSY CAMPBELL

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“Love to Live with Mother”

(Continued from page 40)

for the home. Then a friend of mine, warned me of a "slublet" for the summer. It was a great improvement over hotel living—but, even though we did have fun, I missed one thing . . . Mother. You see, I really love living with Mother.

Once having met Mrs. Mabel Grove, it’s easy to see why her daughter loves being with her. In the first place, they look more like sisters than mother and daughter. The fact that they don’t often swap clothes is certainly not because it’s physically impossible. Recently, Mrs. Grove went to a costume party, as a young dachshund costume—a perfect fit—and a perfect evening was enjoyed by all. “I’ll admit,” laughs vivacious Mrs. Grove, “I was somewhat daunted about my unusual costume—you know, wondered whether perhaps it didn’t make me look a little skittish. Particularly after Cyrano, our dachshund, barked at me as though I were a complete stranger. But Betty Ann assured me that I looked just fine, and I knew she wouldn’t give me a wrong steer. And—just as she said I would—I did have such a good time that evening!”

In the Grove household, it is sometimes a bit difficult to tell who takes care of whom. It is a singing—living home, where Mother lays down the laws for daughter to follow, willy-nilly. “It’s never been that way,” exclaims Betty Ann, with a bounce thrown in for added emphasis. “The things that completely—from the artistic standpoint, you know, etherial, dapper little idea, Betty Ann was alone, she had to work—that is, up to 1945, when she came to New York to join me. During the war years, she was in a war plant in Boston, and later became a secretary in an office. Besides that, she kept house for me and did everything any mother could possibly be expected to do . . . in fact, lots more. It was her efforts that gave me those teen years of dancing lessons. You know, I planned to be a dancing teacher . . . never really thought I’d get the break that would open up a professional career.”

But, in the strange-as-it-seems department, it was not dancing that opened up a theatrical career for this rising star. It was the fact that Betty Ann was not formally trained. In fact, it was not until after she hit Broadway that Betty Ann had her first vocal lesson. Singing, to her, had always been just for fun . . . all her life, she had sung for anybody who would listen. But she had never planned to make it pay off.

“From the time she was just a little tot,” Betty Ann mother says, “she loved to sing. When she would go shopping with me, she’d peer over the counter at the salesman and announce in no uncertain terms, ‘I can sing!’ If he didn’t simply swoon with over the announcement, she’d open her mouth and prove her point. I guess you’d say she had a natural singing voice and style. But when she started trying to sing professionally, it became obvious that she needed vocal lessons . . . needed to learn to control her voice, not have it the other way around, as it had been.”

“This is the way the switch in careers happened,” explains Betty Ann. “As a teenager, I did some modeling to help pay for my dancing lessons. When I was seventeen, the Boston Department Store in Boston had a big teen-age fashion show. Ruby Newman and his orchestra were engaged to play at the show, and I was hired to model, sing, and dance. Ruby liked my work and asked me to do a number or two with him a few nights later at the Statler, where he was playing. That was the start of it, and I was hired by the Boston Department Store to model and on the road before I came to New York, at Christmas in 1948, to appear with Ed Sullivan on Toast Of The Town.”

In less than a year from that time this energetic and talented New Yorker, she found herself established in the old Gulf Road Show and, shortly after that, on Stop The Music. This situation called for rejigging the traditional rhythms with any luck at all, she was “on her way” professionally—and, now she could ask her mother to stop working and come live with her.

“Well,” smiles Mrs. Grove, “the ‘stop working’ part was only a figure of speech. I just transferred my secretarial work from Boston to a New York apartment. You see, I hand Betty Ann’s fan mail, keep her calendar straight, monitor her shows, and the like. I guess you might say I’m her daughter’s secretary. A really fine girl she turned out to be, too, love addition, Betty Ann works in at least two singing lessons a week. If she can sand, you can imagine.”

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Heart Fires Its Time
(Continued from page 63) another member of the cast, adds: "It isn't just her professional duties she attends to. She's the one who also does the little thoughtful things which we all know we should do for other people but get so busy we usually skip."

Everyone around the Chicago NBC studios has heard of her entry for that list.

The stage crew will cite the fact that, when the show moved from afternoon to morning performance, they all found it difficult to be there by the set a 7:00 A.M. Bernardine was the one who prepared a thermos bottle full of coffee and brought it in for all to share.

A switchboard operator adds, "She over-hears conversations in the halls that, I thought, I had lost my favorite hand lotion. After lunch, in came Bern with a new bottle. It was the right brand, too."

Bern, of course, is in charge of coordinating props, costumes and scripts, and says, "Remember the first time Lona planned to marry Dr. Corey? Since all they intended to do was to be married, never occurred to me to discuss what she would wear. But, that morning, Bern turned up in a new outfit. When I complimented her, she looked surprised. I told her Lona thought she was going to get married, she'd just naturally want a new dress."

When Bernardine, at the end of the day, sets aside her professional duties, her entire attention goes to her husband and her sons.

A competent housekeeper takes care of the family's Near North Side apartment, with Bernardine doing the planning which keeps the family running smoothly.

It sounds simple when she tells how she does it. "You have to think it out, of course, but if you plan, and organize your husband and children, you can do it."

This, to Bern, is the key to all accomplishment, yet she also confesses it took a little learning. The most difficult period of her life, she says, came, "when I had nothing to do but housework and, consequently, got nothing done."

That happened shortly after World War II. Her husband, Dr. Chester Dornbury, had just returned from service as a flight surgeon. Their sons, Tony and Ruffin, were small. Bernardine, for the first time in her adult life, was clear of radio commitments. Yet, she told her sister, the time which she had, on returning from war, "the things which make me strong is her faith."

They respect each other's need for privacy . . . for individualism. They share each other's heartaches as well as triumphs. In Maine, for example, if they had found all the warmth, love and understanding of a mother as well as the companionship of a sister or best friend. Is it any wonder, then, that she "loves living with Mother?"
needed. Although three years have been added to the calendar, Bernardine Flynn looks ten years younger.

Bernardine disclaims having found any fountain of youth. "I just had more things I wanted to do—I wanted Chet and the boys to enjoy their home, and I also wanted to stay on the show."

Moving back into Chicago restored some time to her day, but the major adjustment had to come from Bernardine. Her stage experience pointed the way, "I guess I just tried to use the same kind of planning it takes to work out action."

What kind of work that involves is best described by others on the show. She aims, they say, for nothing less than perfection. Mistakes devour time and also upset others.

Mechanical gadgets—even a potato peeler—horrify her. "I'm not clever with my hands," she admits. Yet she has never permitted even the most complicated mechanism to defeat her.

Her supreme test on the show came shortly after Knap's death had thrown responsibility for publishing the Hawkins Falls Gazette squarely on Lona's shoulders. To dramatize this, the script required that, in one sequence, she feed paper to a hand press.

The press was a relic even a skilled modern printer would have found troublesome. After one look at it, Ben Park, producer of the show, insisted NBC take out additional liability insurance.

Bernardine was scared to death of the monster. Yet she followed instructions, heaved every required movement, and, on the air, operated the press as smoothly as though she had grown up in a print shop.

People around her have come to depend on her skills. Ben Park tells how she saved the day when a performer took sick forty-five minutes before air time. No substitute could possibly learn the lines.

"Give me the part," Bernardine suggested. "I'll just turn it into a telephone conversation. That way the audience will know what was supposed to happen."

Her formula for coping with all problems is simple: "Figure out what is required, learn every part of it, then just go ahead and do it. You never know how much you can do until you try."

Applying this to her daily life has yielded a bountiful personality dividend.

Ben Park—who, in his work as a producer, has been forced to cope with many a temperamental and demanding performer—points out, "Bernardine is the least actress-affectress I know. She never persists in playing a role off stage as well as on. Her focus is away from herself and toward other people."

Confirmation of this comes from a friend who once saw Bernardine at home. The guest of the house was her. "Bernardine, to use an old-fashioned title, was simply Mrs. Doherty."

Her reticence confused another guest. Seeking out the hostess, she asked, "Haven't I met Mrs. Doherty somewhere? She looks so familiar. Or maybe she just resembles one I've seen on TV."

This same attribute keys her successful combination of home life with career. The star actress never appears in family relationships.

Mrs. Pat Doherty, wife of one of Dr. Doherty's older sons, says, "You should see her with our little girl. Melinda adores her 'Grandma Bern.'"

The only thing the child has learned to dial exactly one telephone number—Bernardine's. Her biggest treat is being permitted to spend the night there. Says young Mrs. Doherty, "Linda and Bern dance around as though both were the same age. She knows instinctively what will please Linda. In fact, for a little while, she is Linda."

This ability to project herself into the experiences of others contributes to Bernardine's success as an actress and also explains how, during her busy days, she thinks of those little things which endear her to the cast and to her friends.

Characteristically, Bernardine disclaims credit for them. "I'm just enjoying myself," she says. "It's fun to move over into someone else's life for a change. You can feel how it would be to be in your own, if that's all you think about. Other people have so much to give—if I just open my heart and let them in."

Amateur artistry: Ronny and Richard Holm, who also play in Hawkins Falls, admire Bernardine's fine portrait of another cast member, Art Van Harvey.
Sitting on a Rainbow

(Continued from page 31)
Brown, now serving as an interpreter with Army Intelligence in Korea, gives Dottie a divorce! When the headlines first broke, he reportedly said he would "My wife's happiness," Sergeant Brown was quoted as saying, "is all that matters." According to later reports, he will do nothing of the sort. One newspaper had it that they had agreed in recent months that neither wants a divorce. Is there no truth at all, as Dottie declares, to this report?

Does Julie himself know the answer to the question of his own divorce? Does he feel at peace in his heart? If he doesn't know, if the problem is still unresolved, there is bound to be confusion within him. And that, perhaps, of impending loss. Or does he console himself with the thought that the path of true love never runs smooth?

There are other complications. Julie's religious beliefs give him a sense of duty, a person who had been married by an ordained minister. Dottie is the daughter of Mrs. Anne McGuire, an ordained minister of the Church of God, not of St. Paul's. In faith, she was raised, as he was, to believe in God, in prayer, the Golden Rule, the sanctity of marriage.

Julie whatever means Dottie and Julie work out their problems it will be, you may be sure, with the help of their churches and the earnestness of their prayers. It is because of their hope—and need—we must set up with his acquaintance, to their faiths and their families that Julie and Dottie now spend much of their time in prayer.

Meanwhile Julie must be asking whether the family, the money, the acclaim are worth having if he can't have his girl. Without her, he's just a lonely guy who sits in his dressing-room and plays Scramble (the board game) by himself. A day without a Bath is no day for a fellow! Money is fun, of course—especially the fabulous kind that has come to Julie so easily since Godfrey's seven little words put him up in the top names in show business. Only a few short years ago, after graduating from Brooklyn's Grover Cleveland High School, Julie was earning 50 cents an hour in a radio tube plant. He raked a stencil in my face, "Hey, I'll tell you, Julie's pay was never more than $220 a month. Nor were Julie's hopes of future income much higher."

"Mr. Smith," a tender operator in the Navy with post-war plans of joining forces with his father in a radio servicing shop. Sure, I had dreams of singing. But they were sidetracked by my family. I couldn't do it. Julie's pay was never more than $220 a month. Nor were Julie's hopes of future income much higher.

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What Marriage Can Do for a Guy!

(Continued from page 49)

in her own right as a screen and stage actress. She had a role in the stage play, "Private Lives," which was then playing in Chicago and she thought that Buffalo would be a good place to get a good break. They ran into each other occasionally during the weeks that followed. Buff left her show and went to California. When the next summer came, she wrote Mike again. The following March 11—this was in 1949—they were married.

What marriage took place at a friend's house, at seven in the evening. The wedding supper was at the Blackstone Hotel. Mike had a radio show which originated there, and Buff had been a guest on it shortly after their first meeting. The honeymoon was over at seven the next morning. Mike was due at the studio by eight-thirty. The Buff was married was born Myron Wallace, in Brooklyn, a suburban community near Boston, the youngest of four children. She was a freshman at the University of Massachusetts when she was sixteen and wanted to teach college English.

Halfway through his sophomore year, Mike began to get interested in college dramas more than anything else, and did on the school plays. He was influenced by such Ann Arbor classmates as Arthur Miller—a budding playwright then, later to write, among other things, the famous "Death of a Salesman." "The Crucible"; Robert Q. Lewis—later to star on radio and TV; Peter Arnell—now the producer of Mike's TV panel show, "I'll Buy That. Several of his professors encouraged him, too.

Mike was helping to put himself through college, and a job was a must right after graduation. Either teaching, or show business—and this time, he knew it had to be the latter.

In his senior year, he enrolled in the college radio courses, formed a friendship with a fellow student, and this year, the following summer, she saw Mike again. The following March 11—this was in 1949—they were married.

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\section*{Chez Paree for almost a year—CBS again approached Mike about a New York job, this time one he wanted with a contract he liked.}

\section*{The first job for Mike under his new contract was emceeing a program called \textit{All Around The Town}. He helped with the planning, took viewers on tours of the city via their television sets. He interviewed people who had interesting stories to tell about the places that were televised. He had to think fast on his feet to make all this work. Mike watched, and he had the time of his life. When Buff joined him on the program, they both did.

In the meantime, they found an attractive apartment overlooking the East River, fixed it up with some prized possessions of each—which they had already pooled—and some new things they had fun buying, and let a Siamese cat named Valenti be the queen over the place. (When Val departed this life for greener catnip and softer cushions, Mike replaced her with Cassandra and Clay.)

\section*{When \textit{Around The Town} left the air, the Mike and Buff show took its place. This one had a panel of experts on each broadcast, and the broadcasts covered practically the entire country. If other opinions grew too lukewarm, Buff's never did—although, happily, she has a way of expressing them which starts controversy without getting anybody mad. If Buff's controversial faculties happened to fall below par any day, Mike could be counted on to remedy the deficiency, with ideas being a rubber stamp of the other sort. Nobody else's —it was a lively half-hour of television.

Viewers who were used to the "Yes, my dear" husband-and-wife programs sometimes found it hard to believe: "No woman has a right to be as opinionated as you are." Or, to Mike: "Wouldn't it be polite to let your wife speak her mind once in a while?" Lots of letters were complimentary to both, however.

As a team, they covered the Presidential conventions and the inauguration. Separately on Buff's birthday—it was hard to believe: "

\textbf{Tales Of The City for Buff, Suspense for Mike. This season, Mike began a new daily panel show, I'll Buy That. At this writing, the weekly show features Audrey Meadows, Hans Conried and Albert Moorehead. Buff was on the panel of last summer's Masquerade Party.

Along with his TV show, Mike started a brand new magazine, the former Saturday Evening Post, for CBS. It's called Stage Struck and it gets its name from the premise that everybody is—at least, a little. Mike and Buff are backstagewalk with us, to interview famous stars right in their dressing rooms, and to hear the actual sounds and excitement of the theatre. The cues, the curtain going up, the music, the laughter. The backstage stories that Broadway knows but ones that don't usually filter through to the whole country. The color and feel of the legitimate theatre.
The Best Things in Life Are Fun

(Continued from page 33)
All these talents are wrapped up in one lovely package that Paul affectionately calls "little Windy Wandy."

But Wanda, like another television star and the mother of two very young children, can only be viewed at home after working hours. Little Diane prefers to see her.

Wanda, her husband Al, little Diane and baby Sharon Ann make up the family unit, along with grandmother. "Granney," as everyone calls her, takes care of the children and runs the home while Wandy and Al are at work at WCPO-TV. Faith in Granney and Wandy's love for little Diane and the baby gives Wanda the mental assurance she needs to have put her entire tire effort into her work at the studio. If anyone else took charge of the children, Wanda feels that worry would keep her from doing her job.

With Granney's help, Wanda Lewis has managed to mold her life as a television personality and that of mother and wife into one perfect combination. Apparently she's doing even better. The children are healthy and happy, and Wanda has been an integral part of The Paul Dixon Show every weekday afternoon for more than four years.

Though Granney takes charge of the children while Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are at work, Wanda generally gets home in time to cook supper for the family and prepare Granney and the children. The children spend the entire day, either works on a painting or plays with daughter Diane until supper is ready. Al, by the way, is considered to be the top producer on the show, despite local TV. Every child in the Cincinnati area knows "Uncle Al."

With supper over and the dishes washed, Wanda generally joins her husband at their home in time to work on their careers. Their entire house, overlooking the Ohio River Valley, is decorated with art-work done by the young couple. Designs on many of the walls, the entire rathskeller—which is a combination playroom and workroom—the excellent framed paintings, have all been done by Wanda and Al.

Quite often, in the evenings, Paul Dixon and his wife Marge will drop over for a chat or to discuss the next day's show. Many times, Six Camp—the other lovely female pantomimist on the show—will visit Wanda at home. Since they've been working together on television, they have developed into the closest of friends. Several times a week, they go shopping together or to lunch or simply visit at each other's home. Each has the same thing to say about the other: Neither ever had a sister, and both remark that the other is "the kind of sister I wish I had."

The art portion of her life began long before housewife Wanda arrived in the picture. Born Wanda Lou Kesler in 1926, in Struthers, Ohio, near Youngstown, the dark-haired, blue-eyed girl could not draw. From the time she was able to hold a pencil in her hands, her aim has been to become an artist. Little did she know what kind of a life was in store for her and where she would be doing it, with crowds of less thousands of spectators admiring her work!

Wanda could hardly wait for graduation from Struthers High School. She could enter the Cleveland Institute of Art. It was while she was taking this four-year course that she and Al Lewis met. Miss Wanda Lou Kesler spent many class hours at the school seated next to a good-looking man who also wanted to be an artist. To support his own way through the course, the Cleveland boy worked at night in the art department of television Station WEWS.

Al and Wanda started dating almost as soon as they met, but it stayed strictly on that level until their senior year. On February 2, Wanda's birthday, Al decided to give her the present she had been waiting for throughout art school. The ring fit perfectly. In June, 1949, they both graduated and, on July 9 of that same year, were married.

Al was offered a position as art director at WCPO-TV, the sister television station of Cleveland's WEWS. He and Wanda moved to Cincinnati when he began working with WCPO-TV. The newlyweds figures they would settle down to a peaceful home life in their modest little three-room furnished apartment. But the peacefulness didn't last very long. Three weeks after they arrived, Granney, Mrs. Wanda Lewis got her big break.

One day, Wanda happened to be waiting at the station for Al to get through with work. She was in the studio, watching The Paul Dixon Show, when she noticed her standing on the sidelines. He knew that "the art director's wife" was also an artist and invited her to do a drawing while a record was being played between pantomime numbers. It was more or less a dare, but Wanda took him up on it. The result was a flow of letters from viewers requesting more of the little three- minute drawings. Paul was flabbergasted at the response. Mort Watters, general manager of the WCPO stations, signed Wanda and she's been with The Paul Dixon Show ever since.

The first time Wanda drew professionally on television, a near-riot ensued. At the time she was hired, Wanda was told that only her hands would be seen on television. The only way Wanda could accomplish this trick was to kneel while drawing. The first time she did this, the sketch went fine, though her knees were sore afterward and her arms grew tired. However, as she started to rise after the drawing, her foot caught on the long skirt she was wearing and ripped it off almost completely. Paul and the other people in the studio thought it was the funniest event that had ever taken place on the show. Wanda, though, was embarrassed and insisted that the system be changed. It was, and Wanda has been standing at the drawing board ever since.

Originally, Wanda Lewis was a very shy and introverted young lady. "It was difficult," insists Paul, "to get her to join in the conversation or the comedy. No one could claim that of her now. After four years on television, with hundreds of thousands of people knowing Wanda as well as they know members of their own family, the aloofness and awkwardness are gone. Though still a modest individual, often considered unassuming, Wanda is one of the important part of The Paul Dixon Show, for reasons beyond her art work.

"Wanda," claims Len Goorian, the producer of the show, "is one of the best pantomimists I've ever seen. She's a top comic, too, always coming in with just the right line to make us all laugh. She's a wonderful person to work with, and everybody loves her."

From the mail received, it appears that the viewers feel the same way. A large portion of the fan letters to The Paul Dixon Show acquire daily are addressed to "Wandy" or "Wandy, The Artist," as well as simply Wanda Lewis. (Continued on page 106)
"You asked for it!!"

(Continued from page 46) themselves. Even if your day holds a problem, when you meet it with a smile, you've got a better chance of making it a happy day, according to psychologists. Art's an authority, for he's seen good days and bad—but he's never lost his smile. As a result, today, he can say, "I'm the happiest—and luckiest—man in the Western Hemisphere."

Art inherited his smile from his mother and father. His mother was a deaconess in the church and his father was the choir leader. Both were kind and cheerful people, no matter how hard they worked. When he was a boy, "Reaching for high E," he says, "put a perpetual smile on my face.

When Art's voice changed, it became very much like his father's. There wasn't an eighth-of-a-note difference between us," says Art, "from the top of the scale to the bottom. I regret to say it got me in trouble with my father too."

Art's church organist was blind. But the blind man had a perfect ear. He could tell the names of every member of the congregation just by how they sounded. "But," says Art, "he couldn't tell Art and his father apart. If they were walking down the street, for instance, and Art said, "Hello," the organist replied, "Hello, Brother Baker."

"Yes, but which one?" Art would say. "Well, it must be the younger," the organist would say. "I believe the elder would be too much of a gentleman to tease."

At night, Art and his father used to sing together. They'd cover Art's voice so they could develop Art's voice. He led the choir at sixteen and a year later was church soloist.

As a child, his mother had dedicated him to the ministry. Though Art didn't get to the seminary, he never got far away from the church. During the ten years from 1920 to 1930, he did evangelistic work with children, working with as many as 500 at a time. This work was one of the most valuable experiences of his life.

It's easy to be nice to children, for they have simple desires. Art found that spreading understanding and recognition won him their affection. It was better than handing out toy trains.

Then, when all the young boys of all ages, there are bound to be some troublemakers. Art had his share. But he had also tricked a tip of his sleeve to control them.

After the war, Art moved to a new town, for instance, he spotted the wild ones. When they came around again the next day, he pulled them aside, saying, "I'm happy to see you again, kids, but I need help. I don't think you guys are man enough to handle them—but, if you want to try, you're welcome."

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"Yes, but which one?" Art would say. "Well, it must be the younger," the organist would say. "I believe the elder would be too much of a gentleman to tease."

At night, Art and his father used to sing together. They'd cover Art's voice so they could develop Art's voice. He led the choir at sixteen and a year later was church soloist.

As a child, his mother had dedicated him to the ministry. Though Art didn't get to the seminary, he never got far away from the church. During the ten years from 1920 to 1930, he did evangelistic work with children, working with as many as 500 at a time. This work was one of the most valuable experiences of his life.

It's easy to be nice to children, for they have simple desires. Art found that spreading understanding and recognition won him their affection. It was better than handing out toy trains.

Then, when all the young boys of all ages, there are bound to be some troublemakers. Art had his share. But he also tricked a tip of his sleeve to control them.

After the war, Art moved to a new town, for instance, he spotted the wild ones. When they came around again the next day, he pulled them aside, saying, "I'm happy to see you again, kids, but I need help. I don't think you guys are man enough to handle them—but, if you want to try, you're welcome."

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walks for the WPA. Even when he was the man behind the shovel, he was still the man behind the smiles. Art says, "It's the way you look at your work that's important, not the work itself."

One day shortly after the shovel incident, he was found lecturing on The Last Supper at Forest Lawn. He was back to religion again. Then came three years of choir work at the Methodist Church in Glendale, California.

Art had completed the circle. He was back with a choir. But he now knew so much about choir-leading that he could have done it in his sleep. He found spare time on his hands, so he saved up five dollars and sent out three hundred letters with a message that read: "Art Baker, great community sing leader, available...$5.00 a performance!"

The first month, he had three takers. As each of the three company presidents told three of their friends, he had an overnight success. Before long, he was leading more community sings and officiating at more company banquets and picnics than he could handle.

Even today, Art has not given up his interest in community singing. He has a song book with 500 of the most popular songs in it. The Southland knows this and, at any time of the hour of a summer’s day, a call to the phone for the words to an old favorite. He is only too happy to look up the words and sing the tune into the phone.

One night recently, Art was awakened from a sound sleep by a practical joker asking for the tune and first few bars of "Three O’Clock in the Morning." Art could hear sounds of revolting in the background, and he was sure that his wife had sleepily switched on the lights, looked into his book and sang the refrain, "It’s three o’clock in the morning..."

"You want another one, Art—you’re slow!" said the voice on the phone. "Good night!" And, thinking this was a great joke, the unknown caller hung up.

Art doesn’t mind. "If they get a good laugh out of it, it’s okay by me," he says. Art has become the fair-haired boy of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartette Singing in America. Now, 60,000 members of this organization, and their contests—called mov-downs—are serious affairs.

Art is a soft touch for charities. Since many of these singing affairs are run on a benefit basis, he no longer takes fees for officiating. Recently in Phoenix, Arizona, the singers put on a show, the first of its kind, to fill their blood bank. Admission "tickets" were blood donations. There were 10,000 people at the song, and 1,516 pints of blood were donated. True, you can businessmen of Phoenix wanted to pay Art’s way to their town, he wouldn’t hear of it. He told them, "When they finish their singing, when they bless America, you know they really mean it. I feel proud to think that they wanted me here as a judge."

Art’s early association with youngsters gives him a magic touch with children. His You Asked For It counts thousands of them as his fans. Whenever he goes out on the street, he attracts them like the Pied Piper. Art still carries chocolates and chewing gum in his pockets to pass out, in case he doesn’t have time to give autographs all the way around.

As for autographs, they’re demanded just as fast as the kids.

But, according to Art, the adults are more subtle than the children. They ask for autographs in an indirect manner. Take the talk in the Methodist Church Glendale, California.

The truck driver met Art at a stop light. Art was in his Chevrolet convertible and no one could miss that shock of silver hair.

"Mr. Baker!" Art pulled up to the curb and wrote his name on the back of an envelope the truck driver held out. "Of course, you know it isn’t for me, Mr. Baker," the driver said, "it’s for my kids. They’re great fans of yours!"

Sure, Art understood about the kids.

Children have always found a soft spot in Art’s heart. He has even surrounded himself with paintings of them in his apartment. There are two heads of which he is especially fond, both done by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Jr. Mr. Burroughs, son of the famed "Tarzan" writer, has a delicate touch in capturing children’s faces. He can put expressions on canvas that wring the heart.

When Art first saw the paintings hanging in the Gourmet Restaurant, he didn’t know they were for sale. Then one day he came in and saw a "Sold" sign on one of them.

"Sold!" he said to the manager. "I didn’t even know they were available!" Whereupon the manager for not informing his customers that the paintings were up for sale.

Two days later, the manager came up to Art and said, "Mr. Baker, if you want those paintings, you can have them. The young lady who made a down payment on them decided not to take them after all."

Art took them home that afternoon and hung them on the wall in his den. He calls one "Papita." Mr. Burroughs, the artist, put great tears in the child’s eyes, tears which sparkle like dew on the morning flower. Every day when Art comes in the den, he says, "There now, Papita, don’t cry," and he sometimes sings a song to cheer her up.

"It cheers me up to try and cheer her up," he says. "At any rate, I keep up my hope that someday those tears will really go away."

That’s the job in life Art has cut out for himself. With his smile, his cheery voice and singing, he hopes to keep the tears from children’s eyes. It ties in directly with his philosophy of life, for as Art has said, "Happiness depends on the way we meet our job in life, and not the nature of the job itself."

It’s easy to see that Art lives that philosophy, for—whenever the producer on You Asked For It says, "Where’s Art?"—the answer always is, "Over there, behind that smile!"

**MOTHERS MAKE THE SUNSHINE**

Nancy Coleman herself is a happy young wife and mother... but she has only to remember the dark days after her father’s death to realize what widowhood can mean... and to relive the life of a truly Valiant Lady!

See the March RADIO-TV MIRROR (on sale February 5)
New Designs for Living

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN GREEN, PINK, BLUE.

657—No embroidery. Just iron-on these sunny yellow and sparkling red tulips, set with green leaves to decorate your linens. Washable. Transfer of 8 motifs, from 2 x 3 to 4½ x 9½ inches. 25¢

7076—Useful. Decorative. Display this attractively shaped oval basket on a table or buffet. Crochet directions for sugar-starched basket, 9 x 14 inches in straw material or 3 strands heavy cotton. 25¢

7014—This magnificent tablecloth measures 60 inches across—center of attraction in any room. Pineapple design to crochet in heavy cotton. Instructions included. 25¢

686—Beautify your linens with old-fashioned girls and nosegays in pink, blue and green. Iron-on. No embroidery. Washable. Two girls 4½ x 10; two, 4½ x 4½; four sprays, 4½ x 1½; four, 1 x 2 inches. 25¢

7398—Old-time cars in jiffy cross-stitching. Every stitch is fascinating fun. Frame a pair for your living room, use them on towels or pillows. For modern or traditional rooms. Six transfers, about 4 x 6½ inches. 25¢

7364—Two favorites—pineapple design and filet crochet for this unusual set. Crochet each design separately, then join them. For chair set, dresser set, place mats. Charts, crochet directions included. 25¢

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN RED, YELLOW, GREEN.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: RADIO-TV MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Sta., N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

YOUR NAME ___________________________ STREET OR BOX NO. ___________________________ CITY OR TOWN ___________________________ STATE ___________________________

Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
IF WE SEND YOU A STUNNING $10.98 DRESS WITHOUT 1¢ COST

...will you WEAR and SHOW it in your community?
we want every woman in America to see our lovely dresses!

We have discovered that no amount of advertising can sell our dresses half as well as our dresses SELL THEMSELVES! It's impossible to show in pictures the rich quality of fabrics, the appealing styling, the fine needlework, and the wonderful value we put into our dresses for the moderate prices we charge. So we're being DIFFERENT—we want the women in every community in America to see our actual dresses. What's more, we don't want them to see these dresses on professional models. A style shown that way never gives a woman a true picture of how it will look on her. We want our dresses to be seen on average women of all ages, shapes, and sizes.

So we have perfected this wonderful Introductory Plan, and we want from 2,500 to 3,000 women to wear and show our dresses to their friends and neighbors!

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Through this excitingly different plan, you can get your own dresses—a complete, beautiful wardrobe of them—as a bonus, WITHOUT LAYING OUT A PENNY OF YOUR OWN MONEY! You'll have over 150 glorious models to choose from. When your friends and neighbors admire the exquisite styles on you, they'll want to know where they can get these dresses. When you tell them, you'll be helping us in the best way possible to advertise our lovely styles.

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It costs you absolutely nothing to investigate this remarkable offer, and you will be under no obligation whatever. Just put your name, address, age, and dress size on the coupon below, paste it on a postcard and mail TODAY! Everything will be sent to you promptly WITHOUT COST! But hurry—we expect a tremendous response to this offer!

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3327 Colerain Avenue
Dept. 0-2053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio
(In Canada, write 2163 Parthenais, Montreal, P. Q.)

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—MAIL TODAY!

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Dept. 0-2053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Yes, I'd like to be one of the women who get the chance to wear and show your lovely dresses in my community. Without obligating me, please send me everything I need WITHOUT COST.

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Address____________________________
City & Zone__________________________
State______________________________
Age__________________________Dress Size__________________________

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effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from
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are a matter of record.

CHESTERFIELD - A **** SMOKE

"In movies—on the stage—wherever
I am—you'll see me enjoying my
Chesterfields—best for me,
best for you."

Deborah Kerr

STARRING IN THE BROADWAY HIT
"TEA AND SYMPATHY"

CHESTERFIELD
BEST FOR YOU

Copyright 1954, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Ah, what a wonderful feeling—when you touch and feel your hair after your first Prell Shampoo! It’s so soft and smooth—so shining-bright and aglow with that ‘Radiantly Alive’ look! Why, in actual radiance tests, Prell leaves hair more radiant than all leading cream or soap shampoos. No more “fly-away” hair either—Prell leaves hair obedient even right after shampooing. You’ll love Prell’s convenience and economy, too—there’s no spill, break, or waste. Enjoy a luxurious Prell Shampoo tonight!
No dentifrice can stop all cavities — but... you can reduce tooth decay up to 60%* with new Ipana® containing Anti-Enzyme WD-9

Easy directions on every package. Based on 2-year clinical tests.

If you are one of the many people who have been confused by recent promises of tooth-paste "miracles," here are two facts we think well worth knowing:

1. No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay. This includes our new Ipana with WD-9.
2. But if you want to have far fewer cavities, no other dentifrice—tooth paste or powder—has ever been proved more effective for helping you.

And you can be sure of this:

*Two-year clinical tests showed that brushing teeth after eating can reduce tooth decay up to 60%. This means when you use new Ipana with WD-9 this way, the Ipana way—you can expect the same results.

What's more, if you do this, there's an excellent chance that you will never have to worry about excessive cavities again.

The way most dentists recommend

We make these statements confidently because the benefits of the Ipana way were proved by two full years of clinical testing. Most dentists recommend this way (ask yours). And the directions are right on every Ipana package.

Important to new Ipana's effectiveness is its anti-enzyme ingredient, WD-9. In stopping the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids, WD-9 is one of the most effective ingredients known.

Children enjoy new minty flavor

As you know, your youngsters don't like to use a tooth paste if it doesn't taste good. But Ipana has a wonderful new minty flavor so that children will enjoy using it. It has new built-in foaming and cleansing power to reach "danger spots" the tooth brush doesn't touch. For refreshing your mouth, we think you'll find that no other tooth paste is quite like it.

Don't forget your gums

Ipana with WD-9 does much more than help reduce tooth decay. Brushing with Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges of teeth helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles. And as for bad breath, a single brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor as long as 9 hours.

When you can get a tooth paste that does all this without paying a penny extra for it, why not make your next tube Ipana?

Reduces Tooth Decay up to 60%

...Stops Bad Breath All Day

Product of Bristol-Myers

ALL IPANA NOW ON SALE CONTAINS ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

SAME PACKAGE NO INCREASE IN PRICE
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As Laura read Jim's old love letters, she could scarcely hold back the tears. She could imagine people whispering as she passed by, "That's the Morton fellow's ex-fiancee... poor thing! I don't know what came between them."

Unfortunately, Laura didn't know either, and she spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a breath of difference between "ex" and "exquisite". Once she corrected her trouble, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold... exquisite in every detail.

Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath) instantly... and not just for minutes but usually for hours on end.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This... instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills odor-causing bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

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Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine Antiseptic kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

In recent clinical tests Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against. With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, gargle with Listerine... the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

... AND FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT DUE TO COLDS... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
The same germ-killing action that makes Listerine Antiseptic the extra-careful precaution against halitosis, makes Listerine a night and morning "must" during the cold and sore throat season!
A direct challenge to the woman who doesn't use Tampax

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Have you ever worried about odor? With Tampax sanitary protection you wouldn't have to. Tampax is worn internally, prevents odor by preventing exposure to the air.

Have you ever worried about ridgelines? There are no belts, no pins, no bulky external pads with Tampax. Nothing can show because Tampax is invisible, once it's in place.

Has chafing ever bothered you? You can't even feel Tampax once it's in place. You even wear it (without giving it a second thought) in tub or shower.

Tampax has other advantages. For example: it's easy and convenient to dispose of—user's hands need never even touch the Tampax. But why hesitate? Get this doctor-invented product at any drug or notion counter. Your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes in purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Marriage for Miltie

"Mr. Television" Berle has at last found the happiness he deserves, with Ruth Cosgrove

On December 9, 1953, a devoted couple stood before Judge Morris Eder in the New York County Courthouse and listened solemnly as he said: "Every marriage I perform lasts. I expect this one to do the same." For Milton and Ruth Cosgrove Berle, these words expressed their own feelings about the life they planned to share together. And, all across the nation, men, women and children who have seen the great comic, shared his endless antics, were now sharing a part of his great happiness.

Like many clowns whose smiling make-up often hides the tears beneath, Milton Berle has had his share of problems and sorrow. He rose from poverty and obscurity to wealth and fame. Twice, he tried to build a firm marriage foundation and failed. But, through all his ups and downs, he remained—on the surface—the clown with the big laughs, who was always stealing the show with his antics.

But now, a new day has dawned in Uncle Miltie's life. After the small wedding ceremony, there was a reception at the Plaza Hotel which reflected the grand style so typical of all Miltie's actions. All the show world's greats, plus fans by the hundreds, were on hand to wish him well. Then, with a final burst of cheers and congratulations, the couple left for their honeymoon in Bermuda and the start of their new life together. His fans and friends settled back with an added feeling of joy, and were of one mind in hoping that, in the future, the smile that lights Milton Berle's face will become ever wider and reflect a heart that is truly happy at last.

Milton stars on The Buick-Berle Show, NBC-TV, Tues. (3 out of 4 weeks), 8 P.M. EST
Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Bobbi Bob"—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.

Casual, carefree—that's the "Skylark," thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Note the easy, natural look of curls in this new "Starlite" style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi...the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls...the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi’s so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
SLEEPING BEAUTY?

Don’t let fresh, youthful-looking skin beauty lie dormant. Give it a chance to bloom at its loveliest! For Lanolin Plus Liquid, with its precious esters and cholesterol, is the closest duplication of Nature’s own skin lubricants. Softens as it penetrates. $1, plus tax.

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Gentlemen: I enclose...in cash for the following guest-size bottles of:

☐ 1 1/2-facial bottle Lanolin Plus Liquid........25¢
☐ 1 Guest-size bottle Lanolin Plus Liquid Cleanser...25¢
☐ 1 Month-supply Lanolin Plus Hand Lotion........25¢
☐ 1 10-shampoo bottle Lanolin Plus Shampoo.........25¢
☐ 1 5-application bottle Lanolin Plus for the Hair...25¢

☐ Special! All five Only $1.00

DAYTIME DIARY

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; all times given are Eastern Standard Time.

AUNT JENNY All kinds of people pass before Aunt Jenny’s experienced, understanding eyes as she surveys the lives of her neighbors in the small town of Littleton. But seldom has she known a personality like Sam Cutler, who deliberately set out to ruin his sister-in-law because she had defied him. What happened to Sam made the unexpected climax of this story, one of those recently told by Aunt Jenny. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE As the wife of famous Broadway star Larry Noble, Mary Noble has often had to cope with the artistic temperament of Larry’s fellow actors—and actresses. And she is well aware that Larry’s charm collects as many admirers on the working side of the footlights as it does among matinee audiences. But even Mary is frightened at the passionate determination of a new attempt to take Larry away from her. 4 P.M., NBC.

THE BENNETTS As one of his town’s busiest, most respected lawyers, Wayne Bennett necessarily came into contact with its underworld. But now, for the first time, he feels the results of defying it as, partly through his wife Nancy’s devoted but misguided efforts to help, he is involved in a situation which may completely ruin his career. What happens to the family faces frightening changes—perhaps a whole new way of life? 11:15 A.M., NBC-TV.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Althea’s return from Wyoming stirs up the Dennis household as only the beautiful, restless Althea can do, and this time her young daughter Spring is with her to complicate matters even further. In spite of Althea’s attempts at evasion, her father, Reverend Richard Dennis, is certain that some startling crisis brought her back home. Will he learn what shadow looms over Althea’s future in time to do something to help? 2:45 P.M., CBS.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART During the tense days when the man known as “The Boss” turns out to be Julie’s friend Albert Lampier, Julie surprises herself by standing up to the shock and the threat Lampier holds over her with strength she didn’t expect of herself. She will need all this strength and more if she and Peter Davis are to fight for happiness together. Has love really turned this pampered girl into a mature woman? 11:45 A.M., NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Covering another sensational murder case for his newspaper, The Daily Eagle, David Farrell and his wife Sally become involved in a series of situations so strange that the key to the crime almost escapes them. An almost unbelievable motive helps the killer to conceal the truth, and finally only David’s quick-wittedness leads him to it in time to keep him from becoming the murderer’s second victim. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Resigned and almost hopeless, Kathy Grant knows that her own dishonesty has driven her husband into the willing arms of another woman. Dick, hesitating on the brink of divorce, is himself uncertain of his desires, but in the meantime, the meeting between Kathy and Dick’s colleague, Dr. Kelly, has an unexpected result. What strange effect will the man called Dan Peters have on the lives of people he scarcely knows? 12:45 P.M., CBS-TV; 1:15 P.M., CBS.

HAWKINS FALLS Lona Drewer is probably Hawkins Falls’ prime example of a woman who knows her own mind. Ever since he proposed, Dr. Corey hasn’t been quite sure why Lona wasn’t ready to go ahead with their marriage. But Lona knew what she was waiting for. Is she right in believing that she has achieved it? Will she and the doctor start their marriage with the maturity and understanding she hopes for? 11 A.M., NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Nixon’s long experience in handling a houseful of orphans as matron of Hilltop House makes
her certain that young Len Klabber is not entirely the bright, friendly boy he tries to seem. Trying tactfully to discourage Babs' friendship with Len, Julie herself does not realize how true her instinct is, and how much she and the town are soon to learn about the problem of juvenile delinquency. 3 P.M., CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL A widower for many years, happy in the affection of his daughter Nancy, Bill Davidson rarely remembers the long-ago struggle of his dead wife's aristocratic family to keep Nancy away from him. But Nellie Davidson's family has never forgotten that she married a small-town barber, and Mrs. Thelma Nelson makes strange capital of that story when she comes to Hartville. What threat does she hold over Bill? 5 P.M., NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL The marriage of Chiichi and Mae is very young, but already Chiichi has had cause to wonder how much misunderstanding a marriage can survive. There is another question coming up for her—the question of how much misunderstanding it should survive. For, if each week brings new doubts, new hurts and troubles, how can the future look anything but threatening? Can Papa David throw a different light on that picture? 3 P.M., NBC.

LORENZO JONES To Lorenzo, the lovely actress Belle Jones is a charming woman to whom he is strangely drawn. The amnesia which months ago separated him from Belle prevents him from recognizing her as his wife. But Gail Maddox, fearful that Lorenzo's memory may return, allies herself with actor Wade Emery's spiteful plans to create havoc for Belle. Can Belle win Lorenzo's love all over again? 5:30 P.M., NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE Some people seem to run headlong to meet trouble, and all her life beautiful Meg Harper has been one of them. Even though she sincerely loves her child, Beanie, Meg cannot seem to stop long enough to imagine the consequences some of her ill- advised, stubborn decisions might have on him. How will the powerful Hal Craig, through Meg, affect her sister Vanessa, Beanie, and perhaps their whole future in Barrowsville? 4:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Anyone in Rushville Center would be quick to say that, for understanding, tolerance, and an honest look at facts, Ma Perkins is the person to talk things over with. But money—the possession of it or the lack of it—has a way of confusing issues. Even the strong, simple values by which Ma has taught her family to abide come in for a searching test when such confusion enters the picture. 1:15 P.M., CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Though she has had many years of secure happiness as Lord Henry Brinhopre's wife, Sunday has never forgotten her family's disapproval of his marriage to a simple mountain girl. When his impoverished but aristocratic aunt, Lavinia Thornton, comes to Black Swan Hall, Sunday is gripped by a fear she has never known before. Can her position as Lord Henry's wife really be attacked? 12:45 P.M., CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and Linda cannot really blame Pepper for going ahead with the plans for extracting oil from the property around their farm, which is supposed to have such a rich potential. The prospect of so much wealth would dazzle almost anyone. But Pepper and Linda are unhappy over the project, and not only because it mars their beautiful view. Is their suspicion justified? 3:30 P.M., NBC.

PERRY MASON If pretty Kate Beekman had not hitched her wagon to a star, she might have avoided a lot of trouble. Determined to succeed as a dancer, Kate turned down a safe job in lawyer Perry Mason's office to accept a glamorous offer from a nightclub owner Gordy Webber, ignoring her father's plans to ruin her father, Ed Beekman. Can Perry save the misguided girl before her stubborn self-assurance plays into Webber's hands? 12:15 P.M., CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Annette Thorpe has always been a successful woman, with money, position and a sharp set of wits to work with. She cannot quite understand why her careful plan to break up Governor Miles Nelson's marriage has so far failed. If she knew Carolyn Nelson better, would she understand that she has perhaps met her match? Will Carolyn be able to bridge the chasm Annette has dug between her and Miles? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton Fuller's ruthless selfishness leads her to set a trap in which she herself appears to be caught. Sybil now knows that her only hope of inheriting from her dead husband's family lies in the child she went to great lengths to conceal and give up. In her dangerously tense emotional state, her hatred of Jim and Jocelyn increases. How will Armand Monet's interest in Jocelyn fit into Sybil's schemes? 1 P.M.; CBS; 3:15 P.M., NBC.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENTE Designer Helen Trent finds new stimulation in her increasingly important job with the Jeff Brady studios. She now has as assistant Loretta Cole, a girl who begged to be allowed to work with her. In Helen's private life, too, new interests have entered with Brett Chapman and his young son, Richard. Helen's friends hope for happy developments in this relationship. Will the future prove them right? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

ROSEMARY Trouble and pain are no strangers to the Roberts household, but as Rosemary prepared for the birth of her long-awaited baby she felt that at last she and Bill stood on the brink of a future so bright that nothing could seriously mar it. She never dreamed of the direction from which tragedy would strike—or of the way her efforts to help others through the Boys' Club would in the end help her. 11:45 A.M., CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW As Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate at last dare to look ahead to a happier future, they are not fully aware of the threats converging on them from several directions. Will the woman called Hazel be able to shatter their plans? Or will it be Irene Barron, still determined never to relinquish her claim to young Patti, the child born of Joanne's marriage to Irene's son, who died some time ago? 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON For the first time in her life, Stan's sister Marcia seems headed for a bright future as she and Lew Archer, in spite of their different backgrounds, manage to iron out most of the problems that might disturb their marriage. But is there one big problem both Marcia and Lew have underrated? What will happen to Stan's emotional sister if this last chance for happiness slips through her fingers? 2 P.M., CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella has always anticipated trouble from her daughter's aristocratic mother-in-law, Mrs. Grosvenor, and it materialized when the charming Englishman, Stanley Warrick, innocently gave Mrs. Grosvenor a chance to accuse Laurel of indulging in a cheap flirtation. With Laurel's disappearance, which follows on the slanderous attack, Stella comes close to despair. Will her daughter's marriage survive this new trial? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Before nurse Nora Drake's horrified eyes has unfolded the full story of a teenager's degeneration. But Nora is too much involved personally with young Grace Sargent to see in this desparate daughter of Dr. Robert Sargent anything but a girl who must somehow be saved from the worst consequences of her instability and ignorance. Can Nora do anything, or is there no future for Grace at all? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN When two women are interested in the same man, they have a tendency to believe that the battle is between themselves alone. But as Poko Thurmond struggles to win Bill away from the baleful influence of Jennifer Alden, Bill himself begins to take an active hand that neither of them quite expected. What will his return to mental

(Continued on page 83)
Gives your hair that “cared for” look

Grooms so naturally—no oily after-film!
Only Suave relieves dryness with miracle Curtisol.

Suave WOMEN'S HAIRDRESSING

Amazing New Kind of Greeting Cards

They Contain Real Gifts... They, LISTEN Like Gems...
They’re Good enough to EAT...

... and Each Holds a Heart-Warming Greeting!

NO WONDER IT’S SO EASY FOR FOLKS TO

Make Good Money

without taking a job or putting in regular hours—AND WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!

IT’S fun to show cards as unusual as these new KINDS of greeting cards—and it’s easy to make extra spending money all year round! Your friends will marvel at the rich glowing colors, the beautiful brand-new designs, the magic-like surprises that actually DO things! And they’ll be delighted to give you big orders for famous Doehla box assortments of brand-new All Occasion Greeting Cards, Stationery, gay Gift Wrappings, and other popular money-making items.

JOHN DOEHLA CO., Studio T-43
(Palo Alto, Calif.)

What’s

It began as a book—Show Biz—covering half a century of entertainment, written by Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr., of Variety, the bible of show business. Now RCA-Victor has put together a new long-playing album with the same title as the theme. The record packs into a full-hour’s entertainment that leaves you shaking your head and wondering where the years went so quickly.

“Hello, Mother...this is Georgie”—The narrator of “Show Biz,” George Jessel, is adept at dropping names, especially when one of them is his own. The narration, as sentimental, as corny, and as appropriate as only Jessel could make it, is mined with casual references to the narrator, and one of the longest selections is that of Jessel singing “My Mother’s Arms.”

But you expect that of Jessel...it’s part of his charm, and his act.

The record opens with Duranlie doing a singing waiter routine, and then moves into a Smith & Dale skit from old burlesque days. After that it never stops until Eddie Fisher. Each listener will have his own special favorite among the selections.

Many will remember “Ziegfield Follies,” and listen again and again to the wobbly grooves of Fanny Brice’s Pagliacci-like plaint, “My Man.” Others will find a special thrill in the selection by Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, who made the “Happiness Boys” synonymous with the first crazy years of network radio.

Many listeners will smile again at Will Rogers...Younger auditors will be amazed to hear the younger, higher voice of Eddie Cantor as he sings the title song from “Whoopie.” The continental verve of Maurice Chevalier as he grows out a chorus of “Mimi” will stir long-dormant memories, as will Gene Austin’s all-time best-selling rendition of “My Blue Heaven.”

There will also be a few disappointments. Purchasers of the album will be surprised to hear such names as Jolson and Allen, Sinatra and Shore, Hope and others, mentioned in passing although they do not do a number. The reason is that the rights to many performers’ records and services are not owned by RCA-Victor.

However, it was shocking to hear such well-known voices as those of Amos and Andy, Judy Garland, Danny Kaye, Car-
SPINNING

By Chuck Norman

men Miranda, Blossom Seeley, Jack Pearl and Joe Penner being impersonated by other actors. Often, too, numbers identified with certain singers are sung by anonymous voices, and fall a bit flat on the ears because of it.

Yet, if you're like me, you won't mind, because there's so much on the record that hits deep and feels warm. The most nostalgic listener will admit that many of the artists were corny by present-day standards. Singly, none of the performances are exceptional. Yet, as the record spins from Caruso to Durante to Vallee to Crosby to Como to Fisher, something very personal happens, to be experienced differently by everyone who hears these voices from the past...the indelible record of American "Show Biz."

Eddie Cantor, a featured star of the "Show Biz" album, turns up once more in an album all his own. "The Eddie Cantor Story." Capitol took this LP directly from the sound track of the Warner Brothers' movie of the same name. The songs Eddie Cantor does in his new album come to life as soon as you read some of the titles: "If You Knew Susie," "Marge," "Makin' Whoopee," "One Hour With You," "Now the Tides to Fall in Love," and, of course, "Ida."

Some people think Cantor should retire. (Jessel has hinted that for years!) Well, it's his decision to make. Retirement would be a loss to show business, but lingering too long can be much worse. Performers who've been around as long as Cantor develop a sense of timing that is beyond compare. So maybe we should just leave the decision up to him...he'll have to ask Ida, anyway.

Dreams pay off...for Gordon Jenkins, anyway. His latest work, "Seven Dreams," found a big sale as a gift item last Christmas, and rightly so. Though it doesn't carry the push of originality that made his "Manhattan Towers" such a fresh product, in many ways it has more to it than the creative vehicle.

For those of you who haven't heard it (and that's possible, because it's licensed for radio playing only if given its full run of nearly an hour), let me say that it portrays, through music and narration, seven dreams of a boy. The boy's dreams are ordinary ones such as everyone has experienced, yet they are projected in such a dramatic way that the finished work becomes a product of Broadway caliber.

Look lovelier in 10 days with DOCTORS HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps keep it that way, too!

• If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion, here's important beauty news! A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream.

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's medicated—helps skin look clean and fresh!

Letters from all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless, half-clean look of many so-called normal complexions.

Start tonight! Just do this:

1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear after this 'cream-washing'!

2. Night Cream: Noxzema helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Put a bit extra over any blemishes. It's greaseless, too! No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base: In the morning, cream-wash again; then smooth on Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems have lovelier-looking skin. If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! For a limited time you get the 40¢ size Noxzema only 28¢ plus tax. Get this trial jar, then get the economical 10 oz. size for only 89¢ plus tax at all drug, cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA skin cream
what's new from Coast

• By JILL WARREN

The Jo Stafford Show has finally arrived and will be a regular Tuesday night offering on the CBS-TV schedule. The network has worked long and hard to find the right format for Jo's video debut and they think they have it in the fifteen-minute program they have scheduled for her. She'll sing all types of songs, hoping to live up to her billing as America's most versatile singer, and her husband, Paul Weston, will conduct the orchestra.

Robert Q. Lewis has signed a new contract with CBS and finds himself second only to Arthur Godfrey in the number of hours on radio and television on that network. His brand-new radio show is heard every Saturday morning for a full hour. It's done in the usual casual Robert Q. style, and he's ably assisted in the musical de-

Jo Stafford rehearses for her new TV show with husband Paul Weston and her "accompanist" Beau.
to Coast

dpartment by singers Sally Sweetland, Earl Wrightson, The Chordettes, and Jan Arden, with Ray Bloch in charge of the orchestra. Lewis is also set for a half-hour afternoon variety TV show, Monday through Friday, probably using his same talent crew. These programs, in addition to his Little Show, will make him a mighty busy lad in '54 and won't allow him much time to "stand in" for Godfrey any more.

The Richard Denning—Barbara Britton TV show, Mr. And Mrs. North, has changed networks, moving from CBS to NBC. However, the radio version remains with CBS.

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(Continued on page 14)
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(Please turn to page 14)

Melamed and Russ Cose, is being tested by Paramount.

Donald Buka has been busy in Rome, making TV films. Here he appears with Faye Marco in the film version of "Don Juan."
Gisele MacKenzie

Liberace

Dear Editor:

I greatly enjoyed reading your article on Liberace. Could you tell me where to write for a picture of him?

J. L. H., Indianapolis, Ind.

Write to: Liberace, 609 Taft Building, Hollywood 28, California.

Hit Parader

Dear Editor:

I think Gisele MacKenzie, on Your Hit Parade, has a wonderful personality and is a fine singer. Would you please tell me something of her background?

N. M. N., Ogden, Utah

When she was three years old, Gisele MacKenzie—whose mother was a pianist and concert singer in Winnipeg, Canada—began picking out tunes on the piano. When she was seven, she started taking violin lessons and, at fourteen, was awarded a scholarship to study at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto. Meanwhile, she also sang—but just for fun—for friends and at service canteens. She never considered herself a singer, though everyone enjoyed her smooth vocals. Upon leaving the Royal Conservatory she launched her concert career and played recitals all over Canada. Then Bob Shuttleworth, a bandleader who had heard her sing before, engaged her to play the violin in the band and sing in weekend concerts. Then during one week, two events changed the course of her career: her precious violin was stolen, and she was given her own singing show. Meet

Gisele, with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Moving to this country, Gisele starred on CBS Radio’s Club 15 before becoming a very popular addition to Your Hit Parade. And, since that fateful week in Canada, she’s never had time to be a violinist.

Attention Jan Miner Fans

If you are interested in securing Jan Miner Fan Club information, please address all queries to: Wolf Associates, Inc., 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Backstage Wife

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me something about the actress who plays Mary Noble, Backstage Wife?

B. R., Sheridan, Wyo.

Claire Niesen, who portrays Mary Noble, wanted to be an actress almost from the time she could talk. Born in Phoenix, Arizona, she moved to New York with her family when she was eight. During school vacations, she worked as a professional dancer. In 1937, she successfully auditioned for her first radio part and has been a busy actress ever since. She also appeared on Broadway in “Cue for Passion” and “The Talley Method.” Claire is five-feet, four inches tall, weighs just a little over 100 pounds, and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Off-stage, Claire claims she’s “just average” and likes to spend her spare time reading, gardening and knitting. Her favorite sports are golf, tennis and riding. Her favorite memory is that she was valedictorian of her high-school senior class.

The Two Joan Davises

Dear Editor:

Would you please straighten me out in regard to the two Joan Davises—Joan Davis of I Married Joan on TV and Joan Davis in When A Girl Marries on radio? Are they any relation, who are they married to, and what are their real names?

H. S., Stillwater, N. Y.

Joan Davis, star of I Married Joan, was born Madonna Josephine Davis. She was married to Si Wills, an actor; they were divorced in 1944. She is no relation to the Joan Davis of When A Girl Marries, whose real name is Mary Jane Higby. Mary Jane is married to Guy Sorrel, a radio and TV actor.

Jimmy Nelson

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me something about Jimmy Nelson and what’s happened to him since he left Milton Berle’s show?

P. F., Lancaster, Pa.

When he was twelve years old, Jimmy Nelson won his first puppet, Danny O’Day, in a bingo game. Soon after that, he became a professional trouper, making his first appearance at the Englewood

Joan Davis

Mary Jane Higby
BOOTH

Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol®, Colgate's exclusive, new, miracle ingredient, gives lasting protection against tooth-decay enzymes!

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF that brings new hope to millions for

Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

Red Buttons

Theatre in Chicago. After he graduated from high school, Jimmy played mid-western night clubs and theatres, gradually developing his technique to the point where he was ready for New York. When he appeared at the Copacabana, New York critics raved about him, and his success was assured. Jimmy, who is twenty-three and lives in New York City, is currently a permanent panelist—along with Danny O'Day—on ABC-TV's Quick As A Flash.

Buttons' Real Name

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me if Red Buttons is that comedian's real name, or is it just his professional name? I would also like to know where I can send fan mail to him.

J. D., West De Pere, Wisc.

Red Buttons was born Aaron Chwatt. You can reach him by writing to The Red Buttons Show, c/o CBS-TV, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

For Lifetime Protection Against Tooth- Decay Enzymes

Colgate

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

LARGE 27¢ GIANT 47¢ ECONOMY 83¢
what's new from Coast

(Continued from page 11)

This 'n' That:

Eddie Cantor says he is through with hour shows on television and that he'll do no more Comedy Hours on NBC-TV. Instead, he says he can do a much better job with thirty-minute filmed programs and hopes to have a thirty-nine-week series set soon, to be simulcast on radio similar to Groucho Marx's You Bet Your Life.

Marjorie Needham, one of the Chordettes, is a recent bride. She said "I do" to Walter Latzko, who is the arranger for the quartette. Marjorie joined the group last July after having been a United Airlines stewardess.

Ronald Colman has acquired the rights to some of Somerset Maugham's stories and is considering producing them as a TV series, starring himself.

Two For The Money's star, Herb Shriner, and his wife "Pixie" became the parents of twin boys in December, in New York City. The Shriners also have a daughter, "Indy," who is two and half years old.

Though Bing Crosby finally did do a television show—and on film, the way he wanted it—you can be sure he'll only be a once-in-a-while video star. When he finished shooting his TV film, the Groaner had this to say: "Whether live or on film, television is still a movie. You wouldn't want a movie starring the same person coming into your home every week. What television needs is more entertainment, but the kind which will wear itself out. If people see too much of me they will wise up and say, 'I don't want to see him so often.' They'll catch on to every trick I have. I'll never forget what George M. Cohan told me: 'Get off while you're still wanted, and leave 'em begging for more.'"

The ever-popular Chordettes will figure prominently in Robert Q. Lewis' brand-new radio and TV shows.
Barbara Ruick has replaced Carol Richards in the role of Dennis Day’s girl friend on Dennis’ NBC-TV show. Carol, incidentally, did the singing for Betta St. John in “The Robe.” NBC says they have finally come up with a good enough show for Mickey Rooney, called Hey, Mulligan, and they plan to put it on the regular network schedule, possibly this month.

Mulling The Mail:
Miss A. G., Mineola, N. Y.: Yes, Arthur Godfrey and his first wife were divorced many years ago. His second and present wife, Mary, is the mother of his children, Pat and Mike. . . . Mrs. L. N. McD., Chicago, Ill.: Bill Quinn is now playing the role of Fred Molina on This Is Nora Drake, and Claudia Morgan portrays Wyn Robinson. . . . To all of you who wrote asking about Bill Slater, of Twenty Questions: Bill became ill and had to stop working, but all his friends and fans are hoping he’ll be able to resume his activities this year. . . . And such a flood of mail about Life With Luigi! Unfortunately, the show was dropped and at the present time there are no plans to bring it back. . . . Mr. J. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.: You are right, Jill Corey was not originally discovered by Dave Garway. And she did do her first professional singing with bands in and around Pittsburgh. She arrived on the Garway show via an amateur record she made which was first heard by Columbia Records, who recommended her for the vocal spot on the Garway program. . . . M. D., Cleveland, O.: John Newland, the actor, who appears on Robert Montgomery Presents and other TV dramatic shows, is married, but he and his wife are presently in the process of getting a divorce. . . . D. Y. M., Romulus, Mich.: Surprised you have never read of a young recently married Big Sister. It has been off the air for a year or so, and was replaced by Road Of Life. . . . Miss A.Y.P., St. Louis, Mo.: No, Art Carney will be on the Jackie Gleason Show for the rest of the season. He did receive an offer from NBC of $2500 a week to star in his own comedy show, which he may do next year. . . . Miss L. S., Seattle, Wash.: Julius La Rosa is not definitely set for a movie at Paramount, but he is set for a test there. His manager says he will only let Julie sign for one picture a year—if the test he makes is good and if the part they offer him is right. . . . To all readers who have asked about the Young Widder Brown program: The fans were certainly upset over the fact that Florence Freeman no longer plays Ellen Brown. After seventeen years in the role, Florence was replaced by Wendy Drew. Florence is still heard as Wendy Warren, however.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?
Joanne Wheatley, former featured singer with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians? Joanne did some solo radio work for a while after leaving Waring, but for the past year or so she has been concentrating on night club and supper- room appearances, and very successfully. She recently played the Shamrock Hotel in Houston, and other spots, and is booked around the country for several months ahead. She appears with her husband, pianist Hal Kramer.

Harry Horlick, of early radio days, who became well known with his A & P Gypsies? Harry has been a violinist in Arthur Godfrey’s CBS orchestra and also plays in the recording bands for M-G-M Records. Frank Parker is said to have been a big help to Horlick in resuming his musical career. Their friendship dates back to the time Parker was a top name radio vocalist and Horlick his accompanist.

If you have a question on one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I’ll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately we don’t have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.
60-Inch Square!  

832—Set an elegant dinner table with this 60-inch square crocheted in pineapple design and plain mesh. Tablecloth, 60 inches in string; centerpiece, 40 inches in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7021—Sew-simple—just 4 main parts to cut out, stitch up. Embroidery transfer, tissue pattern. Sizes: small (10-12); medium (14-16); large (18-20). State size. 25¢

764—Skirt of the season. Rows and rows of shell stitches—baby shells at the waist grow bigger and bigger toward the hem. Waist Sizes 20-22, 24-26, 28-30 inches included. Matching stole, too. 25¢

592—Just a stroke of your iron and red, yellow and green designs blossom on linens. Washable. Transfer of 6 iron-on designs; two, 5 x 5½; two, 4½ x 5½; two, 4¾ x 5 inches. 25¢

542—Popular old-time auto designs in gay red, blue and yellow to add charm to kitchen and guest linens. Iron-on. No embroidery. Transfer of 8 washable motifs, each about 3 x 4½ inches. 25¢

7352—Our three most popular doilies are included in this pattern. Jiffy-crochet—do one a day. Two round doilies about 8 inches; one oval, 7 x 9½ inches. Use No. 50 cotton. 25¢

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN GREEN, RED, YELLOW

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Radio-TV Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Sta., N.Y. 11, N.Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

YOUR NAME

STREET OR BOX NO.

CITY OR TOWN

STATE

Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

There's

Cold Cream

Now in

Camay

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care!"

Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new Camay Bride says, "New Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I love it! It's the only beauty soap for me!"

New Luxury at No Extra Cost! Women everywhere tell us they love the added elegance of cold cream in Camay—the only leading beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

Try it Yourself! Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight. There's no finer soap for your beauty and your bath!

Now more than ever...
You—yes, you—can know the thrill of silken hair! After one Drene shampoo, your hair will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk—be so obedient! Instantly—thrillingly—Drene silken hair your hair!

**New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!**

_Silkening magic! That’s what you’ll find in Drene’s new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it’s milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silken hair is so obedient!_
Our home life is just like any other family's. (Left to right: Myself, Dad, Mom, and Ricky.)

Adventures with OZZIE and HARRIET

Being Nelsons—on the air and for real—means a liberal education for Ricky and me

You folks who hear and watch Ricky and me, on either the radio or TV version of The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, may wonder whether this activity interferes in any way with our school work. Let me assure you right now that my mother and father are firm believers in the principle of getting a good formal education.

Our television show is done on film in exactly the same manner and with the same care and painstaking attention to detail as an "A" or top-quality motion picture. Because of this, a full week is taken to produce each half-hour film. Of this time, three full days are used in the actual shooting of each picture. The schedule is arranged, however, so that I work on the TV films only on Saturdays, so as not to interfere with my schooling.

I'm a senior at Hollywood High School; and, if I pass all of my courses, I'll graduate in June. I will need to spend one more year of study in order to have sufficient credits to enter college, however, because I

By
DAVID NELSON

See Next Page
Adventures with OZZIE and HARRIET
(Continued)

Mom and Dad feel very strongly that a basic education is not only an asset but a necessity, particularly today.

waged an unsuccessful battle with algebra last year and will have to make it up.

My brother Ricky, who is thirteen, is tutored at the studio by a special teacher appointed by the Board of Education, and will enter Hollywood High as a sophomore this coming fall.

Up until this past year, Ricky attended Bancroft Junior High, which is located, fortunately, just a block from General Service Studios, where we shoot our films. Mom and Pop left it up to him to decide what to do this year, and he said he'd rather be tutored at the studio. It makes it very convenient, because he gets all his work done in the morning and then goes over to the Bancroft playground and has fun with the gang he used to go to school with. He then usually rides his bike over to Hollywood High and watches whatever sports practice is going on. He is very well coordinated for a little guy and will make a good all-around athlete.

During football season, I have a very busy schedule, what with practicing and games. We play our games Friday afternoons and, as I said before, we work on our television show all day Saturday and then transcribe our radio shows Sunday nights.

I don't feel too sorry for myself, because practically all the guys I run around with are busy at some job or other over the weekend, and I'm sure they'd all rather be working on a radio or TV show than delivering papers or working in a store. All in all, I consider myself a very lucky guy to have the opportunity to take part in an exciting medium like TV.

The question most often asked when Ricky and I are interviewed is: How do our friends and classmates react to our being in show business? I honestly don't think they react any differently to us than to any other kids. Perhaps that is because my mother and father have always instilled in us the idea that you only get treated like a celebrity if you act like one. No one in our picture company ever calls my mother and father by anything except their first names, and yet I know they command a lot of respect.

My first appearance in show business was when I was two years old. My dad had his orchestra then, and my mom was singing with him, and they had gone on a tour for the summer. Ricky, of course, hadn't been born yet, and I was traveling along with a nurse. My mother used to sing a song in my honor called "The Kid in the Three-Cornered Pants." My nurse used to take me over to the second matinee show, and then we'd all go out to dinner together (or at least that's what they tell me).

On this one occasion, they were playing the
Whether it's sports or choosing a career, Ricky and I know we can always get good advice from Dad.

Palace Theatre in Columbus, Ohio. My mother had just finished singing “The Kid in the Three-Cornered Pants” when she noticed that the applause was considerably louder than usual. It always got a good response but this, according to Mom, was ridiculous.

She suddenly sensed that someone else was sharing the spotlight. And, sure enough, there was her young son standing beside her, not only taking bows but applauding for himself.

If I seem to tell this little anecdote with confidence, it’s not only because I’ve heard it many times, but also because we have a picture of the occasion. An alert patron with a camera took our picture from the front row and was nice enough to give it to us before the engagement was over. The theatre manager came running back and pleaded with Mom and Pop to keep me in the act for at least one show a day, but they both firmly insisted that two hams (Continued on page 64)

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, Friday nights, at 9 P.M., on ABC Radio—at 8 P.M., on ABC-TV. Both EST, under alternate sponsorship of the Hotpoint Co. and Listerine.

I drive my own car—a ’41 Ford—but have to admit that Ricky sure gets a lot of mileage out of his bike.
When FAITH and LOVE walk together
The Wheel Of Fortune turned slowly for Edna and Todd Russell—but happiness was the prize they won.

By POLLY DARNTON

The story of Todd and Edna Russell is a love story. A love story built on faith and hope, on devotion and prayer. A love story that looks now, for the first time in fifteen years, as though it would have the traditional happy ending. Big Todd—who spun the Wheel Of Fortune on CBS-TV and who guides the destinies of the endearing characters of the Rootie Kazootie show on ABC-TV—and Edna, his tall, beautiful blonde wife, were teen-age sweethearts in Hamilton, Ontario. They met in a school play and, from that moment, there was never anyone else for either of them. But when Edna was seventeen she had pneumonia and, being a normal, (Continued on page 84)

There's a heartwarming reason why making a bed is a joyous achievement for Edna Russell today.

Every moment Todd isn't at work, he likes to spend with Edna—keeping her company, playing his own tunes for her.

Above, Todd chooses a book to read aloud to Edna. Below, Essie helps the convalescing Edna to conserve her strength.

Todd Russell is seen on Rootie Kazootie, WABC-TV (New York), Mondays through Fridays, 6 P.M. EST.
Check local papers for other stations and times.
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Above, Todd chooses a book to read aloud to Edna. Below, Essie helps the convalescing Edna to conserve her strength.
Staats Cotsworth once knew hard times but they've only served to enrich today's living
A number of things impress you pleasantly at the Cotsworths' penthouse apartment in midtown New York. First, the warm friendliness of the two people who live there, Staats and Muriel. The place itself, so lovely, so personal and individual in its furnishings and decorations. The stunning proportions of the living room, 22 by 23 feet, with its high 13-foot ceiling. The view of a tall church spire, surmounted by a cross, seen through the ornamental grillwork surrounding the terrace outside their windows. (An Old World view from this angle, looking not at all like the heart of New York, until you step out on the terrace and see the East River and the bridges and big buildings to the east and north, and the towering skyscrapers to the west and south, and something about their special kind of beauty grabs at your heart, too.)

The dark gray walls of the living room are punctuated by handsome paintings. Some glowing with color, as is the picture of bright red snowplows and the (Continued on page 94)

Staats Cotsworth stars as the reporter-detective, Front Page Farrell, heard over NBC Radio, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, for Chef Boyardee, Aerowax, and Heet. He also stars in Crime Photographer, heard on CBS Radio, Wed., 9 P.M. EST.
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Arthur Godfrey's
HALELOKE-
ONE DAY, while Arthur Godfrey was in Hawaii, he was wandering down a path of brilliantly hued tropical flowers when he heard a magic voice. He rushed headlong down the trail to the edge of a silver lake. There, paddling a canoe and wearing a hula skirt, was Haleloke. Suddenly, she caught sight of Arthur, dove in the water, swam ashore and disappeared into the jungle. Arthur plunged after her.

Days later, he found Haleloke and persuaded her to join the Little Godfreys. The foregoing, highly charged tale is what a lot of people believe to be approximately the truth, but it is as far from the truth as Honolulu is from New York.

Haleloke is good-humored about all of this. She has found that many people don’t think she can speak English. On the other hand, those who have heard her converse think she must be a fake islander.

Haleloke Kahauolopua (the kids on the show call her Hale) was raised in a town of 15,000 on the island of Hilo, Hawaii, about 250 miles south of Honolulu.

Hale’s hometown was just as modern as most stateside communities, and her family just as typical. Her father is a white-collar worker. Her mother, who passed away when Hale was seventeen, was well-educated and had traveled widely in the Orient and in the United States. One brother is a foreman at an ironworks foundry. Her other brother, who served through World War II, was recalled to the Korean warfront and there lost his life.

Hale’s four sisters are all university graduates and schoolteachers. As a child, Hale played with ordinary toys: model cars and trains, baby dolls and buggies. In school, she studied the three R’s, history, science and took part in school productions of operettas (Continued on page 91)

The true story of how Haleloke became one of the Little Godfreys is even more amazing than the legend

By MARTIN COHEN

HAWAIIAN DOLL
We say, while Arthur Godfrey was in Hawaii, he was wandering down a path of brilliantly hued tropical flowers when he heard a magic voice. He rushed headlong down the trail to the edge of a silver lake. There, paddling a canoe and wearing a hula skirt, was Haleloke. Suddenly, she caught sight of Arthur, dove in the water, swam ashore and disappeared into the jungle. Arthur plunged after her. Days later, he found Haleloke and persuaded her to join the Little Godfreys.

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Chichi sat on the arm of Papa David's chair and for a moment wished that the world would stop still in its tracks long enough for her to set her own emotions, her own life, in order. As Papa David's voice reached her consciousness, she realized that he was giving her the answer: "Life is not something stationary, Chichi," he was saying in his gentle voice. "Life is a series of events which force us to grow, to mature, to fulfill our own part that we are called upon to play. And you, my child, you should not shirk the problems you must face." Chichi smiled wanly. She closed her eyes in weariness and, as Papa's voice comforted, she went back to the day she had married Mac Roberts. Charming, handsome, talented Mac—a young medical graduate—what girl wouldn't have been swept off her feet? Introspective, sensitive, self-centered but deeply in love with her—and she with him—why shouldn't they have tried to make a go of marriage together? "But was I ready to really face all the difficulties as well as the beauty of marriage?" Chichi questioned herself. . . Part of the pressure developing from Mac's present insistence on a change—Chichi knew in her heart of hearts—came from the fact that Mary Monroe, an attractive nurse at the hospital gave every indication of falling in love with Mac. Far removed, but still a pressure, was the other part of her problem—Craig Roberts, Mac's older brother, was obviously in love with Chichi herself. But Mac was the central problem, she thought sternly. Suddenly, Chichi cut in: "But, Papa," she said, the words spilling over in her eagerness to unburden her mind, "I know that Mac will never be happy there. He's filled with ideas, filled with ideals. He started out to be the kind of doctor who cures sick people, not a doctor who holds hands with those who can afford a big fee! And it wouldn't be so bad if this Park Avenue doctor wants him as an assistant because he's a good doctor, but he doesn't. He wants Mac because he's young, he's handsome, because he's perfectly charming without even knowing he is. After all, the old man is planning to retire and he wants to live comfortably on what Mac earns for his office. But I know Mac, and I know he won't stand for it." . . . Papa David nodded. "Of course, Mac won't stand for it long," he agreed. "But, Chichi, always remember there are circumstances you may not know about that force a man to do things he may not want to do." "But, to sacrifice his ideals, Papa!" Chichi retorted. "A man can't do that and remain a man." It was on the tip of her tongue to add, "And a husband doesn't take Mary Monroe, his attractive, in-love-with-my-husband nurse along to the office when he decides to take the job!" Instead, she voiced another fear: "Papa David, I know there is something torturing Mac, something driving him back into himself. I can't get at it, can't draw anything out of him—and a marriage isn't a marriage unless two people who love each other can share their troubles as well as their happiness. He's been borrowing money—money we'll never be able to pay back—Papa David, I just don't know what to do," Papa David hesitated, for he had reason to suspect that the pressures which were making Mac secretive, unsure of himself, came from the recent advent of Dr. Charles Mason, who had suddenly appeared out of the past. Yet he knew that this was essentially something which Mac would have to tell Chichi—for sometimes knowledge can be a dangerous thing. Somehow he wanted to convince Chichi that sometimes a wife can best serve by merely waiting. The very fact that she is in a man's life, without questioning and with solid support that needs no explanation, is enough to keep a man in balance. "Chichi," he said, chuckling, "you've worked in this book store and you know that between the covers of these books there is a great deal of knowledge. You know your marriage vow—to love, cherish, honor and obey has come down through history to us. Perhaps, in this, you have your answer. Love until you trust your husband so much you won't question his decisions. Cherish enough so that anything he does you'll firmly believe is for the good of you both. Honor his opinion and obey, for the time being, without question." Chichi found herself smiling back—a weak little half-smile. . . . "Okay, Papa David," she said, holding out her hand in a goodbye gesture. "For the time being, that's the way I'll leave it." Although Chichi realized that perhaps this wasn't the final solution to her problems, she felt comforted knowing that, if she clung to this idea of Papa David's, it would see her through any dark hours that might come her way. Her world had momentarily been stopped in its tracks, and she was putting it in order.
Papa David’s wisdom comforted Chichi, as she faced the crucial problems of her marriage to young Mac Roberts.
Bachelor or not, 
Jay Stewart believes 
there's nothing like 
the right girl 
to make a man happy 

By HELEN GOULD

He looks like Joe College, sports a crew-cut, drives a dreamy car.

Jay carries his program notes everywhere—even to bed.
It's like the old saw about the cobbler whose children go barefoot. Five days a week, Jay Stewart proves to the public that It Pays To Be Married. No one could believe more sincerely in the benefits of the state of matrimony than Jay does. Yet he is leading the life of a bachelor. He himself will tell you, "Look, once a lady and a gentleman on our program told how they found each other at the young age of eighty. So I can't help feeling that somewhere there has to be the right gal for a guy named Jay Stewart."

Not that (Continued on page 99)

Jay Stewart emcees It Pays To Be Married, as heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 5:45 P.M. EST.

Jay loves to eat, enjoys cooking—and hates to diet.

Bachelor comfort: A couch to loll on, magazines to read—and a handy phone!
IT PAYS TO BE MARRIED!

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Not that (Continued on page 99)
Nina Foch and James Lipton are learning that romance can be a guiding light to understanding
By FRANCES KISH

WHEN A YOUNG MAN brings a girl flowers, it isn't usual for her to have to fight the tears back. Especially when he has found the most colorful and prettiest blooms and twined them in and out of an antique gold birdcage, and then scoured the shops for just the right-size little cloth bird to perch in the middle. It's really the sort of gift to make a girl quite happy. But, for Nina Foch, its first impact was quite different.

"No one had ever taken that much trouble for me before," she explains. "Other beaux had brought me flowers, but no one had ever done anything so thoughtful as this. When I opened the door and saw Jim standing there, and this beautiful thing in his hand, I was completely overwhelmed. Too touched to say a word, at first. It was a cold day, but I remember that we rode out (Continued on page 70)
TWO HEARTS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

By FRANCES KISH

When a young man brings a girl flowers, it isn't usual for her to have to fight the tears back. Especially when he has found the most colorful and prettiest blooms and twined them in and out of an antique gold birdcage, and then secured the shops for just the right-size little cloth bird to perch in the middle. It's really the sort of gift to make a girl quite happy. But, for Nina Foch, its first impact was quite different.

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When Dick and Evelyn build a home, they really work! And daughter DeeDee (below, center) is right there—with her pal, Linda Mills—to help supervise.

Richard Denning can be happy in a trailer or a new house—as long as Evelyn and DeeDee are there to fill it with charm

By BUD GOODE

Richard Denning finished his morning coffee, pushed himself back from the tiny kitchenette table and said, “Well, sweetheart, all set for the big trip?”

“All set,” said his wife, Evelyn.

“Okay,” said Dick, putting on his driving gloves, “I’ll see you about lunchtime. Kiss the baby for me.” Then he stepped out of the trailer, into his already hooked-up auto and drove off down the Palm Springs highway, dragging his house behind him.

A great house doesn’t always go with happiness. Richard Denning, star of CBS Radio’s and NBC-TV’s Mr. and Mrs. North, can tell you that you can’t measure a family’s happiness by the (Continued on page 87)

Richard Denning stars in Mr. And Mrs. North—heard on CBS Radio, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive—and seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Revlon and Congoleum-Nairn.

home is a name for Paradise
The Lady is Valiant

Out of tears and laughter in her own life, Nancy Coleman creates Helen Emerson, a truly gallant woman

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

One morning, a very few months ago, TV's Valiant Lady—Helen Emerson, a slim, attractive woman just brushing forty—faced the fact that her beloved husband had died. Helen was denied even the memory and comfort of being with him in his last moments, for death struck swiftly and sharply in a hotel room hundreds of miles away. Momentarily (Continued on page 73)

Valiant Lady is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon, EST, sponsored by General Mills and Prom Cosmetics.

Suburban housewife, that's Nancy, as she looks for mail at her Long Island home—or sits among her loved ones, husband Whitney Bolton and their "identical" nine-year-olds, Grania and Charla.
Our own title for this picture would be: "Mr. and Mrs. Dennis James in heaven-on-earth"! The dog is Candy, of course, and that picture window looks out over the moonlit waters of Long Island Sound.

the LIFETIME WE SHARE

I have wonderful reasons why
I love Dennis a little more each day

By MARJORIE JAMES

I hadn't been married very long when, two years ago, I wrote a story for Radio-TV Mirror telling how I'd lost my heart to Dennis James. I pulled that issue of the magazine out of the bookcase the other day and read it over. It's amazing what changes two years can bring. I read, in an article written with my own hand, that as a small-town girl I'd been afraid to marry Dennis because he might be too big-city, too sophisticated for me.

At the end of the story, I pointed out that everything was all right, because at heart Dennis was really a small-town guy himself.

I really believed that, then. Even when, after our marriage, he carried me over the threshold of a penthouse on 66th Street, just off Fifth Avenue, I felt that I need

Continued
have no fears about the future of our love because, whatever "big-city fever" was, Dennis didn't have it. I thought, trustfully, that you could live and work in the big time in New York and still think and behave like the average person of any town.

It is to laugh, here in 1954. Dennis was never strictly "small town." I know that now. He is a man who belongs in places where there are crowds, millions of people packed into square inches of room; he is alive when all the lights are on, bands are playing, audiences are laughing and applauding.

And, surprisingly enough, so am I!

I just didn't know that about myself, then.

It's true that we have a retreat from the hassle of Broadway, the smoke and the tense atmosphere of the TV world. One day, not long after we were married, Dennis and I were sailing the boat along Long Island Sound near New Rochelle, and we saw a house that looked wonderful to us. "Just look at that," Dennis said. "I could live in a place like that. Of course, the guy that owns it wouldn't consider selling—"

I'll probably never know whether Dennis steered our course past that particular cliff—with that particular house—on purpose. Perhaps not. As I later learned, Dennis had fallen in love with that house at first sight, while cruising Long Island Sound during his bachelor days. But it had been just wishful thinking for him then. What did a bachelor need with a family house? Even if he met the right girl and married her, how could he be sure it would be just the home for her, too? And, if all that should come true, would the owner ever dream of selling?

Candy, the boxer, gets lots of attention—when we don't have to leave him behind, on one of our trips.
Well, Dennis was no longer a bachelor. And his wife—meaning me—also fell in love with the house at first sight. Like him, I was now in a fever to learn if it was available. It seemed like heaven, when we got a chance to go all through it, and found it even more wonderful than we'd imagined. And it was heaven, when Dennis bought it and we actually moved in.

Heaven and a haven, that's our clifftop home on Echo Bay. I love the peaceful days and evenings we spend there, but then I enjoy everything about my life as Mrs. Dennis James, whether we're relaxing out there at New Rochelle, busy in New York, or off on one of Dennis's errands of mercy around the country.

The important thing is that, in the transition from being a relatively small-town girl to being Mrs. Dennis James, 1954-type, the adjustment has only succeeded in bringing us closer together, rather than hurting our relationship. Let's face it, any girl outside the entertainment world who suddenly marries a big star has her problems. So has her husband. He may want to change to her way of thinking about things because he loves her and wants to please her—but he can't. The job of changing just has to be the wife's special problem.

She has to learn, right away, that a man who is a top television personality has to ration his time, including the time he spends with her. (Continued on page 92)
Secret of HAPPINESS

One word—"together"—sums it up for Patsy Campbell (The Second Mrs. Burton) and her Al

"At home": Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Reilly, in a formal pose (at left)—and staging a kitchen raid (above).

By MARIE HALLER

I live in a dollhouse," laughs Patsy Campbell, long-popular star in the title role of The Second Mrs. Burton over CBS Radio. "A real, honest-to-Pete dollhouse . . . why, it's only thirteen feet wide! And, to add to its incredibility, for a couple of ex-Chicagoans like us, it's in Brooklyn."

When Pat and her husband, Al Reilly, bought their house in 1952, they took a royal beating from their friends, who insisted that nobody, but nobody moved to Brooklyn. It was always the other way around. Then, that summer, the Dodgers lost the pennant race—a state of affairs that didn't help matters one small bit. As (Continued on page 66)

Meet the Carsons: Ken and Coy, son Paul Scott, 10, daughter Coy Brooke, 8, and their boxer, Laddie.
A FRIEND

Through storm and sunshine, on TV and off, there's no pal for Ken Carson like Garry Moore

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

As Ken Carson and I drove in his shiny Cadillac from the station in Bronxville, New York, through beautiful, tree-lined streets to the sixteen-room Normandy house in which he lives with his wife and two children, I remembered something he'd told me a few days before.

"Where was I born?" he'd said. "Why—between Colgate and Chickasha."

A small Oklahoma farm, that was, where his mother had once given him a guitar for Christmas and he had worked out chords and simple melodies... barefoot and perched on a back fence with his shadow lengthening at sundown... biting his tongue, an enormous scowl on his forehead, teaching himself to make the music that was always in his head."

It was no use thinking about that as we made a tour of the three-story mansion (a really imposing house, which had a neighborhood reputation for being "haunted," though the Carsons (Continued on page 97)

Ken Carson on The Garry Moore Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M., for Pillsbury Mills, Best Foods, Kellogg's Gro-Pup, Hoover Vacuum, Masland Rugs, Cat's Paw Rubber, Uncle Ben's Rice, Swift'ning, Norge, Purex. Also, Saddle Scouts, WABD, M-F, 5 P.M. (All EST)

The imposing house was "haunted," when Ken moved in. Now it's filled only with gay-spirited, very-much-alive Carsons.
THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

1 Two new men have entered Helen's life, as she faces a new future: Brett Chapman, who's obviously interested in Helen . . . his son, Richard, who's interested in a career.

2 Loyal friends Jeff and Lydia Brady welcome Helen back to work as costume designer at Jeff's film studios, after her harrowing experiences with Kelcey Spenser's murderer.

Helen Trent grinned at Jeff and Lydia Brady as they stood with her at her old desk in the Jeff Brady studios. It was the first time her smile had had real warmth behind it since that fateful night when Kelcey Spenser had been murdered. Seeing the Bradys—so comfortable, so sane, so down-to-earth—after all the harrowing experiences of the past few months, gave Helen a new lease on life. She immediately began busying herself at her costume designing board as they left the office, and over her crept the old, wonderful feeling of relief from problems and tensions. She hardly noticed the passage of time until, glancing at her watch,
Gil Whitney has always loved Helen Trent, despite all the machinations of his estranged wife Cynthia. How he wishes he were free to ask Helen to marry him, after all these years of waiting! He also worries because Helen's spending so much time with Brett Chapman.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Helen Trent.........................Julie Stevens
Gil Whitney..........................David Gothard
Cynthia Whitney......................Mary Jane Higby
Brett Chapman.......................Karl Weber
Jeff Brady............................John Stanley
Lydia Brady...........................Helene Dumas
Richard Chapman....................Hal Studer
Loretta Cole..........................Treva Frazee

*The Romance Of Helen Trent*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

She realized it was almost eleven o'clock and she was almost late for her appointment with Brett Chapman and his young son, Richard. Helen smiled to herself as she brushed her hair in front of the office mirror. Then, for some unexplainable reason (as if the heart could ever be explained), she dashed into the wardrobe room and slipped into a new dress which just had been completed for her. She looked quite the professional designer when Brett and Richard showed up to have her escort them around the studio, a few minutes later. ... As she walked between the two, around the sets, around the studio streets, she could feel the mounting
Helen has indeed been spending time with Brett—and Cynthia Whitney has seen them together at a restaurant. Cynthia immediately realizes that Helen is fascinated by this man who had saved her life. And, ironically, Cynthia now seems to lose interest in keeping Gil and Helen apart. Is she about to give Gil his freedom—too late for his happiness?

Richard, on the one hand, all eyes and ears, all eager for the life which he saw unfolding in front of him—his father, cold, relentlessly holding this enthusiasm in check with sarcasm and unkind remarks. In spite of the unpleasantness between the two, Helen managed to keep tempers on an even keel, and the two hours they spent with her passed quickly. She couldn’t help but have a warm spot in her heart for Brett (could this be why she’d bothered to put on her new dress?), for he’d literally saved her life. . . . Brett had been the man who rescued Helen when she went to Spenser’s mountain retreat, The Eagle’s Nest, seeking evidence that would prove who the murderer really was. Brett had arrived in time to save her from the crazed housekeeper, Mrs. Poindexter. Helen had come to like many things about Brett. She shared his belief that individuals must work hard to succeed, but she didn’t approve at all of the fact that he was unable to see that his son Richard was working hard at trying to be an actor—he kept calling it “play-acting” as though it were a form of idleness. She understood, too, what made him that way—after all, he was a self-made man, a boy from New York’s Hell’s Kitchen with a driving ambition which had carried him all the way up to immense wealth.
Gil was Brett. The Mary she Hal Helene driving the immense restaurant. new Karl "play-acting" were Julie John form David 

Helen's spending so much time with Brett Chapman.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

(Continued)

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3 Gill Whitney has always loved Helen Trent, despite all the machinations of his estranged wife Cynthia. How he wishes he were free to ask Helen to marry him, after all these years of waiting! He also worries because Helen's spending so much time with Brett Chapman.

4 Helen has indeed been spending time with Brett—and Cynthia Whitney has seen them together at a restaurant. Cynthia immediately realizes that Helen is fascinated by this man who had saved her life. And, ironically, Cynthia now seems to lose interest in keeping Gil and Helen apart. Is she about to give Gil his freedom—too late for his happiness?

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Helen Trent..........................Julie Stevens
Gill Whitney..........................David Godard
Cynthia Whitney.......................Mary Jane Hickey
Brett Chapman........................Karl Walsh
Jeff Brady................................John Stanley
Lydia Brady............................Helena Dansa
Richard Chapman.....................Hal Sudds
Loretta Cohn............................Tessa Fraser

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See Next Page—→
THE ROMANCE
OF HELEN TRENT
(Continued)

Brett is a fascinating man, but a stubborn one. Having worked hard to achieve wealth for his son and himself, he has little sympathy for Richard's desire to become an actor. Helen even knew about the emotional scars he carried because he had married an actress who had deserted him to pursue a career. She could see the kindness that oftentimes hid behind a brusque manner and she could respect him for his purposefulness. As Helen worked over her drawing board that afternoon, she thought about the funny twists that fate sometimes gave to life. A few months ago, she'd been worried about Gil Whitney. Gil had taken a bachelor apartment, leaving his wife Cynthia to have her own life. Helen smiled to herself as she thought of Cynthia, who for so many years had fought Helen—and who now seemed to feel that Gil could have his freedom. Could it be, Helen mused, that Cynthia was willing to give up Gil because she felt that Helen wasn't interested in him? Helen smiled at the thought, then suddenly sobered. Poor Gil. He'd told her how lonely he was, how miserable life had become since he'd realized how much Brett was attracted to her. He'd begged her to wait for him. Helen thought of the night before, when Brett had taken her into a restaurant—and there was Cynthia, obviously curious, obviously moving to a table close to them so she could overhear their conversation. The irony of the situation! For a moment, Helen stopped and looked at her sketch—but not really seeing anything that she'd...
With all these problems—Gil’s and Brett’s and Richard’s—tugging at her heart, Helen finds satisfaction in her work. She’s delighted with her new assistant, Loretta Cole, though Lydia Brady has warned Helen against her. But—is Lydia right? Does Loretta spell trouble?

put down on her board. Instead, she was dreaming about her own situation—was it possible that, after the years of waiting, she and Gil would have grown so far apart she was no longer interested in marrying him? Was it possible that Richard’s consultation with her over his ambition to become an actor would ruin the warm emotion she felt over his father’s nearness? ... Sternly, she brought herself to wipe out the thoughts that were puzzling her. “I took this job because I wanted to be able to work out my problems,” she told herself. And then impatiently added, “Let the problems come—at least, I’ve got something to occupy my mind to get away from them.” For Helen, there was no suspicion that her work itself—particularly her work with her new assistant, Loretta Cole—might bring greater problems than ever. Lydia’s warning that Loretta couldn’t be trusted made scarcely a ripple in Helen’s life. And yet ... is that ripple even now swelling into a flood which can engulf all Helen holds dear?
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(Continued)

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5 Brett is a fascinating man, but a stubborn one. Having
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6 Helen is more sympathetic toward Richard's am-
bition but finds herself in a dilemma—between father
and son—since she can understand both viewpoints.

7 With all these problems—Gil's and Brett's and Richard's—tugging at her heart, Helen
finds satisfaction in her work. She's delighted with her new assistant, Loretta Cole, though
Lydia Brady has warned Helen against her. But—is Lydia right? Does Loretta spell trouble?
Oh, by the way," said a girl to a member of the Godfrey cast, on the long-distance telephone, "give Robert Q. Lewis my love next time you see him and tell him for heaven’s sake to come on down here as soon as he can get away. Half the people he knows are here, and the weather’s divine." When Robert received the message, his face fell and he stared unhappily from behind those specs of his.

"Is the woman crazy?" he asked. "She knows I’m starting a new afternoon show, a daily at that, on top of all my other stuff. I’ll be lucky to get a week off all winter. In fact, I don’t expect five minutes for my private life until next May."

Now, Robert Q. is a good-looking bachelor with a very smart apartment, on the East Side in New York, and a violent zest for life—private life, that is, as well as professional. The notion of (Continued on page 80)

Robert Q.’s new TV show is on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. He is also seen on The Name’s The Same, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M., and is heard on CBS Radio in both the Robert Q. Lewis Show, Sat., 11 A.M., and Robert Q. Lewis Little Show, M-F, 4 P.M. (All EST.)
Here's the behind-the-scenes story of hard work, heartbreak and joy that created the new Robert Q. Lewis show.

Left—Frank Satenstein is director of the new afternoon TV show. Ray Bloch (above) is conductor for Robert Q. on both radio and TV.

Spectacular Spectacle Man

Drama in the control room, as Robert Q. and his fellow-workers consider 500 auditioners for the big-time program.
Win with your questions

Situations wanted: Send in your suggestions—hear them discussed on the air—win a prize!

Jack Sterling is the master of ceremonies who will put the winning questions to the panel. Right, Arthur Henley, the man responsible for it all—he's interested in people's thinking, wants to know what you think about.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Can you dream up a situation which would create a crisis in any family? A situation which might happen any day to anyone and be serious, humorous, irksome, or perhaps hold elements of all three?

For example:
You're going through your husband's pockets before sending his suit to the cleaners. You find a note in feminine handwriting, "Call Ann. LE 2—.

Would you:
—Ask him about it?
—Throw it away and forget it?
—Call the number to find out for yourself?
It's hard to make up your mind, isn't it? While you're about it, try another:
Two of your best friends aren't speaking to each other. While you're entertaining one, you see the second come up the walk.

Would you:
—Ignore the bell, pretending you weren't home?
—Send one of the children to the door to whisper that the first woman already was there?
—Invite the second woman in, hoping they wouldn't quarrel?

We grant it is a three-pronged problem. But, on the CBS Radio show Make Up Your Mind, such questions provoke so lively an interchange of wisdom and wit that we believe Radio-TV Mirror readers might enjoy throwing their own puzzlers into the discussion.

So we've made it a contest. You'll find rules on the opposite page.

A winning entry can earn two things for you: (1) A valuable prize; (2) the unforgettable experience of hearing the outspoken panelists and an authoritative psychologist give their views on your question.

For new listeners, the (Continued on page 90)
to MAKE UP YOUR MIND

Typical panel: Seated at left are the program's permanent panelists, John R. Young and Edith Walton; next, the day's celebrity guest, Vic Marsillo, then Mary Belle Perkins, from the studio audience. (Standing, announcer Dan Donaldson.)

CONTEST RULES

1. Make up an interesting situation, like the ones used on the air in Make Up Your Mind, with three possible solutions to help the panel make up their minds.
2. Print your name and address on the coupon below. Write your situation clearly on a separate sheet of paper, using one side of paper only.
3. Send your entries to: RADIO-TV MIRROR Contest, P. O. Box 1760, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
4. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, Tuesday, March 5, 1954. Winners will be announced in the July issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR. The winning entry will be discussed on a broadcast of Make Up Your Mind.
5. A $100 U.S. Savings Bond will be awarded for the best situation submitted. Second and third prize winners will receive $50 and $25 U.S. Savings Bonds, respectively. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. (All prizes are in addition to the $25 U.S. Savings Bonds which are regularly awarded by Make Up Your Mind for use of situations on the air.)
6. Situations will be judged on their provocativeness, originality and neatness. The decisions of the judges will be final. All entries become the property of Make Up Your Mind. Program and contents used only by permission of the copyright owner, Make Up Your Mind, Inc.
In the role of Patricia Bennett, female star of Foreign Intrigue, Anne Preville makes her first appearance before American audiences. Although she was born in California and lived in the film capital of the world, Hollywood scouts never gave her a tumble. Actually, they didn't have much of a chance to witness Anne's talents because, when she was fifteen, her family moved to France, where within a year she was chosen "Miss France." After that, Anne modeled in exclusive French shops and studied dramatics at night. In 1939, she received the Rejane prize as the outstanding young talent in the French film industry. Anne appeared with international stars such as Michele Morgan and Claude Dauphin in over twenty major French films and in several British films, including "The Dancing Years." She is always in demand when producers of French and Italian pictures want to dub-in English voices for films being sent to America. After starring in several plays in Paris, including "Don Juan" and "French Without Tears," and now in Foreign Intrigue, Anne keeps alive the hope that she someday will do a Broadway play. Says she: "I know American audiences will see me now that I'm in Foreign Intrigue. And if they like me, who knows..." From all reports, Anne doesn't have to worry about being liked in her native land, and chances for her getting to Broadway are good indeed.

Anne Preville

When other children his age were learning nursery rhymes, James Daly—who stars as Michael Powers in Foreign Intrigue—was having Shakespeare, Ibsen and Shaw read to him by his mother. As a student at Wisconsin Rapids High School, he shared acting honors with his brother and two sisters. And, after attending Carroll College, the Universities of Wisconsin and Iowa, and receiving his degree from Cornell College, Jim had the experience of a seasoned veteran. His promising future was interrupted by World War II when he served in the Infantry, the Army Air Corps and the Navy. It was while he was a Navy man that he married Hope Newell, who was an actress, but who now devotes her time to their three daughters: Pegeen, 10; Tyne, 7; and Glyn, 5. A short, post-war business career convinced Jim that he was always meant to be an actor, so he moved on to play many roles in winter and summer stock. For his work in "Mary Rose" and "Major Barbara," he won the Daniel Blum Theatre Award for "Most Promising Personalities on the Broadway Stage." He also played in "Born Yesterday" with Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas and toured the country with Maurice Evans in "Man and Superman." After achieving fame in many top TV drama shows, such as Studio One and the Kraft Television Theatre, people wondered why Jim decided to leave New York with all its stage and television opportunities to work on a single show—Foreign Intrigue—abroad. Said Jim: "There are many reasons—but maybe they can all be rolled into one: a dream my wife and I have always had, spending an entire year in Europe, and the chance to do what I like most—act."

James Daly
TELEVISION's oldest adventure program, *Martin Kane, Private Eye*, has starred several well-known actors, but none more well-known or more personable than Mark Stevens. It's hard to believe that he had to run the gamut of jobs—from dishwasher to salesman to truck driver—before he found the niche that suits him most, acting. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Mark spent his boyhood moving from state to state. At 13, he joined the Attebury Players and later toured the country as a song-and-dance man in night clubs. During this time he also attended night school, studying commercial art, shorthand, bookkeeping and typing. In 1944, after alternating between acting and radio announcing and working in a steel mill, rubber factory and department store, Stevens' travels brought him to California, where he finally broke into movies. After six months at Warner Brothers, he was fired, but soon bounced back with a seven-year contract with 20th Century-Fox, which starred him in such hits as "Snake Pit," "Street with No Name," and "Dancing in the Dark." Broadway theatre-goers also saw him as the lead in "Mid-Summer" last year. . . . Mark is married to Annelle Hayes, who was Miss Texas of 1944, and they have two children, Mark Richard, 7, and Annelle, 2. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens lead a quiet life and, when he has time, Mark pursues his hobbies, which include tennis, golf, polo and painting.

**Mark Stevens**

**Tom Conway**, the suave, intriguing star of *Mark Saber*, has lived both a scholarly and adventurous life. Born Tom Sanders in 1904 (screen star George Sanders is his younger brother), Tom and his family lived in Russia until he was 13. Then, with the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, they fled back to their native England. After he had graduated from Brighton College, Tom set out to conquer Africa, where he worked as a laborer in the gold, copper and asbestos mines, and tried his hand at African ranching until a bad case of malaria sent him back to England. There he became an engineer, then a salesman for a safety glass company. While holding the latter job, he was offered a part in a little-theatre play. This, in turn, led to a job with the Manchester Repertory Company, followed by several years of touring companies and numerous radio appearances for the British Broadcasting Corporation. During this same time, Tom's brother George was making a name for himself in America. Finally, in 1939, he persuaded the hesitant Tom to come to this country, too. Upon arrival in Hollywood, Tom was tested and given a contract with M-G-M, then signed by RKO to star in the "Falcon" films and later in other movies such as "Cat People" and "Confidence Girl." Now in television, Tom's varied background proves that, as the star of *Mark Saber*, he is every bit as cultured and cosmopolitan as he sounds. And he is just as capable as he looks when he swings a punch, for in college he was heavyweight boxing champion and still is a great sports enthusiast. In fact, Tom is known as one of the few Englishmen in Hollywood who enjoys—and understands—both baseball and football.

**Tom Conway**
Perfect relaxation by their own fireside is paradise for Jan and Toni—who waited five long years to see their dreams come true.

After the dark days, Jan finds a special joy in his first real home, his growing family, and the show of his life

By GLADYS HALL

Comedian’s holiday: Jan reads the comics to daughter Celia. At right, a wayside stop on one of Jan’s more “strenuous” days off.
"I'VE ALL I'LL EVER ASK FOR"

Celia and Howard play in the big back yard—and will soon be sharing it with a baby brother or sister.

When you watch Jan Murray on his Du Mont TV network show, Dollar A Second, Sunday nights at ten o'clock, you tingle with the excitement he generates. You share every bit of the contestants' suspense as they match wits with the quizmaster. "As you look and listen, exhilarated by the zest, the warmth, and the ingenuity of this seemingly indefatigable young man, you wonder: Is he really like this? All the time? Or are there two Jan Murrays?"

Yes, there are.

There is the high-powered headliner of Dollar A Second. There is also the quiet young man who sat across a table from me at Danny's Hide-a-way in New York and said gratefully, "Marrying Toni and founding a new family has (Continued on page 76)"

Jan Murray emcees the game-and-stunt show, Dollar A Second, over Du Mont, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Mogen David Wine.
He once wanted a Rolls-Royce more than anything
Dave Garroway was a junior in a St. Louis high school when he met a girl named Lou Ann (last name long since forgotten) and fell teen-age, pit-in-the-stomach-type in love with her. Dave was enamored of Lou Ann, but the attraction was not mutual. As a matter of fact, Lou Ann, with teen-age disregard for her fellow men, had eyes for only one boy—the son of a St. Louis millionaire.

Now this was the height of the Depression, and the St. Louis millionaire had had the bad taste in those times to give his son a robin's-egg blue Rolls sport car for Christmas. And it seemed, about this time, that the young man had caught the gleam in Lou Ann's eyes and responded in kind.

One afternoon, Dave walked home from school. His head was filled with thoughts of his newest chemistry experiment he was trying out in the basement of his home. He stepped off the curb and now hear what the “villain” did! Driving right up behind Dave in the silence that can be achieved only by a hand-made Rolls and, a yard from Dave's car, he sounded his special Klaxon horn. A Klaxon delivers a number of decibels designed to crack an eardrum. Dave did a record high jump. But, even as he moved across the street in the embarrassment

By PAUL CHASE

The Dave Garroway Show is seen on NBC-TV, Fri., 9 P.M. EST, for Pontiac Dealers of America. Today is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 7 A.M. EST and CST, under multiple sponsorship.
Dave has a barbecue on his penthouse terrace and likes to play chef in his spare time at home. When he gets a few free moments at the office, however, he prefers to catch up on his sleep—an eyemask helps him to pretend that it's nighttime.

which only the young can have, he caught a glimpse of Lou Ann sitting beside our villain.

Dave Garroway made a vow. Someday, he, too, would own a Rolls-Royce.

Dave swears the rest of this story is true. Years later, when he was a great success and had the money to indulge his fancy for rebuilding wonderful old cars, he bought a Rolls in a Chicago junkyard for $75. He worked on it for months, finally sanded off seven coats of paint until he came to a color he recognized as a special robin's-egg blue.

Forthwith, Garroway contacted the motors division of Missouri and checked the motor number of his junkheap with all previous owners. And, so help him, it was the same car!

Dave made a thing of beauty out of that Rolls. One day, he drove to St. Louis and looked up Lou Ann just to see how she was doing.

"She was a staring fright," Dave recalls. "I drove back to Chicago humming happily to myself. I had the so-and-so's Rolls, and he was stuck with Lou Ann...."

In a way, this great story of ultimate triumph is typical of Dave Garroway. His closest associates will tell you that Dave has always managed to capitalize on every break or opportunity that Fate gave him, and has made each little stroke of luck pay to his advantage. It isn't that he is cold or brutally hard; he just knows his show business and is completely competent in every assignment.

Somehow, no matter how badly things start off with him, he eventually manages to be riding the crest at the end. At present, his assignments are a daily morning TV show called Today and a resurgence of his evening show, of fond memory, lately out of Chicago. And you know how competently he handles these shows! Dave is still working with many of the people who started with him in the old days. He started with a "family," and is still surrounded with most of it.

The current Garroway Friday-night hour is based on the format Dave used in his Chicago days, except that everything is bigger and more expensive now. Four years ago, the Chicago end of NBC was ordered to produce two hours of network TV, and Dave was literally the only talent in the local stable. They gave him a studio and a very few bucks and told him to get busy.

Sometimes, his only props would be a ladder, or a flight of stairs. But his rich, inventive mind got together with that of writer Charlie Andrews and turned out a product that captivated audiences across the nation. (Continued on page 82)
YES, BARBARA STANWYCK uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans... leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

Pour it on... or cream it on!... Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to $2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to $1.
This emblem, worn proudly by your friendly STANLEY DEALER is the symbol of a service dedicated to saving time and work in practically every housekeeping task.

This emblem, worn by each STANLEY Dealer, is much more than a mere badge of identification. It is a pledge to you that the man or woman who wears it is in every respect the kind of person you are glad to welcome as a guest in your home. And, as millions of homemakers know from happy experience, it is also the trademark that stands for STANLEY's many value-leading, QUALITY PLUS Products. Products that let you with less effort keep your home cleaner, more sanitary, more beautiful. Products to guard the health and improve the personal grooming of each member of your family. Why not invite in your STANLEY Dealer to demonstrate these Products at a fun-filled STANLEY Hostess Party in your home soon?

Ozzie and Harriet

(Continued from page 21)

were enough in any family. Little did they know.

The more I learn about show business, however, the more I’m convinced that many more people get into it by accident than by design.

Both my parents feel very strongly that a basic education is not only an asset but a necessity for a good actor, in these days especially, when the competition is so keen.

My father has often referred to himself as “well-schooled and badly educated,” although I think he is kidding just a little.

He was graduated from Rutgers University with a Bachelor of Letters degree, majoring in English and Political Science, and then spent three more years studying law and received a law degree from Rutgers. Although he never practiced law, he has often said that he feels his law training has been of great value to him in the business and legal aspects of show business. In fact, he has convinced Ricky and me to the extent that we both would like to study law also.

Since Ricky and I both have six more years to run on our radio and television contract with the American Broadcasting Company, we will go to a college near home. I hasten to add that our contracts, since we are minors, are cancellable on our parts, but we, of course, have no intention of exercising this option. In fact, although we do the usual griping to poor old Mom and Dad, we both think that show business is a darn nice way to make a living, or have I already said that?

Speaking of making a living in show business reminds me that, when Ricky was eight or nine years old and had just started to play his own part on the radio show, he gave Mom and Pop a big argument about going to school one morning.

"Why, I have to go to school?" he protested. "I'll probably always be a radio actor, and I can read well enough for that right now."

This was the first time we heard Pop's "Need for an Education" speech.

"Show business," insisted Pop, "should always be considered a means to an end. A spot in the limelight is not only a temporary thing most of the time, but it is also no guarantee of happiness." He then went on to point out many people who were successful financially and careerwise but who were never happy because they had never learned how to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

We have some very fine colleges here in Southern California. At the present time, I am not sure whether to apply for admission to one of the smaller schools, like Pomona or Santa Barbara, or one of the larger universities, like U.S.C. or U.C.L.A.

My mother and father are both firm believers in allowing boys and girls to choose their own schools without interference, so the decision is entirely up to me. At the present time, Cotton Warburton, former U.S.C. All-American quarterback, is one of my film editors, so I must confess I am leaning a bit toward the Trojans. Ricky, however, is a strong U.C.L.A. rooter, so we have some pretty heated arguments.

Meanwhile, our being in show business is never allowed to interfere with our getting ready for college. If we are watching TV and Mom comes in and says, "What about your homework, boys," we can always answer, "This is just like studying to us, Mom. After all, we're actors, and it's necessary for us to watch other performers to improve our own techniques." We can always say this, but I'm sorry to report it hasn't worked so far. Mom didn't graduate from Rutgers, but she sure knows an awful lot about boys.
Nancy du Pont Bruns
lovely young member of the
closest Wilmington family

She and her husband will celebrate
their fourth wedding anniversary
this spring. Like so many attractive
young wives, Mrs. Bruns feels her
best beauty insurance is Pond's Cold
Cream. "I notice the difference it
makes in my skin immediately," she
says. "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses
my skin really thoroughly—better
than any other care I know."

It's simply amazing
how quickly
your skin looks
clearer, finer!" says Nancy du Pont Bruns

Stand close to some girl you know; take
a good look at her skin. So often you'll
find that her complexion is spoiled by large
pores that even careful make-up can't hide.
You'll wonder "Why doesn't she do some-
thing about her skin?"

Your own face gets this "third degree"
many times during the day. Do people
think the same about you?

What many girls don't realize is that
most complexion faults are caused by
nothing but hidden dirt. Look at your skin
carefully after your usual clean-up. Do the
pores still look dirty? Now, pass your
fingers over your face. Are there any
roughnesses? Then your face isn't
cleaning deeply enough.

Quickly—clear your skin
Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed
to take care of the deeper dirt that ordinary
and less effective cleansings skin over.
Its unique oil-and-moisture formula
quickly softens and floats out hardened,
embedded dirt that encourages large pores
and blackheads. This is why each Pond's
Cold Creaming leaves your skin flawlessly
clean. And—you'll see—your skin looks
finer, so much clearer.

Replenishes oils and moisture
that keep skin looking smooth
Every day—outdoor exposure and dry
stuffy indoor heat rob your skin of its
natural oils and moisture. You must re-
plenish these softeners every day, or your
skin gets a coarse look.... a dry, rough
"feel." Each Pond's Cold Creaming sup-
plies the oils and moisture your skin needs
—keeps your skin appealingly smooth.

This way of using Pond's Cold Cream
can transform your complexion!
1. Every night, circle fingerfuls of Pond's
Cold Cream briskly up and out from throat
to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing
frees embedded dirt. It brings up fresh color.
Tissue off this first creaming well.
2. Now—a snowy, beautifying "rinse" with
fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. This
time, tissue off lightly—leaving invisible
traces of cream for softening your skin
overnight, protecting it by day.
"Never, never have I had so many com-
pliments!" say girls who have adopted
Pond's Cold Creamings. Get Pond's Cold
Cream today in the large jar... compared
with the smaller jars, you average a third
more cream for your money!
Secret of Happiness

For the doll-like size, it was generally agreed that the furnishings would be highly acceptable—indeed, darling, in Greenwich Village—but in Brooklyn... well, it just didn’t seem appropriate, somehow.

“Just in the nick of time,” smiles Patsy, “we certainly supplied our CBS pals with ribbing material. And, when the news leaked out that we were personally going to do a great deal of the redecorating and rebuilding, you’ll have no idea what amusements the studio got out of the operation. The helpful hints were right out of this world. For instance, they had the nerve to ask how best to bruise a thumb with a tack hammer. They said very seriously that any amateur could do it with a man-sized implement, but never become knowledgeable enough to achieve the same effect with the tack hammer. I should be particularly concerned, they said, since I would undoubtedly be in charge of the soil-covering department. In this same deadpan style, the CBS talent also went into the many ways there were of messing up a paint job, and anything else we might be tackled to do.

Despite all the heckling from the sidelines, Patsy and Al went to work on their house. For certain things, they needed professional assistance, such as the laying of new flooring or the installation of a new gas furnace. But once such major jobs were completed, the Campbell—Reilly combo buckled down.

“We told our friends promise not to come visit,” continues Patsy. “Ordinarily, I love company. But, at this point, I wanted none of it, for three reasons. First, company means work! The last thing that would interfere with our work. Second, I didn’t want even our dearest friends to see the house until it was in respectable shape. And third, I didn’t want to become known as the girl in the dirty bluejeans with the blobs of blue and green paint on her nose. The color scheme of the entire house is sky blue and deep green—and I was spotted we.

“Now that the worst is over, I marvel at us—particularly at Al. Some of the things he did are just short of miraculous. For instance, the second floor bathroom was all in place. The complete wall space is now a unit of shelves, dressing table, closet and storage space, designed by and built to the specifications of my husband. Downstairs, we moved into a nightmare, with the hall leading from the living room to the dining room, and turned it into bookshelves. Besides being esthetically more satisfying, this alteration gave us more footage in the hall, and when you live in a dollhouse every inch counts. The original staircase hallway was most peculiarly designed so that it sort of stretched out into the living room. Al and our contractor got together, and between them managed to work out several feet of wall space in the living room for us.

“The couple was what is called an ‘attached’ house. Its side walls are also those of the adjoining houses. Therefore, the hammering and noise-making operations of our renovation had to be carried on all day for the weekdays. At night during the week we would sandpaper, fill in cracks and nicks, and paint. And, on nights when the workmen were hired from day’s work, we would just relax. We didn’t push ourselves unnecessarily. We wanted working on our first real home to be fun—and it was rewarding to see the results of all the hard work. But what if it took longer than we anticipated? We never forced ourselves, and the work never became too much of a hardship. As for the mistakes we made... well, next time we’ll know better. Like the electric light fixture in the completely renovated kitchen. After Al had wired for a ceiling light, I innocently—or is the word ‘ignorantly’—rushed out and bought a fixture, only to find that my purchase and Al’s wiring were not made for each other. Fortunately, Al was able to rectify the situation—at some cost to the new paint job—and next time I’ll know there is a difference between a light that switches on from a wall and one that pulls on. That’s what Al gets for not going shopping with me. Together, we make fewer mistakes.

In that word “together”—lies the secret of happiness for Patsy and Al. They’ve had that happiness together for quite a few years now. They met in January 1939, when they were both studying dramatics at the Goodman Theatre School of Drama in Chicago. Thiers was not a case of love at first sight, probably because both were much too intention on their studies and the building of individual careers. But they soon became fast friends. Then, in 1941, Patsy came to New York to further her career. Some months later, in 1942, Al followed—under the auspices of the armed services.

This sudden return of events brought us up sharply to the fact that reality, we were more than just good friends,” Patsy reminisces, “and in 1942, in Post Chapel Number One at Fort Dix, I became Mrs. Alfred Reilly.

“As for my acting career,” she continues, “well, let’s put it this way. I was one of the most active and versatile auditions New York City ever saw. I tried out for everything—lady cries, tap dancing, singing, dialect, comedy, dramatics. Oh, just everything! For a girl who thought she would make a terrific singer, it came somewhat as a shock to have a director select me to take a small acting role on a radio show. Not that this was a disappointment, mind you... but, after two seasons of stock work in Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, I have a sort of thought my chances of becoming a singer were better than those of becoming an actress.”

For a girl who came to New York to be a singer, Patsy has set a record that many an actress would gladly claim for her own. Since January, 1944, no week has ever passed in which she has not had at least one job. Even two of her total of seven weeks’ vacation since 1944 were accounted for by program recordings made in advance.

After the war, Al returned to acting and directing, and eventually settled down as radio program director for the Brooklyn V.A. Hospital.

This is the real reason we moved to Brooklyn—so that Al, whose working day started at 6:30 a.m., would not have to leave the house at the crack of dawn. We consider ourselves very lucky to have found a house within actual eye-shot of the house Al no longer has, only less than ten minutes, door-to-door. And, speaking of cars, you’ve no idea what a saving it is to have your own garage and not have to pay for a Yank’s fantastic garage rents. Of course, the garage on our tiny plot of land practically eats up what should have been the back yard. But, with all the work we’ve had on our hands doing the house, neither of us would have had the time nor energy to take care of a sizable back yard.

And when it comes to savings—this was a real beauty of our little house. We moved into five rooms with substantially the same furniture we had in our three-room apartment in Manhattan. I’ll grant you we were a bit crowded in the apartment, and I’m happy now that I have walking space. It does make entertaining so much easier. And we do enjoy giving occasional dinner parties, particularly Thanksgiving and Christmas, when we invite our friends who are away from home to gather under our roof for family-style dinners. By now, the idea of a tiny house has worked itself in—since we’ve been giving them for quite a few years. And now that we have a real dining room, to say nothing of a real home, everything’s grand.

“Fortunately,” continues Patsy, “Al and I have always been able to work well together. We don’t quibble, and we have great respect for each other’s ideas. In the early days of our marriage, Al knew a great deal more about the technical and production end than I do, but he has yet to make me feel like an idiot child. In daytime radio there’s apt to be something with which I’m more conversant than he, at which point he willingly accepts my suggestions.

“[In the extracurricular fields, we’re apt to run into subjects about which neither one of us knows too much, and together, with the assistance of whatever reference material we can lay hands on, we arrive at the right result. We’ve had conclusions drawn, and sometimes we’ve been right. Of course, it takes a bit of doing. Like, for instance, the subject of plumbing. One of our most hysterical experiences was to try to fix a problem ourselves and end up with a breakdown in the bathroom plumbing. In profound ignorance, but with intense willingness, we studied the subject at hand, arrived at something of a conclusion, and proceeded accordingly. Finally, all was set for a test run. Al happily descended to the cellar to turn on the water and give me the signal to set the wheels in motion. Of course, it was only to give water to the plants. Faithful! After considerable mopping-up operations—once Al came to realize that my screams were not those of ecstasy over a job well done but of real terror—I had enough of it and was able to do the job all by myself.]

This time with me reading directions from an encyclopedia, and, I might add, this time with somewhat more gratifying success, Al has actually improved. We’ve both learned—and next time, more than likely, we’ll call the plumber!”

Next time they may call a plumber, next time they may not. But the same mistake being made next time it may be a large house in the country rather than a “dollhouse” in Brooklyn, but whatever their future experiences may be, Patsy and Al will always have fun—because they know that whatever tasks they set for themselves, regardless of the heckling that may take place on the sidelines, together they’ll make the grade.
Monday through Friday
12-12:15 pm EST

Your MBS Radio Station presents:

CURT MASSEY
MARSHA TILTON

for Alka-Seltzer
over the coast-to-coast
Mutual Radio Network

(for airtime on your MBS station, see local radio listings)
YOUR ZOO PARADE

Meet Pudgie, who refuses to accept any responsibility for the meaning of her shadow on Groundhog Day

She came to Lincoln Park Zoo a soft-furred, bright-eyed little bundle of mischief cuddled in a young girl's hands.

On arrival, Pudgie flirtatiously glanced around the circle of admiring humans who welcomed her, then hid her face behind her protector's fingers.

Now, to grace a calendar bedecked with hearts, flowers and sentimental verse extolling bashful boys and blushing maidens, Pudgie—by legend the most coy, if not the most romantic, of creatures—becomes Animal of the Month.

For Pudgie laid claim to February by being a groundhog. According to popular belief, this animal is so shy it hides from its own shadow. Further, the legend asserts, if that hiding takes place on February 2, six more weeks of cold weather will ensue.

While, in some sections of the nation, people made a small ceremony of keeping watch to determine whether some of Pudgie's relatives saw their shadows, R. Marlin Perkins, director of Lincoln Park Zoo, offered no predictions based on Pudgie's behavior. Visiting her glass-fronted home in the Small Animal House, he merely remarked, "She'll never replace Weatherman Clint Youle on John Cameron Swayze's News Caravan."

Being so discredited bothered Pudgie not a particle. Groundhog Day to her was remarkable only because an unusually large number of people gathered to stare through her picture window into her living room. For their entertainment, she frisked around the branch—which is the major decoration in her living room—tossed dainty nibbles from its bark and struck a pose holding the morsel in her paws.

Pudgie has liked people ever since young Barbara Erwood of Tower, Minnesota, rescued her in 1952, brought her home, and later presented her to Lincoln Park. In a letter accompanying the Christmas gift which she sent her pet, Barbara recalled how it happened.

She wrote: "Hello, Pudgie. I'll bet you never guessed when I took you to Mr. Perkins' zoo what a wonderful life you would have. We think of you often and remember how well-behaved you were on the long auto ride to Chicago. This present is to remind you of Minnesota and your old friends who found you when you were a lonesome baby."

Pudgie's "wonderful life" centers around an abundant supply of edibles—vegetables, apples, celery, alfalfa and whole wheat bread. She also eats small pellets of super-energized foods and vitamins such as are fed to chinchillas.

Were she living in the wild, her diet also would be vegetarian and consist of alfalfa, corn, roots and tubers.

A member of the woodchuck or marmot family, Pudgie is related to the whistling marmot of the Rockies and the prairie dog of the Great Plains. Some form of these burrowing rodents is found nearly everywhere in the world.

Groundhogs usually live in a field or in woods near a field, for, above all else, they value a view.

To extend that view, the groundhog, in digging a burrow, constructs a sort of front porch by throwing up a mound of earth at the entrance. For the female, this mound becomes a watchtower from which she stands guard over her young.

Cute as kittens, the young ones play games of their own invention, but, when the mother signals there is danger, they scurry for the safety of the burrow's depths.

The attacker which left Pudgie an orphan probably was a hawk or an owl which swooped down to snatch the vigilant mother from her perch. Other enemies are eagles, foxes, coyotes, wolves, bobcats and, of course, small boys.

The great battle of wits between groundhogs and small boys probably has been going on throughout all the ages which each has existed. To attempt to dig out a groundhog is always fascinating, always a challenge to the Nature lore of young followers of Daniel Boone, but an effort
She gaily nibbles at some bark... Then strikes a pose for camera fans.

that seldom proves successful.

For the groundhog—to outsmart such invaders—builds the very mansion of burrows. Its many rooms are connected by a maze of tunnels and there is usually, as young excavators discover to their sorrow, more than one escape hatch.

While these burrows are often found in groups or villages, each home is a unit. Unlike their relative, the prairie dog, groundhogs do not connect their homes by an interlacing network of tunnels.

Pudgie—warm, secure and well-fed at Lincoln Park—shows no yearning to indulge in tunnel-building. She eyes visitors with interest and her keepers with friendliness. To Pudgie, people are most satisfactory creatures invented to provide her with comforts.

And, if anyone believes that nonsense about shadows and Groundhog Day, Pudgie is bound to disappoint them. Like Marlin Perkins, she makes it clear that she's quite willing to yield all honors as a weather prophet to Clint Youle.

Never let them go!

He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!" 'Specially formulated to vanish instantly... leaving no sticky feel, no oily film... just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

Beauty Bargain! 9-oz. DeLux bottle with handy pump dispenser... 69¢; other sizes, 25¢ and 47¢.
Two Hearts Are Better Than One

(Continued from page 33)
to Coney Island and ate hot dogs and walked the deserted boardwalk along the ocean, in the nipping wind, and I felt warm and all through me."

Jim is James Lipton, who plays Dr. Dick Grant in both the radio and television versions of the daytime dramatic serial, The Guiding Light. He’s also well known as a stage and screen actor and for many other roles on radio and TV. Back in his home city of Detroit, he played Tom in The Lone Ranger and started on radio playing the nephew of The Lone Ranger only to help see himself through college.

Nina (who pronounces her name as if it were spelled Neena Fashb) is the hostess and moderator of her own weekly Monday evening TV panel show, Let’s Take Sides. She’s noted for her roles on television and radio dramatic programs, and for her movie roles (her favorite to date was the part of Milo Roberts in “An American in Paris”). She was born in Leyden, Holland, daughter of a distinguished Dutch musical conductor and a beautiful “Ziegfeld Follies” star, but has lived in this country since she was eight.

They had met, Nina and Jim, when both played lead parts in the Pullitzer Prize Playhouse TV production of “The Skin of Our Teeth.” That was some thirteen or fourteen months before the incident of the birdcage—because when they were working together had not brought them any closer at first.

“I didn’t pay much attention to Jim then,” Nina says, “except to get the impression that he was good-looking and dark and slightly taller than I am. (Nina is 5’8” and Jim is close to 5’10.”) “I doubt that I even noticed his eyes change oddly from green to blue. Really, we hardly spoke to each other, did we, Jim?”

“No, but that’s not to say we didn’t get along well. We were just too busy with our respective jobs of acting.”

“We got along well,” she agrees, “but we didn’t have anything to say apart from our work.”

“You didn’t say anything, but I noticed you just the same. I thought you were very pretty and had lovely blue-gray eyes, and the second-best figure of any girl I knew.”

“You did? Who had the first-best?”

“I don’t remember now, because I have subsequently decided it’s you.”

At which point, to get the story back on a more serious level, Nina picks up the original theme. “We didn’t have much to say to each other, but we did make a great effort about our scenes, so they would be just right. I always feel that if you make this effort to share another person’s work problems, in acting or in any other field, it must be because you respect that person’s ability. And we did, right from the first. Jim felt it as much as I, although he may not have analyzed it at the time. I realized right away what a good actor Jim is, and he brought out the best in me.”

Then rehearsals were over, the broadcast finished and that seemed the end. A year and a month went by before they laid eyes on each other again. Nina had been in California doing a movie part. Now she was back in her apartment in New York, numb with the cold and feeling as if total oblivion would be the best thing that could happen to her. Her head was bursting, her eyes were swollen and sore, her nose was demanding constant attention, and she almost didn’t answer the telephone when Jim called.

He had been thinking about her, he said, and heard she was back in New York. He was sorry she was ill. Could he come over and do anything to help? Could he send anything? Nina thanked him but felt too uncomfortable to talk. Maybe he would like to call again sometime?

“Just think what might have happened if he hadn’t!” she says. “That day, I didn’t care at all. In fact, when he did call again one afternoon, I almost said no more. I was still lying around the house, but he came with some brightly painted tin soldiers to stand on top of my cover, and a child’s coloring book and crayons. ‘Everybody should have these when they’re sick,’ he told me. Another friend was there at the time, and I thought they would leave together, but Jim out-stayed him.”

“I was still out of the kindness of her heart, because it was getting late and I looked tired, Nina pulled herself up from her couch and, looking very pale and ethereal, cooked me a perfect dinner. She served wine hamburgers, the most wonderful I have ever eaten. I’m a guy who likes simple, bland foods—but Nina is an original and creative cook who uses seasonings, and out of those cooks anything exactly like anyone else does—and that night I ate like mad. I left fairly early, with apologies for having stayed so long, but probably only an early rehearsal the next morning got me out before Nina collapsed from fatigue. It was hardly calculated to make it easy to get a second date with her. But, when I called a few days later, we did make a date to go out to dinner.”

“Was I still too exhausted to care enough to dress well, even for a first real date with a new beau,” Nina says. “Of course you looked beautiful,” Jim insists.

They went to a little French cafe in the West Forties, where the food is good and not too expensive. Later they walked the atmosphere friendly and quiet. (They go back now quite often.) “It was the first time I had looked at Jim carefully, sitting across from him that night. I decided I liked what I saw. He was tall and In a manner make the other one might be out with or where. If Jim is going to be out, he tells me. If I’m out when he calls, I tell him where I was and with whom, if he wants to

Three Hearts Are Better Than One

LU ANN SIMMS * SID CAESAR

The Day HERB SHRINER Had Twins

All this—plus many other candid glimpses and portraits of top stars and shows in the April issue of

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MBS station, see
local radio listings)
Don't miss—"DEVIL ON WHEELS"—a story of thrill-seeking hot-rod teens in March TRUE STORY, at newstands now.
The Lady Is Valiant
(Continued from page 36)
bewildered and shattered by this staggering blow, Helen realized that she faced the world alone in her struggle to bring up her three children without their father, with little money, with nothing but the knowledge that somehow she would marshal the strength and faith necessary to cope with whatever the future might hold.

The heartbreak, the sensitivity, the emotion portrayed so dramatically by Nancy Coleman, who plays Helen Emerson, was poignant and real. For Nancy had only to relive again those dark moments when her own father died, to remember her mother’s sorrow and courage. To remember, too, that somehow her mother, in spite of the fact that her world had crashed around her, had kept things going for seventeen-year-old Nancy and her sister, two years younger.

“My mother,” says pretty red-haired Nancy, “was a valiant lady if there ever was one. There was never a time when her courage faltered, when she wasn’t a tower of strength for my sister and me to lean on. So, in the part of Helen Emerson, I keep remembering how wise mother was—and still is, for that matter—how she was never too maternal nor too sisterly, but somehow managed to walk exactly the right line between the two.”

Nancy, a charming, blue-eyed, slim-waisted woman of Irish descent, is married to Whitney Bolton, a newspaperman. She has nine-year-old twin daughters of her own and a stepson who is now twenty-three. So it is easy for her to bring understanding and warm, heartfelt sympathy to Helen Emerson’s children. When she bends tenderly to comfort nine-year-old Kim, played by Lydia Reed, it is as if she were giving solace to one of her own daughters who is exactly that age. When she seeks the right words with which to guide her impetuous, sports-loving son, Nancy has only to remember the problems and yearnings of her stepson, whom she has known since he was thirteen.

Then, too, her manner of living is as domestic as that of Helen Emerson. For Whitney and Nancy live in a charming old-fashioned Victorian house in Sea Cliff, Long Island. The house is high on a hill overlooking the wide blue stretch of Long Island Sound, and Nancy loves it. The twins, Charla and Grania, love it, too. They find it far less confining than a city apartment. But commuting means a whirlwind schedule for dynamic Nancy, who fortunately possesses all the energy redheads are popularly supposed to have.

The idea of a star getting up each morning at 5:15 and going to work via the Long Island Railroad is a little startling. But that is just what Nancy does. She gets to the CBS studio in New York by 7:00, starts rehearsing with other members of the Valiant Lady cast by 7:30 and keeps at it until about a half-hour before showtime, which is 12 noon.

The only bad feature of this schedule, so far as Nancy is concerned, is that sometimes she and Whitney do not see each other for days at a time. He is a drama critic for a New York newspaper and, when there is an opening night, he doesn’t get home until 1:30 A.M. By this time, Nancy has been sound asleep for about four hours. It’s lights out for her at 9:15 every night except weekends.

“I try to get home by 2:30 in the afternoon,” says Nancy, “but occasionally business appointments prevent that. When I arrive home, I go directly to my room to study the script for the next day. I don’t see or talk to anyone until 5:30, when I

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It’s wonderful! Does a full-sized 8 lb. wash, with new Super-Agitator cleaning action! Floataway-Flushaway draining keeps dirty wash-water from straining through clothes to re-soil them. Completely portable. Rolls anywhere, stores anywhere. New Flexible Metalexaloy Wonder Tub is so durable, it’s guaranteed, in writing, for 5 full years! Honestly, what other machine could possibly give you so much for your money?

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come down to spend some time with the girls before dinner. They get home from public school around 3:30," Nancy explains, "but they study or play with their friends until I come down. They are wonderfully understanding about this topsy-turvy life and adjust to it without any difficulty. But I suppose if we were born to an actress-mother and a newspaperman-father you are conditioned to the unusual from birth!"

Nancy and I find on the nights he is not working, always have dinner with the twins. "Whitney is a wonderful father," her husband says. "Whenever I have had to be away because of my work, he spends all his free time with them. And the twins adore him, naturally."

Nancy is fortunate, too, in having Cora, a wonderful housekeeper who lives and works at the Boltons' five full days a week, but then takes off for the weekend. When she is on duty, Cora does everything from watching out for the twins to marketing, cooking and keeping the house shipshape. But, on weekends, the family takes over. Whitney likes to cook. "He's wonderful with roasts," says Nancy. And, from Friday to Monday, the Boltons live like any other suburban Long Island family. The twins do housework, help with bed-making and dish-washing, and Nancy and Whitney putter around the house. They have done almost everything in the house themselves. They like nothing better than to haunt the auctions or secondhand shops and find what Nancy gaily refers to as "a marvelous bargain." They pick up old furniture, rub it down and re-upholster it themselves. Actually, says Nancy, "old furniture is much more satisfactory when you have children. It seems to have been built to weather their attacks on it."

Neither Nancy nor her husband is very good at gardening, so they have a man who comes once a week to tend the small vegetable and flower gardens.

All their energy and enthusiasm go into the house. And it is hard to believe that no interior decorator had a hand in the decor. For the color schemes are unusual enough to have sprung from the brain of the most expensive decorator in the country. The living room, for instance, has walls of soft plum and a ceiling of pale pink. Nancy's and Whitney's bedroom is white green so dark so the local antique dealer at NBC black, with dazzling white accents. And in the domain of the twins, who share a room, the predominant color is American flag blue. The furniture is mostly built-in.

Nancy evolved these schemes herself and did battle with the bewildered painters in the manner of housewives everywhere. "The painters thought I was a bit touchy about the color of my bed, says Nancy, "but I didn't ask why." The only major remodeling done to the house is the installation of a huge picture window which overlooks the dream of the upstairs Harbor. "But someday," says Nancy, "we are going to do over the attic into a suite for the twins."

Asked for an explanation of the twins' unusual names, Nancy explains that "Charla is an adaptation of my father's name, Charles, and Charlotte, which is my sister's name. Grania is the Gaelic word for strength, which is my mother's name."

The little girls are identical twins and sometimes, even their mother has difficulty in telling them apart. A particularly homey episode, which illustrates just how much of a family affair the twins' lives have become, is the story she tells of hearing one of the twins "whoop sing," as she put it, in the bathroom late one night. Nancy went in to help and put the little girl to bed. A little later she heard her again. So once again she went in and put the child to bed. The next morning she asked Charla how she felt. "All right," said Charla. Then another voice spoke up. "I feel all right, too," said Grania. Both little girls had been ill, but Nancy had thought it was the same one each time.

But there are differences in temperament and voice, for example. "Grania, for instance, is the better dancer of the two," says Nancy, and Charla is the better actress. Their pretty red-headed mother, who has spent most of her life acting, doesn't know whether or not they will follow in her footsteps in the theatre. "It's too early to tell what they want to do," she says, "and besides, I don't believe in pushing things. There's plenty of room in the world for the girls to make up their own minds."

Nancy Coleman herself is happy anywhere, so long as she is acting. Like most youngsters, she got the acting bug early. But it was after she got bitten, she never got over it. And it was her mother's courage and vision in pulling up stakes and moving—from the small city of Evanston, Illinois to San Francisco—which enabled Nancy to get her first break in radio. For her mother never doubted Nancy's talent.

Nancy's father had been a newspaperman. He was managing editor of the local paper. Nancy and her sister grew up in Everett, went to grammar school there and then to high school, after which Nancy went to the University of Washington—where, as she explains it, "I acted, every chance I got, and read all the plays I could get hold of. Her sister had no interest in a career at all. "It's fun," Nancy laughs. "She worked in an advertising agency in San Francisco and was very good at it, but she just wanted to get married and have a home of her own."

Nancy didn't even expect to meet many beaux if she quit her job. But I was wrong. She got just what she wanted."

When the Colemans moved to San Francisco, Nancy took a job at a local department store, The Emporium. First she ran an elevator, then was promoted to the millinery department where, as she puts it, "we tried to make an assistant buyer out of me."

It didn't work, she was riding in an elevator when a sorority sister, whom Nancy didn't know, saw her spin and struck up a conversation with her. Learning that Nancy really wanted to act, she offered to introduce her to a director at NBC. "I didn't think anything would come of it," says Nancy, "but it did. I was called for an audition which I couldn't make and, before you know it, they offered me a script."

This time I went, and got a part in Hau-thorne House, a serial drama which was on one night a week. So I kept my daytime job—until the store decided my mind wasn't right and made me take a break from the store."

After that first show, Nancy got more radio parts and gathered some stage experience with the Federal Theatre. But always in mind was the dream of New York and the Broadway stage. Everything she had done was leading up to the big moment when she would arrive in Manhattan. "My goal was to save $1000," she says seriously. "Every time Whitney and I went to the theatre, I would say, 'I wish I had a hundred dollars to buy tickets.'"

But when she arrived in New York, she bought a car and rented an apartment for $150 a month. "I couldn't afford to go to the theatre."

But I was afraid if I waited I'd spend that money and then I'd never come true. So I came to New York in style. I took a first-class cabin on a ship through the Panama Canal, bought myself some wonderful new clothes and landed in New York with about $400. I met my mother's people, and they introduced me to the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, and there I was."

Nancy's luck held all the way through. She got a room at the hard-to-get-into Rehearsal Club, an inexpensive residence for young stage aspirants, which usually has
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(Continued from page 59) been like a rebirth to me. Like the coming of spring, I live for Toni. I haven't any thoughts that don't include her."

There was a charge, both in the words he used and in the way he spoke them. Another kind of charge.

Right now, happiness is in the ascendency in Jan's life. And, because there was so much unhappiness, struggle and heartbreak in his early years, Jan has an especially keen appreciation of his present state.

"This," he tells you with a glow in his voice, "is the happiest I have ever been."

And he tells you why. He has his first real home, in Woodmere, Long Island, a house so old that Jan says, "When I first opened the front door, two old men tumbled out yelling 'Run for your life, the British are coming!'

He has Toni, Toni, who waited five years for him. Toni, of whom Jan says, "When I first saw her, I thought she was the loveliest looking girl I had ever seen!" Now, after five years of courtship and four years of marriage, I still think so. I have forgiven her through all sorts of vicissitudes and," Jan laughed, "all shades of hair!"

He has his children: Warren, the son of his first marriage, who is eleven; Cella, so special to Jan, who is three; Howard, the baby, who is just two. And, in May, there will be another baby, a fourth. "Toni wants a big family, terribly big!" Jan beamed. "I get scared sometimes. I'm thirty-five, I see all these tots running around the house. No relaxing for me!" he said, looking as though he couldn't be more pleased.

He has his show. His suspenseful, fun- and-frenzy show now telecast over approximately 120 stations, including such far-flung spots as Hawaii and Alaska.

"The only thing I ask for now," Jan said, "is that my show, still pretty much in its infancy, be a big hit; that I can create enough excitement, develop enough gimmicks so that it will survive forever—and there's no reason I know of why it can't. If this comes off for me, that's all I'm ever going to ask—and, of course, that..."
rated 4-F by the Army because of a punctured ear-drum and was in Europe with the USO when it happened.  "I'd gone to my brother's camp in England to visit him.  I had some time off, and eagerly anticipated a reunion with him. It was evening and his commanding officer sent for me immediately. He said, 'Mr. Murray, I don't know how to tell you this. You must understand there's a war on—and Davey didn't get back tonight.' We learned that he had bailed out, and this gave us a kind of hope that could only be called forlorn. Still, hope. He might be in a hospital somewhere. Or perhaps a POW. I stayed overseas a year hoping to get some word. Finally I did. The Red Cross notified me that the German Government had notified that Davey was dead. I finally located his body. It's a long story," Jan said, "and too bizarre, too unhappy, to dwell on here.

"The next blow fell when my dad began to fail. There were doctors, diagnoses, treatments—but no improvement. Finally, I took him to the Mayo Clinic. He didn't want to go. I'm only in my fifties. I should be working," he'd say. 'I don't want to be any further expense to you.' I tried to kid him along. 'I'm not feeling too good myself,' I told him. 'We'll both have a check-up and get the score.' At the Mayo Clinic we were given more diagnoses. Except for my punctured ear-drum, I was fine. My dad had lung cancer.

"All this happened in my twenties, the formative years. They would have been good years if so many bad things hadn't happened. As an entertainer, I'd started to move. It had begun to look as if I was going to make the grade. Then—boom! That was one of the times when it didn't seem as if I'd inherited the stuff of which my dad was made. After the doctors pronounced what was virtually the sentence of death over my father, I just sat and drank—and I'd never had a drink in my life before! I just couldn't get with it. This went on until a friend—one of those real friends who lets you have it when you've got it coming to you—said to me, 'Give your father something to root for, why don't you? One son is dead, another sitting here with a bottle ...' He really laid it on the line, and I choked. I never got over it, because I received word that my dad had collapsed. I cancelled out of Ciro's, came home and told my agent to accept no bookings for me. I just stayed with my father. Seventeen days later, he died. Those seventeen weeks seemed like an eternity to me ..."

"So much for personal tragedies. Professionally, like all actors, I have had my ups and downs. I'd never forget my first terrible disappointment in my career. It was back in 1940. I got my first booking on Broadway at the Hurri- cane Restaurant. But when I reported for my first Broadway appearance, Murray was on the Main Stem at last! But not for long. They cancelled me after one week. Gee, I was just broken."

"Then I joined a unit booked to play two weeks in Des Moines, Iowa, prepara- tory to going into the Oriental Theatre in Chicago. While we were playing Des Moines, the booker for the Oriental came out to look over us. 'I don't like this guy Murray,' he told our unit manager, 'I don't want him in the show.' The night I was to open in Chicago, I was on a train going back to New York, crying my eyes out."

"The next booking was at the Saks Show Bar in Detroit. But Detroit at that time—these were the war years—was converting..."
its automobile industry into aviation and the good people of Detroit didn’t have time, just then, for Show Bars or show people. All I knew was that, all at once, I was playing to three or four customers. I wasn’t very funny. Even if I had been, it wouldn’t have counted. Empty chairs can’t laugh.

“I came back to New York. Came home. I’m no good, I brooded, I have no talent. I’m through. I’m dead.”

“That’s the kind of thing I was thinking during that all-time low of my life. I had to live and learn—learn the simplest facts of life, the ABC’s of a constructive philosophy. The cloud I’d been living under had to have a silver lining. Somewhere within me I had to find a spark of the faith and spirit that had carried my dad through troubles far greater than mine. And, as soon as I began to find that spark of faith, things began to happen.

“Leon, of Leon & Eddie’s famous New York night club turned out to be my ‘silver lining.’ Leon sent for me. He said: ‘Eddie Davis has just gone into the hospital for an operation. We need someone in here to make the customers laugh. I saw you at the Hurricane last month and I think those guys were nuts to let you go. I think you’re great. Come in here and you’re going to be a hit!’”

Jan went in there, stayed eight weeks, and was a smash! The smash produced the kind of repercussion such smashers usually do. At the end of the spectacular eight weeks, Jan was booked into Loew’s State Theatre. Then the Paramount management said, “Hey, let’s get this guy!” Since then, Jan has played virtually every top spot in the country and has been hailed as an expert and polished monologist, a wit, a wag, a laughmaker extraordinarily.

But the real high point of Jan’s life came four years ago, when he and Toni were married.

“It was during the war years, in 1943, that I first saw Toni,” Jan said, and happiness glowed in his face as he spoke. “I met her when she was a glamour girl, who’d been described as ‘America’s most beautiful show girl,’ at the Copa-cabana here in New York. I walked in there one night with some friends. One of the friends knew Toni, introduced us, and we danced. As we were dancing, I asked Toni if I could see her again. She didn’t say no. But practically the next day I went overseas, sooner than I’d expected, with the USO. I was gone for more than a year. When I came back, I opened at the Copa. Toni was still there. That was it! We both knew it. But—because of my first marriage, which had failed but was not legally ended—there was nothing we could do about it but wait. We waited. For five years. During those years, Toni stuck by. She was wonderful.

“We were married in Washington, D. C., which is Toni’s home town,” Jan told me. “I was appearing there at the Capitol Theatre. When the All Clear sounded, so to speak, we streaked off to a Justice of the Peace like lightning. To get married—never mind where, or how, or what we were wearing—that was the thing!”

In the past three years, Jan has been the sparkling emceee of such high-rating radio and TV shows as Songs For Sale, Sing It Again, Go Lucky, Meet Your Match, Blind Date.

And then, in the autumn of 1953, along came Dollar A Second. It was adapted from France’s most popular radio-TV quiz, Hundred Hundred Second, which was invented and popularized by Jean Vital, the Arthur Godfrey of France. The American version is budgeted at a cost of $2,000,000 for a 26-week period. Jan hopes, with all his eager heart, that to this 26-week period there will be no period.

“I’m having more fun with this,” Jan said, “than anything I’ve ever done in my life. Before TV, I lived or died by what I, myself, did with an audience. But here’s a whole show, a mixture of many talents. It’s fun to do. Most of my ingenuity now goes into developing gimmicks.

“I shies usually chance elements which are involved—the time a plane lands at La Guardia, or a baby is born in a certain hospital, or a car passes through the Living Tunnel. These are all real happenings, and selecting such events is a challenge in itself, for they must have both suspense and originality. And then there are the stunts which contestants perform, when they’ve missed an answer to a question but still want to stay on stage earning a dollar a second.

“On this show, I’m of more value behind the scenes, creating these gimmicks, than I am on camera—and I love it! I eagerly look forward to the writing sessions. And I can’t wait to get home, where, with Toni’s help, I pre-test the stunts I use on the program. These shenanigans, home-tested to make sure they will ‘play’ before a studio audience, include such stunts as getting Toni to carry a tray of dishes while balancing a glass of water on her head, or whirling a hoop in each hand in opposite directions at the same time. Sunday nights, Toni comes in to town, we have dinner together, and both go to the show.

“Of all the things I’ve ever done on TV,” Jan said, “this is the most satisfying. In addition, I’m deeply grateful to TV for

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enabling me—because of its set schedule, only one performance no traveling—to be the family man I try to be, and want to be, and a normal father to my children. To spend an hour with my children, I'd rush—no walk—out of the most important conference. I'll go home now, for instance, and, as I do every evening but one, put the little fellow to bed and read to Celia. Celia, by the way, was named for my mother and Howard for my father. We're hoping to have another boy, so we'll have another David.

"After our dinner Toni likes to read, and I'm a TV bug. Naturally, I love to watch comedians—just to see if I can learn anything or if they've stolen anything. On days when I'm not working, either I do violent physical exercise—mow the lawn, work out in a gym—or just collapse, sort of. I'm not much use, I'm afraid, around the house. I can't cook. I'm not a handyman. I don't like to tinker.

We have a lot of fun together, at home, all five of us (soon to be six). The fun comes naturally. We laugh when we feel like it, cry when we feel like it. The keynote we strive for in our home was to make it relaxed and relaxing. In every single room, for instance, there is a rocking chair. Even the more formal rooms just have more formal rocking chairs.

When we moved in, we didn't have a napkin. Within three weeks, the place was furnished from top to bottom. We did it all ourselves. In furniture departments and shops. We'll take this, we'll say, and this, and those! And there we were. I was against having an interior decorator. It would take too long and, besides, we weren't building a showcase.

We knew we had little to do. Just to make it livable, to furnish it so that if the kids destroy something it won't cause an upheaval, that was our aim. I think we accomplished it. Outside, it isn't much to look at, but it has an acre-in and out back, which is important for the children—we just open the door and let em go! But, in spite of the fenced-in yard and a governoress for the kids, Toni is in a frenzy all the time. She has that anxiety about kids that's common, I suppose, to all mothers.

Otherwise, we keep it pretty light. All the kids have a sense of humor. Toni has a very dry wit—she's a character. I got a girl," Jan laughed, "who's been a glamour girl in show business, yet what she wanted all her life was and is a home and children. Now she's got what she wanted. Her career is her home and her kids, and doing everything she can to please her husband. Very old-fashioned—for instance, in this respect a week and no on a pretty blonde, my wife is a blonde the next day! So in order to keep the beauty parlor bills down, no comment! This is what I mean. I've loved her through all shades of hair. A blonde with dark eyes when I met her, she's since gone blonde to her natural shade—which is dark—to red, and back to blonde again!

"When I told you that marrying Toni and founding a new family has been like a rebirth to me, I meant it," Jan said, "with all my heart. My only fear now is the fear of not being able to raise the children right. I feel a great responsibility toward them which makes me want to keep working hard until I'm stable enough, financially, to make them safe.

"A marriage like mine, a good solid TV show to go on with—if things can only stay just as they are," Jan said, "just exactly as they are, what more could any man ask of life, of God?" The answer is a humble and a grateful, "Nothing. Nothing more."
Robert Q., Spectacular Spectacle Man

(Continued from page 52)

Robert not playing chef for his friends, or doing the rounds of clubs, or generally living it up during his off-duty hours, would strike a sane man as being as silly as you can get.

But what Robert Q. was saying was absolutely true, for,—during his three straight months of subbing for Arthur Godfrey while Godfrey was recuperating from that famous hip operation—Robert Q., by just being himself, had become one of the biggest properties CBS had. Carloads of mail came in, spontaneity and his timing, asking CBS to have Lewis sell their products—sponsors that conflicted with Godfrey's, furthermore.

There was only one thing to do, Robert Q. Lewis must have an afternoon show. "And what's there about that to knock you out?" anyone could ask him.

"Man," yells Robert in reply, "you just coming along with me for days and you'll ask no more silly questions!"

When you watch Robert and his "little family of friends," afternoons from now on, remember you have run against the drudgery, the high inspiring moments, the momentary despair, and the endless amount of talk and work that were required just to set up this half-hour, get it on the road."

Take a look at what happened that last day of auditions for R. Q.'s new afternoon show. They're being held in brick-and-fancywork monstrosity known as Lederkranz Hall, over on East 58th Street, and Lewis is reaching the end of looking at and listening to some five hundred applicants. A small, smoke-filled control room is crowded with people; secretaries, sponsors, presenters. Enough of this? For fun, you understand. Lewis is sitting at one end of the control board, his coat off, his collar unbuttoned. He has been running his fingers through his hair, and he looks tired.

Outside in the hall, we have had to push our way through a crowd of waiting people. They all look pretty wonderful, as if they'd just come from a beauty parlor, and so they have. Their future depends on how they look and what they do this afternoon. Most of them have good, well-paying jobs, so there is no question of their status.

But whoever hits today with Robert Q. and the grim-faced people in the control room is pretty sure of becoming a star. Much for such people, many, many future.

So now the screen in front of the board lights up. It's a 17-inch job, just about as big and clear as the average viewer has in his living room, and the picture appears. She has a cute haircut and photographs nicely, and when she sings her ballad the effect is pleasant. Lewis, at his control mike, pushes a button and says, "That's Mary Rhoad. Tell us a little about yourself, and then do a jump number, hey?"

The girl, on the spot, gives a brief resume of her background. She gives a gist that tells us all about her. She is young, she is scared, she wants this job like she wants her front teeth, and yet she is a little belligerent too, trying hard not to ham it up or overplay.

"Now the fast number, honey," Robert says, and she nods to the accompanist and starts. After two bars, it's obvious she won't do. She flings around too much, she strains on the top notes, she's too sexy for a daytime show. "Hey, what'd you think?"

Lewis asks of the others, a sponsor, shrugs. Another a producer, drops his head. "Nothing happens," he says.

"Thanks so much, honey," Robert says when she has finished.

"Thank you," she answers—and Robert calls out another name.

Now who appears on the screen. He looks like an old-fashioned collar ad, with the darnedest assortment of teeth and brillianized hair you ever saw. He launches into a song, and his good taste and his friendly understanding of people somehow bring him back to his control mike just as the man finishes his number.

The routine goes on: "Tell us a little about yourself, where you come from, what you've been doing," Lewis says.

The man looks at the camera. "Well, I'm from Brooklyn," he says. Then he flashes all those store teeth at the camera.

After a long pause Robert punches the button on his mike. Thunderous applause is heard.

"I've been working in burlesque for some months," the man says, "and I may add that I'm the only singer who ever stood the show."

"Good Lord," someone mutters. "Not that again."

Lewis finishes laughing and then pushes the button on the mike. "You hold onto that hand line, he suggests amably. "That'll make your fortune. Now, how about a ballad?"

It is almost two hours later when a girl turns up suddenly on the screen. The cameraman is playing around, shows us her feet first, then a bit of her skirt, finally concentrates on the girl's face. The girl is worrying about her song with the pianist. "I've got two choruses," she tells him, "with no break—just a slow job between."

"Hey," says Robert Q. softly. Everyone else in the room leans forward, interested. Here is Something. Here is youth and beauty and personality. Okay, we've seen a lot of those three things: this afternoon. But this girl has a fourth, curious, inessential thing. "I saw her downstairs," Robert mutters. "She looked like nothing. But look at her on the screen!"

"I'm talking," says one of the sponsors.

"Lord, has she got a voice," Robert says prayerfully. He punches the button on his mike. "Look, dear, give us the jump piece first, okay?"

The girl grinns back from the screen in just the way you'd like your sister or your sweetheart to look. She starts the number. Gee, she's good! Everything about her is new to see, and she has a voice, and the way she uses everything (her lovely young body and all) is thoroughly pleasant.

Now Lewis is leaning forward, grinning. The sponsors and producers and directors are leaning forward, too, those of their ilk.

A false note comes from the piano, and the girl stops. She shrugs at us. "No," she says quietly. "Two choruses."

"Well, go home, sweetie," Lewis says with a smile. "Relax, honey, relax," he says. "Take it from the last chorus."

She does. She's great. It's obvious every-one in the control booth thinks so, too.

Robert Q., Spectacular Spectacle Man
When she gives the little talk about her- 
self, she is honest, cheerful, and has per-
fect stage presence.

Finally, she sings her ballad. She looks 
directly into the screen and says, "I'm 
gonna do the same one you heard before, 
but a little slower. Okay?"

"Okay," says Robert Q. meekly. He is 
enchanted, and who can blame him? She 
sings the ballad, and now there is elec-
tricity in the air in the small smoky con-
trol room. Something has happened to each 
person. A spark, a kind of beauty, a little 
chill up the backbone, a shiver all over, 
like when fifty violins soar up to the 
topper in the "Liebestod"—that's the way it 
is.

Lewis calls her back for a final chat, 
while he motions to an assistant to run 
down to the audition studio and ask her 
to stay for more talks.

"And why did you say you left Califor-
nia to come here and tackle TV?"

The gay, exciting face looks at us from 
the screen, and the mouth twists into a 
frank, honest grin. "I need the money," 
she says.

By the time you read this story, you will 
already know who won out on the audi-
tion and what people are starring on 
Robert Q. Lewis' afternoon show. The next 
day, when I talked to Robert Q. again, I'd 
taken the trouble to learn that girl's name. 
"Is it really Jaye P. Morgan?" I asked him.

"It is indeed," he grinned. "With a name 
like that, she says she needs money?"

"Are you going to put her on the show?"

"We're negotiating," he said, "so of 
course I can't say."

"The first big break," Robert said fer-
vently, "was getting our own theatre — 
finding a home. Look, do you by any 
chance remember about three years ago 
when we tried an afternoon variety show, 
a whole hour, called Robert Q.'s Katinee?"

No, of course you wouldn't. Hardly any-
one does. We even had Rosemary Clooney 
on that show, but nobody was ready for 
daytime TV, neither the audiences nor 
the performers. We clunked.

"Everything's different now. We have 
some idea of what people want, because 
they've started TV during the daytime."

"In other words," I said, "Mom has 
moved the ironing board into the living 
room and you're welcome to come in and 
visit just as long as she doesn't have to 
take her apron off and make company out of 
you."

"That's just it—that's why it's so tough 
to create an afternoon program. Look, 
how many people do you know that you'd 
invite into your house every afternoon for 
that half-hour, glad to see them, amused by 
them? People who'd entertain you, but not 
be so talented and glamorous that they'd 
finally make you feel like a slob in your 
own house?"

I could answer that. 'Nobody, and that's 
for sure.'

"Okay, then suppose everybody who 
works on a show like this one—producers 
and directors and writers and, above all, 
the talent—all are geared to fast night-
time work?"

"You were saying something about find-
ing a home..."

"Yes. In the old days, we carted scenery 
and props all around New York. Now we 
can follow Garry Moore every day into 
the Mansfield and we'll be home. And we have 
a budget, a real good budget. Mostly, I'll 
do the show ad lib, let it happen as it 
happens. But there will be days when I 
feel bad, when I haven't had a chance to 
worry myself to sleep the night before. 
Then I'm going to need a script—and it 
better be written by sharp guys who are 
paid enough to handle the job. Ray Allen 
and Bob Cone are already in. I'll see how 
it goes from there."

At this point the office was swarming 
with people. Agents were presenting cli-
ents, other agents were representing spon-
sors who wanted to know what the deal 
and show were, and outside the long hall 
was lined with people anxious to find a 
place on Robert's new show.

I grabbed my coat and started to put it 
on. Robert said, "Fed up, Buster? Seen 
enough?"

"All right," I told him, "you've made 
your point. Good luck with the show."

He looked after me wistfully as I walked 
away. "Wish I could walk out of this just 
like that," he said.

A few days after I'd finished suffering 
through the creation of a show with Rob-
ert Q., I was walking along Third Avenue 
past the crazy, dusty old antique shops, 
when I saw a familiar figure, laden with 
bundles, pushing a door open with his el-
bow. I followed him in, and watched, 
grinning, while he chose a special candle-
stick, paid for it, and wrote lengthyly on 
the card that would accompany it.

Finally he took the new package, added 
it to the mound of gifts he was carrying, 
and turned to go.

"No private life, hey?" I said.

"Darn it all," he said, "it's a birthday. A 
guy has to buy a few presents."

"But you're so busy now," I said, "your 
secretary could order your presents for 
you."

The big, wide smile came back, and sud-
denly his armful of bundles seemed lighter. 
"Aw, no," he said, "I wouldn't do that to 
anybody on their birthday. My friends are 
special. The gifts I send have to be right. 
Know what I mean?"

I knew what he meant. Even though his 
private life was wrecked, he'd find a few 
hours now and then in which to be human.

---

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Today With Garwayne

(Continued from page 62)

I remember seeing one of those shows, laughing myself sick, and next day trying to explain it to a friend. I had to give up after a few false starts. I hadn’t remembered at all what Garwayne had talked about, except that it was refreshing and funny, and I couldn’t describe the sets, because there were none. But still, there was a madhouse with a lot of doors in it, and people kept running in and out of them in the most hilarious way—but I couldn’t just say that and prove my point. Perhaps it was the very absence of distracting scenery and lots of high-priced talent, and the very need for ingenuity and originality, that made it so good.

Dave’s present show is rapidly becoming as sharp as the Chicago offerings, but you can’t help feeling, as you look at the bigger orchestra, the many sets and all that talent, that Dave and Charlie might be better off—and happier—with a bare studio, a stepladder and a merely brilliant idea.

Dave Garwayne himself is a fascinating guy. The more you learn about him, the more you respect him as a human being and as an artist. I’d never met him until I went to a rehearsal of one of his one–a–week evenings shows. On the way up Park Avenue to the 106th Street studio where he was rehearsing, I passed the building where he has his penthouse. I thought about that, and the very comfortable way his original “family” were living now. Charlie Andrews, his writer and producer, was ensonced in something just as smart in Beekman Place, and others who had stuck with Garwayne were “roughing it” on lower Fifth Avenue.

I watched Dave rehearsing his Friday night show for a while, talked to Andrews and other people intimately involved with the show. I strolled into a control booth and watched how the rehearsal looked on the camera. One of the writers struck her forehead with her fist as the rehearsal progressed, and cried out, “Oh, Lord; it’s not right! Nothing is right!”

I agreed with her. Brian Aherne, the guest star of the show, had been asked to make a funny line by showing his face in the face of a clock and having a tic, one eye blinking, as a comedy finale. When I left, Mr. Aherne had said, dubiously, “Well, I don’t know, and I think we may be wrong.”

The director had countered, “Try it, huh? Let’s see how it looks.” The show turned out all right. I’m blessed if I know how. In all probability, Dave Garwayne was the one who managed to pull it together. This is his forte. That day, he had been wandering around the studio as unconcernedly as if everything were going smoothly and the director wasn’t a novice, with only a week on the job. The whole place was madhouse. Sound booms turned up in the middle of a haunted-house scene. Nobody seemed to know what they were supposed to do, and you couldn’t take a step without tripping over some cables.

Yet, out of the melee emerged Dave, shirt-sleeved and rumpled but smiling and charming. His was the only voice that was heard. The director, not with the doors the minute I mentioned it.

“Yes, that worked beautifully, didn’t it? That was the Slipping Around number. Actually, this haunted-house thing today is much like that, only this is vastly more complicated. Now people have to go in and out of fireplaces and Lord knows what.”

It was all a far cry from the evening in March, 1948, when Dave and three friends met in his one-room apartment in Dearborn Street, Chicago, to create something out of nothing. Of the friends—Charlie Andrews, Edie Barstow and Bob Banner—who gathered there, one was an English instructor, another a dancer, another an advertising man. Another they created was the Dave Garwayne TV show which eventually landed the “family” in New York.

But just as that initial conference created a show which delighted everyone, it was growth for Dave, from out of his original beginnings, when a stroke of luck took him out of the straight announcer category into the “entertainment” side of radio. That period came for Dave two years before when NBC casually tossed him a late disc-jockey show because he was the “least expensive announcer who didn’t live way out in the suburbs.”

Dave has always been a jazz lover—and just how much of a jazz lover is born out by the fact that when the Hot Club of Chicago was an organization of jazz aficionados with lots of enthusiasm but a low entertainment budget asked him to emcee their concert for a fee of $15, he jumped at the chance.

“I remember that evening,” one of his oldest friends said the other day. “Gene Krupa was the guest of honor, and he simply took over the stage. Dave didn’t get a chance to open his mouth all evening. He retired to a spot in front of the bandstand, with $15 worth of resentment, and enjoyed himself immensely.”

The highlight is not something Dave Garwayne has to have. At forty, Dave lives a bachelor existence. Once married to Adele Dwyer, a girl whom he had known previously in college and whom he later married in Chicago, he has a daughter named Paris. It was a war marriage and, during the period when Dave was in the Navy, the two grew apart. Because Dave is a serious, thoughtful good human being who takes the marital vows for what they are—the pledge of two people to live the rest of their lives—he has not re-married. When the right person enters his life, he undoubtedly will.

Meanwhile, Dave Garwayne concentrates on the shows that bring you pleasure—The Dave Garwayne Show and his Today.

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health mean to these two girls to whom he is so important? 11:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY With the sudden, shocking death of her husband, Helen Emerson faces the necessity of working out not only her own adjustment but of helping her children. Nine-year-old Kim, eighteen-year-old Diane and twenty-one-year-old Mickey will react to their changed life in different ways. Can she help all three equally, or must one suffer for the family's benefit? 12 noon, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN Ever since the failure of Mark's last play, Wendy has known that her brilliant, unstable husband was headed for another psychological crisis. But even though she herself cannot help, she feels that Mark's willingness to confide in Dr. Weber is an important step. Meanwhile, the strange personality of Mr. Magnus casts its shadow over several lives. How will he affect Wendy's? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Ever since Clair O'Brien came into her life, Joan Davis has discovered that she herself is capable of stern, almost ruthless actions which she would never have dreamed of if she had not been forced to defend herself against Clair's wickedness. Even if Joan's sister Sylvia escapes the net cast by Clair's lie, can Joan's life ever be the same as it would have been if Clair had never touched it? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The more the Carter family changes, the more it remains the same. As the children have grown up and widened their interests, somehow the family's interests have widened along with them. Instead of going outside the family as they make new friends, or as they marry, the Carters have brought their friends and spouses into the group. But is it an unmatched blessing for family feeling to be so strong? 4:45 P.M., NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Ever since Tracy Adams first appeared in Three Oaks, Dr. Paul Browne has felt that she would have an important impact on the life of his friend, Dr. Jerry Malone. Paul doesn't know if good or bad will eventually come of it, but Jerry's confusion troubles him greatly. Meanwhile, Sam Williams and his daughter-in-law Crystal face a curious, and dangerous, situation. 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Though she concentrates desperately on her tea-room and her children, Ellen Brown cannot forget her heartbreak of losing the man she loves, Dr. Anthony Loring, to another woman. Memories of Anthony prevent her from turning to Michael Forsyth, an eligible bachelor who adores her. Ellen struggles hard for her outward composure. What will happen to it when she must meet Anthony and Millicent as man and wife? 4:30 P.M., NBC.
When Faith and Love Walk Together

(Continued from page 23)

fun-loving, restless girl, got up too soon and overtaxed her strength. This tragic error resulted in a heart condition which had shadowed her life and Todd's ever since.

When her teen-age girl friends were going to parties, having lots of dates, skating, and earning their living, Edna was still fighting the fun of youth. Edna was lying in a hospital bed. From the time Edna was nineteen until she was twenty-one, her greatest threat was to have her friends visit her in the hospital room, and occasionally to be allowed to sit up in a chair. She had to learn patience early, she had to accept the life of an invalid while her friends went on. She had to have more than the ordinary amount of courage.

During those years, it was Todd who helped her most, and still is. When she became restless and railed against her illness, it was Todd who consoled her, gave her a reason for continuing her fight. He brought the world to her in that colorless little hospital room. And he was Edna's first, her only love, even when he could not be there in person, for he was breaking in as a radio announcer, and Edna could listen to him. Wherever he had been, or wherever she had come to see her. He read aloud to her, played cribbage with her, told her jokes, brought her amusing little gifts. He kept her hope alive. He was the reason for her decision to take up her life and the force in her life then, as he is now, "I always could count on him," she says.

Todd was determined to marry her as soon as the doctors would let her leave the hospital. Their engagement celebration was held while she was still in her high white bed. They knew it might be months or a year before Edna's disease would be far enough away, that they could not have all the fun that young engaged people usually can count on. But, when Todd put the engagement ring on Edna's finger, they agreed for nothing more than the love and trust they shared.

The heart ailment from which Edna suffers is known as mitral-stenosis, a narrow valve in the heart and a pretty good cook himself, and many a time he has brought dinner to Edna on a tray. What did it matter, if Edna couldn't go dancing? They could go to an occasional movie or a show. Or, if she couldn't go out, they could play cards together. It didn't matter, either, that part of each day Edna had to rest in bed. She couldn't work and Todd was out of the house, so he geared three hours of rest to his work day. Fortunately, too, his job and its unusual hours enabled him to spend more time at home than the average business man. Noshing mattered to the Russells except that they were married and happy together.

The thread of continuity running through their marriage is their faith in God and in each other. For, when Todd had been married, Todd was just breaking into radio. He was making the tiny salary—even for those days—of $25.50 a week, which meant that Edna was required to work. Edna had to have taxied many a strong, robust housewife. Their rent, Edna recalls was $20 a month and, says she, "My marketing budget was $5.00 a week. I thought on it, too."

Todd's salary didn't leave much margin for emergencies, as they found out when Edna's heart condition forced her to go back to the hospital not long after they were married. This was the first of a series of staggering set-backs which would have daunted anyone less ebullient and optimistic than Todd. But they took it in their

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stride, even laughing when she came out of the hospital on the day before Thanksgiv-
ging, and there was no money for a festi
dine. Their doctor, on discovering this, went right out and bought them a chicken, all the fixings and a bottle of red wine.

But Todd didn’t stay at $22.50 a week for
long. He got one radio job after anoth-
er, doing, as he puts it, “everything there
is to be done in radio—announcing, act-
ing, disc jockeying, singing and com-
mentating.” He worked hard. Not only
because he had the normal ambitions of a
young man but because Edna needed all the
care and help he could earn for her.

And Edna did her part to keep their mar-
riage happy. It would have been easy for
a young and attractive girl who had to
lead the life of a semi-invalid to turn into
a nagging, complaining woman in spite
of herself. But Edna didn’t let this hap-
pen. Todd says that she has always been
cheerful, always courageous, always happy
to listen to his programs and advise on
them, to help in any way her limited
strength would allow. Her faith and be-
lief in him carried them through the
years.

Todd of course deserves a great deal of
credit for keeping Edna’s spirits up. The
average woman who can’t persuade her
husband to do a thing around the house
will appreciate what it meant for Todd
when Edna couldn’t make a bed, sweep a
floor, run down to the corner store for a
forgotten loaf of bread—little things which
make up the fabric of everyone’s daily life.
Todd had to do them all, if they were
to get done. These things are outside the
scope and patience of most men. But Todd
Russell had married the girl he wanted
to marry and thought nothing at all of
doing chores that would grate the average
husband. “It was a partnership,” he re-
peats.

Their faith in each other, and in people,
led the Russells to take gambles that would
terrify others even without the hazard of
Edna’s heart condition. For example, eight
years ago, when they left Canada and
came to New York, Todd didn’t have a job.
But talking it over, as they always do with
anything major in their lives, they agreed
that the moment had come for him to try
the big time. They had a house near Tor-
onto which they had furnished and paid
for. They were without financial worry
Edna or the “boys,” they called them, for
almost the first time in their married
life. But one night Todd looked around
him and said “I feel settled.” That was
enough for Edna. “It’s time for us to be
on our way,” she told him. And they sold
the house and came to New York. Todd

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had been here for a short time earlier, as substitute for Dick York on stage in one of the Ivy Soap shows, and he loved the city.

Once again their faith was justified, for Todd got a job as master of ceremonies on Double Or Nothing just a week before Christmas—it was in New York only two weeks. "Our friends in Canada wouldn't believe it was a put-up job. They never have been convinced that I didn't have all my money up before I quit Toronto," laughs Todd.

He has been with Rozzie Kazooifie since the show started three years ago. To Todd, the puppet characters are real. He loves them—and the children who watch the show—and his youthful audience responds with an affection for Big Todd as great as his own.

Todd and Edna would have liked to have children. And an occasional doctor or two (their lives have been full of doctors) gave them hope that maybe someday it would be possible. At one time they thought of adopting a baby, but talked about it at great length but they decided that, while it would be fine when the baby was little, a sturdy toddler with a penchant for getting into everything would be too tempting to Edna to watch, and that it wouldn't be fair either to the child or to themselves. Now they have given up the idea, and do not brood about it. There is part of the secret of their existence—their ability to adjust to and accept the circumstances of their lives. They have so much, they think, that it would be ungrateful to complain about the things that are denied them.

Edna's father died when she was seven and, when her mother had to go to work, she placed Edna in a convent until she was seven. "I love you, Edna, but it's hard to hold on to you," says Edna, "although I am not a Catholic." But there is no doubt that she retains some of the serenity and discipline of convent life. It shows in her quiet speech, her calm approach to things.

Todd was born in Manchester, England, but grew up in Canada and lost every trace of his English accent. He is the opposite of Edna, being quick, ebullient, rather explosive. Although the Russells do not consider themselves very religious, their life has been built on prayer and faith. "Yes," says Todd, "I pray a great deal. I never pray for myself or anything unimportant like a job or money. But I have prayed for Edna, and I have had occasion to thank God, of a times. A few years ago, Edna got virus pneumonia, which, because of her condition, became crucial at once. Our doctor called in a heart specialist and a diagnostician. The heart man gave Edna only a week and thought I was callous when I said to him that the heart was good enough for me. I knew that, given an even break, Edna, with the help of God, would make it.

"During that time, I was astonished at the number of our friends who called me up and told me they were praying for her. We had Catholic friends, Jewish friends, Baptists, and folks who were praying in their own way to the same God. Our two Negro maids were Christian Scientists and they brought a practitioners in from their house. When Edna got better, as I never lost faith that she would, I told the doctor that I didn't know whether to thank him or God, and the doctor looked me straight in the eye and told me to thank the Man upstairs."

"You know," says Todd, "Edna has courage. She has a searching mind, too, and demands the truth from the doctors. But that time when she had pneumonia she called me into the bedroom and said, 'What's the big production?' We have three doctors, what's going on?' So I told her she had pneumonia. Edna looked at me and laughed. Then she said, 'Is that all? I thought it was something serious.' And the next day she was better.

Four years ago, the Russells were given a four hundred dollar check from friends in Hollywood for a brief nine months, but in that time they heard of a new operation which was then being studied for people with Edna's condition. The specialists told them that they might possibly, just possibly, look forward to the day when Edna, too, could have this operation performed.

When they came back to New York, they talked to doctors, went to specialists, spent weeks, months, years of hoping. And, just four months ago, Edna underwent the operation at New York's Beth Israel Hospital. So now in this heart surgery that Edna Russell was only the twenty-second patient upon whom it had been done at that hospital. But such was their faith that the operation did they hesitate to do, before this, the greatest gamble of their lives.

They do not say, of course, what each of them may have been thinking in his innermost heart during those fateful weeks of tests before the surgeons and specialists decided that she might have the operation. Nor did they even voice to each other the thought that might have been their biggest gamble. But that it was a gamble there could be no doubt. For, when the moment came for the surgeon to enlarge the swollen and calcified valve with his finger, he suddenly said, "I can't do it." He had found something unusual in her condition. Her own doctor, attending the operation, and the surgeon's assistant walked away from the main table. A few minutes later, the surgeon chanced it and the operation was over, successfully.

The night before the operation, so secure in their love and faith were Edna and Todd that their good night was no different from any other night. Edna just said, "See you tomorrow," and Todd said, "Sure."

They won their gamble. Although the operation is only four months back of her, Edna can walk a few blocks without gasping for breath. She can make her own bed. And this, she says, is the greatest thrill of all. That simple little act, perhaps more than any other, illustrates how Edna and Todd have lived all these years. Things, ordinary little humdrum chores, were impossible for Edna, and her joy in now being able to do them is touching.

Touching, too, is the little motion she makes every now and then to feel her heart beat. "You see," she explains softly to me, "I never heard it before. For years and years, I never knew when I sat in a chair I could feel my heart thumping through my back. Now it is so silent I have to feel it to know it is still beating."

The doctors, the specialists, the doctors attributed part of Edna's recovery to her courage and tenacity. Even surgical miracles can fail to come off unless there is great enthusiasm. Now, the doctors say that Edna will be able to lead an almost normal life by the end of a year. But the Russells are not surprised. Of course the operation was going to be a success, Edna would be almost completely well again. They never doubted it for a moment.

For their love story is more than a love story, it is the story of a partnership in courage and faith. Todd could not have done the things he has done without Edna. And Edna could not have been such a breath-takingly alive if Todd were without a reason for living. Edna Russell is alive today because she wanted to be. Because she had faith, courage and love all—Todd.
Richard Denning

(Continued from page 34)

size of its home.
Dick knows this from experience, for—
in eleven years of marriage—he and Evelyn have lived in eight different homes: three apartments, large, medium, and small; four houses which they built partially or entirely; and in one house trailer. Says Dick, "Evelyn and I were happiest in the trailer."

Their life in a trailer came shortly after Dick's release from the Navy—a four-year hitch when his income was rather slim. He worked briefly when he came back to civilian life, but then followed an eighteen-month "dry spell." That's why they turned to living in the trailer.

"Money was very hard to get," says Dick. "It was like trying to pick fruit out of season. There just wasn't any. We had some savings and a small profit on an old house we'd bought, repaired, and resold. But, as the months went by, our cash reserve went down the drain like the garbage disposal chews up beef tops. Poof!

"Yet we were never happier. The baby, DeeDee, was only two years old. She didn't need much room to run. Our trailer had a shower, radiant heat, and TV. Besides, I built a patio and a barbecue wherever we stayed (rent—a dollar a day).

"We spent winter in Palm Springs and summer in Paradise Cove. I fished at the Cove and smoked the fish on the barbeque. How does the poem go—'A loaf of bread, a smoking fish, and thou beneath a trailer's awning'? What else can a man ask? That's what we call real living!

"Our trailer started a trend in my family. When my parents came to visit us at the Springs, they fell in love with trailer life. They bought one of their own, with my brother just out of the service, the three of them hit the road. They traveled for a year and a half through Mexico, Canada, and the United States.

"When they stopped in Florida, my brother met a lovely girl. He made the folks park the trailer for a couple of weeks while he courted. When he and the girl were married, they bought a trailer and lived in it for two years. I guess they were so impressed with all this trailer activity that I thought, for a while, I'd go into the business. I could have made a fortune selling trailers to my own family!"

Dick never planned to live in a trailer, build a house—or, for that matter, become an actor. He studied accounting at Los Angeles' Woodbury College, received his CPA degree (cum laude), and expected to join his father's garment business.

Then one day he was cast in a little-theatre show. He was immediately bitten by the acting bug. Though he tried to tell himself it was just a hobby, he found that he was spending all of his time studying scripts and none of it calling on his father's customers.

In 1936, he auditioned for the Haven McQuarrie radio show, Do You Want To Be An Actor? The weekly winners were given a screen test by Warner's. No one was more surprised than Dick when his name was announced as a winner. "My teeth were crooked, my hair was too short, and my voice cracked. I did get the screen test—but that was all. On McQuarrie's radio program they tell what I looked like. But, on film, my fifteen-foot head—on the projection screen—left little to the imagination. Needless to say, I didn't get the contract!"

But, in 1957, Dick did get signed at Paramount. ("I'd let my hair grow and had been to a dentist.") He also got himself
a girl and a bowling team, called "Dick Denning's Demons."

Two days before the bowling-league finals, Dick had a spat with his girl—and a press-agent friend figured he'd capitalize on Dick's new free-lance situation, romantically speaking. He intended to get Dick together with Evelyn Ankers (then a Universal starlet), hoping to get some publicity in the columns.

He came up to Dick the day before the finals and said, "I've got a gal over at U-I who's crazy to meet you."

If he expected an enthusiastic reply from Denning, he was disappointed. After his break-up with the other girl, Dick was bitter and ready to face life as a bachelor. "Not interested," said the captain of Denning's Demons.

"The gal's a real looker," persisted the press agent, "and she thinks you're the greatest! Whaddaya say I bring her over to the alley . . . ?"

"You win," said Richard, but his heart wasn't in it.

The press agent made the same approach to Evelyn Ankers at U-I.

"We've got a friend over at Paramount who's dying to meet you, Evelyn."

Evelyn, a practical girl with an English background, asked, "Who?"

"I've got a friend over at Paramount who's dying to meet you, Evelyn."

Evelyn was impressed, but agreed to meet Dick that night at the bowling alley.

Dick was in the middle of the last game when Evelyn came in with her mother and the agent. He didn't bother to go over and say hello, thinking, "I'll just finish the game. She'll wait. So, with a wave of his hand, he acknowledged the entrance.

During the next fifteen minutes Evelyn sat thinking, If he's so anxious to meet me, why doesn't he come over and speak? After another fifteen minutes, she was ready to walk out. The press agent practically had to hold her with one hand as he desperately motioned to Dick that the time to come over was now!

Fortunately, the game was finished before the agent was completely exhausted. When Dick came up, he saw that Evelyn had on a black sheath dress, high heels, and a picture hat. "She'll never be able to bowl in that outfit," thought he. "I'll be able to brush her if I ask her to join me."

"Would you like to bowl?" he asked.

"You bet!" said Evelyn with a vengeance. She kicked off her shoes, handed her picture hat to her mother and, with a set of rented shoes, headed for the alley. To say that Dick was surprised would be an understatement.

Evelyn threw the first ball so hard it split the black sheath dress eighteen inches up the side—strike! Dick was impressed. He was more impressed at the end of the game. Evelyn had waxed him.

When Mrs. Ankers suggested they go up to the house for a cup of tea, Dick jumped at the chance. Here was a gal he wanted to see more of. The session lasted till 5:00 A.M.!

Dick didn't want to appear anxious, so he didn't call Evelyn for three days. When he did, he kept the conversation casual by asking, "How are you? How's your Mother? Didn't we have fun bowling the other night . . . and, oh, by the way, what are you doing tonight?"

Evelyn wasn't deceived. She had been smitten, too. They made a date that night and, from then on, saw one another every day and every night for seven months!

Says Richard about their courtship, "I lived in Leimert Park. Evelyn lived in Coldwater Canyon. I was tired of traveling back and forth. Besides, my tires were so thin it was dangerous! So I decided we should get married."

"In a half-hour conversation we decided to: (1) get married; (2) in a church; (3) in Las Vegas; (4) right away. We started for Las Vegas with a friend and his bride. We were driving through a little town halfway between Hollywood and Las Vegas when Evelyn realized she had on a black dress.
She didn’t want to get married in black.

It was 11 at night and we could see only one light in front. Our good-luck angel must have been sitting on our shoulder, because that light was in a dress shop. Evelyn went in. The only white dress they had was a size 14. But she bought it, paid $6.50—the highest-priced dress in the shop—and we were on our way again.

“We arrived in Vegas Sunday morning. We had a few minutes of rehearsal at the church before we realized we didn’t have a ring. We found a jeweler decorating his window. I pounced on the door till we let us in. There was only one wedding band in the house. Believe it or not, it was just the right size! With things falling into place like that, I was beginning to think that this wasn’t my wedding at all. It was made in heaven. It was just meant to be!”

When the bride and groom got back to Hollywood they found a small apartment. “Every morning, I was up before I could get out the door,” says Dick. “I didn’t need to do any calisthenics. It was always: ‘One, two, bed up! Three, four, out the door.’

The Dennings didn’t stay in the small apartment long. The best man at Dick’s wedding was going into the Army and offered his apartment to Dick and Evelyn if they’d buy his furniture. They didn’t need a second invitation. They bought the furniture and moved in.

Then three things happened: The apartment was sold; Dick had enlisted in the Navy and was about to be sent overseas; Evelyn discovered she was going to have a baby. They needed a house and they needed it fast.

“We bought the first thing we came to,” says Dick. “It was an old place on Crescent Heights in Hollywood. It was so ancient even the termites had beards. But we thought it was wonderful. We started tearing out walls and remodeling. Every time I came home on leave, I knocked out more plaster. Ended up by tearing out one wall and building on a room. FINISHED with the same number of rooms as when we started!”

It was his success with that thirty-year-old house that interested Dick in building. After his discharge he bought an old house and bought a trailer. Then came the eighteen-month dry spell—no work. They had been using their savings as a down-payment on a new house. But Dick’s unemployment kept them in the trailer.

Then Dick started working again. His first job was with Lucille Ball on the radio version of My Favorite Husband. As soon as he and Evelyn were back on their feet financially, they began looking for a house. They found one in Brentwood partly furnished. Dick planned to be in and out of the possibilities. Dick finished the house.

Dick and Evelyn had no sooner settled in the Brentwood house than they spotted a place in Encino which they liked. (Again it was a trailer.) “I guess you could describe us as the family that sees possibilities. At any rate, we bought it and finished it.”

“The house is furnished in Early American. Evelyn is the decorator and has haunted auctions ever since the day they sold the Brentwood house with the modern furniture. After she’d lived with that for a while, she wasn’t sure she liked it. Dick is not yet sure he likes the antiques. One day recently, Evelyn interrupted his script-reading when she came in with a new purchase—an old cane-bottomed chair with shorter legs in back than in front.

“What is it?” asked Dick with a raised brow.

“It’s an antique,” said Evelyn. “We’re going to use it as a telephone chair.

“We don’t have a very strong phone,” said Dick.

“We better not get too many calls.”

“Don’t be funny. The chair’s good as new—only 200 years old!”

“Dick’s script-reading was never very strong,” said Richard.

“If anyone sat in that chair, they’d have to be ready to give up living. If I made a chair with short legs in back you’d say, ‘What’s wrong with it?’ We ought to go back to modern—at least you could sit in it.”

Evelyn put the chair by the phone. “Well . . . how much did it cost?” asked Dick.

“Four-fifty.”

“Guess it’s not such a bad chair after all,” he said and went back to his script.

Though Dick has just finished his new house, his old one was in the top lot. “We’ll build one pretty much like this. While I was working on it, I had a lot of people come up and ask if it was for sale. I think they think of much of my building. I might just as well sell it that way, we’ll be able to pick our neighbors.”

“After that, I think there’ll only be one other house in our future. Of course, it’s just a dream because it’s ten years away. But when Dee Dee gets married and there are only the two of us again—we’d like to have another trailer! Evelyn says they’re easy to keep clean. What else could a man want?”

"If we had a party, it took me a day and a half preparing for it. The least I had to do was clean the pool, get the yard in shape, and set up the barbecue. Then I was too tired to swim or enjoy our guests. After they’d gone, it took me another day to clean up.

“We soon realized we were living exclusively for the house. So we started looking for something with possibilities. We didn’t find a house, but we did find a hill with a view that was being graded. We bought two lots before we were finished. We’d seen the possibilities.

“We sold the trailer and moved into an apartment not far from our site. It was just like camping out. We stayed in the apartment until I’d finished the house—the first one I’d contracted for all by myself.”

This new house of Dick’s and Evelyn’s sits high above the Sunset Strip. It has a view that runs from Los Angeles on the left to the blue Pacific Ocean on the right. Though the house has only 2000 square feet, it’s designed for real living.

“For one thing,” says Dick, “we don’t have a formal dining room. We feel that entertaining is becoming more informal. So when we’re finished, we’ll have a drop-leaf table against the dining-area wall.”

“The living room and dining room are combined to achieve a wonderful spaciousness. Every night, Dick burns his scrap lumber in the fireplace. Says that, with his garbage disposal and the fireplace, he’s happy again.”

“There’s a half-wall between the combination living-dining room and the kitchen. Evelyn finds this convenient since she can be preparing for guests and still not be cut off from the conversation.

The house is furnished in Early American. Evelyn is the decorator and has haunted auctions ever since the day they sold the Brentwood house with the modern furniture. After she’d lived with that for a while, she wasn’t sure she liked it. Dick is not yet sure he likes the antiques. One day recently, Evelyn interrupted his script-reading when she came in with a new purchase—an old cane-bottomed chair with shorter legs in back than in front.

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The practice of using a cleansing, deodorizing douche for feminine cleanliness, health and married happiness is prevalent among modern women. Another survey showed that of the married women asked:

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ZONITE has ‘101’ uses in the home.
Win With Your Questions

(Continued from page 54)

awards may appear most intriguing, but we know that—to those who earlier discovered the program—the prizes, pleasant though they are, will be far outbalanced by the prospect of hearing what the panel has to say.

For the regular listeners have been comparing their opinions with those of the panel ever since last August, when the show went on the air. Let me add that sometimes a listener agrees, sometimes she differs, but almost always she silently joins in the argument. Many a woman hasorent-mindedly poured a second measure of soap into the dishwasher or dusted a table twice while contemplating what she herself would say on the subject if she were on the panel.

What’s more, she’s well aware that her opinion could be just as valid as that of the panelists—for, to the questions of Make Up Your Mind, there are no ready-made answers in the back of the book. Charting its course away from that of the quiz specializing either in international affairs or in encyclopedia information, this show spotlights baffling human relationships.

When he’s being formal about it, the show’s originator, Arthur Henley, terms it, “Opening up new avenues of thinking for everyone.”

But Arthur Henley seldom has time to be formal. Slim, dark-haired, wiry, he possesses both quick, alert eyes and a quick, alert mind. Together, they produce radar-fast reactions. He can sense a person’s intent before that person finds words to voice it.

Therein lies the reason why so many facets of each question can be expressed by the panel members in the brief minutes allotted to each topic on the air.

Standing in front of the group like a musical conductor, he watches the expression on each panelist’s face as he金陵 one’s shoulders, the tension of each one’s hands. He can tell the instant his regular members, Edith Walton or John S. Young, have a quip to steal when the less experienced and more timid audience member or celebrity guest has something worth saying.

Each member has a number. They watch for Henley’s hands to flash a signal. Edith Walton, in the number-one spot, may be well started on a dissertation in which she holds a strong opinion. But, if she sees Henley gesture toward number four—the celebrity guest—she wraps up her ideas swiftly and gives the visitor a chance to talk. Thus Henley provokes, pacifies and produces a heated discussion.

That it also turns out to be a well-balanced discussion is due to the make-up of the panel.

Henley’s anchors are Miss Walton and Mr. Young. He discovered Miss Walton, a writer, book editor, critic, on The Author Meets The Critics. Impressed by her clear, terse statements and firm opinions, he also found they were soundly based on informed and objective research.

John S. Young, too, is a person of many talents. He has combined the careers of radio commentator, Navy officer and diplomat, and has served the United States as ambassador.

In Jack Sterling, Henley found a master of ceremonies whose radio experience is both wide and deep. He can cope with any situation which arises on the air, state his questions with authority and move to the next question in a few quick words.

To this sound construction, Henley adds another factor—the psychologist. Says Henley, “Differenting opinions are fine. But any discussion, to sustain interest, must get somewhere—it must have direction. After our panel members have expressed their views with wisdom, feeling and—we hope—wisdom, it’s a good thing to know why the professional student of human emotions and relations has to say about it.”

To express that view he has chosen four who are recognized leaders: Mrs. Lee R. Steiner, teacher and cut-throat in personal problems who is the author of Where Do People Take Their Troubles? and A Practical Guide For Troubled People; Dr. Fred Bitter, professor at New York University, chief psychologist at Mount Sinai hospital, and distinguished holder of many honors; Dr. William J. Eliot Crissy, also one of the experts and a specialist in the field of vocational guidance; and Dr. Allan Fromme, author, teacher, and child psychologist.

In the field of psychology, Henley himself is no amateur. In his few precious spare moments, he furthers his “psychology major” by reading the latest tome on this subject. To this he adds the practical observations gained in twelve years of radio and writing.

From the total he evolved a pet theory. There’s the force of conviction in his voice when he says, “You’re likely for years to think that the ideal radio program should be directed toward the twelve-year-old mind, that the audience is unintelligent. That’s wrong.”

He gestures with a decisive hand, “People like to think. They want to think. The trouble with some of us is that we’ve given the audience too little to think about. He criticism of his theory in practical fashion. An earlier local New York show of his titled Press Box was scheduled into a period prior to baseball broadcasts.

“Don’t make it too heavy,” he was warning. “People have no patience with people what they can use for. They don’t care about anything except getting averages and who’s going to win the pennant.”

Henley ignored the advice, talked to men and women from all fields and, in their interview, encouraged them to speak about serious subjects rather than trivia.

At the end of the baseball season when his audience was going on holiday, he asked his listeners one favor. “Send me,” he requested, “a postcard telling me just one thing: What do you do for a living?”

Promptly the postoffice delivered proof of his point. There were more postcards from taxi drivers than from toxicologists; more from housewives than from historians, and the total quantity of all was more than satisfactory.

It was these cards, carefully tabulated, which, after he had plotted Make Up Your Mind, convinced a sponsor he would be wise to spend his money on a “think” show.

Every day, letters from listeners added to this proof. To potential questions submitted for the show is added a large quantity of mail which says in effect, “This has interested me.”

But the letters which Henley really cherishes are those which also say, “I’ve never seen the humor in the situation until after you read the panel and kick the idea around. You people gave me a new viewpoint.”

Which is another way of repeating Henley’s aim, “We want to open up new avenues of thinking.”

How’s about trying it yourself? Everyone knows at least one question which will make the panelists, psychologists and, most of all, the audience, apply all their experience, wit and wisdom to the solution.
Haleloke—Hawaiian Doll

(Continued from page 27)

and plays, just like many others. But Haleloke and Arthur Godfrey have said over and over, is still a very adequate paradise.

The climate is incomparable. The beaches, hills and tropical plants are breathtaking in their beauty. And when they hit the town, they have new events upon their wonderful culture, their love of native dance and music. The islanders are happy people who live to share their happiness with others.

"And there was no home anywhere happier than the one my mother made," Haleloke says.

Their home was located in a garden of flowers, and room in bloom when Hale was born. Her mother named her Haleloke, meaning "house of roses." Hale was the youngest of the children.

She was seven, or eight years old the time she came home all excited about a silver Christmas tree decorated with blue balls that she'd seen in a store window. Always, the mother could believe it, she recalls. That year, the day before Christmas, the garage door was closed to Hale while the family went secretly about its business. It was Christmas morning. Hale, mimic that had been hand-painted silver for her—with blue balls, too.

"I've never forgotten how pleased and touched I was," she says, "that there was just one more thing. It was Mother's aim in life to make others happy."

Haleloke's mother loved to entertain and her parties were always gay. But she could be deep and Hale was intelligent and helped Hale with school work. Because the other children were much older, Hale was frequently alone with her mother and so learned the attitudes and emotions of an adult.

"I owe everything to her," Hale says simply. "She was the greatest person in my life."

Haleloke's four sisters—there is about twenty years difference in their ages and Hale's—went to the University of Honolulu and became schoolteachers. Hale, when she graduated from high school, went up to Honolulu to live with a sister and follow the same course.

She never even finished her freshman year. Her education literally exploded on December 7, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

"We lived in the heights but not more than five miles from Hickman Field," she says, "and we slept through the entire attack."

She, like the other islanders, was accustomed to the Army's target practice and thought that was what the noise was. "No one could believe it," she recalls. "It took hours for the local radio station to convince us we were at war."

The world was stunned and lives were changed. Hale and her sisters found a job in an Army ordnance office. She was there eight years, until Arthur discovered her.

That Haleloke should become a star entertainer was the one thing in life she had never expected, hoped for, or even thought of. No one in her family had ever been a professional entertainer.

"And yet in those days are in show business," she says, "Everyone sings all the time. We breathe music."

So Haleloke was working in the ordnance office and singing less than any other girl. She made some home recordings one evening while visiting a friend. The friend played the records at a party and they were heard by a guitarist from the Alfred Perry group. Hale was asked to join the group.

Alfred Perry's musical aggregation is well-known in the States. His program, "Hawaiian Calls," has been broadcast over the network for many years and is presently heard on Mutual every Sunday evening.

During the war, Arthur Godfrey, then in a naval uniform, met Alfred Perry and his wife, and they courted, though Mr. Perry had no idea of Arthur's prestige in radio. Arthur promised to come back to Hawaii for a vacation after the war, and he did—in 1945.

Alfred Perry took his dancers, singers and musicians to the airport to meet Arthur and Mrs. Godfrey and their son. The music festival began at the airport, crossed country to Arthur's vacation cottage and continued into early hours of the morning.

And, when the group left, Arthur grinned and said, "How about everyone coming back again tomorrow?"

On the second night, Arthur singled Haleloke out of the group and asked if she would come to New York and sing on his show. Now this is the amazing part, much mistakkel Davis took Hale under her wing and covered in a canine. Any other young entertainer asked to go on a Godfrey show would probably double the speed of sound in his or her ears. But Hale staggered over, murmured her thanks, smiled and walked away. When Arthur repeated the offer, Hale again was non-committal.

"Two things frightened me," she remembers. "The distance it would put between me and my friends. When you have happiness, it doesn't make sense to leave it."

A month later, the entire "Hawaiian Calls" group went to Yakima, Washington, to participate in a civic celebration. There Haleloke found a telegram from Arthur. He enclosed fares for the trip to New York and suggested that, since she was already in the states, she extend her stay—long enough to see what show business was all about in the big city.

"I wasn't sure," she says, "but Mr. Perry and my friends insisted. At the last moment, I gave in."

She was met at La Guardia Airport and it was explained that Arthur was in rehearsal. She got to her hotel and a few minutes later, Mrs. Godfrey phoned and invited her to dinner. An hour later, Arthur walked into the dining room of the hotel, took Hale under his wing and showed her the sights of the city.

"I was very much impressed by the performance, the studio, the cast, Arthur and the city itself. Mrs. Godfrey invited her to the farm for the weekend. The Little Godfreys asked her to lunch and dinner. Janette Davis took Hale under her wing and showed her the sights of the city.

"And the second day, Haleloke began singing on Arthur's radio program. Arthur, who is known for his puns, never praised it quite clear that he wanted her to stay on permanently. Hale said no. She made reservations to fly home after her appearance on a Wednesday-night telecast.

Arthur turned that night into a big Hawaiian show featuring Hale. He brought in Hawaiian entertainers from the Lexington Hotel. He even flew Duke Kahanamoku, swimming champ, in from Hawaii. On the morning of the telecast, Mrs. Godfrey phoned Haleloke and asked if she wouldn't come off her departure until the following Monday. She wanted Hale to spend the weekend in Florida with the family. Duke Kahanamoku was going along and Hale could fly back to Hawaii with him.

"I gave in that much," Hale remembers. "I agreed to stay on three more days." Haleloke was thrilled by the telecast. 
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The Lifetime We Share
(Continued from page 41)

He doesn't earn all that fame—and money—without working hard for it, and spending most of his time at that work. It isn't just the rehearsal time, or the actual hours when the shows are on.

Of course, I'm often there for rehearsals, and for actual performances, too. No wife could be prouder than I am, when I watch my handsome, talented husband going through his paces. Then there are the interviews. I've had people ask me about Dennis and seem to want my opinions and views. I, even get a little proud of myself, just for being part of his life and work. Sometimes, when the Radio-TV Mirror asks me to do a whole piece like this, I'm really awed!

These are work experiences I can share with Dennis, just as I go with him—at his request, thank heaven—when he leaves town for an outside job.

One afternoon a couple of months ago, he walked into the living room of our New Rochelle home, shaking, briefly, and said, "It's on again. Another one next week in Philly."

I knew what he meant. The first of the yearly society society society, for a friend named Arthur, was being held, and once again our whole lives would be turned upside down for a week. For all the tremendous spiritual lift I get each time we have the opportunity to be of service in a wonderful work of this kind, I couldn't help giving a big sigh. I knew too well what was ahead of us both.

You see, about five years ago Ed Sullivan called Dennis and asked him to go upstate to a hospital and put on a benefit for the patients. Dennis didn't know what kind of a hospital it was, or anything about the patients, but he agreed, in his good-natured way, and the next thing he knew he was having a very lively and funny show in front of the most heartwarming audience he'd ever had.

Afterwards he said to Ed, "What's the matter with these poor kids?"

Ed told me that the kids had cerebral palsy. They can't help it. They're born that way."

"But couldn't something be done?"

"If we had some money, sure. But these kids are the forgotten children of our time. Nobody cares about them."

When I married Dennis two years ago, the telephones for CP were already as much in use as our office lines. By this time, we had decided, when we were married, that we just didn't want to be separated, ever, for any reason—so I started going along on the trips to Philadelphia, Texas, Miami.

Now, once again, we were off to Philadel-
phia. "I'll start closing the house Friday afternoon," I said, and I'll bring the dog to town in the car—say, about two hours before we have to go to the show."

Dennis couldn't answer that. Was there ever a husband who could handle all the details of closing up a house, for a quick trip? Anyhow, we had written to one or two who could explain why there's so much to be done, in so short a time? Our jewel of a maid doesn't like to be left alone—she loves company. And the house—ah, all the arrangements must be made so she could go away for the weekend. Candy, our boxer dog, would have to be left in town with my mother. The right clothes for our trip, too."

By now, I should have known better than to go into all this with Dennis. He had enough on his mind, with his own work. Besides, he'd been too busy for...
two months and lost twenty-five pounds (very becoming, I thought). However, it added to the strain he was under, and I wasn't a bit surprised when the only comment he made was, "I'm hungry."

"Would you like something different tonight?" I suggested.

He bravely shook his head.

I sighed. "All right, steak tartare, with the trimming."

At dinner, Dennis sat working egg yolk and chopped onions into the raw ground steak, and chomping away, I tried not to watch too openmouthedly. I'd already packed my share, this raw-stew kick for weeks now and I was fascinated. He caught me staring.

"I like it," he said, defensively. "I'm so glad you invited me for dinner."

"But I'm hungry," he added, looking miserable, "for some spaghetti."

I grinned, and touched the buzzer with my toe. "That, at least, figured," I said. A minute later, of yam came in with a steaming platter heaped high with spaghetti. Together, she and I had figured out that little problem hours before.

We had to leave immediately after his TV show on Saturday. I took Candy to town in the car, made all the necessary arrangements with Mother, then started repacking all three of us. I'd already packed once, back at the house. Now I had to squeeze things into smaller suitcases. I'd barely finished when Dennis arrived to take over the bags.

Of course, I got some rest while Dennis was driving. For Dennis, however, there was no let-up until almost twenty hours later, when the telephone was over and we went to our hotel in Philadelphia. I'd been on the switchboard, and Dennis had been in front of the cameras, for eighteen hours straight, without a pause.

"Wasn't it fun?" he asked, as we ate our belated dinner. "When I brought those kids on who, last year, couldn't even speak—and, this year, they talked so well and looked so nice and everything. Baby, the progress.

"The audience promised a quarter of a million," I said. "That's progress."

"How was it on the phones?"

"Easy. They'd wanted to talk to you. I told them I was your wife and they right away started asking me if you wear pajamas in bed, what you like for breakfast, if you've ever answered a call, and everything was fine."

"You told them what I wear in bed?"

"I wasn't lying. I said, smiling. "You've still got those old pajama tops in the bottom drawer."

"I just said you had pajamas."

"Speaking of bed," he said. "Hey?"

"By all means," I said.

Ten minutes later, I finally did hear Dennis's voice—and we had learned how to share those companionable silences where you can be happy together without needing to talk, and we'd learned to understand and appreciate each other without having to put everything into words.

I had already discovered that Dennis was a big man, full of humor and surprise, and with an almost superhuman capacity for work. He could get a little tired, but he'd be back in no time, and in no way would have cut his adrenalin level. He's a great guy, and as you watch his shows already know. Furthermore, he prefers to play down the special qualities in himself that I must love in him—especially the fact that he really has a heart. He's afraid people will think him a ham with a ready tear in his eye.

Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if I'd married him. I'd have given no spiel during those first days in Miami. I might never have had the chance to learn that he was exactly the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

The silence that cost Dennis so much in lost shows turned out to be a golden break for me.

"If you could only cook!" he murmured.

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Dealers' Inquiries Invited

(Continued from page 25)

Front Page Farce

strongly composed weathered-red freight trains, vividly highlighted by a shaft of sunlight. Some muted and low-keyed, like the sturdy man he talked to, surrounded by billboards, or of torn billposters waving in a dreary wind.

Many, many pictures, all beautifully executed, of the wonderful and sensitive professional painter named Staats Cotsworth, who is also the successful and sensitive professional actor known to radio listeners as Front Page Farrell, in his painting of the little house in the country. Listeners remember him, too, as the fellow who played Casey, the Crime Photographer, for eight years on radio, and as both. He is also an educator, and regularly appears on other radio and television roles. And on the stage—most recently in José Ferrer's distinguished production of “Richard III” at New York's City Center.)

The big studio easel, set at the many-windowed north end of the room, is where Staats works at home. The pots of brushes and chosen paints (which he now prefers to the usual oil colors), the waiting palette and clean white gesso board in readiness for any time free from script-writer and—on details of an actor's job. Waiting for the call from a director is the reason acting comes first with Staats, although painting runs it a close second.

I have no such conflict of interests, Muriel thought as she sank into the comfortable sofa facing the fireplace—and David L. Swasey's portrait of her above it, the one picture in the room which she has wanted to get of enough—an actress—and a housekeeper, of course. Staats is interested, and expert, at so many things. Painting, photography, even cooking—and designing things, like these bookshelves on each side of the fireplace, with the little arched recesses for ornamentals.

That was his idea. He painted the lamp shade to match the antique base we found, reproducing the little cherubs and the design. He planned the cabinets that are built around the radiator, to conceal it and also to hold his art materials neatly and keep them out of the way. The picture that he's been working on, since he has to use that end of it for his studio.

“Like having the easel there, sometimes with an unfinished piece of work on it. Friends come in and take a peek, give him an attitude, or they can sit with their backs to it. Since we moved to this larger apartment Staats has been able to get far more work done because his tools are always under any painting. He finished enough paintings for his one-man exhibition in New York in 1948, for another one last year and, since then, for the January show this year at the Art Alliance in Philadelphia.

(Some of his fellow performers who are proud owners of Staats Cotsworth pictures are Nina Foch, Shirley Booth, Karl Swenson, Gail Russell, Paul McGrath, Henry Jaffe—and Florence Williams, the girl who plays his wife Sally Farrell. Florence has one of his watercolors, a view of her house in New Jersey, made during a visit of the Cotsworths.)

Staats and Muriel have been married since 1936. At that time she was already a star in radio and film and known on the stage as Muriel Kirkland, when she was given the role of the ingénue in the hit play, "Strictly Dishonorable." They met in the summer of 1935, on the boat going up to Magnolia, Massachu- sets, to their respective jobs. Muriel, arriving a second before sailing time, came dashing up the gangplank as it was about to be removed. Staats was one of the four other members of the company, all already aboard, who cheered her on. She wasn't sure she liked him too well at that first meeting. He had seemed just a shade too noisy in his bearing, and just a shade too sure of himself as she got to know him better, so she was rather knoingly about art, for a fellow who was an actor, not realizing it was the other half of his life he was already beginning in her.

She learned that, while she was to play the leading woman in the play, "Private Lives," it was not Staats who would play opposite her, but another actor in the great male roles. "I was being shown a pair of roles," said Staats, "but no leads. Staats was given the lead, opposite Muriel, and the other man took over his part, a happier arrangement for all concerned. Much, much happier for Staats, who had always wanted the male lead in his play and role and already knew enough about it to learn quickly. Much happier, too, because he was getting quite interested in the part he was playing, with the soft brown eyes and quiet voice.

“We studied and rehearsed our scenes together on the rocks along the Magnolia coast. We'd sit there and have a bite before us, the sun, the wind and the sand all around us, an enchanted place. An enchanted week," Staats says. "Enchanted, because all this started there. And an enchanted engagement.

"He means theatre engagement," Muriel breaks in. "I don't think we ever did have what is known as a formal engagement. We were madly in love, married, but it seemed out of the question until Staats had a job we could depend on, at least for longer than a summer-theatre engagement. Or so we thought then. We were to find out later that this wasn't true!"

Late summer separated them. Staats stayed in New York, playing Shakespearean roles in a Philip Merivale-Gladyse Cooper company. Muriel got into a play called "Squaring the Circle," and by Christmas was having a lonely time of it between marriage and the play. Spring came, and on May 24, 1936, they were married in the Little Church around the Corner in New York, with their families and a few friends who wished them happiness. They seemed to have happiness, right from the beginning, but it wasn't tied up with the economic security that had been waiting for all those months. The day after their wedding, Staats had to tell his bride that his show was closing and that another flop had been added to the growing list of discouraging plays that had come their way.

Muriel wasn't working, either, so it seemed a little grim—"except that Staats and I both felt that what had happened, our partnership in life and work, and therefore everything would work out. It always does. And it did. We got some summer-theatre jobs, and in the fall we were in a successful company of 'Pride and Prejudice,' which lasted for twenty months. We saved some money and began to furnish an apartment. I had wanted to furnish in French style, but although the first apartment we had was tiny, it was where we wanted to be, and we were together, so nothing else really mattered.

"Radio is wonderful for happy marriages," Muriel tells you. "We have been separated only twice for any length of time since we were married—when I was on "Lorelei." I am in "The New Adventures of Old King Cole," playing Mary Todd to Raymond Massey's Lin-
The Christmas that found Muriel touring in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," New York, posed a Christmas card problem. How to get to her for addresses—how to plan a card together in the first place. "Just make one little card for me," she told him. "We'll have to forego the fun of sending them to our friends this year." The card he made now hangs, framed, in the bedroom, among his wonderful little pen-and-ink sketches and some of his finest watercolors. It's a small card, lovingly detailed. The doorway of the brownstone where he was living while Muriel was away. There is the sign hung on the front: "Rooms." The lace curtains in the front parlor window. The figure of a lonely man on the steps, his arms opened wide. And flying over it all a white dove, bearing a holly branch.

Staats' career as an actor, although it's first with him now, is really his second career. "We moved from Oak Park, Illi- nois, where I was born, at the time I was three, and settled in Philadelphia. In grade and high schools, I showed an apti- tude for drawing and it was a toss-up whether I should go on to college or to an art school. The deciding factor was a scholarship I won to the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art.

When Staats was graduated he went to Europe for more study and to think seri- ously about earning a living with his art. Eventually he went back to Europe a second time with an assignment to illustrate a book, and there was another trip, to Honolulu, for an art assignment to finance him. When he came back, and his money began to get low, it proved to be another turning point in his life. He had helped organize a little drama group during his school days and had acted some of the leading roles and now, on a sort of hunch, he decided to try out for Eva Le Gallienne's group at the old Civic Repertory Theatre in New York. It was a good hunch. He was taken on. "There never was a time when I wouldn't do a paintbrush for grease paint."

He became a regular member of the company and played his first Broadway role in "Alice in Wonderland." He was Tweedledee.

When he isn't painting, his love of beauty sends him out searching for old things he can restore with the already lovely things they have in their home. There are the solid oak cherubs, beautifully carved, hung high above the bookcases on each side of the Gallienne's apartment is an antique做到了, handsomely ornamented, graceful Vic- torian red plush settee and chairs, crystal candlesticks on a mahogany drop-leaf table, and a graceful chandelier suspended from it.

"Staats came home one day and told me he had seen a chandelier that was a beauty. He wanted me to go to the shop with him and at first he added that he was so afraid it might be bought by someone else that he had already taken it. 'What's the point, then, in my going to look at it?' I asked. But I went. Here was this old gaslight fixture. My husband and the shopkeeper thought that only the middle cluster of lights needed to be wired for electricity, but that seemed impractical to me. Staats had the whole thing wired and made it black touched with gold, had it strung with tiny glass prisms and fitted with tiny clusters of candles. It works fine and is a lovely, graceful thing, but it keeps Staats occupied in things like that. Only he would know what to do to make them beautiful.

"I think he knows a great deal about how to make life beautiful. He is always a fine person and I think, he never expects to meet unkindness in others. When he does, he forgets it quickly. In fact, all the bad of yesterday—all the disappointments, all the unhappiness—its forgotten. This makes life with Staats very comfortable, and very pleasant."

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When a Guy Needs a Friend

(Continued from page 45)

have seen no sign of a ghost since they moved in).

The success story was too obvious, too
good to be true. With evident delight, Ken
showed me the secret shelfed vault that
swung out to reveal a wine cellar (then
occupied only by the new English bike he
was riding for the first time). On the
panel of Italian walnut in the living
room that opened with an authentic creak
to allow access to a safe. The door of the
safe was half open, and when I opened it
in except a few old recordings, stuck
there fondly late one night after a party.

Ken conducted our tour with a sort of
pleased amazement, as if he himself were
seeing the place for the first time. On the
second floor we looked at the master bed-
room, the guest room where his motherinlaw stays and obviously sews, since the
dominant furniture is an enormous sewing machine. We saw the
two children’s rooms, separated by a bath.
In his daughter’s room, he picked up a
battered doll, turned a key in the back,
and waited as the hair fell from within
its faded plush tummy. There was
a touch of the magic of childhood in the
room as we stood listening, and we both
felt it. Then in Hollywood a few days after Tom
Breneman had died.

Ken had been singing on Breneman’s
show when the boss died. Now he had a
new big show, and Ken talked together.
They understood each other. Garry asked
him to stay on and Ken agreed.

Somehow, through all the years that
followed, they continued to understand and
respect each other. When Garry came
to New York to start his TV shows, Ken
came along, too. In a way, they both felt
that Ken’s future was tied up with Garry’s
and, and there developed in Ken not only a liking for Garry but a kind
of fierce loyalty.

There came a moment in Ken’s life and
career when he had to make a terrific
choice. He'd been with Garry for so many
years that he could even conceive of
the idea of leaving him. But, back three
years or so, Garry called all of his artists
together to give them the news.

“Things aren’t going right,” Garry told
his assembled friends. “We have to face
it. Everybody’s scared—all the sponsors.
We’re going to try to break up financially by
us, the sponsors, too. In a way, we’re on for an hour a day, and
only a fourth of the time is paid for.”

“But what’s wrong?” a secretary asked.
Garry shrugged. “We’re playing with a
new medium. Who knows? I just want
you to want it straight, that’s all.”

It was one Saturday afternoon, while
this problem was besetting Garry Moore,
that Ken Carson received an offer from
the biggest, highest-paying show in radio
and television.

“I went to Garry,” Ken said, “and asked
him what I should do.”

“Would you mind if I came along on
the audition?” Garry asked.

“It was the one thing I’d hoped he’d say.
Together we took a cab and went to the
to place where my audition had
been arranged. A lot of big names were
present. I sang at least thirty songs. At
the end of the audition, the sponsor nodded
in direction.

“An agent came over to us, grinning
with the sign that told me I’d made the
grade. A moment later, a representative
of the outfit said to me, ‘Okay. Everybody
likes you. The sponsors agree. Do you
want to sign?’

“I hesitated. I looked at Garry. He
shrugged. ‘Go ahead,’ he said. ‘Here’s your
choice—don’t wait on me.’

“What’s the deal?” I asked the agent.
And the biggest TV show in America laid it on the line, "We want you," they said, "but you'll have to be exclusive with us. You'll have to leave the Moore show.

"I turned to Garry. Then that's settled, isn't it?"

"Garry grinnled at me. 'I'd never stand in your way. What do you want?"

"I'll stay with you."

"He laughed, put his arm around my shoulder.

That's all Garry ever said to Ken about that. Ken watched another singer take the offer he had refused and become a star within a few months.

But now Ken knew he was right in his choice. Slowly, steadily, as one of the stars on the Moore show, with his own TV program, Ken is emerging as a great TV personality. Not fly-by-night, but solidly and with good foundations. His fan mail is not a spurt of letters today, an empty mailbag tomorrow; viewers are not discovering you a week or a month. He is becoming part of the lives of the people who catch the Moore show, an enduring personality who, once known, will never be easily forgotten.

"Sticking with Garry was the smartest move I ever made," Ken said gravely. "I know it sounds like a whole crip of corn, but I owe all I've got to him. If it's the truth, you don't have to be embarrassed to say so."

"You don't indeed," I said.

At about this time, Kitsy came home from visiting the wedding, grinnled at us from the hall, and ran upstairs to dress for the evening.

"I tell you how Kitsy and I met?"

"Kitsy asked."

It is one of those stories you might not believe, but I pass it on just as it was told to me. Ken was singing with the Sons of the Pioneers in Chicago when, one evening, a group of school boys and fans came to visit him backstage. Among them was sixteen-year-old Kitsy, wide-eyed and very lovely and just a baby as fans go.

But something about her caught Ken's heart, and he asked if he could take her home. Could he? Kitsy was in seventh heaven. Her very young, hungry dark eyes were unerringly on him as he made his way to her mother's apartment. Her mother was a widow, supporting her children by working as a corsetiere in a Chicago department store.

Ken's courtship of Kitsy began then and lasted three years. It was a wild and woolly wooing. They had each lost their hearts to another that first evening, but there never seemed to go well with them. They loved and fought, alternately. Eventually, Kitsy got a job and an apartment of her own. Ken decided the time had come to say good, and one afternoon after finishing a show he went out and bought, with his latest check, a tremendous 185-piece set of china. Spode, no less. He ordered it delivered to Kitsy's apartment. She was in transports of delight when he arrived that evening. It was not only a stunning set of service, it was a symbol. There was the beginning of their future, something of beauty and security around which they could make their plans.

Unfortunately, the next evening they had a terrible battle. Ken arrived the next day, sobered and contrite, ready for arbitration. On the landing in front of Kitsy's apartment all 185 pieces of Spode were piled, and topping the mound a note. "You can take your china—" the note read, in part. Signed, "Love, Kitsy."

One hundred and eighty-five pieces of Spode are not the easiest things to move, especially when not packed in excelsior or in anything. Ken spent a whole day carrying the pieces of Spode to his own apartment. He was just getting it stacked in some sort of order when his phone rang.

"Oh, darling," Kitsy wailed, obviously worried. "I'm so sorry, I hate myself."

The next week, he carted the Spode back to her apartment in a taxi—or rather, two taxis. Once again they were in love and at peace.

The following Sunday morning, the Spode was again on the landing. Not even a note, this time.

"I took the set of China back and forth across Chicago no less than sixteen times," Ken said. He gave a big, whooping sigh.

"I married her because my legs gave out."

"Ha!" said Kitsy, stepping down into the driver's box.

Kitsy is small and dark and gay, with bright eyes under her Clara Bow bow. Where Ken is shy, halting in his speech and motion, Kitsy is a theme that has widely. She can lose himself in Kitsy, is kitsy all open, all free and happy, completely self-assured.

The afternoon, as they have on hundreds of other days, they were working together on a common plan, with many common denominators. The maid had to be attended to, the children had to be disposed of with affection and kindness. One child was staying with a friend, another with some relatives; the maid was away at the wedding, for which she had planned the wedding three months, and Ken and Kitsy were to dine in town and see a play.

"Do you know," Kitsy said to me, "that tonight will be the first in almost two years that Ken and I have been alone in the house?" We were in the car, now driving along the Henry Hudson Parkway with the magic lights of Manhattan looming before us in the quiet night. "I won't know what to do."

"Ha!" Ken muttered to himself. It was now his turn.

Kitsy ignored him. "Every time I think I'm going to have a few hours to myself, he goes out to the golf course. Plays golf right- and left-handed, and grips if he's two over par."

"You like golf, too," Ken said.

"I'd better. I'm a dud, but that's nicer than sitting at home."

"She's a dud," Ken said—then suddenly, fondly, threw his arm around Kitsy's shoulders, his lips to her ear. "But, thank God, she plays with me. And she listens to my stuff on recordings, and I leaned back in the seat and allowed them this moment together. I had a hunch that in their busy lives there wouldn't be time for too many somuch moments.

I leaned through the window of the car after the pieces of Spode were piled, and topped the mound a note. "You can take your china—" the note read, in part. Signed, "Love, Kitsy."

Kitsy's hand was fastened on Kitsy's, and they both laughed. They said in unison, "Don't worry, we will."

**MARCH 10**

Circle the date on your calendar!

That's the day the newstands will get first copies of the APRIL ISSUE OF RADIO-TV MIRROR
It Pays to Be Married!

(Continued from page 31)

he's languishing while waiting for her to show up. The fellow gazes at you out of candid blue eyes and admits, "Ladies? Oh, sure. There are plenty of 'em."

He looks like Joe College, maybe off the campus a few years—time enough to have added solidity to those built-in muscles. His light hair is cropped in the shortest crew-cut in entire dormitory circle —but, no matter what he tries, he can't discourage the curl. A husky five-feet-ten and 175 pounds, he's the solid type all the way through.

Though Stewart is not a bachelor by choice, he copes with the situation very handily, "I have to make the best of it," he says. Jay, like most men, likes his groceries. What's more, he likes to cook and he is the saying that men make the best cooks, he adds his own observation: "Most of the good cookbooks used by women are written by men. Jay's favor movies and tricks he's gathered along his culinary way, would add a good chapter to anybody's book of kitchen lore.

Take good food for granted, no matter which, Jay claims, is like good coffee. Either you have a kick with it, or you haven't.

"The secret is one I learned from my grandmother, Jay cheerfully reveals. "'About fifteen days a week, I'm done, you pour a little water into the skillet. You'd think it would make it soggy, but the steam makes it crisp. I don't know why it does, but it does."

What are some of the other bachelor specialties Chez Stewart? "Well, things like baked lamb chops with wine sauce . . ."

But it pains him to go on. "The trouble is that most of the women worrying with are fattening. Take Beef Stroganoff now . . . aw, what the heck, let's forget it!"

So, you ask, if weight is a problem, what does he do about it? Jay answers glumly, "Very little. Just go on a diet a few times a year."

"You know," Jay says as an afterthought, "I took a cooking class in high school. As you raise your eyebrows, visualizing a fourteen-year-old boy bustling peeling vegetables among a class of girls, he adds hastily, "It was a cooking class for boys of boys of course. My high school had but 7,000 students. You could learn anything from plumbing to watch repairing."

The high school also offered a radio course, and, out of those 7,000 students, Jay was one of a mere sixteen who, he puts "experimented with it."

Jay was born in Summerville, Indiana, pop. 1,000, on September 6, 1919. Eight years later the family moved to Indiana. Jay is an only child, which he claims is not the only reason that prompts him to describe himself as "a spoiled brat."

He remembers in grade school, they demoted me a half-year, which was disastrous. Taking that half-year over, I got my work done that much faster, which gave me more time to be a jayhawk."

After they tried a different technique and skipped him, so that he was a high school graduate at fifteen, and finished his college course in three and a half years.

At Indiana University, where Jay was graduated in 1939, he hewed to the line of being an individualist, "I majored in 'business administration,' " he says, "and minored in 'principles of courses.' I really wanted to do radio, but there's not better have something else in case I couldn't make it!"

His fraternity elected him one of the outstanding Sigma Chi's in the country, but his parents didn't exactly share this enthusiastic outlook. They had first met in college dramas and gone on to playing the Chautauqua Circuit. Jay's mother had sub-

sequently gone into teaching and his father into business, and they felt their only offspring should map out a secure future as a solid businessman.

Upon graduation, Jay says, "I couldn't see myself as a stock clerk working up to be president of some big corporation. So, instead of looking for a job as a future business tycoon, I'd spend my time in a movie. My parents really got the impression things were tough all over that summer."

Actually, Jay was marking time, waiting for answers to the letters of application with which he was blanketing all the radio stations in Indiana. The flogging found itself up against the old story: If you can't get a job without experience, how do you get experience without a job? Anyway, when he was in Evansville admitted it could use a writer. This was close, but not close enough. "Will you let me do some announcing on the horse track?" I say to him. The station soon gave him the answer: They had found a writer who wasn't interested in announcing, and he had experience, too, thank you very much.

But came September of 1939, and Jay landed at WBOW (NBC). "I held the job three months and was fired three times," he says, explaining, "We worked seven days a week. Split time, of course, in two-hour blocks at a clip. But I was such an eager beaver I hung around the station all the time—and did nothing but get into mischief."

"One day," he recalls, "it was real cold —cold as it can get in an Indiana November. I never wear a hat, because I have a big head and a hat only makes it look like the edges of my ears. I was a child from the same mulish stubbornness and they've been sensitive ever since. Anyway, my ears were starting to tell me it was getting a little cold, and I was only head walking to the station. When I walked in, the receptionist started to laugh. She got such a yak out of it I thought she'd have hysterics. So I dashed right up to the announcer's booth to gladden their day, too. Well, there was the boss. Naturally, he had his most important advertiser with him, I won't exactly say my first boss, he was the only one I've ever confided about my having a little fun like that. This time, when he fired me, it stuck."

This led to batteling around stations in small Indiana towns for a few years, until Jay managed to get into a small town where he was much with his radio career. About the same time, a girl friend of his had to leave for Cincinnati for a new job. "It was 200 miles away," says Jay, "I went to him."

And, so long as I was there, I thought I might as well talk to the chief announcer at WLW-WSAI, and that's where I stayed for the next nine months, going like a house afire."

It's typical of Jay Stewart, who doesn't fall into conventional patterns of anything, that he was in and out of the Army before he got his "name". "I was the first batch that registered," he says, "and they called me before the ink was dry on my contract!"

He had registered October 15, 1940, and up until November 14, 1941, he was a member of the 147th Infantry, 37th Division. Jay had played sax and clarinet since he was eight years old. Later, he had put himself through college playing in a band, but it was as a surprise event to him that he spent his Army career making music. "That's the extent of it," he says, a little wistfully. "Then I got a medical discharge—for a minor physical thing that doesn't bother you in private life as Joe Citizen, but makes you ineligible for military service."

So it was back to Cincinnati, where, after...
fifteen months, he suddenly decided to pull up stakes and come to Hollywood. Looking back on the amazing list of show credits which have piled up for him since 1943, Stewart says: "I was lucky, again! Things just keep happening, and when you walk down the hall, and somebody would say, 'Well, we're auditioning for a new show in Studio C. Come on in.'"

Jay Stewart was in the big town and the big time, with—to mention a few—"Take It Or Leave It, What's Doing, Ladies," Duffy's Tavern, The Great Gildersleve, plus two shows of his own, Surprise Package and Cattanooga Party.

You can take the boy out of the country as they say, but you can't take the country out of the boy. Announcing Hollywood Barn Dance, Barn Dance and New Philadelphia, I was dispensing hillbilly and rural entertainment more than ten years ago over WLY. And he's still doing it with Town Hall Party—beamed to the West Coast only, on both radio and TV. Aside from NBC's It Pays To Be Married, Jay has another West Coast, a TV panel show, You Can't Be Serious for CBS.

"I always did as many shows as I could," he says, "so if I got the ax one place, there would be something left!" But in 1951, even this philosophy backfired. "Suddenly," he says, "I found myself on too many shows. But it's a big show and three others folded. It was a clean sweep. Jay Stewart was a bum!"

Up to then, the story had been the steady rise in the radio fortunes of Jay Stewart. He had even played a role in type-casting, as a radio emcee in the James Stewart picture, Jackpot. And he remembers, "Three events of that period stand out in my life."

One was entertaining the boys in the Air Lift with Garry Moore. "We entertained the guys and played all over Germany. Every day was particularly lovely. Another was taking his own show, Surprise Package, to Honolulu for two weeks. And the third was going to Alaska. "We went to Anchorage and Fairbanks. And it was cold—but I even forgot I didn't own a hat, doing twelve shows for the Armed Forces," Jay says.

But January, 1952, ushered in what looked like the end of the road. True to form, things aren't dull for Stewart for too long. Al Pearce came back on TV, giving Jay a steady thirteen weeks' work. Then there were, well, you know, as a summer replacement in New York.

It was the first time the boy from Indiana had been there, and he says, "I was really afraid of overlooking the Hudson, with Stefan Hatos, who happens to be the producer of It Pays To Be Married. Weekend, I'd be on Long Island Sound, with Garry Moore's thirty-five-foot ocean boat. It was the real man-to-man kind of sailing, where you'd open a can of beans, throw some bread on the table, and you're in business!"

So Jay Stewart can really wax ecstatic over being on the water, you're in another element," he says. "You can't feel the same on land, or in the circle of TV Hollywood of which many people say that Hollywood consist of walking from NBC to the Brown Derby, a brisk block-and-a-half away, can get really strenuous about holding aloft the ax and the dollars, as I wish I did," he'll tell you, "but I am a pretty good crew hand!"

Jay left summer and sailing behind in New York to come back to Hollywood in October. And he got a big break. And last June came that big payoff, when he went on the air with It Pays To Be Married."

"This," he starts out, "is a program with a purpose—and he can go on talking about it until you get the idea that this is something which intrigues him more than sailing."

"A story told on the show," says Stewart, "is to tell it to someone. A couple comes to us not only to tell how they have solved their own problem, but because they feel it will help someone else with a similar problem. There is no tremendous loot for an incentive, although we do have some prizes. Actually, each couple is up there in front of the mike because they want to tell why they have found it pays to be married."

Ten couples a week appear on the program. To select them, Jay talks to fifty or more. "The only thing we've learned to avoid," says Jay, "are people who just enjoy their own misery. The others have basic problems of family and home. ranging from the tragic and the elemental to the sad and the surprising. We've had young people who started their marriage with an unusual problem—the church burned down just before the ceremony!

On the other hand, there was the couple who came to tell us how they had rebuilt their lives not once but three times. Maybe—somebody else who was listening was going through a similar problem. It certainly would have given them courage to realize that, even when things looked blackest, somebody else had found a way out. It isn't easy for people to tell their problems, but it's possible. And it's a nice feeling that they will do it to help others."

Jay goes on: "We go into the show four hours a day, and it's not easy to rehearse a thing like this. We can't tell people what to say when we want their stories straight from the heart. We just try to put them at ease, and let them talk naturally."

A lot of the program's preparation time goes into selecting the right stories—mainly, explains Jay, "to find out why it pays to be married."

Jay says, "I've had a couple is concerned. Henry Hope, Bert Nodella and Vic Whitlock do the preliminaries on that—and, without them, the program would be possible."

Story ideas come from newspaper items, questionnaires, social agencies and letters from listeners. "There are," says Jay, "evenletter for a potential nature. Like: Are you felling the who's the Jay Fix?"

That's the name he started life with in Indiana—Jay Fix. CBS didn't think it sounded important enough," says Jay, "so after talking it around, they came up with Jay Stewart."

Since Jay has scored such a solid suc-

In radio, his parents have changed this name and are using it entirely. His mother teaches English at Tech High School in Indianapolis, but recently decided to branch out into other subjects. When she went to California to visit Jay, she took the family and held up talk-

rading radio and TV courses at the University of Southern California. Now she's teaching them in Indianapolis.

Jay, who was once a band leader, while doing a program called It Pays To Be Married? He says seriously, "I'd love to be a band leader again. Naturally, doing a show like this has to affect you, and, therefore, does affect me, as I do, with overwhelming obstacles to overcome, it kind of sets you back on your heels and makes you realize how wonderful—how wonderful—every diversified program you can close the officeaverage on; it's sort of always with you."

"As for 'betching' it, well I can cook up a pretty good meal for a group of friends. I can talk about interior decorating, but my apartment is comfortable, as apartments go. Of course, a bachelor's life is a lonely life—and you don't find it much fun opening the door to an empty apartment. But, without being facetious, when my state of bachelorhood changes—don't you think I should have an answer to whatever comes up?"
your local Favorites

BILL MAYER
He's Cleveland's most successful campaigner. (Page 103)

MAUREEN BAILEY
"Goodwill Cavalcade's" youngest star. (Page 104)

BETTY ANN HORSTMAN
Beautiful small-town girl with big ideas. (Page 105)

CREATIVE COOKERY
It's a family affair with the Popes. (Page 102)

• FOR PROGRAM LISTINGS SEE PAGES 106-108
Francois Pope (center) believes a good cook is a neat cook. He and his sons, Frank and Bob, prove it by refusing to wear aprons while cooking.

Meet Francois, Frank and Bob Pope, the brains behind

CREATIVE COOKERY

TIME WAS when even an accomplished cook had to attend a high-priced school to learn the secrets of stylish cooking. Nowadays, however, NBC-TV viewers have the good fortune of learning taste-tantalizing tips gratis from one of the nation’s top chef-teachers, Francois Pope, via his half-hour program, Creative Cookery. Chicagoans get their baking, braising and stewing lessons Mondays through Saturdays, and viewers in New York, Cleveland, and Washington can attend classes Saturdays.

Creative Cookery is strictly a family affair with chief chef Francois being ably assisted by his sons, Frank, 27, and Bob, 24. And Francois’ wife, Antoinette, contributes behind-the-scenes help with original recipes.

Although the dishes the Popes whip up so deftly on the show may sound complicated, each operation is explained with such detail that the most timid kitchen novice can understand. And there is always a grand variety offered—from fancy pâté de fois gras to hearty bean soup—and each is always attractively decorated.

Francois Pope—whose favorite dish is plain roast beef, rare—was born in France, the son of a chef, and has devoted his career to culinary teaching, lecturing and writing. And, at an age when other lads were learning to toss a baseball, sons Frank and Bob were being taught how to toss a salad. Although the boys have trod the same path as their father, each has made his own individual footprints. Frank works with a flourish, while Bob bows to the detailed precision of a perfectionist. And, while Frank enjoys fixing up old cars, Bob prefers to design miniature autos and planes.

In spite of their individuality—or perhaps because of it—the entire Pope family always works in complete harmony. And every day, the great enjoyment they derive from sharing their work with others is reflected in the outstanding TV fare that is Creative Cookery.
At Station WGAR, there’s a fellow who can claim one of the least hectic, yet most successful, political careers in recent Cleveland history. He has never had to make a campaign speech, never had to sweat out an election—and doesn’t even belong to a party. His platform is simple enough. He tells his constituents he’ll provide some listenable music and certain public services, then fulfills his promise.

Who is this amazing “politician”? Why, none other than WGAR’s Bill Mayer, who is known in and around Cleveland as “Mayor of the Morning.”

Hizzoner presides six mornings a week from 6:00 to 9:45 A.M. He spins popular tunes, gives advice on the weather, and announces civic matters of current interest. Bill regards his unofficial office with greater seriousness than most people might suspect. One of his favorite recollections is of the time he urged listeners to hurry and get their state license stickers on their car windshields. A few days later, he received a note of thanks from a family that had heeded his advice immediately—and had wet their sticker in the first available mud puddle! “We’d no sooner gotten back on the road,” the letter read, “when we were stopped by a roadblock where summonses were being issued to cars not properly licensed.”

Bill, who’s a lively 38, is an unassuming sort of a guy. He and his lovely wife, Elaine, have been married for fifteen years and have two daughters, Beverly, 14, and Brenda Ann, 3. There’s also Mr. Mister Triumph of Vacek, a six-year-old Great Dane weighing 185 pounds. He’s the largest of his kind registered with the American Kennel Club, Bill says. The Mayers call the dog just plain “Mister” for short, and they mean all the respect the name implies.

Bill has been at WGAR since 1945 and has had his present show for seven years. Actually, he’s a frustrated actor and still has a yen for the legitimate stage, which he is satisfying at present by taking an active part in little-theatre groups around Elyria, not far from his home at Avon Lake.

How does he like being a fellow who, by 3:45 each work-day morn, is up and out exercising his dog? “Most certainly there are times when I’d like to be up around midnight,” he replies. “But when summer rolls around and I’m home enjoying my family and the weather by one in the afternoon, I figure I’ve got a pretty good deal, after all.”

Likewise, WGAR listeners feel they have a very “good deal” in Bill Mayer—everybody’s choice.
WJR scores a big first with its GOODWILL CAVALCADE

December 10, 1953 marked a memorable day for 75 talented entertainers from Detroit and almost half a thousand New York advertising and radio executives. The occasion was Station WJR’s “Goodwill Cavalcade.” The purpose was to present a cross-section of WJR’s talent solely for the entertainment and enjoyment of its distinguished audience. The result was greater than ever expected; WJR scored a big, successful first that had New York bigwigs buzzing with praise.

Transporting such a large group to New York City had never been done by a station before, and the undisputed success of such a venture could never have been achieved without the imagination, courage and fine sense of showmanship that are symbolic of all WJR’s operations. When they arrived in New York, the “Goodwill Cavalcade” immediately took over the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria—where the presentation was held—for last-minute preparations and rehearsing. Then, after the guests had arrived, the entertainment began. Highlighting the evening were: Sunnyside Reporter Bud Guest as lead-off man; Don Large and his exceptional Make Way For Youth chorus; Jimmy Clark and his catchy combo, with songs by Judy Carroll; tenor Fred Kendall, and songstress Renee McKay. Providing a western tang were Casey Clark and his Lazy Ranch Boys, along with May Hawks and her guitar.

Those who were fortunate to witness WJR’s great evening of entertainment were amazed by the ease and efficiency displayed and the fact that no “secret weapons” were used in presenting the show. On the contrary, WJR listeners throughout the Midwest have long been enjoying such expert performing.

There’s no doubt of the lasting impression and fine feeling “Goodwill Cavalcade” created in the show center of the world. Because of its worthy success, perhaps others across the land will someday have the opportunity to enjoy this good will and talent that is a vital part of WJR and its members.
In Dayton,
Betty Ann Horstman is

Queen of the Coffee Club

She's had Hollywood offers, she plays to WLW-D's cosmopolitan audience in and around Dayton, and her talent and beauty are surpassed by few. Yet, says Betty Ann Horstman, femcee of Coffee Club, seen each afternoon from 2:00 to 3:00, "I'm a small-town girl." With all her sophisticated charm, this is hard to believe, and Betty's devoted fans prefer to think of her instead as a home-town girl who likes the bright lights in their admiring eyes better than those on Broadway or in Hollywood.

Dayton has always been home for Betty, and for the past two years she has shared it most happily with her husband, Jim Venable. When they were just-marrieds, Betty and Jim lived in an apartment. But soon they had to move to larger quarters for lack of closet space. (With all the changes in clothes and costumes Betty needs for her show, apartment closets were just not enough.) So now they live in a white frame, four-bedroom house with their two dachshunds. They are particularly proud of their Early American furniture, most of which Jim, an avid antique collector, refinished himself—while Betty watched.

Although Coffee Club is primarily a woman's participation show—which may include anything from an egg-rolling contest to helping Betty deliver a commercial—there are many other features to make it a grand hour of variety. Songs by Nancy Rifner, instrumentals and vocals by Arvie Recore and Dick Shafer, interviews with civic leaders or visiting celebrities and, of course, Betty's wonderful pantomimes. Or, proving she's completely uninhibited, Betty may decide to give a skating lesson—or jump into a tub of water to demonstrate the non-shrinkable qualities of a dress she's wearing. Whatever she does, Betty loves every minute of it, and so does her audience.

As uninhibited as she is pretty, Betty Ann will accept any dare—within reason—such as "getting into the swim of things" in an 1890 bathing suit. Perhaps Betty really is a small-town girl, as she says. But, true or false, viewers love her just as she is and because she shares her time and talents with them.
### Monday through Friday

#### Morning Programs

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Jack Hunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Cliff's Family</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:01</td>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Strike It Rich</td>
<td>Wonderful City</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Phrase That Pays</td>
<td>Second Chance</td>
<td>Make Up Your Mind</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<tr>
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<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Capitol Commentary</td>
<td>with Lee Higbie</td>
<td>News, Don Gardner</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Cedric Frazier</td>
<td>1:25 News, Tom Malone</td>
<td>Tired Of Life</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Cathie teen With Love</td>
<td>1:55 News</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>2:25 News, Sam Hayes</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>5:55 News</td>
<td>Betty Crocker</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
<td>6:55 News, Stuff Jones</td>
<td>Betty Crocker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Lorna Lane</td>
<td>6:55 News, Cedric Brown</td>
<td>E. C. Brown</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Alex Dzierz, News</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
<td>5:35 Betty Crocker</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>News Of The World</td>
<td>12:55 Jack Berch</td>
<td>Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>The Railroad Hour</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td>Suspense</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Telephone Hour</td>
<td>News, Bill Henry</td>
<td>Metropolitan Opera</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Three City Extra</td>
<td>Symphony Orchestra</td>
<td>Auditions</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>The Boy Friends</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Headline Edition</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>Tom And Kids</td>
<td>Listen To Washington</td>
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#### Tuesday

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>ABC Reporter</td>
<td>Bill Stern, Sports</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>ABC Reporter</td>
<td>George Hicks, News</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Alex Dzierz, News</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>News Of The World</td>
<td>Peggy Conklin</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
<td>Michael Edwards</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Drama</td>
<td>Mickey Spillane, Sergeant/</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>News, Swaley</td>
<td>George Sanders</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Good Night</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fiiber McGee &amp;</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>You Can Top This?</td>
<td>Put It To Pat</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Stars From Paris</td>
<td>Eddie Turner</td>
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<td>Alex Dzierz, News</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Wake A Mile Quiz</td>
<td>Night Mare, With Peter Lorre</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Great Glider</td>
<td>Bud Abbott &amp; Lou Costello</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Theme</td>
<td>Hollywood Romance</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>You Bet Your Life</td>
<td>News, Bill Henry</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Big Story</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Fiiber McGee &amp;</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>You Can Top This?</td>
<td>Put It To Pat</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Return From Wash-</td>
<td>10:55 News, Singsler</td>
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<td>Alex Dzierz, News</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Roy Rogers</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>8:25 News</td>
<td>Crime</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Father Knows Best</td>
<td>Bud Abbott &amp; Lou Costello</td>
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<td>Truth Or Consequences</td>
<td>News, Bill Henry</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>The Man From Uncle</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>News, Swaley</td>
<td>Eddie Turner Show</td>
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<td>Eddie Turner Show</td>
<td>Put It To Pat</td>
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<td>You Can Top This?</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Jane Pickens Show</td>
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<td>Michael Edwards</td>
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<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Rhinoceros Show</td>
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<td>Frank Sinatra Sings</td>
<td>Montezuma Carroll</td>
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<td>Bob Hope Show</td>
<td>Take A Number</td>
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<td>Phil Harris &amp; Alice</td>
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<td>Faye Show</td>
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<td>Nat King Cole</td>
<td>Miss America Show</td>
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<td>Crocker House Of</td>
<td>Edwin C. Hill</td>
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<td>Glass</td>
<td>Put It To Pat</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
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<td>Put It To Pat</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Jane Pickens Show</td>
<td>10:55 News, Singsler</td>
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**Monday Radio**

*All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.*
TV program highlights

CHICAGO AND SUBURBS  FEBRUARY 11—MARCH 10

Monday through Friday

7:00  T Today—Dave Garaway
9:00  T Godfrey And Friends—Variety
5:00  T Bing Lang School—Miss Frances
2:00  T Paul Pagartly—Exercises
10:00  T Hawkins Falls—Serial
10:30  T Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
5:00  T The Bennetts—Serial
11:00  T Valiant Lady—Serial
5:00  T Bride And Groom—Wedding
2:00  T Danny O'Neil—Variety
11:15  T Love Of Life—Serial
11:30  T Search For Tomorrow—Serial
2:30  T Guiding Light—Serial
12:00  T Luncheon With Billy—Variety
12:30  T Hi, Ladies—Interviews
1:00  T Double Or Nothing—Quiz
1:00  T Ruth Crawford—Baby Care
1:30  T Linkletter's Hause Party
2:00  T Big Payoff—Quiz
2:00  T Kate Smith Show
3:00  T Paul Dixon—Music
3:00  T Welcome Travelers
4:00  T Turn To A Friend—Contest
5:00  T Mrs Westmore Shaw
6:00  T Austin Kiplinger—News
6:45  T Music
M, W, F: Camel, T: T. Froman

Monday

7:00  T Burns And Allen—Comedy
7:30  T Godfrey's Talent Scouts
8:00  T Voice Of Firestone—Music
8:30  T I Love Lucy—Comedy
3:00  T Danny Day—Comedy
5:00  T Red Buttons—Comedy
5:00  T Robert Montgomery—Drama
9:00  T Studio One—Drama
9:00  T Boxing
9:30  T Who Said That?
7:30  T Rocket Squad—Drama

Tuesday

7:00  T Milton Berle
7:30  T Bishop Fulton J. Sheen
8:00  T This Is Show Business
8:30  T Fireside Theatre
8:30  T Danny Thomas
8:30  T Badge 714—Police Drama
8:30  T Suspense—Drama
7:00  T Circle Theatre
9:00  T Middletown
9:00  T Fred Allen—Quiz
9:30  T See It Now—News
7:30  T Name's The Same—Panel

Wednesday

7:00  T Godfrey And Friends
7:30  T I Married Joan—Comedy
7:30  T Studio Erwin—Comedy
8:00  T Strike It Rich—Quiz
5:00  T Kraft Theatre
5:30  T This Is Your Life—Edwards
6:00  T TV Playhouse—Drama
7:00  T Liberace—Music

Thursday

6:30  T Lone Ranger
7:00  T Meet Mr. McNutley
7:00  T Grocho Marx—Quiz
7:00  T Quick As A Flash—Quiz
7:00  T Through The Camera Eye
7:30  T Four Star Playhouse—Drama
7:30  T Treasury Men In Action
7:30  T Ray Bolger—Comedy
8:00  T Dragnet—Police Drama
8:00  T Dr. J. Q.—Quiz
8:30  T Big Town—Drama
8:30  T Ford Theatre—Drama
9:00  T Kraft Theatre—Drama
9:00  T Playhouse of Stars—Drama
9:30  T Martin Kane—Drama
9:30  T Place The Face—Quiz
9:30  T Foreign Intrigue—Drama
10:00  T Ask The Man—Kiplinger

Friday

7:00  T Mama—Drama
7:30  T Dave Garaway Show—Variety
8:00  T Ozzie And Harriet—Comedy
8:30  T Tapper—Comedy
8:30  T Wall's Workshop—Crafts
8:30  T Callahan's Quiz—Quiz
8:30  T Playhouse—Drama
8:00  T Playhouse of Stars—Drama
8:00  T Big Story—Drama
8:00  T Paul Hartman Shaw—Comedy
8:00  T Life Begins At Eighty—Comedy
8:30  T Our Miss Brooks—Comedy
8:30  T TV Soundstage—Drama
8:30  T Comeback Story—Interviews
9:00  T My Friend Irma—Comedy
9:00  T Boxing
9:00  T Dangerous Assignment—Drama
9:00  T Chance Of A Lifetime—Quiz
9:00  T Persia Pe horses—Ed Murrow
9:00  T Dawn You Go—Panel Quiz
9:00  T Great Fights Of The Century
10:00  T Feature Film
11:10  T Tom Duggan—Comments

Saturday

2:00  T Professional Basketball
5:00  T Mr. Wizard—Science
6:30  T Beat The Clock—Quiz
7:00  T Ethel And Albert—Comedy
7:00  T Leave It To The Girls—Panel
7:00  T Jackie Gleason—Variety
7:00  T Spike Jones—Comedy
7:00  T Talent Patrol—Variety
7:30  T Amateur Hour—Talent
7:30  T Meadowbrook Music
8:00  T Two For The Money—Herb Shriner
8:30  T Your Show Of Shows—Variety
8:30  T Boxing
8:30  T My Favorite Husband
8:30  T Wrestling
8:45  T Tom Dugan—Sports
9:00  T Medallion Theatre—Drama
9:30  T Mirra Theatre—Drama
11:30  T Your Hit Parade—Music

Sunday

9:30  T Farmtown, USA—Interviews
9:30  T Live And Learn—Lectures
12:30  T Frantiers Of Faith—Religion
12:30  T Amateur Hour—Variety
1:30  T Amos 'n' Andy—Comedy
2:30  T American Forum—Discussion
2:30  T Man Of The Week—Interview
3:00  T Excursion—Youth Program
3:30  T Zoo Parade—Animals
4:00  T Omnibus—New Horizons
5:00  T Hall Of Fame—Drama
5:00  T Police Comedy
5:00  T Meet The Press—Discussion
5:30  T You Are There—Historical Drama
5:30  T Roy Rogers—Western
6:00  T Little Feller—Drama
6:30  T Private Secretary—Comedy
7:00  T TV Teens—Paul Whitman
7:00  T Toast Of The Town
7:00  T Comedy Hour—Variety
7:30  T Press Conference—Discussion
7:30  T Fred Waring—Music
7:30  T TV Playhouse—Drama
7:30  T Walter Winchell—Gossip, news
8:15  T Orchid Award—Celebrities
8:30  T Man Behind The Budge—Drama
8:30  T Three Men In A Boat—Comedy
9:00  T The Web—Drama
9:00  T Let It All Out—Drama
9:00  T What's My Line?—Panel
9:00  T Victory At Sea—Documentary
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Beautiful hair has natural softness and lustre. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, shining and naturally beautiful.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H. BRECK INC. MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS SPRINGFIELD - MASSACHUSETTS NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • OTTAWA CANADA
"With so many people smoking Camels, I figured they must be good! So I tried them — found their cool mildness and swell flavor suit my taste to a T! You ought to try Camels yourself!"

WILLIAM HOLDEN, star of "Forever Female", is another on the big list of Hollywood personalities who prefer America's most popular cigarette, Camel! Some others are John Wayne, Lizabeth Scott, Maureen O'Hara, Alan Ladd, Maureen O'Sullivan.

You, TOO, rate the cigarette that rates best with the most smokers! After all, Camels' costly tobaccos assure you a cool, cool mildness, a rich, exclusive flavor that other brands can't match! So try Camels — today. Smoke only Camels for 30 days. Let your own sense of good taste tell you why Camels' flavor and mildness agree with more people than any other cigarette!
RADIO-TV MIRROR

N. Y. radio, TV listings

SID CAESAR
His Show of Shows

SUSAN DOUGLAS
A Baby for Susan

JACK BAILEY
What I Believe

Gale Storm

New Stories:
Leigh Lee
Ian Rubes
Gene Autry
You'll be head over heels in love with the way your hair shines and shimmers . . . silky soft, silky bright, silky smooth—after you've used new Drene. So gleaming, so glamorous . . . your silkened hair!

**New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!**

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silkened your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

**Lathers like lightning —**

*no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.*

**Milder than castile —**

*so mild you could use this new formula every day.*

Lathers like lightning —

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile —

so mild you could use this new formula every day.

This is a **New**

Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE
No dentifrice can stop all cavities—but...

You can prevent up to 60%* of tooth decay

...with new Ipana® containing Anti-Enzyme WD-9

Confused by recent promises of tooth-paste "miracles"? Here are facts well worth knowing:

1. No tooth paste can stop all tooth decay. This includes our new Ipana with WD-9.

2. But if you want far fewer cavities, no other tooth paste has ever been proved more effective for helping you. And you can be sure of this:

*Two-year clinical tests showed that brushing teeth after eating can reduce tooth decay up to 60%. This means when you use new Ipana with WD-9 this way, the Ipana way—you can expect the same results. Be sure to follow easy directions on the package.

What's more, if you do this, there's an excellent chance that you will never again be bothered by excessive cavities.

The way most dentists recommend

We make these statements confidently because the benefits of the Ipana way were proved by two full years of clinical testing. Most dentists recommend this way (ask yours).

In stopping bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids, WD-9 in new Ipana is one of the most effective ingredients known.

Don't forget your gums

Only your dentist can correct cavities that have already developed and remove hard tartar that may bring on gum troubles—so see him regularly. Between visits, the Ipana way can prevent most tooth decay from starting. And brushing with Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges of teeth helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

When you can get a tooth paste that does all this without paying a penny extra for it, why not make your next tube Ipana?

New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. As you know, youngsters don't like to use a tooth paste if it doesn't taste good. But Ipana with WD-9 has a new minty flavor so that children will enjoy brushing with it. In tests, new Ipana was liked 2 to 1 for taste.

Every single brushing fights tooth decay!

Even if you can't always brush your teeth after eating, as you should, new white Ipana with WD-9 still helps you fight tooth decay. Every brushing combats the very causes of cavities... checks the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids.

Best way to stop bad breath all day!

The Ipana way makes it easy to be sure of a fresh, clean breath. One brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor for as long as 9 hours. Even after smoking and eating anything except, of course, foods like onions and garlic.

Same package
No increase in price

Student nurses are needed—Inquire at your hospital
people on the air

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Cover portrait of Gale Storm by Globe Photos
Listerine Antiseptic Stops
Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than
Any Tooth Paste!

No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine’s lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend...on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement...remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria...to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That’s a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

No tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this... instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn’t kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—gargle with Listerine, the most widely-used antiseptic in the world.

Listerine acts on 3 areas where breath odors can start

1. TEETH
2. MOUTH
3. THROAT

Look at these actual test results

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ODORS REDUCED</th>
<th>1 HR.</th>
<th>ODORS REDUCED</th>
<th>4 HR.</th>
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<td>LISTERINE</td>
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<tr>
<td>TOOTH PASTE</td>
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GARGLE LISTERINE...Quick and Often

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That’s because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.

and for COLDS and SORE THROAT (DUE TO COLDS)

A Product of The Lambert Company
WHAT'S SPINNING
By Chuck Norman

The other day, Gene Krupa, the most among drummers, as boosters would say, was telling me about his latest plans. Gene has been touring the country with his new trio, and he's finding big audiences where he hangs his hat-list. The band was great, but it hadn't yet acquired the arrangements that belong to the famous Chicago Trio. His band was great, but it hadn't yet acquired the arrangements that associate with those on records commonly available today. For example, his lush arrangement of “Stardust” was not developed at the time this broadcast was made, and an equally smooth but quite different one is used here. Both Artie and the band were young then, and you can bet they're stars as Georgie Auld, Tony Pastor, and Buddy Rich as they played in the bluish youth. It's almost ghostly, this business of people and their shadows. It's like the story of a second-rate dance drummer who doesn't know the first thing about the very important rudiments of drumming, and the boy will suffer later on.

So, Gene is doing something about it—he's starting a drum school! Another fellow who has shared the limelight with Gene as a “drummer’s drummer” and a top-notch technician is going into business with Gene—“Cosy” Cole, who sprang to fame in the old Cab Calloway band. Between the two of them, these men should be able to give students the best in balanced drum training, based on their combined half-century or more of topflight experience.

“We're opening our school in New York now,” Gene told me, “but expect to expand until we have studios in the major cities of the country.”

Gene's plans for his drumming school do not mean he will retire from an active career. He's planning to continue with his popular trio.

“I used to think that my days were numbered,” said Gene, “and that people would tire of my style after a while. But we've had such wonderful success, the boys and I, that we're still looking ahead to every date and every show like a bunch of kids. There's still a big audience for solid jazz.”

Record fans can get in on the excitement Gene's new trio is creating by way of a number of discs he's made for the Clef label. On standard 78 rpm's, Clef offers a coupling of “Capitol Idea” and “Overtime,” with his sextet; and, with the Trio, “Perdido,” backed by “Fine's Idea,” and “Payin Thems Dues Blues,” coupled with “Jungle Drums.” Clef also has issued two more extensive works—“The Gene Krupa Trio Colletes,” on a 10-inch LP, and “The Gene Krupa Trio at Jazz at the Philharmonic,” on a 12-inch LP.

Peeks into the past—RCA-Victor has a new album on the racks containing two LP's (or EP's, either being $8.95) of old Artie Shaw air-checks—twenty-four tunes, in all. They were transcribed off the air from broadcasts made by Shaw in the late 30's, and you won't identify a lot of the arrangements as belonging to the famous Capitol Eleven. But the band was great, and you can bet they're stars as Georgie Auld, Tony Pastor, and Buddy Rich as they played in the bluish youth.

It's almost ghostly, this business of people and their shadows. It's like the story of a second-rate dance drummer who doesn't know the first thing about the very important rudiments of drumming, and the boy will suffer later on.

A trio of four in a hurry—Today, that the Mary Kaye Trio is smooth, or funny, or both, is quite inadequate, and unfair to a talented group of kids. I'll just say that they're the “biggest” trio in the business today, if only because they are actually four, not three. They've recently added drummer Frank Hudec, and with Frankie Ross, accordionist-guitarist and comedian in the Jerry Lewis tradition, Norman Kaye, and his sister, Mary, that makes four. But, if they want to undersell themselves, that's their business. And their business is good.

They began in the more intimate clubs and lounges, but in recent years they've found that they can still convey this intimacy in bigger rooms, so they've moved into places such as the Last Frontier in Las Vegas (which there is none bigger these days).

Joe Carlton, RCA-Victor exec, recently said that they should shortly be the hottest new combo on records. They recently recorded two sides for Victor, their first since signing with the waxery. “Toreador” is one side, and “Do You Believe in Dreams?” is the other. You'll be hearing from them, I know, because everyone around my stamping grounds thinks they're the greatest.

And Mary Kaye, tops on the top-sided paddies, has her voice and personality all her own. Victor has special plans for her, I'm told. My best to Mary and Norm, and the others, too. But they don't need it—they've already got it.

See you next month!
Bobbi is perfect for this soft, casual “Chantilly” hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give natural-looking curls. Easy . . . No help needed.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the natural look of the curls in this new “Tally-Ho” hair style. No nightly settings needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft curls needed for the delicately sculptured “Diana” hair-do. Bobbi gives you curls exactly where you want them.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Like the casual, spirited look of this “Robin Hood” hair-do? Bobbi does it! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree waves like these.

These hairdos were made with Bobbi . . . the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today’s casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl— you'll love Bobbi.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.
There's more than breakfast cooking for Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, who've just teamed up with CBS.

Red Skelton and his Mrs. seem very pleased about the big contract Red has signed to do a daily radio show.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

Another Godfrey—Kathy—has joined the national TV ranks as a star for ABC-TV.

Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy have been signed to exclusive long-term television and radio contracts by CBS, and the gay husband-and-wife team will soon launch their own radio series. In addition, Peter's contract calls for him to substitute for Arthur Godfrey during Godfrey's occasional absences.

Speaking of Godfrey, his younger sister, Kathy, has landed herself a contract with ABC-TV and is co-starring with John Reed King on On Your Way as her initial show with the network. Kathy is well known in Phoenix, Arizona, where she had local shows of her own, both on radio and TV.

Remember Portia Faces Life, one of the most popular daytime serials in the history of radio? It has been off the air for several seasons now, but there's a strong possibility that it will soon be back, but this time as a television show. CBS has the program pencilled in on their spring schedule, with April 5 as the tentative starting date. At this writing the cast is not set, but it doesn't look as though Lucille Ball, who played Portia on the air for so many years, will resume in the video version.

CBS recently added two new TV daytimers to their Monday-through-Friday line-up: The Secret Storm, starring Haila Stoddard, Peter
New daytime drama—The Story Of Ruby Valentine—features Juanita "Bloody Mary" Hall (center) in the title role, and is heard over the National Negro Network.

COAST TO COAST

Hobbs and Jean Mowry; and Woman With A Past, with Constance Ford and Anne Hegira in the leads.

Still another daytime drama joined the radio ranks late in January on the new National Negro Network. It goes by the name, The Story Of Ruby Valentine, and stars Juanita Hall, who made herself famous as Bloody Mary in "South Pacific." Others in the cast are Sara Lou Harris, Elwood Smith, Viola Dean, Earle Hyman, Lulu B. King, and Wezlynn Tildon—all of whom have had extensive acting experience.

In case anyone is still trying to claim that radio is dead, a recent survey by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. proves otherwise. This radio survey, the first to be taken in television areas, revealed that over 17 million people listen to radio during breakfast hours, while more than 10 million listen in the afternoon and evening. It was also found that, in an average week, 87.8 per cent of adults listen to radio. And, of the remaining 12.2 per cent who do not listen to radio, only 28 per cent said they watched TV instead, while 29 per cent said they were busy doing other things. So the fact remains that radio and the American public are still inseparable companions.

Further proof that (Continued on page 12)
Isn't it WONDERFUL?

像很多半自动洗衣机

NOT $199.95

不像很多普通水槽洗衣机

NOT EVEN $179.95

ONLY $169.95*

for a genuine work-free BENDIX

It washes or rinses, drains, vacuums damp-dry, and shuts itself off ... automatically!

• Does a full-sized 8 lb. wash, with new Super-Agitator cleaning action!
• Floataway-Flushaway draining keeps dirty washwater from straining back through clothes. New flexible Metexaloy Wonder tub is so durable, it's guaranteed in writing for 5 full years! No wringers or spinners—it's safe! Needs no special plumbing, no high water pressure, no wash tubs, no bolting down.
• Let your Bendix Dealer show you the magic way it works! *Model-WDN

Information Booth

Theme Song

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me the name of the song played on Strike It Rich while the helping hand letters are read?
E.B.A., Inman, S. C.

The name of the song is the same as the program, "Strike It Rich." It was written especially for the show by its organist, Bert Berman.

Top Comedienne

Dear Editor:
Would you please give me some information about Martha Raye? I always enjoy her television shows.
T.S., Salem, Ohio

Born Maggie O'Reed in Butte, Montana, Martha Raye joined her parents' vaudeville act when she was three years old. While still in her early teens, she appeared in Earl Carroll's "Vanities" and Lew Brown's "Calling All Stars." Next she landed a movie role opposite Bing Crosby and made herself famous singing "Mr. Paganini" in "Rhythm on the Range." Martha clicked in radio as a regular on the late Al Jolson's show, and appeared with such headliners as Bob Hope, Edgar Bergen and Eddie Cantor. She made her TV debut in London in 1948 while appearing at the Palladium. Americans got their first TV view of her on Milton Berle's show and have since seen her regularly on Berle's show and on NBC-TV's "All Star Revue." Now that she's (Continued on page 10)

Martha Raye
STRETCHES
4 times its size
to insure comfort

WATERPROOF
Guaranteed protection
everywhere

"FRIENDLY" EDGES
Won’t bind or cut
circulation anywhere

NO SEAMS OR STITCHES
Won’t chafe or irritate

NON-ALLERGENIC

KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCALLY ACCEPTABLE"* WITH PLAYTEX BABY PANTS

This Baby-in-Motion Picture shows how PLAYTEX Panties stretch all over to give all-over comfort and all-over protection all the time. Long-lasting. Washable—in seconds! No wonder more mothers buy PLAYTEX than any other make. ©1854 International Latex Corp’n.

No other baby pants have this "Miracle-Stretch." Let your hand prove it.
I dreamed
I went to the opera in my
*maidenform bra©

I'm the darling of the diamond horseshoe, the rage of the dress circle—litting, lyrical, fabulously composed in my Maidenform bra. Lifted so high and loving it, I'm the most spectacular figure in the audience! And listen, the bra-vo's are all for Maidenform and me!

Shown: Maidenform's Etude® in white broadcloth or nylon taffeta; A, B and C cups... from 2.00. Now also available in AA cups for the teen-age figure, 1.75. There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.® Send for free style booklet.

MAIDENFORM, N.Y. 16, N.Y.
Which of these Make-ups is the Most Flattering to You?

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which type becomes you most excitingly? Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don't know how lovely you can look.

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you're not sure—experiment! Wear each of these make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so inexpensive to see "for sure"—so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

CAKE?
Yes, cake—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in "close-ups."

CREAM?
Yes, cream—if you crave the "natural look" or if dry skin is a special problem!

LIQUID?
Yes, liquid—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!

If you're looking for a dramatic make-up, wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" tiny lines and skin blemishes so completely. With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each little imperfection is discreetly hidden. Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this non-drying cake never clogs pores (clinically proved) and never looks heavy or mask-like.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth ... by night, alluring perfection—even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll still like Solitair ... it's different from all others.

If you fear the "made-up look"—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up especially desirable, Magic Touch is ideal for you! This tinted cream is quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness ... covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away.

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with a youthful sheen. Powdered lightly, it gives a lovely mat finish. Rich in Lanolin, soft on your skin, richly protective.

If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you'll find your answer in Sheer Magic! Its dainty color blends your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually gives it the soft look of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, leaving your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet ... baby-soft to the touch! Yet Sheer Magic is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents create this youthful effect. A completely new experience in make-up. Try it and see!

Solitair
CAKE MAKE-UP
7 shades—33¢, 65¢, $1.00

Magic Touch
CREAM MAKE-UP
6 shades—43¢ and $1.00

Sheer Magic
LIQUID MAKE-UP
6 shades—only 79¢

All 3 by Campana ... Creator of Fine Cosmetics
radio's very much alive was Red Skelton's recent signing of a fabulous three-year contract with the Frederic W. Ziv Company to star in a daily half-hour radio show, which will add $1,500,000 to the Skelton pocket—before taxes, of course. The programs will be transcribed and will be sold locally all over the country by Ziv, one of the largest producers of transcribed broadcasts. On this series Skelton will feature the characters he has made popular over the years—Willie Lump Lump, The Mean Widdle Kid, Klem Kiddelehopper, San Fernando Red and Cauliflower McPugg. Red's deal allows him time during the three-year period for television and movie work.

The Chicago Theatre Of The Air, heard Saturday nights on the Mutual Radio network, has three former Broadway musical comedy hits scheduled for this month. On March 13 they'll do "Finian's Rainbow," starring Nancy Carr and David Atkinson; "Connecticut Yankee," with June Browne and Bruce Foote, will be presented March 20; and on the 27th, Nancy Carr and Bruce Foote will headline "One Touch of Venus."

Sometime this month, NBC-TV hopes to finally launch its new Home Show, which is to be a kind of TV magazine for women. It's scheduled to be seen for an hour every morning over the full network. Estelle Parsons is the moderator, Eve Hunter the fashion and beauty editor, Poppy Cannon, the well-known culinary expert, is marked down as the food editor and authoress Emily Kimbrough is to preside as leisure-time editor.

If you've been following Adventure, the highly interesting and educational Sunday afternoon series on CBS-TV, don't miss the April shows. As Number IV in the "Story of Life," they'll present "The Evolution of Man." When awards are given for the best television programs, Adventure, which is produced in association with the American Museum of Natural History, should certainly win a few.

Arlene Dahl, who has been doing the commercial spots on Pepsi-Cola Playhouse the Friday night ABC-TV'er, is being replaced on April 2 by another beautiful doll, Anita Colby. Arlene has become very theatre-minded since her Broadway success playing opposite Jose Ferrer in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and when she finishes her current movie she plans to return to the New York stage.

This 'n' That: Rumors are flying about that Fred Allen may leave television for good at the end of the current season. He is said not to be too happy with his Judge For Yourself show and practically convinced that video is just not for him.

June Valli, the former Hit Parade songstress, and popular Chicago disc jockey Howard Miller became Mr. and Mrs. June plans to continue her career and is still by-passing TV in favor of the supper club circuit.

Quite a story behind James "Jimmy" Mcclain's return to the limelight as Dr. I. Q. on the new television version of the show. Mcclain was one of the original radio Drs. and worked on the program from 1940 until 1946, when he gave it up to go into the ministry and was ordained in the Episcopal Church. He has been living and working in Texas, where his radio show was recognized and running of the Three Cross Ranch, a dairy farm for underprivileged children from broken homes. Recently, when the opportunity arose for Mcclain to return as Dr. I. Q., he received permission from his Bishop to take a year's leave of absence to do the program. And he'll turn the biggest part of his salary over to the Three Cross Ranch.

Elizabeth Montgomery, actress-daughter of Robert Montgomery, and Fred Cam- man, an assistant television director, have set the date for March 27. Elizabeth will continue her career in TV after her marriage.

Another TV romance ended in wedding bells when Estelle Parsons, Dave Garro- way's "Girl Friday" on the Today show, and writer Richard Gehman recently became Mr. and Mrs. They met about a year ago when Gehman was assigned to write a story about the program for Esquire. At that time he described her to his typewriter as "a lovely, scrubbed-faced girl who serves as decoration on the show." Incidentally, Estelle's popularity on Today led to her getting the moder- tor's job on the forthcoming Home Show, which she thinks is about the nicest wedding present NBC could have given her.

Lucile Ball and Desi Arnaz were the "fall guys" at the Circus Saints and Sin- ners Luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York last month, marking the first time in the long and colorful history of this famous club that a woman has been so honored.

Betty Furness, one of television's most popular product salesladies, now has a stand-in. Her sponsor, Westhouse, has signed June Graham as Betty's under- study and stand-in so they'll always have another "ice-box-door-opener" on hand in the event Betty is indisposed.

Dr. Frances Horwich, of NBC's Ding Dong School, was named "Television's Out- standing Woman of 1953" by no less a group than the editors of The Book Of Knowledge.

Cesar Romero is by-passing television for a while and returning to Hollywood and his movie career. Cesar says he has played film roles through the years but he never worked as hard in his life as he did during his TV stint.

Mulling the Mail: Miss M. G., Chicago, Illinois: The reason you haven't seen the Andrews Sisters on TV in the recent past is because the girls have been feuding like mad, complete with law suits. And it looks as if the trio may never make a hit again. Patty going it alone as a solo act and the other two sisters, Maxine and LaVerne, teaming to- gether, possibly with a boy singer. Part of the trouble was financial.

Mr. J. L. W., Flushing, Long Island: Yes, Virginia Hewitt, who plays "Carol" on Space Patrol, is married, but she only rece- nts. "Carol" is a Miss America this year's Miss America. The lucky fellow is California architect Ernest Meers. . . . Mrs. P. K., Baltimore, Maryland: You're right, and your friend is mistaken. "Mary Jane Higby" is the "Joan Davis" on When A Girl Marries and she has played that role since the serial started in 1939. . . . Mrs. G. McK.
Are you in the know?

For a good Spring tonic, try—

☐ Sulphur and molasses
☐ Shreds and patches

Has Spring turned the gang into social sluggards? Get 'em stirring—on a Hobo Hike. Boys to be rigged in old, beat-up togs; girls in jeans 'n' jackets with gay, sewn-on patches. Bring a kettle. Have everyone tote a can of eats, for stew; then use the emptied tins instead of plates. It's fun! And instead of being a mope-at-home on trying days—choose Kotex. See how comfortable you can be with this softness that holds its shape!

Which would improve this duet?

☐ Clothes harmony
☐ A harp
☐ Ear muffs

Vocally, these hopefuls may rate. But to style—sharp eyes, her outfit's off key. What's wrong with that newsworthy print? Nothing—if she'd worn an "unbusy" hat! Follow the single feature plan, costume-wise. Just as in buying Kotex you select the one size that does most for you: Regular, Junior or Super.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue—the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. Don't you think your family deserves this new, finer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If not on hand, have them order it for you.

If you have a question on one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 305 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.
No other way keeps hair so softly in place all day...

And won't dry hair—adds flattering silkiness...

because it contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion

In just one magic moment Helene Curtis spray net gives your hair day-long smoothness. Simply press the button—and this invisible mist keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally. No more straggly wisps nor unruly end curls.


NOW...Costs less:

New Large Size, (4½ oz.) $1.25

Giant Economy Size (11 oz.) $1.89 (plus tax)

Information Booth

(Continued from page 10)

Martin Agronsky

Dave 'n' Charley show. He has played a number of character roles on Dragnet, in addition to his popular role as Dennis Day's eccentric and witty janitor pal.

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some background information on ABC's news commentator, Martin Agronsky? S.B., San Diego, Calif.

Born and raised in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Martin Agronsky received his B.A. degree from Rutgers University in 1936. Always an avid student of foreign affairs, history, government and politics, it was quite natural for him to pursue a career as a foreign correspondent. After serving one year as correspondent for the Palestine Post and the Christian Science Monitor, he joined the International News Service in Paris, then became a Spanish correspondent for the London News Chronicle. Mr. Agronsky first started broadcasting in 1939, when his voice was heard from such trouble areas as Belgrade, Bucharest and Athens. He joined ABC in 1943 as Washington correspondent and has held that position ever since.

For your information—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, Colgate's exclusive anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the best protection against tooth-decay enzymes of any toothpaste!

**ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF**
that brings new hope to millions for

**Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!**

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS APPROVED THIS EVIDENCE . . .

All the facts, published in authoritative dental journals, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES
At work and at home, Alex Dreier is truly a

"Man on the Go"

There's scarcely a nook or cranny in the world that Alex Dreier, NBC's distinguished newscaster, hasn't investigated and reported on. Known to both listeners and friends as the "Man On The Go," Alex knows Europe's capitals as well as his own home town, Chicago, and has more mileage on him than a New York taxicab. For example, a few months ago, he covered 11,000 miles in ten days for a personal look at Europe. Today, he's junketing from his Chicago base to outposts in Minneapolis, Denver, Detroit, Atlanta, Portland and Springfield, Ohio, lecturing and broadcasting, picking up first-hand views of the state of the Union.

Alex speaks at luncheons and industrial forums, visits with people, then streaks back in his sleek, custom-made sports car to the NBC studios in Chicago for his account of the day's events. His fine reporting blends a three-alarm diagnosis of the news with special reports to the people—reports that are spiced with nostalgia, kindliness and good wishes of the day for everyone.

But like most people big or small the world over, to Alex, there's no place like home and nothing more enjoyable than a few moments of leisure—which are particularly precious to such an on-the-go fellow. However, Mr. Dreier's "leisure" usually involves as much hustle and bustle as his work, as these candid pictures of him readily prove.

Back in action in his sleek sports car, the burly, bustling reporter once again fills his role as the "Man on the Go."

At ease, momentarily, Alex reads up on The Nine Bad Shots of Golf—claiming, "I've made enough to fill another book."

Although his wife Joy might have another name for it, cooking is one more Dreier postime. His favorite: baked short ribs.

He enjoys a whirl on his hi-fidelity recorder, but is quick to admit music doesn't relax him—it just spurs him into action.

Alex Dreier, Man On The Go, on NBC Radio, M-F, 7 P.M. EST, for the International Harvester Co.
Modess... because Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering... no gauze... no chafe,
Your hair is romance

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

You know it’s true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that’s bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter ... the essence of romance.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
Once upon a time there lived in Houston, Texas, a good woman named Minnie Cottle. Mother of five, she was widowed when her youngest child, Jo, was only seventeen months old, and was obliged to take in sewing to support her little brood. Through the long years that wide-eyed Baby Jo watched her tired mother bend...
Everything Life should be

(Continued)

**Gale Storm is MY LITTLE MARGIE**

over a sewing machine for hour after hour every day, love—and a nameless something else—filled the little girl's heart. That something else was determination, and one day it found expression in a vow. "When I grow up," Baby Jo said to herself, "I'm going to be somebody important enough so I can take care of Mother and she will never have to work again."

Most children have a thought like that for someone some time, sweet at the moment and quickly forgotten. However, this child kept her promise. She grew up to be Gale Storm and important enough to take care of a baker's dozen of mothers—if she happened to have that many. She always keeps her promises. Behind the piquant face of the girl who is "Little Margie," there lies a rational, intelligent mind that dreams big dreams—but not wild ones—and in her gentle heart there is the kind of courage that makes big dreams come true.

She got her first chance in 1941 through the "Gateway to Hollywood" radio contest, a search for new dramatic talent. (Continued on page 66)

Gale Storm stars in *My Little Margie*, as heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8:30 P.M.—on Mutual, Thurs., 9:30 P.M.—for Philip Morris Cigarettes. *My Little Margie* is seen on NBC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M., for the Scott Paper Co. (All times given are EST: see newspapers for local listings.)

The Bonnell home is cozy but crowded, and Gale's now being "allowed" to do something about it.
to millions, and a wonderful wife and mother to her own four males.

My Little Margie's real-life family: Husband Lee Bonnell, sons Phillip, Paul and Peter, and actress-mama Gale Storm.

Operation Dream House is a big project, and Lee and Gale just love to look at those wonderful sketches and blueprints.
Joey St. George—who thinks nothing's too good for Julie—lends a helping hand.

Julius La Rosa's skyrocket trip to the top hasn't shaken his abiding loyalty to his friends and to his ideals.

High school press conference in Chicago: Julie takes his young fans seriously, hopes to be worthy of their trust.
They love him in Boston, too (above). But Julie’s greatest pride is winning the approval of Papa and Mama La Rosa (below).

By FRANCES KISH

Julius La Rosa and Joey St. George have been pals since kindergarten days. The fact that their first meeting was memorable only because Julie bounced a block off Joey’s head has never marred what turned out to be a beautiful friendship.

“Just a few days after Julie beaned me, I fell down hard, running across the kindergarten floor,” Joey says. “This kid was the first to race over and pick me up, and pat my hand sympathetically. You might even say now that we have known each other for nineteen years from the ground up! Anyhow, that incident (Continued on page 96)

The Julius La Rosa Show is heard on CBS Radio. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at 7:30 P.M. EST.
Joey St. George—who thinks nothing's too good for Julie—lends a helping hand.

Julius La Rosa's skyrocket trip to the top hasn't shaken his abiding loyalty to his friends and to his ideals.

Julie's new world is wonderful!

High school press conference in Chicago: Julie takes his young fans seriously, hopes to be worthy of their trust.

They love him in Boston, too (above). But Julie's greatest pride is winning the approval of Papa and Mama La Rosa (below).

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The Julius La Rosa Show is heard on CBS Radio. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at 7:30 P.M. ET.
Nora faces a great deciding point in her life—and finds that one decision (not her own) can change a woman’s whole world

This is the turning-point in our three lives, thought Nora Drake, the crossroads where each of us must decide in his heart the path to be taken—one by one, or two of us together. And our decisions will affect more than our own lives, our individual happiness... Nora was thinking, of course, of Dr. Robert Seargent, whom she had loved so long, for whom she had waited with all the patience an ardent heart could muster. She was certain that he was going to propose to her that night, despite all the obstacles that had been placed between them. There was, for instance, his former wife, Vivian, with her claims from the past—and, very possibly, for the future, as well. There was Robert’s and Vivian’s impetuous daughter, Grace, who lived with Nora—but might not welcome her as a stepmother. ... And Nora was thinking, too, of Fred Molina, who—in his own way—had loved her for so many years and, just last night, had begged her to marry him. Fred thought she was making a tragic mistake to wait for Dr. Seargent. He had been so sure that no one could love Nora as he did—and, for the moment at least, so completely indifferent about the love he himself had inspired in the wealthy and attractive socialite, Wyn Robinson. As casual and indifferent as he was about the hatred he’d inspired in Wyn’s friend, Lee King, and Dan Welch, kingpin of the sinister Syndicate that ruled the shadowy world in which Fred Molina operated his night club. ... For me, thought Nora, there is only one simple decision to be made, one single answer to be given by my heart. As she gaily set off to meet her Dr. Seargent, there was a light-heartedness in her step, a sparkle in her eyes which flashed an ecstatic affirmative to the world. And there was only dull incomprehension, a sick disbelief, as she heard Dr. Seargent saying slowly but with deep sincerity: “Nora, I’ve always been completely honest with you. And now I must tell you the truth. I saw my former wife last night and—well, Vivian and I decided upon a reconciliation. We’re going to remarry—for Grace’s sake.” ... Dr. Seargent had made his own decision. And what Nora had believed would be the crossroads of her life, with a signpost pointing straight toward a broad and sunny avenue, had suddenly become a nightmare wilderness from which she must flee by any thorny route which promised escape. Yes, more than three lives had been involved—and much, much more than Nora could envision in her present anguish. ... for others were making grim decisions, too. Dr. Seargent had made his, perhaps against the dictates of his own desires. Fred Molina was to make still another, very much against his will. And, behind the scenes, Wyn Robinson and Lee King and Dan Welch were spinning a web to entangle them all ... Nora sought escape from the agony of her own disappointment—but could she ever hope to escape from the future dangers which others had decided upon and planned?

This Is Nora Drake is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, under the alternating sponsorship of The Toni Co. and Bristol-Myers Co. Pictured above at right, in their radio roles, are Joan Tompkins as Nora Drake, Bill Quinn as Fred Molina, Everett Sloane as Lee King, and Santos Ortega as Dan Welch.
Despite Fred's attention, Nora thought only of seeing Dr. Robert Seargent—soon, soon!—while Lee King and Dan Welch kept their own grim thoughts to themselves.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE
Nora faces a great deciding point in her life—and finds that one decision (not her own) can change a woman's whole world.

Torn is the turning-point in our three lives, thought Nora Drake, the crossroads where each of us must decide in his heart the path to be taken—one by one, or two of us together. And our decisions will affect more than our own lives, our individual happiness... Nora was thinking, of course, of Dr. Robert Seargent, whom she had loved so long, for whom she had waited with all the patience an ardent heart could muster. She was certain that he was going to propose to her that night, despite all the obstacles that had been placed between them. There was, for instance, his former wife, Vivian, with her claims from the past—and, very possibly, for the future, as well. There was Roberts and Vivian's impetuous daughter, Grace, who lived with Nora—but might not welcome her as a stepmother... And Nora was thinking, too, of Fred Molina, who—in his own way—had loved her for so many years and, just last night, had begged her to marry him. Fred thought she was making a tragic mistake to wait for Dr. Seargent. He had been so sure that no one could love Nora as he did—and, for the moment at least, so completely indifferent about the love he himself had inspired in the wealthy and attractive socialite, Wyn Robinson. As casual and indifferent as he was about the hatred he'd inspired in Wyn's friend, Lee King, and Dan Welch, kingpin of the sinister Syndicate that ruled the shadowy world in which Fred Molina operated his night club... For me, thought Nora, there is only one simple decision to be made, one single answer to be given by my heart. As she gaily set off to meet her Dr. Seargent, there was a light-heartedness in her step, a sparkle in her eyes which flashed an ecstatic affirmation to the world. And there was only dull incomprehension, a sick disbelief, as she heard Dr. Seargent saying slowly but with deep sincerity: "Nora, I've always been completely honest with you. And now I must tell you the truth. I saw my former wife last night and—well, Vivian and I decided upon a reconciliation. We're going to remarry—for Grace's sake..." Dr. Seargent had made his own decision. And what Nora had believed would be the crossroads of her life, with a signpost pointing straight toward a broad and sunny avenue, had suddenly become a nightmare wilderness from which she must flee by any thorny route which promised escape. Yes, more than three lives had been involved—and much, much more than Nora could envision in her present anguish... for others were making grim decisions, too. Dr. Seargent had made his, perhaps against the dictates of his own desires. Fred Molina was to make still another, very much against his will. And, behind the scenes, Wyn Robinson and Lee King and Dan Welch were spinning a web to enliven them all... Nora sought escape from the agony of her own disappointment—but could she ever hope to escape from the future dangers which others had decided upon and planned?

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Despite Fred's attention, Nora thought only of seeing Dr. Robert Seargent; soon, soon!—while Lee King and Dan Welch kept their own grim thoughts to themselves.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE
Old-fashioned love

Little Laura Billings (left), Debbie, Teddy and Judy Lawrence just love it when Grandma Peggy makes grape jelly!

PEGGY WOOD KNOWS THERE'LL NEVER BE A SUBSTITUTE FOR
THE HAPPINESS AND WARMTH A REAL MAMA BRINGS TO A HOME
Rearing her own son, David, Peggy found herself rebelling against "modern" methods.

By MARIE HALLER

If you were to ask Peggy Wood, star of the CBS-TV program, Mama, what she considers the most fascinating aspect of her life, she will answer without a moment's hesitation, "The fact that I'm of the generation that has witnessed more changes—extraordinary changes—than probably any other generation in history."

Peggy is a member of what she smilingly calls the "turn of the Century generation." She is, in a manner of speaking, of the same generation as her children in Mama. Which, no doubt, is one of the contributing factors to the great success of the program. Its star actually does "remember Mama"... the mode of living... the gramophone... the horse-drawn streetcar... the early automobiles... the San Francisco earthquake. She has (Continued on page 86)

Grandma Peggy and Cousin Debbie Lawrence welcome baby Kathy Billings to "Mama's" ever-growing family.

David grew up with his mother's flair for drama, now directs a little-theatre group in Santa Fe, N. M.

Peggy's glad that her "water babies" know such a sense of security, in or out of the swimming pool.

Peggy Wood is Mama. CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST; sponsored by General Foods (Maxwell House Coffee and Minute Rice).
Tommy, the

No one in the world is a stranger to Tommy Bartlett, whose warm friendliness puts everyone at ease.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

The day was much too treacherous for pleasant flying. A fast-changing mixture of sunshine and cloud, calm and wind, it made Chicagoans voice their usual, "You don't like the weather? Wait twenty minutes."

Tommy Bartlett, ignoring its threat, took off in his private plane. Having regularly flown Asia's dreaded hump while in the Air Transport Command, he refused to worry about a little squall. He had promised friends who were performing in a water show on the lake front that he would take them sightseeing.

With his guests on board, he headed southeast. Marshy Lake Calumet was almost as choppy as big Lake Michigan. A guest's shout halted his aim for altitude. "Look, there's a boat in trouble."

Circling low, Tommy saw what had happened. A fishing party's rowboat had overturned. Four
Above, aviator Bartlett on an errand of mercy—piloting a little blind girl and her parents to Minneapolis for an operation. Below, Jo Hoppe helps Tommy and Bob Cunningham celebrate a Welcome Travelers anniversary.

persons were clinging to it. One was a woman. A landing is good, say the pilots, when you can walk away from it—better, when you can fly away—but Tommy never hesitated. Although his passengers were shaken up when his pontoons hit the rough water, he was able to taxi to the distressed craft and pick up the woman.

An expectant mother, she was nearly spent from cold, fear, exhaustion. Racing for a near-by airport, Tommy radioed the police to have an ambulance ready, then gave the Coast Guard the location of the overturned boat. Unloading quickly, he returned to pick up the woman’s husband. The Coast Guard brought in the other two (Continued on page 80)

Welcome Travelers, heard on NBC Radio, 10 A.M.—seen on NBC-TV, 4 P.M.—both M-F, EST, for Procter & Gamble.
Tommy, the WELCOME TRAVELER

No one in the world is a stranger to Tommy Bartlett, whose warm friendliness puts everyone at ease.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

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Welcome Travelers, heard on NBC Radio, 10 A.M.—seen on NBC-TV, 4 P.M.—both M-F, EST, for Procter & Gamble.
Away from the TV stop watch, Sid has learned what really “ticks”—and finds his own show-of-shows at home

By IRA H. KNASTER

At work: Producer Max Liebman and Sid view a kinescope of the fast-paced results of many days of work on Your Show Of Shows.

At home: Sid views the quieter results of a family hobby—his wife’s painting. Both Florence and their daughter, Michele, are studying art.

The old saw about one man’s loss being another man’s gain never had greater proof than the gay saga of Your Show Of Shows’ “lost weekend.” Many were the moans when Max Liebman’s great Saturday-night extravaganza bowed in for the current season. Sure, the Caesar-Coca antics were as hilarious and off-beat as ever, the settings were as lush, the music and dancing unbeatable. Just naturally, this was still the biggest hour-and-a-half of solid entertainment (Continued on page 74)

Your Show Of Shows, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, is seen on NBC-TV, under participating sponsorship, at 9 P.M. EST, three Saturdays out of every four. (The Martha Raye Show is seen in this time spot every fourth Saturday.)
TIME FOR HAPPINESS

That extra weekend means Sid can share time and attention with his son, Richard, as well as Michele and Florence.
At work: Producer Max Liebman and Sid view a kinescope of the fast-paced results of many days of work on Your Show Of Shows.

Away from the TV stop watch, Sid has learned what really "ticks"—and finds his own show-of-shows at home.

By Ira H. Knaster

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That extra weekend means Sid can share time and attention with his son, Richard, as well as Michele and Florence.
Helen Emerson bravely faces life as a widow, resolved to keep her children on the paths of goodness.

HELEN EMERSON is one of the truly valiant ladies of our day. You'll never read her name in the newspapers, she's never been called upon to launch a ship because her presence would draw a crowd—she's simply a woman, like millions of other women, who is called upon daily to guide her children into solid adulthood, keep a home going, earn enough money for her family to live comfortably. . . . A few months ago, her husband, Frank Emerson, had died of a heart attack in a hotel room, far from their home in the small town of Middlebury. His passing left Helen bewildered and beset by many problems. However, she knew, as every Valiant Lady must know, that she had to draw on the forces within her to make life happy for herself and, more importantly, for her children. . . . Financially, Helen and her three children found themselves in precarious straits. Helen tried to conceal her worry from the children, but her two eldest—Mickey and Diane—insisted on discussing the situation and decided they both must go to work, even though it meant giving up old dreams. Mickey gave up college, and all thoughts of an engineering career, to accept a baseball contract with an $8,500 bonus—which Mickey hoped would help the family situation. Diane, however, was completely confused. Lost without her father, trying to help and not be a burden, she started to drift away from family ties. Her new pseudo-independence puzzled and frightened Helen. . . . But it was little Kim, the youngest Emerson, who presented the greatest psychological problem. Apparently recovered from the shock of her father's death, Kim had, in reality, created a fantasy world of her own behind the closed doors of her room, in which Frank Emerson still lived, talked and played with her—a world from which Helen must guide Kim.
invention bring security to young Diane, Mickey and Kim? Bill Fraser is doing his best to help the widowed Helen's plans.

back to an acceptance of everyday life... With quiet courage, Helen is also going about the task of trying to earn enough money to keep her family afloat, and is undergoing the ego-shattering experiences of any untrained widow in the world of business. While he was alive, Frank Emerson had pattered with a hundred small inventions. One such is an automatic lock-washer, which he believed good enough to be marketed successfully... Helen's own efforts to turn the lock-washer patent into Emerson family income have found her pitting her deep faith in Frank against the reasoned, sober judgment of her closest friends. Only Bill Fraser has stood by Helen's convictions, in the face of unanimous opposition. At first, Bill had gone along with Helen merely for the sake of her feelings, without any real hope of success, but later he seemed to believe in the possibilities of the patent with real determination... Financial worries and emotional problems, which at times seem insurmountable, confront Helen on every side. And perhaps most dangerous to her happiness is the one problem which confronts every woman in such a situation: Her own normal yearning for someone to love her, someone to love. In the months ahead, will Helen find that someone? Find a man strong enough to win her—and strong enough, emotionally, to accept her family as well?

*Valiant Lady,* starring Nancy Coleman, is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by General Mills, Inc., and Prom Cosmetics. Pictured above, left to right, in the same roles in which they are seen on TV, are Delores Sutton as Diane Emerson, James Kirkwood, Jr. as Mickey Emerson, Nancy Coleman as Helen Emerson, Marc Cramer as the family friend, Bill Fraser, and Lydia Reed as little Kim Emerson.
Helen Emerson bravely faces life as a widow, resolved to keep her children on the paths of goodness.

Valiant Lady

Will their late father invention bring security to young Diane, Mickey and Kim? Bill Fraser is doing his best to help the widowed Helen's plans.

Valiant Lady, starring Nancy Coleman, is seen on CBS-TV, M.F., 12 noon EST, as sponsored by General Mills, Inc., and First Casualties. Picture above, left to right, in the same order in which they are seen on TV, are Delores Sutton as Diane Emerson, James Kirkwood, Jr. as Mickey Emerson, Nancy Coleman as Helen Emerson, Marc Cramer as the family friend, Bill Fraser, and Lydia Reed as little Kim Emerson.

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Crown Princess of the Little Godfreys

Lu Ann Simms is "royalty"—American style—part glamour girl, part tomboy, and all aglow with dreams come true

By MARTIN COHEN

This is for kids from seven to seventy who've stopped believing in Easter bunnies, knights in super-charged Jaguars, and fairy princesses—especially the latter. If you want to get your faith back—and why not?—tune in the royal Godfrey family. There you'll find a princess who is the real McCoy: She is a lovely young lady with a soft smile, sparkling hazel eyes and light brown hair that ripples over her shoulders. This is Lu Ann Simms, soft-spoken, gentle and romantic. (Continued on page 72)


Her earliest ambition, however, was to play baseball for the Yankees. In fact, she enjoys all active sports.
a BABY for SUSAN

Kathy Grant may be lost and lonely, in The Guiding Light, but Susan Douglas has her handsome husband—and the fulfillment of a dream

By GREGORY MERWIN

It was odd about Susan Douglas, during those first wondering, wonder-filled weeks. Always blonde, always beautiful, Susan is not quite five feet one, normally tilts the scales at 94. During those first four months, she gained just five pounds. There was nothing to show the world that she was pregnant. Nothing but the radiance in Susan’s eyes, that special look when she spoke of her handsome husband, Jan Rubes.

As for Jan himself, he’s always towered almost fourteen inches above pert little Susan—and his weight didn’t vary an ounce, of course—but his chest expanded visibly with pride. In fact, when Susan said dreamily, “It might be better to keep it quiet for a while, since I’m acting,” Jan laughed his answer: “You can keep it quiet—I’m about to burst!”

Naturally, there were adjustments to be made and solutions to be found for the special problems which face all talented young couples whose careers are just beginning to soar. Susan is a successful actress, with a background which includes Broadway and Hollywood, as well as radio and TV. And (Continued on page 62)

Susan is Kathy in The Guiding Light, on CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M. EST—on CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—M-F, for Procter & Gamble Co.

Suzie’s always had a wonderful way with neighbors’ children, such as little Alan Hirschfeld (left). Now she and Jan Rubes (right) are ecstatically expecting one of their own!
Ralph Locke's "snug harbor" shelters a man who's seen much of the world—and loved it all.

when Life is Beautiful

Birds—indoors and out—know Papa David's loving kindness.

Papa David's accomplishments in real life are as great as any ever created in fiction

By MARY TEMPLE

Crossing over to a small island in Long Island Sound, overlooking Eastchester Bay, you guide your car along the main street of the little seaside village and turn down a road which ends at a white house with blue trim, built near the water's edge. A homely sort of house, with one of the most magnificent views to be seen around New York... far across the wide bay is the Whitestone Bridge, stretching from the near end of Long Island to the Bronx. Everywhere the eye follows a gently curved shore line. Everywhere is the restless, ever-moving water, glimpsed from the windows of the house...
making the big side porch a cool outdoor dining spot in summer, making the garden a lovely place to sit in as the sun disappears over the horizon.

Early in the morning, the man of the house works on his boat or fusses with his rose trellises, his fig tree or his flowers. A tall, athletic-looking fellow —gray-haired, balding underneath the yachtsman's cap. Dressed in slacks or fishing pants, a bright sweater or shirt, and maybe a jaunty scarf. He is Papa David of Life Can Be Beautiful, known to his friends and neighbors as Ralph Locke, and more familiarly to all the kids in the vicinity as just plain Ralph. ("Hi, Ralph, can you come out and play?" they yell, or "Ralph, can I come over and watch you paint your chairs?" And he calls back, "Come ahead." Hurrying indoors, he raids his store of lollipops, or of ice cream pops kept ready in the freezer for all such occasions.)

Locke originated the character of Papa David on radio fifteen years ago and has been playing him ever since. In many ways he is like Papa David, and in many ways Papa is like Ralph. They share the same philosophy about people and living, and some of the same background of culture that comes from knowing life in other countries as well as in their own.

"I think of Papa David as a kindly, philosophic man who is well educated in his own language but of course retains his foreign accent when he speaks his adopted language of English," Ralph says. (He himself speaks a perfect, cultivated English but has an ear for accents and dialects (Continued on page 87)
Far horizons: On his own beach—or on his own porch—Ralph Locke gazes seaward with the serene faith which is so much a part of Papa David.
when life is beautiful

(Continued)

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LINKLETTER is FUNNIER THAN PEOPLE

Take it from me—his Girl Friday—working for Art is “play with pay”

By GENE ALLEN

When I’m asked what my life as Art Linkletter’s Girl Friday is like, I always think of our trip to Amana, Iowa.

I’d been working with Art on his People Are Funny staff for nearly five years and I thought I knew my boss pretty well. But it took that whirlwind day in Iowa for me to realize what a boundless source of energy he really is!

We had arranged to put on our People Are Funny show from Amana (sponsors of our summer season), Iowa. I flew in on Friday, the day before the show. Art came in at ten the next morning and went straight to the theatre. He hardly stopped performing for the next twenty-four hours!

The wonderful thing about it was that he didn’t have to make all the appearances—every other one was a benefit! When he arrived at the (Continued on page 84)

Opposite page: Art’s a great family man—and what a great family he has! That’s Lois, his wife, beside him; Jack and Robert and Dawn, standing; Diane and Sharon, in front.

Above—and upper left: He’s a grand boss, too, whether we’re working on scripts or planning new stunts for the contestants on People Are Funny.
Two for the Money

What's in a name—a program name? Herb Shriner can't help wondering, since he and Pixie have been blessed with—twins!

By GLADYS HALL

The place was a room in New York's Doctors' Hospital, the waiting room for expectant fathers. The time was the wee, small hours of the morning of December 6. The expectant father standing alone in the eerie half-light of a wintry dawn, his back to the door, his eyes riveted on the silvery ribbon of the East River, was Herb Shriner.

How long, he wondered, had he been standing there? Not that he was overly worried about, or afraid for, Pixie. Why, that very day she'd been shopping, walking around, getting home just about in time to take off again—for the hospital. She's rugged, Herb was assuring himself. First met her, I had a motorcycle which she used to ride with me, drive out to Bayshore and around. The way she's taken up sailing with me, studied navigation so she can learn to pilot a boat. She'll take up flying with me, too, when we get around to it. Pretty much of a pioneer, (Continued on page 90)

Herb Shriner is quizmaster-host of Two For The Money, as simulcast over CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Sat., 9 P.M. EST; sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.

Ten-day-old debut: Tiny Kin (left, named for Hoosier humorist Kin Hubbard) and his brother (not named yet!) greet the world from Pixie's arms.
Jerry and Patti were ready to open their hearts to another baby, when fate stepped in

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Open to Sunshine, Friends, Guests
And God—"

This is the warm inscription on the door of Jerry and Patti Lewis's rambling red brick home. And today the door was open wider than ever. Open and waiting. The way a house can wait. The way you can feel it waiting—to welcome somebody home.

It waited now, as all within anxiously waited, with open arms to welcome the baby daughter who, God willing, would soon be moving in. In her honor, even time seemed to stand almost still. Attuned to the delicate heartbeat of a tiny girl in an incubator in a hospital somewhere across the city, fighting for her future now.

The “orchid room,” her own royal mauve-toned quarters, had been prepared. A cherry-wood crib lavishly canopied in white organdy waited for the little princess who would soon be sleepily reigning there.

“It’s so elegant,” Patti would sigh, lovingly fingering the canopy yet again, as she and Jerry made their nightly tour. The French Provincial crib had been Patti’s idea, and an expensive one. “But by the time we get a bassinet—and she grows up and has to have a crib—we may as well get this,” she’d said. Besides, nothing could be too elegant for their little baby girl. For (Continued on page 70)
Dean counts his blessings: Jeanne, his lovely wife; Dino, their older son; and "Ricci," the newest Martin.
grows fonder

Dean's brief separation from Jeanne and their home taught him how much he loves and needs them.

Today, they rejoice in the secret which Jeanne once kept, so proudly, so pathetically, to herself.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are frequently starred on Colgate Comedy Hour, which is seen over NBC-TV, Sunday, 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Co.

Together again—and, as Dean sums it up simply, "We both understand each other a lot better now."

Today, the Dean Martins are in very close harmony. All you have to do is look at them and you know—that's "amore."

Come six o'clock every evening, this very happy baritone parks his Jaguar and walks with a singing heart into his home. A palatial French Colonial home. His pretty blonde wife, Jeanne, welcomes him with a kiss. Dino, Jr. runs to meet him and usually insists on playing straight man.

"Go in car?" he says, wanting to go for a ride. "Go in car?" he repeats.

"Old joke, son," his dad says, swinging him to his shoulders. "Who's writing your material?"

Together they all go upstairs to baby Ricci's blue-satin kingdom to pay homage.

It's a scene familiar to many other households, with varying backgrounds. The family breadwinner, home from the day's job. But to barber's son Dino Crocetti, of Steubenville, Ohio—former prizefighter and crooning croupier, who scrounged and sang his way into the spotlight—it's (Continued on page 77)
I never saw a "Queen"—prospective (as above) or fully crowned (left)—who didn't have a most important quality.

Hard to keep my dignity as Honorary Mayor of Hollywood—with Ben Alexander, Jack Haley and Jack Smith around!

Daily, "eight to ten million" women ask me how they can become Queen For A Day. I always tell them, "Sincerity." I never met a Queen who didn't have it. It's a word that you can build your life around.

I've got a small-word vocabulary and a meat-and-potatoes philosophy—but I try to make it sincere. Though I'm no authority, I know what an important part of life a philosophy is. Being an Iowa boy from way back, I've got one that I call my "3-H way of life": Honesty, Humility, and Humor.

Though I was too young to realize it, I learned one of the most important lessons in my life from Old Man Clauson, the school janitor. It began back in Hampton, Iowa, when I was eleven years old. It was eight o'clock at night and I was uptown—against my mother's orders, I'm sure.

As a kid, I was always crazy about music. As I was walking down the street I heard this great band practicing in the back of the firehouse. I couldn't resist. The music pulled me down the alley like the notes from the Pied Piper's flute. I stood there with my jaws slack and my nose pressed against the glass, drinking in those heavenly sounds.

Old Man Clauson pushed his (Continued on page 83)
WHAT I BELIEVE

By

JACK BAILEY

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Old Man Clauson pushed his (Continued on page 83)

Jack Bailey is emcee of Queen For A Day, as heard over Mutual M.F. at 11:30 A.M. EST; sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.

king or queen for a day—every day—if you follow my philosophy of Honesty, Humility, Humor
I. Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry, welcome Ivor Thornton, who has come from England with his mother—Lord Henry’s Aunt Sarah—to arrange for his forthcoming marriage to American socialite Julie Draper.
Throughout her marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope, Sunday has come face to face many times with danger, deceit and misfortune. But, together, she and Lord Henry have weathered each storm and have landed safely—and all the wiser—on a firmer foundation of mutual faith, love and devotion. Even so, when Lord Henry's aunt, Mrs. Sarah Thornton, arrived in Fairbrooke from England with her son Ivor, Sunday had no way of suspecting that the black clouds of trouble were again gathering on the horizon of her life. For, although Mrs. Thornton had once been a threat to Sunday's marriage—refusing to accept her as a member of the family because of her "inferior" background—that was all in the past. Then, too—unknown to Sunday—Mrs. Thornton and Ivor had come to this country with much more important matters on their minds—namely, to further plans for Ivor's marriage to Julie Draper, a very attractive girl he had met in
Paris the previous fall, who came from an aristocratic and presumably wealthy Philadelphia family. Mrs. Thornton had promoted the engagement because—unknown to Julie and her father, Edward Draper—the Thorntons had lost everything in the last war, and Ivor was planning to wed Julie only for financial reasons. But, ironically, what Mrs. Thornton and Ivor didn’t know was that Edward Draper had also lost all his money in a stock deal and was encouraging Julie’s marriage to Ivor to save himself from financial disaster. . . . Meanwhile, during a friendly visit with Emma Larkin, Sunday had witnessed a strange incident: Emma’s daughter, Doris, a young dancer in a New York night club, had returned unexpectedly to her mother’s home, only to receive a cold and bitter reception from Emma. Sunday was shocked and bewildered by Emma’s strange manner, for she knew nothing about what had happened six years ago, when Doris had met a young British officer—Ivor Thornton—while entertaining at an Army base in Canada. Doris and Ivor had fallen in love and been secretly married. But Doris, realizing Ivor was ashamed of her, had
4. Sunday encourages Ivor and Julie to see each other in her home, certain that—as they get better acquainted—they will refuse to go through with a loveless marriage.

5. Julie overhears Lord Henry and Sunday discussing the Thorntons' financial situation—and, for the first time, realizes that she and Ivor are both marrying for money.
divorced him, never revealing to him that she was going to have his child. Doris still loved Ivor and didn't want to cause any trouble and so, when her son Tommy had been born, she had refused to reveal his father's name—even to her own mother. Ever since then, Emma had been angry and suspicious of her daughter. When Doris placed Tommy in a nursery school and returned home, claiming she needed a rest, Emma's bitterness returned, too, in full force. Actually, Doris's real reason for coming back to Fairbrooke was to get one last fond look at Ivor before he married Julie Draper—for, in spite of the trouble he'd caused her, Doris had never stopped loving him. . . .

Back at Black Swan Hall, Sunday and Lord Henry learned the real reason why Ivor was marrying Julie and they were shocked and horrified. Unable to hide his anger, Henry ordered the Thorntons to leave. But, in the argument that ensued, Mrs. Thornton fainted, which caused Lord Henry to weaken and let them stay. After soothing Mrs. Thornton, Sunday, alone with Lord Henry, confided her feeling that the more they opposed Ivor in his plan to marry Julie, the more determined he would be to go through with the wedding. Therefore, she and Henry agreed to invite the Drapers to the Hall, in the hope that further contact with Julie would make Ivor realize the folly of marrying a girl he did not love. . .

6. Doris has maintained silence about Ivor's previous marriage, still resists when Ted Winters, a crooked agent, tries to use the story for blackmail purposes.

7. But the tragic story comes to light at last, when Sunday and Lord Henry find Doris's body in their own summerhouse. The dancer has obviously been murdered!
After Julie and her father arrived in Fairbrooke, Mrs. Thornton began hastening the plans for an early wedding, while Ivor—having learned Doris Larkin was in town, and realizing she could destroy everything for him—began increasingly panicky and distraught. As crisis upon crisis unfolded, Sunday found herself being drawn deeper and deeper into a web of suspicion and accusation. In her desperate efforts to help Ivor and Julie avoid a marriage neither of them wanted, she began to get the mistaken impression that Ivor—because of his strange actions—was falling in love with Doris Larkin! And, for this, Mrs. Thornton vehemently and shamefully accused Sunday of trying to win Ivor away from Julie and over to Doris. Another lightning bolt of disaster struck when Ted Winters, a cheap publicity agent, arrived from New York to stir up trouble for Doris. Having discovered her secret—her marriage to a socially prominent Englishman, the birth of his child—he wanted to use it for publicity purposes. When Doris angrily refused to be a part of such a deceitful plan, Winters decided to blackmail the Thorntons for his own benefit. And Sunday, like a pawn in battle, was innocently trapped in the midst of everyone’s unscrupulous schemes. Then, just a few days before the wedding, the greatest shock of all came to Sunday when she discovered Doris Larkin—stabbed to death in the summerhouse of Black Swan Hall. Standing helplessly by, she had to watch the whole tragic story erupt in the newspapers—and worse, see Ivor arrested as the suspect for Doris’s murder. For now that the true facts had been revealed, Ivor seemed the logical killer—his motive being to remove Doris because she was an immediate threat to his marriage to Julie. But Sunday, who had borne the brunt of everyone’s accusations and suffered unjustly throughout, is the one person who rises to Ivor’s defense. Even though Lord Henry himself is convinced of Ivor’s guilt, Sunday remains steadfast in her defense of his innocence. But what force can she, a mere woman, bring to bear against all her stronger, more conniving foes? Will all her good intentions and hard-earned wisdom be of no avail, or will she—somehow—find the way to stem the tide of tragedy, despair and evil and out of it bring some measure of justice, hope—and love?
You
SHOWED ME THE WAY

Gene Autry breathes a prayer of thanks
for the faith, encouragement—and criticism—
which have made him the star he is today

By ALICE FRANCIS

Piloting his own plane—or riding Champion—Gene goes
right to children’s hearts, often does special shows for the ill.

Gene Autry is a fellow who believes in giving credit
where credit is due. It’s in his own Cowboy Code—his
ten points governing the behavior of any good
cowboy. Point 3 of the Code reads: “A cowboy always
tells the truth.”

“So I have to confess that a lot of the credit for the good
things that have happened to me is due you, my fans,”
Gene readily admits. “All along the way, you have shown
me what you wanted me to do and have helped me do
it. It was you who led me into (Continued on page 68)

Gene Autry, heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6 P.M. EST—seen on
CBS-TV, Tues., 8 P.M. EST—for Wrigley’s Doublemint Chewing Gum.
What's my Father's Line?

John Daly's 13-year-old son holds the mirror up to Dad—and

Charles likes airplanes and cars—but found Pops' questions about "combustion engines" embarrassing.
the result is definitely a surprise ending!

By CHARLES DALY

Jeepers, is this my lucky day! I got home from school this afternoon (I go to Harrison High), and Mother told me that the editors of Radio-TV Mirror had called up and asked if I would do them a piece about Pops. Pops is John Daly, you know, the news commentator and moderator on What's My Line? Well, I told Mother I'd think it over. Then I decided that it wasn't every thirteen-year-old kid who had a chance to tell everybody what he thought of his dad, so I'd better grab it while I had it.

I don't know as I have ever sat down and thought about Pops before. Not for the public—if you know what I mean. It's hard for me to think of Dad as a celebrity. 'Cause around home he's just an average guy. Likes things done just so and keeps at me about my grades in school and all that kind of stuff. But I guess he's a big shot all right. I want to (Continued on page 75)
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By CHARLES DALY

Jeepers, is this my lucky day! I got home from school this afternoon (I go to Harrison High), and Mother told me that the editors of Radio-TV Mirror had called up and asked if I would do a piece about Pops. Pops is John Daly, you know, the news commentator and moderator on What's My Line? Well, I told Mother I'd think it over. Then I decided that it wasn't every thirteen-year-old kid who had a chance to tell everybody what he thought of his dad, so I better grab it while I had it.

I don't know as I have ever sat down and thought about Pops before. Not for the public—if you know what I mean. It's hard for me to think of Dad as a celebrity. 'Cause around home he's just an average guy. Likes things done just so and keeps at me about my grades in school and all that kind of stuff. But I guess he's a big shot, all right. I want to (Continued on page 75)

Charles likes airplanes and cars—but found Pops' questions about "combustion engines" embarrassing.
A Baby for Susan

"But I have it all day," Susan insisted. "It's a virus."
"You're pregnant," Susan went to her doctor.
"Virus?"
The doctor shook his head. "You're going to have a baby."
Jan was a very happy man that evening. He wanted to celebrate and take Susan out to dinner, but "You're pregnant" was her only answer. He had a toast with orange juice, then phoned Susan's mother, who lives in Honesdale, Pennsylvania. She was ecstatic. She wanted to come right out to New York.
"Later," Susan said. "There'll be plenty of time to help."
Jan wrote his mother overseas and she wrote back that she must now eat enough for two.
"Ha! She should only know," Susan says. "I'm always hungry. An hour after dinner, I'm ready for a sandwich. At the studio, they all take their cookies and sandwiches over to a corner where I can't beg a bite."
But when it came to telling people outside the immediate family, Susan hesitated. That was when her mind kept it quiet, but he was about to burst.
They agreed that Jan would "burst" in Canada, but they would hold the news until after the movie, a faking of notes.
They worked too much for Susan and she told her friends on The Guiding Light. Nearly all of them have children of their own and they were delighted.
"Oh, they've been so good," Susan says. "Much too good."
They worry about her standing too long or sleeping too much, while the advice flows like water. One tells her, "You must be very careful." Another advises, "Do anything you want and eat anything you want."
Jan and Susan make no bones of their hope that the first-born will be a boy.
"I want a boy, boy, boy, in that order," Susan says. "That means the girl will have to sit around. I'm bleak. Everyone wants at least one boy and, if you get that out of the way with the first, then you are psychologically free."
But they can't get together on names.
"If I have a girl," Jan says, "how about Jeanette?"
Susan wrinkles her nose. "No. But, if it's a boy, how about Christopher?"
"As a musician I must say no," Jan answers. "Christopher Rubes doesn't sound right. Too many 's.'"
Their neighbors and friends, the Jack Palancees, hope that they will have a girl: "We have two girls and we don't want you to have a boy before we do."
A letter came from Laraine Day, Leo Durocher's wife. "I hope it's a boy and he's handsome." So, suddenly, Jan and Susan find themselves in a discussion as to what their first child, boy or girl, as yet unborn, will grow up to be.
"Definitely not an actor or singer," Susan says. "He's going to be a doctor so he can live in Denver if he likes."
"Denver?" Jan says. "Definitely not."
"Denver is in the mountains and has nice people and good cultural interests," Susan says, "and I can't live there. If a boy's a doctor, he can live anywhere. If he's a boy, the mother wants to live in New York."
Susan feels that children should be raised in the country, preferably on a farm. When they first talked about children, they talked about moving from their Manhattan apartment.

But we've changed our minds," Susan says, and explains, "I began to realize it would mean a lot of time wasted commuting into the city—time that I would otherwise be able to spend with our child."
They have moved into a two-bedroom apartment in the same building, to be made available a couple of months before the baby is due. For that reason, they have put off getting furniture, waiting for the start of fall.
"Actually, we hope to make a lot of things ourselves," Susan says. "I couldn't darn a sock—but now I'm going to sewing classes."
She plans to make dresses for the baby's room and then try more complicated things. Jan, whose talent with tools has already produced bookcases and a phonograph, ought to build an old-fashioned crib with rockers.
Being pregnant hasn't changed Susan's life much. And this, at times, has disturbed Jan.
"Suzie is a powerhouse. It's nothing for her to do two shows during the day, come home and make dinner and make a party for six and then go on to a theatre with them. Now, I think it's important that she doesn't overdo it."
Susan loves to tell how sweet Jan was in those first two months, when she was unconscious. He had a lot of doubts, like preparing simple dishes for breakfast and dinner.
"Jan is as wonderful as his potato pancakes," she says. "He has the best disposition. He is always cheerful. He sees good in everyone and everything. He can go out in the worst kind of weather and come back smiling."
"Suzie," Jan says, "I agree that they are cut of different cloth. Jan has patience and is easygoing. Susan is a woman of tremendous drive and will power. So they hope the baby will have a bit of both their personalities. And they are grateful that the baby will be born an American citizen. Both know what it is like to be a 'man without a country.'"
"I had to wait five years to become a citizen," Susan says. "Jan must wait three. And the baby doesn't wait at all!"
"He'll be a citizen before I am," Jan notes.

Susan has no intention of giving up her career. She will likely take a leave of absence from "The Guiding Light" sometime in April, and be back on the air in July. "You see," she says, "I don't think women can only think of four half-days a week," she says. "It is easy for an actress to combine a career with family responsibilities, once her babies are born. And if I should get another Broadway part, there, too, I would be working at night and still have my days free."

Geographically speaking, Susan still doesn't have Jan all of the time. Last summer, he made his debut in New York and got wonderful reviews from music critics. But he has built a tremendous following in Canada and continues to do his week on the show there. In addition, he is under contract to do a number of operas and he is recording for Decca.

"We had two beautiful lives," Susan says. "It is almost as if I'd had many different lives. As a child in Europe, my family was wealthy and I was spoiled. Then there was the war and being uprooted. Now we've started all over again in the States, and I have been very lucky. With the baby, it will be the beginning of another kind of life."
"And even better one," Jan concludes.

(Continued from page 36)
New York...nice town to visit...

wonderful place to live, especially since

WOR-TV 9

has established the world's highest TV studios

atop the Empire State Building...
NOW...

superb new equipment for production, staging, transmission...

83 floors above Fifth Avenue... where great new concepts in TV programming are providing exciting entertainment for more than 14,000,000 viewers in over 4,000,000 homes...

through all of 13,300 square miles in and around the nation's biggest city
Programwise: WOR-TV serves Greater New York with a greater-than-ever lineup of top shows.

Powerwise: WOR-TV puts super-power to work in brilliant sound-pictures for a super-city.
Everything Life Should Be

(Continued from page 26)

In Houston the judges examined the sectional contestants, didn't think very highly of her chances, Gale recalls. "Every time there was another elimination round, there I was. When there was another contest, I'd enter, with enthusiasm and say, 'Well, all right. You stick around for the next one.'" Telling her to stick around got to be such a habit that, when there was only one left to eliminate, she was the contest's Southwest winner.

Little Miss Cottle was a fresh sixteen years old when, under the fond and watchful eye of her Beta Theta Pi mom, she headed for Hollywood to compete against the other sectional winners.

Baby Jo had barely met those other contestants when she started to feel particularly attractive. Twenty-year-old named Lee Bonnell to her mother. "That's the boy I'm going to marry," she confided to her mother.

"Ha!" said Minnie Cottle in some amusement. Ha, indeed. When the sound and the fury had passed, the national winners of the "Gateway to Hollywood" contest were announced. Two of them were, incidentally, married in September of that year.

"I really set my cap for that boy!" Lee's petite wife admits with gleeful excitement. She explained that when she'd first arrived in Hollywood she had been overwhelmed by the sophistication of the older men before her, but then I figured that whatever had worked with my school beau had to work on him too, and I did!"

As far as Lee—her biggest prize—Baby Jo got something else in winning the contest; the brand-new name of Gale Storm. She didn't have to think twice about accepting the name; her harivar, been overly fond of Josephine Owaissa... Josephine Bluebird, as the Indians would correctly have called her. Minnie Cottle had given another daughter, Lois, the honor of naming little baby sister, and that was what had come out.

"I really owe Lois a lot," Gale says wryly, "for Josephine Owaissa Cottle!"

The most exciting part was supposed to be the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—contest had its ups and downs for Gale and Lee. "I either had a walk-on in a big part, or a walk-off," Lee explains, "or a big, wonderful part in a picture that nobody ever saw." She was still portraying little ingenues after the birth of their first, Philip—but, after. Lee and Gale, the boys have looked at both sides of the issue and arrived at the right answer by themselves.

The boys are proud of their mother, as are all of the kids in the Sherman Oaks area (of which Gale is honorary mayor), but the fact that she is a television and radio star has not made them precious. In fact, Phillip is the only one who has never been bitten by the acting bug. He approached Gale one day with a sparkle in his eye and the unself-conscious suggestion that she get him a part in My Little Marge.

"Nothing doing," answered his ma. "I'll tell you what I will do, though. I'll introduce you to the person in charge of the show—but you'll have to sell yourself to him!"

The meeting was arranged, young Phillip talked earnestly and without any support from his on-screen mother. He sold himself. There was nothing for him in the TV series, but it just happened that in one of the radio sequels there was a role for a boy of about Pike's age—another Marge. Phillip carried it off without a fluff, and he couldn't wait to get his hands on the check that represented his earnings as an actor. One check. He was in active vamished. The check is still uncashed, and Phillip is once more occupied with the things that absorb any other eleven-year-old.

Gale is the girl who finds more time for doing things every day than the face of the clock indicates. "How does she do it?" ask other harassed performers. There is the TV show, the radio show to be taped, the countless public appearances and benefits, her church work and her family, which remains first and foremost. She has found the secret to her success in good health and energy, for instance, to work all day at the studio, filming sequences of her show, and still give a two-hour performance on stage every evening for the benefit of her audience of children—as she was doing at this writing.

The secret lies in Gale's personal five-point plan for living. She believes that everyone needs some need of the five basic kinds of health: spiritual, physical, mental, financial, and social—in that order.

She arises at a quarter of six in the morning with the need of an unhurried period of meditation, of communing with God. The first thing she does when she arrives home in the afternoon is to spend a little time alone in her bedroom, again in meditation. Somehow, she has never failed to emerge renewed and revitalized for Lee and the boys. The Bonnells are church-goers; their sons attend Sunday school. Gale has taught a class for something like six years. Giving it up was a wrench, but she felt that it must be done because of her lack of preparation, because she wanted to teach her children. A spiritual phase is far the most important in Gale's plan because, she is convinced, you can achieve none of the others without having the spiritual base. Therefore, she starts her day with simple and not too strenuous exercises. Then she prepares a whopping big breakfast for Lee and herself. This girl, said one of her friends, "has the appetite of a longshoreman. She can and does eat anything—and she never gains an ounce!" So she eats well, does exercises such as swimming and cleans and sleeps the untroubled. Little wonder that she is blessed with boundless energy.

Gale believes that "a sound mind in a sound body is of the utmost importance, and somehow she finds time to keep her mind young and vigorous. She reads not only those books which she already knows will interest her, but tomes on biology or semantics or Chinese art or anything else that stimulates the process of thought. And she proves the success of the formula by playing the role of Philip Marge's mother. Though her own sons are eleven, seven and six respectively, she doesn't look a day over the age of "Little Marge."

"I quite often have an untroubled mind while oppressed by financial problems, so material security takes its place in Gale's plan of life. The Bonnells are used to living on Lee's earning power, and it continues to be so in these banzai days for his wife. He is Gale's business manager—and a strict one. It isn't until he has everything countersigned to him that money earns she is indeed going into a family project—the Bonnells are poring over blueprints for a lovely new home in Royal Oaks, since their present one is so small—but, once it
is built, the family resumes living on its normal scale: the earning capacity of one Lee Bonnell.

Gale sincerely loves her work, but she has no conception of how much she makes or where it goes. "I'd rather lose money on something I wanted to do than get paid for doing something I disliked," she recently turned down a second radio show. First, because it would have cut into what is facetiously known as her "one free week every month"—which she devotes to interviews, pictures, personal appearances and other such free activities. But, mostly, she turned it down because she didn't like it in the sense that she liked the show which has made her a star.

"She knows instinctively what is right for her," says her agent, Charles Pomerantz. "The critics really blistered the first My Little Margie show, and when the reviews came out, everybody connected with it wore a long face—except Gale, who should have been the most despondent of all. But, by that time, they had already filmed five or six other sequences. She knew that they had corrected the mistakes of the first one, that it was right, that it would go. She went around cheering up everyone else—and, as always, it turned out that hers was the soundest instinct!"

The fifth and least significant facet of the Gale Storm plan is the social one, which is covered by a single rule: Don't waste the precious little time you have with people you dislike. Friends of the Bonnells are characterized only by the fact that they are sincere and genuine and good to be with. Society isn't truly insignificant, but it runs a poor second to Gale's desire to spend every hour off with her family. She and Lee never take vacations away from the boys, never need such holidays, and even her working commitments away from home just give her additional time to spend with them.

There was the time last year that Gale was signed to do an appearance at the Thunderbird in famous Las Vegas. Lee and the boys were there, too. They rented a house, where Gale cooked their meals and, during the day, had long, lovely hours to romp with her family. In the evening, she stood before a microphone at the Thunderbird, belting the night club crowd with a pop song, opening their eyes with a rich operatic aria, melting them into puddles with a simple, semi-religious piece. One jaded, be-diamonded old habitué of the gaming tables stood out near the door, urging people to catch the next Gale Storm show. "She made me cry," she said dazedly, "and that hasn't happened in years!" And who do you suppose sat ringside, taking in the show? Lee and the three boys, of course. Gale wouldn't be doing anything she'd be ashamed to have the boys see.

It has probably never happened before and will never happen again, but Gale Storm packed them in at Las Vegas with a show so wholesome that she repeated it—in its entirety—in her church, for a benefit! That's the kind of personality she is. And the kind of person she is can say with absolute honesty, "I love my work and will continue with it as long as I can. But the minute it interferes with my marriage or my family, I stop."

A long time ago, a sixteenth-century writer named Gissington might have been describing Gale Storm when he set down these words: "For the . . . sound in body and serene in mind there is no such thing as bad weather; every sky has its beauty, and storms which whip the blood do but make it pulse more vigorously." Where does Gale find the energy to weather the pressure of busy schedules and the rush of time? There is the answer.
You Showed Me the Way

(Continued from page 59) television in July, 1950, when the exhibitors of my motion pictures were still dead-set against it. I thought the time was right — you had told me emphatically that it was what you wanted, and you stood by me when I fought my battle to go on.

"You've encouraged me ever since my earliest beginnings. When I started on local radio stations and made my first recordings, it was you who turned me toward Hollywood and made me a motion picture star. You encouraged me to start my own network; radio show thirteen years ago, and you've kept me on it. When I went into the Army, in July 1942, to serve three and a half years as an Army Air Force pilot, you remained loyal to me. It was almost five years before any new pictures of mine were released, but you saw my old ones over and over again, and you never forgot me.

"And you have done even more. You've taught me many things — important things. You've helped me to be kinder, by showing me how much kindness is needed. You have made me more patient and understanding. You have helped me to be generous with my time and my energy. I could never let you down, because you believed in me."

Gene also speaks of his tours, when he makes many one-night stands across the country. Of his big-city rodeos. (And all these in addition to his radio and TV programs, his recordings, his movies, his many other interests.) Of the times he has felt completely worn out, not only from doing his act — although that is demanding — but from all the extras you want from him — and which he loves to do, but which require an enormous expenditure of extra energy. The autographs, the youngsters who want to shake his hand and ask him questions (this is the part he enjoys most), the people he must talk to, the many things that must have his personal attention. Then you may come along, and ask him, in addition, to do a show at a hospital, or for some organization which does fine work for unfortunate people, or for a group of children who need all the laughter and encouragement anyone can give them. And Gene has found, because of these very appeals, that there was a strength to do these things, and to do them well.

"What you have taught me is stamina," says Gene. "At least, more than I thought I had. I've gone into towns where dates were set up for me to do shows after my regular performance, usually for a hospital or a children's home, and perhaps I've been struggling with a bad cold and am feeling miserable. But I've known you were depending on me, so I've gone on and given as good a performance as I possibly could. It's Gene's firm belief, anyhow, that no one gets anywhere without putting in some mighty hard work. "You can't take everything out, you know, and not put anything back in," he says. "Not in any job, least of all in the entertainment field. The public gives you a great deal, and you have to give some of that back in the things you can do for them. You have to give back some of yourself."

Gene seldom speaks of the advantage taken of him, and of every performer, by people who are more impetuous than they are understanding. Like adults who shove a piece of paper under his nose, insisting on an autograph, when he has already explained he's late for a broadcast or some similar important appointment. Sometimes you have to pass up one person, or a group, and they feel you have singled them out to turn down, instead of realizing that even a minute may make a difference between being on time or late. For each one like this, however," Gene sighs, "there are thousands who understand."

You'd be surprised to know how much you have helped with your suggestions — and yes, even with your criticisms of Gene's motion pictures and TV films. Naturally, if he tried to govern them entirely by what you collectively write in, thousands and thousands of you, there would be nothing but confusion. But your criticisms have always been carefully considered and acted upon when well-taken.

Gene is always interested in the variety of comments that come in. A girl in her late teens will write, "Why don't you ever kiss your leading lady? It would seem more natural, and my friends and I would certainly like it better than the way you just stand there, looking shy." The next letter may be from a mother who begs, "Don't ever put sex into your pictures, because my three little boys would certainly be disillusioned if they saw you moaning over a girl as you do at the end of each show." So what's a poor cowboy to do? In Gene's words: "Get the best story we possibly can, cast it the best way we can, keep it clean, and do the best job of acting that we can."

Some letters have influenced him greatly. A forest ranger reminds him that, if he had the chance of making one of his TV films — leaving the campfire still burning — children all over the country may get the idea that an abandoned campfire isn't the menace it really is. "When you're chasing Indians and, say you put out that fire," Gene explains, "but I try hard to be a good example, even when I'm in a hurry. Showing too many details, however, slows the action, and viewers sometimes forget that."

Recently, Gene had a letter asking him to please show a hand-washing scene before he sits down to any meal, "because I'm trying to do my bit to help do that, and I hope that you'll imitate everything you do." Here, too, it's hard to put everything into even a feature-length film for theatres, much less 21-minute TV shows. But Gene does his best in this department, too. A schoolteacher who always watches his TV show noticed that when he unwrapped a sticky gum he let the paper fall to the ground. "Please roll up the wrapper and put it in your pocket, if there isn't a trash can or a wastebasket handy," she wrote. My pupils all watch you, and I'm trying to teach them not to litter floors and streets."

Gene has been happy to comply with that request, and was very glad it was pointed out to him.

"All the things you have not wanted Gene to do, you have given him some excellent constructive ideas, through the years. One of his biggest song hits got its theme from a young girl who still writes friendly notes. At the time she wrote this one, she had a "crush" on Gene and one letter said something like: "Last night I was walking through the park. I looked up and there was the only star in the sky that was bright enough." Her phrase inspired Gene with the idea for the song, "You're the Only Star."

"The big thing, however, is that you have given me more encouragement and have told me what you wanted me to do," Gene says. "You even influenced me to keep my horse, Champion, when I was getting ready to retire. So he is still working, along with Champion, Jr., and Little Champion."

Not all the criticism Gene gets is as honest and constructive as the letters that come from mothers and teachers and his vast audience. Some are those from "cranks," the kind that all performers get at times, although in Gene's case there seem to be very few of these. Back in the late 1920's, there was an incident that showed the power of public opinion, in this case well-meaning, but without much understanding. Gene was still making pictures for Republic, and a magazine requested a layout, with his wife, Ina. One photograph was taken with Ina wearing tennis shorts. Well, the hue and cry that came from some parts of the country was most amazing to the Autrys, considering that tennis shorts were practically a uniform for young women in Southern California who liked an active outdoor life. Remember, this was about fifteen years ago, when shorts for women were not usual in some parts of our country, so it was actually honest, if mistaken, criticism."

"Ina took it a little hard," Gene says of...
the incident now, "because, actually, she is the most conservative and circumspect of women, in her conduct and in her dress. She shunned the limelight then and she does now. I wouldn't have praised her, except that the magazine insisted on horrid pictures. When the executive office at the studio sent around a memorandum saying, 'Please don't have your wife pose in shorts again,' I felt embarrassed. But for Ina it was just plain embarrassing."

Ina, who has been married to Gene since April 1, 1932, has learned to take things in stride as the wife of a famous cowboy. Most of the mail, however, is just plain wonderful. She knows and likes the girls who make up Gene's fan club, a huge organization that was formed in March, 1936, by Mrs. Dorothy Crouch, an Indiana housewife who is still its president. Membership now is about 5,000 in this country, with many other chapters in Canada, Hawaii, the British Isles, South America, Japan, Malay, Kenya and South Africa. The club even publishes its own quarterly magazine.

Every piece of Gene's fan mail is read and handled in his own office, and nothing is tossed aside or neglected. If a letter doesn't require an answer, it is at least seen and appreciated. If it does, and the answer should come from Gene himself, he takes time to reply. More than two hundred thousand requests for photographs come in every year, in addition to the stacks of other letters.

Gene gets a great kick out of letters from youngsters that show how carefully they watch everything he does on his TV programs and in his movies. They don't miss a trick. If we let some little thing slide by, they catch it. Just let me walk into a scene with my hat in my hand and then suddenly I appear in a checked plaid and they'll say, should see the letters! The fault, of course, is in the 'match-up,' where one part of the scene is taken at a different time from the other. Not even the most observant person can always catch a thing like that while a picture is being made, although we do our best. Occasionally, an actor will leave a room in plain light shirt and reappear a moment later in a checked one, the 'match-up' again being the villain of the piece. It's lucky for me that I always wear the same type of ten-gallon white hat and carry the same gun, so they can't catch me there.

Gene is proud that he has been proved right about going on television. And he's equally proud that it was his fans who led him to it! Ninety percent of them wanted me on TV, when the exhibitors were still too short-sighted to realize that it would give me the same loyal audience for my pictures and would add a whole new audience. I reminded them I had originally come from radio, and that my radio shows and recordings had all worked together to help my films in their theatres. Now there are only a few who still see me on television who never before went to my pictures in theatres. They are learning that Westerns are exciting entertainment. Parents who got into the habit of watching with their children now tune in for themselves even when the youngsters are busy with their homework or have gone off to bed. Shutters got to them. The less the hospital patients, and the Little children who were too small to sit quietly in theatres, have all become part of the new audience. Some of these will eventually become their fans. The result is a result of hocus-pocus. It has given me a whole new group of fans."

All of which pleases Gene, because he might say that he is just a family type. Your fan, the fan of all of you who have shown him the way and made it a happy one!
Joy Postponed

(Continued from page 47)

“Sally,” the name they’d decided long ago when they were first married—would someday be hers.

“Here’s such a girly room. She could grow up in this room, Jerry. Everything she needs is here,” Patti would say, as together they checked—yet again—the birch-parquetry, wardrobe closets and the bureau drawers still waiting to be filled.

Hers would be a royal view overlooking the rose gardens, they would remark again, where they had watched the little porch just outside the door. Some day she would toddle down the little path leading from the porch to the paradise of swings and slides and teeter-totters, to which the younger brothers would proudly initiate her. Sunshine would flood warmly through her window all day long. Even as at night now, a slip of a moon—a wishing moon—appeared.

Now overhead, on the mauve papered ceiling, tiny silver stars twinkled just for her. Each was caught in the chintz curtains. On the shelves, a whole kingdom of loyal subjects awaited her. A regal white poodle with a blue ribbon bow. A donkey with the longest ears. A white silken poodle. A queenly, quiffy, inquisitive cat. All of them in the charge of a big brown dog with Rudy Vallee eyes and a mechanical mouth that moved up and down like that of a First Sarge.

“For you,” Jerry had said, when he brought the dog home one night and put it in Patti’s arms. For you—saw me, little girl! Now so near—and yet so far... not even Jerry would put his hope into words.

But he looks so sad,” Patti said, holding the dog close.

“His name is Farfel,” Jerry added, introducing them.

On the shelf near the crib, “Farfel” Lewis was in complete command, guarding day and night, never closing a blunted eye.

Every evening when Jerry came home from the studio, he would first slip quietly into the nursery and look around the room, waiting for any sign of life, any new pair of little eyes looking around him. And loving it. During the day, when Patti thought nobody was noticing, she would go in and stand there, loving it. They'd spend an hour in the nursery. Ronnie, weighted down with a make-believe holser on either hip, would stake out excitedly there, prepared to defend the new sister with all his four years. And Gary, 9, coming in from military academy and checking busily on the day's developments, would speak for all of them, saying wistfully, “Gee—I wish we had her right now.”

Their sons had wanted a baby sister for a long time. Too long, they personally thought. Finally, getting a little impatient, they’d said, “It’s a whole matter up to God.” Patti, listening to their prayers one night, heard both of them say, “Please God, make Mommy well... and make her get a baby sister for me.” Telling Jerry about it later, she’d said, deeply moved, “Bless their little hearts. They think something is wrong with me. Their Mommy must be so tiresome,” she reasoned, “or they would somehow arrange them a sister. Other boys had sisters.

Gary had wanted a baby sister so much and for so long, that the day before he’d got a new hat, and his sister! He had a two-year-old sister they played with and he thought she was the sweetest thing ever. In summer school one day, he’d startled his teacher announcing out of the blue, “My mommy had a new baby.”

“Really—when?” she said, having just seen Patti a few days before.

“She’s just had it,” he said. “It’s a girl. Her name’s Sally.”

The next day they immediately called Patti and, after some casual chit-chat, finally came out with, “Mrs. Lewis—have you had a baby? When a surprised Patti said she had, Jerry, who had been exaggerating, at last, let it be known. “Well—I didn’t think—the last time I saw you—but."

But Gary, weary of waiting, was just getting himself a sister out of his own little head.

Now, weary of waiting, too, for the daughter they’d so hoped to have themselves, Jerry and Patti were finally adopting another! As she’d said to a close friend, “There’s such a hunger for a little girl—with pigtails and ribbons in her hair. We want our little girl so much. They’d talk just like you when in love almost from the time they’d met, cutting pictures of babies out of magazines and saying, this is our little girl, Sally. (Well, they’d have to say, neither of them today could even recall.) God had blessed them with a son and another adopted son, and they kept waiting for their little girl.

Then, the day they were weary of waiting, too, Patti realized when Martin and Lewis were playing in Glasgow, Scotland, last year. While walking down the street one day, they came upon a little red baby girl shoes in the window of a department store. He’d bought them and given them to Patti, saying, “Mommy—let’s fill this old little girl’s shoes all over Europe with her. And, when they got home, they’d put in their bid with adoption agencies everywhere, and started building the nursery. Patti had put the little red shoes on the dressing table in their bedroom, where they waited—now to be claimed.

To Patti, “Let’s fill these shoes,” had been a familiar and endearing ring. This was the way Jerry proposed to her when she was singing with Ted Fiorito’s orchestra and Jerry, then doing a comedy-impersonation act singing and reciting, was playing the singing detective. They’d gotten to be madly in love. And one day Patti found her on dressing room table a pair of satin baby shoes with Jerry’s note: “I love you, baby!” They were to be married, and a year later Gary was born.

The baby shoes were just about all they could fill at that time. They had nothing but their own love. Times were the toughest in show-business history, and Jerry’s bookings were much too far apart. They existed in a dingy two-room apartment in Newark, New Jersey. And they paid for Gary, as they since put it, “with blood and sweat and happy tears.” Jerry, whenever possible, had doubled, working in a theatre, while Patti taught herself the Westlake School for Girls. And another thing—no dates until she was sixteen. . .

She was grown already, and she wasn’t even getting any dates. “Let’s not say anything—until we get her. Something could happen.”

The doctor and the authorities also advised them to leave their baby alone for just a little while. She was an incubator baby, weighing only three pounds at birth. She would have to weigh five pounds before they could take her home. There would be other medical requirements. X-rays would be taken later. There would be legal arrangements to be met. But Jerry’s joy had to be shared, and soon the whole world would know, that Jerry’d had to take it, and Patti had gone to the hospital alone. Rushing back her to the instant he could, he’d arrived just in time to say, “I love you,” before they wheeled her into the delivery room. He was pretty much of the opinion of the doctor. And the doctor opened again and the doctor imparted the news that he had a boy who weighed seven pounds and eleven ounces in the hospital. Jerry was elated, as though he were announcing a ball game. All Patti could say when she awakened was, “I gave you a son—I gave you a son—I gave you a son—I gave you a son!” And an ecstatic Jerry had said then, “I’ll devote the rest of my life to making you happy, and to making him happy—to making everybody happy.”

Since that day, they’ve been happy for many years since, he’d told Patti what an inspiration they’d been to him then. How they’d helped a “small-time” actor become a bigger guy. No hours were too busy, no breaks too bad. Jerry had gagged his heart out, working for them. He kept his word about making them happy, about making everyone happy—bringing the laughter so needed by all to become a bigger guy—one of the biggest in the entertainment world today. One complete with an “orchid room,” too, for his daughter-to-be.

Jerry was already on his way, by the time Ronnie had arrived. Martin and Lewis were headingly a swank club in the Hollywood hills, when Patti excitedly called him to say their baby, their second son, was there.

As soon as they could, they told Ronnie about his adoption, making a delightful entrance the next time they attended the act. They told them how they’d wanted another little boy so very much, how they’d searched everywhere for him, then finally in a hospital they’d looked down a whole row of beds, and at the end of the line—who do you think was there? Listening with eager blue eyes for his cue, he’d come in with, “Ronnie!”

Just, they hoped, as their daughter would react some day. The adoption agencies had given no immediate hope when Jerry and Patti first put in their request a few years ago, for a baby girl. Uncomplimentary words: “You’ll just have to wait—”

They’d waited for six months, when suddenly one evening the phone rang with the good word. They had guests that evening, and with all the furor of laughter and chatter in the living room, Patti had taken the rank outside. Motioning Jerry out, too, she closed the door, then told him, starry-eyed, “We’re going to have a baby! Our little girl is here.” Jerry had paled. Their little aunt, with a bang, had finally lost her baby to Gary. And another thing—no dates until she was sixteen. . .

She was grown already, and she wasn’t even getting any dates. “Let’s not say anything—until we get her. Something could happen.”

The doctor and the authorities also advised them to leave their baby alone for just a little while. She was an incubator baby, weighing only three pounds at birth. She would have to weigh five pounds before they could take her home. There would be other medical requirements. X-rays would be taken later. There would be legal arrangements to be met. But Jerry’s joy had to be shared, and soon the whole world would know, too soon. She was an incubator baby, weighing only three pounds at birth. She would have to weigh five pounds before they could take her home. There would be other medical requirements. X-rays would be taken later. There would be legal arrangements to be met. But Jerry’s joy had to be shared, and soon the whole world would know, too soon.

“What does she look like?” Patti couldn’t
help asking the doctor, eager and excited.
"She’s blond," he said.
"Oh, swell," breathed the dark-haired Patti. (If he’d said she had green hair, it wouldn't have mattered at all.)
"It's the strangest thing, Mrs. Lewis," he went on—"but this child has your husband's features in a way."
"Wonderful," she said dreamily. A baby who looked like him—Jerry would be fit to be tied in his happiness. ...

The baby gained weight gradually, and one day she'd made the required five pounds. But the next night the doctor called with the disheartening news that she'd weighed only four pounds fourteen ounces that day. She'd lost two ounces. Sometimes, though, this just happened, he soothed.

It seemed incredible that two small infinitesimal ounces might make the whole difference. Realizing all the conditions attached, and that she might not be theirs, Jerry was so disheartened, he wouldn't even mention the baby again to his closest friends. But to Patti he would talk nothing but success.

"If it's God will—then it will be. If it's not, then we'll just have to accept it," she would say. "I don't want to be too optimistic, Jerry. We must be realistic. Then, if something happens—"

Jerry didn't want to think about anything happening. He wanted Patti to do a lot of shopping. "Go buy all the little dresses—all the little things for her," he said. Then, in the evening when he came home, he'd ask, "Did you buy anything yet?" "There's no use to buy anything yet, Jerry—not until we know," Patti would reason. And he would interrupt quickly, "Don't talk like that. You'll jinx her. Nothing will be all right. It will work out. You'll see."

Friends, knowing none of the circumstances, began sending gifts, thus making the baby seem more and more a reality. Gary had decided by now, "I'm going to call her 'Susannah'"—influenced no doubt by the fact that he had just mastered "Oh, Susannah" on the clarinet at school. He was also ready now to make the supreme sacrifice, to hurry her on home. "I'll give her my dart gun," he said one evening, "and when she grows up a little—I'll let her use my space gun, too." Ronnie kept opening his heart wider. "I'll let her do everything first," he said gravely. As for protecting her, "I'll push the bad man right on his face and then—I'll step on him," he decided, really finishing him off. And so they waited. All of them. And time stood anxiously still. ...

When the phone call finally came, Patti was still, too. Her throat was too full to talk. And she just couldn't find any words. The doctor told her she could see the baby that night. Jerry couldn't go with her. No matter how many precautions were taken, somebody would recognize him. Patti would have to be his eyes, too.

And Patti's brown eyes were big enough and loving enough and brimming enough for both of them, looking through the window at the tiny little figure. So very tiny ... like a doll, she thought. She wanted to reach through the glass and take the baby and hold her close, erasing everything that lay ahead in life. Her's would be all the spirit and love and strength that was theirs to give.

But looking, too, Patti's maternal heart rebelled. How could a mother, any mother, let this dainty little doll go out into the world without her? Of course, things could happen. Sometimes life could be almost too tough. She and Jerry should know. ...

Strange, but when she walked in the nursery that night, she felt the same emptiness. Why the emptiness now? And, when the attorney called the next day, she sensed something had happened. What possibly else now? Yet, almost before he spoke, intuitively she could have told him. He was geared for tears and for argument. How could he know that for a mother—it would mean both tragedy and triumph?

The adoption agency had called, he said. The mother—er—now expressed a wish to see the baby. She was sorry she'd agreed to give her up. The mother lived here locally. He felt it his duty to recall past instances when parents had made it difficult in the matter of stars' adoptions. It might be wise not to go through with this. There would be other babies. "And, after all, you've only seen her once."

You've only seen her once. You had only to see her once—and she had your heart. All of it. In her tiny doll-like fist.

The attorney talked on. Lawyer words. But Patti Lewis was hearing with a mother's heart. She knew her decision must be to give her up. With a mother's memory. There was her own memory of another young girl in tougher years, wearing a blue faille maternity jumper and a shiny brown coat. Of a very young father, talented and too thin, who worked day and night paying for their first-born—the baby who'd inspired him to keep struggling. "You made a small-time actor a bigger guy. ..."

This tiny girl could be holding more than a heart in her hands. More than two hearts. She could be holding hope and life and all reason for going on. The whole difference between now and tomorrow....

Somewhere there would be another little girl named "Sally." And her guard of honor, a faithful brown dog named "Far-fel," and all her loyal subjects would wait tirelessly for her.

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only about 69c
(Continued from page 34)

"(I can't recall just how many boys I gave black eyes," Lu says. "Fifty? Well, maybe not that many. Maybe just thirty.)"

When her sweet voice lifts in song, you can almost read her eyes and sense her fragile, lilting beauty.

"(If I have to say it myself," she continues, "I was a pretty good catcher in my day. I was always a dam' good hitter and I was the only thing to sneeze at, either.)"

And, like a fairy-tale princess, Lu Ann signs— for being a radio, TV and recording star is merely a consummation, a way of forgetting a great frustration. It came to her earlier age and irreparably damaged her attitude toward life. She was about thirteen when her mother explained to Lu that she had to return to the Yankees in the position currently held by Yogi Berra.

Lu was born and raised in Rochester, New York, and her full name was Ann Ciminelli. For the sake of show business, her father suggested shortening it to Lu Ann Simms, but he has always appreciated her "Butch." And Butch was quite a tomboy.

"There just weren't any girls in our neighborhood," she says, "and so I played with boys.

Lu had no sisters but two brothers. The family across the street had five boys. And Lu held her own with them and her family. At the age of seven, she decided to run away, knowing that the only escape was to be her grandmother's. Lu got herself a stick and tied her clothes on the end in true hobo style.

"My parents were real cooperative about this," she remembers. "They helped me pack and saw that I got safely to Grandma's door with my bandsticker.

Both of Lu's brothers are younger than she and when they were picked on by older kids, they didn't run for home but called on Lu. Lu had a demolishing right hook and racked up quite a score of black eyes. Of course, there weren't too many complaints registered with her parents—what kid wants to admit that a girl gave him his shiner?

"I used to get into a hassle almost every time our ball team went out of the neighborhood to play. The opposing nine would generally object to a girl playing against them," she says. "Imagine that!"

Sisterhood objection was bottled aside. Her male teammates wouldn't have thought of playing without Lu. They well remembered the day a hard-pitched ball caromed into her face and her nose swelled up like a grapefruit. Lu had refused to leave the game. She was a hero. And, also, hadn't Lu taken a pull out of that big bottle in the secrecy of the garage, although the local gang thought they would die afterwards?

"How green was my face," she recalls, "and how red my bottom when Dad found out?"

Mrs. Ciminelli was not really worried about her daughter's precocious occupation with the sandlot. She was just concerned for the safety of the kids.

"It's all right to be that way when you're young," Mrs. Ciminelli told her daughter, "but you've got to begin growing up as a woman.

So when Lu was graduated from public grade school, her mother enrolled her in Our Lady Of Mercy, a school for girls only.

In all fairness, it should be noted there had been some indications that pretty Lu might not turn out to be a lady wrestler. While Lu found baseballs and bats among her birthday and Christmas gifts (usually from her father), there was always a new doll, too, to love and cherish. Around home, she took on an extra share of domestic chores, for her mother suffered from a rheumatic heart. Lu helped with the washing, ironing and cleaning. While she was at it, one time she filled her with sheer ecstasy, she pitched in without complaint. And Lu got real satisfaction out of making a meal and being called a "Top Chef." :

Musically speaking, there was only appreciation from her parents, since neither sang nor performed, although there was a big upright piano in the living room. Lu, if talented, had to take lessons but gave up after three weeks. She couldn't practice—she couldn't hear the music for the crack of a bat outside.

Surprisingly, on the other hand, she began to study voice with a private teacher about the same time, and this she stuck to for five years.

"School lessons were something my athletic friends tried to ignore," she says. "Singing was sissy. If I just began to hum a tune over the dinner dishes, one of my brothers would say, 'Stay quiet, girl.'"

Until the age of sixteen—and that was only five years ago in Lu's young life—she was quite chunky. But it didn't bother Lu to have her a complex.

"No one called me 'Fatty,'" Butch says. "If anyone had, I'd have punched him."

She had one serious ambition as a child, and that was to be a doctor. The Ciminelli's family doctor was also a close friend. He would allow Lu to come into his office and wear his stethoscope or sit behind the doctor's desk. No one kidded her about this.

"My parents are wonderful," she says. "As long as anything was reasonable, they were all right."

Her parents had a bad fright when Lu was sixteen. She was rushed to the hospital for acute appendicitis but her illness turned out to be something even more serious—a near-fatal infection of the kidneys. At the time, Lu never knew how close she came to losing her life, but she suffered dreadfully.

"I began to sick a day since," she says, knocking on wood, "but I learned something from that experience. I learned how great it is to be alive."

Her parents, however, the doctor became important. She remembers that, while she convalesced, the nurses would allow her to wheel along in her chair and help them serve meals. So Lu returned to school more determined than ever to make good grades in science subjects to prepare for medical study. She was graduated in 1950, at seventeen, and decided to take a job and earn, if possible.

"Although we never wanted for anything in the family," she says, "I knew that the expense of studying medicine was too much. I couldn't go to community college, which was about it. My parents were the only thing to help. At that time would be a help. Lu and a girl she had met at CBS took an apartment in Manhattan, just a block from the East River."

"I got my Christmas present last year from the department store," she says. "It was a letter saying I had made the final payment on a dress."

Her apartment has three rooms, all of which Lu has furnished tastefully in simple "modern," using tan and dark green and cocoa-rose colors.

"Except for that," she says, pointing at a chartreuse chair. "There, I lost my head."

Her bedroom is a bit of a menagerie. There are more than a dozen stuffed ani-
not me...
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mals arranged by the bed and another dozen dolls scattered around the room. "Grampa still sends me a doll every Christmas, and I love it," she says. She picked up one tiny doll which folds into her palm. "I’ve had this one since my fifth birthday."

Actually, Lu Ann spends little time in her apartment. Monday through Friday, she is up about six-thirty, dresses in a skirt and sweater, and heads for the eight-thirty rehearsal for the Godfrey morning shows. Monday and Tuesday, she works until eleven P.M., rehearsing for the big Wednesday-night TV show. Her first "breather" doesn’t come until Thursday night. (In between rehearsals, she is taking tap, ballet and vocal—anything special which Arthur has arranged, such as ice-skating or cycling or swimming classes.)

"Occasionally, I have a date on Thursday," she says. "Usually, I go out only on weekends."

Nearly every Friday, after the Godfrey morning show, she catches a plane for Rochester and is with the family until Sunday. At home, she catches up on sleep, visits with the old gang, makes a few courtesy sales at her favorite record store, helps Mother with the housework and cooking and lives very much the same as she did before she ever became a star.

Actually, Lu Ann Simms is one gal who has never left home and has never wanted to. Perhaps that’s why she is so precise as to what kind of family she wants.

"Exactly three boys and a girl," she says. "I even have names for the first two—David and Robert."

Lu is quite serious about her future but not about any particular young man at the present time.

"I’ve always had a kind of brother-sister relationship with my dates," she said smiling. Then she frowned, thought for a moment, and added, "But I’m twenty-one now and I guess it’s time to be a little more realistic."

Lu has pretty much called the plays and set her own pace with the opposite sex. She once vowed she wouldn’t be kissed until she was sixteen, and she stuck to it. On her sixteenth birthday, she invited sixteen boys and fifteen girls to her party. Most of the boys were trusted teammates who would never have thought of doing anything as silly as kissing a girl. However, just before the party broke up—and out of loyalty to their star catcher—they gathered around Lu and pecked her cheek to make her sixteenth birthday official.

Today, a date can make her most happy by taking her out to the ball park. (She’s a rabid fan of both the New York Yankees and the Rochester Red Wings.) During the fall, she will settle for football.

"I enjoy dancing on a winter evening," she says, "if there isn’t a basketball game in town."

In a serious vein, she hopes her groom-to-be shares her interests and plans for a moderate-sized family. He would have to understand, too, that Lu likes to work and work hard. She has crowded many things in her days and thrives on it.

Incidentally, she hasn’t given one of the opposite sex a black eye in quite a long time.

"I haven’t had a fist fight in six or seven years," she says, grinning. "I’m out of practice."

These seven years brought Lu Ann from a chunky fourteen-year-old to a soft-spoken, princess—pretty twenty-one. And she is very much a princess, an American princess, a kind of New World princess: lovely, hardworking, athletic, talented and celebrated. Truly, a Princess Charming with a right hook.
Sid Caesar's Time for Happiness

(Continued from page 31)
on anybody's TV set. But what was this about a "breathing spell" for the toughest production schedule in the business? Your Show of Shows to be seen only three times a week, even two nights in a row? For the millions of devotees who could never get enough of that rare brand of comedy, a weekend without Sid and Imogene was a weekend wasted.

But, for Sid Caesar himself, it has proved to be a weekend found. Time for happiness. Time for his family. Time to learn what makes Sid Caesar tick—besides the ever-present TV set—where he lives. What makes him tick?

Reclining in the comfort of a contour chair in the huge living room of his Park Avenue apartment, Sid counts the blissfully unoccupied seconds. He's chosen to surround his hospital with current three-weeks-on, one-week-off arrangement. Tells what it means to have eight consecutive days each month free from the clock's tyrannical second hand.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick-click!" Sid grimaces, mimicking a stop watch. "Oops! A crisis! We've got to cut! Not minutes, mind you. A minute's long-range stuff—a minute or two is a second's worth on account of split seconds, everybody works up ulcers. The routine is too long. Emergency! Got to cut twelve seconds. Where are they? Last week, two! Okay, let's go back to the pantomime and slice that thinner. Then we'll chop four seconds off the Professor von Sedative number, add seven seconds to the question skit, deduct one second from the clock, do a bit of rearranging in each section a bit I do with Imogene, total it all up, divide by three and pray that we'll wind up at 10:29 1/4 P.M. Eastern Standard Time!"

With tight deadline in mind, the decrease from rehearsals, friends and acquaintances naturally assumed that the Caesars would "get away from it all" every month—trapeze off to Bermuda or Key Largo or places equally exotic. Sid's answer to such thinking is: "Show me a timetable, and butterflies start beating their little wings inside my stomach. When we last saw the curtain up promptly at 8:40, and I choose a neighborhood movie!"

When pressed further for a positive statement as to his pay-off-time preferences, Sid, the apartment-dweller, says, "I just like to visit New York."

In other words: Don't let's get too organized... let's just be relaxed.

There are circumstances, though, that thwart any humor of personal preferences. Take last fall, for instance, when the first of Sid's scarcely-believable out-and-out weeks came along. No sketches to help write. No lines to memorize. No scenes to rehearse. No costumes to be fitted. Nothing but a long, easy loaf in the Indian-summertime type of weather, where he and Florence and their two children were occupying a summer house. Actually, Sid was loafing on the outside and hiking the day's wages on the inside.

Then—back in harness again. Three driving weeks of hammering together an hour-and-a-half television revue. Three weeks of being chased by the stop watch. When the next layoff period came along, where was Sid? Poised for flight to freedom? Geared for gayety and carefree fun? Not quite. With nerves all alight, Fido, the Shitzu, Sid vacationed at Mt. Sinai Hospital!

Illogically, inconsistently, as if to demonstrate that old adage about the busman's holiday, Sid chose to spend his vacation in bed with stark reminders of the very thing that seemed to cause his jitters. After the team of medics had quit probing him and had retired to compare notes, Sid ordered a 16-mm sound film projector brought to his room. He ordered, also, several dozen kinescopes of Your Show of Shows and had them run off on a screen at the foot of his bed.

"It looks as if I get an opportunity to check up on my technique," Sid blandly explains. "I wanted to see where I was hitting it right on the nose and where I was making mistakes."

Sort of raises a few questions: Wasn't Sid Caesar being unduly cautious? Could it be that he never takes notice of the consistent high praise heaped on his head by everyone? Could he be "perfectionist" any good? Obviously, no "outside interests" can ever supersede Sid's all-consuming drive to perfection. He'll go on every second, ever, hobby-wise, he has gone through a few revealing phases... and is smack in the middle of a phase, right now. It isn't only a few very dark when Sid's most ardent wish was to go on an African safari and hunt big game.

He had been assembling an impressive collection of firearms. He quit only when the wire service ran an article on a couple of the lures. The things, he says, "are just incendiary."

This was riding a hobby with the spurs dug deep. There was only one hitch—the sight of a wounded animal made Sid physically ill. "Along about those things that elicit some awe, some disgust at the sight of an animal's death... I wouldn't be able to bring it to the big screen!"

Sid still has the pistols, the rifles and the shotguns. All he's lost is the yen to use them.

Mondays, a less rugged, much more enduring and rewarding hobby holds sway in the Caesar household. The nicest aspect of it is that it's a husband-wife enthusiasm. Both husband and wife have an interest in an impressive collection of paintings. Vlaminc, Igor, Kallem and Roualt are among the modern masters occupying walls small and large in their apartment.

"Florence and I discovered that we both respond to the same things in a painting," Sid says. "For some time we did nothing about it, because we both shared the mis-slimmed paintings. Then, one day, we have a new-found technique," Florence and Michele joined the club. Both mother and daughter absorbed some exciting know-how in the use of form and color. In no time at all, they were creating... and toting home their respective efforts for Sid to admire.

Last summer, Florence—now quite adept with palette and brush—switched experimentally from watercolors to oils. She came up with a remarkably creditable first effort in this medium—a moody study of their summer house in Westport. Today, proudly framed, it hangs on their living-room wall. It is an illustrative company for many more artists. Richard Caesar, age two, eyes the painting searchingly, trying to fathom the elusive but familiar sons who have been watching his mother's efforts. "Sid and Florence have been putting his new-found leisure time to a lot of unspectacular but satisfying prowling—the art galleries, odd, out-of-the-way restaurants, the more ignored corner of the very nice, the usual foreign films, and occasional socializing with friends. Anything goes, just so long as it doesn't involve timetables."

The collection is eloquent proof of his love of music. He likes listening and he likes playing it. Few people realize that he was once a professional musician. He studied at the Juilliard School of Music (in fact, worked as a doorman, nights, at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway in order to pay his tuition) and later played tenor sax and clarinet with the bands of Charlie Spivak, Shep Fields and Claude Thornhill.

He is enthusiastic about jazz in every idiom. As a progressive jazz dispenser. Mention the name of George Shearing and Sid will really come alive with admiring comments on Shearing's complex blues progressions. There is an inescapable willfulness in his manner.

The fact is that Sid has a difficult-to-disguise yearning to perform the works of some of these masters. Sid is especially intrigued by the change (performance-wise) that lies in the rarely heard saxophone concertos by Des- bussy and Ibert. But the die is cast. Sid Caesar's destiny lies in making laughter out of music.

Backstage at NBC's Center Theatre, where Your Show of Shows originates, Sid is straightening out a ritual for every new script he re-writes. Every new script he re-writes every most every Saturday night after the show "fades to black" on your TV set. They'll stare pop-eyed at each other, shaking their heads in disbelief.

"Sid will moan, 'Waaw!' Imogene will wail, 'Yeeek!' Sid'll say, 'Thank God, that one's over!' Imogene gapes, 'That one was the last one!'

Sid adds, "And we'll never top it!" Imogene says, "That one was it!" Sid groans, 'We're finished. Kaput!' and Sid's two dogs, "Wow!" and "Wows!" both of them will snap out of this zany routine and begin adjusting themselves, mentally, to the work sched- ule that resumes next Monday morning. Sid, the reluctant conservative, looks forward to the non-schedule Mondays to the eight quick days that are devoid of clicking stop watches.

Christmas day marked an eighteen-day holiday and Sid is determined to mosey along at his own leisurely pace. Arrange him no spiffy second schedule, if you please. Pack him no luggage. Plan him no trips.

Standing at his window and looking down at the Park Avenue traffic, twelve stories below, Sid murmurs again, "I just like to visit New York."

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What’s My Father’s Line?

(Continued from page 61)

make my millions, but I’d be satisfied with Pops’ position. You just bet I would.

But I want to be an engineer. TV or radio hasn’t done it for me. I want to design cars or airplanes. Make a lot of changes. Sure, you get well paid for broadcasting, but what is it all after? What does it accomplish? Dad does just the same old thing day after day. No action, no excitement. I don’t see how he stands it. I go for adventure stuff. Stock car racing, flying, bobsledding. Anything with a lot of action to it.

Pops has to spend all his time talking to people. There’s no fun in that. But I guess you could call Dad the conservative type. Like the time Johnny (that’s my older brother, who’s at Andover) and me wanted Pops to buy a fire-engine red car, and he wanted a dark green one. So we all settled on a two-tone black and red job. But I sure did get my way.

And Dad reads all the time. He likes Shakespeare and stuff like that. I guess you could say that his hobby is reading. I almost never read newspapers except to look at the automobile ads. And I sneak a look at a couple of Johnny’s Mickey Spillanes, just so I’d know what was going on. But, when it comes to Shakespeare, I get enough of that in school. But I guess Dad doesn’t care whether I read or not. If he did, he’d tell me about it. He sure lets you know if he doesn’t like anything.

Like the time I brooked snow off the path just the width of the shovel—Judas!

It’s kind of hard now that I’m putting it down on paper to say just what Dad is like. You see, he hasn’t time to play games or take part in sports with us. Like during the week, he doesn’t get home until nine o’clock. And there’s just time for me to say hello when I’m supposed to go to bed. Saturdays he’s home, and sometimes we play tennis or, if it’s hot, go for a swim. He’s a swell swimmer. I’m nowhere near as good. But to get back to his hours. He leaves the house at five to seven. He often stays on deck and just catches his train on the run. Well, I guess that’s just like Pops. Only he’s more dignified. I think my father is the most dignified man I know.

I listen to Dad’s news broadcasts. But Mother won’t let me stay up on Sunday nights to see What’s My Line? It comes on too late. But I’ve seen it a couple of times and I think Dad is a good moderator. I’m not one of those kids who rush to the TV set every chance they get, either. Sure, I like some things fine. I like Red Buttons and Sid Caesar. Godfrey’s one of my favorites. I think Ed Murrow’s swell and I liked Victory At Sea—Dad got me the record album, I liked the music so much.

I’ve got a lot of records and I play them all the time. But mostly I like drawing cars, even if I can only draw them in profile. Pops says if I spent as much time studying as I do drawing cars I could get 101 instead of the 89 I got last month. Dad

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Well, after reading what my son Charles has to say about me, I felt a little as if I had been walking down the street in my shorts. I suppose you never really know how you look to the other fellow, even if the other fellow turns out to be your own thirteen-year-old son. Charles is so much like me it's frightening. And I presume this will be impossible for him to believe. But, every once in a while, I have the eerie feeling that time has turned backward and that I am looking into an inverted mirror of myself at his age. Every mannerism, every gesture, the way he thinks, is reminiscent of me at thirteen.

When Charles thinks there's no excitement in television or radio, eh? Well, I covered the war, most of the top news events of the last decade, nine political conventions, have done seven news broadcasts a week and interviewed most of the people who have made news in our time. I have run all over the world from the Middle East to South America to Europe and the Aleutians. What does he want for excitement? Riddle me that.

Charles thinks he doesn't care about news, people or politics, but I'd like you to come up to our house in Rye some afternoon when he's listening to Ed Murrow's album, "You Can Hear It Now," and watch the rapt look on his face as he digests what is being said by people like Churchill or F.D.R. Also, I'd like you to see either Charles or his brother Johnny, of that I am sure.

Charles has an excellent, quick mind. When he was just a youngster, he could identify planes by their silhouettes miles up in the air. It was really remarkable. He spends hours watching cars—and I must admit, does a pretty good job of it. But I still think it would make more sense if he knew what made them run. But maybe I'm trying to rush things. If he really is interested in cars, he wants to know, and then he'll make it his business to find out everything there is to know. Each one in a while, I make the mistake that I am sure is common to all parents of teen-age boys. I think he is more mature than he is, and probably expects more from me than I do from him. This is his size and poise, of course. His size is due to vitamins and heredity. His poise stems from his mother's careful training. But it gives you a jolt, when you think you've got the guy all squared, to realize that he's really just a kid with a kid's reactions. And that's the way it should be. Goodness knows, you aren't in your teens and looking at your own older boy. Johnny's sixteen now, and at times he seems older than I. Then, at other times, he's incredibly young. Johnny is very much like his mother. Not at all like me. I'm flattered, and self-contained. Maybe that's why Charles describes him as the "suave, continental type." Johnny almost never loses his temper, and maybe you think Charles didn't exact pay when I, do blow up. So does Charles. It's me all over again.

I don't have too much time at home these days but, at that, I am probably one of the few people you've run across in a long while. We have a pleasant family life and we all share in it. One of us will say "Let's go up to Andover," and I'll never ask a question of who will or who will stay home. We all pile in the car at five in the morning and drive up to see brother. I'd like to be able to spend more time with my children. I can't. I've got more than my share of executive work to do. And life is a little crowded right now. It's only in the last five months that I've been able to have Saturdays to myself, and I may lose them at any minute.

I'm not too worried when I hear that Charles does not like to talk to people. I think that's probably my fault. Because my life is so rushed, I like to spend as much time with the family as possible, so we entertain very little and see very few people when I am at home on weekdays. Sometimes I think it is bad for Charles, who is remarkably self-sufficient and can spend hours alone in his room, which is his castle, playing his records and making recordings. But he'll be away at school soon and will be with people more often. I may be surprised to find that he likes them better than he thinks.

I certainly remember the episode of the vice-president and the fifty dollars. And I think that's probably my fault, too. But that was one time I was glad to pay up. He's right about the combustion engine, too. The best thing I ever invested was the thought. Naturally, I'm flattered that my son thinks I'm smarter than most people, but it scares me, too. What will happen when he finds out that I'm not, and that the answers elude me just as they do to him? But maybe by that time he'll be old enough to realize that nobody knows all the answers and it won't matter so much.

Charles has got one other, thing wrong, too. If he doesn't like girls, why does he spend so much time on the phone talking to that young lady in Harrison?

No matter what Charles says, John knows his drawings are pretty good!
The Heart Grows Fonder

But he still didn’t talk too much. An unhappy Jeanne said Dean had many business problems and he just had to get away and think. But to a close friend she said, too, “I’m sure I’ve made mistakes. I must have. But Dean never told me. I felt the quietest man in the world.”

On one score, Jeanne was exceptionally quiet, too. What she didn’t say—and what she had sworn her doctor not to reveal—was that she was going to have a baby.

“Dean walked out. I wasn’t sure he would be back. But I wouldn’t for five minutes have wanted him to come back if he hadn’t wanted to,” she explains now. “I wouldn’t have wanted him to come back just because I was expecting a baby. I wanted to see if he wouldn’t come back on his own...

“Actually, the trouble was just about twenty-five percent our own situation and about seventy-five percent Dean’s business worries,” Jeanne says candidly. “And we were much closer during our separation than anybody knew. During this time, we both did a lot of quiet thinking. We both went to church more often. And we talked more than we’d ever talked before.”

And, as Dean says, summing it up typically, “We both understand each other a lot better now.” Adding, “Jeanne doesn’t ask as many questions—and I talk a little more.”

“How can I know what I’ve been doing wrong if you don’t tell me?” Jeanne would say, during those first unhappy, miserable days they were apart. “After all, I’m not a mindreader. This could go on for years and years.” And, as she says now, “Dean was so filled with everything—he really talked! He would call me from Jerry’s

(Continued from page 49)

a never-ending thrill.

Yet, not too many weeks ago, it almost ended. Quietly full of the mounting differences between him and his pretty wife, one morning Dean Martin had hung some suits over his shoulder, his golf clubs over his arm, and had unceremoniously driven away.

Ask Dean now whether, in all fairness, it would take more adjusting for any wife to be married to half of the fabulous team of Martin and Lewis—whether it wouldn’t be harder for her to adjust—and he says frankly, “I don’t know. I don’t know how hard it is to be the wife of any man,” he adds gravely.

But, during their brief separation, together they worked out the foundation for one of Hollywood’s happiest marriages, frankly analyzing their own fundamental differences and just why the great adventure had dulled. And theirs have always been fundamental differences. In years, in backgrounds, in patterns of living, and in temperament. When they married they had nothing in common but love.

And yet—Dean Martin has always come from behind. Nobody but a gambler would have predicted any future for him, in the first place. And nobody but the hometown gamblers, who hung out in the back of the cigar store where he worked, ever did. They stared moist-eyed into their beers when he sang, and they made up the kitty to help start him in show business. After too many discouraging years, he connected with Jerry Lewis, and together they hit upon their own fabulous brand of legal luracy. They were appearing in a night club in Miami, Florida, when Dean saw a dreamy little blonde in a blue dress and wide picture hat sitting at a table, and his heart flipped.

Jeanne Bigger, that year’s Orange Bowl Queen, was the darling of her own collegial crew-cut crowd, and ten years younger than Dean. She’d never been anywhere. And anywhere Dean hadn’t been, nobody booked. Theirs was a whirlwind romance. They went for long, quiet drives along the ocean. Out of the spotlight, Dean was characteristically quiet. But he said enough. “We’re going to get married,” he said, “You’re kidding,” said Jeanne. He was then dissolving an unhappy first marriage. “When I get my divorce, I’ll send for you,” he said.

He made no attempt to impress other than to assure her mother that his was a legitimate occupation and that he meant right by her daughter. “I’ll take care of her. I won’t let anything happen to her,” he said quietly. To Dean Martin, Jeanne was, in a sense, his own lost youth. Part of her charm for him was the fact that she knew nothing of his world, that she’d always been sheltered and protected. She was the princess in the ivory tower.

Three years later, Jeanne was to remember Dean’s remark about being happy that she knew nothing about show business. He would just as soon, she would remain as far removed from it as possible.

Dean Martin is far more sensitive than most people suspect, and his emotions run very deep. He says little. Then one day—

“T’ve always had a sort of shell around me,” he says now. “I never did talk much, That was a lot of our trouble, really. Although I’ve talked more the last three years than I ever have before.”

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house, when he was staying there and talked for two straight hours at a time. Just talking about things in general. I thought he was right about half of them, and about the other half... well—I could understand their points of view.

One basic misunderstanding was Dean's insistence on drawing a line between his home and his career, which has always been a tender subject with him. He would make a jest of any matter which he knew Jeanne, anxious to be an active partner, couldn't understand why.

"I'm an inquisitive person," says Jeanne; admiringly,�"I've never observed—this score. It's natural for me to be interested in whatever he's doing, and to want to be a vital part of it. I always thought marriage should be a marriage of the soul. To be shut away from these things would make me feel so utterly useless.

Dean recognizes this now," she goes on. "He understands it now. I was being completely shut away." Thus, any concessions he's made here, Jeanne appreciates all the more, realizing how strongly he feels about things.

Both agree that, by nature, Dean Martin isn't a very "pliable" person. But her husband goes further than this. "In my own way, I'm very stubborn," he says. "It can be very difficult when I think it's right... until it's proven otherwise.

And I've never inflicted my worries on others. If I have troubles, I keep them inside. Jeanne and I know my troubles or to be concerned about them. If a man has worries, he works them out.

That's the way it should be.

Jeanne takes it easier now. But she used to worry about everything. My work, my shows, our records, our home—everything. We've talked about it, and she understands now. Before, she wanted to be a part of it all. Now, she knows she's a part of it—but in a different way. She lets me worry about the money, and she worriers about the home and children.

So serious is Dean on the subject of his home life that, even talking in the midst of rehearsals for his appearances on Colgate Comedy Hour, he's seemingly oblivious of the impending television production careening about him, as he talks about how much this means. His family—Jeanne, Dino, Jr., and Ricci. Taking much of his attention, he says, and depends on them. How, when he closes his front door every evening, he shuts in a whole special world—his own particular hunk of heaven—which means so much to him. "That's the whole thing," he adds.

"I've never taken my job home with me. There's never been any show business in my house. And Jeanne couldn't understand that. I was like a golfer who played golfers home with me, and I'd invite baseball players home with me. But not entertainers—and Jeanne just couldn't see why."

And I always have been," Which Dean augments with: "Jeanne's always thought Jerry's the funniest. She's always said this to me. But she never said it to him."

Of Jeanne's frankness in acknowledging her shortcomings, Dean says admiringly, "She will admit her mistakes, and she will admit them publicly. That's one of the things I admire about her. She knows she was wrong in the matter of their estrangement, he says with equal frankness, "I've always been wrong. I'm more wrong than anybody.

"I'm a man who lives with," Dean says. "I don't talk much. I never did. And I never like to do much. I'm a lot different than people think I am. I'm not what they expect at all. When they think I go for night clubs and laughing it up all the time—I don't.

"All I do to actually is go home and look at television, play with the kids, be with them. I go with them to visit some very close friends like the Gordon MacRae or the Sammy Cahns. If I have a day off, I play golf and go home. When I feel really great once in a while we'll go out to a night club." And, although Dean goes out socially a little more now, he still doesn't particularly enjoy it. "As formal parties, they're the bitter end. I hate putting that tuxedo on," he says.

"Somehow it always seems to me you have to use bigger words when you wear a tuxedo. Me—I've got trouble just saying 'Hello.'

And I've always believed, too, that if you have a good appetite, you have to have a good spirit about it. There's no percentage in having a house, just to change clothes in. You should live in your home and enjoy it." In this respect he adds appreciatively, "Jeanne's changed. She's so much happier, I can't help but wish I was more, either. Now, when we go out, she wants to get back home to the family. She used to sleep until 11:30 every morning, and just sit there lost in thought. She can't wait to get up and see the kids. She's settling down a lot and feeling more like a part of the home," Dean says proudly.

Jeanne enthusiastically agrees. "I'm just as happy as can be. I wouldn't care if I never went to another Hollywood party. As for being a golf widow—calling to mind other existent directed at little daughter with soft, golden, curly hair and they were caught unaware by the husky, virile little man with the mane of black hair, when he arrived was decided on Gino—Italian for Jeanne—for their little girl, and they had no name at all for him. It was Mac Grey, Dean's pal—who'd smoked and walked with him from the night club up with inspiration, "Ricci's—He's a Ricci," he said, pointing out that this had a devil-may-care sound which suited him. As for Dean, he stood nose the glass and saying excitedly, "If seven or six children, this one looks like me—"

But Ricci momentarily had them all a bit confused. As Jeanne laughs now, "Everybody had me in for a joke. Actually, Dean wanted a boy, but he was so sure I wanted a daughter, he was a good sport about it and he was always talking girls, too. Actually, I wanted a boy, but I never mentioned it—because I was so sure Dean wanted a little girl." When Jeanne came out of the ether, Dean was saying, "It's all over, Jeanie. It's all over now. Both of us. He paused a minute then said, "It's a boy," dreading
to break this to her. "Oh, no—it isn't," she said, heartbroken, because she thought she'd disappointed him. "You have a fine husky son," he said consolingly. "Oh, no, I don't!" she said determinedly. But, fortunately, Mother Nature was ahead of both of them all the time.

Jeanne was six months' pregnant when Dean had to fill Martin and Lewis's previously made commitments for the Palladium, in England, and other dates abroad. If you ask him now whether the fact that Martin and Lewis are away so much may have contributed to his estrangement, he corrects you quietly with, "We were home ten months last year. Many businessmen are gone more than that. No, this had nothing to do with it." But he himself still hasn't gotten over the fact that he had to leave Jeanne at that time. "I'm pretty realistic," Jeanne says. "Once I have to accept anything, I can usually accept it and make the best of it. I didn't cry or make a big scene. I didn't go for that 'You weren't with me when I needed you' kind of thing. I would never even mention it again." Jeanne and Dino, Jr., did fly to New York for ten days when Dean played a date there, just before sailing. "I left first. I wasn't going to be the weeping mother-to-be on the docks as the boat drew slowly away." But she will never forget the tears in Dean's eyes when he put her on the plane.

It was during those weeks when he was gone abroad, too, that Jeanne found out how much sentiment is his. "He'd never written any letters in his life. But, when he was away this time, he wrote religiously. This time I got to learn what he really thought of me. Things he would never think of saying. They were pretty wonderful," she says movedly now.

When Dean returned, there was another date to fill in the East, and he couldn't be home for their fourth wedding anniversary. He wired Jeanne five dozen roses and called her, saying, "I've looked everywhere, but I didn't know what to get you. Finally, I just picked up something, but I'll bring it home with me when I come. I don't want to send it."

"He'd just picked up a diamond bracelet," Jeanne says now. "When he came home from Europe, he brought me diamond clips, too. And he gave me a diamond ring for having the baby. It was on my pillow, where I could see it the moment I awakened. It's so wish Dean thinks he just can't do enough to make it up to me."

Their separation isn't a touchy subject between them. Sensibly enough, there are no unhappy thoughts around the house, and Jeanne says, "I'm glad he's here."

But there's meaning behind the laughter when Dean gives her the loving eye and says to anyone who asks around, "Will you tell me now in the world I could have left her—even for three weeks?"

And, turning to Jeanne, says, "And you—you let me walk out that door—and you didn't even try to stop me."

"We thought we were in love before," says Jeanne. "But now—we really know. And we know now, too, that no marriage is a Utopia..."

Dino Crocetti isn't so sure. About the Utopia, that is. Looking around him at all his: good fortune today, he says, "I wouldn't change places with anyone in the world. It's unbelievable this would happen to me. I was destined to be a gambler. Nobody ever figured me for this. Nobody."

One thing sure, if this isn't Utopia, he isn't going there.

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**Who is Dr. Munro?**

He received his Arts degree from Bowdoin College, his M.D. from the University of Chicago, and his "Diploma" from the University of Chicago in Post Graduate study at the University of Chicago, as well as at New York University, New York Post Graduate Hospital and Medical School. Later, he served on the staff of the New York Hospital, where he was Medical Director of the Center for Plastic Surgery. In New York, and during the war, he was responsible for over 4000 patients. He was a native of Williamsport, Pa., and during the war he returned to China, New York, to assume his work in Internal Medicine at Bellevue Hospital, where he is a member of the American Board of Internal Medicine. He is author of two other famous books, Slim Alive—You're Half Dead and You Can Live Longer Than You Think.

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79
Tommy, the Welcome Traveler

(Continued from page 29) members of the party. When onlookers tried to commend him, Tommy shrugged it off. For him, the rescue was a repeat performance. Once while flying near the Canadian border, he had seen whose plane had overturned in Vermillion Bay.

Further, his own exploits seemed tame to him compared with the stories he hears on "The Tommy Tillstrom Show." He says, "Most of those people have a real tale to tell."

And, he might have added, himself is no exception. He says, "Not only in the world interests me so much as the stories one person tells another about his own experiences. You can really hear them on a train, plane, boat or bus. That's when people throw off their restraints and tell others not only the things they have done, but what they think about it."

Bartlett, now a husky, red-haired six-footer who cherishes his freedom as a bachelor, started his own listening to travelers' stories when he was a wide-eyed kid journeying from his Milwaukee home to his Kansas City high school.

Unfortunately, such listening also interfered with his progress in school. For Tommy's method of learning has always been the same as he now uses when interviewing the air. He asks questions until he finds out all about a situation. What's more, he concentrates intensely on only one thing at a time.

Oddly while that attitude has made him both popular and highly paid today—as a boy, it brought trouble.

Says Tommy, "I guess it became my major problem. I was no student. It was all right to fail in the rules."

"If we were studying about Christopher Columbus, I wanted to learn all there was to know about him. I mean the important things: why he have failed to be the first saw land; what he said when the Spaniards brought him back in chains."

At times, this youthful groping confused his teacher. "Weren't you listening, Mr. Tillstrom?" Tommy recalls, "Mother wanted me to be a singer. Father was just plain skeptical. I think he expected me to end up on his hands. He was pleasantly surprised when he discovered I had my own living.

For the time was when Tommy's one-thing-at-a-time exploring was to turn from a liability into an asset. First to yield to this method were the mysteries of mechanical devices.

Radio began it. While still in his teens, he got his first "role"—that of a barking dog. As other work followed, he grew fascinated with the gadgets in the studio and decided he had to know what made radio tick.

As his first step, he brought home an old microphone. Says Tommy, "I took it apart. It was quite a while before I got it back together again. But, finally, I did."

His car came next. Then came the planes. Says Tommy, "I got my first airplane ride and I wanted to know what made it fly. Lots of other guys learned why in school, but not me. I had to tear it apart."

The Wright brothers started, and it took me a long while before I understood the theory of flight."

Mechanics alone are not sufficient to hold Tommy's interest. Having learned the technical phases, he then must account to himself for the relation of the mechanical thing to the lives of people.

"Some people fly," he says, "because they want to get away from it all—want to be alone in the clouds. I don't feel that way. I wish I could load everyone into some gigantic plane and have all of you up in the wide blue wonder with me."

He came close to having this desire fulfilled when, in 1949, the Air Force requested that Welcome Travelers make the circuit of bases in Germany. The great Berlin airlift had just ended, and many flyers were sitting around with little to do. They were getting pretty bored with the situation.

Staff, cast and added entertainers totalled twenty-nine. In ten days, they did eleven broadcasts, flew thousands of miles and threw in a few extra entertainment sessions for good measure.

A former staff member who made the trip recalls, "I've never seen Tommy so happy. Since he had been a pilot in the Air Transport Command, the captain of our C-54 welcomed him in the cockpit. Tommy had the time of his life running back and forth from there to the cabin, explaining all the technical data to the rest of us."

What's more, Bartlett proved to be the perfect traveler of them all. Says the staff member, "When the rest of us were simply dying from lack of sleep, Tommy was the one guy who never got tired. Instead of acting like a star and saving himself for his public appearances, he was more like the father of a large family, worrying whether we were comfortable."

Traveling without fatigue is a trick which Tommy learned as a youngster. He'll tell you: "When I was a kid without much money, I'd ride a bus at night and get my sleep. Then I'd spend the day sightseeing in a distant city."

On such jaunts, he evolved his own rules of the road.

He appreciates the bus driver who tells passengers about the scenic wonders along the highway, the porter who warms a baby's bottle, the travelers who give others a lift by carrying a bag or buying someone a lunch. Says Tommy, "People seem to open up when they're traveling. I wish they'd do it at home, too."

His skill in getting people "to open up" became his stock in trade when Welcome Travelers went on radio in 1947. To it he brought not only his knowledge of travel but also an easy manner which led even the most reticent to tell their stories freely.

The easy manner had two sources. The first was Tommy's own point of view. He says, "When I broke into radio, I used to hate the idea of sitting in a bare little studio trying to read a hunk of script into a microphone. I've never run the script, I don't write a script really right. I just don't believe people talk like they do in scripts. At least, Bartlett doesn't."

"So I won't use a script. Sometimes the simple stories get into me and I don't say things in as flashy a way as a writer might, or if I take a little longer than the fellows with the stop watches would like, I don't care."

He doesn't run by a stopwatch. Neither does life have a copywriter to put smooth little words into someone's mouth. I want to see the people I'm talking to. I want to ask them questions and hear their answers. My whole idea is to take a little piece of life and put it on the air."

The other source of his easy manner was Tommy's experience in pioneer television.

Like Dave Garroway, Burr Tillstrom, Fran Allison, Jack Brickhouse and a number of others, Tommy is a member of that exclusive club of star and producers who had the foresight to learn about cameras by working for free at WBKB.

Now, with television receivers in half the homes of the United States, it is difficult for him to remember ten years ago when there were but five television broadcasting stations in the entire country.

To receive those programs there were only three or four people. They would sit in an air-conditioned studio in Chicago. Those set owners became the real program directors of the station, for they were quick to reach for a telephone. When they liked a performer, they called in.

Story by story, those visionaries— in a much-used WBKB phrase— "lilted up the switchboard like a Christmas tree."

There was a direct line of communication from a young performer to an athletic director who would plan for a company of restless men.

When his humor grew too vigorous or his acting too reticent, Tommy would let Lear have it. Learning from their comments, he tempered and smoothed his performance. Welcome Travelers, when it went on radio, benefited.

Another strong influence on both Bartlett and Welcome Travelers has been Les Lear, who teamed up with him as manager of the show.

Lear, a promotional genius who can talk into three telephones at the same time and round up prizes and keep things moving, also is skilled in bringing in for interviews movie stars and plain ordinary people with a story to tell.

The method of operation which Lear and Tommy worked out at the beginning has had but few changes during the years. Early each morning, a crew of quick-thinking, well-groomed, personable young men spread out to Chicago's many rail, bus and air terminals. Watching incoming travelers, they soon develop a sixth sense which enables them to spot a good potential participant.

Sometimes they notice a tired mother with a group of clamoring children. Sometimes a foreign accent. Sometimes the traveler is obviously hungry. Sometimes he's just as obviously affluent. Sometimes he simply looks like a normal American who is happy about taking the trip he has planned for years.

The young men introduce themselves by
offering a ticket for the broadcast. This starts the conversation and shortly the lads have a very accurate idea of the traveler's background.

At Hotel Shenandoah, where the radio show is aired, there's further exploration—accomplished by having each visitor fill out a questionnaire.

While the travelers eat breakfast, the staff, working at lightning speed, picks out the most interesting questionnaires and interviews the persons selected. They then prepare an interview show for the show's co-star, Bob Cunningham, in Cunningham, presenting to the guests to Tommy, indicates the direction the story will take and from that point Bartlett is on his own.

Every once in a while, the interviewers discover a situation so appealing that it warrants extra preparation. Thus the nation shared the joyful moments when a childless couple got their first look at their newly adopted baby daughter.

In contrast, there was stark tragedy when two mothers broadcast an appeal to a kidnapped boy and his children unharmed. There was a manifestation of sheer courage when a cancer victim calmly told him how he planned to spend the few remaining months of his life. Always, there is implies some told in human terms by the people who are living it.

There also are gifts, some of which change the face of the world. This comes to the microphone. A job is found for the out-of-work father. An easier, pleasanter way of doing things follows the presentations of furniture or household appliances. There is close study of the case demands. Transportation to a distant point may be arranged for someone who is stranded.

On his off the air, Bartlett returns to being both a shy and a busy individual. Administration of his business interests requires much of his attention. Planning advance shows and personal appearances claims most of his time. Once all the tasks are completed, he's ready to head for the privacy of his own home or plane.

Actually, Tommy has two homes—his own home and the apartment in which he is furnished with an eye toward bachelor comfort, and his family home in Milwaukee.

At his own apartment, he maintains his close friends, and sometimes, members of his staff. Although he makes no great boasts as a chef, Tommy can put a satisfactory dinner on the table. He's likely to start with a good steak, add a few vegetables and a simple salad, top the meal with ice cream. His guests praise everything but his coffee. There they ruefully say, "Will, since Tommy never drinks anything but milk you really can't expect him to make good coffee."

The Milwaukee home, since the death of Tommy's mother, has been presided over by his aunt, Mrs. Anna Scholl. Tommy and Anna have always been pals, Tommy has one complaint to make: Her friends and his late mother's friends have been trying for years to get Tommy married. His pet puppy, a chihuahua, is a good woman, ever-working matrimonial bureau.

For, as mentioned above, Tommy thoroughly enjoys his bachelor freedom. He likes his work, he likes his friends, and his few business ventures, he likes being able to come in and stir up a meal when he wants it rather than meeting a ready-made schedule.

But, most of all, he likes to travel. He tries to spend each weekend at a different place. For Tommy has a philosophy. He says, "If people would take time out to know the people and to really learn what makes them tick, then all people would be all right."
**New Designs for Living**

642—New! This 55-inch circle tablecloth will be the center of attention on your dining or coffee table. Jiffy pattern stitch is fast and fun. Use heavy cotton (string). Easy to-follow directions. 25c

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Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: Radio-TV Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Sta., N.Y. 11, N.Y. Add five cents for each pattern for 1st-class mailing.

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Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
What I Believe

(Continued from page 51)
slide trombone down on a low note far enough to see me over the bell of his horn. He saw a handful of freckles pressed against the glass, and shouted over the din, "There's young John Bailey. Come on in, boy, and you can play the drum."

Clauson made the invite as a gag. I couldn't even lift the drum. Eleven years old, I stood four feet-six. The drum, on a stand, was three feet in diameter and the two cymbals on top put it well over my head.

But I had been challenged. They handed me the marching wire (a little handle with a big wire—so I didn't have to pick up the heavy cymbal) and with Clauson's shout of "Here we go!" struck up a march.

Luckily I was born with rhythm in my bones. I yanked on that marching wire like Charlie Dlvin, the trolleyman, on his bell. I 'played drum' to their beat so well, they kept me there till ten o'clock.

The bandroom was small (the music sounded better that way) and the men were all smoking. When I got home that night after ten o'clock (the latest I'd ever been out), my clothes all saturated with smoke, I got the worst licking of my life.

My mother wouldn't believe me when I told her I was down the fire alley practicing with the band. It took the Superintendent of Schools, the Fire Chief, the bandleader, and Mr. Clauson to convince her I wasn't down the alley smoking.

After I'd played the drums with the band for three years, I decided to go in for some real music. That's where Mr. Clauson's lesson was in. He was my hero, and I wanted a Trombone like his. I worked in a shoe store and saved money to buy one. I don't remember what it cost, but I do remember I had to save for two years to get it.

Another reason why I wanted that horn was because I resented the fact that, after three years, I was still just the bass drummer. It didn't make any difference to me that I had a special uniform, that another kid carried the drum, or that they'd put me next to the leader—where I was a big shot. There wasn't any logic in my wanting to be something else. The uniform alone made me the greatest thing that ever hit the Midwest. But I wanted to be a trombonist.

When I came down the alley with the new horn, I didn't even know how to hold it. When the band saw the horn, they laughed. They wouldn't let me play. Now I don't blame them. But then I was brokenhearted. I bawled.

Mr. Clauson felt sorry for me. He took me down the alley and told me something I'll always remember. "The things you can do best," he said, "you should always do, and the other things you should do for fun." Which is a pretty good philosophy.

His little talk was really the basis for my "3-H" philosophy—Honesty, Humility and Humor. Humor, I feel, is especially important. I remember I got up to give a speech at a pep rally in the eighth grade, shortly after Mr. Clauson had given me his advice. I had prepared that speech for two weeks. I had written all the words down. I counted on them to get me undying fame. It was all very serious.

The pep rally was in the assembly hall of the combined high school and junior high school. When I got up to talk, the kids fell out of their seats. They thought I was funny, and hooted and harrumphed at me. They didn't see how anybody with a rubber face could be serious. I was heartbroken.

But I remember Mr. Clauson had said. Do what you can do best. So instead of my serious speech—and remem-
Linkletter Is Funnier Than People

(Continued from page 43)

theatre, he did an hour warm-up and then the regular People Are Funny show. After that he went to the Amana factories, then went to the president's house for a party. There Art received a call from the baseball park . . . wouldn't he please stop off on his way to the airport for a fifteen-minute show?

Amana will remember Art's fifteen minutes—it lasted an hour and a half. He just had time to grab a box dinner and hurry aboard the plane, but he was used to these things. But six hours on the plane was all the rest he needed. When he stepped off in Burbank, he went right to the studio—to do another benefit.

The performance was a score. I was exhausted from just following him around. Whereas Link, the guy who did all the work, was still eager and rarin' to go at the end of the benefit.

I first heard about Link was his great consideration and kindness for others. I remember the day, six years ago, when I walked into the John Guedel Productions' building. I was being hired by his employment agency. I came for a secretarial job. The woman at the agency said John Guedel wanted a switchboard-stenographer—"as close to a Housekeeper as we could get her," she said. By the time I arrived, Link and I could barely say my name.

But Link was very considerate. He saw how badly I wanted the job and pulled one of his little tricks that he uses to put nervous contestants at ease. He switched the subject.

"You always wanted a singing secretary," he said. "Can you sing?"

I gulped. "Well, no," I said. "I couldn't carry a tune in my pocket . . . ."

Link laughed. He laughed with me and my problems.

The funny thing about it was that I didn't get the switchboard job. I got one on the staff of People Are Funny! Link and John asked me if I could do a little work for them, and I said I'd be glad to try. That's what I do today—I also write on two story conferences a week and a one idea meeting, type the finished formats of the show. Then Link will put in minute props, sign up the contestants the night of the show, sit on stage with the lists of the contestants and charts of the stunts, time the show and, when it's over, I edit the tape for them.

In spite of all this, Art still looks back to our first meeting, when he introduces me to the audience as his "Singing Secretary." Since I don't sing, they probably wonder what I do! Someday I'm going to take lessons and surprise him.

Art's infectious humor is so great he can get away with anything. He has always been a pushover for him—and that includes risking a jail sentence.

For example, there was the time we had a stunt man dressed as a woman on the show. I begged John to let the 'stellar photographer'—"cause when I was interviewed by John and, later, on, by Link, I could barely say my name.

But Link was very considerate. He saw how badly I wanted the job and pulled one of his little tricks that he uses to put nervous contestants at ease. He switched the subject.

"You always wanted a singing secretary," he said. "Can you sing?"

When it comes to humor, Carol can hold her own, too—although when we were first married, she was kind of bashful in front of people. She'd sit with her for an hour before she played the harp for me. Now, at home—where we have two pianos and the harp—she comes up and whispers, "Do you think our guests will care if we plink a little music?" We always say, "It doesn't matter if they care or not. This is our place and we'll play if we like. We won't feed them till they've listened."
I've been with Art for five years now and I think he's got the greatest personality in the world. But I'm not the only one. Gifts come through the mail all year round. On his birthday in July you'd think it was Christmas. People even send presents to his wife Lois and to the five children.

There's another group of faithful fans who never miss the show. They wait for Art after the show and begin a discussion on its merits and faults. In talking about the stunts, they'll say something like this: "Don't you think you should have sent that lady to the department store instead of the gas station...?" Link listens to all their comments, pro and con.

Link's fans think of him as a close personal friend. You can tell this from the letters they send in. Four out of five begin with: "Dear Art," followed by some personal problem—end with: "What shall I do?" Art sees that each letter is answered, though he doesn't give advice.

The gang in the office feel just as close to Link as his fans. They have every reason to. Generally, in Hollywood, a line of demarcation is drawn between the star and his employees. But not in the Linkletter office. Link is one of the gang—an old pal. He proves it, too. The other day, two of his secretaries were alone in the office at lunchtime. Art came in with three hamburgers, a pint of coleslaw, and a quart of milk. "Be my guest," he said, and we all sat down at the PBX for lunch.

Then there are the birthday luncheons. It's a custom with Link and his partner-producer, John Guelder, to give each of the girls in the office a luncheon on her birthday. Link comes and acts as master of ceremonies. He has as much fun as the guest of honor. Besides this, once each year Link and his wife Lois give a poolside party at their Holmby Hills home. It's the highlight of our season.

One thing about Link which makes him an outstanding personality is his ability to laugh off mistakes—especially mine. When I first began writing for him, I left in a very funny bit—though perhaps it was a little questionable. Link didn't frown at me out of front of anyone. He just called me into his office, pointed out my blunder, and suggested I consult him if in doubt. I've never seen him mad at anyone. And he never raises his voice. On the other hand, I'm the one who gets temperamental. Recently we were giving away a hundred-dollar dress (as a gag prize). I'm one of the men on the staff (I'd heard) who had done the buying. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I looked at the dress when the prop boy brought it up from wardrobe. It was green, had bangles, and looked as though it might have come from a can-cad routine.

I threw up my arms in despair. "Whoever picked out that dress must have been kidding!" I said. "I wouldn't wear that to a Hallow-een party!" and proceeded to have blue tantrums over the green dress. Link heard all of this. Though the green of that dress was enough to send anybody's voice up an octave, it didn't rile Link. He came in, looked at the dress and said, "That's right—someone is kidding." He held it up to the light and said, "Gene, you could go to a Hallow-een party in this!"

Link's infectious laughter melted my tantrum like marshmallow in hot chocolate. I just can't stay angry around that guy. He can always make me laugh. Though I'm with him in the story meetings and script conferences, occasionally do double-duty with the Boys on House Party, and get out on the stage with him every week on People Are Funny, I find—with his millions of fans—that he never wears thin. He still makes me laugh.

I guess that is what makes him show what a really wonderful personality he has—and what a great guy he is.
Old-Fashioned Love

(Continued from page 21)

seen the changes made by electric lights, telephones, airplanes, skyscrapers, refrigeration, radio, television . . . the changes made by women's suffrage, political upheavals and two major world wars. Yet evidently, in a very personal way, Peggy believes, it means nothing to her.

But perhaps the most interesting changes—interest, at least, to Peggy—are those that have taken place in people. "Like national and international changes," she explains, "I have a tremendous interest in people. . . . always have had. After all, acting is little more than interpreting the character and analysing the psychological . . . of people—imaginary or real. In order to do this, you must have an understanding of your subject, and to have a genuine understanding there must be a genuine interest. Since in a manner of speaking, people are my stock in trade, I, naturally, have a genuine interest in them. Not—please don't misunderstand—that every person I meet becomes a subject of study . . . a sort of specimen for possible future use. That would be ghastly. I assure you my interest in human nature has never been so passionate, so real, so immediate."

Miss Wood's interest in people and things was stimulated right from the start when she was a little girl. Her father was a newspaperman. She well remembers being told, as a result of changes in the world around them . . . inventions, wars, scientific developments, and the like. And, it seems to me, interest in people and things necessitates interest and understanding of the other.

"Take, for instance, the evolution of transportation over the years," she says. "And the human race. Granted, Mama and Papa did not come to the United States in a galleys . . . or even a schooner. Transportation has progressed beyond that point. It was a steamer which brought them to these shores. But in those days it was a long and arduous journey. But the interest in it, the courage and determination to make America a long, long way from Europe, and vice versa. In those days the immigrants traveled to the country and at once settled down to the business of becoming an American . . . as did Mama and Papa. In those days knew comparatively little about the world as a whole . . . and, in the main, to the parents' homeland from hearsay and occasional letters from relatives still on the other side. The possibilities of their ever seeing each other was highly unlikely. There was, actually, very little reason for their wanting to know more about Europe, Asia and the rest of the world. Their world was right here in this country."

"It seems to me, it wasn't until the years just preceding the First World War that any real and general interest was shown in what was happening in the rest of the world. Especially in Europe, as a result of dugout visits, never died. Johnny Doughboy told him of the foreign shores he had visited . . . but this time the stories meant considerably more to his children than those told by Mama and Papa. By now, the idea of visiting Europe was considerably more than a mere 'pipe dream'."

"Today, the younger who studies Foreign Languages in grammar school does so with a purpose . . . he feels he will some day make use of it. Now he studies world affairs with interest . . . what will happen on the next trip we make to Europe. He is already making up his mind about what he is going to do on his life here in the United States, since the development of transportation has made neighbors of all countries. He has already made the first step toward understanding what it means to have an interest in the future, and so, to a certain extent, in the present."

"But the interests of the modern generation have broadened considerably from the purely local scene . . . all because of the change in the rate of living."

"No one will dispute the fact that the pace of living since the turn of the century has accelerated. . . has, from a material standpoint, made fantastic strides. Living today is like being carried on a swing over a river. . . . But the modern boy can pretty well explain to "Mama" the wonders of the electric washing machine or dishwasher, she would simply have thrown up her arms and exclaimed, 'I don't want to hear of it.' Yes, the material world has run away from "Mama" and her day. The many time savers have left the modern housewife with more time on her hands, but has she become what Peggy would have known what to do with.

"It may seem strange for me, a working woman, to say this," interjects Peggy, "but a woman who, even today, has a housewife's time-honored job has less freedom than a woman who is a professional woman. And a woman who is a professional woman has less freedom than the woman who is a working woman."

"Certainly not to Peggy Wood's way of thinking. Even though she has been an actress of many years' standing, she has, at the earliest time, taken a hygienic nursery, mother and grandmother . . . a woman whose life centers around the home just as much as it does around the theatre. During part of my childhood she worked hard and faithfully to keep a home . . . not just a house for him. A home filled with love and understanding. And she must admit, however," she smiles ruefully, "'to the amusement of all around me,' I felt prey to the then-popular method of raising children . . . progressive and strictly hygienic. Fortunately, I evidently passed it in our stride. Women, as real hearted approach . . . my natural love of children was hard to smother.

"And, as I watch the raising and development of my own children, I'm constantly finding another change . . . this generation of parents has stopped, taken stock, and returned to the days of Mama. Once again takes the wise and gentle way as Mama's in day, is considered quite healthy for a baby to be with its mother immediately . . . no interim period in a child's life."

"Once again the home . . . the family . . . is becoming a symbol of security."

But Peggy Wood has six excellent reasons for knowing a great deal about grandchil-

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When Life Is Beautiful

(Continued from page 40)

that makes it possible for him to reproduce
them accurately.) "I think of Papa David
as a man who believes it is unnecessary
ever to lie, to cheat, or to hurt anyone
knowingly. I think of him as a man who
sincerely tries to understand another
person's viewpoint and his reasons for having
it.

"It is entirely believable to me that lis-
teners should look upon him as a real person
whom they love and respect. When he
was ill recently (in the script), they
stormed the stage with cards and
banners inquiring about his health.

(These same listeners had stormed the
switchboard with just as many calls dur-
ing a period when Ralph Locke himself
was ill, beginning to think they would
return and how he was progressing.

"We're both simple souls," Ralph says
of himself and Papa. "We're not given to any
ostentation. We both believe in being just
what we are."

Similarity rather ends there, because
Ralph is much more the man of the world,
who has traveled everywhere and could
be at home in any house, anywhere, sailing
any waterway. He is an actor who
played for many years on Broadway with
some of the greatest stars of the American
theatre, in some of the most famous stage
plays. An athlete who has boxed and
wrestled, and still goes in for big game
fishing. A golfer, a handy man with a
hammer and saw, a gardener, a skilled
photographer of any kind of situa-
tions—and a superb cook, the result of his
years of concocting meals in ships' galley
to relieve the monotony of long days and
nights at sea.

The home in which he now keeps bache-
lor hall, with a canary for company, is sit-
uated in a village famous for its yachting
yards. One of his near neighbors produces
some of the finest schooners in the world,
and Ralph often accompanies him on shake-
down runs to try them out. Ralph has
owned several schooners and sloops, his
present pride is the newest vessel, a
which he is proud of his leisure
time. He calls himself a sailor—not a
"monkey-wrench sailor," referring to the
fellows who press buttons instead of hav-
ing to figure the figures themselves. As a
boy, he began to ship out on any sailing
vessel that would take him on, just as soon
as vacations began, staying out until he
barely made it through his last year's complet-
ing of school. It was the beginning of his passion
for the sea and for travel.

The island where he now lives is only a
mile and one-eighth long and less than
a half-mile wide at its widest point. There
is water, water everywhere... which is
why ever summer it changes from a quiet
place with a few old white cottages
right to a thickly populated, heavily toured
pleasure haven for city-weary folks. The
house is cozy and friendly, filled with the
things which have been collected in the
years of establishing a home and with the
mementos of trips to far-off places. There
are nautical notes in the decorations and
in the many pictures of ships and water.
The woodwork and the wallpaper is
gray. An upstairs sitting-
room-study—in which hang photographs
autographed by famous name actors and
actresses with whom Ralph has appeared
—opens onto a sundeck that has a superb
view of the bay.

Downstairs, the mahogany furnished
dining room leads out to the porch, which
is screened in summer for outside dining.
The birdhouse in the side yard is just be-
Ying the dining-room window where a
caged canary gives luncheon concerts for
his master. The wild birds come back to
their house every spring, and Ralph waits
for their homecoming.

"The Old Man comes along first and
cleans out the nest. Then I know Mama
will be there soon, perching on the perch
rail while he finishes his job. Papa brings
in the twigs and straw, all nice and new
and clean. He's the housekeeper; as I am
around here. They move in, and—about
the first of July—there is great excitement
when the babies arrive. I watch while they
are learning to fly. I have to go out and
pick the young birds off the ground and
put them back in the nest so they can try
again. Pretty soon they spurn any help
from me and are off on their own. I hear
them chattering away all summer and
watch them enjoying their house."

The radio stands in the dining room,
the television set and record player
and grand piano in the living room. At one end
of the big room is a fine fireplace in a
bricked wall, over which a lovely Forster
landscape is set. Bookcases flank the fire-
place on each side, and there are three
drapes, a blue rug like the one in the
living room, big comfortable chairs, a gold
chair with gold-colored arms—a medley of russets, tans, gold and blue.

There are special treasures, like a fine
old cloisonne plate, an antique Chinese
lamp, a Cellini lamp in lustrous plum
colored. There are two of Ralph's fine
photographs in the living room—a stately view of the Washington Bridge span-
ning a sunset on the Hudson River. A row
of his pictures in the dining room are in
shadowy lights next to an ornamental bowl... St. Patrick's Cathedral taken from a near-by skyscraper,
where the emphasis is on the contrast of
the handsome church building sur-
rounded by exactly handsomely but totally
different commercial buildings.

In the shipshape little kitchen there are
fluffy white curtains that always look as
if they had just been put up, trimmed and tied
back with red. There are great iron
and copper pots and all the shining tools of
the cook's trade, and a rack of eight or ten
different size-and-shape knives, each for
its own particular kitchen use. (Ralph is
the kind of cook who believes every proc-
ess needs its own type of knife, kept sharp
and in perfect condition, although he is
definitely not scientific about even his most
successful recipes, doing most of his work
by a sense of touch and a feel for the right
amounts of ingredients. He has had to
teach some of the women in the neighbor-
hood how to make coffee. "Not that they
didn't know how, but some of them didn't
realize that you have to change your
method with each different kind of coffee-
maker. You have to understand what each
type of pot can and can't do.")

When he preserves the figs from his own
fig tree, a yield of six or seven medium-
size jars, he seldom gets a chance to
more than taste. The neighbors seem
to have a sixth sense at that point and
manage to drop in right after preserving
time! He does complete Chinese dinners,
served on Royal Doulton ware with authentic
chopsticks in place of the customary cut-
tery of an American household. And he
has other mouth-watering specialties which
all his friends have sampled—spaghetti
with clam sauce, wonderful Spanish
dishes, baked ham that is something to
remember, steak with a richly flavored
mushroom sauce, a "hamburger" lamb
roast seasoned with Oriental spices.

Ralph Locke is as at home in a kitchen
as he is at home in a script of Life Can Be

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87
Beautiful. Without seeming to hurry or make any fuss, he had his meal on the table, beautifully served. Nothing upsets him when he is cooking. "I have prepared meals, and good ones, in forty-foot seas, when the stove had to be weighted down and I was lurching constantly from one part of the galley to another. There's nothing to it, when you know how." And he grins when complimented on his seasonings. "You have to know, not just how much, but just how little to put in."

The basement of the house had been painted and polished at various times, but because of the nearness to the water it is subject to unexpected inundations. There was the storm, 'way back in 1938, that flung the sea into the town so that power boats were going up and down the main street. There hasn't been another such storm since, but every once in a while the sea gets frisky and spoils a nice new paint job. Now he has fixed up a billiard room next to the garage space, hung his hip boots and his nets and his old fishing clothes on the rafters, and put his tools and his paints on some of the highest shelves, out of the sea's reach.

Outside, there is a brick wall protecting the edge of the lawn from the waves that break over the little beach below. The steps leading to the water plunge right in, at high tide, on the fourth step from the bottom. A bench and white-painted chairs are set on the lawn, and in midsummer there are deck chairs and gay cushions. Flowers follow the line of the wall and wander about the edges of the walkways. They wreath the flagpole and form pleasant little clumps all around the house.

Ralph got interested in acting through his interest in reading about the origins of the theatre and his love of dramatic literature. "I was always fascinated by stories about the theatre. Besides, I guess a clown is always a clown and you can't change him. I didn't really think I could act in the beginning, but others did, and before I knew it I became a professional actor."

He started as a young boy on the legitimate stage, progressed into bigger and bigger roles and then leading parts in comedies, dramas, revues, musical plays, Shakespeare—anything which anyone would give him the chance to do until he became the versatile actor he wanted to be. There finally came a time when some of the musical shows in which he appeared were to be re-done in capsule form for radio. He was approached to play some of his original roles but, knowing little about radio acting, he felt it would be a great bother to re-create a part for only one performance. "I tried one, however, and found it was fun. Then another, and another. Then, as a result, I was offered a great many other radio opportunities and, before I knew it, I was really in."

Back in his stage days, he had had a part that called for him to wear a suit of the previous generation, a square-cut affair of the kind he had seen his father wear. He couldn't find what he wanted, but remembered the tailor who had made his father's suits. "I hadn't seen him for years and, when I found him, he was getting old. But he remembered me as the no-good little rascal who used to roller skate up and down in front of his shop and drive him nearly crazy. When I told him what I wanted, he thought I had gone mad—until I explained that now I was an actor and needed the suit to wear in a play."

"Seeing him brought back all the wonderful memories of my childhood, and my memories of his kindness. How he used to take ragged, neglected youngsters into his shop and mend their torn trousers and coats and send them out proud to face their friends again. He was a sweet, wholesome guy, and, when the role of Papa David came along, I thought at once of him. I had always felt that his foreign accent only added to his appeal."

Even now, after fifteen years, Ralph is still thanking his lucky stars that "Papa" came into his life. "I have been lucky in playing such a fine character. I feel that Carl Bixby and Don Becker do a beautiful job of recording the life of a man like Papa David. The director is a wonderful guy, the whole cast is charming. There is great humanity in our stories and in all the people we portray."

"Very often I think about something one of my neighbors said one evening as we relaxed and watched the sunset across the bay. 'You know, Ralph,' he said contentedly, 'there is nothing I like better than to sit here and watch the sun run away from the mountains.'"

"I knew what he meant. I could see it receding from the lengthening shadows all around us, and I thought then, as I do now, how neatly he expressed a whole philosophy of life. The always-shining sun forever leaving behind it the shadows that can never quite catch up."

Ralph Locke's philosophy? Papa David's? Undoubtedly a little of both!

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Radio's "My True Story" has helped countless couples find the key to true happiness. For this vivid program presents emotional dramas involving the human problems so many people are faced with. When you tune in, you may hear your very own problem happily solved. Each one of these stories of love, hope, fear, jealousy is taken from the files of "True Story Magazine"—and the characters you meet are as true-to-life as the folks you meet every day.

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"MY TRUE STORY"

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Two for the Money

(Continued from page 45)

Pixie...Yes, Pixie would come through fine. She always did. But the baby—what was he going to hear about the...

Suddenly the door flew open and a nurse came in ("came dancing in," is the way Herb described it, saying, all excited, "Two boys! Two boys!"

And this is how the State of Indiana’s favorite son, and your gently humorous host on the quiz program, Two For The Money, learned that his two sons had been born.

Not that Herb was completely surprised by the twin birth. Almost from the beginning Pixie had had a feeling that the "baby" would be twins. A feeling all the more to be reckoned with, since she had not had it when pregnant with Indy, now seven years old. Also, Pixie’s mother is a twin.

There were twins, some way back, in the Shriner family. And twins "run," as is known, in families. "And around home, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, a couple of boys, the Shriner twins," herbs related, "lived nearby. No relation. Still..." More scientifically, X-rays made during the sixth month of Pixie’s pregnancy showed two separate bodies.

"The day the X-rays were taken and showed, unmistakably, two separate backbones, first thing Pixie said was ‘Goodson and Todman will love this.’ Goodson and Todman are the producers of Two For The Money," Herb chuckled. "That’s Pixie for you. Matter of fact, Two For The Money had, I maintain, a lot to do with this. Just glad I’m not playing ‘The People,’" Herb added, making a funny.

At the moment, however, the marvelous and momentous news came with the birth of his sons was announced to him, Herb, unfortunately for posterity, said nothing, either humorous or otherwise, not a word.

"So I’m doing anything to," he explained. "The nurse, having delivered her show-stopping line, just grabbed up a handful of diapers and went out. There was no other father keeping a watchful eye on me. So I just kept on standing there, staring at the river, concentrating on the river as I’d been doing for the hour and a half (as I later learned) that Pixie was in the delivery room."

"I sort of—well, it was a strange feeling. All my life, I never thought of myself as a man with a big family. As an only child, one of a closely knit small group, that’s what I was used to. That’s what I’d expected to go on being used to. Figured I could make that do. Maybe if you’ve had six or eight kids first, been conditioned to it, I was thinking—them coming in pairs, I mean...

"Then all my thoughts, scattered as they were, got together and just centered around the river. First of all, I felt to thinking of a guy I know who has three sons. They all sail together, this guy and his three sons—real great! Now I saw myself sailing down to the South Seas, two guys to crew for me! Or maybe we’d stay closer to home, go up the Connecticut shore, visit with Dennis James, who lives so close to the water you can sail right out. Oh, other times, we’d just cruise around, the five of us, Pixie, Indy, the boys and I, drop anchor near one or another of our sailing friends—Chris Moore, say, who also has a bunch.

"Sun is beginning to come up and I’m daydreaming along in this fashion when I hear a tap at the door and someone is telling me I can see Pixie now. So I walk down a corridor into Pixie’s room and there she is looking just like Pixie looks any morning she wakes up happy and healthy, and telling me, a shine in her eyes, "We have two sons! One hour after the twins are born, Pixie is telephoning her mother in Chicago. She’s rugged, the way I said.

"Tell the doctor to tape that up again and led down another corridor (the hospitals kind of conduct a new father around, sort of a guided tour) at the end of which I’m looking at the two guys (looking at them under glass) who are going to crew for me.

"When the doctor first held them up at the window, I thought he was offering me a choice, though, identical as they are. Kinds red-looking, both of them. Looks as if they may be blond, although they don’t have much hair, either of them. Just about the same size, too. One weighed in, at birth, at 8 pounds, 14 ounces; the other at 8 pounds, 9 ounces. Big babies, even for singletons, yet Pixie had an easier and shorter delivery. There’s only one. Even now, only way I can tell them apart is that No. 2 is a mite larger, especially in the face, than No. 1.

"Only one named so far," Herb explained, "is Kin. No, not Kin—n, as in ‘noodle.’ Named him after Kin Hubbard, the famous Hoosier humorist.

"What are you going to do," a friend asked us the other day, ‘name one and point at the other?’

"As of now, that’s what we’re doing. Maybe we’re playing around with the possibility of some other famous Hoosier name—George Ade, maybe, or James Whitcomb Riley. Incline to the latter myself—comedy, style, of course. ‘Whit’—probably be good. A real old-fashioned name, anyway, is what we want.

"Fact is, we didn’t even try to think of names, boys or girls before the twins were born. We just wanted to pin our hopes on their being twins, X-rays notwithstanding, or, if they were, on the chance (and it is a chance) of both surviving, if they'd been born alive, buying them or a lot of equipment until after they were safely here. Name an unborn child, you get attached to a name and you feel worse if anything goes wrong.

"I diagram delivery now, things can go wrong. It’s an anxious deal for parents. You visualize all kinds of problems. Sometimes one of them gets all the nourishment so there’s the worry that one may be bigger and stronger than the other. Twins have weighed in as little as one pound each. Three pounds is, I believe, the average. Small as that, they have to be given oxygen put in incubators, and kept in the hospital after the mother goes home. Some don’t come home from the hospital until time to be drafted, man with baby.

"You’d be amazed at the dedication. We were blessed with big babies, both of ‘em. They came home right along with Pixie. Only thing is, you come to visit them now, Pixie gives them a little mask—gives them used to what they’re going to face in life, doctors and hold-up men! Kin had oxygen, too, but only for one night—his first. Worry about that a little. If it be hindering, shouldn’t I have to keep buying him oxygen?

"Lucky, too, that they’re twin boys. If I’d had two girls—making four women in the family, I’d never have been able to take care of them. I’d have been a fairly coasting to hug them. Or a boy and girl, there’d have been two girls gangling up on one boy. This way, there’ll always be an extra man. Handy thing to have around the house.

"Only problem now is that we can’t
It's convenient to have a six-room apartment a few blocks away, and a place to keep my junk, movie equipment and all, which I had to move out of what was my den to make a room for the twins. Living out of the city, it'd be a lot simpler—and saner. Back in Indiana, we always had to use dogs and cats and chickens, guinea pigs, rabbits, a pet rat or two. Now we've got one dog and a little Italian greyhound, Gypsy. One dog. Herb repeated mournfully. "Pretty skimpy rations."

"Fact is, I'm worrying because the boys are evidently not going to have the kind of childhood I had unless I do something drastic about it. Unless I move back to Indiana. And when I move back to Indiana, it's just what I would do. If I don't—aren't they ever going to know what an ole swimming hole is? Ever going to have the feeling of living where there's nothing much around but open woods, got there in the woods, you and another guy, set up a tent, stay three or four days? Happy, foot-loose kids, just wandering, just getting on bikes and riding, visiting those old small towns. The adventure of it," Herb said, and sighed. The sigh was pure nostalgia.

"Will they ever meet the kind of folks I met at country dances and weddings and funerals and grass fires? I'd like 'em to mix with the old cracker-barrel habitues of a country general store such as the one I hung around when we'd visit my grand-father in Michigan. Do some of the chores I used to do—be good for 'em—such as trimming the store window, for instance, even though all I did was put in some clean flypaper.

"In five years' time, flying making the strides it is, helicopters are going to be standard equipment, the way it looks now, like the old model-T Ford once was. Maybe we can move back to Indiana. Assuming TV hasn't blown over by then," Herb laughed. "I could commute back and forth. If it isn't feasible—why, then, if I could get down to Pennsylvania, have a farm there, it would get Indy and the boys away from the Broadway and Holly-wood influence. Or bring them up, I've been figuring, on another diet—boats. Turn in the little one we have now—just a cruising sailboat—for a big cruiser that would accommodate us all. Bring them close to Nature anyway. Just want them to be near Nature somehow. Be a real horri-fiable thing," Herb said, and meant it, "if they don't like boats, water, woods, fresh air, simple folk and folk-ways."

"I go back to Fort Wayne every now and then, see the boys I started with in the old harmonica quintet we organized in high school, and they seem genuinely contented. One has a little restaurant—bar and is doing fine. Another has a jewelry store of his own business. One works for General Electric. Another has a little neon-sign business, makes signs for anybody. Make one for you? Herb? he asks me. Always offering to make me a free neon sign. Another of the boys works in the local bank. All of them have their own homes, nice families, haven't torn up their roots, wouldn't swap with any man. Envy me, being in television and all? No," Herb laughed, "no, Ma'am. They just figure if we'd stayed together, they'd be in some spot I'm in, but it doesn't bother them.

"I'd like the boys to work with their hands, like my dad, an engraver of tomb-stones, an inventor, a self-taught mechan-ist. Did built his own house. Never called a plumber in. Never needed to.

"Just hope that they'll take up some-thing interesting when they grow up. Something scientific, maybe, or musical. Or something exciting like being deep-sea explorers or space cadets. Or maybe we'll all take up flying together, Pixie, Indy, the others! Or they may become mobile enthusiasts like their old man and how many others! (Ernie Kovacs, for one.) May become champion drivers like Jackie Cooper, who is a very avid racing car driver now. Mel Torme, too, drives in competition. Perhaps they'll collect and work on antique cars like Dave Garroway and James Melton do in their spare time. And other things." Herb said, "so many other things I'd like to do which I have yet to do . . . and in this respect, if in no other, I hope they take after me. Being excited, I ramble about things to come, never satisfied with anything dull and indoors, like bookkeeping. Yet knowing, too, that you don't have to have your name in the paper, or up in lights, to be happy.

"Even this much planning," Herb added, with a Shriner smile, "is pretty premature, I've got to say—wishful thinking, as of to-day. After all they haven't done a lick of work yet!"

And so, with the gentle humor, the same raffiery based on tenderness that he uses on Two For The Money, Herb told us his proud and happy story of "two for the Shriners."
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**DAYTIME DIARY**  
All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; all times given are Eastern Standard Time.

**AUNT JENNY**  
Across the USA are thousands of quiet, peaceful towns like Littleton. Are they as quiet and peaceful as they appear? Aunt Jenny proves how deceptive appearances can be in her stories about the people who live in Littleton—people whose tragedies and triumphs, loves and hates reveal that drama is to be found even far away from busy, crowded big cities—in fact, wherever there are people to live it. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

**BACKSTAGE WIFE**  
Many times during her marriage to handsome actor Larry Noble, Mary Noble has had to defend her happiness against predatory women who preferred to forget that he was not free. But since her recovery after the crisis with Elise, Mary’s point of view has changed. If she continues to look suspiciously on every woman who crosses Larry’s path, won’t it be better if she and Larry decide to go their separate ways? 4 P.M., NBC.

**THE BRIGHTER DAY**  
As the Reverend Richard Dennis and his family start off in their brand-new home in the equally new town of New Hope, the two missing members of the family—Liz and Althea—seem about to take a controlling influence over the family’s immediate future. For when Althea returns from Wyoming she brings a disturbing problem—very much complicated by the childless Liz’s affection for Althea’s child. Spring. 2:45 P.M., CBS.

**FRONT PAGE FARRELL**  
As star crime reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, David Farrell no sooner closes the file on one solved mystery than he is sent out on another. But recently even David’s quick wits and long experience were not quite enough to keep him from being ensnared in an intrigue so complex that an innocent man was at the point of going to the electric chair, till a misleading clue laid a trail David could follow. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

**THE GUIDING LIGHT**  
Young Kathy Grant started writing the shattering end of her marriage before it began, when she concealed from Dr. Dick Grant that she was going to have a child by the late Bob Lang, who was so briefly her husband. Now she blames no one but herself, though Dick’s weakness was certainly a factor. Kathy’s father, Joe Roberts, busy with an important story, wonders what he can do about Kathy’s future. 12:45 P.M., CBS-TV; 1:45 P.M., CBS.

**HAWKINS FALLS**  
Lona Drewer’s marriage to Dr. Corey starts out bravely and with every good prospect, for they had tried hard to settle every conceivable bone of contention before they faced the preacher. But neither of them dreamed that shocking havoc would be wrought by Carol Corey, so envious of her brother’s newfound happiness that she even tried to wreck the security of young Roy Drewer in his new family life. 11 A.M., NBC-CTV.

**Hilltop House**  
Though Julie was always certain that her instinctive distrust of young Leonard Klabber was justified, even she is heartstruck over the full revelations of his frame-up of Conrad, and his attempt to use a little Korean orphan to further his own ends. But Julie and Reed are about to see another battle in which a child is used as the pawn—a battle even more sordid because the child’s money is its object. 3 P.M., CBS.

**JUST PLAIN BILL**  
Bill’s most deeply cherished memories are violated as the unscrupulous Mrs. Thelma Nelson invents a past involving his long-dead wife, Nellie, to help her deceive Bill and blacken his name in Hartville. Facing the utter destruction of his barber shop and his life, Bill has the desolate feeling that as he struggles to make a new beginning he is for the first time in his life, completely alone. 5 P.M., NBC.

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL**  
Young Chichi has packed into her modest years
LORENZO JONES Lorenzo seemed on the very point of remembering his whole happy past as the husband of Belle Jones when his fiancee, Gail Maddox, was injured in an accident. Now Lorenzo is really tied to his promise to marry the girl he met after amnesia separated him from Belle. And Belle for the first time is almost hopeless about the future, for with Gail’s new claim on his sympathy Lorenzo may never regain his memory.

5:30 P.M., NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE When Meg Harper and her sister Vanessa Dale returned to the family home in Barrowsville they left behind a series of crises created by Meg’s continual war with the world. Barrowsville promised peace—until Meg allied herself with Hal Craig and prompted trouble that made the past difficulties look small. Can she and Craig defy the rest of the town—and will Van allow her to do so? 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Day by day in every way Young Faw grows more like her mother, Ma Perkins, in strength and philosophy and the affection of all who know her. In the family’s involvement with the Pearces after old Alf’s death Faw has a chance to show this honesty and wisdom. Will it continue to serve her when she herself has need of it? Or will it be Ma who once again buoy up those she loves? 1:15 P.M., CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY The terrible shock of Doris Larkin’s murder is intensified for Sunday and Lord Henry as suspicion falls on Henry’s cousin, Ivor Thornton. Sunday’s efforts to defend Ivor are frustrated as his mother, Mrs. Sarah Thornton, blames her for the tragedy. Will the confusion of motives give the murderer the chance he is waiting for—to strike again with Sunday Brinthope as his victim? 12:45 P.M., CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY From the moment the possibility of oil on his father’s property was first mentioned, Pepper knew the family was in for some important changes. He and Linda have tried to protect themselves against the worst of them, but they must watch Father Young becoming increasingly involved. And the question of Carter, husband of Peggy Young Trent, also agitates Pepper.

Just what is wrong with his brother-in-law? 3:30 P.M., NBC.

PERRY MASON Lawyer Perry Mason knows that when he finds the organizer of the used-car racket he will probably have found the head of many other criminal enterprises, for in his experience the big criminals of his city operate through countless channels. But the man behind Ed Beckman’s trouble—the man young Kate Beckman has so innocently but unwisely allied herself with—just what is his position in the picture? 12:15 P.M., CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS If the rift in Carolyn Kramer Nelson’s marriage were caused by a personal misunderstanding between herself and Miles, Carolyn would feel hopeful of mending it by determination, honesty, and love. But the importance in the situation of outside influences weakens her confidence. If others can come between herself and Miles, confusing her efforts to reach real accord, is there any hope? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE After concentrated years of effort to ruin everyone who interfered with her desires, has Sybil Overton at last accomplished her own ruin? If she had not browbeat the unhappy Pearl Scudder into concealing baby Connie’s parentage, Sybil would have a valid claim to her dead husband’s estate. In her furious efforts to extricate herself from her own trap, will Sybil turn once again on Jim and Jocelyn Brent? 1 P.M., CBS; 3:15 P.M., NBC.

ROSEMARY Hard as it is for Rosemary to face life again after the loss of the baby she and Bill had so lovingly anticipated, there is plenty of work waiting to be done in connection with the Boys’ Club. Will this plan to help others succeed in helping Rosemary herself? What happens as Bill’s original conception of a community improvement project becomes unexpectedly complicated, and takes a disturbing personal turn? 11:45 A.M., CBS.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Wealthy Brett Chapman, trying to enlist Helen’s aid in handling his attractive but difficult young son Richie, has unwittingly created a different kind of problem as Richie becomes strongly attracted to the brilliant, beautiful designer his father hopes to marry. Is Helen right in thinking her assistant, Loretta Cole, will succeed in capturing Richie’s attention? Or is Loretta after something Helen doesn’t suspect? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW So unhappy had the recent past been for Arthur Tate and Joanne Barron that on the verge of their marriage both of them were afraid to believe in their future. And the sudden,

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93
shocking appearance of Arthur's first wife, long established as dead, is almost a confirmation of his secret insecurity. A tremendous practical and moral problem confronts Jo and Arthur now as they struggle to keep believing in their tomorrow. 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan and Terry Burton, at first doubtful about the wisdom of a marriage between Stan's sister Marcia and Lew Archer, are at last convinced that the two love each other enough to compensate for completely dissimilar backgrounds. Even Marcia's autocratic mother has succumbed to Lew's charm. Is it possible that beneath the surface of such a happy situation a flaw may develop to shatter it? 2 P.M., CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella has always feared that her daughter's selfish mother-in-law, Mrs. Grosvenor, would ruin Laurel's happiness, for Laurel's husband Dick has always been a trifle weak where his mother is concerned. With Laurel's disappearance, Stella is near panic, for only Stanley Warrick knows where Laurel has gone. Can Stella's friend, lawyer Arnold King, provide the strength Stella needs now? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nurse Nora Drake, struggling with her own choice between Dr. Robert Seargent and Fred Molina, is unaware that another woman's emotional problem may ruin her life forever. For Wynn Robinson, bitterly certain that Nora stands between herself and Fred, has joined with the sinister Lee King in a plan of almost unbelievable ruthlessness. Will Nora discover Fred is really the man she loves only after King has destroyed him? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Young, pretty Poko Thurmond has never been the kind of girl men leave behind. A popular New York model, Poko is so much sought after that if she wanted to she could easily forget that she is the wife of writer Bill Norman— as Bill himself has forgotten it since his war experiences wrecked his memory. Would it be best if Poko did forget? Will her love for Bill lead both of them to tragedy? 11:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY The sudden death of her husband has left Helen Emerson with a houseful—and a heartful—of problems as she must put aside her own deep grief to cushion the shock for her children. She is able to help nine-year-old Kim turn back to school and childish preoccupations. But Diane and Mickey are profoundly upset by the unforeseen change in their life and prospects. 12 noon, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN With the trained alertness of an expert newspaper woman, and her own sensitive understanding of people, Wendy knows that the man who calls himself Magnus is either very much less than he appears—or much more. What is his purpose with Kay Clement? Is Corinne his disciple or his dupe? Will he somehow manage to affect Wendy's already complicated relationship with her brilliant and temperamental playwright husband? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES When two people marry for love, as Joan and Harry Davis did, they believe that this love will shelter them from all outside events as long as they both shall live. But with maturity Joan has realized that while their love remains the center of their lives it is impossible for them to remain completely untouched by others. Will these others who have a claim on Joan's affections lead her to be unfair to Harry? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jeff Carter has never shirked family responsibility, but in the recent trouble encountered by his sister Virginia over the mental illness of her husband, Stan, Jeff had occasion to wonder if there were something very strange in his immediate family should never meddle with. Will the rest of the Carters ever get over a secret disturbance about Stan's condition, or a secret wondering what its effect might be on the twins? 4:45 P.M., NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE The advent of a girl named Tracy Adams has shaken Dr. Jerry Malone to the very foundations of the life he has built after the death of his wife. Even his prized friendship with Dr. Browne is threatened by Jerry's inability to face the truth about how he feels. With emotional problems of his own, how can Jerry, help as his young friend Crystal Williams struggles through a profound crisis? 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN At last Dr. Anthony Loring knows that he renounced his love for widow Ellen Brown for a fraud—that he was tricked into marrying Millicent Randall. The realization that he still loves Ellen makes it almost impossible for Anthony to accept the fact of his approaching fatherhood. If Ellen in her unhappiness were to finally turn to Michael Forsyth would it be best—or worst—for all those involved? 4:30 P.M., NBC.
While Marlin Perkins devotes his attention to Princess Elizabeth, Nero tries to act philosophical about it with his friend, Jim Hurlbut.

**YOUR ZOO PARADE**

While good-natured Nero holds undisputed title as king of the beasts in Lincoln Park Zoo, his place in the spotlight is fast being challenged by the crown princess of the collection, a flirtatious minx named Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's manners were anything but royal the Sunday she made her debut on Zoo Parade.

It's an open secret, shared equally by cast, crew and audience, that Jim Hurlbut, the inquiring reporter on the show, regards lions as his personal answer to Marlin Perkins' snakes. Although Jim shudders visibly each time Perkins brings even the most harmless serpent before the cameras, he compensates, whenever the show originates in the lion house, by boldly walking up and scratching majestic Nero's ear.

It was also natural that Jim should beam the day Elizabeth was introduced. He petted her, bounced her ball to her and had a wonderful time showing her off. Elizabeth, too, thoroughly approved of Jim. She made it evident that she regarded him as her own personally possessed human being.

But the show had to go on, so Elizabeth, with a light steel leash attached to her collar, trailed along on the cage-to-cage tour while Martin answered Jim's questions about the other big cats.

Before long, however, Elizabeth resented Jim's attention to the other felines. Her method of calling his attention was most direct. Elizabeth simply walked up and nipped Jim's leg. More startled than injured, he yelped, "Ouch!" and darted near dropped the mike. Camera men, floor men, producer and director started to laugh. In her first bow to a nation-wide audience, jealous Elizabeth virtually broke up the show.

Princess Elizabeth may have had deep-seated psychological cause for such action, for so far, people have been kinder to her than lions have.

Her mother rejected her immediately after her birth in the Peoria, Illinois, zoo. To save the tiny cub from starving or being clawed to death, keepers took her from the cage. A police officer and his family cared for her until she was brought to Marlin Perkins at the time of the Coronation. It was only natural to name her for the ascending queen.

Soft, cute and cuddly, Elizabeth instantly made Lincoln Park her private kingdom. She held court out on one of the lawns, attended by keepers Will Renner and Bill Faedite. Says Perkins, "Literally thousands of people petted her as they would a house cat, and Elizabeth just loved it."

Now a year old and weighing fifty pounds, Elizabeth has a cage of her own in the center of the large animal house. Nero and his spouse, Queenie, live on one side, Samson and Dilliah on the other.

Elizabeth's diet consists of horse meat fortified with minerals and vitamins. Mr. Perkins expects her to reach maturity at the age of two or three and predicts she will have a life span of eighteen to twenty years.

Like all cats, Elizabeth is neat. She licks down her own fur and never needs a bath.

She's still gentle, loves to be brushed, plays happily with a big rubber ball and shows off for visitors. Her days of playing on the lawn are past, however. Marlin Perkins does not agree with those who try to turn lions into house pets. Says he, "There's too much danger. While a lion, like a domestic cat, may become fond of people, you never can tell what will touch it off. Elizabeth loves us now, but that nip at Jim's leg was a prediction of her power."

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Zoo Parade, with R. Marlin Perkins, is seen on NBC-TV, Sundays at 4:30 P.M. EST.
Julie's New World Is Wonderful!

(Continued from page 23)

changed the whole complexion of things. I had found a pal, and it's been like that ever since. Judging by the looks of the things bubbling over with fun, but he'll always rush to the help of a friend who's in trouble. You can count on that.

The story of the house Julie shared with her mother to P.S. 143, in Brooklyn. Living in the only two blocks apart, they went through the eight grades together, separated for a single year, remarried briefly to Coney Island. After that, Julie and Joey ran neck and neck through the remainder of the grades, graduating together. Both went on to Grover Cleveland College, but neither found it that exciting. It was a course but, halfway through, changing over to join Julie in the academic classes. They sang together in the school chorale, the only one of three hundred voices. Julie became vocalist with the high school band during his last year and a half, and in June, 1947, they both were graduated.

"He was always singing, smiling kid," Joey says of his pal. "Many a time I would wake up feeling sort of cross, but on the way to school Julie would pull out some pranks and be lively and, believe me, by the time I would get to school I would feel fine. A lot of people thought he would come to something with his singing. I realized it myself when, for the last twelve months and what school band and I saw the reaction of the other kids. There were about 4,000 of them in the assembly hall that day, and I watched their faces light up as Julie got up to sing. I think I thought them all. This guy can't help but be a hit. I already knew he had a deep love of singing, and now all of a sudden I sensed that he had the ability, too.

Julie had a sister, Sadie, sang beautifully, too. She could hit high C. She never did anything with her music, though, and now she's married, and has a little girl, Lillian, whom Julie adores.

All through the years after graduation, when Julie worked a few months for a toll company, using a duplicating machine, and then came, November, 1947—and all during his four-year period of Navy service—Julie and Joey remained fast friends. During the Godfrey period Julie would briefly get up and feel completely up to speed. Julie for lunch after the morning broadcast whenever he could, to talk things over with her. By this time, Joey was working in the offices of an oil company, only two blocks from the CBS studios.

(One of the things that bothered Julie, as his own fame increased, was that people began to refer to Joey as "Julius La Rosa's friend." "It's like if he had to shine by my light," Julie would complain. "He's doing fine on his own." Being known as Julie's friend never bothered Joey. Hadn't he always been Julie's pal?"

"Now he is working with Julie exclusively, traveling with him and handling the hundreds of details that go along a way toward smoothing Julie's name and his mind and his time for work. When they go off on a trip, Julie's mother—in her early forties and up-to-date and very attractive, in a July collection, takes care of my Julie." And always adds, "Take care of yourself, too, Joey. Be good boys." "Julie's father, too, has always been more like a brother to me than like my friend's father. I think he is contented. He's a thinking man, very young in his outlook."

The La Rosas have lived the typical family life of a warm-hearted, close-knit group. They tell you that Julie always had a good head on his shoulders and a way of reasoning things out step by step, and that he always knew what he wanted. He knew he wanted to sing. He wanted an easier life for his parents, both of whom had worked hard. He wanted to buy them a house, and do things with them until he went married and established his own home.

The first big thing he did, after joining the Navy, was to make his mother promises to quit her job as a washerwoman on women's coats. "She works hard now," he says today, "but it's different. It's in her home. It's more rewarding." Joey has always worked outside the home long enough. The next big dream had been a house for his parents. He bought the nine-room English style home on a quiet street in Mt. Vernon, close to New York City, for $15,000. He helped his mother make the house beautiful, and Julie and Joey would go out together and talk about how wonderful it all was. Sometimes Julie's grandparents went along, sometimes his parents and his husband came in from New Jersey, but they and his uncles and cousins all came, rejoicing in the La Rosas' happiness. There were family conferences about every piece of furniture and they would retain the old home, every new purchase. They discussed colors and fabrics. They talked over the wallpapers and paint and the carpeting. They or Joey and Julie—and sometimes they both—would work into it to have the family's seal of approval. Julie's and his pop's, and particularly his mom's.

There is a huge living room, which is one of the chief reasons they loved the house from the moment they saw it. (The Brooklyn apartment was pleasant and had a sailboat, but there were small apartments also.) This house looks out on a pretty green lawn and shrubbery and flowers in season, and Brooklyn, when you look out on rows of rows of other apartment houses.) This house looks out on a pretty green lawn and shrubbery and flowers in season, and Brooklyn, when you look out on rows of other apartment houses. This house looks out on a pretty green lawn and shrubbery and flowers in season, and Brooklyn, when you look out on rows of other apartment houses. This house looks out on a pretty green lawn and shrubbery and flowers in season, and Brooklyn, when you look out on rows of other apartment houses.

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time in his life he can afford to go to a fine tailor. He now has eight new suits, the first specially tailored clothes he has ever had, and he's proud of them. His tastes are still conservative and his favorite color is still gray. While he likes matching shirts and socks, and he goes in for sweaters and T-shirts and slacks for lounging and casual wear, even these aren't too loud or too colorful.

"He likes to keep everything perfectly pressed, shins his shoes regularly, hangs up his things when he takes them off. Once, when we were on a trip, I started to hang up a jacket he had thrown over the back of a chair. 'Leave it there, Joe,' he told me. 'I'll put it away after I rest a minute.' He didn't like the idea of anyone thinking he had to be waited on. He gets into his clothes without any help from anyone—ever, even now, when another guy as busy as he is would have a 'dresser' or a valet to help him keep his things in readiness for quick changes. No, he isn't the 'man's man.' But it wouldn't seem natural to Julie.

Apparently he has other qualities that haven't changed with success. Joe tells how he was always independent. How he was always straightforward with everyone. How he was always independent in his heart, sometimes too impulsively perhaps, but you knew exactly how he felt about things. And how, sometimes, his emotions have betrayed him, when they didn't want them to. When, for instance, he was trying so hard to control his emotions during the disclosure of his interest in Dorothy McGuire, and her apparent interest in him, he broke down and wept in front of the whole cast and crew during a recording of "No Other Love," for his taped radio show. He had a bout with laryngitis, too, which seemed more the result of strain and emotion than anything else, but he got himself together quickly and has behaved magnificently about it all.

He has always had great loyalty. "If you're his friend, that's it for life," the kids who grew up with him will testify. He keeps up with the boys he and Joe were pals with during their schooldays. Gene, now Lt. Gene Montalbano of the Marine Corps—they both came from pretty regularly and, when he was home for New Year's, they spent the time together. And Nino Maggio, whose job keeps him busy, but who gets together with them whenever they're all free. Everybody still treats Joe like one of the gang, and he's the same with them, no different from what he always was. It's the first to admit that he happened to get a very lucky break. When fellows knew he knew the Navy look him up, he will sit around with them for hours talking about old times.

Even when he hasn't seen them for a long time and is all out of touch. He remembers people. At an engagement in Buffalo, he saw an accordion player who had been on Talent Scouts quite a while back, called him by name right away.

His family knows that success isn't making him throw any of his principles overboard. He never fails to give credit where credit is due, and remind himself of how he got started, and to be grateful for all the breaks he has had. His mother puts it simply: "Julie has always been my Julia. Always in the way he is today. A good, kind boy. Appreciative. Loyal." His father beams with pride when Julie's name is mentioned. His Aunt Rosie, who isn't much older than Julie himself, had always advised him not to let any career spoil his fine family relationship and his loyalties to those who have been kind to him. She thinks he has done a good job of keeping faith with himself. They talk about his innate courtesy, in small ways and big. The way he minimizes other people's failings, and his own willingness to take criticism, in spite of losing a good deal of an independent mind that wants to make some of its own decisions and stand or fall by them, in spite, too, of an appearance of boyishness. ("I'm only a few years older than Julie," one of the girls who works with him says, "but to me he seems just like a nice boy—like one of the nicest boys I have ever met—although I know he has a very serious side. I'm always surprised when he comes up with something quite profound, something that shows he doesn't think like a kid. It's his boyish manner that fools you.")

He has a genuine thirst for learning and is trying to catch up on a lot of things he's missed by not getting to college, as once he dreamed of doing. When he reads anything that impresses him, he can hardly wait to share it with some friend. He likes people who think like him. He likes to hear about the lives of great and women, and to try to discover the philosophies that helped them to live well. He is interested in words, and their exact meanings, and in building a vocabulary that will help him to express his feelings as clearly as possible. Perhaps that's why he is such a Scrabble "fiend." The board on which that word game is played is always ready in his dressing room, or set up at home on the rare free evenings he's there.

He likes to play cards with his father, and sometimes an uncle and Joe, but this quickly gets to be more of a joke session than a card game. Julie has a way of seeing the funny side of incidents and of telling his stories well. Or he will come up with a couple of jokes he has heard. Most

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of the time they're just sitting around and talking and laughing, turning on TV to watch something special, having their coffee or tea. Julie can't be quiet too long. The minute a room gets silent, he's either planning to pop up and make some usual conversation-going. And the laughter.

He loves to eat, keeps his weight down in spite of his appetite, because he's so active. At the time of this interview (and it should be mentioned here that he always referred to him respectfully as Mr. Godfrey—or, at rare times, Mr. G—and still does), he weighed about 185 pounds. But that's down from about 205 when he was a boy, his waistline went from 31 to 28 inches, also a better measurement for him.

He can't be away from all the excitement for breakfast, order double slidors after a show, put down quantities of Italian food, especially his mother's. In a pinch, he can cook for himself but, on a camping trip in Canada and Maine with another fellow, he had to call up his mother once or twice to verify her recipes for a couple of dishes he wanted to fix.

There was a time when photography and tinkering with radios and television sets interested him greatly, but his time now is limited. He worked in a radio repair shop during his college years but alone, but alone, but alone. When he was away from his dad's trade, and was his own ambition before he began to sing professionally. He still hopes to have a business with his own name, and perhaps he will. He is still well with the loan to put together the house, but the clock warns him against it every time he plans to get started. Whereas he used to do eight weeks on a show, now he has now done as many as 465 during a two-week engagement in one theatre, counting the encore, playing day and evening for the same crowds who called for more and more.

He wants to learn more about reading music and developing his natural ear for it. Actually, he had only six months of formal music training (even when he talked with Mr. Godfrey), his other training merely part of the choral group at school. He would like more time to practice tennis and to learn golf. He was always a good swimmer and played a good game of baseball and softball, and he liked to see football played, but neither he nor Joey was interested in sports.

The financial interests took him to the theatres where they could sit through three shows to hear Frank Sinatra sing, or to hear Perry Como sing Crosby movie. Julie was, and still is, a big fan of all three.

Now that he's a star, too, his schedule is exhilarating. A string of club and theatre engagements, TV radio, the writing of his Monday, Wednesday and Friday 15-minute radio shows, recorded with live audiences. (He usually does three of these shows a week, four hours four days a week.) On the radio, he is interviewed, of course, but also, once a week, and on one show, “Oh, Holy Night,” “Ave Maria” and “Adoeste Fideles.” There are always new ones being added, probably several by the time you read this.

None of these demands upon him, none of the success has come to him, seems to have changed Julie. He was always critical of himself, he still is. Always trying to improve it. He still takes suggestions from those whose opinion he respects. He's still easy-going at rehearsals, still has everyone laughing before the tension mounts too high. Even at the difficult recording sessions—and many must have been difficult for him, rough, with everyone beating his brains out to do his best—no one feels too worn out at the end of the day. Julie eases the strain of his busy schedule.

He still sleeps soundly, the sleep of a boy who knows how to do a good job and then relax, and who has an easy conscience. And he still has to be practically tried out of bed by an hour, for a boy he is on the road, because he gets terribly tired out.

He still dreams of marriage to the girl of his choice, and a home where they can be together always. “We never discussed marriage much,” Joey says of their growing-up days, “and now I respect Julie's privacy even more than I ever did. Even when he was very young, he didn't fit from girl to girl. As long as he went with a girl, she was the one for him. We went out mostly in groups of four or five couples, to the beaches, the Friday-night dances at the Community Center, the church dances, or the movies. Once in a while, he and another girl would go to the movies more often as a group. As far as Julie was concerned, a girl could be the quiet type or the life of a party, as long as she was a friend. He never married girls, maybe because he had them laughing all the time. And he respected them.

“When he did talk about marriage, he always knew only one girl who had the same ideas he had about life. Not necessarily the same background. We all thought that backgrounds could be removed, but we remained the same. He didn't think it mattered whether a girl was a home-body or a career girl, I only know that he looked upon marriage as something you entered into for keeps, and not as a lark. I didn't think about it and about kids. Julie was twenty-four last January 2, and now all this is becoming more important to him. We both realize we're no longer children.

“What Julie wants is what every young fellow wants from life. Happiness in his home and in his work. Happiness in love, I don't think he will have that, however, if he were to wake up tomorrow and find himself in the repair business with his dad, as he once thought about doing as a full-grown man. He would, of course, have the things he is able to do for his family, the large earnings (some say they will amount to more than half a million this year), the fun he is having, but be a lot more excited of achieving the things he has done and hopes to do. But the point is that he was a happy guy before any of this came about. That's the great thing for a young man, his happiness, by his attitudes toward life. Even in his hearts he has tried to find something good to cling to, something lovely to remember, and he has always succeeded.

He counts himself a lucky fellow, with a lot to be grateful for. During a period of great emotional strain for himself and for his club and radio and TV, when he left the Godfrey fold—his folks made a special trip to Pittsburgh to watch him perform. When they came into the hall, it was sil
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your local Favorites

JERRY AND JIMMA STRONG
Washington's only husband-and-wife team has a flair for spreading good cheer and friendliness.
(Page 102)

JOE McCauley
Listeners' wishes are his commands as he fills the airwaves with a variety of music through the night.
(Page 103)

TALENT PATROL
The U.S. Army wins hearty applause from Dave Garraway and Miss Arlene Francis.
(Page 100)

• FOR PROGRAM LISTINGS SEE PAGES 104-106
The Army goes on a big New York holiday, thanks to ABC-TV's popular *TALENT PATROL*

Talent-scout shows and the U.S. Army are both very familiar to Americans, but when the two join forces with charming and vivacious Arlene Francis, the results are bound to be exciting and different. Millions of television viewers across the land are finding this true each Thursday night as ABC-TV, in conjunction with the Army, presents its unique show, *Talent Patrol*. And the nicest part of the whole undertaking is that, each week, one of our servicemen becomes the guest of honor on a dazzling whirlwind tour of New York City.

Here's how it happens. Each week, Army talent scouts visit a different Army camp throughout the country and hold auditions for all servicemen with show-business inclinations. From the hundreds of men who compete, four are selected and brought to New York to appear on *Talent Patrol*. Then, after each one has performed, the winner is chosen by audience applause.

Such was the chance-of-a-lifetime experience for Private Stephen W. Elmore, who sang his way to acclaim. Twenty-year-old Steve, along with three other soldiers from Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, arrived in New York, three days prior to their appearance on *Talent Patrol*, for extensive rehearsals. Then, when the big night came, Steve stole the show with his wonderful rendition of "Oklahoma!"

In a daze of excitement and amazement at winning, he was given a big send-off by Dave Garroway. Waiting outside the theatre was a chauffeured Carey limousine to speed him on his way to New York's top night spots—the Café Rouge, the Latin Quarter, Café Society, and a host of others. In addition to having the time of his life for twenty-four hours, Steve returned to camp—where he is a member of Special Services—with the added assurance that he was a talented entertainer. This experience with *Talent Patrol* was a landmark for Steve—just as it has been for hundreds of other Army men who have won before him.

Among those who derive great pleasure and satisfaction from *Talent Patrol* is none other than Miss Francis, whose first-rate femceeing is always a sparkling addition to the show. Her good nature and sharp wit play a vital part in lessening the inevitable stage fright that creeps over the boys. Although many stars have found it difficult to handle "amateurs" before a camera, their unprofessional attitude is just what Arlene likes. And no matter how tongue-tied they may be before the show starts, she can always manage to put them at ease for their performance.

It goes almost without saying that the Army itself is pleased with the show and the opportunity it presents for servicemen. And, giving credit where it is due, the ABC-TV staff deserves to feel proud of the technical and artistic services it contributes toward making *Talent Patrol* an example of television at its best—constructive, entertaining, a worthwhile endeavor that everyone can enjoy.

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ABC-TV presents *Talent Patrol*, Th., 9 P.M. EST, for the U.S. Army.
On to the famous Pen and Pencil Steak House, where owner John Bruno makes sure Steve enjoys a superb steak dinner with all the trimmings.

Steve is doubly pleased at Café Society, for there two old friends, actor Joe De Pauw and dancer Elaine Pallie, join him as he meets singer Alan Dale and comedian Leo De Lyon.

Steve (center) found rehearsals with his Army buddies were hard work, but fun, too—especially when Miss Francis took part. He thought her charm and wit were just what he and the others needed to chase away pre-show jitters.
WASHINGTON, D. C.'s friendliest neighbors are Jerry and Jimma Strong, who daily dispense wit and good cheer over WMAL and WMAL-TV. Their chatty weekday shows, on radio from 11 A.M. to noon, on TV from 3:30 to 4 P.M., and on radio again from 4 to 5:30 P.M., are as relaxing and heartwarming as a friendly cup of tea in a neighbor's kitchen.

A perfect couple both on the air and in their own home, Jerry and Jimma make their Mr.-and-Mrs. programs real family affairs. Their two daughters, DeeDee, 12, and Jenny, 8, often sing duets, and can ad lib almost as well as their mother and dad. To complete the family circle, Jerry and Jimma's large French poodle, Froodle, makes occasional appearances, and Gay Baby, their toy poodle, is regularly starred. Gay Baby loves to sample the sponsors' products, or perch on the sofa next to Jerry while he sings hymns and popular songs, accompanied by organist Jim Smiley. Other members of the Strong family who don't appear are their two horses and two ponies.

Jimma is the perfect helpmate for Jerry—she was his secretary until he decided that she meant more to him than just an assistant, and married her!

Back in 1952, Jimma subbed for Jerry while he was ill, even though, as Jerry says, she hardly knew the front from the back of a microphone. When Jerry took over again, he received a steady stream of letters: "Where's that Southern gal?" (Jimma is from Mississippi.) "Why can't Jimma do the show with you?" And so, by popular demand, Jimma did join the show, to make them Washington's first—and only—Mr.-and-Mrs. team.

In addition to sharing their programs, Jerry and Jimma work together in their behind-the-scenes activities—like answering fan mail, planning the shows, and auditioning records—with the help of DeeDee and Jenny. The Strongs invite the Capital's top amateur and professional entertainers, civic leaders, and national favorites—like Bing Crosby, Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, and Vaughn Monroe—into their TV living room. Their radio shows feature music from their personal library of 18,000 records. But it isn't only their guests, music and chatter that make Jerry and Jimma Washington's favorites—it's their air of friendliness and good cheer, of just being themselves, a happy and wholesome average American family, that endears them to their loyal fans.
Requestfully Yours

For eleven years now, Joe McCauley, Philadelphia's obliging disc jockey, has been devoting his time and talents to giving WIP listeners just what they want to hear, via his all-request show, Dawn Patrol. Daily, from 12:30 to 6:00 A.M., Joe fills the airwaves with the tuneful melodies his loyal, stay-up-late fans ask for. Truck drivers, all-night restaurant operators, students cramming for exams, folks who just can't sleep—they all have tunes they'd like to hear, and it's Joe's business, and proud pleasure, to spin them. He even receives requests by mail from servicemen overseas, who want certain songs played for a loved one at home. And always, Joe is at the mike with the right record at the right time.

Even after spinning hundreds of thousands of records—at an average of 75 a night—Joe is as enthusiastic as ever about his job. "But I must admit I feel a little ancient when I meet the children of a fellow who says he used to listen to me back in his college days." That really shouldn't bother Joe, however, because those eleven years have brought him a wonderful family of his own—his attractive wife, Roz, and three little potential deejays: Joey, 9, Lynn, 7, and baby Kathleen Anne.

Of course, Joe has his preferences among the singers and bands whose records he plays, but his real favorite in the vocal department, he'll tell you with a grin and a twinkle in his eye, is that brand-new daughter of his.

Joe's hobbies are about the same as his job: his favorite pastime is making comic records by combining snatches of music and sound effects from the station's record files. At home he plays his own requests from his personal collection of 1200 records.

But it's the records he plays for his listeners—songs that bring back memories and mean something special to someone, or just pop tunes they like to hear again and again—that give Joe the most pleasure, and form that solid link between him and his wonderful radio friends.
### Inside Radio

#### Saturday

**Morning Programs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Howdy Doody</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>News Summary</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>News</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Howdy Doody (con.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>News Of America's Galen Drake</td>
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**Afternoon Programs**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tr>
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<td>NBC</td>
<td>Marine Band Man On The Farm 101 Ranch Boys 105 Ranch Boys</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Fifth Army Band American Farmer</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Noon News Start Of Today Starts Over Hollywood</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>No School Today Space Patrol</td>
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<td>Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc</td>
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<td>CBS</td>
<td>Galen Drake (con.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Secret Story Helen Hall, Femme Fair Tiny Fairbanks Farm Quiz Little League Clubhouse</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Robert Q. Lewis Show</td>
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**Evening Programs**

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<td>News H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Dance Orch. It's Your Business Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Dinner Date 8:35 Cecil Brown</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>It's Your Business James Crowley Reports</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Helfer, Sports Pigskin Report Dan Do You 7:35 News</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Disaster Strikes Three Suns Johnny Mercer Show</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
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<td>Al Helfer, Sports Pigskin Report Dan Do You 7:35 News</td>
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<td>20 Questions Virginia Barn Dance Gansmoke 8:25 Win Elliot Gangbusters</td>
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<td>News 8:05 ABC Dancing Gangbusters 8:25 Win Elliot Gangbusters</td>
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<td>CBS</td>
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<td>The Big Preview (con.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>ABC Dancing Party (con.) Two For The Money Country Style</td>
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<td>The Big Preview (con.)</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>New England Barnyard Jamboree Lamarbe Land ABC Dancing Party (con.) Two For The Money Country Style</td>
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#### Sunday

**Morning Programs**

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<td>World News Roundup Never Walk Alone</td>
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<td>MBS</td>
<td>Wings Of Healing Light And Life Hour Garden Gate</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Never Walk Alone Back To God</td>
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<td>News</td>
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<td>Never Walk Alone (con.) Collector's Item</td>
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**Afternoon Programs**

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<td>Collector's Item (con.) The Eternal Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>College Choirs College Choir</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>College Choirs College Choir</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
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<td>Collector's Item (con.) The Eternal Light</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
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<td>American Forum Sammy Kaye</td>
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<td>Golden Voices, with Show Tunes Top Tunes With Trendier</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Weekend Newspaper Of The Air Counter-Spy, Don MacLaughlin Nick Carter 4:35 Larre Greene</td>
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<td>Weekend Newspaper Of The Air Counter-Spy, Don MacLaughlin Nick Carter 4:35 Larre Greene</td>
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<td>College Quiz Bowl Bulldog Drummond, Sir Cedric Hardwicke</td>
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<td>MBS</td>
<td>NBC Symphony, Toscanini John Williams, Intermezzo</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>NBC Symphony, Toscanini John Williams, Intermezzo</td>
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<tr>
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<td>The Marriage Chamber Music Of The New York Philharmonic Orchesta</td>
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<tr>
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### See Next Page
**NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS**

**Monday through Friday**

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<th>Channel</th>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>News Till Nine</td>
<td>News coverage</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Margaret Arlen</td>
<td>Opera performance</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>McReady Amsterdum</td>
<td>Comedy performance</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>Morning show</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Judge Love</td>
<td>Drama series</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
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**Tuesday**

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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Cavalcade Of America</td>
<td>Historical drama series</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Gene Autry</td>
<td>Western series</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Godfrey and His Friends</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Judge For Yourself</td>
<td>Drama series</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Make Room For Daddy</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Mark Saber</td>
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<td>Godfrey and His Friends</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Strike It Rich</td>
<td>Musical comedy series</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Paul Dixon Shaw</td>
<td>Music variety series</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Journey Through Life</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Meet Mr. McNulty</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Four Star Playhouse</td>
<td>Musical variety series</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Dragnet</td>
<td>Police drama series</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Jack Benny</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Kraft Theatre</td>
<td>Hour-long dramas</td>
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**Friday**

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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Garroway Show</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
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**Saturday**

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<td>Beat The Clock</td>
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<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Jackie Gleason Show</td>
<td>Comedy series</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>The Bob Hope Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>The Man From U.N.C.L.E.</td>
<td>Spy series</td>
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**Sunday**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Show</th>
<th>Channel</th>
<th>Description</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Omnibus</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Meet The Press</td>
<td>News show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Life With Father</td>
<td>Family comedy series</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>The Toast Of The Town</td>
<td>Variety series</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Vocal group show</td>
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**Monday P.M.**

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<td>Burns &amp; Allen</td>
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<td>Robert Q. Lewis</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Robert Gammon</td>
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**Saturday**

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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Life With Father</td>
<td>Comedy series</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>The Toast Of The Town</td>
<td>Variety series</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>A &amp; B Today</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Music show</td>
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**Sunday**

<table>
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<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Vocal group show</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"Such wonderfully luxurious complexion care!"

Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, "I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it's the most wonderful beauty soap I've ever used!"

WOMEN EVERYWHERE love Camay with cold cream— extra luxury at no extra cost! And Camay is the only leading beauty soap that contains this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry or oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll enjoy Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, satiny-soft lather, and delicate fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap made!
SATURDAY NIGHT HIT—YOUR PRELL-WASHED HAIR!

...so Radiantly Alive

A hit on every date—your hair after a luxurious Prell Shampoo! That's because Prell does such wondrous things for your hair... leaves it angel-soft and smooth as satin... glistening with an exquisite radiance you never knew it had! Yes, radiance tests prove Prell leaves your hair gloriously, 'Radiantly Alive'—more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo. Prell leaves hair extra clean, and removes embarrassing dandruff. It's so easy to use—no spill, drip, or break. Try Prell tonight—you'll love it!
No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

There’s Cold Cream Now in Camay

Wonderful Way to Pamper Your Complexion . . . Bring New Luxury to Your Bath!

Beautiful women everywhere tell us they love the added elegance of cold cream in Camay—extra luxury at no extra cost. And Camay is the only leading beauty soap that contains this precious ingredient.

Whether Your Skin Is Dry or Oily—new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. You’ll enjoy, too, all the things you’ve always loved about Camay . . . that skin-pampering mildness, satiny-soft lather and delicate Camay fragrance. There is no finer beauty soap made!

Now More Than Ever . . . The Soap of Beautiful Women

“Everything I’d ever hoped for in a beauty soap!”

Mrs. Norman C. Wilson, a lovely new Camay Bride says, “I tried Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it, and I’ll never again use any other beauty soap. It’s so luxurious! Mild and gentle, too!”
Now...a tooth paste that protects your teeth from sweets

Enjoy sweets...then use new Ipana with WD-9 to inhibit tooth-decay acids*

Now you can eat the sweets you like—the sweets you need for a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against decay acids—formed when sweets and other carbohydrates team up with bacteria in your mouth.

For WD-9 in Ipana’s exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of these tooth-decay acids.

Enjoy your sweets and protect your teeth with Ipana®

Your youngsters will love it, too. Ipana’s wonderful new minty flavor actually encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste. But new Ipana with WD-9 makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even one brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.

*To get the best results from new Ipana, use it regularly after eating—particularly after sweets. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweets they wanted proved that brushing this way can prevent most tooth decay.

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you can protect teeth from sweets with new white Ipana containing WD-9.

New white IPANA with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9
NEW!
Doctor's deodorant discovery safely
STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG
New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 dries to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.

NEW MUM®
cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-YEYERS

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Cover portrait of Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe by Ozzie Sweet

buy your June copy early • on sale May 7
Did he have a right to suspect her?

Dunbar was in a troubled state of mind. The honeymoon was scarcely over, but, lately, his wife was acting strangely indifferent. She responded reluctantly to his affectionate advances and seemed repelled by his kisses. Was she tiring of him? Was there another man? He suspected everything...everything that is, but the truth.

One of the worst things about halitosis is that it is so easy to offend without even realizing it. Halitosis comes and goes...absent one day, present the next...and you may never know when. So why rely on lesser precautions when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a record of proven performance.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor**
**Germs Like This...Instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

**Listerine Clinically Proved**
**Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions.

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against?

**LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH**
4 times better than any tooth paste
KEEP YOUR BABY
"SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE"**
IN PLAYTEX® BABY PANTS


No other baby pants have this "Miracle Stretch". Let your own hand prove it.

WHAT’S SPINNING

By CHUCK NORMAN

Talk of the record trade these days is the rapid rise of Frank Sinatra into the spotlight once more after an erratic few years in which many wags had said last rites over his popularity. Unquestionably, the Oscar hanging precariously over his head as a result of his solid role in “From Here to Eternity” has helped re-focus the spotlight, but other things have also entered into the comeback. Among these, of course, have been his frequent TV appearances—as a singer, emcee, and comedian—which have proved him to be versatile and serious about his bid for top stardom again.

The happiest indication, however, is his wax work, which is showing everyone that “The Voice” is everything it used to be, and more. I will be the first to admit that Frankie’s is not the greatest voice in show business. He’s got to have the right tune, such as a solid ballad or a bouncy blues. But, given that, he requires no more to enjoy than to give his best. Samples of the ballads that he has done before are done again in his new album which has everybody spinning, “Songs for Young Lovers” (Capitol H-488, one 10”). Mixed in with a number of newer tunes are oldies like “They Can’t Take That away from Me” and “I Get a Kick Out of You,” and he handles them with the same loving care he would have tendered earlier in his career.

Bob Manning’s latest recording of “You Made Me Love You” (Capitol 2895) proves to me the nice things I thought the first time I heard him. He sings straight and lets his voice sell the song—not a new technique but one that not everyone seems to be able to employ. I won’t make any predictions; he makes his own with each new record.

Songwriter Dave Kapp wrote me to say that his new tune, “Man, Man, Is from the Woman Made,” is his best (he admits prejudice) since “Dance with the Dolly.” However, the Ames Brothers, whose Victor waxing of the tune (V-20-5644) is tops, said that they had figured the other side, a nostalgic novelty called “The Man with the Banjo,” to be the hit. Happily, neither Dave nor the Ames Brothers are arguing about their concoction, and it looks to be a big year for calypso songs, of which “Man, Man” is very much a big one.

Eartha Kitt’s latest album, “That Bad Eartha” (Victor LP 3187), is unfortunately titled, because it’s definitely not an example of that good Eartha we all have come to enjoy in the last year. Probably she was pushed rather hard to get these out quickly in order to ride in the wake of her “Presenting Eartha Kitt” album. We haven’t heard the last of her, I’m sure. It’s not generally known, but she’s been turning down lots of big money in night clubs and personal appearances to stay with her musical review, “New Faces.” The reason: she knows that her departure would break up the show, and there are too many kids in the cast depending on it.

(Continued on page 28)
Which of these Make-ups is the Most Flattering to You?

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which type becomes you most excitingly? Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don’t know how lovely you can look.

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you’re not sure—experiment! Wear each of these make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It’s so inexpensive to see “for sure”—so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

### CAKE?
**Yes, cake—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in “close-ups.”**

If you’re looking for a dramatic make-up, wear Solitair. No other type of make-up “covers” tiny lines and skin blemishes so completely. With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each little imperfection is discreetly hidden. Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this non-drying cake never clogs pores (clinically proved) and never looks heavy or mask-like.

By daylight Solitair is “outdoors-y”, with the freshness of youth... by night, alluring perfection—even in close-ups. If you haven’t liked other cakes, you’ll still like Solitair... it’s different from all others.

If you fear the “made-up look”—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up especially desirable, Magic Touch is ideal for you! This tinted cream is quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness... covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away.

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with a youthful sheen. Powdered lightly, it gives a lovely matte finish. Rich in Lanolin, soft on your skin, richly protective.

### CREAM?
**Yes, cream—if you crave the “natural look” or if dry skin is a special problem!**

If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you’ll find your answer in Sheer Magic! Its dainty color blends your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually gives it the soft look of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, leaving your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet... baby-soft to the touch! Yet Sheer Magic is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents create this youthful effect. A completely new experience in make-up. Try it and see!

### LIQUID?
**Yes, liquid—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!**

All 3 by Campana... *Creator of Fine Cosmetics*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Solitair</th>
<th>Magic Touch</th>
<th>Sheer Magic</th>
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<tr>
<td>CAKE MAKE-UP</td>
<td>CREAM MAKE-UP</td>
<td>LIQUID MAKE-UP</td>
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<tr>
<td>7 shades—33¢, 65¢, $1.00</td>
<td>6 shades—43¢ and $1.00</td>
<td>6 shades—only 79¢</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Jack Barry’s new TV program, *Winky Dink And You*, gives youngsters a chance to join in the fun by drawing on their own TV sets—and has proved its value as recreational therapy in many hospitals.

Rumors are flying that Irene Beasley may resume her popular radio show.

**WHAT’S NEW from COAST to COAST**

By JILL WARREN

Hoping to give NBC further competition, CBS has launched a brand-new television offering called *The Early Morning Show*. It’s a two-hour program, seen from 7:00 to 9:00 A.M. in the East—the same time slot occupied by NBC’s *Today*. Walter Cronkite is the emcee, handling the interviews with interesting people in the daily news. Charles Collingwood delivers the up-to-the-minute news flashes, and Eric Severeid is in charge of the Washington, D.C. items. The musical chores are under the reins of “Horace, The Houndog,” a charming little character created by the talented puppeteers, Cora and Bill Baird. Horace, as a “disc doggy,” presents the latest recordings. Fashion also has a place on the show, along with personalities and information from the theatrical, musical and literary worlds. And, of course, the weather—which is announced from a huge, specially constructed electronic map that shows temperatures and conditions in all parts of the country.

The television version of *One Man’s Family* is finally back on NBC’s network schedule as a daily fifteen-minute feature. Mary Adams is seen as Mother Barbour, Theodore von Eltz as Father Barbour, Russell Thorson again plays Paul, James Lee has returned as Clifford, Martin Dean portrays Jack. Anne Whitfield is the new Claudia (she plays Claudia’s daughter on radio), Linda Leighton is Hazel, and Jack Edwards is Claudia’s boy friend, John Roberts. The cast changes were necessary because many of the original members could not leave New York, and the TV series is being done on film in Hollywood. The story, although set in the present, will go back several... (Continued on page 16)
Time Magazine reports on recent medical findings about
SKIN OF WOMEN'S HANDS DAMAGED
BY SOAPS, DETERGENTS!

NOW! YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR HANDS FROM IRRITANTS!

USE PLAYTEX® LIVING GLOVES
LATEX, FABRIC LINED
HAVE LOVELIER HANDS IN ONLY 9 DAYS

Strong soaps, harsh detergents continually dry out the skin (see photos at left), may even create ugly eruptions. Household cleaners, bleaches, waxes, polishes may aggravate already sensitive skins. Lotions, creams may create fertile "soil" for germs.

Yet You Can Prevent It All! Yes, All!
Proof In Only 9 Days
Do all your housework — dishes, laundry, cleaning, scrubbing — with Playtex "Living" Gloves. The makers of these gloves, world's largest producers of dipped latex products, give you —
A Daring Promise Never Made Before:
In only 9 days PLAYTEX Gloves can help restore the natural smoothness of your hands.

Playtex "Living" Gloves give your skin's natural oils a chance to bring back the natural loveliness of your hands. Give your hands and manicures the protection they can never get out of any bottle or jar. And: The very first manicure you save pays for your Gloves.

Get them today! Have lovelier hands in only 9 days!

The attention of the medical profession is called to the article in Time Magazine, Nov. 9th, 1953, and recent article in Sept. 1953, Archives of Dermatology etc., dealing with the effects on women's hands of soaps and detergents.

$1.39
Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.

©1954 International Latex Corp'n, PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del.
In Canada: Playtex Limited, Arnprior, Ontario
New Designs for Living

660—Protect a new chair or refresh a "tired" one with this fan-shaped set. Jiffy to crochet. Chair-back, 12 x 18 inches; arm rest, 7 x 12 inches. Crochet directions. 25¢

7218—Decorate your kitchen linens with iron-on vegetable designs in combination of red and green. No embroidery. Transfer of 6 washable motifs, 4 1/2 x 3 3/4 inches. 25¢

7336—A stroke of an iron and waterlilies in combination of orange, brown and green decorate linens. No embroidery. Washable. Transfer of six iron-on motifs: four, 4 1/2 x 3 3/4; two, 9 x 4 1/2 inches. 25¢

7360—Rows of pineapples, baby-size at the waist grow bigger toward the hem. Crochet scooped blouse and skirt of straw or wool yarn. Skirt, Waist Sizes 20-22; 24-26; 28-30. Blouse 32-34; 36-38. All sizes included. 25¢

574—For the mother-to-be. Make these sew-easy tops in a variety of fabrics. Embroider flowers on dress-up jacket. Maternity Sizes 12-20. Pattern pieces, embroidery transfer. State size. 25¢

7228—Pineapples in a striking design make a very pretty tablecloth. It's 62 inches across with scalloped edges, novel corners. Use heavy cotton for 62-inch cloth. No. 50 cotton for 42-inch centerpiece. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: Radio-TV Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

YOUR NAME

STREET OR BOX NO.

CITY OR TOWN . STATE

Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

Watch this luxury lathering shampoo do something wonderful for your hair! Suddenly it's exciting to behold... glowing clean... silky... amazingly manageable! That's the magic touch of fresh whole eggs. Conditions any hair! Try it! From 29c
NOW! The Greatest Invention In Television History!

Amazing New TRU-VU... So Simple Anyone Can Attach It in 2 Minutes!

CLEAR ALL PICTURE TROUBLES

INSTANTLY!
Or Your Money Back!

NEW SCIENTIFIC DEVICE GUARANTEES
PERFECT, CLEAR TV PICTURES
FOR THE ENTIRE LIFE OF YOUR SET!

FOR ALL MAKES AND MODELS—TABLES AND CONSOLES—ANY SIZE PICTURE TUBE!

No More Annoying Wavy Lines, Distortion, Snow, Streaks, Blur, Flutter! Interference Stops Immediately! You Enjoy Clearer, Sharper Reception on Any Channel Day or Night...Even Faraway Stations!

At last! A revolutionary new electronic device that clears up any kind of television picture trouble...instantly! Think of it! Never again will you be forced to watch programs that are fuzzy, jerky, blurred and distorted due to outside interference. Weak and faded pictures are made movie-clear—even in so-called “fringe areas”!

Called the TRU-VU, this amazing new invention actually acts as your personal television engineer. It screens out disturbing electronic interference automatically...steps up the power of your set automatically! No matter what kind of set you own, no matter what channel you tune to, TRU-VU brings you the power to capture—and hold—television's finest, clearest pictures!

Every TV Set Owner Needs TRU-VU...And Here's Why:

1. TRU-VU clears all TV picture troubles for the entire life of your set!
2. TRU-VU banishes wavy lines, snow, streaks, jumpiness, blur, fading and distortion—immediately!
3. TRU-VU is used with your present antenna—inside, outside or even with booster! There's nothing else to buy!
4. TRU-VU automatically screens out all forms of outside TV electronic interference as it steps up the power of your set!
5. TRU-VU eliminates sound interference from nearby radio stations!
6. TRU-VU is simple to use! Just detach the antenna lead-in wire from the back of the TV set...connect TRU-VU in its place...then attach the antenna wire to TRU-VU. That's all you do!
7. TRU-VU is specifically designed to adjust to your own particular television problems to give you the finest, clearest picture possible.
8. TRU-VU stops your set from losing the picture! No more fusing with knobs every so often. You get the picture and sound clear...you keep the picture and sound clear.
9. TRU-VU is safe...shockproof...fully insulated! No high voltage wires. And no danger to children!
10. TRU-VU saves you up to $100 a year! No more unnecessary television service calls. TRU-VU is your personal TV engineer!
11. And new TRU-VU is UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED to ensure perfect TV picture reception on any channel—even faraway stations—immediately...or your money back!

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the Coupon...5-DAY HOME TRIAL

Just fill out and mail coupon right away. Please print name and address clearly. On arrival, pay postman just $4.95 for each TRU-VU and FREE Static Eliminator, plus regular C.O.D. postage. You must be completely satisfied or return within five days for full refund of purchase price. Enclose cash with order. TRU-VU sent postpaid.

却没有 artery

You'll See a BETTER PICTURE!

The Amazing NEW TRU-VU only $4.95

*Say “True View”*

Makes Your Television Wonderful!

THE TRU-VU COMPANY • Dept. 522-E • 1831 Wilson Avenue • Chicago 40, Illinois

Use Your Present Antenna!
Inside or Outside—Even Boosters
NOTHING ELSE TO BUY!

WHATS WRONG WITH YOUR TV PICTURE?

Ghosts Wavy Lines Snow Streaks
Jumpy Blur Fading Distortion

FREE! Sensational Static Eliminator Assures Glorious, Natural, Undistorted Sound!

Completely eliminates all TV sound static caused by electrical interference INSIDE your home! Gone are program-spoiling noises due to operating such electrical appliances as refrigerators, shavers, mixers and vacuum cleaners. Easy to use. Just plug in any wall outlet, then plug in the cord of TV set as illustrated. And it's yours ABSOLUTELY FREE when you order amazing new TRU-VU for only $4.95 on this special introductory offer! Mail the coupon today!

THE TRU-VU COMPANY • Dept. 522-E • 1831 Wilson Avenue • Chicago 40, Illinois

Money Back Guarantee

Order TRU-VU at our risk. Use it for 5 full days. If you do not see a distinct improvement in your TV picture after attaching it to your set, return TRU-VU and receive your $4.95 purchase price in full.

Name
Address
City
State

Mail this coupon today.

The TRU-VU Company, Dept. 522-E
1831 Wilson Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Please rush me my TRU-VU Picture Interference Eliminator and FREE Static Eliminator. On arrival, I will pay postman only $4.95 plus C.O.D. postage, with the understanding I must be satisfied with results or may return within 5 days for refund of purchase price.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ Cash enclosed.

Postage payable.

Name
Address
City
State
ATTORNEY AT SPORTS

Mel Allen was set to be a lawyer when an unexpected audition opened the door to fame for him.

Mel and his "general assistant" brother Larry spend much of their spare time at sport research.

Mel Allen, attorney at law. That's what the future held in store for the young man who'd just received his law degree from the University of Alabama and had passed his bar exams with flying colors. Sports? Sure, he had always loved them, participated in them, but not with a career in mind. He'd even announced football games for the university, but just for the fun of it. If anyone had told him he'd be sitting atop the sportscasting world in a matter of years, he would have thought they were slightly deranged.

But life had its share of surprises for young Mr. Allen, and a wintry weekend in January, 1937, brought with it his most fateful hour. Mel and some friends had driven up from Alabama for a visit in New Haven. And, since he'd be passing through New York, Mel thought he'd attend some radio broadcasts—just for the fun of it. Knowing that a little "pull" would help, he had brought along a letter of introduction to one of the big guns at CBS. But what Mel didn't know was that auditions for announcers were being held then and, before he knew what had hit (Continued on page 85)

Mel Allen stars on Sport Spot, CBS-TV, W, 10:45 P.M. EST, for White Owl Cigars, and Sports Daily, NBC Radio, M-W-Th, 6:15 P.M. EST, for Howard Clothes. As "Voice of the N.Y. Yankees," he covers their games over WPIX-TV, WINS, and other stations.

FAVORITE TV SPORTS ANNOUNCER
I dreamed I went to a masquerade

in my maidenform® bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform’s Chansonette in fine white cotton brocclth, acetate satin, or nylon toffeta... from $2.00.

There is a maidenform for every type of figure.
Roy tells a would-be buyer and his son how much Trigger means to him—and his fans.

HE'S NOT JUST ACTING!

Roy Rogers' real and radio lives are very much alike—and he loves them both

Roy Rogers, cowboy star, and Roy Rogers, family man and rancher, make ideal saddle-mates. The personal and professional lives of your favorite radio Western star have much in common, and Roy loves them both.

Typical of his belief in the part he plays and of his loyalty to his fans was Roy’s flat rejection of a Texas oilman’s recent offer of $200,000 to buy Trigger, Roy’s famous palomino horse. Said Roy about the horse with whom he rode to success: “There’s not enough money in the world to buy Trigger!”

As a cowboy star, Roy rarely, if ever, gets to kiss his leading lady, Dale Evans. In real life, however, he is married to her. On a rambling, comfortable, five-acre ranch in Encino, California, Dale and Roy lead a happy, informal life centered around the family.

The tremendous appeal Roy has for the junior set stems from his actual, deep (Continued on page 107)

The Roy Rogers Show. NBC Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, for Dodge.
Roy Rogers Show. NBC-TV, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, for Post Cereals.
NOW! 3 Great Exclusive Features in One Sensational Girdle!

1. Only Playtex gives you the fabulous fit and control of latex, without a seam, stitch, stay, or bone.

2. Only Playtex gives you adjustable latex garters that let you stand, sit, stoop, or stretch in complete freedom.

3. Only Playtex gives you a fabric lining like this—cloud-soft and cloud-comfortable.

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the Slim tube.

At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

with 4 durably reinforced adjustable garters

No other girdles like them! Smooth latex with cloud-soft fabric lining, these sensational Playtex girdles are invisible under the slimmest clothes, and they have the world’s only adjustable latex garters that give custom fit with a touch.

Enjoy these great exclusives in Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles. Discover the fabulous fit, the fabulous freedom only Playtex can give you. The comfort of that fabric lining. The 4 adjustable garters so firm yet so flexible that stockings are held with just the right tension whether you stand, sit, stoop or stretch.

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles are all one smooth figure-slimming piece. They’re second-skin comfortable, wash—dry in a flash.

©1954 International Latex Corporation... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del; In Canada: Playtex Ltd.... PLAYTEX PARK... Arnprior, Ont.
For the past five years, millions of TV viewers across the nation have welcomed into their homes each weekday evening handsome, genial John Cameron Swayze and his expert presentation of the Camel News Caravan. Mr. Swayze's friendly, debonair manner, his smooth, warm voice, plus his genius for news gathering and casting, have consistently won him awards as the top TV news commentator and have led people to good-naturedly label him as "suave Swayze," the "walking encyclopedia," and the man with a "photographic mind." But, in spite of all the honors and acclaim that have come his way, John has remained a modest, sincere person who prefers not to be looked up to as a possessor of great talents, fortune or prestige, but merely as a real person with his own share of attributes and faults.

In his Greenwich, Connecticut home—with his wife "Tuffie," son John Jr., and daughter Sue—you'd never find John playing the role of lord and master. More likely, you'd be apt to catch him helping Tuffie by giving some part of the house a new coat of paint... or rustling up a quick meal, if Tuffie is busy with another project... or, perhaps, admiring Tuffie's latest acquisition—which would undoubtedly be one of their "practical antiques."

But don't be misled and think John is a great handyman, experienced chef and expert on antiques—he'd never let you say that of him. When pressed, he'll admit he enjoys painting, but will quickly add that it's about the only thing he can do in the house-fixing department. As for cooking, he'll claim it as a hobby, though mostly it consists of putting around the kitchen and fixing himself a snack. By no means a chef, says he. And, as for the antiques, he lets Tuffie do most of the choosing. His enjoyment comes from using them—being at ease in them.

However, there is one antique that John is particularly proud of, because he picked it out himself. It's a three-hundred-year-old tavern table which has become the center of his office-away-from-the-office, where he spends many hours working on his programs and newspaper material. A happy gleam flashes in his eyes when he tells of the secret drawer he discovered in the table, especially because not even
the antique dealer had known about it. When it comes to his famous wardrobe, however—particularly his fabulous collection of ties—John makes no bones about being fussy and choosing all his own clothes. Even though he respects Tuffie's good taste, he prefers—and enjoys—getting all his own things himself. The only time Tuffie interferes is in John's selection of sport shirts. He likes them as loud as they come, and Tuffie continually has to restrain him. John also receives ties every week from fans all over the country, and he obliges by wearing the ones that are best suited for him. He's quite proud that he has never worn the same tie twice on a telecast.

In contrast to his genius for news gathering and casting, John paints a picture of himself in the sports field—golf in particular—as one of the world's ungreatest. He won't disclose his golf score, but admits he diligently practices putting in his yard, adding that the result of his endeavors—numerous holes in the ground—is the closest he comes to being a gardener.

When young Mr. Swayze had just graduated from the University of Kansas and his whole career lay ahead of him, he started to realize his dreams of becoming a dramatic actor. But fate—and the Depression—had other plans for him. Within a short time, he found himself serving as a newspaperman, the role which eventually, through radio and then TV, led him to his present-day position at the top of the newscasting world. And, though he has never lost his love for the theater, nor forgotten his dreams of being an actor, neither has he ever regretted that he made the change. In fact, says he, he is very happy about the way his life and career have evolved. Which should make everyone who has come to know and appreciate Mr. Swayze feel especially pleased when he says with all sincerity each night, "Glad we could get together."

See! Beauty is catching! And no other hairdressing adds so much sheer beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol*...relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. It's romantically good for your hair! Keeps it in place, lovely to behold all day long!

HELENE CURTIS
the HAIRDRESSING
women prefer 7 to 1

Gives your hair healthy-looking glow ...relieves dryness

Camel News Caravan, NBC-TV, M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST, is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Camel Cigarettes. John Cameron Swayze also broadcasts news over NBC Radio, Tu-Th-F, 9:30 P.M. EST, for Alemite CD-2.
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6) years when the five Barbour children were living with their parents in San Francisco.

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, heard Saturday mornings on CBS Radio, is expanding to an hour and a half on April 15. With his daily afternoon television show and his other appearances, Robert Q. is running Arthur Godfrey a close second in number of hours he is seen and heard on the network each week.

The baseball season is here and Mutual Network is right on the ball with its fifth successive year of Game Of The Day, play-by-play broadcasts of major league games. Every club in both the American and National Leagues will be covered by sportscasters for the seven-day-per-week schedule. Game Of The Day started March 28 with broadcasts of pre-season exhibition games and will continue through the final season game.

Mr. District Attorney, one of the most popular programs on ABC Television, has acquired all television and radio rights to the program and has filmed a complete series in Hollywood. The program was shot here in a location around Los Angeles with the full cooperation of law enforcement agencies in the area. Movie actor David Brian is the new Mr. D.A. The first five programs are being released this month and will be seen around the country on local TV stations.

Eric Sevareid has just started a new TV program from Washington, D.C. called The American Week. It's a Sunday half-hour show with Sevareid reviewing high-light events of the previous week.

Julius La Rosa's radio show on CBS has been cut to once a week and from now on will be heard only on Mondays. Julius will now be able to do a little more traveling in between tape-recording sessions for his program.

Two more movie stars have signed on the dotted line to make films for television. Joan Crawford is presently shooting a thirty-nine-week-soap called The World and I, in which she plays a roving correspondent. The first one will go on the air next October. Edward G. Robinson is still shooting for the felix series to be called For The Defense, in which he will be seen as a legal defender of the poor. Shooting will start in a few weeks.

This 'n That:

Charlie Applewhite, the new singing sensation who got his start on Milton Berle's show, is married, and why his managers have been trying so hard to keep it secret, no one can figure out—unless it's because they feel he'll be more popular if considered single. But in Applewhite's case, it seems a little ridiculous to 'shh' about his marriage—especially since he is very happily wed, and has been for three years, to his childhood sweetheart from Ft. Worth, and they have a nine-month-old baby.

Now that the nonprofit-blue expectant list are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sterling. He's the emcee of Make Up Your Mind on CBS Radio.

If you miss Fibber McGee And Molly goes on television, Marion and Jim Jordan will not play themselves. The parts will go to other Hollywood actors, with Jack Carson already pencilled-in as Fibber.

The only reason Don McNeill finally said okay to telecasting his popular Breakfast Club show is because his sponsors and the ABC network promised he could do it as a simulcast, with no tampering of his usual, ad-lib morning format. After his scripted nighttime TV flop a few seasons back, Don swore he'd never again venture into video. But so far he is happy with his present set-up.

Steve Allen, whose delightful late-hour show on NBC-TV is doing so well in the New York area, may soon be seen on the network. Incidentally, Steve and actress Jayne Meadows have announced they hope to get married this coming June.

Ngh, who played Lorelei on TV's Big Town show, has left, and for a very good reason. She and her husband, John Baker, recently became parents of a baby son. Beverly Tyler, formerly in the movies, is the new Lorelei.

Mr. J. Fred Muggs, Dave Garroway's chimpanzee chum on Today, has announced that he may soon trek to Africa for a vacation, as he is anxious to re-visit his native land.

Mulling The Mail:

Answering queries of M.G., M.C., and H.K., New Orleans, La.: Tennessee Ernie Ford is back on a network program, co-starring with Helen O'Connell in a fifteen-minute musical show heard over CBS Radio in the time formerly occupied by Family Skeletons. . . . J.D.N., Philadelphia, Pa.: Dorothy Collins' marriage to Raymond Scott was her first, and to date they have no children. . . . Mrs. D.L.E., Eden, Ala., and others who asked about Dave Garroway: Dave and his former wife, Adele Dwyer, were divorced in 1946. They had a little girl, Paris, who is nine years old and lives with her mother in St. Louis, Missouri. Dave and his ex-wife are good friends. He visits St. Louis whenever he can and she and their daughter often fly to New York to see him. . . . Mrs. W.H.B., China Grove, N.C.: So, I cannot give out home addresses of radio or television stars. The best place to write Jimmy Durante would be c/o NBC, Hollywood, California. Mrs. E.G.M., Mt. Airy, Pa.: Miss Eileen Parker, of the Breakfast Club show, and Frank Parker, of the Godfrey crew, are no relation whatever. . . . Mrs. J.L., Taunton, Mass., and Mrs. G.N., Carlisle, O.: NBC-TV dropped Follow Your Heart from its network schedule about the first of the year, and, as far as I can find out at this time, it is not set to come back . . .

Zenith Television Award for 1953 is presented by Ted Leitell and Dr. Frances Horwich to Beulah Karney, Chicago's culinary queen, for her distinguished public service via radio and TV.

Miss H.D., Osgo, Mich. and Mrs. J.S., New Canaan, Conn.: The Fontane Sisters, who sing with Perry Como, are really sisters, and as you see them on your TV screen, from left to right, they are: redhead Jerry, the youngest; blonde Marge, in the middle; and brunette Bea, the oldest. Jerry is married to Al Latchford, a schoolteacher in New York; Marge's husband is Frank Hobbs, who works for Warner Brothers in the East; and Bea is not married but steady-dates Jack Spina, one of Como's best friends, and a music publisher.

What Ever Happened To . . .

Dean Miller, the young comedian who was signed by CBS-TV? Dean replaced Art Linkletter on the House Party show when Art vacationed and then was given a program of his own for a short while. However, CBS dropped both Dean and the show and since that time he has had no regular TV spot. Dean, who originally played in night clubs, has been appearing in them again and occasionally does a TV guest appearance.

Bob Hawk, the popular ex-emece on the Camel Caravan? When the show went off the air, Bob and his sponsor parted company, but at the moment he is living in Hollywood and is said to have several ideas in mind for his projected return to the air.

Dame Beasley, songstress and fiancée of Grand Slam? Irene hasn't been on the air since this popular program left CBS. She owns the show, however, and there have been rumors that she may resume it in a few months. Meanwhile, she is living in Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, New York.

Dr. Christian, the very popular show, which went off the air last January after a run of sixteen years? The program was taken off at that time because the sponsor is most anxious to make it into a television show. Production plans are in the works right now and by next month I should have all the details for you.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror, 206 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalites or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.
Casual, carefree—that's the "Turtle-dove" thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls right from the start.

Bobbi is perfect for this casual new "Beau Belle" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural looking curls. Easy! No help is needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this flattering "Heather" hairdo. Bobbi gives curls and waves exactly where you want them.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the smooth natural look of this "Honey Ripple" hair style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi
... the special home permanent
for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.
Irving Cummings, the producer and host, presents Olivia de Havilland with a mike-award, honoring her twentieth starring role on the series—in "Rachel."

Judy Garland returned to radio, to co-star with John Lund in "Lady in the Dark"—and had as much fun as any of the stars on their own favorite show.

Lux Radio Theater is heard on CBS Radio, Monday, 9 P.M. EST—and Lux Video Theater is seen on CBS-TV, Thursday, 9 P.M.—both sponsored by Lever Brothers.
**RADIO THEATER**

**Famous** stars work hard on the top drama series—and Joan Fontaine catches a cat-nap during a rehearsal break for "Undercurrent."

**Director** Earl Ebi goes over the script with Rock Hudson, just before the latter's appearance in "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?"

**Monday** night is autograph heaven for lucky fans at the *Lux* broadcasts—this one netted Esther Williams ("Million Dollar Mermaid").

**Starring** in "Our Very Own," Terry Moore talks to sound technician Charlie Forsythe, who's been with *Lux Radio Theater* since '36.
the COWBOY and his LADY

Throughout his spectacular career, Gene Autry has always had the quiet, understanding support of his devoted wife, Ina.

Gene and Champion get a grand welcome—rodeo style.

The "little woman behind the throne" has become a rather wry joke among the sophisticates. But Gene Autry, whom you readers have crowned your favorite cowboy on television, never ceases to be grateful for the quiet help and understanding his wife Ina has given him throughout the twenty-two years of their marriage.

Ina has deliberately chosen to keep out of the public spotlight, but she has always worked closely with Gene in his various activities and taken an active interest in them. Few people are better informed about show business than Ina, who reads all the trade papers, listens carefully to the shop talk of friends and associates, and then forms her own clear, independent views. Because she alone, of all the many people about Gene who are all-too-ready with advice and opinions, has no ax but his own to grind, Ina's suggestions play a major role in many important decisions.

For instance, in the summer of 1949, Gene was asked to record a song brought to him by an executive of Columbia (Continued on page 95)

Gene Autry Show, CBS-TV, Tues., 8 P.M. EST—CBS Radio, Sun., 6 P.M. EST—for Wrigley's Doublemint Chewing Gum.
LIFE IS SO WORTHWHILE

Out of the depths of tragedy and despair, Bill Stern brings renewed hope for many

Bill is mighty proud of his three offspring: Mary, 10, Peter, 13, and baby Paddy, who is 2.

To most people, weekends are for relaxing, for catching up on the little things neglected during the busy week gone by, for enjoying family and friends. But, to ace sportscaster Bill Stern, weekends mean something more than a welcome change from a hectic routine. Weekends for him are matters of the heart that tug unmercifully at his deepest emotions, and their roots were tragically planted nineteen years ago when Bill was an unknown young man fighting for a career—and his life.

It happened in Texas. After being fired by NBC in New York for trying too hard to impress his bosses, Bill landed in the Lone Star State, announcing local football games. On his way home after one game, he was in an auto accident that sent him to the hospital with a badly broken leg. Ten days later, he was in a New York (Continued on page 98)

Sports Today With Bill Stern, ABC Radio, 6:30 P.M. EST (on WABC, at 6:45 P.M.), is sponsored by Anheuser-Busch, Inc., for Budweiser Beer. Bill also telecasts the sports news over WABC-TV, M-F, 11:10 P.M., under participating sponsorship.
When Joanne Barron sings with her daughter Patti, on television, Mary Stuart is sharing her own musical heritage with the little girl she loves, Lynn Loring.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS
Search for tomorrow

Mary Stuart finds the songs
of the past a lovely
melody lane to the future

By ALICE FRANCIS

Sometimes on the daytime TV drama, Search For Tomorrow, you find Joanne Barron and her daughter Patti singing together as they wash the dishes, or Joanne will be humming a folk tune to the little girl as she tucks her into bed. The song, of course, will be only incidental to the story. But, for Mary Stuart, who plays Joanne, and for Lynn Loring, who plays Patti, it may be the high point of the day.

Because of this chance to sing a little on the show, Mary is getting an added dividend of joy from this role she has loved since its beginning almost three years ago. Because of it, little Lynn has become interested in learning to sing, and in discovering the beautiful old ballads and folk songs and the Western music which are part of Mary’s musical heritage from her Virginia-born parents and her Oklahoma childhood. Lately, some old Scottish folk tunes with lilting lyrics have been added to the list of songs Mary is teaching Lynn, along with dance steps to correspond.

So now the already close relationship between these two, on and off the program, is tied up even more firmly with these ribbons of rhythm, these songs and chants and bits of melody that have come down through generations of folks who never dreamed of such things as radio and television. What’s more, they’ve got everybody around the set whistling such tunes as “Dance Like a Lady,” when the mood is Scottish—or humming bits of “Down in the Valley,” “The Blue-Tailed Fly,” “Barbara Allen,” or “Baby-O,” when the mood is sentimental or nostalgic (or it’s just plain spring fever which has them in its clutch).

For Mary Stuart, all this singing began back in her very early childhood, when her father and mother and brother—and an uncle who played the banjo—would get together, evening after evening, and harmonize at the slightest provocation. “I could always harmonize with anyone, even if I had never heard the melody before,” she says. “We sang at all kinds of community get-togethers, church affairs, around the family piano, or out on the porch or the yard. Most of our neighbors sang along with us, when they could. You might say, however, that we were, in particular, a family who liked to get out and bay at the moon at the first sign of its rising, and forget all our problems and chores. It was fun.”

Mary’s folks had come from the mountain regions around Virginia, where there are some wonderful old songs handed down from father to son. Her dad could remember tunes his father knew and that his grandparents had known before that. “Even now, when I want to sing something on the show and I can’t remember how some part of it goes, I call Daddy long-distance from New York to Tulsa and ask him to sing it to me, and then I repeat it. In an (Continued on page 100)

Mary is Joanne Barron in Search For Tomorrow, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble Co. for Joy, Spic and Span, Shasta, Cheer.
REPORT FROM THE

Behind the scenes,
Edward R. Murrow is every bit the man you’d expect him to be

What manner of man is Edward R. Murrow? Because he is a vice-president and member of the Board of Directors of CBS, in addition to being an active news commentator, interviewer and editor-producer—does this mean he is a typical harried executive, a temperamental, impossible-to-see personality? Certainly not. Ed Murrow is an honest-to-goodness, down-to-earth person with his own share of likes and dislikes—a man whom everyone feels honored to know.

Ed, who is at ease with presidents and kings, with famous people the world over, will lean back in his swivel chair, put his feet up on his desk and say, “I’m not an executive. Budgets, in-baskets and out-baskets aren’t for me. After a year and a half (as an executive), I returned to broadcasting, where I belong.” And, when he is eulogized as a news commentator, he replies, with typical modesty, “I try to be a reporter. A commentator is a kind of oracle, and I am never sure I’m right.”

Recalling his pre-college days, when he was a crack logger and timber cruiser, Ed says, “Even now, I’m probably more proficient with an ax than I am with a typewriter.” (Because he’s still a two-finger typist, he prefers to dictate his stories.) But that’s unimportant to the millions he reaches with his warm, persuasive voice and memorable phrases, to those who consider him the greatest news commentator of our time. And if this should ever give Ed cause for an inflated ego, he only has to remember his father’s attitude toward his job: “My father does not go so far as to say that there’s something dishonest about a man making a living merely by talking. But he does think there’s something doubtful about it.”

There’s no need for doubt when Ed is at the mike but, in private, his friends have learned to heed what he says with caution—especially when he indulges in one of his favorite pastimes: telling tall tales of unlikely happenings to famous people. But that is the human side of Ed Murrow. . . . Just as typical—though perhaps not as “human”—is his penchant for driving fast. During World War II, while Ed was in London, newsman Elmer Davis once commented on this love for speed. “I had heard of the horrors of war,” said Mr. Davis, “but
I didn't know they included Ed Murrow's driving!"

As for his likes and dislikes, Ed finds that he hasn't much time to indulge in either these days. But if he gets a spare moment, he likes to vary his heavy reading schedule with an occasional detective story. Ed reads fast and, although he has a very retentive memory, he never remembers birthdays or anniversaries.

Weekends, Ed has a little more time to himself. Comes Friday night, he and his wife Janet, whom he calls "Kuchen" (German for "cock"), and son Casey ("My best friend," says Ed), take off for their farm in Pawling, New York, where Ed enjoys doing all the chores that befall a gentleman farmer. On occasion, Ed also manages to get in a round of golf, a good hand of poker, or a game of darts—all of which he plays in better-than-average style.

People constantly marvel at Ed's at-ease quality with the greatest figures of our time, but actually beneath his poker-faced calm he is always nervous and tense. But his outward serenity has come from years of self-discipline, from keeping in mind a bit of advice given to him by Judge John Bassett Moore of the World Court, who told Ed: "When you meet men of great reputation, your judgment of them will be greatly improved if you view them as though they were in their underwear."

In the field of achievement, Ed Murrow has had a front-row seat for some of the greatest news events in history. He has won more than fifty awards and has had honorary doctorates conferred on him by six universities. Typical of the endless words of praise that have come his way are those of William S. Paley, Chairman of the Board of CBS, who called Ed "a man fitted to his time and to his task. a student, a philosopher, at heart a poet of mankind and, therefore, a great reporter." And, as the immortal Carl Sandburg added: "an inquirer, actor, ponderer, seeker." This... is Edward R. Murrow.

Edward R. Murrow And The News, heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 7:45 P.M.; Person To Person, CBS-TV, Fri., 10:30 P.M.; multiple sponsorship. See It Now, on CBS-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M., sponsored by Aluminum Co. of America. (All EST)

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Jane Russell. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin... foams into rich lather, even in hardest water... leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinse—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—it Beautifies!
Irma's Old Friend

Dear Editor:
I would like to know what has happened to Cathy Lewis, who played Jane Stacy on the My Friend Irma show on television.
E. B., Maplesville, Ala.

Cathy has teamed up with her husband, Elliott Lewis, on their own show, On Stage, heard Wednesday nights over CBS.

Silent Screen To TV

Dear Editor:
Can you give me some data on Richard Stark, who announces The Perry Como Show on CBS-TV?
W. I. B., Willard, O.

Richard S. Stark started as a child actor in the silent movies, appearing in melodramas such as "Hearts of Humanity" with Erich von Stroheim. Then he joined the road company of Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream," followed by one-and-a-half performances on Broadway in a turkey called "Symphony." He switched to radio as an announcer and disc jockey, recalling: "No matter what role I played, I still sounded like Dick Stark." Dick was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1911, attended Santa Monica High School, and graduated from Cornell University with a B.A. in International Law. As a captain in the Marines, he served in the Pacific theater during World War II and was decorated with the Bronze Star. He now lives in New York with his wife Jane Troxell, well-known fashion photographer, and their two children, John, 15 and Morgan, 14.

Joe Friday

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me where I can write to Jack Webb?
E. T., Chatham, Va.

You can write to Dragnet's star in care of NBC, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.

James Kirkwood Jr.

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me something about James Kirkwood, who plays Mickey Emerson on Valiant Lady, the new television serial? I think he's charming. Could you please print a picture of him?
G. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Son of stage and screen stars Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, James Kirkwood Jr. carries on the family tradition as a frequent performer on radio and television. As half of the Kirkwood-Goodman comedy team, for which he writes all his own material, Jimmy has broken records at New York's Blue Angel, Ruban Bleu and Bon Soir. He has also appeared in stage productions of "Junior Miss," "Small Wonder" and "Dance Me A Song" and, this summer, sang the featured lead in "Call Me Madam." Incidentally, Jimmy's actress-mother, Lila Lee, was turned down for the role of Helen Emerson in Valiant Lady because she didn't look enough like him to play his TV "mother!"

Gunsmoke's Star

Dear Editor:
Here's my family's nomination for all the radio "Oscars" you intend to award for the next five or ten years. He's Bill Conrad, star of Gunsmoke. His wonderful voice and acting ability have made him outstanding on such other programs as Escape and Lux Summer Theater. I'm sure we're not alone in this admiration. Would you please delight all us Conrad fans with a picture and biographical write-up of him?
W. R., Bethlehem, Pa.

Born in Louisville, Kentucky, and reared in Los Angeles, Bill Conrad started in radio as announcer-writer-director at KMPC, Los Angeles; took time out in 1942 to enlist in the Air Force; then returned to radio after the war to appear in almost all the top network series originating in Los Angeles. He has played in such films as "The Killers," "Arch of Triumph," "Four Faces West" and "Wrong Number." Despite his wife June's nomination of him for one of the "ten most poorly dressed men," Bill is still strictly a blue jeans and T-shirt man. His hobbies include cooking, photography and collecting old guns.

La Rosa Queries

Dear Editor:
I have two questions I hope you will answer. Why isn't Julius La Rosa on Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town television show anymore? Is there a TV program on which we can see and hear Julius? I wish we could have more of him.
L. E., Pinckneyville, Ill.

Julius has arranged for only occasional guest appearances on Toast Of The Town, mainly because he is so often on tour. He has no television program as yet, but you can hear him on CBS Radio, Mondays, 7:30 P.M. EST.

Mother and Daughter

Dear Editor:
I would like to know who is playing Joan Davis's sister on I Married Joan. Is she Joan's sister in real life? Would you print some information about her?
J. M., Brockway, Pa.

Beverly Wills, who plays Joan Davis's...
sister in *I Married Joan*, is the real-life daughter of Joan Davis. They first appeared together as a mother-daughter show team when Beverly was five and Joan included her in a vaudeville act. A while back, Beverly suffered a disappointment at being told she was too young to play Joan's daughter in "If You Knew Susie." Now too old to play daughter, she is delighted with the role of sister to her famous mom.

**Double Identities**

Dear Editor:

Are these sets of characters played by the same actor in each case: Perry Mason on Perry Mason and Tom Wells on Ma Perkins; Malcolm Overton on Road of Life and Reverend Dennis on The Brighter Day; Bill Bauer on The Guiding Light and Gordy Webber on Perry Mason?

E. R., Altoona, Pa.

You're right in two cases. John Larkin plays both Perry Mason and Tom Wells, and Lyle Sudrow plays Bill Bauer and Gordy Webber. But Craig McDonnell plays Malcolm Overton, while Bill Smith plays Reverend Dennis.

**For Your Information**—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

---

**Are you in the know?**

Should a college candidate plan to make—

- Hay while the sun shines  
- A summer conquest

Headed for the ivy halls next autumn? Better start boarding some greenery now (unless your Dad has that Midas touch!). Get a summer job. Maybe toting trays at a resort. Or salesclerk ing. Or working in an office, or hospital. Helps you get those college "extras" without a whisper from Pop's wallet. On certain days, job-holding's no chore when you choose the napkin that holds its shape. Kotex gives chafe-free softness: made to stay soft while wearing!

To remedy fuzzy forearms, use—

- A razor  
- A lightener  
- Sandpaper

Wait! You're in for stubble trouble if you mow down forearm fuzz with a razor. Instead, why not bleach it—with a good hair lightener? (Then, long time no see!) You can foil unsightly outlines, too, at "that" time—thanks to Kotex. The secret? It's those flat, pressed ends. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex to learn which size best suits you.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

---

Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue? It's the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues. Each tissue tears evenly—no shredding, no waste. Delsey's double-ply for extra strength, too. And now Delsey is available in your favorite bath towel colors: pink, yellow, green, blue—as well as white. Ask for Delsey where you buy Kleenex tissues.
WHAT'S SPINNING

(Continued from page 4)

for their bread and butter. People like that don't poof in the pan and fade out.

Decca's 10" LP record of the sound track from "The Glenn Miller Story" is wonderful stuff. The cuts that I've heard are so close to Glenn's original recordings, they send shivers up and down my spine. The instrumentalists have even copied most of the solos note for note. About a dozen of the musicians in the studio band which made the sound track are from his old band, and one of his arrangers, Bill Finegan, did the duties for these Hollywood versions. That is one movie you should be able to enjoy with eyes shut.

Actress Jennifer Jones seems to have talents as a songplugger. Each of her outstanding pictures has produced a musical success, and Columbia is recognizing this happy fact by saluting her in a special new album containing the theme music from her screen hits. These include "Ruby," "Since You Went Away," "Duet in the Sun," "Song of Bernadette," and her latest one, "The Indiscretion of an American Wife."

Further sewing up the market on the "Indiscretion" number, Columbia has issued recordings of it by Paul Weston, who composed it, and by a team made up of two newcomers named Jo Stafford and Liberace! Weston also has recorded on the Columbia label another tune from the picture, "Autumn in Rome."

Pianist Walter Gieseking is now recording on the new Angel classical label, and two recent records which deserve the attention of everyone are those containing the four most popular of Beethoven's sonatas. Anyone with even a passing interest in serious music is familiar with these selections: "Pathetique," "Moonlight," "Waldstein" and "Appassionata." Each sonata is complete on one side of the record (Angel 35024 and 35025). The great composer shows his warmth and feeling for beauty in these four sonatas, and they are an excellent introduction to his heavier concertos and symphonies.

Angel, by the way, has pulled a clever stunt in its packaging of long-playing classical records. For the standard price of the regular 12" LP's, Angel gives a record which is sealed in cellophane at the factory, where it was inspected previous to packaging.

At the same time, realizing that many music lovers are on a budget, they have also offered a thrifty package containing the same record, but without notes, libretto, or fancy illustration, but in a sturdy envelope; all this for one dollar less than the price of the regular "perfectionist package." Reports are they've had good reactions to this move, especially from music students and couples of "modest means."

I just got a copy of an advance recording Louis "Play It Pretty For The People" Prima has made for the Equity label. One side is a new waxing of "Please No Squeeze Da Banana," a tune he made a big hit with during the war. It should be as big this time. The other side is a novelty arrangement of "Darktown Strutters' Ball," and the second and third choruses are in Italian and Yiddish. And, unlike some foreign language lyrics these days, these bear translation by anyone.

There, that should hold you for a month!

She stuck in her thumb,

And pulled out PINK PLUM

And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢
cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"We teach our Conover School students how to use Cashmere Bouquet Indelible-Type lipstick. They apply, splash cold water on their lips, then blot. The color clings for hours!"

Cindy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover) Director Conover School

(Continued from page 4)
You cast the votes, you elected your own favorites—and sprang some surprises!—in our seventh annual poll of listeners and viewers.

FAVORITE TV COMEDY SHOW
Colgate Comedy Hour (NBC-TV) stars such ace comics as Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

FAVORITE TV QUIZ SHOW
What's My Line? (CBS-TV) tests wits of Dorothy Kilgallen, Steve Allen, Arlene Francis, Bennett Cerf—and moderation of John Daly.

FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S SHOW
Queen For A Day (Mutual) and emcee Jack Bailey make Cinderella dreams come true.

A listeners' poll was a revolutionary idea when, in September, 1947, this magazine announced its plan to act as a ballot-counting bureau to enable you reader-listeners to name your favorite stars and programs. Introducing the annual Awards, we pointed out: "There have been many polls of radio editors, columnists and critics, but no regular way has existed for you listeners to express your views... Now RADIO MIRROR takes a hand to give you a chance to make your opinion felt, your voice heard."

Today, broadcasters listen to and take heed of this expression of your views. By your ballots, you have often changed the status of shows and performers. On the strength of your Awards, sponsors have often renewed and improved contracts. Some of the featured players
you have noticed have emerged as independent stars with new shows built around them. Your chosen stars and the program staffs greatly appreciate what you have done. The editors and publisher of Radio-TV Mirror add their own "Thank you!"—for your ballots also have been important to us. You have made the Radio-TV Mirror Award one to be treasured by winners, envied by losers, for it is backed by unique authority—the authority which you readers confer. Just as it was at the outset, this still remains the only nation-wide poll by which you listeners and viewers elect your favorite stars and programs.

In your 1953-54 balloting, most of you voted what, in politics, would be termed a "split ticket." You appeared to make a conscious effort to spread the honors around to include more names, more programs.

For instance: While you gave Arthur Godfrey a vote of confidence by again naming Arthur Godfrey And His Friends the best program in all television, you also indicated that this year he had stronger competition for your attention. In 1952, and again in (Continued on page 86)

FAVORITE RADIO MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Art Linkletter's People Are Funny (CBS Radio) and House Party (CBS-TV and Radio) prove his winning ways with 'most everyone.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME NON-SERIAL SHOW
Don McNeill's Breakfast Club (ABC Radio and ABC-TV), with gay "Aunt Franny" Allison, brightens the morning for millions.

FAVORITE RADIO FEMALE SINGER
Dinah Shore (heard on both NBC Radio and NBC-TV) still weaves magic for America's ears—and heart.
FAVORITE TV TALENT-AUDITION SHOW
Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour (NBC-TV) spans an era of talent and opportunity. "Jerry's Capettes," New Jersey dancing trio, are teen-age students of Jerry Love—who got her own big chance on the Hour with the late Major Bowes years ago.

FAVORITE RADIO HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM
Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet (ABC Radio and TV) reflects the real-life happiness of the Nelsons.

FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC SHOW
Mama (CBS-TV), as played by Peggy Wood, has a family of viewers almost as large as the census!
"Projects" are an O'Sullivan hobby—as daughter Kathleen and wife Jan demonstrate at the farm.

"Time out": Supervisor Terry with all three of his daughters—left to right—Molly, Kathleen, Colleen.

Happy is their day

When work's fun—and shared
with one you love—
life couldn't be more exciting

By GLADYS HALL

They had their picture taken—blonde Jan Miner and her husband, dark Terry O'Sullivan—wearing matching leather jackets, holding an old wagon wheel, a sweep of sky, cloudless and blue behind them. . . .

"Suddenly," Jan said, "the old wagon wheel—late of the barn at Hilltop House—took on, in our eyes, a sort of symbolic significance, became . . . the wheel of fortune. Our fortune—Terry's and mine—which has taken such a turn in our favor, during this past year.

"Work-wise, for instance, we're happy. In addition to our 'regular' jobs—my Julie Nixon on CBS Radio's Hilltop House and Terry's Arthur Tate on CBS-TV's Search For Tomorrow—the CBS Radio nighttime show, Casey, Crime Photographer, is back on the air, and Annie is one of my favorite roles. Terry announces the new Du Mont TV show, Dollar A Second—emceed by Jan Murray—and it's a hit. And on ABC-TV he announces Leave It To The Girls, which has always been a favorite with fans.

I've signed a wonderful new TV contract, too. Although this is still in the experimental stage of 'what-to-do' and 'how-to-do it,' it has a big and exciting potential. (Continued on page 101)

Jan Miner is Julie Nixon in Hilltop House, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer. Terry O'Sullivan is Arthur Tate in Search For Tomorrow, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Cheer, Shasta.
GIVING IS LIVING

Whether on Truth Or Consequences or This Is Your Life, Ralph Edwards
Ralph Edwards looked up at the sunflashed marble sign: “Carrie Tingley Memorial Children’s Hospital.” Every year, when Ralph brought his Truth Or Consequences gang to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, he visited the little hospital. The hospital was the reason for their visit . . . the proceeds from the show and the town’s festival week went to its support.

Inside the ward, Ralph looked down at a little Indian girl in the first bed. Confined to the bed because of club feet, her world seemed always to have been the white walls and the expanse of white sheet.

She was only three years old . . . and the prison of a bed had kept her small for her age. But, even with these few years, she had the stoic face of her Hopi ancestors. No matter how much pain and suffering pressured those onyx eyes, (Continued on page 81)
Whether on Truth Or Consequences or This Is Your Life, Ralph Edwards knows the thrill of helping others

By
BUD GOODE

Ralph Edwards looked up at the sun-flashed marble sign: "Carrie Tingley Memorial Children's Hospital." Every year, when Ralph brought his Truth Or Consequences gang to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, he visited the little hospital. The hospital was the reason for their visit...the proceeds from the show and the town's festival week went to its support.

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She was only three years old...and the prison of a bed had kept her small for her age. But, even with these few years, she had the stoic face of her Hopi ancestors. No matter how much pain and suffering pressured those onyx eyes, (Continued on page 81)
Out of my awareness of life's problems—knowing that my estranged wife, Kathy, could overhear each word—I tried to find the answer that would help Dan Peters.
Somewhere, within each of us, there is a source of inner strength and spiritual rebirth.

By DR. DICK GRANT

We all see other people’s problems in relation to our own, and I presume this was why—on this particular day—I hesitated as I went to meet Dan Peters in the hospital reception room. It’s peculiar how things can go all wrong with living! For instance, when I married Kathy, I couldn’t have been more certain of my love for her . . . today, we were determined to seek an annulment, because of the peculiar circumstances surrounding our marriage. I didn’t have the excuse Dan Peters had—only the excuse of events which had become unbearable. . . . As I approached Dan Peters, however, I knew what I must do—for, in this instance, Dan had every chance to fight through to happiness. He had the love of Peggy Ryan, his operation had been a success, and now, if he could just get started on the right road, he could be one of our better citizens. The smile on my face was not for Dan alone. Rather, it was for the days when I had observed the growing love which Peggy had for Dan . . . the days before Dan’s operation—the days when his ugly scar had made him feel that he was unwanted, unloved. If I could just bring this point home was the thought that crossed my mind . . . “Dan, I want to talk to you—talk seriously about the future,” I said to him. He turned his head slightly away from me, toward the wall, as he waited for me to go on. At that moment, I became aware that Kathy had come into the room behind me. She paused there in the doorway, and I faltered—then decided to continue as though I hadn’t noticed her presence. Perhaps, I thought, what would be good for Dan might also be good for Kathy . . . for Dan and Peggy, for Kathy—and myself. A little hesitant, a little embarrassed, I proceeded to speak the thoughts that had been gnawing at my mind: “Your operation has been a success, Dan. Never again need you worry that anyone will notice your scar first and you next. . . . But there are some things that surgery cannot remove—or, rather, that only a surgeon of the soul could amputate. Those are the scars that you still carry within you, Dan. Only you yourself can remove those forever. There is no ultimate good in outward rehabilitation alone . . . there must be inward rehabilitation. Fortunately for all of us, within each of us there is an inner Light, a Guiding Light which can accomplish this regeneration. Let it shine from you. Live with it, grow with it, and then you and Peggy will have a fighting chance for happiness.”

The Guiding Light is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, at 12:45 P.M., and heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 1:45 P.M.; both EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company. Pictured at the left are Paul Ballantine in the role of Dan Peters, Jim Lipton as Dr. Dick Grant, Susan Douglas as Kathy Grant.
Warren Hull (opposite page and above, right) and contestants listen to the Heartline which brings words of cheer from across the nation.

Announcer Ralph Paul and emcee Warren Hull give celebrity-guest Wendy Barrie the sign that she's won $500 for a worthy cause, as a "helping hand."

STRIKE IT RICH!

The program where a second chance is the rule instead of the exception

By MARY TEMPLE

The most amazing thing about Strike It Rich is that those who work on it never cease to be amazed by the miracles that happen every day. Not even Warren Hull, who helps make them happen by his patient and sympathetic listening to the stories of the contestants and by his way of putting them at ease during the questions. Miracles also never cease to amaze producer Walt Framer, associate producer Joe Gottlieb, director Paul Alter, the cameramen and the crew, and all the rest of the staff.

Everybody has a hand in the show and an enormous interest (Continued on page 96)

Strike It Rich is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 11:30 A.M. —also Wed., at 9 P.M.—and heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 11 A.M. All EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Co.

FAVORITE TV AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION SHOW
Ken Carson, Durward Kirby, Garry Moore and Denise Lor, with tiny "Lee Lion"—whose bite is much bigger than his monkey-bark (hence the stout gloves on Garry's hands)!
PRINCE OF A FELLOW

Garry Moore's friendship is
as warm as a cherished memory,
as sure as tomorrow's dawn

By MARTIN COHEN

GARRY MOORE is no star, absolutely
not—although there is evidence
to the contrary. This is the
fourth year in a row he has won a
Radio-TV Mirror Award, based solely
on votes by TV viewers—and where
could one find a better authority for
stardom? On the other hand, the
authority who tells you that Garry's
bright light is Mazda, and not celestial,
is Mr. Moore himself.
"I don't know (Continued on page 99)

The Garry Moore Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M.
EST, for Masland Rugs, Pacific Mills, Swift &
Co., Ballard's Biscuits, Bristol-Myers, Hoover
Vacuum, Best Foods, Seeman Bros., Kellogg Co.,
Norge, Sollax, Mystik Tape, Uncle Ben's Rice.
Garry also emcees I've Got A Secret, CBS-TV,
Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Cavalier Cigarettes.

Zoologist Ivan Sanderson's "Lee Lion" is one of many
scene stealers with whom Garry shares his program.

Garry doesn't consider himself a star, prefers "real people" like Ken and Denise.

Co-workers like Shirley Reeser and Howard Smith
can testify that Garry's truly "real people," too.
THE ROMANCE
OF HELEN TRENT

Helen's interest in Brett continues to grow daily,
despite the danger posed by her new assistant

Helen Trent frowned as she sat at her desk in the Jeff Brady Studio. She was still disturbed by her meeting the night before with Gil Whitney. Still deeply in love with Helen, Gil had been excited as he'd told her of his wife Cynthia's sudden interest in another man. Now, after Gil's many years of pleading for a divorce, Cynthia was showing signs of reasonableness. Gil had searched Helen's face for reflections of the happiness he hoped she would share with him. Then, bitterly aware of the important role Brett Chapman now played in Helen's life, the frantic Gil had pleaded with Helen to wait until he was able to work out his problem with Cynthia. Before Brett Chapman had arrived on the scene, Helen would have responded readily. Now, she found it strangely difficult to give Gil the answer he sought... Helen's troubled thoughts were interrupted as her new assistant, Loretta Cole, brought some sketches for her approval. Helen was pleased with Loretta's work and with Loretta herself. After reconciling Brett to his son Richie's theatrical ambitions, Helen had gone one step further and introduced Richie to Loretta. Helen had thought the two young people would enjoy each other's company and, indeed, they now spent much time together... For a brief instant, Helen remembered her friend Lydia's suspicions that Loretta was even more anxious to share Brett's company than Richie's. But Helen dismissed her friend's fears that Loretta might have plans of her own that included the father rather than the son. Helen's own sense of loyalty and good faith made her shrug off the warning that Loretta was dangerous... The morning passed quickly in working over the sketches and Helen, once again absorbed in her work, was surprised to glance up and see Brett grinning at her from the office doorway. But their date had been far from forgotten by Helen. She returned the grin, then heard Loretta call a greeting to Brett. Helen urged him to look at her assistant's sketches and was untroubled at the invitation to Brett in Loretta's smile... Helen regarded herself in the mirror, pleased with the effect of her costume. But once again she found herself wondering at the deep pleasure she found in Brett's company and the glow with which she looked forward to their frequent meetings. Could it be that the long years of waiting have dimmed Helen's interest in Gil Whitney and are now preparing her to think seriously about a future with another man?

As Loretta showed her designs to Brett Chapman, Helen was certain that the girl's warm smile held no danger to her own interest in Brett.

The Romance of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmaceutical Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc. Seen here, as heard on the air, are Julie Stevens as Helen Trent, Karl Weber as Brett Chapman, Treva Frazee as Loretta Cole.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SERIAL SHOW
Our boyhood "sings" were simple, but Bob now leads a whole family orchestra! (Bob at the sax; his wife Dolores, the piano; Tony, tuba; Kelly and Nora, ukuleles; Linda at the harp.)

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

My brother Bob proved
Mother knew best—no matter
what the neighbors said

By JACK HOPE

There were seven of us boys in the Hope family, Ivor, Jim, Fred, me (Jack), Les (Bob), Sid, and George. We were a wild bunch of brats, and some of our neighbors in Cleveland, Ohio, said the future of "those Hope boys" looked hopeless. But our mother, the greatest woman who ever lived, didn't agree. She believed in us. Our future, if anything, she said looked hopeful.

Our mother's faith in us is one of our fondest memories. She raised seven good boys, a tough job, but she did it with a gentle hand, a gentle tongue and (Continued on page 106)

Bob Hope stars in three shows: Nighttime radio, NBC, Fri., 8:30 P.M., for the American Dairy Association. Daytime radio, NBC, M-F, 10:30 A.M., and every-fourth-week television, NBC-TV, Tues. (April 13), 8 P.M., for Jell-O and other General Foods products. (ALL EST.)
My heartfelt thanks go out to you—with the greatest lesson I ever learned:

HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF

By LORETTA YOUNG

You have to believe in yourself if you want to be a success in life. It doesn't make any difference if you want to be a successful actress, engineer, or housewife. Believing in yourself is the keystone in any field of endeavor.

By believing in yourself, I mean you have to have the courage of your convictions. If you think something is right for you, then you must stick to it like chewing gum—even though well-wishers would deter you. If you fail to stick by your belief, then you will find yourself bobbing like a cork in the flood.

There was a time during my teens when I didn't have faith in myself. Teenagers are sometimes dissatisfied with their own appearance or lack confidence in their own abilities. In short, they lack faith in themselves.

When I was a teenager, Corinne Griffith was the biggest star of the day. She was my idol, too. Not having faith in my own personality, I copied Corinne's. I dressed like her, wore my hair like hers, mimicked her mannerisms.

One day the head of the studio visited my set. I felt his eyes on me. (My Corinne Griffith act, I thought, is making a real impression.) When the executive called me over, I walked up just as Corinne Griffith would, expecting to hear warm words of praise. I couldn't have been less right. "Loretta," he said kindly, "you should believe in yourself. Don't you think it would be better to be a 'real' Loretta Young—not an" (Continued on page 9)
Many Happy

Kate Smith, Ted Collins and their wonderful show

By FRANCES KISH

The first of May is an anniversary date on The Kate Smith Hour. A double anniversary. For one thing, it's Kate's birthday. For another, this year it marks the beginning of her twenty-fourth year of broadcasting and her show-business partnership with Ted Collins ... a business agreement that has almost become a legend, so steadfastly has it stood for twenty-four years—although it began with only a handshake to confirm it, and that has been its basis ever since.

"We agreed that I was to do the singing, and that Ted would do the rest," Kate says. That's the way it has been.

It may be on this anniversary program that Kate will once again sing the first four songs she did on the air that May first of the year 1931—"By the River St. Marie," "Please Don't Talk about Me when I'm Gone," "Dream a Little Dream of Me," and "I Surrender, Dear." Perhaps she will sing "God Bless America," the stirring Irving Berlin song which she launched and started on its way to fame. Anyhow, it will be...
Everybody listens as Kate sings with her gifted company—the Showtimers (left), the Kateds (center) and the Katydids (right).

Returns

win a heartier welcome with each anniversary

a happy and sentimental day and many a television viewer will remember the days when Kate Smith was a warm, strong voice coming through the radio and bringing with it the picture of a warm, strong personality . . . friendly, vivacious—and exactly like the Kate they have come to know on TV. For times have changed, but not Kate Smith. Not in the essential things.

They say about some show-business performers that, even if their success doesn't go to their heads, it often goes to the heads of the folks who surround them—the people who work with and for them. In Kate's case, and in Ted's, not even this is true. You never saw a cast and crew and staff who work harder and put on less airs. Kate herself, although the years have made her a famous and fabulous performer, is still a sort of plain, wholesome, housewife type at heart. She chooses a cotton apron-dress to slip into after the show, rather than a frou-frou negligee, and she wears (Continued on page 88)
Many Happy Returns

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"We agreed that I was to do the singing, and that Ted would do the rest," Kate says. "That's the way it has been.

It may be on this anniversary program that Kate will once again sing the first four songs she did on the air that May first of the year 1927—"By the River St. Marie," "Please Don't Talk about Me When I'm Gone," "Dream a Little Dream of Me," and "I Surrender, Dear." Perhaps she will sing "God Bless America," the stirring Irving Berlin song which she launched and started on its way to fame. Anyhow, it will be a happy and sentimental day and many a television viewer will remember the days when Kate Smith was a warm, strong voice coming through the radio and bringing with it the picture of a warm, strong personality... friendly, vivacious—and exactly like the Kate they have come to know on TV. For times have changed, but not Kate Smith. Not in the essential things.

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The Kate Smith Hour, with Ted Collins' famous "Cracker Barrel" in song

Everybody listens as Kate sings with her gifted company—the Showtimers (left), the Kateads (center) and the Katydids (right).

FAVORITE TV WOMEN'S SHOW

Favoritv TV Women's Show

FAVORITE TV WOMEN'S SHOW

On NBC-TV, Mon. through Fri., 3 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

FAVORITE TV WOMEN'S SHOW
His interest in music is serious—and creative. He composed the theme for his show, among other hits.

That's what they all say about the real Jackie Gleason, that beloved man of many talents

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

As Mr. and Mrs. America hold their sides and roar with laughter during that magical hour on Saturday night between eight and nine o'clock, when their favorite comedian is on CBS-TV, they see the end result of hours and days of planning. Every little detail in the show, from the opening number of the June Taylor dancers to the closing gag, has been carefully worked out and planned. By whom? By Jackie Gleason himself—and that's no joke!

(Continued on page 91)

The Jackie Gleason Show, CBS-TV, Sat., 8 P.M. EST, for Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, Sheaffer Snorkel Pens.

Gleason also rates ace-high with Art Carney and Audrey Meadows—who know he's much more than a clown.

Liveliest of all the week's rehearsals are those of the June Taylor dancers. (June herself in background, right.)
To Jack Webb and his Sergeant Joe Friday, the whole police department is the real

HERO OF DRAGNET

Jack Webb's performance as Sergeant Joe Friday, on Dragnet, not only wins Jack our readers' votes as their favorite TV dramatic actor—it's so convincing that many people think Jack is actually a member of the Los Angeles Police Force!

For example, there was a letter from a woman in the Mid-West whose sister was missing. The woman had reason to believe her sister had run away to Los Angeles, so in her letter she said: "... The Los Angeles Police Department should please put Sgt. Joe Friday on the matter and get it cleared up once and for all."

In another case, there were two little old ladies whose purses had been snatched in a Los Angeles bus depot. Presenting themselves at the near-by police station, they asked for Sergeant Friday. When the desk sergeant inquired about the nature of their call, they told him their story, insisting that Joe Friday handle their case.

The sergeant sent them down to the robbery division. It took the lieutenant in (Continued on page 74)

Ben Alexander and Jack Webb are true to life, as Detective Sgt. Friday and partner Frank Smith.

Jack Webb stars in Dragnet, as seen on NBC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. EST—heard on NBC Radio, Tues., 9 P.M. EST—both sponsored by Liggett & Meyers Tobacco Company for Chesterfield Cigarettes.

FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTOR • FAVORITE TV MYSTERY SHOW
Eve Arden may be a "spinster" schoolteacher on CBS Radio and TV's Our Miss Brooks, but her favorite story about her two daughters—Liza, 9, and Connie, 7—shows a real mother's understanding: "My husband Brooks West and I have stressed cooperation between the girls. All sisters go through a not-so-cooperative age. That's where ours are now.

"One way this lack of cooperation shows up is in their tattling. At the end of the day, we all get together for a report on the girls' activities. They know out-and-out tattling doesn't go. But the children have found oblique ways of getting around this.

"For instance, Liza says, 'Oh, Mother, I was very good in ballet today. That is, until Connie tripped me . . .' Then she explains, all innocent-eyed, 'She was just too close, you know . . .'

"We get the point.

"Connie, with her lisp, has her retaliatory measures. 'Mother,' she says, 'I wath very good, too! But Litha, well!' And here, with a hopeless look for her sister, she breaks into the (Continued on page 74)
FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR

Sandy Becker as Dr. Jerry Malone.
As Jerry Malone savored the hot, strong coffee his mother had poured him, he recalled the words of advice Mother Malone had given him when he had first started his career as a doctor. She had told him then that, if he were to be a good doctor, his healing must go beyond the clinical level—it must reach the emotions as well. Now, her wise words echoed Jerry's strong concern for both Tracey Adams and Crystal Williams. . . . All Jerry's efforts at finding the missing Tracey had proved futile. The volatile young girl had disappeared from Three Oaks as abruptly as she had entered it three months before, when she had smashed the little car that was taking her across the United States to a destination not even known to herself. Until the accident that had severely injured her hand, Tracey had simply been traveling—searching for new places and new people, fleeing from lasting attachments. But, during the time that Jerry

2. Meanwhile, in another town, Tracey's new job brings her additional problems.
3. As his search for Tracey goes on in vain, Jerry continues to lend his strength and wisdom to help the mentally upset Gene Williams resolve his problems and establish a secure life for his wife Crystal and their child.

had cared for her, he had seen beneath her bright, laughing, brave surface to Tracey's inner restlessness and fears. Her intelligence and charm had attracted Jerry, and he had sensed her deep feeling for him underneath her gay manner. . . Now, Jerry puzzled over Tracey's compulsion to remain rootless—a compulsion that had made her change to Dr. Paul Browne for treatment and then to disappear completely from Three Oaks. Jerry sighed, conscious of the acute sense of loss over Tracey's disappearance—while Tracey, unknown to her friends in Three Oaks, had alighted in another town and had found work as a secretary-companion to Mrs. Eugenia Morgan. A ruthless dowager with strong contradictions in her personality, Mrs. Morgan had pounced on Tracey as a new person to dominate and control. . . Meanwhile, Jerry—renewed in spirit by his quiet daily interlude with Mother Malone—left to call on Crystal Williams. Five months ago, when Jerry had helped Crystal through
4. Although her love for Gene remains strong, Crystal fears that his weakness will cloud their baby's future.

the difficult birth of her child, the young mother had whispered a prayer for her husband Gene's return. Gene was back now, but the mental upsets, the nervousness and tensions that had driven him to desert Crystal, were still with him. It was a long, slow, difficult road ahead for Gene if he were ever to make a mature adjustment to his physical breakdown and problems. As always, Crystal's love was there for him to lean on—but even Crystal, dreaming of the bright future she had planned for their baby, worried whether Gene's mental turmoil would stand in the way of family happiness. . . .

As he drove to the Williams home, Jerry thought of the new complications facing his friends. Throughout this difficult time, Crystal and Gene had been dependent on Sam, Gene's father, for financial support. Now, Gene felt he was ready to resume his job as Sam's assistant at the Springfield plant. But Jerry, remembering the bitter clashes between father and son, was convinced that the inevitable haggling and continuous dissension would weaken Gene's chances for a healthy adjustment. . . . Jerry felt within himself a growing maturity and understanding—both of himself and the people around him. But, as he paused at the Williams' door, he wondered if he had yet achieved the strength and wisdom needed to see Gene and Crystal—as well as Tracey—through the conflicts and crises confronting them.

5. Hoping to find some helpful clues, Jerry visits Dr. Paul Browne, who had last attended Tracey Adams.

6. But even more pressing to Jerry is finding a way to erase the bitterness between Gene and his father.
FAVORITE TV MASTER OF CEREMONIES • FAVORITE TV VARIETY SHOW
Crack columnist Ed Sullivan believes in being first with the best—that's why his show is

TOAST OF THE TOWN

By ED MEYERSON

Ed Sullivan's favorite talent scout—his daughter, Betty—was excited.

"Dad," she said, "I've just seen the best comedy pair since Crosby and Hope."

Dad was interested. He had only $1500 to spend on his first TV show, and couldn't quite afford Crosby and Hope.

It seemed Betty had seen her candidates in a stage show. She had written down their names. No, Ed had never heard of them before.

"Great act for the kids," she said.

Being seventeen herself, Betty could remember when she had once been a kid herself.

That did it! If Ed's Sunday-night variety show were to have something for everyone, it would have to have something for (Continued on page 90)

Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town is seen over CBS-TV, every Sunday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.

The day's work: Ed makes plans with Mary Pontiero of CBS-TV and Jack Bab from the sponsor's agency.

The day's play: Ed relaxes with wife Sylvia and their miniature French Poodle, Boje.

Off to the studio: Brendan, the door man, wishes Mr. Sullivan the luck o' the Irish.
Barbara Britton and Richard Denning find their “double marriages” confusing—but fun!

By BETTY MILLS

Barbara Britton and Richard Denning (Mr. and Mrs. North—Pam and Jerry—of CBS Radio and NBC-TV) hurried from their radio rehearsal to the Brown Derby for lunch. They had no sooner sat down than they were approached by a teenager.

The teenager mouthed the words as Dick wrote out, “Best wishes from Richard Denning.” Then she watched Barbara sign, “Good luck always, Barbara Britton.”

“Richard Denning? Barbara Britton?” the girl queried in surprise. “Aren’t you two married?”

“Why, no,” laughed Dick. “I have a wife at home and Barbara has a husband. We’re just married on the show.”

“Well!” said the teenager indignantly. “You certainly act like it!” Whereupon she marched off as if she had been hookwinked.

Barbara and Dick laughed. This was not the first time that the fans had thought they were real-life husband and wife. When they settled down to ordering lunch a moment later, you’d have had every reason to believe the teenager had been right.

“What are you going to have, Barbara?” asked Dick.

“I’d like a Cobb salad. How about you?”

“The shrimp looks good,” said Dick, eyeing a passing tray.

“Oh, you don’t want shrimp,” said Barbara.

“Why don’t you (Continued on page 84)
Happily wed — but not to each other: Barbara and Richard as Pam and Jerry.
Burr Tillstrom is Kukla's and Ollie's friend and confidant.

Kukla and Ollie go to town

There's a backstage story behind Kukla, Fran And Ollie's Radio-TV Mirror Award this year. A story with a wonderful happy ending which viewers and readers helped write.

Among those who work in television, it's no secret that Burr Tillstrom, his fascinating little people, and lovely Fran Allison have known more pleasant situations than that which they faced at the beginning of this season.

They had only one sponsor, and since that was their ever-loving RCA, parent company for NBC, it was regarded as sort of a courtesy family affair. Worse yet, there were even a few ugly rumors that network time might not be available. If their time period was bought right out from under them, they might not even go back on the air.

To make the matter even more confused, no one seemed able to point out a reasonable cause for their plight. The best clue came in the oft-repeated question, "But what kind of show is Kukla, Fran And Ollie, anyway?"

Advertisers, people pointed out, like specific labels before they buy. They want to know what audience to aim at.

When such sophisticates as Tallulah Bankhead, Fred Allen and radio-TV critic John Crosby are among the Kuklapolitans' most ardent fans, can it continue to be classed as a children's show? When puppets, traditionally, are a child's entertainment, can it be regarded as an attraction for adults?

The for-real quandary was as puzzling as any of the predicaments which Ollie, in his make-believe, ever constructed on the air. (Continued on page 83)

Kukla, Fran And Ollie is seen over NBC-TV, Sundays, at 3:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Swift & Company for Pard Dog Food.
LISTENERS and viewers know tall, blond, friendly Bud Collyer as master of ceremonies on NBC Radio's Break The Bank and on CBS-TV's Beat The Clock.

Neighbors in Greenwich, Connecticut, know him as superintendent of the Presbyterian Church Sunday School and teacher of its senior class of teenagers.

When asked what induces him to undertake this additional assignment, Bud grins happily. "I'm selfish. I get more out of it than I put in."

Talking about the satisfaction it brings him, Collyer grows eloquent in his enthusiasm. "I like people, but I love kids." (He has three of his own.) "It's a real experience to see a youngster discover for himself that God does not wear long, forbidding robes, but is, instead, a source of constant guidance and strength."

In teaching religion, Collyer (Continued on page 97)

Break The Bank is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer. Bud Collyer is also master of ceremonies for Beat The Clock, CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Sylvania Electric Products.
Two is for LUCK

Award time proves the power of Bert Parks' own magic number for "breaking the bank"

By JEANNE SAKOL

Two is probably the most symbolic number of all to most people. It stirs up visions of romance, of young couples strolling down a moonlit country lane. It conveys a feeling of companionship between two friends who have built their friendship on a sound base of loyalty and sincerity. On the lighter side, you need two for tea, and two is also what it takes to tango.

But, for Bert Parks, two has been the most important number in his life and, he feels, the luckiest. Starting with right now, and going back to his boyhood in Atlanta, Georgia, the significance of this number is as constant as it is heartwarming.

To begin with: This year, this month, now, Bert has been named winner of Radio-TV Mirror's Award as the favorite quizmaster on television for the second year running. He is master of ceremonies of two important shows reaching millions of Americans each week, Double Or Nothing and Break The Bank—and Double Or Nothing is in its second year (Continued on page 108)

Bert Parks is quizmaster of two top TV shows: Double Or Nothing, CBS-TV, M-W-F, at 2 P.M. EST, sponsored by Campbell's Soups and Franco-American Products, and Break The Bank, ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Dodge Division of the Chrysler Corporation.
1,001 Nights — Plus

Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour carries on a great tradition of opportunity for "stars to be"

By JERRI SLOAN

Ted has an eye for talent, a heart for encouragement.

Up to this writing, Queen Scheherazade of "The Arabian Nights" has held the all-time record for providing good entertainment for a thousand and one nights. On April 10th, Ted Mack and The Original Amateur Hour tie that record when they celebrate their 1,001st "amateur night" at New York's glamorous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. After that, the sky's the limit.

Instead of introducing the usual array of talented hopefuls, the big anniversary show will feature a star-studded program of once totally obscure amateurs who got their first break on The Original Amateur Hour and have since become big-name stars.

Among the celebrities Ted Mack expects to welcome are Frank Sinatra, Robert Merrill, Vera-Ellen, Frank Fontaine, Larry Storch, Paul Winchell (and Jerry Mahoney) and many others who today bring pleasure to millions.

(Continued on page 108)

Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour, NBC-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Pet Milk Brand Evaporated Milk and Nonfat Dry Milk.

FAVORITE TV TALENT-AUDITION SHOW

Frank Sinatra (above, right) was only an amateur when he sang with the Hoboken Four, for the late Major Bowes (center). Today's hopeful auditioners (below) are "only amateurs," too—but just wait!
At work, Martha can take it with the best in the field of higher acrobatics—and she can dish it out in the glamour department, too.

Love that Girl!

A good woman may be down but she's never out, if she has Martha Raye's gift of laughter.
There is a gal named Martha Raye who roams around a big, very old, very charming house near Westport, Connecticut, these days. It’s a lot of house, and often Martha is alone in it. Much of the old furniture gleams from the polishing of many hands, over many decades. Walking through a room, Martha touches the shining furniture with the tips of her fingers, and smiles.

She is in love with the house. This has been her dream for many years, and now it’s come true. When her daughter Melodye finishes her semester in her Miami school and can come here, go to the local school and live at home, Martha will have had it.

This happiness, this home, is what television—and her Martha Raye Show—have bought for her...

after a lifetime of ups and downs, of disappointment and frantic hard work and near despair.

Today, the critics are calling her the finest clown of all, the “funniest woman in the world.” She can write her own ticket, name her own salary. You readers of this magazine have voted Martha your favorite comedienne of the year on TV.

The fact that she is a great comic genius and one of the funniest of living human beings may be 1954 news, but it’s old hat to those who have been Raye worshippers since she first (Continued on page 104)

The exuberant comedienne loved by millions has her own deep loves, off-stage: Her daughter Melodye (below, left, imitating her famous mom)—her perky boxer dogs—and such good companions as Mimi Marlo (at right).
At work, Martha can take it with the best in the field of higher acrobatics—and she can dish it out in the glamour department, too.

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**Love that Girl!**

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

There is a gal named Martha Raye who roams around a big, very old, very charming house near Westport, Connecticut, these days. It's a lot of house, and often Martha is alone in it. Much of the old furniture gleams from the polishing of many hands, over many decades. Walking through a room, Martha touches the shining furniture with the tips of her fingers, and smiles.

She is in love with the house. This has been her dream for more years than she cares to remember, and now it's come true. When her daughter Melodye finishes her semester in her Miami school and can come here, go to the local public school and live at home, Martha will have had it.

This happiness, this home, is what television—and her Martha Raye Show—have bought for her...

After a lifetime of ups and downs, of disappointment and frantic hard work and near despair, today, the critics are calling her the finest clown of all, the "funniest woman in the world." She can write her own ticket, name her own salary. You readers of this magazine have voted Martha your favorite comedienne of the year on TV.

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The exuberant comedienne loved by millions has her own deep loves, off-stage: Her daughter Melodye (below, left, imitating her famous mom)—her perky boxer dogs—and such good companions as Mimi Mario (at right).
Paul Dixon is a home-town boy
who brings mirth and music
to the home towns of the nation

By HELEN BOLSTAD

PAUL DIXON will be the first to tell you that he's living, breathing, broadcasting proof of the old saying, "You can take a boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy."

It's not a matter of assuming a hayseed exterior. Country bumpkins have vanished from most rural areas these days—and, in their Cincinnati suburb, Paul and his pretty wife Marge are no different from the other young couples in their crowd.

They have good taste in clothes, they belong to a country club, they have a pleasant, comfortable home, and they're putting away a few dollars for the education of their youngsters, Pam, who is now five, and Greg, who is three.

Rather, with Paul, it's a point of view.

With the pride of one (Continued on page 98)
EVERYBODY'S NEIGHBOR

Daughter Pamela and son Greg are just about old enough now to appreciate the Radio-TV Mirror medal Paul won last year—and now there'll be one for each of them! Marge Dixon, of course, has been proud of hubby all along.
It was half-past seven, on a Thursday evening in the spring. The sun was setting in the west when Lucy and Desi left their studio near the heart of Hollywood. Another chapter of their TV series completed, they looked forward to a weekend of rest and relaxation.

They walked across the street and into the lot where their cars were parked, side by side. In gentlemanly style, Desi opened the door of Lucy's Cadillac, closed it again after she'd settled behind the steering wheel, kissed her on the cheek and wished her a happy weekend. "I'll see you Monday morning," he shouted as she pulled out of the lot, heading north for their Chatsworth ranch.

A few seconds later, Desi climbed into his car and headed south, for Balboa and three days of yachting, swimming, and fishing.

Had they quarreled? Were they on the verge of a split-up? On the contrary. They were very happy. It was just the start of one of those "vacations from marriage"—as they call them—(Continued on page 103)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are starred in I Love Lucy, seen over CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.

It was truly a picnic—until they settled down for the night, in that trailer park near the oh-so-calm Pacific.
a vacation from marriage, but there is no vacation from love
Frank Parker's, grateful for his good luck—and a guy named Godfrey

The famous Frank Parker gleam—he's got two of them, actually, a 24-carat glow for each eye—is not a special effect created by lighting. Frank's been toting those twin twinkles around for just about as long as anyone can remember, and their effect is rather devastating when he's romancing a ballad. Lots of gals would like to think that optical fire comes directly from the furnace of love. It doesn't. The gleam is the stamp of a slightly impish, very happy-go-lucky guy.

"Frank Parker has never been so much of an ambitious guy as a lucky one," says Frank Parker, and adds, "I don't know whether he's lucky because he's happy—or happy because he's lucky. It's confusing, right?"

When Frank approached the door of fame, he didn't have a key of introduction in his pocket or a load of do-or-die TNT for blasting. All he had were those twin twinkles, a devil-may-care attitude, and a fine voice which was so highly classified that it was even a secret to Frank.

"I had lunch with a friend," Frank says, "and went around with him to kill time while he visited his agent."

The agent thought Frank was someone else and Frank wound up as a chorus boy singing in a George M. Cohan musical. Frank had never thought of being a singer. His experience was limited to a compulsory school choir.

"It was luck," Frank says, "pure chance, that I even got started in show business."

The Revelers Quartet was the sensation in the Thirties, and Frank sang with the Cavaliers—a quartet that wasn't a sensation.

"Sure, I wanted to sing with the Revelers—who didn't?" Frank recalls. "But it was only luck that saved the opening for me when it came along."

One of Frank's friends played a practical joke, phoned him and said he was Louis James of the Revelers and wanted Frank to replace tenor James Melton in the quartet. Frank (Continued on page 94)
Marion Marlowe made a dream come true—and almost broke her heart

Recently, Marion Marlowe sang the blues on Arthur Godfrey's Wednesday-night show, and she was a sensation. Letters of praise surged in, and fifty different columnists commented on her performance of George Gershwin's "My Man's Gone." As the title indicates, it's a song of a lonely woman. And, although Marion is an experienced actress as well as a great singer, the song truly came from her heart. She's lonely.

"And it's all my fault," she says. "I thought I was doing something wonderful that would make everyone concerned happier, and then—pfft."

The pfft came about this way. Marion's father passed away when she was three, just twenty years ago, so she was raised by her mother and maternal grandparents in St. Louis, Missouri. They loved Marion and weren't chary in showing it. They were happy people and made Marion happy. And they sacrificed to see that she had dancing and dramatic and music lessons. To do this, they gave up movies and an occasional dinner out, and put off buying new clothes until it was necessary. Once, they withdrew all of their money from a savings account to get her to Hollywood for an audition.

"You can understand how much I love them and how anxious I've been to do something wonderful for them," Marion says. "And, for years, I knew exactly what I wanted to give them."

So she saved her money and, last October, took the folks back to (Continued on page 82)
THERE'S NO ONE LIKE HIM

ARTHUR GODFREY

FOR MILLIONS, there is magic in the name ... just as there is magic in the man whose superb sense of showmanship—so casual, but so sure in its understanding of the public's entertainment needs—has won RADIO-TV MIRROR readers' votes for Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts as their favorite talent-audition show on radio ... and their Award for Arthur Godfrey And His Friends as the very best show on television. He's the man who never had to imitate anyone else—and whose own success cannot be imitated ... the man who never let lack of money stand in the way of getting an education—U.S. Navy style—and who has never stopped learning. He's the man who never allowed accident and months of agony to wipe the grin off his little-boy face—or keep him from sharing his chuckles and impish humor with others who might be shut in with their own heartbreak and pain ... the man who never backed away from a controversy—nor lacked the courage of his own convictions. If they were giving medals this season for gameness and grit ... for inspiring cheer and the sense of close companionship which only Godfrey seems able to carry right out of the set and into the nation's homes ... the indestructible redhead would get them all. For that's the kind of man that Arthur Godfrey is, and America has taken him to its heart.

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts is simulcast over CBS Radio and CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lipton Tea and Lipton Soups. Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, seen on CBS-TV, Wed., at 8 P.M. EST, is sponsored alternately by Toni and CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury and Frigidaire.

BEST TV SHOW • FAVORITE RADIO TALENT AUDITION SHOW
Dry skin: “Before I used Noxzema, my dry skin actually peeled in spots,” says Cathy Hild of Woodridge, N. J. “Now Noxzema helps it look smoother, fresher.”

Blemishes: “Noxzema quickly helped heal my blemishes,” says Jackie Spalding of Whitefield, N. H. “Now everybody tells me how much brighter, fresher, more attractive my skin looks.”

Look lovelier in 10 days
with Doctor’s Home Facial or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps keep it that way, too!

- Here’s wonderful beauty news! A noted skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty care—with a special beauty cream. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you keep it that way!

This new beauty care owes its remarkable effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. It’s a combination of softening, soothing, refreshing and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. And it’s medicated—aids healing—helps keep skin looking fresh and clear!

Feel the exhilarating tingle!
The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle. It tells you Noxzema’s beauty action is starting to work on your skin problem—helping your skin look fresher, prettier.

Results are thrilling
Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema care for dry, rough, flaky skin; for externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless half-clean look of many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn’t you like to see a fresher, prettier complexion in your mirror 10 days from now? Then, start this Doctor’s Home Facial tonight!

1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear when you ‘cream-wash’!

2. Night Cream: Greaseless Noxzema helps soften, smooth and refresh your skin! (Pat a bit extra over any blemishes—it’s medicated to help heal them fast!)

3. Make-up base: In the morning, ‘cream-wash’; then use Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base.

Works or money back!
In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems to have lovelier-looking skin! If you don’t look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema—Baltimore—money back!

Look Lovelier Offer! 40¢ trial size only 29¢ plus tax. See how it helps your skin; then get 10 oz. economy jar only 95¢ plus tax—drug, cosmetic counters.
(Continued from page 50)

robbery the rest of the afternoon to convince two little old ladies that Sgt. Joe Friday was Jack Webb, and not a member of the police. The question of how convincing Jack's performance is, was there an officer with the State of California Juvenile Authority who—or at a recent convention—seriously in any way? Joe Friday had never attended those functions. He thought Friday was a member of the L.A. Police Force who acted on television.

Do to all their residents in good humor. "The fact is," he says, "that I am not—repeat not—member of the Los Angeles Police Force. However, there is a real Joe Friday. He's with the traffic division. But we didn't know this at the time we created the character."

Although he takes all the "Friday" episodes in good humor, Jack is serious about his role in this Los Angeles Police Department. In putting his shows together, he has taken the position that the welfare of the police department is paramount.

The thing the department has been trying to get across to the public is a feeling of rapport between the citizen and the officer on the beat. The officer is every citizen's first line of defense. But there have been times in the past, when due to lack of cooperation of the citizenry, cases have been lost or taken longer time to close. Jack has done his part in co-operation with the people. A recent Dragnet episode was cracked by information donated by an alert citizen. The citizen was not afraid to walk up to the officer, for he knew him to be his friend. Nor was he embarrassed to describe the situation which seemed to him a little bit out of line.

It's a part of operation the police force is trying to encourage. They know that the force is only as good as its sources of information. It's a healthy sign that, more and more, the citizens are getting behind their local force and in the process, learning that the policeman is their friend.

The police are eager to make this known to the people. Here's an example of how well Jack Webb can begin their training with youngsters. Recently, two little boys came into the Highland Park precinct sub-station.

"What wanna see Sgt. Friday," they said.

"Oh, you do," said the desk sergeant, thinking fast. "Well, he isn't here now."

But he didn't think fast enough for the kids. "We'll wait then," they said, plunking down their lunches on a bench in the waiting room. They stared straight ahead at the clock on the wall as the hour hand swept around toward noon. Two hours later they were still there.

The desk sergeant saw that the boys weren't leaving, so he called Marty Wynne, one of the police advisers on the Dragnet program and head of the juvenile division at Highland Park, and explained the situation to him.


"What are you doing?"

Jack happened to see Joe Friday. We thought maybe if he wasn't busy he'd show us his guns."

"In a day," said Marty, "I'm one of his partners. How'd you like a trip through the whole department instead?"

"Really?" said the first.

"Gee, that'd be great!" said the other. A pair of them showed the two eager junior citizens from one end of the police department to the other. They were photographed, fingerprinted, taken through "robbery" and "traffic." They peered through microscopes, and met countless members of the force—gentlemen all.

At the end of the tour, Marty Wynne showed the two happy little boys to the door. "So long, fellas," he said. "Thanks for coming over."

"Gee, thank you. It was swell!" They scurried off, eager to share their afternoon's adventure with their friends.

The next day a call came to the station for "the officer who is Joe Friday's partner." The desk sergeant knew the caller mainly for the boys. After identifying themselves, the boys' parents thanked Marty and said, "It has been a wonderful experience for the kids. It has taught them, in a day's time, what it might have taken years to teach them; that police officers are warm, understanding human beings. Thanks for your time and consideration."

Marty said, "Thank you for calling. We're glad to help, any time."

This is the feeling of rapport that police departments throughout the country are trying to convey to the citizenry. And it is a feeling that Jack Webb (although he is not a member of any police department) is trying to encourage with Dragnet.

Our Miss Brooks

(Continued from page 51)

strains of the Dragnet theme—"Dum-da-da-dum!"

In spite of their busy TV and radio schedules, Eve and Brooks always have time for the problems of their children.

"Now this problem of cooperation," says Eve, "is an ever-present one. Just when we think we've got it down, it comes back another way.

"Liza is going through the age when she feels very grown-up. She's suddenly too old for her sister. So we're not talking about pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey games. At her last birthday party she asked for a 'sit-down' dinner—To her, Connie is a baby sister, too young for such grown-up affairs. But Connie doesn't see it that way. 'We're back again to no cooperation."

Last Christmas, though, Brooks and Eve hit upon a plan which they hoped, over a period of time, would teach mutual cooperation. At least, they hoped it would help solve Liza and Connie's problem.

"Let's build them a playhouse," said Brooks. "Then give one a doll."

"And one a pet hamster," said Eve, "which they can share."

"Together," said Brooks.

So Brooks invaded the public library for busy Wednesday to buy the next step in the building project, and came home the next night loaded down with enough information to build the Empire State Building," laughs Eve. "He was brave. Book in one hand, hammer in the other, he headed for the back yard like he knew what he was doing."

"I admit," says Eve, "at first it didn't look like anything. But then, little by little, it began to take shape. The girls didn't pay much attention until the walls went up."

What's Daddy doing?" they asked.

"Oh, he's just building a chicken coop," I answered.

"It looks mighty fine for a chicken coop," said Liza. They lost interest again, until the roof went on.

"What did you say Daddy was doing?" they asked.

"It was too hard for chickens, I answered. 'He's going to make a tool shed.'"

"Oh!" they said, looking sharply at the tool shed. I held my breath," says Eve."

"Yes, it would make a nice playroom," said Liza.

"It thud would," lisped Connie.

"I stopped breathing entirely," says Eve.

"But it's going to be an ole tool shed, muttered Liza, doubtfully."

"Yeth, an old tool shed," seconded Connie, and," says Eve, "I breathed again."

As Christmas approached, Brooks finished the playhouse. It was six by nine feet and stood seven feet high in the middle. Brooks and Eve painted it a bright yellow with white trim.

Just before Christmas, they added front steps and a welcome sign over the door.

"The girls had completely lost interest in the building venture and hardly came near it," says Eve. "We knew they had no idea of its being a present for them."

The night before Christmas, when we opened up our packages, Liza and Connie were delighted with all sorts of child-size furniture under the tree. A kitchen table, chairs, cabinets, and even a real electric stove in miniature size. All the equipment for the house," says Eve, "but, bless 'em, they didn't catch on."

On Christmas morning, Eve set the scene: "I have a special surprise present for Daddy in his tool shed. Let's all go." Full of curiosity, Liza and Connie fol-

owed Eve and Brooks down the back steps across the yard to the "shed." There, a card tied with festive ribbon, waited on the door. It read, "For Liza and Connie."

"Then," recalls Eve, "we had a squealing contest on our hands. When the door opened and the girls saw what it was—their playhouse—they were like little kit-ties with their tails up of string!"

"Oh, look, Connie, at the pretty curtains!" squealed Liza.

"Yeth," said Connie, "and the doll—"

"The four-poster bed!" finished Liza. "Oh, see! Oh, see it all!"

"It was wonderful," Eve says. "One had the doll, the other the bed. They were forced to cooperate. The girls were suddenly one for joy and affection for each other! The last we saw of them, as we quietly closed the door, were two little heads bent close together examining the four-poster. Brooks and I shook hands. 'Looks like we've done it,' he said."

"It looked that way for a while," says Eve. "They would disappear for three days at a time. But then in a household byword, then the novelty began to wear off. Today they spend hours in the playhouse, but there are times when they disagree."

Dear Miss Brooks and I feel it was a good first step—but we realize the job is not done. Last week he came home with a new batch of books."

"What are those?" I asked.

"Brooks read one of the titles aloud—'How a Little Garden Grows'—then added, 'If we plant a garden to go with the girls' playhouse, they'll have something else to do together. Besides, they may grow something we can use.'"

"Yes," I said, 'they may."

"Well, here we go again!"
I love to wear a sweater

...since I bought my Perma-lift

"Added Attraction"

Padded Bra with the "Natural" Look

Sweaters are a "must" with all my friends, but they just didn't seem to do a thing for me. I wanted to look like the other girls, but most of the padded bras I've seen are so unnatural—so exaggerated.

Then I tried "Perma-lift's Added Attraction" and my troubles vanished. Here's a bra that gives me such a natural figure, my sweaters and blouses look perfect—fit beautifully—just what I want.

The secret is in the concealed, pure white, precision cut, foam rubber pads. The natural shaping is there forever and the pads stay white as long as the long life of this wonderful bra.

So why don't you go to your favorite store today and try a "Perma-lift Added Attraction" Bra. Priced so reasonably—just $4 in fine cotton—$5 in miracle nylon. Strapless style—$5.00.

Enjoy the luxury of this new "Perma-lift" Pantie with the patented Magic Oval crotch. It can't ride up—chafe or irritate—the most comfortable pantie you've ever worn—just $5.95.

Queen for a Day

COAST TO COAST ON 550 RADIO STATIONS

OF THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

FOR THE MAKERS OF OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
Tune to your nearest, neighborly
MBS station 11:30-Noon, EST,
Monday-Friday,
for the Twentieth Century
Cinderella Show with
Jack Bailey as Master of Ceremonies
### Monday

**Evening Programs**

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<th>Time</th>
<th>Local Program</th>
<th>Bill Stern, Sports</th>
<th>George Hicks, News</th>
<th>Jackson &amp; The News</th>
<th>ABC Reporter</th>
<th>Friday Night Roof</th>
<th>Curly Massey</th>
<th>Lowell Thomas</th>
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#### Afternoon Programs
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#### Evening Programs
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See Next Page→
### Baseball on TV

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Game</th>
<th>Channel</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tues., Apr. 13</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., Apr. 14</td>
<td>8:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs., Apr. 15</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Pgh. vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thur., Apr. 15</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Yanks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat., Apr. 17</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. Dodgers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat., Apr. 17</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yanks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sun., Apr. 18</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. Dodgers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sun., Apr. 18</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yanks-D</td>
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<td>Mon.Tue., May 11, 12</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Pgh. vs. Giants</td>
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D—Doubleheader

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### TV Program Highlights

**New York City and Suburbs and New Haven Channel 8 April 11—May 10**

#### Monday through Friday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Morning Show—Walter Cronkite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Breakfast Special—One McNell Variety</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Godfrey Time—Variety Simulcast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>One Man’s Family—Serial Drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Valiant Lady—Serial Drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Bride and Groom—The Last Mile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>The Guiding Light—Serial Drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13:00</td>
<td>Partita Faces Life—Serial</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13:30</td>
<td>Send Search for Tomorrow—Serial</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14:15</td>
<td>The Secret Life—Serial Drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15:30</td>
<td>Double Or Nothing—$55 Quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16:00</td>
<td>Woman With A Past—Serial</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17:30</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers—Trip Talk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18:15</td>
<td>The Secret Life—Serial Drama</td>
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<tr>
<td>18:45</td>
<td>Robert Lewis—Comedy Variety</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19:45</td>
<td>On Your Account—$55 Quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20:00</td>
<td>Kittie-Dinah—Musical Variety, Mrs. M. Variety, Tues., Thurs., Thurs., Fri., Fri. crooner.</td>
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<tr>
<td>20:45</td>
<td>Perry-Jo-Jane—Song Swinging</td>
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<tr>
<td>21:30</td>
<td>News Caravan—Swazey Reports</td>
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#### Monday P.M.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Jamie—Drama, Brandon de Wilde</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Burns &amp; Allen—Zany Laugh Duo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Talent Scout—Godfrey Tests Talent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Dr. I.Q.—Audience Silver $55 Quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>I Love Lucy—The Desi Comedy Series</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Red Skelton—Comedy Sketches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Fireside Theater—Make Room For Daddy—Comedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>U.S. Steel—Alternating with Matarella TV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Dance—High Tension Story-Telling — #$70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>The Mask—Hour-long Melodramas</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>The Mask—Hour-long Melodramas</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Two For The Money—Drama</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Your Show Of Shows—</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>My Favorite Husband—</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Orient Express—Secret Adventure</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Hit Parade—Song &amp; Dance</td>
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#### Tuesday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Cavalcade Of America—Dramas</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Milton Berle—Bal Happe</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Red Skelton—Comedy Sketches</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Fireside Theater—Make Room For Daddy—Comedy</td>
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<td>U.S. Steel—Alternating with Matarella TV</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Danger—High Tension Story-Telling — #$70</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>The Mask—Hour-long Melodramas</td>
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#### Wednesday

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Mark Sabor—Mystery Adventures</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>T. Godfrey &amp; His Friends—</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>I Married Jaan</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>My Little Margie</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Strike It Rich—Help For Needy</td>
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#### Thursday

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Meet Mr. McNutley—Comedy</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Four Star Playhouse—Dramas</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Forest Theater—Half Hour Drama</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Public Defender—Police Dramas</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Place The Face—Bill Cullen, Emce</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Stu Erwin—Comedy</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Mama—Pagnant Family Series</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Garroway Show—Musical Variety</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Topper—Comedy Series</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Our Miss Brooks—Comedy Series</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>My Friend Irma—Comedy Series</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Persan To Persan—</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Dawn You Go—</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Liberate—Valentine of the Piano</td>
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#### Saturday

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<thead>
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<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Beat The Clock—Stunts for $5</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Ethel &amp; Albert—Comedy</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Jackie Gleason Show—Variety</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Spike Jones—Crazy, Crazy</td>
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<td>Original Amateur Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Two For The Money—Drama</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Your Show Of Shows—</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>My Favorite Husband—</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Orient Express—Secret Adventure</td>
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<td>Hit Parade—Song &amp; Dance</td>
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#### Sunday

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Omnibus—Alistair Cooke, Host</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>Meet The Press—Newsmaking Panel</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Life With Father—Comedy</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Jack Benny—Private Secretary</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Meet The Press—Newsmaking Panel</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Loretta Young—Dr. Street—Drama</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Man Against Crime—Ralph Bellamy</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Blue Ribbon Boxing—</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories</td>
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</tbody>
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**Tuesday:**

- Drama, Vincente and Connie Desmond. For the Yankees: Mel Allen and Jim Woods. For the Giants: Russ Hodges.
Giving Is Living

(Continued from page 35)

they had never shed a tear.

That was a heartbreak. The thought of the loneliness behind those dry eyes brought a lump to Ralph's throat. When pain and anguish wring the brow, tears are a welcome relief. But tears were no part of this little Hopi girl's heritage. She had never been able to escape from herself ... to get lost in a good cry.

A year passed. Once again Ralph stood at the foot of the hospital bed. This time, the little girl's pillow was damp with tears. But they were tears of happiness ... for she was smiling. In the past year, under a gentle, mothering anesthetic, her little legs had been doctor-broken and then reset. Today she had taken her first free steps. And she knew there would be many tomorrows when she could run and play as other children do. That's why the tears of happiness ... for that, and for Ralph Edwards, the man who had helped to make it happen.

But Ralph would be the first to disclaim this praise. "It's not me," he says. "It's the great American public. They've given from their pockets and their hearts. My shows have only been an agency of their generosity. I've found that—if you give the people a chance to help—everyone is eager to share.

"It doesn't make any difference what the cause is: a crippled children's hospital; the national polio March of Dimes; a religious need, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish; or the Heart Fund; or arthritis, or cancer—or a home for unwed mothers. The hearts of the American people always find a way to share with those in need."

How does Ralph choose the causes or charities his shows sponsor? First, the charity must be in need of funds. Second, it must have a good solid organization with a national program (that is, funds raised on a national basis will be distributed on a national basis). And, third, Ralph wants to be sure that the organization has directors who know how to use the money wisely.

The March of Dimes and the American Heart Association are good examples, meeting all of Ralph's requirements. With the famous "Mr. and Mrs. Hush" contests, Ralph raised close to $2,500,000.00 for the March of Dimes. The Hush contest began as a satire on give-aways. Ralph saw that he could turn the contest into a show that would benefit everyone in the country—and not just the winner. He arranged to have the contestants send in contributions to the March of Dimes with their entries. Two-million-five-hundred thousand dollars were raised ... and, as a result of this and other contributions, today it is believed that with the new vaccine, polio is being whipped!

On his shows, Ralph doesn't start out to be a do-gooder. He feels that entertainment comes first. It does. The Walking Man contest for the American Heart Association was heard by 39,000,000 Americans, the largest commercial radio audience ever reached! Yet there were only 40,000 entries . . . the 38,000,000 other people were listening because they were getting great entertainment.

How good did the Walking Man contest do for American Heart? The Association had been established twenty-two years. But they couldn't afford to put on campaigns. There was no one to help them. They lived from hand to mouth, mostly on contributions from other charities which gave a little money so Heart could continue its research. The Association was made up of a handful of devoted men who single-handedly were trying to whip heart

---

Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL®

HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. Reader's Digest says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories. (It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl (Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)

2. Reader's Digest says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds a solid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.

3. Reader's Digest says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.

4. Reader's Digest says—In full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—4 out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate's with Gardol developed no new cavities at all!

5. Reader's Digest says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.
Marion as they wished. She was off to work early and got home just a shade late for dinner. For them, it’s kind of heart-breaking not to be able to make at least one meal a day for a child.

“But they did such cute things, such endearing things,” Marion says. “When I would go down the street, they would be waiting at the window to wave to me,” she says. “There, on the fifth floor, would be Grandma and Mother in nightgowns, leaning on his cane.” And they would wait up for her at night, whether she was working late or on a date.

“We’d go into the kitchen and have cookies and milk,” she says, “and my date would be her. He didn’t want to talk to a man twice if he didn’t enjoy cookies and Grandpa’s jokes.”

When Marion came down with the flu or played hostess to one of New York’s many viruses, the family hovered over her.

Marion isn’t exactly neglected. She has dates. She is surrounded by the cheerful gadgets on the shelves. She’s known by the folk who live in the area. She is cheered by the folk who live in the area.

But “Jimmy” everywhere will disagree. They all want to thank Ralph . . . the guy who made giving so much fun.
Kukla and Ollie
Go to Town

(Continued from page 60)

Ollie met the challenge in typical fashion. He simply applied the old adage: "Go hire a hall!" In fact, he hired New York's famed Town Hall—where all great artists hope to give their recitals and rate loud bravos from the critics.

No one except the Kuklapolitans could have imagined themselves giving a successful concert in that august auditorium. But they did. By the time the curtain went up, their many loyal friends had filled the place to capacity—including all available "standing room only."

Friends and critics alike were charmed when baritone Oliver J. Dragon made his debut, when Kukla, Fran and Ollie gave their interpretation of Jack Fascinato's wistful "Dragon Retreat," when Madame Ooglepuss stated frankly that she could sing whatever she chose—because she had paid part of the expenses.

Long before the rave reviews were printed, everyone knew that that genius, Burr Tillstrom, and that charmer, Fran Allison, had done it again. Their biggest gamble had turned into their biggest triumph. Kukla, Fran And Ollie had added a new chapter to Town Hall history.

But it wasn't only in New York that friends were indicating how much they loved the Kuklapolitans. At about the same time, radio readers all over the nation were marking their ballots for Kukla, Fran And Ollie as their favorite children's show—their favorite TV show for all the young in heart, everywhere, who have the faith of their own dreams, the courage for an adventure into make-believe.

And so the story ends as all good stories should. Today, radio, TV, and newspaper readers have a new sponsor and bright plans for a new season. As Ollie might say: "It looks like we're going to live happily ever after!"

What Are Dreams Made Of?


PETER LIND HAYES

and

MARY HEALY

have it! They're living the lovely dream they earned for themselves—and the whole story is in our next feature-packed issue... complete with a full-color portrait of this charming couple on the cover of the

June

RADIO-TV MIRROR

at your favorite newsstand May 7

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON A SWAN

Add up the figures and find out. Most anybody can add, but can you add correctly? The reason people like number puzzles is because they are fascinating. Fun right in your own home, and CASH REWARDS for the WINNERS. Try it yourself.

$6360.00 in 75 CASH PRIZES (NOW ON DEPOSIT)

FIRST PRIZE $1500 plus $500 Bonus for Promptness (see rule 2)

Second Prize .......... $1000.00 9th to 13th Prize, each... $100.00
Third Prize ........... $500.00 14th to 18th Prize, each. $50.00
Fourth Prize .......... $350.00 19th to 44th Prize, each. $25.00
5th to 8th Prize, each... $200.00 45th to 75th Prize, each. $10.00

—HERE ARE THE RULES—

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Swan Prize. The Rules are: Add the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single numbers. The numbers are not in order, nor need they be in order. There are no double numbers like "22," etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, and get the correct TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to "SCHOLARSHIPS, INC." Send cash if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.

2. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus making the total First Prize $2000.00. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the First Prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn. A contestant may submit an additional entry of improved score provided each entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly. Read the rules carefully, and do not reject your entry if not accepted. Please do not ask for additional information concerning this contest since information that is not available to all other contestants cannot be given.

4. This contest is confined to persons within the continental limits of the United States. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc. and members of their immediate families are ineligible. Due to the uncertainty of mail address entries cannot be accepted from persons in the Armed Forces. Entries will be accepted from persons in Alaska, Canada, Hawaiian Islands and other locations outside of the United States property.

5. Entries will be accepted from February 1 to October 10, 1954. Entries postmarked October 10 will be accepted.

Here is a contest soon over and soon paid off. No weekly or monthly entry for a fill out. Winners determined solely by their mathematical accuracy. Not based on your writing skill, memory, or general information. No books to buy, no facts to look up, no advertisements to watch for, no box tops to save. Operated by a non-profit corporation required by its charter to devote receipts in excess of prizes, advertising, and legitimate expenses to charitable purposes.

Mail to SCHOLARSHIPS, INC., Box 241, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

There are... feathers on the Swan.

Name: ..................................................
Address ..........................................
City.................................................. Zone... State...

Donations mailed before "May 1, 1954," qualify for Promptness bonus.
Mr. And Mrs. North

(Continued from page 58)

have something like corned beef and cabbage?"

"Corned beef and cabbage? Yes, of course," said Dick, thinking what's the use of arguing, "that's what I wanted any-
how."

Like Jerry North, Dick is always the gentleman. He would never contradict a lady. "But between my two thives," he says, "I never get to eat anything I want.

"Yet how fortunate can one man be, to have two such terrific 'wives'? I'm grateful to Pam North for introducing me to Barbara Britton."

Barbara, in turn, says, "Dick Denning is wonderful to work with over a long period of time. He wears well—like an old shoe."

The crew of Mr. And Mrs. North is cer-
tainly happy with both Barbara and Dick. The reason is that there is no stiffness about the stars. Recently, a new assistant director was added to the program. At the end of the first show, Dick and Barbara were the first to walk into the booth. "I'm Dick Denning," volunteered Dick, "and this is Barbara Britton. Hope you'll feel at home—and, if so, I think we can do for you, just let us know."

Barbara's and Dick's cooperative attitude is shown in their business as a regular coffee klathe. They take turns supplying two pots of hot coffee for the cast.

Last Christmas, Barbara came in with enough gingerbread cupcakes to go around twice. Each cupcake had a knob to match the spirit of the season. "Every sea-
son I make them a few weeks early and put them in the freezer. Then during the scurry-time, I don't have to worry about them. When I need them, I bring them out, pop them in the oven, no fuss, no muss. They're my own special recipe."

And added time, Dick frequently takes some of the cast home to lunch. Re-
cently, they almost didn't get back to the rehearsal of the show. Dick ran out of gas just as they rode into the driveway. He didn't realize this until he came out to start the car. The three of them were a little panicky when the motor coughed but didn't say anything.

"I'll call the studio," Dick said, "and ask them to send someone for us. In the meantime, you start walking."

Dick caught up with the other members in a moment. As they rounded the first curve, they met Mr. and Mrs. Barb, Dr. Eugene Czukor. They waved, the doctor stopped, and they hopped in.

"That was fast work," said Dick. "Let's go."

"Go? Where?" queried the doctor.

"Back to the rehearsal, of course. Didn't the studio ask you to pick us up?"

"I have, I'm not able to get it to you there," said the doctor. "I've been into the studio. But I'll be happy to drive you there."

It was just a coincidence that the doctor was passing by. The studio had sent an assistant to pick up Dick and Studio East. The whole show was on tape when he came in three hours later. "I couldn't find them," he said. "I got lost in the house."

It's not too unusual for a Denning to meet a Czukor on that Hollywood hilltop. The Czukors are in the process of moving into a home that commands the same view as the Dennings'. Barbara says, "I screamed that our next house must have a yard for the kids. This one is just big enough to put in the slide and swings. But the size of the house and the view make up for the lack of the yard."

"Besides, we're doing what we like best. We are remodeling, knocking out walls, repapering, painting, and putting in new floors in six rooms: the kitchen, the playroom, Teddy's room, and three baths. Congoleum-Nairn, our co-sponsors on TV, offered to supply us with all the asphalt tile we needed."

This is the sixth house the Czukors have remodelled. Richard Denning, hav-
ing recently contracted for his own house, recommended his building crew. Dr. Czukor, in turn, cheered the workmen happy by supplying them with coffee.

When Barbara and her seven-year-old son, Teddy, went up one afternoon to observe the progress of the house, Teddy watched his dad, who stood with plan in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other. He said, "Daddy's doing very well."

One of the workmen asked Teddy if he ever thought of being a detective like Mr. And Mrs. North. "Nah," said Teddy, "the cozy, I'd rather be a cowboy."

Barbara explains that Teddy has never seen Mr. And Mrs. North and only infre-
quently hears it on radio. "He would never play cops-and-robbers, or a detec-
tive like Jerry North. He'd rather be Roy Rogers because he's got a horse."

If there is any doubt in the summer.

Time is a precious element with Dick. He is between working on his radio, TV, and motion-picture schedule. Early this past winter, with the house finished and the TV show not yet back on the air, he was using the time to put in a new bathroom and basement laundry. It was finished right down and was in the process of rolling it when the first storm of the year came up.

Dick pushed the heavy steel roller like a hiker, walking on strudel dough. But with the first dump does, his "dough" began to stick to the roller. No matter how he pushed and pulled, he saw he wasn't going to get it smoothed out before the rains hit in all their fury. He sat despondently by, as the water washed the seed onto the lot next door.

"It's going to be a lovely lawn," he said. "Fertilized, of course.

Though Barbara's children—Chris, 2½, and Teddy, 7—are too young to watch the show, Dick and Evelyn's nine-year-old daughter, DeeDee, loves to get up for it. On the night of the show, DeeDee doesn't object to being put to bed at 7:15 P.M. At 10:15 P.M., she's aroused, puts on her robe and watches the show in the next room."

When Dick is involved in a script on the screen, DeeDee shows concern. "Were you hurt, Daddy?" she asks.

"No," says Dick, "that was just acting."

DeeDee knows the difference between acting and real life. She sometimes visits the sets when Dick and Barbara are performing before the TV cameras. But one afternoon they were posing on a couch for...
a still photographer. Dick had his arm around Barbara. Then, although they were no longer acting “by the script,” there was an added kiss—for the still camera.

Dee Dee, having never seen a still photographer before, couldn’t tell now where real life left off and acting began. “Oh, Daddy,” she said, ready to burst into tears. “You know you shouldn’t be doing that!”

Dick immediately realized Dee Dee’s concern and explained about the still photographer. “We’re still acting, honey. This is still business.”

“Well, all right,” she said, “as long as you’re sure it’s business.”

“It’s a funny business, all right, this business of being Pam and Jerry North,” laugh Barbara and Dick. “It’s like having two husbands, two wives and three families.”

**Attorney at Sports**

(Continued from page 10)

him, he was in the midst of auditions, along with sixty other and much more eager candidates. Still, he really wasn’t interested in a radio career and, after the audition was over, he thought nothing more about it. A few days later, CBS contacted him. “When can you go to work?” they said—and, says Mel today, “I nearly fell through the floor!”

Well, Mel decided, he might as well have a try at— for a while, at least. Besides, he could go back to law anytime.

During the months just previous, Mel had been teaching public speaking at the University of Alabama, so he returned to the school long enough to finish the term and submit his resignation. Then, on January 17, 1937, he reported for work at CBS.

At first he was just a general announcer. He handled station breaks, news programs, quiz shows, daytime dramas—anything and everything, except sportscasting. But he continually made it known that his greatest interest lay in the sports direction and finally, he got his first big chance. He was sent out to cover the first All-American Race—from the air. It was bad enough that Mel had never flown before and was more than a little nervous about it. But that was only the beginning. A rainstorm delayed the race and sportscaster Allen had to spend fifty-two long minutes circling over the track, ad-libbing, until finally the race was postponed. But, although his initiation was a rugged one, it brought a very favorable comment from a CBS vice-president and successfully broke the ground for Mel’s spectacular career.

Today, the amazing Mr. Allen can look back on the entire period of his career and truthfully say, “How about that!” As for his intended law career, it never could have matched his dazzling achievement in the world of sports. But Mel has continually found his law background a great boon in his work for, as he says, “Law teaches you to analyze a situation, quickly weed out the extraneous matter, and get right to the basic point.” And, he adds, “Law is a science of rules. Similarly, a sport is a game of rules. With both, you have to know all the rules—which ones apply in a given situation—and stick by them.”

There is something else that has proved even more gratifying to Mel in his career. He feels that most people have an interest in—and love sports and this, reaching out to so many millions of them with his voice, he comes close to the heart of America itself. And year in and year out, sports lovers across the land can thank their lucky stars for a man like Mel who, in himself, is a living tribute to the great world of sports.
FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY SHOW

*Suspenсе* (CBS Radio) wins with top melodramas enacted by such expert performers as James Mason and his wife, Pamela Kellino.

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FAVORITE RADIO MALE SINGER

Julius La Rosa (CBS Radio) draws maximum attention from fans, whether in person, on the air—or in Radio-TV Mirror's poll.

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(Continued from page 30)

1953, you gave the Godfrey shows and cast a total of eight awards. This year, they take four: best TV program; best TV male singer—Frank Parker; best TV female singer—Marion Marlowe; best radio talent—audition show—Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts.

In television, the only major contradiction to this decade's Awards trend occurred in the daytime drama classification. Here, the height of contests developed between the CBS-TV neighbors, The Guiding Light and Search For Tomorrow. Two of the off-camera staff, Search's producer, Myron Golden, and co-producer, Charles Irving, deserve special congratulations, for—in a year of split tickets—their show came within a few votes of sweeping the field.

Right up to the final tally for daytime dramas, it ran neck-and-neck with The Guiding Light. By only a few votes, the latter emerged as the final victor. But Search For Tomorrow's stars, Mary Stuart and Terry O'Sullivan, won the titles of favorite TV daytime actor and actress! (This is the first time that both acting Awards have gone to the same program.)

Of the non-dramatic daytime TV programs, the always light-hearted CBS-TV Garry Moore Show again won your favor. Among the women's shows, you indicated you still liked best that effervescent combination which Kate Smith and Ted Collins offer on NBC-TV: songs, stories, aspiring variety artists, and that Collins specialty—the "Cracker Barrel" interview. Both programs have many previous Radio-TV Mirror Awards to their credit.

You chose another daytime show as your favorite musical program. Despite the big-budget competition of some of the famed evening spectacles, your vote went to Du Mont's relatively modest *Pual Dixon Show*, which originates in Cincinnati. A majority of you found amusement in his pantomimes to recorded music and liked his warm and intimate way of turning the coaxial cable into a cross-country "party line."

As the best television children's show, you selected *Kukla, Fran And Ollie.* You'll find on another page the backstage story of the part this played in turning a critical year into a triumphant one.

Among the Westerners, you chose CBS-TV's Gene Autry for both your favorite actor and favorite show.

Your best-liked television news commentator was NBC's John Cameron Swayze, backed up by a world-wide staff of cameramen who will risk their lives for a picture and a crew of reporters so alert they have a hunch about news even before it happens. In the sports field, Mel Allen won your TV award for his announcing. In nighttime television, the only multiple winners to come close to rivaling the Godfrey score were NBC's Jack Webb (favorite dramatic actor), with *Dragnet* (favorite mystery show)—and CBS-TV's Ed Sullivan (favorite master of ceremonies) with *Toast Of The Town* (favorite variety show).

The TV drama and quiz categories emphasized your trend to split your ballots. You named *Mama,* which stars Peggy

(Continued on page 88)
FAVORITE RADIO AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION SHOW
Two For The Money (simulcast over CBS Radio and CBS-TV) thrills both audiences and participants with the amusing give-and-take between Herb Shriner (left) and contestants—who take home big rewards when they give quick answers!

FAVORITE RADIO CHILDREN'S SHOW
No School Today (ABC Radio) means fun for small fry, with "Big Jon" Arthur and beloved "Sparkie."

FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL SHOW
The Railroad Hour (NBC Radio) stars Gordon MacRae; Dorothy Warenkjold is a frequent guest.
Wood on CBS-TV, as the best dramatic program—but your award for the best actress went to Loretta Young on NBC-TV’s Loretta Young Show. You liked Bert Parks (ABC-TV’s Break The Bank, CBS-TV’s Double Or Nothing) as your quizmaster—but picked CBS-TV’s What’s My Line? as your favorite quiz.

There was more of this split-balloting in the comedy category too. You demanded the program Award to NBC-TV’s Sunday night extravaganza, Colgate Comedy Hour—but you named energetic Martha Raye (Martha Raye Show, NBC-TV) as your favorite comedienne and Jackie Gleason (Jackie Gleason Show, CBS-TV) as top comedian. TV audience-participation honors went to Walt Framer production, The Price is Right, starring Warren Hull of CBS-TV (and NBC Radio). As your best talent audition show, you chose Ted Mack’s Original Amateur Hour (NBC-TV).

The best husband-wife team you decided on was Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz with their CBS-TV hit, I Love Lucy. Turning to the radio department, we found that there was no split this year, saving all the honors for CBS Radio. CBS Radio’s Sue Carol and her Miss Brooks (also seen on CBS-TV, of course) took top comedienne and comedy-show honors. NBC Radio’s (and TV’s) Roy Rogers was king of the Western stars and shows. You chose Art Linkletter as your favorite master of ceremonies and his House Party on CBS Radio (and TV) as your best variety show.

But beyond that, dividing the honors was again the rule. Lux Radio Theater (CBS), directed tonight by Herb Abramson, was named the Award as the best of all radio programs and was also named your favorite drama. The individual dramatic actor and actress award, however, went to Barbara Britton and Richard Denning, who play the sleuths, Mr. And Mrs. North, on NBC Radio. For your mystery show, you liked CBS Radio’s Suspense.

The popular division turned up in radio daytime dramas. Your favorite program, you decided, was CBS Radio’s The Romance Of Helen Trent. But acting honors went to Sandy Becker, star of CBS Radio’s The Romance Of Helen Trent, who was named the Best Female Daytime TV Soap Drama Award winner, Jan Miner, star of Hilltop House (also on CBS Radio).

The splitting of votes was repeated again in the music-and-fantasy fields. Julius La Rosa, on CBS Radio, and Dinah Shore, on NBC Radio (and TV), won your votes for favorite singers—but the program Award went to your NBC Radio’s The Johnny Carson Show, starring Gordon MacRae. You chose Bud Collyer’s Break The Bank (NBC Radio) as the best quiz show—then gave Ralph Edwards, star of Truth Or Consequences (NBC Radio), the quizmaster title.

You awarded the title of best audience-participation show to Herb Shriner’s Two For The Money on CBS Radio (simulcast on CBS-TV), Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts (also a CBS simulcast) is the best radio talent audition show. Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club (ABC simulcast) is the best radio daytime non-dramatic program. The best women’s show is Jack Bailey’s Queen For A Day (Mutual). The best radio children’s program is Jon Arthur’s No School Today (ABC Radio). Studious Edward R. Rogers II is your favorite news commentator, and fast-paced Bill Stern (ABC Radio) takes your sports title.

And, once again, your favorite husband-wife team is ABC Radio’s (and TV’s) beloved Nelsons, Ozzie And Harriet—who have been consistent winners since the Radio-TV Mirror honors were first awarded!

Many Happy Returns

(Continued from page 47)

it while she’s taking off make-up and chatting with the people who come in and out of her dressing room to see her, until she gets back in her bathrobes. Both she and Ted are available to anyone who really needs them or has legitimate business with them. They are quick to show concern for those who work with them while there is no need, and frequently to remember small kindnesses and to praise and reward.

"Kate’s theme song should be ‘You Belong To Me’,” Ted has been heard to comment when he sees her taking over something that’s bothering someone else and adding it to her already long list of things to be done. "Don’t ever let it surprise you, either,” he says. "If you should some day find Miss Smith scrubbing a floor or cleaning a closet for no better reason than that she has decided it needs doing, it right away, and there is no one available to do it for her. More often, that happens up at her camp at Lake Placid in the summer where she loves to roll up her sleeves and really get to work. But it could happen any day in her New York apartment if she got the idea it should. And at ten o’clock at night, if that happened to be the time!”

That same concentrated effort goes into rehearsals too, and the sheer mental and physical strain on the part of the show that is strictly true to her, and Ted concentrates on everything. She goes over her songs with orchestra leader Jack Miller a few times, for tempo and phrasing. (Jack, by the way, was the accompanist on her first radio show and has been with her ever since.) She holds back the big voice, but every once in a while it flows out with its full power, as it will later during the broadcast. She is particularly watchful of what happens at the beginning and end of a song. “When I know what goes on at the ends of numbers, the rest is easy.” So she and the orchestra keep repeating, until she is sure.

Over the years, the choice of songs has not changed greatly, although the individual turns over with the times. One thing which is sickening from program to program as new ones come along and old ones are laid aside for a time. “We have found that audiences still like the old, folks like the nostalgic things, even the younger folks. They think it’s fun to hear the songs that were popular when their parents were young. Naturally, we stick with all ages, which is what makes the programs so interesting to us, so we include all types of music. That means the ever-popular novelty songs, too.”

Both Ted and Kate believe that it’s in the presentation of songs on television that the greatest changes have come. “In radio, a singer can stand in front of a microphone and sing her music in her own way and have perfect freedom, and keep..."
a casual atmosphere. Only what comes through the microphone matters to the listeners at home.

"Now, everyone on television must be aware of the unseen audience."

"I realize," Kate adds, "that seeing me on their screen five one-hour periods a week would be pretty tiresome if I wore the same style too often with the same kind of trimming. And I must change the type of clothes I wear when the style changes—but only so far as the new styles are becoming, of course. My audience is too intelligent to want anything else from me. We are all limited by our size and shape and, yes— even our age, to some extent. No one, for instance, would want me to shorten my skirts too much, even if the rest of the world were wearing them up to the knees. It just wouldn't look right on Kate Smith! The same goes for my hair. It can't be too long for the prevailing styles, and it can't be too short. In fact, it can't be too different from what folks have come to expect from me. And I'm satisfied to have it that way."

If the way a performer looks has become more important than it used to be in the days before television, the way a song "looks" has become equally important. Ted says that he feels songs are now presented almost like stories, with the lyric being studied carefully first, before the set designer creates a fitting background and the director stages it with appropriate sound effects and props. Not only the songs, but all the entertainment on the Kate Smith Hour gets this kind of carefully built-up presentation.

Even in TV's comparatively short life, a change in audience taste has already been happening. Perhaps a whole series of changes. "People who had some basic knowledge of fine drama and good music and clever comedy now want more and more of these. Others, whose opportuni-
ties for learning have been limited, have now been exposed to the best through the medium of television, and their education is being rapidly accomplished. Even folks who thought they didn't like longhair music or ballet are learning to understand a little more of what these are all about. And the same goes for many of the other arts. It seems to be a case of the more they see, the better they demand, and this is all to the good."

It's Kate's opinion that even during this past year people have become more edu-
cative about what they want to see and hear and have developed certain very defi-
nite likes and dislikes regarding what they watch on TV. "A few years ago, we were all pioneers in television and any program was fun to watch, as long as it had a pic-
ture and sound. Now the novelty has worn off, the medium has grown up to adult stature, and each viewer wants some programs keyed to his own particular taste. This is why Ted fills our shows with such a variety of good things—music, drama, comedy and serious discussion."

The serious discussion occurs mostly on Ted's "Cracker Barrel" segment of the program. "If Ted had started that twenty-
four years ago on radio, it could never have held the same interest as it does today for the average viewer. People were much more uninformed then and much less interested, I believe, in what went on in the federal and state governments, in the life of their communities, in world affairs, and in the thousand and one facets of living that touch every individual's home and business and career, perhaps without his realizing that they do. Now that the whole world has seemed to grow smaller, because each part has become more closely related to all the others, and there is need for men and women to "think larger" in order to understand all this, the Cracker Barrel Discussions have just naturally be-
come one of the most interesting and valu-
able portions of our programs.

"Ted's guests have been authors of pro-
Btractive books and articles. They have been candidates for high public office, even for the Presidency of the United States. They have been powerful labor leaders known by the storms they have stirred up. Visiting scholars from other lands, scien-
tists, atomic experts. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, chieft of state from many parts of the world. And the mail response to their appearances has been tremendous, and well informed. Now, I ask you, in what other medium but television would Ted have started a fifteen-minute segment like this one, on an entertainment program such as ours, and held everybody's in-
terest?"

The answer is that it probably couldn't have happened twenty-three years ago, when Kate first faced a microphone and poured out her songs in a voice that was soon to make her famous on radio and records. Yet it's still songs that people want to hear from Kate. Still the warm kindness that they feel in her voice and in the homely expressions that sometimes slip through the more careful phrases. The shuffling off of the end of a word, as in her "Thanks for listenin'." The quick, hearty laugh when something suddenly strikes her funny, even right in the middle of a sentence.

For those who look and listen, this year's May first marks almost a quarter-century of the best in home entertainment—twenty-
three years of solid achievement. For Kate and Ted themselves, the anniversary means the beginning of still another year of trying to give people the things that will stimulate their interest and make them a bit happier, if only while they're listenin'.
PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues".

Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

Write Dept. B-34, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

As Ed's ratings range from $200 to over $10,000. Every time Ed and his partner, who is both a newspaperman and showman, asked to be CBS-TV's first big variety show. It was in the early days of TV and was seen by many promising young performers and dancers seeking opportunities in the living rooms on a Sunday night. Anxious to present the show in the best possible taste, CBS wanted a newsman who could fill such a position. He was Carlin. He had radio experience with top and to the nation's millions. (In 1942, on his tenth anniversary on the air, Jack repeated on his own program the script used in his original broadcast with Ed.)

And, on TV, daughter Betty's "best comedy pair" never so shone. As Ed would this field.

At just this point in our reminiscences, Carlin appeared in the doorway to report: "Martin and Lewis got $200 for that first show. They say you." Martin and Lewis were not the ones to skyrocket to fame after appearing on Toast Of The Town. More than thirty performers now have their own TV shows, as a result of making their debuts on Sullivan's show. To name a few: Jackie Gleason, Sarah Churchill, Faye Emerson, Paul Winchell, Jan Murray, Jane Froman and Pinky Lee.

Established stars have sometimes channeled their careers in new directions after appearing on Toast Of The Town. Ed smiles as he remembered what happened to Charles Laughton.

"He tried to shock me when we sat down to discuss what he would do on the show. 'I'd like to read from the Bible,' he said, then sneered: 'But I guess that's impossible on a variety show.'"

"That was when I had the pleasure of showing Charlie a very good idea," I told him. 'Fitting for a Sunday show, too.'"

"That Bible reading was so dramatic, our staff still talks about it. Paul Gregory, the reporter, happened to be watching the show that night. Well, you know the result. They got together on 'Don Juan in Hell' and 'John Brown's Body,' and now their latest venture, in The Caine Mutiny Court Martial,' is a big hit on Broadway."
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COMBAT INFECTION
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Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.
It’s wonderful, too, for fever blisters, cold sores, gum bbls, cuts and scratches, minor burns caused by book matches, hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam. Campho-Phenique relieves itching of insect bites, poison ivy, etc. Just apply Campho-Phenique next time and see how fast this pain-relieving antiseptic goes to work. And it doesn’t stain the skin! Get a bottle today.

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INTERFERES WITH YOUR SLEEP . . .
. . . SPOILS YOUR GOOD TIMES
IRRITATES YOUR FRIENDS
Those occasional nights when you’re so nervous you can’t sleep—those days when a tense nervous feeling makes you irritable and jumpy—let Miles Nervine help you relax. Follow the label; avoid excessive use.
Get Miles Nervine at your drug store, liquid or effervescent tablets.

MILES NERVINE

“Grand Guy”
(Continued from page 48)
For, in addition to being one of the funniest men on TV today, Jackie has almost as many talents as a centipede has legs. He can write music. His theme song, “Melancholy Serenade,” testifies to that . . . as do the three gold records on his living room mantel—testimony that his records have sold more than a million copies, for it is the pleasant habit of record companies to present the recording artist with a gold record when the million mark is reached. He can play the violin and sketch a whole series of costumes . . . he can and has designed scenery and backgrounds. Recently, he played two weeks at La Vie en Rose, a swank New York night spot and, instead of telling jokes, he conducted a twenty-seven piece orchestra. But, above all, he can act.
Lots of people may not think there is anything to being funny except getting up on the stage and behaving like a clown. But, in the words of Jack Hurdle, assistant

While Broadway and Hollywood talent scouts are said to watch Toast Of The Town more studiously than any other TV program, Ed does his own talent-scouting. He goes to Europe once a year. He is on the lookout for new talent wherever he travels about America. In addition, he does all the research, writing, casting, and even some of the directing for the show. Since he also turns out a daily column, this keeps Ed fairly busy, but he says, “If I ever retired,” he said, “I’d drop dead.”

But the talk of things to do reminded him that he had a business date. As he walked through the outer office to leave his apartment, he looked at his secretary of eighteen years and shook his head.

“He’s got more money than I have,” he said.

Carmine, apparently, can sometimes look as deadpan as his boss. But Ed had barely closed the door when Carmine spoke up.

“Say something nice about him in your article,” he urged. “He’s a great guy. You saw—quiet, helpful, dependable. I couldn’t get along without him. Everyone likes him. All the big stars . . . they’ll call him up, talk to him a half-hour at a time, remember him at Christmas . . .”

As we rode down the elevator, it occurred to me that all during the interview, Ed had dodged questions about himself. He was always referring to the telex that puts the show together each week.” They had all been with him from the start: Mark Leddy, who helps book novelty acts; Ray Bloch, “our orchestra leader—a tower of strength,” Marlo Lewis, his co-producer, and John Wray, the director and choreographer; Bob Dalley, the technical head, who had started out as a cameraman.

As we came out of the building, Ed was just getting into a taxi. A passerby recognized him.

“Hey, Smiley!” the stranger sang out in friendly greeting.

Ed drove off laughing.

Next month, long after most of 1948’s other TV shows have been dialed into oblivion, Toast Of The Town celebrates its sixth anniversary on the air. The showman who has presented so many top stars on TV is himself proving one of the most durable—still winning awards. And the hard-working newspaperman, who never tried to be a personality, has become one in spite of himself.

**Doctors’ tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative**

**CHECKS WOMEN’S**

**ODOR PROBLEM!**

reports

Registered Nurse

MARY L. RHoad

As Nurse Rhoad explains: “Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now.”

Scientific proof that taking “ENNDS” Darotol® Tablets suppresses odors of “difficult days” within the body itself!

“Recently,” Nurse Rhoad explains, “a leading medical journal reported tests in which use of a certain chlorophyll derivative exceeded all expectations in suppressing odors associated with menstruation. In my experience, “ENNDS” Darotol® Chlorophyll Tablets act to prevent such odors as no past method has and continue throughout your menstrual period! You see, “ENNDS” actually reduce the formation in the body of certain odor-producing substances…substances particularly offensive at the time of menstruation. Thus act to keep you free of these odors at this time. Enjoy this odor protection between your monthly periods, too…by taking 1 or 2 “ENNDS” Tablets every day! You can get “ENNDS” everywhere. Trial size only 49¢. Larger sizes save even more—also available in Canada. Isn’t it about time you got rid of the smell of the ordinary.”

*Safely “enned,” “enned” everywhere.*

*ENNDS*

**SAFE EYE-GENE**

EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!

Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? …2 drops make this striking effect:

- Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye float away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in seconds—dramatically lightens up whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. Sco. 50c. 1 fl. oz. handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.

producer of the Gleason show: “There’s a world of difference between funny acting and acting funny.” And everyone who has anything to do with Jackie and the show knows that, first and foremost, Jackie is an actor.

Zamah Cunningham, who has been with him since his beginning TV days on Du Mont (she plays Reggie Van Gleason’s mother), readily dithers to whom undignified things happen, says he is a truly great “sketch” comedian. Says Zamah, “His timing is superb. He is a joy to act with. There are no angles that you can’t get away with.”

You know there are comedians, and serious actors, too—who hog the stage, won’t let the other make his points, kill other performers’ lines. But not Jackie. He only cares about the show itself.

“And he’s just as nice off stage, too. Hollywood called me once to play the part of Bob Elliott. I made a contract with Jackie and told them I couldn’t do it. Well, they called back and made me promise to ask Jackie. So I called him and told him what it was about. Do you know what he said? He roared over the phone, ‘Zamah, what are you waiting for? Pack your bag and get on a plane this very day.’ ‘But, Jackie,’ I said, ‘I don’t want to lose out with you. My contract’s worth more to me than the Hope picture.’ Jackie came right back with, ‘Who said anything about losing out? You’ll be back, won’t you? And we’ll go on. I can’t say anything that will describe Jackie more clearly than that.”

Sometimes when a group of people who work together are referred to as a “big happy family” or a “team,” it turns out that the top man is as mean as Scrooge, and all the other members of the “team” find it politic to be yes-men. But this isn’t true in the Gleason organization. The enthusiasm with which Jackie works with Jackie is genuine and unstinted. They each have their own idea of him. They each see him a little differently, but the net result is the same. The consensus of the gang is that he’s a grand guy to work with and for.

Listen to Lee Reynolds, for instance—who and knows a man better than his secretary? Lee has been with Jackie for more than a year and is as close to him as was her husband who worked for and around show people for some time before that. But she says, in talking of her present job, “I wouldn’t have been able to enjoy this as much fun. That anyone could be as kind, generous and considerate as Jackie. Seeing is believing” with me, and I have to respect the person I am working for because I give myself to my work. And, believe me, he’s a wonderful guy.”

This is an opinion shared by Art Carney, who has been with Jackie for some four years. He is the gang’s perfect. He is and he’s the man who plays Ed Norton, “the man upstairs,” Clem Finch, and Reggie Van Gleason’s III’s father. Art is a comic—100 per cent male comic. He always goes out in praise of the “top banana,” it means something. According to Art, “Gleason is out in the open with everything. He’s generous, too. He has his own ideas about how things should be done. And the funny part of it is, he’s almost always right. When he directs a sketch, if Jackie all the time, on stage or off. He’s an ambitious guy and, above all, a good actor.

“That’s possibly the key to Jackie,” Art continues. “He really can act. He did a straight show, ‘The Laugh Maker,’ for Studio One and he was terrific. He makes up his comics to suit what he knows and in the long run he knows instantly what he wants—like the time I tried out for him at Du Mont. He listened a few minutes and that was that. I’ve been with him ever since.”

The sketch that draws the most mail is “The Honeymooners,” in which Jackie and Audrey Meadows play the parts of Ralph and Alice Kramden. Ralph is a bus driver, and Alice is his slightly acid wife who understands and puts up with him. This sketch always ends with a note of sentiment. And it is loved not only for its humor but also for the catch phrase, “One of these da-a-ays, Alice, so help me—paw! Right in the kisser.”

Audrey, who has played Alice ever since the show started, feels that thinks that every character in the Gleason galaxy is a little bit of himself. “There’s,” says pretty, Audrey, “a bit of Jackie in the Poor Soul,” says Reggie Van Gleason, in Ralph, in Rudy the bartender. Jackie’s life has been so varied, so colorful—and, at times, so hard. He has drawn on his experiences, his love and knowledge of people to create these understandable and familiar characters. It was just the sort of thing that would happen to the Poor Soul when, some years ago, he took two dates to the Miami Club in Newark, invited a heckler to step out—and the heckler turned out to be prizefighter Tony Galento!”

Reggie Van Gleason’s exaggerated ideas of fun are typical, too. Jackie loves a party, he loves to play, he loves to have his friends around him. But he’s too serious to be considered a playboy. His work means too much to him to give the right of way over everything else in his life. All of Jackie’s characters have a common denominator: They show people trapped by little everyday things. The key of Jackie’s humor is that it is basic and completely honest.

The two men on whose shoulders falls the giant task of putting together this house of comedy, whose each week, are Jack Philbin, the executive producer, and Jack Hurdle, the assistant producer. Both have known Gleason a long while. And Philbin, in particular, is a comic, who was formerly one of Gleason’s two managers. He heads the production meeting at the beginning of each week, in which the headed cast and entire cast participate—June Taylor, who does the dance routines for the show, the scenery designer, the costume designer, the director. There, ideas are discussed, approved or rejected. Estimates of costs are made. Then Jack Hurdle, a big, hearty, square-faced man, takes over details of construction of the scenery and the props.

He knows the key to everything, and that has to be approved by Gleason. He looks over the ideas for the scenery and costumes, too. And, according to Philbin, if he doesn’t like one of the costumes, Jackie takes a pencil and draws a new design for one. For Jackie is a versatile guy, as has been pointed out, and there is nothing connected with his show that he is not interested in. He knows the technicals of lighting, too. And Jack Philbin claims he has been known to do “the impossible with the lights—that experience electricians told him could not be done. Apparently, Jackie took to heart that schoolbook maxim, ‘there is no such word as can’t,” for that is the way he operates.

Jackie, according to his producers and his manager, Bullets Dorgum, has integrity. He won’t permit“gimmicks” in his show. There are, for instance, no closeups of
things visible only to the home TV viewer. The theater audience is in on everything. "He plays," says Jack Hudley, as if he were giving a performance in a theater. He plays to the theater audience and respects them."

"Everything must be honest," Philbin breaks in. "For instance, you've seen shows where a comic aims a pistol at a picture of a battleship and the battleship sinks. Well, Jackie won't go for anything like that. It's got to be genuine or he wouldn't have any part of it." Often, at the last minute, Jackie will cut out a routine entirely and may not know, until just a few minutes before the show begins, whether any of the stock jokes are going to do in its place. And he has been known to add pages for as long as fifteen minutes. He has a sharp eye and a quick mind. Nothing escapes him. No detail of the show is too trivial for his perusal. He frequently starred in recurring spots on the set where the stage hands and carpenters had spent the better part of a morning hanging the frames for the Portrettes. Jackie was not about to let them go unpaid. "They are upside down," and they were.

He frequently drives his writers to hair-tearing by picking up the script, hefting it in one hand, and glancing without looking at it. "It's too long. Cut out ten pages before I learn it." Once, in exasperation, the writers counted the pages. He was off by only a page and a half for the correct running time of the show.

One of the many astonishing things about Jackie is his memory. The elephant is an amateur compared to him. He has what is known as "total recall"—can just look a page or two of a script to his eyes and completely photograph it on his brain. No long study

One of the many astonishing things about Jackie is his memory. The elephant is an amateur compared to him. He has what is known as "total recall"—can just look a page or two of a script to his eyes and completely photograph it on his brain. No long study of parts is necessary for him. So, probably for that reason, there are no long-drawn-out rehearsals for the show. The other characters—Curtis, Zamah, Audrey, get their scripts Thursday or Friday and read them together. Then, at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, the day of the show, they all meet with Jackie for the last rehearsal. The only exceptions are the June Taylor girls, who have rehearsed their new routine all week.

Saturday begins early for Jackie and Jack Philbin. They start at 8:30 in the morning, when they go over the script and cut it. Gleason then studies it and, by 2:30, he has it letter perfect. And, remember, he sometimes has to remember four different characters, in addition to his opening monologue!

There is a rehearsal of each skit, with most of the "business" worked out by Jackie as they go along. Then, at five or six o'clock, there is a complete run-through of the show for the first time. He has been known to throw out whole skits after the first run-through, and rehearse a couple of hours to come up with new ideas and new material—which he then learns before eight o'clock.

But Jackie will be the first to say that this fast, close schedule is possible only because his key people are so competent. Most of his writers have been with him for years and are thoroughly at home with the characters that he has created. Actors and writers wouldn't say that, or Ralph wouldn't do this, they are quick to catch the idea—and as quick to change the line or situation.

Art and Burt, the wardrobe men, have had it so long that it is only necessary to indicate to them what he wants. "You stand there, I move here," is the kind of direction he gives it and they give it. Jackie owes a lot to his gang, and he is quick to admit it. For, although the Jackie Gleason Show is Jackie Gleason—that is also the sum of all the other actors who help Jackie bring Reggio, Ralph, the Poor Soul and the rest of the gallery of favorites to up-to-arousal life.
Have Faith in Yourself

(Continued from page 45)

‘imitation’ Corinne Griffith?”

That’s what I call a gentle come-uppance. I’ve never forgotten his words. I stopped being Corinne Griffith and started being Lorna Young.

In the development of my career, that gentleman’s words prodded me whenever I had to wrestle with doubts: You have to believe in yourself.” You have to have the courage of your own convictions.” Last year, when I went into television, some of my business associates thought that an undertaking of 36 films was too much.

“You’re a movie star,” they warned. “You’ve only been seen two or three times a year. If you go into the homes of the American public every week, you’ll wear out your welcome inside of three months.”

I didn’t believe this was true. Nine months have passed—and, each week, there is an increasing number of letters from my hospitable audience telling me that my weekly visits are welcome! Their letters are welcomed, too. No matter how much you try to believe in yourself, you’ll have to have that belief verified.

It took a lot of repeating to myself, “You have to believe in yourself.” Some years ago, I decided to free-lance—for the first time since I was placed under contract when I was just a kid entering her teens. Everyone, except the late Myron Selznick, thought I was just plain crazy to give up the financial security of which a contract guarantees. That’s when I learned that real self-confidence comes from a source far greater than self. I found, when my conviction about free-lancing couldn’t be shaken by any dire warnings or any pessimistic predictions, that it was my faith in my daily prayers that was supporting my confidence and my belief in myself. It was wonderful to discover that I wasn’t, after all, just being stubborn. My faith was in me, and I was strong because of it.

At last, I understood what the gentle gentleman, so long before, had really meant. Believe. Believe in the power when he said it to each of His children.

Hundreds of times since then, in as many different situations and decisions, I have proved that this kind of self-confidence pays off. It took me from silent pictures to talkies. It took away my fear of the microphone when I did my first performances on radio. It led me to make myself unavailable for motion pictures, in which I have spent most of my life, and into the relatively uncharted patterns of television. That’s my new arena for proving that “You have to believe in yourself,” and I have to believe that I will make it my “theme.” It won’t be too difficult—because I find even its rugged schedules, its bewildering facets, are as endearing as the exciting growth of a healthy, robust baby. I love it—like a baby, like a new home, like a new chance to make a new beginning. I’ve loved each of the three.

Frank Allen,

(Continued on page 70)

Have Faith in Yourself

Gay Troubadour

reported to the studio and found it empty. A few weeks later, Louis James really called, and Frank, thinking it was another trick, told the man off and hung up. That afternoon—and it was Christmas—Frank Parker ran into Frank Black, who was pianist and arranger for the Revelers.

“Have you my sympathy,” Frank B. said.

“Tell me about it,” said Frank P., and Frank B. did.

The misunderstanding was straightened out and Frank began to sing with the Revelers, who broadcast over NBC—and, if Frank hadn’t been working at the NBC studios, he wouldn’t have met Jack Benny, by chance, and stopped to pass the time of day.

“You’re the one,” Jack said.

“I’m putting together a new comedy show with Mary, and there’s a part for a wise-cracking singer. Why don’t you audition for it?”

Frank did, and got the part... Jack Benny became a national favorite, and Frank Parker right along with him. How did he do it?—Burns and Allen show? Auditions? Agents? Schleming? Nope. He met George Burns on the golf course and George said, “Tony Martin is leg iron. Do you want the spot?” A few years ago, just before he teamed up with Godfrey, Frank was broke. He was looking for his first singing job in years. Although he had starred on radio, in Broadway musicals, movies, and night clubs, and knew hundreds of important people, he didn’t make up an alphanetical list of likely employers. He just happened to turn on the radio in his hotel room one morning and the tubes warmed up to the drawl of Mr. Godfrey.

“I just got a hunch,” he said. “Just the feeling that Arthur was the man to see.”

Frank’s carefree disposition was in evidence back when he was making a big, practically tax-free dollar. His wardrobe then earned him the title of one of the country’s best-dressed men. He owned three homes, a kennel, a tennis home with two tennis courts and a pool. He still had a quarter of a million dollars after the war, but lost every cent of it when he unsuccessfully operated his own stable, his own night club, and his own production office.

“You think I cared about losing all that money?” Frank asks, then answers, “Of course, I did. But the fact is that I’m just as happy today as ever. Probably happier, because show business is the only place where I’ve continually had good luck. And I’m not worried about the future, either. I’ve got my initials on the moon. After all, I’ve been there once, and had a good time of it, so it’s not as if I were missing anything.”

Frank is a bachelor, and he doesn’t think that’s a problem in the long run. His only family is the Godfrey estate, a family that is together more hours each day than most husbands ever get to spend with their women. They have a butler, too.

“Maybe I’ll meet a woman someday, with the same outlook as mine, who can put up with me,” he says. “Could I be that lucky?”

You’re going to expect a guy like Frank, who plays hunches and trusts to luck, to be superstitious—and Frank is.

“That’s right,” he says. “I never walk under a black cat!”
The Cowboy and His Lady

(Continued from page 20)

Records. Gene, who chooses his own material, felt the song was not right for him. Still, the executive was insistent, and Gene took the song home to talk it over with Ina.

Ina played the melody on the piano and thought it was catchy. She read the lyrics and pointed out that it told a story—an underdog's triumph over his tormentors—was one that everyone loved. On Ina's advice, Gene made the recording. The song? It was "Rudolph, The Red-nosed Reindeer!"

The record has sold more than three-and-a-half million copies and has launched Gene in one more field of many he has entered—records for children.

Remembering the early struggles, Ina grows indignant when people try to dismiss Gene's success as "easy" or "overnight." Gene worked hard for his fame, she points out, and has remained one of the hardest working stars in show business.

Ina looks back on the first years of their marriage and recalls ruefully: "I was always hungry.

Those were the years of the apple-seller on every street corner. Ina tells of the time she and Gene were racing to catch a train and Gene stopped to buy a bag of apples. Have one," he offered, after they were settled in their coach seats. Ina burst into tears! It had been days since she had had a complete meal.

Actually, it was time—not money—that the young Autrys lacked. Gene was shuttling between an early-morning radio program, recording sessions, and vaudeville bookings. This meant early-rising to do the program, then piling into a car or train to arrive on time for the recording date, dashing on to the theater from there, and then, no matter how late the last show finished, back for the morning broadcast. Throughout these crammed, hectic days, Ina was always at Gene's side.

Gene did, however, manage a delayed honeymoon. One night, months after they were married, the Autrys climbed into their car after one of Gene's vaudeville dates. Ina dozed, thinking they were bound for home. The next thing she knew Gene was nudging her.

"Ina, wake up! I want you to see something," Ina looked out the car window and there in the early dawn was Niagara Falls! "Just thought," Gene said, blushing like one of his own Western heroes, "that it was time you had a honeymoon." Today, many friends think the Autrys still have the shine of honeymooners about them. Ina, certainly, still feels like one.

Two Tickets for Happiness

So many plans to be made, for that trip to the altar . . . so many hopes and dreams to be discussed . . . so much to do! But you can be sure that

STEVE ALLEN and
JAYNE MEADOWS

are enjoying every moment! Read all about it—see all about it—in

RADIO-TV MIRROR
for June
(On sale May 7)
(Continued from page 39)

in what goes on, but it's Warren, of course, who daily strikes the spark that gives it the warmth and human interest. "I never get over the feeling that, when I step out to begin the program, some wonderful things are going to happen to those who need help," he says. "No matter how many times I do it, it never gets to be an old story. It's a thrill every time!"

"All of us behind the scenes feel the same way," Walt Framer adds. "We believe that viewers do, too. Their letters prove it. So do their Heartline calls. People aren't just looking on. They're participating, identifying themselves with those who have problems similar to theirs—or their friends—or those they read about in newspapers and magazines. They are sympathizing, as we do, with those who have come, through some need, to "strike it rich." They are rooting for them to win, are disappointed when they don't do well, and are pleased when the Heartline rings and help comes, even to a loser."

None of the workers on this show ever become so callous to the tears that are frequently shed—in gratitude and relief—relief at having some problem solved or some load made a little lighter. Warren himself remembers many of these people long after their stories are heard. He keeps in touch with a few who have especially touched his heart—particularly the kids and the sick and disabled.

The best part of it all—to his mind and to everyone's—is that so many people have been set on the path to working out their own problems in their own ways, as the result of this boost. The sums they have won, the offers of material and equipment they have received through the Heartline, have set many contestants up in little businesses that are now thriving. Men have been given the clothes they needed to look for new jobs. Amputees have obtained new limbs so they could go out and be self-reliant and self-supporting once more. A small boy who lost a foot in a power-saw accident has an artificial one now, can run and play with the other kids, and is on the way to a happy, well-adjusted life. Young people have won tuition to finish a degree, or have special courses to fit them for useful work. The program has helped mend leaky roofs under which whole families had huddled through cold winters, and furnish the homes of the most sorely needed furniture, fed hungry children, kept families together by saving homes which were about to be foreclosed. It has bought organs for small congregations of limited means. The list of boons is endless.

One listener was so touched by a story she heard that she donated the money she saved for a new vacuum cleaner, to add to the sum won on the show. The Heartline call which told of her contribution was heard by a vacuum cleaner manufacturer, who in turn, sent Warren a check that he sent her a cleaner as a gift. So the bread she cast upon the waters came back to her in the form of having her cake, too! But the big thing is that people give freely, with no thought of return except the satisfaction gained from helping another human being.

To keep out the few who might be seeking to publicize their names by offering donations, the person answering the Heartline calls always asks, "Are you making this contribution whether or not your name is used on the air?" If the person persists on publicity, the conversation is closed. If not, there is a method of quickly checking to be sure the call itself is a bona fide one. The offer is then accepted.

As for the contributors themselves, even after people are chosen because of what seems a very real need, three things are checked before they appear on the show. First, their stories are investigated thoroughly for truth. Second, it is decided whether they are apt to say or do anything on the program that will put them in a bad light—or an embarrassing one—or harm anyone else in any way. Third, are they capable of getting their story across well enough to get the most out of appearing on a program of this sort? Voluntary participation in it really be of help to them?

"Automatically, and regretfully, this must eliminate certain people," Warren says. "The worthy ones, however—the ones who show a real need for help—get it anyhow, without appearing on the program. Actually, for every person who appears on Strike It Rich, there is one that we consider to be right, but who is not helped quietly.

"We always try to steer people to those in their own areas who can help," Walt adds. "Many people need continuing help over a considerable period. Some require constant medical care or hospitalization, others the help of one of the many social service organizations. We do our best to put them in touch with the right ones.

"Those who do appear on the Strike It Rich programs find it much easier than they may have expected. In the first place, Warren puts them at ease at once, by giving them all his attention and listening closely as they talk. "He has unlimited patience," the director comments. "He has genuine and deep sympathy for them, and he distinguishes between those who are機構 for help and those who aren't. He will see his eyes fill with tears, when a contestant's story especially touches him. Often he comes offstage brushing away the tears that come to his eyes. Sometimes he sees a fellow who has some problem, and he would like to see him benefited, but he can't. "Then, very quietly, he will say, "We'll have to do the best we can for you in our own way, but we'll do our best to find you some help before the day is through."

"And when there are young children on the program, everyone has a wonderful time, including the crew. They romp around the boom mikes, look through the television camera, play around the big cables that litter the floor of a television studio. Sometimes Warren has made them feel so completely at home with him that he can hardly tone them down on the show. A couple of little girls on a recent program decided that the two big boxes of the sponsor's product with which they had been presented would make simply wonderful drums, and decided to beat them like mad. It took Warren a few seconds to figure out some other way to interest them, so their mother's voice could be heard and telling the family's story.

Warren's love for children is a natural thing, because there are six of them now in the Hull household. He has three boys of his own, all of them now in their early twenties. And when he married a pretty widow a few years ago, he acquired another son, now sixteen, and two lovely
daughters, eighteen and eleven. The kids get along wonderfully, much to the satisfaction of their parents, and it's a lively, happy household, all come home for holidays and vacations.

His own upbringing had something to do with his feeling for those in trouble. Warren can hardly remember a time when his childhood sometimes opened to visiting preachers and teachers who spent their lives trying to do good for others. As a boy he listened by the hour to tales of sacrifices and service, and somehow he grew up to write out on his own, he learned about good times and hard times. He developed a further understanding of the things that can happen to people—often through no fault of their own. He knew he must teach out and help hand at the very moment it is needed most.

He didn't, of course, start out with any idea of associating himself with a program like Strike It Rich. A trumpet and sax started the whole thing, because through these he began to play with the Lockport, N. Y., high-school band, then to sing solos with them at school assemblies and on the local radio station. That just naturally led to show business—the stage, Schubert musicals, the second lead in "My Mary Lyn." (he did a little, too), and then the juvenile lead in a show called "Rain or Shine." All this led to Hollywood, and a total of thirty-six pictures and five years of show business. "I went through a phase of being a movie buff, and me about those serials," says. "You might say that, for a time, I was the masculine Pearl White! The movies keep cropping up on television now, and my kids get a great kick out of seeing their dad as a juvenile."

The radio show that Warren credits with fitting him best for his present role was a popular one called Vox Pop. He was with it from 1941 to 1948, doing informal interviews on streets, in hotel lobbies, clubs, railroad stations, in many cities and towns, wherever the program could find interesting people to talk to. Sometimes these were statesmen and visiting diplomats, sometimes businessmen and women, this childhood sometimes factory workers, sometimes shoeshine boys. Warren learned how to talk to all of them with understanding and how to let them answer in their own words and with the same courtesy and with the same interest," he says now, "We do the same thing on Strike It Rich. I believe that's one of the reasons I am so happy with it."

"Strike It Rich"—and it was on radio, on June 28, 1948, so it is about to observe its fifth anniversary. For the past four years or more it has had the same sponsor. It started on daytime television on January 8, 1951, and on July 4th of that year it filled a night-time slot which the sponsor wanted to hold for another show. "Strike It Rich" was so successful, however, that it stayed right in there and another spot was found for the other program.

The folks connected with it feel that the contestants aren't the only ones who win on "Strike It Rich." They remember the thousands of letters of thanks they have received from people who have been tided over rough places and difficult times. They remember, in particular, one that was written early last December, from a family who had been in great need and had been helped in some measure. "As we sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner," the letter read, "we all said our thanks first to God for his blessings. And we added a little extra thanks for Warren Hull and all the kind people on Strike It Rich."

(Distributed from page 61)

leaves metaphysics to the theologians and seeks, instead, to help the young people in his class watch for— and identify, when they happen—the religious experiences in their own lives.

To make it clear that by "religious experiences," he means not visions, but everyday happenings, he illustrates by telling of a high-school incident which had a lasting effect on him. He says, "I was a junior, and so scared of a final exam that, before going in to take it, I stopped in the locker room and prayed I'd get by."

His first glance at the questions confirmed his worst fears. "There were six," he says. "For two, I knew the answers, but the other four—why, they were not only unknown to me, but I absolutely panicked when I saw them."

It was with difficulty, he recalls, that he forced himself to ignore the four frightening questions and write first the two answers which he knew. "That took me half an hour," he explains. "I still had plenty of time left, so I just sat there. Then all of a sudden a thought struck me. I decided I'd try to get a little of the feeling I had of recollection and reasoning. Out of it, those previously difficult answers came just as easily as the first two I'd known." He was able to work out the problems with the exam. A friend, meeting him in the hall, moaned, "Wasn't that of a dog's test?"

Feeling a bit superior by that time, Collyer replied, "Oh, I don't know, I had a lucky hunch ..." He stopped short, because, as he says, "Then it hit me. What was I doing, talking about luck? I had prayed, and God had answered my prayer. I hurried right back to the locker room where I could be alone, and I practically asked forgiveness."

He sums it up: "There comes a time when man must be calm and let God be God—give Him a chance to offer us the help we've asked for."

Collyer credits that youthful experience with influencing the courses of his whole life. He says, "I learned that religious faith is active, not passive. It's the force that guides you, sets the direction. And I also discovered that there are times when you need to stop whatever you're doing and let that Force work through you."

In practical application, it has had two effects. The first has been his church work. Says Bud, "Denominations don't mean much to me. Wherever I am, I find a nice, friendly church, that needs a job done, and I pitch in to help do it." Following this policy, he has taught classes, or been Sunday School superintendent in "at least six" different Protestant churches. Its second effect has been his attitude toward his profession.

He says, "Broadcasting is a worrying business, but I guess I must worry less than some of the other guys I know. I've sort of worked out a system for myself where I do the best I can, and then each thing, as I leave it, is done. Finished. I don't have to worry."

For the major problems, he has what might be termed a super-system. With the widest grin yet, Bud says, with the familiarity of long association, "I don't mean to be either flip or sacrilegious when I say this—but, when I come smack up against a situation that's too tough for me to handle, I say to myself, 'I'll toss that on Upstairs.' It works, too, always now that help will come."
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(Continued from page 21)

Life Is So Worthwhile

Bill Poshner, once an outstanding football player at the University of Georgia, Bill has a story to tell about the time in 1941 when the latter had played in the Rose Bowl game Bill had broadcast. Now, George was waiting to die for he, too, thought life had held but little to live for. During a battle, George had been severely wounded. He had lost both legs, part of one arm, several fingers from his remaining hand, and, worst of all, he had been lodged in his brain. Still, the Army doctors felt George could live—if he wanted to. They talked to him . . . Bill talked to him, and gradually they made George want to live again.

Everybody's Neighbor

(Continued from page 66)

Farm Bureau president telling a rival Farm Bureau president that his members grow the tallest corn, the highest yielding wheat, Paul will insist, "My fans aren't like other fans. They're—" He gropes for a way to define the difference. "Why, they're neighbors!"

Despite irrefutable evidence that the same people who watch the Paul Dixon Show also watch and like other programs, Paul may have a point there—a point originating from his own attitude.

For people tend to react according to the mood set by a performer, and Paul has a neighborly attitude right from the start. In his conversation between the musical pantomimes, he regards the coaxial cable as a "party line," reading letters, asking questions, and, when he has a cause, requesting his friends to do something about it. What they do about it has sometimes been more than slightly fabulous.

One of the recent demonstrations came when a Long Island mother wrote him to say how much her daughter enjoyed his program. To the little girl, it had become especially important, for she was seriously ill, her legs had become paralyzed, and her world had narrowed down to exactly what she could see in her television set.

Paul, with his own active youngsters in mind, was touched. He suggested that other viewers let the tiny invalid know that they, too, sympathized with her.

The ensuing deluge brought delight to the child, distress to the mailmen. More than six thousand letters and cards arrived at her home within a few days.

He has been known, too, to ask his viewing friends for a much more difficult thing—understanding.

He says, "Everybody knows that once in a while they'll get a laugh, watching us, but they also know I'm no comedian. No one expects me to be funny all the time. When a day comes that I don't feel so good, I just say so."

With his staff, too, Paul retains a neighborly first-name relationship. There's an easy interchange of ideas. No one is constrained to keep silent just because he disagrees with the boss. Paul may be a star to his fans, but in the studio, he's just the guy carrying the greatest responsibility for putting on a good show.

The staff showed their appreciation for his warmheartedness by making a surprise birthday party for him. Len Goorlan, the producer, brought him a bottle of aspirin, his TV glamour girls, Wanda Lewis and Susie Camp, gave him a suit of long-handled red underwear; director Al Sternberg presented, with much ceremony, a large, frozen, and very dead fish.

In his personal life, his three hours daily before the cameras (two locally on WCPO, Cincinnati, one on the Du Mont network) have preserved a closeness among members of his family which rarely is found in urban living.

Small Pam and Greg, instead of being whirled around to a mysterious office, are almost in the same position as a pair of farm youngsters who can go to the edge of the field to watch their father drive a tractor. When they settle them down in front of the television set, they know what Paul does to earn the family living.

The one person who takes Paul's free-and-easy attitude for granted is Marge. It just never has occurred to her that he might ever be different. She says, "Why shouldn't he be neighborly? Why shouldn't he work around the yard, help with odd jobs around the house or visit with people over the air? After all, it was a country boy I married—and Paul will always be a country boy at heart."
Prince of a Fellow

(Continued from page 41)

in my own heart whether or not I'm a star," he says, exercising his right to free speech, "so why should I be called a star? In my career, I've been told at various times that I will never discover for myself that it's something you can't legislate."

For sure, he doesn't act like one. A smart showman, it's true, but Garry's supposed to be too smart to work with animals or children, but Garry has co-starred with harpist toots and/or hedgehog's. Stars are supposed to have no private life, but Garry allows few places in his home. Entertainers are supposed to nourish fans clubs, but Garry politely tells his to disband and spend their time doing something more useful than baking him a cake. Garry tells a story of a youngster he admires most. The meeting occurred when Garry and his wife Nell went out to dinner. The specialty of the restaurant was steak served with a baked potato wrapped in gleaming aluminum, and the hungry Mores were eager to get with it. However, from the moment Garry and Nell walked in they got the attention due a star—which, of course, he isn't. The waiter dutifully brought over a couple of menus for ordering, then a couple dozen more for autographing. Finally, things quieted down and the Mores gave their order. From that instant, Garry found that he was the object of intense scrutiny from a small boy who was sitting next to a table.

The boy stared while the Mores had their appetizers, and he stared on while they soup. Garry told himself that it was just a matter of time, but the lad came over and asked for an autograph. Finally, the waiter brought out the steak and potatoes. Then the boy got up and walked toward Garry. Garry put down his fork and pointed to put the boy's head. The little boy, however, ignored Garry, took the aluminum-wrapped potato off Garry's plate and returned with it to his parents.

"Now there was a lad who had to make the choice between a so-called star and real aluminum foil," Garry notes, "and he had the good sense to choose the foil." Garry tries to avoid getting the star treatment. All of his private affairs go under his legitimate name of Thomas Garrison Morfit or T. Garrison Morfit. When, for example, he receives a few schools to enrolling his older son, Mason, the letters went out over the signature of Morfit, not Moore.

Last spring, Garry and Mason spent the whole of Garry's one-week vacation traveling around New England so Mason could see the schools and decide for himself.

One headmaster invited Garry and Mason to stay for luncheon with the students. There was nothing unusual about having guests at lunch, so the headmaster was startled when his well-mannered students began to gawk at Mr. T. Garrison Morfit.

"I'm embarrassed, Mr. Morfit," he said. "I must apologize for the rudeness of the boys. I've never seen them carry on like this before."

Finally, someone whispered into the headmaster's ear and he flushed. "I must apologize for myself, rather than the students, for not recognizing Mr. Moore."

There was, however, one point in Garry's career when he thought for a short spell that he was a star. It was his first big break. He had signed a contract to do a weekly radio show with Jimmy Durante.

"I was to get a thousand dollars a week," Garry recalls, "and I was overwhelmed. I couldn't even conceive of having that much money in my hands every payday."

But Garry still has something to learn. His contract called for equal billing with Durante. One week the show was to be announced as the Durante-Moore Show and the next week as the Moore-Durante Show.

"After a few months, I began to realize that there was only one star on the show and it was Jimmy," he says. "You can't legalize stardom with a contract."

With typical Moore initiative, Garry went to the sponsor and insisted he did not want equal billing with Durante.

"No one on my show is a star," he says. "Denise Lorr is a lovely gal with a lily-white voice, but she's as real as any housewife with two children, for that's just what Denise is off the show—a wife with two kids and a kitchen. And, although Ken Carson can make hearts throb with a romantic ballad, he's just like any other decent citizen you'd meet on the street—and he has two kids, too."

The Moore gang will do anything. Ken will play the fool and Denise will go before the cameras to sing with her hair in curlers and her face creamed with grease, if that's what the script calls for. No one worries about that elusive thing known as "glamour."

"I want our people to have pride in their work," Garry says, "but beyond that, nothing else is expected of them than that they be real. Actually, people who watch the show know Ken and Denise and Durward just as well as their best friends.

Garry doesn't want his cast and staff to start thinking that the show is the be-all, end-all. He encourages them to develop other interests and sets the example himself.

He is a member of the New York Zoological Society, attends their meetings and gets their publications. He studies the stuff—and the live animals, too, at the Bronx Zoo, where his society membership gives him the privilege of going "backstage" to meet the stars in their cages.

"Last Christmas, we gave Garry a big tank filled with tropical fish," says Shirley Reeser, his assistant. "Garry not only told us the popular name of each fish but that scientific one, as well."

Garry is quite a fair drummer and jazz enthusiast, too. When he spends a social evening with his orchestra leader, Howard Smith—former pianist and arranger for Tommy Dorsey—Garry talks jazz, not shop. Garry also loves boating and takes to the water in good weather. And, while everyone reads something, Garry reads just about everything.

Another rule that many "real stars" abide by is simply a matter of self-preservation: Don't get into an act with children or animals, because they'll upstage you. Garry has a show once a week: Lions, alligators, storks, electric eels. This has been going on for two years, with Ivan Sanderson, famed natural scientist and lecturer, as a regular feature.

"Garry is very good with the beasts and—while I hesitate to say this—I think most of them rank Garry as a star," says Ivan. "In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if the four-legged kingdom doesn't endorse a 'Be Kind to Garry Moore' week."

Ivan and Garry have had their share of excitement with birds and beasts. There was the famous stork incident. It was a bit hard to keep people from employing in maternity wards—and the wings

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MAY
True
Story
Magazine

(Continued from page 23)
operator were to listen in, wouldn’t she be surprised at what she heard!”

The producers of Search For Tomorrow had always intended that Mary should sing now and then on the program, knowing she has a fine, true voice. But it wasn’t until recently that Mary and Lynn began to do their little songs together, as a sort of spontaneous natural mother-daughter duet while they’re busy with the work of the Barron Motor Haven. It has given the whole thing an added zest, for them and for the viewers.

“I feel I have truly found my niche now,” Mary says happily. “The part that suits me exactly, this exciting role of Joanne Barron, a woman I admire so deeply. The fun of singing occasionally, as part of the show. The fun of being able to do, with her, the piano study, her dancing lessons, and increases her knowledge of how the past and the present are never completely separate. Knowing these old tunes and worked in their origins gives a child greater perspective, just as all history does. Only it’s such fun to learn some of it this way.”

Mary started singing professionally as a schoolgirl (she was born in Florida, but her parents moved West when she was still very young). During her high-school days, she had an early-morning local radio show and, when her songs were finished, she used to pick up her books and hurry off to her classes. It seemed a natural thing for her to do, and it made her teenage years more interesting and exciting. When producer Joseph Pasternak discovered her, some years later, for motion pictures, he was impressed with her as a singing actress, and it was as a singer that she was signed to an M-G-M contract. The fact that she was an extraordinarily pretty and slender girl, with golden-brown hair and lovely wide-set gray-blue eyes, was probably of great help, too. The fact that she was a natural-born actress undoubtedly helped.

Strange things happen in Hollywood. Mary did “sing” in her first picture—but, oddly enough, the voice that came from the soundtrack wasn’t hers. It seems the powers-that-be had decided that her own voice was too fresh and sweet, and sort of “homey” in quality, to fit the sophisticated personality they had given her. It’s hard to believe now, but that’s the way it was. They dubbed in the kind of voice then thought the Mary Stuart they had created ought to have!

Fate persisted in making her into a natural-born actress, even though she appeared in dramatic productions in which, sometimes, other people sang, and in television dramas where incidental music could be heard. Eventually, she came Search For Tomorrow—in which as Joanne Barron, a young mother, she just naturally has her chance to sing with or to others. They’re sometimes when she is so happy that the song springs gaily to her lips, sometimes when she is troubled and it gives her comfort and courage.

It isn’t often, however, on a fifteen-minute dramatic program, that there is much time for the musical interludes. That’s why they’re extra-precious.

That’s why, when you happen to catch one of them, you can know that Mary Stuart and Lynn Loring are having an extra-special thrill out of the day!
Happy Is Their Day

(Continued from page 32) "And then, the crowning happiness: the fact that we both have won awards—the fans' awards—Terry as a daytime actor on TV, and I, as the favorite daytime actress on radio. If one of us had won an award, it would be wonderful...but through the years, we have won, each in a different category, is the kind of thing that—well, that doesn't happen. Only it did happen. To us. And we're so grateful to be helpful to the fans. And to Radio-TV Mirror.

"We're especially grateful because, although there's a feeling, I think, that for people in our business life always has been, 'I'm the most important person in the world, and that, even if but for a few moments in a day, we give enjoyment to someone whose troubles may be almost more than she can bear. By this fame poll, we know that people like us, and this makes us grateful, too, so we find happiness in and enjoy our acting that much more."

Almost prayerfully, Jan continued the list of blessings which make the O'Sullivans' days together such happy ones: "Our cabin in New Jersey. Our apartment in town. Our health. Our friends. Terry's three daughters, Cathy, Carol, and Molly—and fun we have when they're with us in the summertime, working and playing together. And we're particularly happy in the knowledge that we have the love of our in-laws, as we both adore our Mother and Dad.

"Also, those things—equally important in the contribution they make to happiness—that we can't touch...like faith in the unknown, the increased and heightened happiness we've found this year, Terry and I, in our personal, relationship. It's good to know. Good. It is that we share so many interests aside from our work. Our love of all of the outdoors, as the most notable example. In any marriage, shared interests, aside from work, are a good fortune.

"Compatibility." Jan's bridgework added, with a grin, "is, I believe, the word for it—and a good word. As you go along in life, you don't have much time to do things. On television, this is more-than-average true. Between doing your show today and learning your script for tomorrow, it's a full-time—after. So if we were the type of woman who liked cocktail parties or lots of social activities and wanted to stay in town on our rare days off, it would be pretty rugged for me—since I don't. So by common consent we go to the country...to the farm, if we can make it...to our cabin in New Jersey, if we can. Either way, out in the fresh air, which is so much better for us and—if I may say so—for our work, in that, when we get back, we are filled with fresh air and enthusiasm and have so much more to give. And, whether in radio or TV, I think that is what an actor has to do—give."

"Since we seem to be counting our blessings," Jan laughed, "Terry's disposition is one of mine. He's calm. He is as poised in life and as balanced as—well, as a circus artist on the high wire! This is a wonderful, fully steadying influence for me, when I'm being mercurial...a wonderful antidote. And in the pressroom, playing 'Long Distance,' the play I've done so many times on radio and TV...until I felt in my heart the part was mine, and somehow, I always knowing that Luz has always had Hollywood stars—that I just might do it again... but Miss Miriam Hopkins played this wonderful part which Harry Jenkin created—and beautifully.

"When Terry came home the evening of the day this blow befell me, he found me with the tears streaming down my face. After I'd poured out my 'poor-me' tale, though Mr. O'Sullivan, What's the matter, Jan—can't you lose a round once in a while without cracking up? You know, even the world champion is permitted to lose now and then. I'm off seven months. With the crocodiles..."

"Suppose," I said to him, 'you should have to go to South Africa? A week, apart,' I said, 'is healthy in any relationship. But seven months...'

"So I'm already in South Africa making a movie," Terry laughed aloud, "in the middle of the jungle, getting the trunks out! We're sitting in the middle of Manhattan today. We may be sitting here the rest of the day we hope, and going to the farm weekends."

"Seriously, though," Jan continued, "I feel we're fortunate because, at the moment. New York is the center of activity in radio and television, so that we can be together. We haven't as many temptations as the Hollywood actor has. The New York actor's life is geared in more work. We don't have to be separated for months at a time as movie-star couples so often are—at least," Jan flicked the obviously amused Mr. O'S., with a bright blue eye. "We don't get head-turning adulation they do. On us, the limelight isn't so bright. You have to take your hats off, we think, to the Crawford's and the Gables who have grown as people and kept their heads as many of us, in the same circumstances, might not be able to do."

"A full-time—after. What if it's the Tomorrow you worried about Yesterday," is more than a quotation to Terry. His whole scheme of life is planned as of Today. Things like charge accounts, for instance...we don't have them. We can pay our bills by common consent we go to the country...to the farm, if we can make it...to our cabin in New Jersey, if we can. Either way, out in the fresh air, which is so much better for us and—if I may say so—for our work, in that, when we get back, we are filled with fresh air and enthusiasm and have so much more to give. And, whether in radio or TV, I think that is what an actor has to do—give."

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{{footnotes}}
hurry, you know,' he told me, with that calm, tempered wisdom of his, 'you don't have to get the farm done. It's kind of fun to be the other way around. He decided to theorize, either, Terry doesn't. He suits his words to action. Or is it the other way around? He did some wall-tearing down himself. He even did some sliding at the farm last summer. Got a book, read directions, said, 'It's all a matter of measuring.' Measured and shingled, making a perfect job of it—one whole side of the house.

"At the cabin last winter he decided, one zero day, to cut down a couple of mighty oaks. 'With the lake frozen solid,' he said, 'it will be easier to get the trees home.' I was awed at the sight. But when they fell in the water and be floating around.'

"So off he goes. The nice, strong, masculine sound of saw and hatchet filled the air. The next thing I know there are no sounds filling the air and nothing to be seen of Terry but his head emerging from black and icy water. I was just contemplating a rescue mission when one morning I saw him emerge, shake himself like a Newfoundland and make for the cabin. It was so cold, the saw touched his wet overalls and froze to him."

"When I asked what happened, he replied, 'I got sorta hot chopping that tree, so I thought I'd cool off a little.' Which proves you can't dampen an Irishman's wit!"

"I've told you before," Jan added, laughing, "that Terry is a man of projects. And, as time goes by, he also becomes a man alive with freedom for others! At the farm last summer, just let one of the girls or me go out while he was moving—or whatever he was doing—and 'Rake over there,' he'd sing out, 'take it, climb up and scrape that dead bark off that apple tree!' Let the neighbors call and he'd have us all working! At summer's end, though, we got smart—if we wanted him for anything, we went up to the orchard and I'd call, 'Exposing people to projects can be, as my wife recently proved,' Terry put in with a grin, 'productive, although in a somewhat less obvious form.' One day in late autumn, I drove home from New Hampshire, having been at the farm for a day's shooting, with a brace of partridge at my belt, a half-a-haunter drive home, I wasn't exactly fresh when I got there and, as I stepped out of the elevator in our apartment house and opened the door into the hall, Eek, I thought, 'I've got off at the wrong floor.' The hallways are the same, I'm advanced, with tentative steps, was cocoa. But our living room had been green, like the hall. In this living room, none of the furnishing matched the decoration of the furnishing in our living room.

"In less than two minutes, of course, the riddle was ridded. A paint-stained Jan explained she'd wanted to 'surprise' me! She had. I even checked the furniture around, the way we talked of doing, she said, happily. 'I know,' I said. 'Anyone can see that!'"

"And she calls me," Terry laughed, "a 'Projects Man!' Golly, she and the girls even started to paint the house last summer—painted it barn-red—to match, as they explained, the barn! But I like her this way," Terry said. "If, for instance, I'd just walked into the apartment as it was before I left it, think how dull that would have been! This way, I almost didn't come home at all!"

"Another thing I like, and am grateful for, about Terry," Jan put in, "is that he lets you live your own life. Has a light hand, if any, on the reins. Has a good sense of humor. Takes the apartment, for instance—he might have been annoyed about it, might not have liked the colors I chose, or the rearrangement of the furniture, many men would have said, 'You shouldn't have consulted me.' Not Terry. He just grinned."

"Same way, when problems come up in my career. Well, now,' he'll say, 'this is your problem, for which you must find your own answers. Of course, if you ask for it, he doesn't press, he allows you to grow. With the girls, too, he is the same. He's there, but as a friend, not as a dictator. With Terry it is definitely not," Jan laughed, "Life With Father!"

"We listen to and watch each other's work. We both take part, on request... when there is some specific reason such as a new show, a new part, when we need suggestions or advice."

"We love being the same business, but I take a sort of dim view of husband and wife doing a show together," Terry explained. "Working a show presents many problems. During rehearsals, for instance, nerves wear thin—and usually we hang on to our company manners with strangers—rehearsing with your own wife, it's possible the manners might slip!" Jan nodded and agreed, "I'm not the only one who gets nervous when she and each other over," Jan said, "and this, in my opinion, is 'Recommended Reading' for any Mr. and Mrs. Terry doesn't even wish, for instance, that I were more of a cook than I am!"

"I've gotten over the blow-torch stage, anyway," Terry confided. "In this department, at least, I've made a slight change from the gas-on-full routine. The eggs are now leathered, so not the bacon black—it's down now, though by degrees, to a nice brown.

"Terry doesn't wish, as so many women might, to be in the 'steady job-on-a-salary' type. In the early days of my career, I was a staff announcer. I gave up the staff job in order to free herself, and she feels that, if you cut off security, you keep moving, call the agents, get around, keep in touch. There is a freedom to this and, if you accept it on the job, the percentage of good times and a percentage of bad, then you can enjoy it. Eventually, too, you find that security is inside you, is in how you think, how you behave. There isn't anything else in life that is secure."

"We're just so darn happy," Jan sighed, "at home and at work. Wouldn't change jobs, even with each other. I love doing radio, which is radio medium ever-invented for the comfort of the actor. You don't have to learn lines. Our listeners and friends know the characters we portray. It's even more of a medium of millions, so how we look, or dress, isn't of paramount importance. And financially, radio has always been kind to the actor. Terry makes more money, but, since he also believes an actor should be able to use all the mediums of his art, radio, television, movies and theater—we go, once a week, to John Barbour's class in acting, where we can work in scenes on stage under expert guidance. To be able to work in only one form of your specific art is to be, Terry says, like a carpenter who can only make a bureau."

"They wouldn't change partners, either, Terry or Jan. "I wouldn't swap him for anyone in the world. He gets my award, too," Jan laughed, "for my Favorite Daytime (or anytime) Actor on TV!"

"And to Jan Miner," said Terry, with a bow from the waist, "gives my award for my Favorite Actress in any medium she may choose to grace, and in any role, including that of Mrs. Terry O'Sullivan!"
Lucy and Desi learned the value of frequent separations quite involuntarily.

Two weeks part when they hurried to Greenwich, Connecticut, Desi brought his new bride to New York’s La Guardia Airport. “Don’t cry, honey,” he’d said when she refused to go. “I got ready and the bound-plane. We’ll be together soon.” But she couldn’t hold back her tears. The prospect of six weeks on the West Coast with Desi, was not how she’d pictured the beginning of a new life.

Desi himself chocked a couple of times. Yet there was nothing he could do about it. Bend commitments in the East prevented him from flying with Lucy to California, where she had to start work on another picture.

Six weeks later, her film finished, Lucy joined him in Florida. For the next three years, with all their picture commitments, band concerts, and personal appearances, they spent their evenings, from one another, than together. And after 1943, when Desi received his presidential “Greetings” and donned his khakis, Lucy saw even less of him, until he was discharged in 1945.

Unbearable as living apart had seemed at the time, when at last they were able to settle down to a more regulated life, but to lose the value of those temporary separations: the greater appreciation for the other’s presence, the opportunity for introspection—and, last but not least, the sentimental side of it. Consequently, almost two or three weekends a month, when Lucy’s desire to play “fasthuafu” clashes with Desi’s fondness for the outdoors, she is perfectly content to look after home and family while Desi goes fishing.

Aware that an occasional separation from the routine of married life contributes to the preservation of things, they also take brief vacations together—joint holidays from home, and from domesticity, and even from the children.

Once each week, they put this theory into practice. After their show, instead of driving back to the ranch, Lucy and Desi spend the night at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where they have a standing reservation all year around. The longest period of cramming their necessities into an overnight bag, and staying in town simply for the purpose of saving an hour’s drive to their home. As Lucy put it, “When I go home in town is a bigger production than our show.”

Preparations start the night before. Making their weekly plans, they take place of the honeymoon they never had, they pack their bags as carefully as a bride and groom: Desi’s favorite dressing gown and slippers; Lucy’s silk negligees, bubble bath, a selection of perfumes and colognes.

After the day’s work, they head directly for the hotel. In their hotel room, everything is already provided, a gaily decorated table with cocktails and steak sandwiches (with raw onions); flowers on the dresser; the morning newspaper and a “Don’t Disturb” sign on the door.

Lucy’s and Desi’s preparation for any evening out are just as elaborate, “What’s the point of running out for a hot dog, if we have five barbecues in the house—or going to a drive-in movie, when we can look at the biggest television screen money can buy?”

Consequently, they show a preference for black-tie affairs, dinner at Chasen’s or L’Roy’s, concerts, and the like. It’s the complete change from their informal life which provides the relaxation they want.

A search for privacy plays an important part when Lucy and Desi want to get away from it all. This is easy to understand, considering their hectic lives—not only as Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz—but as co-stars of a time- and nerve-consuming television show. But privacy, they’ve learned, is one of the most difficult items to find.

When Lucy and Desi starred in “The Lute” instead of a home, the Arnazes, instead of moving to Treasure Island, a trailer park at Laguna Beach, “Won’t it be wonderful?” Desi had asked. “Just the two of us at the beach—no work, no scripts . . .”

...with palm trees and the ocean, and not a soul around us for miles,” Lucy sighed.

A friend, who owned a pickup truck, volunteered to move their trailer to Treasure Island. As tourists, they spent some days on the park. Then, details arranged, the Arnazes followed in their own car the next evening, after dark.

They found the entrance to the park without much difficulty. When the owner showed them to their trailer, they were delighted to find it right along the beach. The darkness and shrubbery prevented them from seeing the rest of their surroundings—but, with the Pacific in front, who cared? They did. Soon. They fell asleep on the road when the cry of a baby woke them up. “It’s little Lucie,” yelled mama Lucy.

Sleepily, Desi raised himself, “She’s home. You’ve been dreaming. Go back to sleep.”

Lucy closed her eyes again and started to count television sets. (Sheep won’t do any good any longer.)

Two minutes later, the crying was back, louder, and more insistent. “It’s a baby!” said Desi, as though he’d discovered something new in the world.

Lucy sighed. “And I thought we were getting away from it all.”

Soon they realized that dozens of trailers were parked on both sides of them, for the one cry had evoked a chain reaction from all the neighbors’ infants. “I feel as if I was in the girls’ dormitory,” said Lucy, as though she’d discovered something new in the world.

Lucy sighed. “And I thought we were getting away from it all.”

For days they left the crying in the rear, even when they went out to dinner. “I’ll go out to dinner,” Lucy had said, “but I’ll carry my baby.”

Lucy opened the door to a signet ring, and she was relieved to hear the crying behind her. “As long as I can hear it,” she said, “I’ll be happy.”

And they discovered that the Arnazes had a perfect environment for their family. They lived in a park for the first time, and they found that they enjoyed the park.

Somehow they got through the night. But, they decided the following morning, about fifty people—most of them equipped with cameras and graph-books—were waiting in front of the park. After signing autographs and posing for pictures for over an hour, they headed back to Chatsworth. Trailer parks are wonderful, friendly places—but no haven of rest for a world-famous couple.

Usually, whether it’s for a night or a long weekend, Lucy and Desi enjoy their brief separations from family life. But, as Lucy puts it, “We were without children for ten years. I know that, today, it wouldn’t be fun to leave them behind for longer.”

However, a trip to Sun Valley last year changed things considerably.

For their first vacation in years, to get all the equipment to the Idaho resort, they rented a truck, a station wagon, and a two-ton car, which they loaded with clothes, playpens, portable tody-seats, fishing equipment, knickknacks—nearly enough to fill the basement of a department store.

Because Lucy was bored—Desiderio IV, the Arnazes decided to go by rail, in
steal of joining the "convoy on wheels."

"It must have been a milk train," Lucy explained later. "We stopped at least once every seven minutes."

Getting there and getting back was the least of their troubles. Out of seven days at the Sun Valley Lodge, the first two days were taken up finding playmates for their daughter, the next five days entertaining the rapidly increasing group of youngsters, which proved more exhausting than the show they'd gotten away from. The next vacation—they decided upon their return to be spent with the children, winnow jump-ropes, and bedtime-story books. And so, a few weeks ago, they went to Palm Springs—by themselves.

The air were wonderfully restful and relaxing. On the morning of the third day, Lucy began to feel jittery. "I wonder how the children are getting along?" she asked anxiously.

"They'll be all right," Desi tried to console her. But Lucy wasn't satisfied until she heard their voices on the phone. When she hung up, she smiled—and five minutes later was a housesick for them that she called again.

They were doing very well financially now, Desi reasoned, but not well enough to afford a round-the-clock telephone conversation. Consequently, without letting his wife know, he called Mrs. Ball and asked her to bring the children to Palm Springs the following day. The rest of their vacation passed contentedly.

Getting away from the routines of their daily existence is not always possible for the Arnaud family. But there definitely break, once in a while, they attempt a vacation right at home, which is easier said than done—for one as energetic as Lucy.

"I'll never go off tomorrow," Desi suggested one Saturday night.

"Go away?" Lucy didn't sound happy.

She hadn't seen much of the children all week.

"Oh, no... just here at home. I mean—no work around the house, no discussion about whether we'll sleep late, sit around the pool, and read the paper."

"That sounds wonderful," said Lucy.

The following morning, she was up at five-thirty. By seven-thirty, she'd repainted the children's nursery furniture, planted a hibiscus in the back yard, discussed the menu with the housekeeper and given both children a bath.

Then, she planned to move to her mother's house in nearby Northridge to fix breakfast for her, while the children played hide-and-seek around Mrs. Ball's house. Before the morning she had wanted to sleep late, that noon, Lucy got back just as Desi struggled out of bed.

"You up already?" he asked.

"Vacation at home, eh?" Lucy burst out, as she collapsed on the bed.

The weekend after, they took off for the mountains.

Breaking the daily routine is important for most couples, Lucy and Desi feel, but even more urgent in their own case, because they are not only husband and wife, but co-workers as well. Just how close—and how tense—their relationship can get is almost any morning on the way to work.

Whether discussing the house, the children, or their plans for the weekend, suddenly Nick will say something about one day, and Lucy will talk about another. From the show and, without realizing it, the other falls right into the pattern. Once they start this, Lucy and Desi Arnaud are in the hands of the most skilful "salesman" in the business.}

— Marilyn Nash—

**Love That Girl!**

(Continued from page 65) turned up in Hollywood almost twenty years ago. One year, Martha's appreciated—another year, she's forgotten... but her superb ability to make people laugh never changes, nor does it diminish. This just happens to be her year of years. . . .

Early in 1948, when Nick Condos was still Martha's biggest fan, she was then a manager, he arranged to have her booked into the Palladium in London. As usual, Nick had everything taken care of in advance—everything, that is, except publicity. He thought he might be able to hire an English boy when they got there.

Remembering that the boat docked at midnight, and that the train didn't leave until morning, Nick had a car and a chauffeur waiting to take Martha and him to London. He'd arranged a nice, formal dinner; but the next morning there was silence at the Savoy for the following day. Nick's rented Rolls, bulging with hand luggage, drifted into London in the wee hours, and Martha, exuberant Martha, said, "I don't want to go to the hotel yet, it's the shank of the evening."

"Okay," Nick agreed, "I know the owner of a night club called the Stork. I'll drive you there. We'll take care of you and see that you want for nothing. Then I'll take the stuff to the hotel and come back for you." And this he did, returning shortly afterward.

His pal, the club's owner, met him at the door. "She's marvelous," he said, "simply great. She's taken over the place, and I can't get anybody to go home."

"Yeah, that's Martha," Nick told him. "Incidentally, she opens Monday and we've got to get a pianist. Would you look around for us and see if you can dig up a good one."

"That won't be necessary. She's already hired the one out of my act."

Martha had indeed. His name was Frank Shiley, and the following night was his no more rehearsal than those first early-morning hours at the club, and he is her pianist to this day—six years later.

The whole episode is a perfect example of how Martha and Nick operate together. They make perfect foils for each other, and can function as a team as well as separately. The only time they failed was a few months ago when they inexplicably began to have one fight after another. Finally, after a battle royal that could be heard all over Greater Miami, Martha divorced Nick.

When they both got over the shock of this piece of madness, they realized they could not live without each other. The exception that Nick hangs out at his New York apartment on West 88th Street and Martha is domiciled in Westport—a short distance by train—everything is in the mails.

"Martha divorced me, and I still love her. That will give you some idea of the kind of girl she is," Nick says.

What really happened to them, according to the people closest to both, was a Miami Beach bistro called the Martha Raye Five O'Clock Club, referred to by Nick as "The Saloon." About three years ago,
Martha's name wasn't on it and she merely played occasional dates there. But then it became apparent to all that Martha was working there, patrons lined up in the streets to get in, and the place made pots of gold. Obviously, since she was nowhere to be seen and only occasionally doing a guest spot on TV, the logical thing was to buy the club, move to Miami, hang up her shingle and start raking in the loot.

The only trouble was—whereas Martha used to go to a night club only occasionally and had time to rest up afterwards—now she was at the club, night after night, all night. She didn't sleep by halves, and you who watch her antics for ninety minutes on TV—and wonder how anyone could last that long—must realize that in Miami she was working herself out from suppertime until dawn.

Then, when the time would come for a TV appearance, Martha would close the club, get in a plane (she hates flying alone) and fly to New York, where she would spend a week in rehearsals and arrive in Manhattan a jittery wreck. She'd rush into a week of rehearsals, do the final show with her last remaining strength, and stagger off to the plane.

Four miserable hours later she'd be back in Miami, and that night the fans would be able to see the packing in again, but only while Martha, grinning and radiant, would be whooping it up for their money's worth.

This obviously was no schedule for a 110-pound gal in her mid-thirties. Besides, Martha, although she was getting on in years, had never in her life lived in a place during a USO tour, and now it turned up again with something more serious: pernicious anemia. Off she went to St. Francis hospital, as sunk as she had ever been in her life.

Only a few weeks before, she had said to Nick, "I wonder what happened to all those big-name friends of mine who were always on top in the pictures? They used to turn up every time I ate a bagel, and ask me how it was. Now—"

Well, now that she was nearly dead in a hospital, needing constant transfusions of rare O-RH Negative blood, she found out where her real friends were. Waiters and bartenders in Miami clubs, the patrons of those clubs—and even an entire Marine Battalion stationed in the area—all donated blood for Martha. The Sisters at the hospital wouldn't let her hire a nurse, but took care of her themselves.

Of the many people who helped her, Martha says, "That's something you can't buy, something you can never repay." She somehow the whole ordeal... and through it her discovery that hundreds of people loved her, even though a few "names" hadn't. She was given her a deep sense of security and happiness that she had never known before.

It was about this time that Nick decided Miami Beach could support a series of legitimate plays and movement, and it didn't do anything to improve his outlook on life. It was then he thought the freshy out of the hospital was trying to keep up her shingle and with the money they had left, and Nick was wrestling with actors full of temperament and a house full of empty seats, that the fur started flying.

The true direction of the romance was a matter of divorce, done in anger, had created a permanent split between them. They need each other as much as Nick did, during the dash across England, got Miami a half-hour spot on the British television system, just to see how she would appear in the new medium. The director of the program, who had gauged the audience reaction and kept motoring for an additional number until she had run twenty-five minutes into the next program.

Then Nick told her, "This is your medium, Martha. This is the showcase that's big enough to hold you. Maybe not next year, or the next—but someday you'll be tops in TV. Mark my word."

And now, in 1954, it is true.

Martha's classic quality, her true greatness, lies in the fact that, like all superstars, she is Chaplin, Bert Lahr, a very few others her comedy is based on pathos. There is a tear behind the laugh, a wistfulness in the funny-face girl who cuts up and sings loud and acts boisterous.

Here Martha's life, that thirty-seven years of it, has been a pattern of laughing in the face of tragedy, gagging it up when things were mighty low. Her parents, an Irish vaudeville couple, "Martha and Hooper," continued they returned to New York, and arrived in Manhattan a jittery wreck. She'd rush into a week of rehearsals, do the final show with her last remaining strength, and stagger off to the plane.

Martha worked in night clubs and in burlesque. She worked in saloons for tips, never sitting there from a quarter to a dollar a night.

Finally she ended up in Hollywood, and went one evening to the Trocadero. It was a Sunday night, when practically anything went, and Martha (with old friends Jimmy Durante and Joe E. Lewis playing straight to her comedy) fractured the audience.

Director Norman Taurog was there, however, and found in Bing Crosby picture, "Rhythm on the Range." When it was released, she was a movie star.

That year, Martha was very young, fresh. She'd made a sudden, instantaneous successes in pictures, and was a real big name. She opened that mouth of hers all the way, and gave out with her shouting specialty, and she was in.

And she was also the loneliest girl in Hollywood. She used to come in, alone, to the Famous Door on Vine Street, where Lovers and husbys hung out, and sit that evening just listening to the running jam session, then go home, still alone.

Things happened too fast. Too many pictures, too much success. When Perl Westmore, the famous makeup artist, made her glamorous and beautiful—because her movie bosses decided what they wanted for a change—Martha took a long look in the mirror and married him. The glamour treatment ruined her movie career, and the marriage to Perl didn't last long.

Then she married David Rose, who made the kind of music she felt in her heart and truly loved—music of soaring strings and throbbing chords and sweet, soul-stirring things.

But Martha was still a clown, no matter how hard she rebelled against it, and so did she parted with David, too. He married Judy Garland, who sang closer to the way he had composed... and Martha pursued her lonely way, laughing and making laughs, crying—when she cried—to herself. Until finally, in 1941, she played a role, a very small one, in night-club entertainer named Nick Condos, who was her kind of guy. He didn't want or try to change anything about her. He loved her just the way she was.

This was her man, and she married the instant he asked her to, and in a very deep sense she never has been truly alone since, nor will she ever be. Today, basic truths didn't have to be worked (at least) fans who embrace her with their warmth, their hearts—for they all "love that girl!"
Thanks for the Memory

(Continued from page 44)

in a gentle manner.

It wasn’t always easy. I was taken with running a sweat. From home and our brother Les (you know him as Bob) had taken to hanging out at the local pool hall. At thirteen, he was a good billiard player. He could have been a champion. But then Bob could have been a champion at anything.

Because Bob hung out in front of the pool hall, my Aunt Louie was afraid he would end up in a bad neighborhood. She was afraid of finding himself. He’ll turn out all right.

My mother had her mistake in the goodness of her sons. “Don’t worry about my boys, Louie,” she said. “I have good boys. The poolroom is just part of growing up. Don’t you appreciate Lee’s day was pictures of finding himself. He’ll turn out all right.”

Bob was right when she said Bob was finding himself—he was getting his first exposure to how to run a business. There was a quartet of boys who sang in the street outside the pool hall. Bob spent more time learning four-part harmony than shooting three-cushion billiards.

Music was an important part of our home life. We spent many a rainy evening in the parlor around the piano, with Mother at the keyboard. Up until the time Bob left for college, I was thirteen, and his voice changed, the effect was more or less unique: Mother’s soprano, Father’s bass, and we seven hit-or-miss tenors.

Mother was wise enough to encourage our individual abilities. We were all different. Sid was a terrific mechanic from the beginning. Fred was a good salesclerk. I wrote songs, and, even as a youngster, Bob was a great comedian.

Mother used to keep us together as a family by taking us on picnics in the park. Other families nearby never failed to get a laugh out of the seven boys around the blanket stuffing their faces. “No sisters?” they’d ask. Bob, pickle in one hand, sandwich in the other, would say, “We had one,” he said between bites, “but she didn’t have a chance. She starred to death on the last picnic.”

When was old enough to ride a bike, he delivered meat for the local meat cutter. Each year after that, the meat cutter either added another Hope bicycle—delivery boy or elevated one of the boys to a stock boy. We were branched off into other professions.

Bob went into show business. By 1934, he was appearing in the Broadway musical, “Robert E. One was still making my living in the music business trying to get ahead as a songwriter on the side.

Mother still encouraged me. “That’s a good one,” she’d exclaim over my latest epic. “I’ll have to send it to Leslie (Bob) right away.”

Bob always wrote back, “Great tune, Jack, but I can’t use this one right now.”

Mother continued to urge me on, until the time I got to college in Florida. Shortly before she died, we had one big laugh together when Bob, after receiving my latest tune, wired: “Send no more songs. Trunk full.”

I remember later that year I was supervising two meat markets in Akron, Ohio. At this time, Bob was just getting started in his radio career. He was making one of his first radio appearances, a four-minute monologue on Rudy Vallee’s program.

Though we’d gone our separate ways, we were always in touch with all-for-one. Here, I thought, was my chance to publicize the country’s newest comedian.

Nine o’clock, Saturday night, the meat market, Bob came on the air. Fifty hungry customers were forced to listen while I called a half to the meat dispensing and turned up the radio. It was one of Bob’s first radio broadcasts, but I was aware that from that day on he was already the greatest comedian in the country. Even so, people beyond the sound of my voice still came up and asked, “Who’s that fellow?”

It wasn’t long after this that everyone in the country did know Bob. From radio his went into motion pictures. His first at Paramount, “The Big Broadcast of 1938,” was a great motion picture. It was a result of this success and the strength of the song, “Thanks for the Memory,” Bob is sentimentally attached to the song and still uses the scheme.

Excited about the news of his option, he called me at the meat market in Akron. “I need someone to handle my business affairs,” he said. “Will you come out and help me?”

“Of course,” I shouted into the phone. “I’ll leave right away.” Then we both hung up.

And there I am mentally packing the suitcase I’d take to Hollywood and thinking how exciting it would be to go to Hollywood—see Bob again. I suddenly realized I had no idea of my destination. Bob hadn’t told me where to come. I had been too excited to ask.

But I knew he was somewhere in Hollywood. When I arrived in California, the logical thing to do was to go to the studio. I rolled up to the gate early one morning in my 1936 Pontiac. “I’d like to see Bob Hope,” I said to the gateman. The gateman looked at my mud-spattered Pontiac and was immediately on guard. “Shall I tell him who’s calling?” he asked, reaching for the phone.

“I said,” I told him it’s his brother Jack.”

I could see the gateman comparing my blond hair and blue eyes with his mental image. “You’re his brother, huh?” he said. “Same mother and father?”

Late that afternoon, Bob and I finally did get together. We’ve been together ever since and have grown as through the years. It’s hard to describe all of my duties with Bob’s organization. Some people call me a liaison man (I don’t even know what that is). I like to think of myself as the lyricist to Bob’s weekly parody on “Thanks for the Memory”—and I try to coordinate all his activities.

This is no easy task. Besides keeping his schedule straight for radio, motion pictures, and television performances, we try to work into his schedule as many benefits as possible.

Bob is always the first to give credit to Bob if it weren’t for the benefits. He’s so good-hearted he can’t say no. Someone will reach him on the phone with: “There’s a new hospital . . .” etc. Bob is immediately on the phone. He tells the story. The only way I can keep track of his appearances is through the thank-you notes that come in.

Bob tries to keep his schedule free for family get-togethers—Thanksgiving, for example. Next-to-oldest brother Jim, Bob, and I are the only members of the family living on the West Coast and turkey-time.
is a great excuse for us to meet. When we gather at Bob's place in North Hollywood, he uses his prerogative as head of the household to do the carving. Though we were all meat cutters at one time, Bob has kept his hands clean.

Though all us brothers seldom get together at one time, we do meet individually on many occasions. Mother was right. I think I can safely say we turned out to be good boys, we do. I'm one of Hope Metal Products in Cleveland; Fred and George head up United Provision Company, also in Cleveland; and Jim represents those unique finger-painting toys, traveling to the biggest department stores throughout the country, but living in Hollywood near Bob and me. Our seventh brother, Sid, once a fire mechanic, has since passed away.

The boys are all good family men. Bob is a champion in this category, too. Though his working schedule keeps him on the road, he tries to be all of his free time with his family. He has raised the children with some of his travels: young Tony and Linda went along to Alaska in 1952.

Being around most of their father as they are, the children are wise to the ways of show business. One time Bob was doing a show for the Navy in San Diego. I was out front, waiting for his return at the edge of the garage, when daughter Linda (then about seven) leaned out the window to ask, "Where you going, Uncle Jack?"

"We're going to San Diego to do a show for the Navy. If you are a good girl, Linda, maybe your daddy will say good night to you on the radio."

Well, then," she laughed, "put it in the script."

Bob can take a joke and, in turn, is never too busy to play one. In 1950, though, when I was the advance man for his trip to Korea, the joke was on me. As I island-hopped across the Pacific, setting up the shows, I stopped in each port long enough to get in a little fishing. At Kwajalein I caught a 23-pound tuna—but only after catching in the boat under that baseball Pacific sun all day long. When I got back to shore, I gave the tuna to the admiral, asking him to put it in the deep freeze to be sent home to Bob. As he came through, Bob always accused me of having sung about my catch; I wanted to make sure he saw this 23-pounder. He's the goller in the family. I wanted to prove to him I was the fisherman.

When Bob caught up with me in Japan, the first thing he said was, "Boy, you should see the fish I caught at Kwajalein. It was a 32-pound tuna!" Got it off only fifteen minutes in the boat.

"You're kidding," I said, "that's not my 23-pounder, and of the day I spent in the broiling hot sun.

"That's right," he said, "that's right, Tony!" he said turning to his personal secretary.

"Right," said Tony. Everybody in the band agreed.

My balloon of pride was deflated when I heard his story. Bob had made my 23-pounder look small. Besides, he hadn't even mentioned seeing my catch. No sense in even telling him about it now.

Several weeks later we were back home again. Bob, the band, and I were thumbing through the pictures taken on the tour. I sensed a feeling of breath-holding as we turned up each successive picture but didn't see my catch. Expectation was until I came to the one with Bob holding his "32-pound tuna." All of a sudden there was a snapshot of Bob standing on the beach holding an itty-bitty fish. "Twenty-two pounds," I said. "It couldn't be thirty-two ounces!"

"Said Bob, "You know how our fishermen exaggerate" Of course, the band fell out of their chairs with laughter. I'd admit—I bit on that one.

Though Bob is full of humor, he's serious about his family feelings. When we were still children at home, our father taught us to respect our mother.

Bob's shows are run on the basis of this memory. He would never do anything which would disparage this memory, nor would he use any material which would be offensive to his own children.

Seeing ourselves in our own children, we often think of those early days when we were still children at home, our father teaching us to respect our mother.

And it's this feeling that gives meaning to the song Bob and I have show written. It should really be called, "Thanks, Mother—Thanks for the Memories."
Two Is for Luck

(Continued from page 62)

on television, thanks primarily to Bert's sparkling efforts.

Born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1914, Bert was the younger of five brothers. At the age of sixteen, he became a staff announcer on a local radio station and did everything there, from filling in on singing spots to subbing for a technician, for two years.

"When I was given a competition in New York for staff announcers, Bert took his savings, borrowed some additional money from his parents and went to New York for an audition. Several weeks later, a telegram told him to report for work at fifty dollars a week. The year was 1929—the depth of the Depression, when fifty dollars was a king's fortune to an eighteen-year-old boy."

The next years were filled with wonderful experience and development. He was working in New York on a big radio network—learning, always learning, from the best in the business. He was a singer and straight man for Eddie Cantor—and, when Eddie went off the air, the sponsor retained Bert for his voice.

In 1941, he met Annette, the beautiful, dark-haired "blind date" who had come to New York from New Haven to be a dental hygiene student. Before long, they were engaged—and Bert announced that Annette agreed to marry him. The following June, they tied the knot and had just two heavenly months together before Second Lieutenant Bert Parks was sent overseas to the Chiba-Burma-India theater with "Vinegar Joe" Stillwell. He was away two years and returned with the rank of captain and a chestful of decorations.

On August 1, 1946, perhaps the best "twosies" of all time arrived. Bert's twin boys, Joel and Jeffrey, who are still so much alike that even Bert has trouble telling them apart. Two years later, little Annette—now called "Petty"—was born.

"When they are two, the place is in my life, too," says Bert, his famous impish grin spread all over his face. "Big Annette and little Annette—though I can tell the difference between the two.

"But, secondly, he wants to show his continued appreciation for everything nice that has happened to him by always helping other people, wherever and whenever he can."

His philosophy of life is summed up in his own two favorite proverbs: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you...and be your brother." They were the first rules he ever learned and have stood him in good stead.

His two favorite stories about contestants happened on Double Or Nothing. One, he remembers, was about a young man from the University of Wisconsin who was in New York on vacation. He had a big problem, he told Bert. He had gone out on a date with a wonderful girl in Wisconsin but somehow had forgotten to find out her last name. He did have her picture, and he knew she came from a town in New York. So, Dan Cupid "advertised" for the missing girl on television, describing the plight of the love-struck young student. With the phone rang and the pair were reunited.

Another time, Bert selected a lovely young dancer from the audience. She was from the South, same as Bert, and there was a frustrating problem. She would find a dance partner, she said, teach him several routines, practice for weeks to be good enough—and then be drafted! This had happened five times and she was thinking of becoming part of a sister act.

While the program was still on, offers began pouring in.

Getting back to the irresistible "twos," Bert admits that he has only one hobby. "I used to have two," he says. "Electric trains and kids. The kids won't let me near the trains any more—afraid big, clumsy me may upset something—so I will have to get more trains or a new hobby." The kids are now both eighteen.

Bert Parks has given us on radio and television with his friendly personality and warm, infectious laugh, we have—in conclusion—a two-word message for him which we hope he will obey for years and years: "Keep smiling!"

1,001 Nights—Plus

(Continued from page 63)

With nearly two decades of rich experience to draw from, it's easy to see why Ted Mack has so many warm memories of performers who got their first push into the entertainment world on The Original Amateur Hour.

Frank Sinatra, he recalls, applied for an audition with three friends, Fred Tamburro, Jerry Petro and Patty Prince, all of Hoboken, N. J. They called their act "Frank Sinatra And The Three Flashes," later, "The Hoboken Four." Still in their teens, they offered a combination of singing, dancing and comedy—and they were determined to win.

"When they did," recalls Ted, they traveled the country for three years, with one of the unit shows, until Frankie decided to try his luck alone as a crooner. Sinatra has always remained loyal to The Original Amateur Hour.

Vera-Ellen, the popular M-G-M dancing and singing star, first wrote to the late Major Bowes in 1937, very politely asking for an audition during a short trip to New York. The tiny, blonde bundle of talent from Cincinnati danced and sang "Smiling—all in one piece and a tour with a traveling unit. The fabulous Broadway showman, Billy Rose, saw her and signed her for his night club, Casino Theatre in New York. Shortly next on Broadway in "The Connecticut Yankee," then, Samuel Goldwyn noticed her and Hollywood gratefully took up her career from there.

When Paul Winchell first appeared on The Original Amateur Hour, back in January, 1938, he didn't have the Jerry Mahoney who gives us so many chuckles today. The first Jerry Mahoney was a primitive, ill-equipped figure, as compared with the handsome, urbane, masterly creature he is now. But Paul and Jerry won a place in a touring unit, too, and have since appeared as guests with Ted to encourage amateur performers who are nervously trying their wings for the first time.

One of Jerry's antics which always reduces Ted to helpless laughter—no matter how many times it happens—is when the "remarkable, lithe, slender, beautiful" angel of Ted's "All right . . . all right . . ." in just exactly the right tone of voice.

What most people listening to the 1,001st amateur-night show probably won't realize is that the "serious" singing headliner in his own right for more than a quarter of a century. Born William Edward Maguire in Greeley, Colorado, Ted studied law at Denver University but dropped it to become a professional musician in 1924. He played the saxophone with the Colorado Cowboy Orchestra during a two-week engagement in San Francisco. When no further engagements materialized, the boys lived on crackers and beans and practiced their music. During those early days of intermittent jobs, Ted practiced with Glenn Miller and Matty Malneck, Harry Barris and a singer named Bing Crosby. He played in an orchestra which also included Walt Disney, Jack Teagarden, Beiderbecke, Jack and Ted Fagione.

In 1926, Ted married his childhood sweetheart, Ellen Margarette Hovertt, and opened the Bon Ton in Chicago.

It was in Los Angeles that he first gained recognition as a likable master of ceremonies. Subsequently—despite the Depression—his popularity spread throughout the United States and Canada. He discovered the Andrews Sisters and Jane Powell, during this period, and was summoned to M-G-M as musical supervisor for all their extravaganzas. Just when Ted was really settling into Hollywood life, the late Major Edward Bowes prevailed upon him to come East and become first assistant in the talent selection, production and direction of The Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour. Ted came—and stayed—and is credited with being the guiding force in establishing the show as an American institution.

When the beloved Major Bowes died in 1945, listeners wondered: Who could ever fill his shoes? Who could combine his happy faculty for creating a warm and friendly atmosphere? Who could calm the nerves and encourage the best possible performances from the contestants?

At the same time—since television was beginning to come into its own—somebody was needed who could do all these things, and appeal to the younger audience as well.

There was never any question among The Original Amateur Hour staff as to who the man would be—and Ted Mack has proved that he can fill the shoes of his late boss and benefactor. Now in his nineteenth year with the program, Ted has conscientiously maintained the traditions established by Major Bowes.

He and his staff have auditioned hundreds of thousands of amateurs from all over the world, with talents ranging from grand opera to such colorful oddities as the "Kreisler Improvisation" and a tap-rhythm routine by "playing" his teeth with his fingers.

With pride over the 1,001st amateur night, Ted Mack says: "This anniversary show will be a real humdinger. It is proof of what has always been a great source of amazement to me—that America is an abundantly talented nation with a wonderful capacity for enjoyment. What I like best about our Amateur Hour is that the home audiences are the final judges. All we provide is an introduction, a microphone, a new camera—and the contestant is on his own.

"Our only problem is—we wish they all could win!"
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions.

Your hair tends to be dry, oily or normal. For this reason, three Breck Shampoos have been developed. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.
JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE REPORTS

AMERICA'S CHOICE IN CIGARETTES

I've studied the figures. They show the decision is again for Camels—more than ever the first choice of America's Smokers!

NEAREST PUBLISHED FIGURES
by Harry M. Wootten, the leading industry analyst.

Camel Mildness, Camel Flavor win all-time record choice over other cigarettes

AGAIN, America's smokers have spoken! Again, America's confidence in Camels grows! And you deserve to know why. There's nothing like Camels' unique combination of genuine mildness and rich, full flavor — thanks to Camels' exclusive blend of costly tobaccos! You try Camels — and you'll know why more people find more pure pleasure in every pack, year after year!

MAKE Camel's Famed 30-Day Mildness Test
See what you've been missing — see how Camels agree with you!

FOR MILDNESS — FOR FLAVOR — CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!
Chicago radio, TV listings

Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy

MARY LINN BELLER
The Brighter Day

ART CARNEY
He can do anything!

WENDY DREW
Young Widder Brown
You get 4 cakes for about the same price as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY... 75 years of famous purity and mildness for your skin go hand in hand with the famous thrift of this personal size of Ivory Soap. It's America's best beauty buy.

99 3/4% pure... it floats

A pretty cake... for a prettier you! You'll love this dainty toilet soap size of pure, mild Ivory—it's so wonderful for your skin. You see, the milder the beauty soap, the prettier your complexion. And Ivory is mild enough for a baby's skin. A simple change to regular care and Personal Size Ivory works wonders... in 7 days your complexion will look clearer, brighter, younger. You'll have That Ivory Look.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap
Now... enjoy sweet treats and protect your teeth from cavities

New white Ipana with WD-9 inhibits tooth-decay acids*

Now you can eat the sweet things you like—and need for quick energy, a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Many foods, including sweets, form tooth-decay acids. But now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against these acids.

For WD-9 in Ipana’s exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of tooth-decay acids. Acid-inhibitor WD-9 is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

*To get the best results from new Ipana with acid-inhibitor WD-9, use it regularly after eating. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweet things they wanted proved that brushing this way can prevent most tooth decay.

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you can protect teeth from sweet foods by brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9.

Don’t cut down sweets ... do cut down cavities with new Ipana*

New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste in new Ipana with WD-9. And it makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even one brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.

New white IPANA with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9
To introduce you to the doctor's deodorant discovery* that safely STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

We want you to try the wonderful new Mum, the exclusive deodorant based originally on a doctor's discovery, and now containing long-lasting M-3. That's why we offer you, absolutely free, a bonus jar of new Mum when you buy the regular 39¢ jar.

New Mum stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 cling* to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours—far longer than the ordinary deodorant tested.

Non-irritating to normal skin. Won't rot fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering. Creamier, delicately fragrant, won't dry out in the jar.

Today, take advantage of new Mum's Special Offer. Get a free bonus jar while supplies last.

Radio-TV Mirror

JUNE, 1954

RADIO-TV MIRROR

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Cover portrait of Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy by Maxwell Coplan

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Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn’t the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn’t tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily . . . so quickly.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly**

Listerine does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

**Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it’s easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.
WHAT’S SPINNING

By CHUCK NORMAN

V ery soon now, the great revue, "New Faces of 1952," will be but a memory except for those who have the Victor Long Play original-gold album (LOC 1008). It's one of those things that happen in record art that such musical gems as Eartha Kitt’s "Monotonous" and "Bal Petit Bal," Virginia de Luece’s cute "He Takes Me Off" and the sounds of the old Frankie Clayton's "I’m in Love With Miss Logan" can be preserved for posterity. And could be that you’d have an important collector's item in years to come because these "New Faces" of today have a habit of becoming the stars of tomorrow.

There’s a difference, as musicians say, between "old jazz" and "jazz jazz." Jazz doesn’t have to be piercing and loud and raucous. It can be soft and sweet and, for a good example, listen to the Johnny Smith Quintet’s "Jazz Romance," LP. Such things as "Moonlight in Vermont," "A Ghost of a Chance," "Where or When," and "Tenderly" come off as unabashedly as chamber music. Johnny Smith, you know, is the guitarist who started his musical life as a hillbilly guitarist in Portland, Maine, and, on the way, played engagements with the NBC and Philadelphia symphonies.

If there’s any particular event that graduates a recording personality into the star category, it is the issuing of an album, and so Joni James—née Joan Carmello Babbo—is a star now. "Let There Be Love" is its title and it embraces a collection of beautiful standards: "The Nearness of You," "I Love Is Here to Stay," "You’re My Everything," "I’ll Be Seeing You," "You’re Mine, You" and "You’re Nearer." It’s available in both LP and 78 rpm.

Pop singles—Rusty Draper tries a warm, nostalgic ballad and does a beautiful job with "Melancholy Baby" (Mercury 70327). His only handicap, if you can call it that, is that he sounds so much like an early Frankie Laine. . . . Frankie Laine fans, incidentally, aren’t too happy with his latest efforts including a barroom ballad type of thing called "The Kid’s Last Fight." Tony Martin borrows from the classics again; this time Verdi’s "Rigoletto"—with his new "Here," Tony is trying desperately for another "I Get Ideas," and I don’t blame him. . . . Billy Eckstine and Patrice Rushen are running neck and neck for favor on Ellington’s immortal "Don’t Get Around Much Anymore." . . . Everyone-is-doing-it department. Italian tenor Mario Lanza is scoring with "A Man in Love"—the old ballad type. I mean the tune is scoring with Eddie Fisher and "Anema E Core." . . . Remember the old Bob Crosby and Bing Cath band and one of its features—"Big Noise From Winnetka," written and performed by pianist Joels Stacy and bassist Bobby Haggart? The tune is being revived in solid style by Ralph Marterie (Mercury 70528). . . . Bing Crosby and Guy Lombardo are together for the first time in twenty years on "I Got So Lonely" and "Young at Heart." . . . The Mills Brothers are at their old-fashioned sentimental best with "You Didn’t Want Me When You Had Me" and "I Had to Call You Up to Say I’m Sorry."

Artie Shaw has reformed his old Gramercy 5 unit and is touring and making records with it for the Bell label. I think you’ll like their first release—"Besame Mucho" coupled with "That Old Feeling." The Gramercy 5 (the name comes from a telephone exchange in New York) is made up of outstanding side men: Tal Farlow, guitar; Hank Jones, piano; Joe Roland, vibes; Tommy Potter, bass; Irv Kluger, drums; and, of course, Mr. Shaw, clarinet. . . . Could be, incidentally, that Bell will revolutionize the industry with their 55c retail price. I’ve heard some retailers say, however, that they’re loath to handle Bell because it sells the sale of their standard lines and so the company may be forced, in some cases, to another type of retailer—drugstores, grocery stores, etc. The company, a subsidiary of publishers Simon and Schuster, is trying hard artist-wise with such talent as Stuart Foster, Helen Forrest, Snooky Lanson, Cab Calloway and their biggest catch—the Dorsey Brothers. Tommy and Jimmy have cut four sides: "Gran Pa," "You’re My Everything," "Make Love to Me," and "My Friend the Ghost." This year seems to be a big year for another old-time, Ella Fitzgerald. She’s won both the Downbeat and Metronome "Top Female Singer of the Year" awards and she’s been headlining the Oriental and European tours of the Jazz At The Phil group. On the strength of it all, Decca has re-released two of her best: "Sunday Kind of Love" and "That’s My Desire." Harry Belafonte has been rating raves for his work in John Murray Anderson’s Broadway hit, "Almanac," and he plans to stay with the show until summer when he has to take care of some picture commitments. His recording of "Hole ‘Em Joe," one of the hit tunes from the show, is making the rounds now.

Missellany—Earth Kitt will star in a film in Paris this summer, after which she’ll start rehearsals for a Broadway play, "Mrs. Patterson," in which she plays the star role. Meanwhile, she’ll make pin money—diamond pin, that is—in theater and night-club engagements. . . . Rather a sad study in contrasts in a recent issue of Downbeat. On the cover, pictures of Eddie Fisher, Hugo Winterhalter and Bob Manning as winners of a disc-jockey poll. On the inside, a picture of Stan Getz being taken in tow by Seattle gendarmerie. . . . Sherm Feller, Boston deejay, is in all ends of the business: He plays "em, he writes "em, and he sells "em. "Latin Lady," recorded by Hugo Winterhalter, is his tune and he has his own record shop. . . . Cornell University’s radio station staged a 24-hour disc marathon recently, playing things they thought would be soothing and helpful to those studying for exams. And the time was all sold out! . . . Some retailers have criticized the cover design on Capitol’s album of Jackie Gleason’s "Tawny." They feel that the suggestiveness has hurt sales. . . . In case you’ve been wondering, "Uei Paesano," recorded by Al Martino and Art Mooney, means "Hey, Pal." The inspiration for the title "San" was a map of Africa where so many of the towns along the coast are San this or San that—like many of the towns in California. Noro Morales’ record of "Santa" is not a Christmas tune. In Latin American parlance, "Santa" is a pet name for a girl—a boy’s sweetheart. . . . Frankie Lester has left the Buddy Morrow band and is going to try his luck as a single. . . . Record companies are amazed at the attitude of the producers of the film, Johnny Guitar. They forced Mercury Records to change the name of the Pati Page record from "Johnny Guitar" to "My Restless Lover." Most film companies consider it worth a fortune in publicity to have a song hit out with the same title as a current picture. . . . When you hear a hipster talk about "nice," he’s not referring to the household pest—he’s talking about violins. . . . That’s it for now . . .

Recording stars Betty Clooney and Dave Brubeck entertain for Beulah Shacht, St. Louis newspaper reporter, and author Norman.
Casual, carefree — that's the "Ascot"— thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Beau Belle" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves exactly where you want them.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Melody" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Ginger" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls ... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.
Which of These Make-ups is

CAKE?

Yes, cake—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in "close-ups."

If you're looking for a dramatic make-up then wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" skin blemishes so completely.

With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each tiny line and imperfection is discreetly hidden, leaving only faultless smoothness and beautifully-blended color. You may be amazed at the thrilling difference in your complexion, when Nature's little "errors" are artfully covered!

Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this non-drying cake never clogs pores (clinically proved). And so feather-light, it never looks (or feels) heavy.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth . . . by night, alluring perfection—always flawless-looking, even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll still like Solitair . . . it's different from all others. (And for shoulders or legs, there's no make-up like it.)

CREAM?

Yes, cream—if you crave the "natural look" or if dry skin is a special problem!

If you fear the "made-up look"—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up desirable, then Campana's Magic Touch is ideal for you!

Magic Touch is a tinted cream quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness . . . covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away—so natural, it seems like your own skin!

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with the slight sheen typical of youthful skin. Powdered lightly, it supplies a lovely mat finish. It's rich in Lanolin, soft and pleasant on your skin, richly protective against dryness, dust and grime.

So if you would have your complexion subtly whisper of "natural beauty"—or if your dry skin needs creamy make-up, you'll find Magic Touch is wonderfully right for you!

All 3 by Campana...
the Most Flattering to You?

LIQUID?

Yes, liquid—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!

If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you'll find the answer in Campana's new liquid, Sheer Magic!

Sheer Magic is a completely new experience in make-up. As you apply this tinted liquid, you'll see its dainty color blend your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually give it the soft bloom, soft look, of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, blended into soft harmony that makes your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet... soft, pliable... actually baby-soft to the touch of a finger! Yet this make-up is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents in Sheer Magic create this look, and feel, of youthfulness. Softening as a lotion—it protects your skin.

If you can wear a sheer make-up, you'll be thrilled with Sheer Magic. Try it and see!

Sheer Magic
LIQUID MAKE-UP
6 shades—only 79¢

From the House of Campana

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which is right for you?

Cake... Cream... or Liquid... which make-up becomes you most excitingly?

No single make-up is ideal for all complexions (just as no one suit is perfect for all figures). Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don't know how lovely you can look. Rare indeed, is the woman who really knows!

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your type of skin and complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you're not sure—experiment! Wear each of these fabulous make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so inexpensive to see "for sure"—and so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

Solitair Cake—Magic Touch Cream—and Sheer Magic Liquid—all from Campana... at cosmetic counters everywhere.
AUNT JENNY Littleton is Aunt Jenny's home town, and it is there that she finds the dramatic stories she tells about her neighbors' lives. But sometimes her story is concerned not so much with Littleton itself as with the impact of the outside world on the small, quiet town. In a recent story she told of the startling and upsetting effect on several lives when a traveling tent show made Littleton one of its stops. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble's faith in herself and her husband, actor Larry Noble, has saved their marriage from many crises. But never before has she had an adversary as wily as beautiful Elise Shephard, who is using her beauty and her advantage as Larry's co-star to deepen the estrangement between the Nobles. Is Larry really so dazzled by Elise that Mary has cause to know real despair for the first time? 4 P.M., NBC.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Ever since Reverend Dennis first heard his daughter Althea mention the name of Dr. Blake Hamilton, he realized the eminent psychiatrist was more than a doctor to her. But what will result from Althea's trip to see Blake—accompanied by Patsy? The whole Dennis family may be affected by what Blake tells Althea. And some of them may be affected unexpectedly by young Dr. Randy Hamilton, Blake's debonair brother. 2:45 P.M., CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Reporter David Farrell and his wife Sally work as a team on the cases to which David is assigned by his paper, but recently they encountered a criminal of such ingenuity that despite their practiced teamwork they found themselves developing different ideas about the murderer. Sally was so sure of her solution that when David finally made his accusation—and proved it—she almost couldn't believe he was right. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

The best protection is prevention. And: The first manicure you save can pay for your gloves.

PLAYTEX® $1.39
LIVING GLOVES
FABRIC-LINED LATEX

New sure way to
LOVELIER HANDS
IN ONLY 9 DAYS

I: BEFORE.
Skin dried out from
SOAPs AND
dETERGENTS!

2. Protect with
PLAYTEX
GLAMOROUS
HOUSEWORK
GLOVES

3. AFTER.
Softer, smoother skin
IN ONLY
9 DAYS!

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; all times given are Eastern Daylight Time.

HAWKINS FALLS Lena Drewer was aware that the success of her marriage to Dr. Floyd Corey would depend on how they faced some of the peculiar problems each of them brought to it. She knew her young son Roy, though he liked Floyd, would find it difficult to accept a stepfather. One of the serious tests of the Coreys' marriage is the way they will handle Roy's disturbances, which take a surprising form. 11 A.M., NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE As supervisor of an orphanage, Julie Nixon has handled many tragic cases, but rarely has she encountered a child with a better reason for being disturbed than young Terry Wallace. Victim of a broken marriage, Terry's behavior is such a real threat to her mother's health that her new stepfather refuses to keep her. Will Julie sort out the rights and wrongs before Terry finds her own desperate answer? 3 P.M., CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL As the beloved barber of Hartville, Bill Davidson has built his life on a foundation of love, service and understanding. Now he faces the tragic betrayal of all his hopes as he finds himself unable to help those he loves most in the world, and as his efforts to do what he knows to be right are turned against him. Will it be Bill's daughter Nancy who finally shows him where the fault lies? 5 P.M., NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL There is no question that Chichi married a stubborn young man when she became Mrs. Mac Roberts. Dr. Mac has his own ideas about handling the shady doctor who suddenly creeps out of his family's past to threaten both him and his brother, detective Craig Roberts. Will he be forced to admit that Craig is right when he is finally caught in the trap set by Mason? It might be (Continued on page 18)
New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

So alluring—so enchanting... this silken shimmer for your hair!

Just one shampoo with New Drene and your hair—yes, yours—will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk!

This is a New Drene formula—so Mild you could shampoo every day!
Texas Philosopher

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some sidelights on that fine chap, John Henry Faulk, who is heard on CBS daily at 5:05 P.M.? He gives out with such a nice, homespun philosophy.

A.F.S., Bayport, N.Y.

The star of the John Henry Faulk Show was born in Austin, Texas, in August, 1913, and later received three degrees—B.A., M.A. and Ph.D.—from the University of Texas. He began his famous collection of folklore while studying under a fellowship at the Library of Congress and continued it in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and as an English professor at the University of Texas. His lectures were spiced with the colloquialisms, regional anecdotes, and frontier humor which now mark his show... During World War II, John joined the Merchant Marine, later served as an American Red Cross Field Director in the Middle East, then returned to the States to enlist in the Army. He joined CBS Radio in 1946. John is married to the former Lynn Smith, a New Yorker, and reports that their three children—Johanna, Evelyn and Frank Dobie—are developing Yankee accents real bad.

Guy Madison

Dear Editor:

I am a fan of Guy Madison and wonder if you could tell me where to write for a picture of him. Would you also print some information about his life?

E.H., Destrehan, La.

Born in Bakersfield, California, the handsome six-footer who plays the famous peace officer of the Old West on TV's Wild Bill Hickok stumbled into an acting career while on leave from the Navy. Guy was noticed by Selznick studio officials and, without an audition or screen test, had a special scene written for him for the film "Since You Went Away." Afraid of teasing by his shipmates, Guy didn't even mention his picture when he returned to the Navy. But fans all over the country wrote to the studio to ask about him, and Guy found a career waiting for him when he was discharged from the service. Later, when the studio had his contract lapse, Guy—who had been hard at work to improve his acting—teamcd up with Andy Devine for their present Wild West radio and TV series. Here again, audience response made Hollywood studios sit up and notice Guy, and he is once more making films—this time as a Western hero instead of a "cute sailor." For a picture, write him c/o Wm. F. Broidy Productions, Inc., 5545 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

John Henry Faulk

Matinee Idol

Dear Editor:

I would like to know something about James Meighan, the actor who plays Larry Noble in Backstage Wife. Where can I send fan mail to him?

L.G., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Before his first acting stint as Billy Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," James Meighan attended Staunton Military Academy, won a Bachelor of Science degree at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute of Technology, studied painting in Paris and scenic designing in New York. He settled on an acting career because of his admiration for two men: his famous screen-actor uncle, the late Thomas Meighan and John Barrymore. James has played in the theater opposite such stars as Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, and Alice Brady. Since his entry into radio in 1931, his roles have ranged from the Chi-
Tangee’s newest lipstick shade—BRIGHT ’N CLEAR is the brightest, clearest, most dazzling red on record. It is exactly the color and lipstick America’s leading beauty authorities say smart women should wear. And—exciting miracle!—here is an indelible-type lipstick that actually stays BRIGHT ’N CLEAR for hours and hours. It will not dry your lips ... will not go dull and lifeless even after blotting. So start your BRIGHT ’N CLEAR future today!

**Tangee PRESENTS**

**“BRIGHT ’N CLEAR”**

a new shade...a true shade...a just-right-for-you shade!
BRECK CREAM TREATMENT WITH LIPICIL* - A NEW WAY TO MAKE HAIR SOFT AND BEAUTIFUL

1 Breck Cream Treatment offers a new and easy way to make dry or damaged hair soft, shining and manageable.

2 In addition to lanolin, Breck Cream Treatment contains Lipicil*, an ingredient which aids in the treatment and prevention of hair dryness, dandruff and hard to manage hair.

3 Breck Cream Treatment with Lipicil* is easy to use. After your shampoo, massage onto the hair and scalp. Rinse and set. Your hair will be lustrous and as beautiful as a bride's.

*Lipicil is the Breck trade name for a stabilised lipide complex.

Breck Cream Treatment with Lipicil is available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

BRECK CREATION WITH LIPICIL*
Denise Darcel
soon to be seen co-starring in the Hecht-Lancaster production "Vera Cruz" says... "No other girdle at any price gives me the support, comfort and freedom of an invisible Playtex Girdle!"

Hollywood Stars Recommend PLAYTEX Living® Girdles

Hollywood stars can afford any girdle—and still they insist on Playtex! Why? Because no girdle does as much for your figure or fashions as invisible Playtex.

Playtex slims, trims and smooths away inches—without a seam, stitch or bone! It's all latex—absolutely invisible under the sleekest sheathes, skirts, slacks.

Washes in seconds—pats dry with a towel! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

Melville Ruick

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PLAYTEX

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Clare

Niesen, who stars as Mary Noble in Back-


Portia's On TV

Dear Editor:

Please tell me whatever became of Portia Faces Life. I haven't heard the program for some time now and I wonder if it is still on radio. W.G., McGehee, Ark.

Early in April, the long-time radio favorite Portia Faces Life began as a daytime television drama and can be seen Monday through Friday at 1:15 P.M., EST over CBS-TV. Frances Reid plays Portia, and Bartlett Robinson plays the same role he did on radio as her husband Walter.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

Melville Ruick

(Continued from page 10)
In one of Hollywood’s most lavish ceremonies, Jack Benny gave his daughter Joan in marriage to Seth Baker. Here, the father of the bride beams as Frank Sinatra, one of the host of celebrity-guests, congratulates the newlyweds.

what’s new from Coast

One of the most popular daytime radio serials of a few years ago, Portia Faces Life, is back—this time on television as a regular Monday through Friday drama series on CBS-TV. Frances Reid stars as Portia and Bartlett Robinson portrays her husband, Walter. Robinson played the role in the radio version, opposite Lucille Wall. Mona Kent, who wrote the original series on radio, is also scripting the tele-version. . . . Another new show on CBS-TV’s schedule is a situation comedy called That’s My Boy, starring Eddie Mayehoff and seen Saturday nights. It’s the story of an ex-college athlete whose son shows no desire to emulate his father’s athletic feats.
Reader’s Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL™
HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER’S DIGEST ARTICLE

“What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?” December, 1953

1. Reader’s Digest says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.
   (It’s Colgate’s miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)

2. Reader’s Digest says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds, acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.
   Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for
   (minutes, this protection won’t rinse off—won’t wear off—)
   all day or all night!

3. Reader’s Digest says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.
   (Thus, regular morning and night use guards against decay causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)

4. Reader’s Digest says—In full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—4 out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate’s with Gardol developed no new cavities at all!
   Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed
   (New Colgate’s with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)

5. Reader’s Digest says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
CONTAINS GARDOL
(SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

Mayehoff plays “Jarring Jack” Jackson; Gil Stratton, Jr. is his teen-aged son; and veteran movie actress Rochelle Hudson plays the mother role.

Happy news for golf fans: NBC is planning a thorough coverage of the National Open Golf Tournament which will be played at the Baltusrol Club in New Jersey on June 17, 18 and 19. Two of the network’s topnotch sports commentators, Lindsey Nelson and Joe Hasel, will cover the proceedings, on both radio and television. This classic, which has never been telecast before, consists of two 18-hole rounds and a gruelling 36-hole final. The reporting of it will be distinguished (Continued on page 16)
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what’s new from Coast to Coast

By JILL WARREN

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For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES
by the utilization of NBC’s Cadillac Mobile Unit to afford viewers unprecedented coverage of the action. Telecasting of golf tournaments in the past has been somewhat limited by fixed camera positions. But the mobile unit, known as the “Traveling Eye,” contains two camera turrets and nearly a ton of equipment, including its own electric generator. So the viewer will be able to follow every dramatic, exciting play of this famous sporting event.

After twenty years on the air, Mary Margaret McBride is giving up radio. She has resigned from the American Broadcasting Company as of May 15, with some 15,000 broadcasts behind her. Miss McBride says she plans to take a four-month vacation, her first extended rest in two decades, and then prepare a television show which she hopes to have scheduled on one of the networks about September. It will be virtually the same format as her very popular radio program.

Maestro Arturo Toscanini is also said to be retiring, at least in this country. After his Sunday, April 4, broadcast with the NBC Symphony, which originated in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Toscanini made plans to return to his native Italy, telling friends it would be his last trip home. However, should he change his mind, NBC is ready to sign him to another year’s contract. The maestro was eighty-seven years old on his most recent birthday this past March.

It looks like Dr. Christian will become a television reality this fall. There was such a furor when this popular radio show went off the air after sixteen years of broadcasting! A pilot film for a proposed video series has been made, starring, of course, Jean Hersholt as Dr. Christian, with Rosemary DeCamp playing her familiar role of Judy Price. The little town of Stonybrook, Long Island, about 100 miles from New York, was chosen as the spot for the exterior scenes of the film because the producers felt it was most like River’s End. The interior scenes have been made in Hollywood. Earl Hamner, one of the grand prize winners in the Dr. Christian script-writing contest, did the script for the first film.

The next March Of Medicine show will be televised Thursday, May 27, over NBC-TV. This highly interesting and educational show is produced in Chicago, with the cooperation of the American Medical Association. Martin Kane, Private Eye will not be seen for that one night.

This 'n' That:

Pat Buttram, the popular TV cowboy actor, and his wife, movie actress Sheila Ryan, are lullabying a baby girl, born in Hollywood.

June Graham, Betty Furness’ “ice-box understudy” will soon be a bride. She will marry her “I do’s” to actor Frankie Thomas, star of the Tom Corbett, Space Cadet show.

Three Steps To Heaven, the daytime TV serial, seen Monday through Friday on NBC-TV, has two new leads. Diana Douglas has taken over the role of Poco Thurmond, replacing Phyllis Hill, and Mark Roberts is the new Bill Morgan.

Bill Cullen’s radio and television jobs truly keep him hopping, and that’s no gag. Each week after his Eastern shows, I’ve Got A Secret and Walk A Mile, he hops a plane for Hollywood to be on tap for his emcee job on Place The Face, which originates on the Coast. By the time this broadcasting season is ended, Bill will have logged 250,000 air miles! And then he hopes to have a little time to fly his own plane. He is a licensed pilot, with 5000 hours’ flying time to his credit.

Jo Stafford’s television show zoomed to such a high rating that CBS-TV is now trying to find time on the network schedule so she can be seen and heard twice a week instead of once.

Liberace is just about the most popular man in show business today, if the way he breaks records on his personal appearance tours is any indication. He is scheduled to appear as a solo attraction at Madison Square Garden in New York on May 26. Executives at the world-famous arena expect Liberace’s appearance to be a complete sell-out.

Ronny Graham, the talented star of the movie and stage review, “New Faces,” is just about set for his own comedy show on TV this fall.

Roxanne, the beautiful blonde on Beat The Clock, has become a bride. She married Tom Roddy, a non-professional, who was her boy friend when she was in high school back in her hometown of Minneapolis.

Betty Furness has found herself a new Park Avenue apartment in Manhattan and she has chosen Hollywood’s Don Loper to decorate it. With his talent for design and decor, it should be the end! Betty, by the way, is still dating Dave Garaway.

Ellen Kane, whose new television film series, Janet Dean, Registered Nurse, has been very well received all over the country. Ella is particularly pleased that the American Nurses Association and the National League for Nursing have both given their official endorsement to the program. Incidentally, Ella says she looked so “fat” in the first few programs is because she was expecting her second baby when she started work on the series. That explains her “sudden” loss of weight in the ensuing films. Ella has no plans for returning to Hollywood or the
movies and has settled permanently in New York with her husband, jet ace Colonel Robin Olds, and their two little girls.

Patti Page has been signed by Columbia Pictures to appear in a special single-reel film which will be shown as a prologue to the Jennifer Jones-Montgomery Clift movie, "Indiscretion of an American Wife." The purpose is to set a thematic mood for the picture, and Patti will sing two songs: "Autumn in Rome," and "Indiscretion."

Jaye P. Morgan, the blonde songstress on Robert Q. Lewis' shows, is getting married any minute to her long-time romance, actor Michael Balino. On the June wedding schedule is the marriage of Rosemary Rice, who plays Katrin on Mama, to Lucian B. Taylor, a non-professional.

Mulling the Mall:

Miss A. J., Dallas, Texas: You are right. Ruth Gilbert, the comedienne who plays Milton Berle's secretary, Max, is married, and has been since last September. However, she kept it a secret until after Milton and Ruth Cosgrove were wed. When asked why, she replied, "Because I didn't want to step on Milton's lines." . . . Mr. M. Y., Pontiac, Michigan: Audrey Totter, who was the original Millie on the Meet Millie radio show, has not retired permanently from show business. But she is on the temporarily inactive list because she and her husband, Dr. Leo Fred, are expecting their first baby in June. She is living in Hollywood . . . Mrs. L. B., Chicago, Illinois: Irene Dunne is a devoutly religious person in her personal life, and at the moment she is working on a religious series to be done on television, possibly in the fall . . . To all of you who wrote asking for the exact names of the Chordettes, the popular vocal quartette now heard and seen with Robert Q. Lewis: The original group was: Virginia Osborn, Dorothy Schwartz, Carol Hagedorn, and Janet Ertel. Virginia Osborn is married to Thomas Lockard, a member of the Mariners Quartet, and is no longer singing professionally. Dorothy Schwartz is also retired. The present group consists of: Carol Bushman (formerly Hagedorn), Janet Ertel, Lynn Evans and Margie Latzko. Hope this straightens things out for everyone . . . Mrs. C. O'C., Ithaca, New York: Walter Woolf King, who has his own show over WABD, the key station in New York of the Du Mont TV Network, is the same man you remember from early Shubert musicals on Broadway years ago. He also appeared in the movies during the Thirties, and on radio, then gave it up to become a successful actor's agent in Hollywood. But now he is back in show business again on the performing side of the camera . . . Mrs. A. P., Clifton, New Jersey: The brooch worn by Luene Tuttle in the Life With Father TV show is actually not a prop. It is the original one that Father Day (Clarence, Sr.) gave Mother Day (Vinnie) in 1880. And CBS assures me it is "real diamonds."

(Continued on page 20)
too late—if Chichi weren’t such a fighter. 3 P.M., NBC.

**LORENZO JONES** Lorenzo is helpless as Phoebe Larkins and her mother enmesh him in a web of lies with seemingly incontrovertible proof of his marriage to Phoebe. But Belle, now so close to regaining her husband, refuses to admit the possibility that Phoebe can ruin their chance to reestablish the marriage that once brought them such happiness. Will Belle’s strength and faith be enough to defeat the Larkins’ plans? 5:30 P.M., NBC.

**LOVE OF LIFE** One of Meg Harper’s favorite remarks to her sister is: “You live your life, Van, and I’ll live mine.” But Vanessa knows all too well that the reckless, short-sighted life Meg is living as a close associate of the town’s gambling king is going to keep the rest of the family in trouble no matter how they try to avoid it. What happens when Meg’s young son Beany accidentally learns something too dangerous to know? 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

**MA PERKINS** It’s out in the open now that the younger folks—Pey and Tom and Willy—don’t really like or trust Laura, the girl Billy Pierce has picked out to marry. Is Ma being misled, for once, by her deep faith in people? Will she learn, as trustee of the huge estate Billy’s father named her to administrate, that Laura doesn’t intend to be controlled or guided by anybody? 1:15 P.M., CBS.

**ONE MAN’S FAMILY** The Barbour family, with its many children, finds itself rocked with teen-age problems complicated by the youngsters’ loyalties to one another, which make it difficult for Father and Mother Barbour to understand just what is going on. The children can always rely on Mother for sympathy, but Father is sometimes too ready to tell them how different things were when he was a boy. Has Father Barbour set up too high a standard? 10:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** Lord Henry’s aunt, Mrs. Sarah Thornton, sets a terrible trap for Sunday, and reveals herself as an enemy who must be fought with her own weapons. How is Lord Henry affected by Sarah’s introduction of the man from Sunday’s past? To what dangerous expedients will Sunday have to resort in order to save her marriage from this jealous, frustrated woman who blames Sunday for what happened to her son Ivor? 12:45 P.M., CBS.

**PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY** Pepper and Linda can’t help wondering why Dr. Grayson is so anxious to rent their farmhouse, since—under his expert guidance—he is drilling for the oil well so heavily financed by Dad Young has started on the edge of the property. Why should Grayson be interested in the house? Are they suspicious only because they both instinctively disliked Grayson on sight? 3:30 P.M., NBC.

**PERRY MASON** Kate Beekman is certainly not a delinquent girl, but her fierce ambition leads her into a situation where she becomes Perry Mason’s key to the truth about some desperate youngsters who have been misled into delinquency. What happens to Kate as Perry stalks more closely on the heels of the master criminal who conceals himself behind a troupe of underlings? 12:15 P.M., CBS.

**PORTIA FACES LIFE** Portia, the wife of Walter Manning, mother of two children, has no reason to face the future doubtfully. But she has always a problem in marriage for a highly trained, talented woman who gives up her career for housewifely activities. Can Portia work out a successful combination of marriage and career? Even if she does, will Walter have some secret reactions that he himself isn’t aware of? 1:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

**THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS** Ever since Miles Nelson entered public life to become governor of his state, Carolyn has faced the prospect of losing him to wily, determined Annette Thorpe. Will her marriage be saved only if Miles does not win the governorship? Or has Annette done her work so well that Carolyn will never be able to rebuild the close relationship they once shared? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

**ROAD OF LIFE** Between his domineering Aunt Reggie and the psychologically disturbed Sybil Overton, young Dr. Johnny Brent faces a future torn to ribbons in every possible way. Can his foster-father, Dr. Jim Brent, convince Johnny of the truth? Or will Jim’s wife Jocelyn find a woman’s way to cut Sybil’s dangerous claws and silence Aunt Reggie? 1 P.M., CBS; 3:15 P.M., NBC.

**THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** Brett Chapman is the first man Helen Trent has been attracted to since her hopeless love for Gil Whitney caused her to arm herself against romance. But just as Helen realizes her new interest in Brett, Gil learns that he may at last be able to free himself from his fiercely possessive wife. What will happen as Helen is caught between Brett’s confession of love and Gil’s plea that she remember the past? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

**ROSEMARY** Rosemary Roberts is increasingly fearful that, if her husband Bill continues to take a casual attitude toward the involvement of his young protégé Lonny with the scheming Monica, the whole Boys Club plan about which Bill is so eager will suffer. But Rosemary has other causes for concern as her mother’s health comes under a dreadful shadow. What are the results of Mrs. Cotter’s serious operation? 11:45 A.M., CBS.

**SEARCH FOR TOMORROW** With wealthy Mrs. Shotwell and Irene Barron as his dupes, Higbee’s plot to ruin Arthur Tate and get Joanne Barron’s land gains...
momentum. Though Arthur’s lawyer, Nathan Walsh, is certain the woman posing as Arthur’s long-missing wife Hazel is actually an imposter, he doesn’t yet know the full resources of his adversaries. Will “Hazel” succeed in wrecking Joe Carter’s plans for sale Arthur’s future? 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

SECOND MRS. BURTON After months of needless confusion, Marcia and Lou Archer find a startlingly obvious solution to their romantic problem—compromise! Once more they make dazzling plans for the future as Marcia’s brother Stan makes plans of another kind—plans for fighting the competition to his newspaper as clever Bill Busoni takes over the opposition. Is Terry wise to conceal her opinion of Stan’s new managing editor? 2 P.M., CBS.

THE SECRET STORM The sudden death of his wife Ellen rips many concealing veils from the family life of Peter Ames, revealing the weakness already known to his sister-in-law Pauline—and a possible source of strength which she doesn’t yet understand. Will Pauline make Peter’s oldest daughter Susan her ally in her effort to take over Peter’s life? Will hot-tempered Jerry and little Amy react to their loss? 4:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stella, trying desperately to patch up her daughter Laurel’s marriage to Dick Grosvenor, is fighting Dick’s wily mother, who has always hated her, and old Ada Dexter, who has offered her own son, Stanley Warrick, five million dollars the day Laurel becomes his wife. Will Mrs. Grosvenor convince Dick that there is a guilty friendship between Laurel and Stanley? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Fred Molina is unaware that his sudden tremendous value to the syndicate is behind the tragic confusion between him and Nora. He does not know that when he turns to Wyn Robinson, after Nora rejects him, he is playing right into the hands of Lee King, who intends to sacrifice Fred, Grace Sargent, and Nora herself to ingratiate himself with syndicate head Dan Welch. What happens when Nora becomes the pawn in Lee’s game? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN How far can a girl go to win back a man who may no longer want her? Bill Morgan’s damaged memory has disrupted his romance with model Poc Thurnmond, and she has been warned not to shock him with the revelation that they are man and wife. But Poco is willing to fight Jenny Alden, Bill’s own uncertainty, and the complex schemes of Vince Bannister if her happiness is involved. Is she mistaken about where her happiness really lies? 11:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY When Frank Emerson died, his youthful widow learned some surprising things about her three children—among them, how unexpectedly helpful Mickey could be, especially in contrast to nineteen-year-old Diane’s instability. Helen

(Continued on page 91)
What's New from Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 17)

"Uncle Miltie" Berle takes time out from his rigorous television schedule to enjoy dinner at The Harwyn Club with his lovely bride, Ruth.

Danny Kaye enjoys a lively visit with ABC's Martin Block on the deejay's daily disc show.

What Ever Happened To...?

Skinnay Ennis, the "breathless" crooner who was so popular a few years ago with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra, and who later formed his own band and was heard on radio with Bob Hope? Though Skinnay hasn't done much broadcasting lately, he is still very much around in Los Angeles. At the moment, he is appearing with his orchestra at the new Statler Hotel there.

Bob and Ray, the zany twosome who had their own television show on the networks a while back? Bob and Ray do not have a cross-country program now, but are seen locally over WABC-TV in New York and Chicago, Monday through Friday evenings. However, there is a deal cooking for them to perform their nonsense this fall on a variety network show.

Arthur Tracy, the "Street Singer," who was one of the big singing names in radio many years ago? Tracy has completely retired from show business, except for an occasional benefit performance in Washington, D.C., where he now lives. He is a successful real estate operator there. RCA Victor's "Show Biz" album, which was recently released, includes Tracy's famous rendition of his old theme song, "Marta," and he has also made a few disc jockey appearances in Washington.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mibroh, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we do not have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.
Your hair is romance

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter...the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain...the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

There's Cold Cream Now in Camay

"Your skin will love it!"

says Mrs. James Fritzell, a radiant Camay Bride. "Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I tried it the minute I heard about it, and I think it's the most marvelous complexion care ever!"

New luxury at no extra cost! Camay is the only leading beauty soap that contains precious cold cream. And women everywhere tell us it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care.

Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll love Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, rich silken-soft lather, and caressing fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

Now more than ever... The Soap of Beautiful Women
Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy—the names go together with an inevitable rhythm, a swinging refrain, like “Mr. and Mrs. is the name.” Just seeing them, too, it is somehow so right that Peter and Mary should have a home together, a show together . . . their lovely home in New Rochelle, not far from New York City . . . the Peter Lind Hayes Show, on CBS Radio each Saturday. Everything’s just as it should be—but so nearly wasn’t.

For most young people, starting out on the road of matrimony, being together is the most natural thing in the world. For young people in show business, it isn’t always so easy. And, for Peter and Mary, just being together—and staying together—has been a triumph over many problems, both professional and “in

the most Wonderful Word

To Peter Lind Hayes and
Mary Healy, it’s “together”—
and they’ve both worked hard
to keep it that way

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

See Next Page
Golf is one thing Peter can be serious about.

Punchy Callahan, the Hayes boxer, got his name from Peter's famous prizefighter characterization.

Golf is one thing Peter can be serious about.
personal modesty—Peter has a great comedian's natural self-respect—but a suspicion that, in terms of type-casting, Arthur appeared to have flipped at last.

As everyone knows now, Peter did sign a five-year contract to substitute when Mr. G. was off the show, with the stipulation that this would never interfere with Peter's and Mary's highly lucrative stints at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. That was the most understandable thing about the whole arrangement, at first glance.

After all, Peter and Mary were night-club entertainers. Obviously, they had devoted their professional lives and designed their special type of presentation toward amusing the ultra-sophisticated audiences of night clubs like the Sands (many of whose customers may have just won a diamond bracelet or lost a shirt at the tables).

Well, Godfrey apparently has a sharper eye than those of us who watch TV and just accept what we see. Arthur knew Peter was right for his show. He spent many afternoons and evenings, sometimes in town, sometimes out at the New (Continued on page 84)

The Peter Lind Hayes Show, CBS Radio, Sat., 1:30 P.M. Peter substitutes for Godfrey when Godfrey doesn't appear on Arthur Godfrey Time (CBS Radio, M-F—CBS-TV, M-Th—10 A.M.) and Arthur Godfrey And His Friends (CBS-TV, Wed., 6 P.M.). EDT.

Even at home, they play at their work—together.
Friendship means a lot to Lucille—and Lucille means a lot to her friends. Popular air star Alice Frost (below, left) can tell many a tale of Lucille's iron nerves and soft heart.

Lucille is very close to little Jane, talented daughter of radio-TV actress Joan Alexander (center). Perhaps she recalls another youngster who practiced and hoped and dreamed.

By GREGORY MERWIN

Lucille Wall, who stars as Belle on Lorenzo Jones, over NBC Radio, is recognized by many as "the first lady of radio." That means, of course, that Lucille is a fine actress...poised, intelligent and attractive. But "Luce" (as her friends call her) is also the kind of gal who, as a youngster, began by double-daring lightning...and continued thereafter to defy danger and fate every time it got in her way—even when her life was nearly ruined by an accident.

"Luce is that rare being, a woman who makes hash of a challenge," says one of her close friends. "She's as fearless as a daredevil."

No one would guess it, just looking at Lucille Wall—for (Continued on page 82)

Lucille Wall is Belle in Lorenzo Jones, NBC Radio, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, for the Colgate-Palmolive Co.

In her own right, Lucille Wall
possesses all the courage and charm Lorenzo Jones could desire
PERFECT PARTNERSHIP

By BUD GOODE

What is a happy marriage? Is it an exciting game of love—or a job to be worked at? Is it a series of problems which follow one another like beads on a string—or is it a growing thing, like a tree which sends down deeper, firmer roots, a tree which bears brighter flowers and gives more happy hours every year? Or is a happy marriage all of these—an exciting game of love, a job to be worked at, and a growing thing which bears greater happiness every year?

On July 9, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bolger will have had twenty-five years of married life. They have hit on different definitions of a happy marriage at least once a month during those twenty-five years. One thing they do agree on: Their marriage has not been average, though it has been happy.

“Our marriage,” says Gwen Bolger, “has never been written about as ‘the happiest marriage in Hollywood.’ We laughingly consider that to be the kiss-of-death. So often, you read about the ‘happiest couple’—then, the next day, you hear they’ve split up.”

In some respects, the Bolgers’ (Continued on page 104)

The Ray Bolger Show (“Where’s Raymond?”). ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Pall Mall Cigarettes and Super Kem-Tone.

Youngsters always gather around Ray, who may be the youngest of all—just ask Gwen Bolger (opposite page)!
Ray Bolger and his wife know the secret of
making 25 years of marriage seem like one long, happy day
Charlie's thanks go to Milton Berle—who wasn't clowning when he gave the youngster his big chance—and to the fans who proved success wasn't just a dream.

BIG - TIME CHARLIE

Three happiest people in town these days: Charlie, his wife Joanie, and their little Angela—who doesn't know the whole score, but loves to hear Daddy sing.

Young Mr. Applewhite believed the only place to start was at the top—so he started with Berle!

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

It was on a blazing August day that a sandy-haired boy from Texas paced up and down the steaming Broadway streets to come to a decision which was to change his entire life. Charlie Applewhite had scoured the center of the popular music world in search of someone who would give his baritone voice a hearing. He'd been turned down at every door, his way blocked by secretaries, assistants-to-great-men, second vice-presidents. Now with a determination (Continued on page 88)

Charlie often sings on The Buick-Berle Show, NBC-TV, on Tuesdays (3 weeks out of 4), at 8 P.M. EDT, for the Buick Division of General Motors Corp.
A child's appealing cry is one of the many clues to
Whispering Streets

The smartest-looking girls in the world—according to well-traveled opinions—walk briskly along our streets, then disappear into one of many skyscrapers where they so efficiently pursue their active careers. . . . Sitting in one of these offices, Kirk Russell looked at his cool, competent, well-tailored secretary and wondered whether a girl like Maggie Drake would sacrifice her independence and career for the role of wife and mother. . . . Then he thought of the Judsons, whose anniversary it was and for whom he had agreed to baby-sit that night. No, he couldn't imagine Maggie as a contented housewife, happy in cooking and cleaning and mending, finding excitement and simple enjoyment in just a husband and child. . . . That night in his bachelor apartment, Kirk was still thinking of Maggie—still wishing she would relax into a soft, feminine being—when he heard the baby's cry from the other room. Hurriedly, he heated the bottle of formula the Judsons had left for such an emergency and offered it to the squealing infant. The baby gurgled contentedly and was soon fast asleep again. . . . Kirk returned to the whodunit he'd been reading, only to be interrupted once more—this time by a phone call from the hospital. The Judsons had been in an accident and, though not seriously hurt, they were being held for observation. What do I do now? thought Kirk miserably. No more milk for the baby . . . and I don't even know how to change a diaper! To add to his dilemma, another whoop came from the bedroom. Sorry, young lady, no more milk. Kirk stared at the red-faced child and felt completely helpless. This, he thought, certainly was a fine example of masculine ignorance and clumsiness! Then, suddenly, he had an inspiration. "Hold everything, baby, I'll call for reserves." Maggie, he thought, capable, efficient Maggie—she'll know what to do. But, as he hung up the phone, Kirk wondered if, after all, this model career woman would even know how to hold a baby properly, let alone care for one. . . . When Maggie arrived, her cheeks flushed, her hair wind-blown, she was toting a batch of formula from the druggist. She picked up the baby and, as it quieted down in her soothing arms, she caught Kirk's surprised glance and said defensively, "Any woman knows how to hold a baby—by instinct." Still, Kirk couldn't help being amazed at how natural—how becoming—a picture she and the baby made together. . . . While Maggie attended to the baby, Kirk returned to the living room. But his curiosity soon got the better of him and impulsively, he tiptoed to the bedroom door to overhear Maggie as she dreamed aloud: "You precious, beautiful butter ball. I wish I had nineteen like you! After all, who wouldn't swap her independence and her career for a baby? And that big, wonderful dope out there—he asks if I know how to hold you . . . asks so many silly questions. But does he ask if I love him? Well . . . why should he?" . . . The next day, while giving Maggie some dictation, Kirk paused to say, very casually, "It really is a mistake, you know, to want as many as nineteen babies." Maggie blushed. "And, Maggie, don't you think it's also a mistake to call me Mr. Russell, after all these years? I know all about your theories on the perfect, impersonal secretary, and I won't accept them. Naturally I'd wonder if a girl like you knows how to hold a baby. And naturally I'd be afraid to ask if you love me. And—Maggie, you look so very charming when you blush—do you love me?" . . . When Kirk and Maggie left the office that day, the streets whispered happily of wedding bells . . . and of a future filled with the contented, gurgling sounds of babies.

Hope Winslow narrates Whispering Streets, ABC Radio, M-F 10:25 A.M. EDT, for General Mills, Inc. Popular performers Donald Buka and Jean Gillespie are pictured at left as Kirk and Maggie—with Jean's own little girl, Debbie, as the baby.
HE CAN DO ANYTHING!

By IRA H. KNASTER

Some Saturday night, while watching Art Carney in action on the Jackie Gleason Show, you might get a notion to fiddle around with the gizmo on your TV set. You know what the gizmo is, of course. If you don't, any leprechaun will tell you... it's that "other" knob—the time-machine control.

Now, if you give that knob just the right twist, the merest flick of a turn, Art Carney might, perchance, fade from the Present and re-appear in the Past... as the broth of a boy he was, 'way back in 1931.

That magical flashback might reveal Art as a long-limbed twelve-year- (Continued on page 92)

Art Carney is seen on The Jackie Gleason Show, over CBS-TV, Saturday, 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, and Sheaffer Snorkel Pens.

Art Carney's a man of character—
Pointing from his penthouse, Jackie should be telling Art: "The world is ours." Because it is—on Saturday nights!

of many characters—all of them on the Jackie Gleason Show

Queen of the clan: That's Mother Carney. The youthful daddy-long-legs is Master Art.

Friend and counselor: Art's beloved "Uncle Phil" Richardson.

Minstrel boy: With brother Jack at left, Dad at right.
HE CAN DO ANYTHING!

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That magical flashback might reveal Art as a long-limbed twelve-year-old. (Continued on page 92)

Art Carney's a man of character—of many characters—all of them on the Jackie Gleason Show.
Will the clouds hanging over Althea also darken teen-age Babby’s life?

For the moment, Babby Dennis forgot about her teen-age friends meeting down at the drugstore, forgot about geometry lessons and high school dances—and even about the still-keen excitement of her first orchid from young Beany Shuster. Her glamorous older sister filled her thoughts. Babby had always been dazzled by Althea’s lovely, grown-up clothes, her steady stream of admirers, her flair for the creative. Althea was the young girl’s definition of romance and excitement, and even her stormy side stimulated Babby’s lively imagination.

When Althea had first come home—edgy and unhappy—Babby had joined the other members of the Dennis household in their concern. And her teen-age worship had held strong even under the brunt of Althea’s hysterical rages, her swift changes of mood, her unreasonable demands. At first, Babby’s young imagination had teemed with images of a mysterious man who might account for the changes in Althea. What Babby hadn’t known was that, during Althea’s convalescence in Wyoming, she had met the famous Dr. Blake Hamilton of Chicago and had been warned by him that only immediate treatment would save her from a serious mental breakdown. This somber diagnosis had been repeated on Althea’s recent visit to Chicago, but again Althea had rejected it in violent terror.

Back from Chicago, Althea had again won Babby’s admiration when she opened the new school, the first one in New Hope for pre-kindergarten children. But now, Babby admitted despairingly, even the school seemed headed for disaster. And Babby was troubled about Blake Hamilton’s younger brother Randy, who had followed Althea to New Hope and was now competing with the town’s beloved old Doc Fletcher. As events move swiftly, will Althea manage to find her way to a brighter day? And what effect will these events have on young Babby, whose impulsive, generous nature leaves her so vulnerable to hurts by the adults around her?
THE BRIGHTER DAY

Will the clouds hanging over Althea also darken teen-age Babby’s life?

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You can “beat the clock” or “break the bank” every day of your life—if you just follow

Bud Collyer’s Golden Rules

By FRANCES KISH

To the uninitiated, there might seem to be two Bud Collyers. There’s the one who is the smiling-voiced, quick-thinking emcee of the audience-participation shows, Beat The Clock (on CBS-TV) and Break The Bank (on NBC Radio). And there’s that other Bud, who gets up at the crack of dawn on his one day off, to be ready for his job as Sunday school superintendent of the First Presbyterian Church in Greenwich, Connecticut...the town in (Continued on page 66)

Break The Bank is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M., as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Aika-Seltzer. Beat The Clock is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products, Inc. (All times given are EDT)

Family harmony is a living thing at the Collyers’ home. Bud sings joyously to daughter Patricia’s accompaniment, with son Mike (left), wife Marion (center—and on opposite page), and daughter Cynthia.

Bud helps around the house...with Mike’s Boy Scout activities...with Pat’s and Cynthia’s more feminine concerns.
Betty's a success at everything—almost. She loves to garden, when her dad isn't looking. (He says that she just doesn't have a "green thumb.")

Betty White is a delight to have around—because she's a girl with a happy heart

By DOROTHY O'LEARY

It's easy to understand why men like Betty White in the title role of Life With Elizabeth. She's a true beauty with her big, expressive blue eyes, her dazzling dimples, her perfect figure. She is also a sparkling comedienne. And, besides, she has a charm (there's no other word for it) such as every boy sees in his sister and every man sees in his wife. She has become—to males, at least—the TV American Sweetheart, with a sense of humor. But Betty White is (Continued on page 98)

Betty White stars in Life With Elizabeth, which is seen on more than 80 stations in the U.S. and Canada (consult local papers for time and station). The daytime Betty White Show is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 12:30 P.M. EDT.

Today, Betty has expert help with her wardrobe. (But there was a time she couldn't even pick up her clothes from the cleaner.)

Mother says Betty's a good cook—when she has time. (Right now, the gal's so busy she can hardly eat!)
two tickets for HAPPINESS

Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows know it takes planning to make that trip to the altar a one-way fare

By GLADYS HALL

As you read these words—this very minute, that is—Jayne Meadows and Steve Allen may be saying, "I do." Or they may already be Mr. and Mrs. Or the wedding may not take place for days, weeks—even months—after this minute. "I could sit here and practically swear," Jayne said the other day, "that Steve and I will be married. But, as of this moment, we have set no date. The reason we haven't is that there are so many things to work out. Steve works six nights a week—five nights on his own show, (Continued on page 68)

Whether relaxing by their own hearth or romping on the lovely Connecticut farmlands outside, the Olsens are always smiling—and thinking of ways to make other folks smile.

For Blessings Received

Johnny's Penny looks like a million dollars!

Johnny and Penny Olsen share their own joy in life, through laughter . . . and song . . . and a prayer

By HELEN BOLSTAD

How do radio and television programs originate? Just ask Johnny and Penny Olsen. They know the answer! In a joint career which has led from tiny radio stations to giant networks, they have worked on all kinds of broadcasts and created programs of many types.

Penny uses a housewife's terms to describe it: "Building a show is like making a salad. You take a little bit of this, a little of that and season to taste with a dash of personality."

Good craftsmen both, (Continued on page 96)

The Johnny Olsen Show, Mutual, M-F, 10:35 A.M. Johnny emcees Second Chance, NBC Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. He is seen with Bert Parks on Break The Bank, ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M., for the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation. (All EDT)
Whether relaxing by their own hearth or romping on the lovely Connecticut
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As Young Widder Brown, she’s pretty, poised—and practically perfect

BY MARTIN COHEN

If it’s a clear night, look into the sky where the electro-magnetic radio waves travel and you’ll discover a new, ash-blonde star by the name of Wendy Drew, who recently took over the title role of Young Widder Brown. Wendy is only the second person to play the part in seventeen years, and Wendy isn’t much older than the show itself. She’s twenty-four. For a young actress to win one of radio’s top roles is quite an achievement.

"How do I feel about it?" she says. "Good. Good, and startled—for it happened so unexpectedly."

Wendy, herself, is rather startling and contradictory. She’s in a business where no one can afford to hide under a bushel basket . . . but she’s shy. She’s a petite, 95-pound blonde who could pass for seventeen . . . but, when she was thirteen, she passed for nineteen. The (Continued on page 101)

Young Widder Brown, on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Haley’s M-O and Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia.

Opposite page: "Are there any more at home like you?" There’s Wendy (center), sister Allegra (at left), and their charming mother (right)—and they all fit into their cozy home like peas in a pod!
Lynn has two wonderful families—her own and the one that has taken her.

Mrs. Loring watches happily as Joanne Barron (Mary Stuart) teaches "their" little girl how to sew.

Lucky Lynn Loring
to its heart in Search For Tomorrow

By MARY TEMPLE

Close to Central Park, in New York City, lives a brown-haired, hazel-eyed ten-year-old named Lynn Loring. She's a little girl who loves her parents, her seventeen-year-old brother Neil, her grandparents and all her assorted relatives, and her French poodle Rochambeau (nicknamed Rush) ... a girl who enjoys school (especially arithmetic and English) ... who likes to skate and ski and swim and play golf and tennis, and to race down the block on her bike with the other neighborhood kids (dressed in “dungs” and a boy's shirt). In short, a thoroughly normal, natural ten-year-old, except for one thing.

Well, maybe two.

First, she has twice the usual quota of mothers. Second, she is already a veteran radio and television actress.

Lynn's two mothers are Barbara Loring, her real mother, and Mary Stuart, who is her mother on the daily dramatic TV show, Search For Tomorrow. Mary plays the part of Joanne Barron. Lynn plays her small daughter, Patti. The day Lynn got the role, back in August, 1951, she and Mary met for the first time.

The producer simply turned to (Continued on page 86)

Mary Stuart loves caring for Lynn, on TV and off, takes her to school, helps with homework.
Dream Child
Mutual interests brought Anne and Bob together.

Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling plan a real, very unghostly surprise for "Topper"!

By BETTY MILLS

On CBS-TV, AnneJeffreys and Robert Sterling co-star as two of the liveliest ghosts in all show business, Marion and George Kerby of The New Adventures Of Topper. In real life, they co-star as husband and wife, too, and are every bit as enchanting and inventive as their "shadow selves." In fact, Anne and Bob have invented an enchanting situation beyond the powers of the spirited Kerbys themselves. They're expecting their first baby, and reveling in all the wonderful plans of that most desirable dream-come-true.

"We've planned everything," says Anne, "from name to nursery. If it's a boy, we'll call him Jeffrey—Jeff, for short. If it's a girl, we'll call her Amanda. If it's twins? Well, that's some— (Continued on page 90)

The New Adventures Of Topper is seen over CBS-TV, each Friday, at 8:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Camel Cigarettes.
One woman alone can save a marriage—and a man’s life
As she thought of her husband, Harry Davis, and their great happiness together, Joan Davis found it hard to imagine that other couples might still have so much trouble finding that magic key to mutual understanding. . . . Yet, remembering some of the tragic times which she and Harry had weathered in the past, she found it easier to sympathize with her sister Sylvia. She frowned, almost unwilling to face the memory of all that Sylvia had suffered in recent months—the unjust accusation that Sylvia had wilfully shot at Clair O’Brien, with murderous intent . . . the long, weary weeks which Sylvia had spent in jail awaiting trial—until Clair had finally withdrawn her spiteful charges . . . and before that, the loss of the baby Sylvia had wanted so desperately. Yes, it was no wonder that Sylvia had emerged out of the darkness, into

See Next Page

1. Unaware that his sister-in-law, Sylvia, is listening, Harry Davis begs her mother, Mrs. Field, to confer with her estranged husband about the family’s problems.

2. Sylvia—who has already left her own husband, Chick Norris—now prepares to leave her mother, too. She insists she must “lead her own life.”
WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

(Continued)

3. Joan Davis wants to spare her father—who has just left a sanitarium in California—but Mr. Field insists on hearing the truth about Sylvia's troubles. He believes he can help.

4. Mr. Field arrives just as Sylvia

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Joan Davis..................Mary Jane Higby
Harry Davis..................John Raby
Sylvia Norris................Toni Darnay
Dr. D'Avon..................Guy Sorel
Mrs. Field..................Ethel Wilson
Mr. Field..................John Griggs

When A Girl Marries, written by Elaine Carrington, is heard on ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, for Carnation Milk Co.
is about to leave home, while her mother watches helplessly.

years, Mr. Field had been away in far-off California, holding on to life in a sanitarium there by a feeble heartbeat. Yet the heart had proved strong enough—and tender enough—to bring him East, in the hope of helping to straighten out his family's tangled affairs. His had been a cold welcome, Joan thought sadly, for her mother had refused even to see him—and Sylvia had been furious over what she considered further "interference" in her freedom to live her own life. . . . However, his return had served one purpose, so far: It had delayed Sylvia's further flight from the family—but at what a cost! For now he lay

5. Joan and Harry are shocked, as they get a frantic phone call from Sylvia, begging them to come at once—for Mr. Field has collapsed!

See Next Page
3. Joan Davis wants to spare her father—who has just left a sanitarium in California—but Mr. Field insists on hearing the truth about Sylvia’s troubles. He believes he can help.

4. Mr. Field arrives just as Sylvia is about to leave home, while her mother watches helplessly.

5. Joan and Harry are shocked, as they get a frantic phone call from Sylvia, begging them to come at once—for Mr. Field has collapsed!
Sylvia and Joan watch anxiously at their father’s bedside, as they await the doctor. For the moment, even Sylvia seems to be jolted out of her own tragic confusion by this sudden crisis.
After examining the stricken man, Dr. D'Avon tells Joan there is little hope—unless Sylvia tells her father that she'll make up with her husband.

fighting for his life, the gallant heart about to give up the battle he had waged so valiantly to save his daughter's marriage . . . as his own had not been saved. They must be alike in that respect, Joan mused—she and her father—wanting so much for others to be happy. She knew she would willingly give her own life for her husband Harry, for all her loved ones . . . for her father, at this very moment, if she could only help! Surely, Sylvia would finally see the light and make the simple effort which Dr. D'Avon thought could bring Mr. Field back from the brink of death. Sylvia owed it to herself, as well as to her father, to make one earnest, determined attempt to be reconciled with Chick Norris . . . For that, said Dr. D'Avon, was the one bright bit of news which might restore Mr. Field's will to live, might encourage his faltering heart to keep on trying. How could Sylvia hesitate, when so much was at stake? How could they persuade her to face up to reality and give married life the full chance it deserved? . . . Somehow, thought Joan, I believe that Dr. D'Avon holds the answer. Somehow, he'll make Sylvia realize that she must seek and grasp the great opportunities which come to every girl when she marries. Then Sylvia will know, as Harry and I do, what makes "home" the happiest word in all human experience.

Sylvia flatly refuses. Dr. D'Avon doesn't despair, however—he has secret reasons for believing he can get her to change her mind!
Many performers are just like the interesting characters they portray, but that isn't true of Roger Sullivan—otherwise known as Barry Thurmond (on Three Steps To Heaven, over NBC-TV) and Leonard Klabber (on Hilltop House, over CBS Radio). Roger practically specializes in playing irresponsible young hoodlums and heels, definitely not the type to be introduced to anyone's kid sister. That he succeeds so well is simply a tribute to Roger's acting ability, for Roger is really the best kind of "boy next door," with a charming smile, a clean-cut personality and a typical American background.

Roger hails from Syracuse, New York, where his father still works as an estate consultant for a number of insurance companies, while his mother can now relax as a housewife after bringing up three little Sullivans. There were (Continued on page 103)

Roger is Barry Thurmond on Three Steps To Heaven, NBC-TV, M-F, 10-45 A.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Duz and Ivory Soap. He is Leonard Klabber on Hilltop House, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, for Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer.
Roger Sullivan is a young man of more talents than have yet been heard or seen on the airwaves
NBC-TV puts its best foot forward in presenting creative, constructive entertainment to inform, instruct and entertain... this is the constant aim of good and lasting television. But, in attaining this goal, many obstacles, tangible and abstract, must be surmounted. To please all of the people all of the time is well-nigh impossible, but to bring enjoyment to some of the people most of the time is a dream well worth realizing, an effort deserving the highest praise. In presenting American housewives with their new show, Home—which is a unique combination of features of special interest to women—NBC-TV has realized a vision long-planned and rehearsed, and is daily finding its reward in the mounting praise emanating from viewers far and wide. The primary objective of Home is “aiding the American woman to make the most of her career as a homemaker,” and its extensive, outstanding staff harbors a wealth of thought, talent and experience. “We have no illusions,” says editor-in-chief Arlene Francis, “that the American woman has unlimited funds or time, but we expect to illustrate the things in the world of women with clarity, honesty, and a genuine desire to help make better homes.” With that purpose fulfilled, Home is destined to find a permanent place in the hearts of millions of grateful women.

Editors gather on the huge $200,000 Home set which features a large turntable, “growery,” cookery, and workbench.
ARLENE FRANCIS, whose wonderful charm and graciousness have brightened a host of radio and TV shows, is a natural for the role of Home's editor-in-chief. Having recently redecorated her own four-story house in Manhattan, and with a love for cooking and gardening, plus an extensive background in the fashion field, Arlene takes special delight in sharing these interests with viewers in their own homes. When she and her husband, actor-producer-director Martin Gabel, first bought their house, Arlene decided to tackle the decoration herself. "I had loads of fun and I learned all sorts of things," she comments. "All about plumbing, flooring, cabinet-making, bricklaying—just everything." Some of the more unusual features of her home include a swimming pool in the back yard for her seven-year-old son, Peter, and a map of the world which covers a solid wall of Peter's room. In addition to her decorating talents, Arlene is an excellent cook, specializing in casseroles and unusual salads. Arlene and Martin—whom she met while they both were portraying roles in a daytime serial—like to spend their free time with Peter, taking him ice-skating and to children's theaters. Arlene also has a great interest in the United Cerebral Palsy Association, of which she is a board member. Many viewers have wondered about the diamond heart Arlene always wears. It is her one good-luck piece, which her husband gave her on their first wedding anniversary. Arlene never takes it off. "And," she points out, "I've had nothing but good luck ever since!"

WILL PEIGELBECK, who is daily turning more and more viewers into garden lovers, brings to Home a varied and thorough knowledge of matters horticultural and agricultural. After earning his degree at Rutgers University College of Agriculture, he taught at Cornell University and schools throughout New Jersey, headed the department of agriculture at Station WNJR in Newark, and had several TV home-and-garden shows in Philadelphia, Newark and New York. Today, Will is an honorary member of several florists' groups and still finds time in his busy schedule to do all the woodworking and most of the gardening around his one-and-a-half acre grounds in Metuchen, New Jersey. In fact, that's where he grows the flowers, vegetables and plants he uses on Home. "The appearance of my place often causes passers-by to slow down and take a second look," says Will. "Not because it's a showplace, but because I have such a variety of things growing there." With the aid of his wife Erma and their two children, Gary, 10, and Karla, 7, Will devotes up to sixty hours a week in preparation for his TV appearances. Erma joins him in his enthusiasm for gardening. She has her own flower garden and grows whatever she pleases, without hubby's interference. Says Will: "It provides me with an excellent opportunity to see exactly what Mrs. Housewife will do. The funny part about it is that Erma very often does things contrary to all rules, and her flowers just keep growing like mad!"

Home is seen over the NBC Television Network, Monday through Friday, from 11 A.M. to 12 noon EDT

See Next Page
POPPY CANNON is a food editor who practices exactly what she preaches. The key to gourmet cookery, says Home's head of the kitchen, is that humble object, the can opener. Author of a book on that subject, The Can Opener Cook Book, Miss Cannon feels that what comes in cans and packages is the result of expert ingredient-selection and highly trained research. Therefore, in using processed foods, the busy housewife should feel like "a master chef who came in after a corps of kitchen helpers has done the drudgery of cooking." The wife of Walter White, and mother of three—Cynthia, 18, Alf, 13, and Claudia, 9—Poppy uses her Manhattan-apartment kitchen to test all her recipes. And, naturally, her family serves as chief samplers of her culinary creations. Although she tells viewers that "a can opener isn't a badge of shame—it's a magic wand," Poppy adds a little imagination to what comes out of the cans... and therein lies the secret of her culinary skill, which she now shares with millions.

EVE HUNTER brings to Home a refreshing, direct approach to fashion and beauty, backed up by wide experience in both fields. Born in Raleigh, North Carolina, she and her family moved to Trenton, New Jersey, when Eve was seven. Originally, Eve planned to be an actress, playing in "Stage Door" and in a road company of "Native Son." During World War II, she went into radio and worked her way up to senior producer and director of a New York station. When her family moved to San Francisco, Eve paid them a visit and, with the help of Art Linkletter, soon found herself a member of the NBC staff in that city. From 1944 to 1950, Eve's credits included panel and children's shows, general service programs and fashion shows. In 1946, she was voted the outstanding TV personality in the San Francisco area. Returning to New York in 1951, Eve began her own show on WNBTV and later made many guest appearances. Eve now lives on Park Avenue and, when not indulging in her hobby of drawing caricatures of her friends, she enjoys reading, crossword puzzles and horseback riding.

SYDNEY SMITH believes that a woman's home surroundings are a major factor in her ultimate happiness. "We can't all go out and buy what we'd like to," says the Home decoration editor, "but we can devote more thought to what we do buy." Sydney has proved this in her own four-room apartment, where every piece of furniture she has can be used in a larger house she someday hopes to own. The daughter of Loring Smith and Natalie Sawyer, a famous theatrical team, Sydney spent two years studying at the Adler Institute of Psychology. She had planned to be an actress, but when television beckoned, she devoted her time to women's service programs. Sydney says that, because television has made the home the center of family life again, "there has been an upsurge of new decorating concepts and ideas... Women think now in terms of durability and comfort. In a word," Sydney adds, "the modern home is and should be designed to be lived in rather than looked at."
DR. ROSE FRANZBLAU, author, teacher, psychologist, wife and mother, has devoted her life to helping others help themselves. “Problems are the essence of life,” says Dr. Franzblau, “and their solutions are the guideposts by which we attain growth and maturity.” In her appearances on Home, she attempts to help solve those problems, and no one could be better equipped for the task. Orphaned at fourteen, she became mother and father to her four sisters and at the same time put herself through school. When she was eighteen, she married Dr. Abraham Franzblau, who is now Dean of Hebrew Union College Schools. Rose Franzblau’s numerous pursuits have included working with the National Youth Administration, the U. S. Surgeon General’s office, and the United Nations. She has also written a daily column for a New York newspaper. Her children, 18-year-old Michael, a pre-med student, and 14-year-old Jane, are perfect examples of her sincere and expert teachings.

DORSEY CONNERS, an attractive and active Chicagoan, is well equipped to be Midwest editor of Home. Her great-great grandfather came to Chicago, via covered wagon, in the early 1800’s, and the family has had its roots firmly planted in Midwestern soil ever since. Dorsey has other qualifications for the job, too: She was the first woman hired by WNBQ in Chicago to do a woman’s service show, and she now has a nightly how-to-do-it show, plus a five-nights-a-week travel show. Dorsey has always been interested in “gimmicks and gadgets,” and doing things the “easy way,” and her method and material generally consist of utilizing things ordinarily found around the house. A graduate of the University of Illinois, Dorsey describes herself as a “frustrated ballet dancer,” having studied the art for twelve years. Nowadays, she performs ballet twists and leaps only as her main form of exercise. Dorsey also loves to swim, especially in Lake Michigan, which is only a block from the apartment she shares with her handsome actor-husband, Jim Bannon, and her fifteen-year-old daughter Stephanie.

ESTELLE PARSONS, in serving as Home’s special projects editor, has suddenly found herself skyrocketed from the position of general office aide to top TV personality. Just two years ago, Estelle approached the producer of NBC-TV’s Today for a job. Although she had had no previous experience, her charm and forthrightness won her a position on Today’s staff as Girl Friday, in charge of doing “everything”—running errands, answering phones, performing odd jobs. From this humble beginning she graduated to the post of Today’s commentator on features requiring a feminine approach. On Home, Estelle’s duties are as numerous as ever, covering such matters as budgeting, shopping, and public-service features. At present, her main concern is fitting in all this work with her role as a new bride. Estelle married magazine writer Richard Gehman last December and busily pursues her own “projects” in their New York apartment during the week and in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on weekends.
Marian was the garden enthusiast, till Jim took it up so seriously—orchid-growing and all. (But she's still supreme in the kitchen!) (Continued on page 94)

Jim and Marian Jordan are starred as *Fibber McGee And Molly*, heard on NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, at 10 P.M. EDT.
Wherever they go, as the McGees or the Jordans,

Jim and Marian are just "home folks" at heart
Bud Collyer’s Golden Rules

(Continued from page 38)

which he lives in a big, comfortable house and whose name is Bud Collyer. There are Bud Collyer children sixteen-year-old Fat (more formally called Patricia), fourteen-year-old Cynthia, and Mike (short for Michael)—ages twelve.

The Bud Collyer who makes church and Sunday school a must in his life is the same one who will dash from the studio after working on a radio show, catch a cab, and be at the ticket window in a meeting at some New York City church, or will hurry to the get-together of some young people’s group which has asked him to lead an informal discussion about the things in their lives that worry them. He knows that what he would scoff at the idea that his show-business interests are very different from this other side of life. To Bud, people are people, and interest is interest and it’s just as interesting wherever you find them—whether in some branch of church work or on radio and television. “Both kinds of work, and all kinds of people, have taught me many wonderful things,” he says, “and heaven forbid I should ever stop learning from any of them.

Each of us learns a little more every day. I’m not sure that we learn anything, but we do. We learn about the real values that add up in the long run. Sometimes we are lucky enough to meet many people and do things that are not so important in little, as I do in my work, and then we are amazed at how much these contacts can teach us.”

Among these, Bud cites such things as the value of using a religion—or any deeply-felt and sustaining philosophy—every day. “My experience has taught me that religion isn’t something to be put up in a little Pillsbury dough loaf and pulled out on days or special occasions. I find that those who have something to lean on, inwardly, never need to resort to any outward sham. They don’t hide behind some front they have erected to obscure their true selves. They are secure—not because they go around being pleased with themselves and priding themselves on being different from other people—but only because they have some inner peace to sustain them. It makes all the difference. Our shows, we can spot the insecure, unhappy person very quickly.”

Those who have a sustaining faith which they carry into every activity of their lives are not lepers who go their own way freely of themselves; and of their interest in their work Bud will tell you. “Sometimes kids come on the programs with their parents, and I have learned plenty from them, as well as from my own children, and the Sunday school students. Did you ever notice how freely all children give of themselves, if they are not forced, and if you don’t demand an answer? I think children are ready? On the show, a child may be quite difficult at first in strange surroundings, so I let him alone for a few moments, and suddenly—he probably will blossom out and be just wonderful. As I tell you, I have noticed that, when you don’t force a child’s friendship—pretty soon you are apt to find a little hand reaching for yours and a little voice will tell you about the things that are important to him.

“Grownups respond in their way, too. But, often, they have been hurt many times and are slower. So in the period of years, I have come to the conclusion that to be receptive is much more satisfying than to be demanding. You open the door, and let children come in his own way through it to you in his own time.”

To illustrate, Bud tells how, when he was a very little boy, won the heart of a man who thought all children were terribly afraid of him. Mike had come to visit him, and Bud was working on the program was one of those unusually tall, gaunt, saturnine-looking individuals and, when Bud suggested he stop playing, he did. Bud was a little boy, the man said he guessed he wouldn’t. “Kids are scared of me,” he told Bud. “They back away, so I don’t bother them.” He then said that he had to pass Mike on his way to answer it. The little fellow took one look at the giant thin man, craning his neck upward, then bursting into a big grin—said, “Hi.”

“That big guy just melted down to Mike’s height and grinned back,” Bud recalls.

They had a wonderful conversation and Bud said, “Mike, do you think you could ever sit on my lap? Or run through my hair?” Bud visited Mike. He had us visit Mike. We visited Mike himself. We visited the best in the one who has it and in others. People who are gentle win the confidence of those who might be too shy to share their dreams and hopes with anyone else. It helps to forge bonds of friendship and love and service which might not grow any other way.”

Finding this bond with people has become a real part of Bud’s life. When—Marian Collyer, who is Marian Shockey, radio and television actress, when she isn’t too busy being wife and mother to the brood—is a petite reddish-blonde, with blue eyes and a soft, gentle manner, who can be a tower of strength to the family when required. “Marian gives tremendously of herself,” her husband says. “To me, and to the kids. She gives it all, too. We live in a real home, a home where we all belong, where we all can feel secure and understood. The family comes first, with Marian and me, and our work—no, I talk about himself, without demanding too much too quickly?”

The majority of those who come on Bud’s show, even if they can have, and not merely for the mere satisfactions of the prize failures. “I have noticed that most people who are willing to stand up before an audience are there for the sheer joy of participating, with rare exceptions. But, if they ‘press’ too hard—for the loot or for fear of failure—they defeat the whole thing. The ones who concentrate when it’s necessary to try it and then let it go, without feeling they have a much better chance to win. Even if they don’t win, they can still have the time of their lives. After all, no adult expects to learn from his failures. From his failures, after a lot of practice, full of favors. That belonged to him as much as the time as we are able, then everyone and everything around us will begin to seem a little better every day.”

In Bud Collyer, Sunday school superintendent, talking. This is Bud Collyer, emcee of highly successful entertainment programs, a showman of many years experience, in the hard hat of his business and of life. But, to him, it’s all one thing: Liking people, learning from them, being happy to talk over the lessons of the day, and at the same time believing always that people are wonderful—whether you meet them in a studio or at church.
not me...yes you!

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Two Tickets for Happiness

(Continued from page 42)
Sunday nights on the panel show, What's My Line? On Wednesday nights, I'm at work playing I've Got A Secret, the quiz game so blithely emceed by Garry Moore on CBS-TV. And I'm starting soon to own a kinescope of my own show—a comedy show to be called The Sergeant And The Lady. All of which is fine, except for one thing—how to manage enough time togethertogether! This is only one of the problems Steve and I are trying to work out.

"Until we do work it out, and the date is set, I'd hoped that I'd have a secret! I've kept a lot of secrets . . . I'm very good at keeping secrets," said the lovely lady who is also very good at quizzing them out of others. The fact that this one leaked out was no doing of mine. Columnist Jack O'Brian ran into Steve one night and asked him, 'When are you and Jayne getting married?' To which Steve made some Steve-like reply such as 'Soon'—or 'I don't know'—or maybe just 'Yes.' And there we were in the public prints!

It all began about a year and a half ago, on an evening that wasn't like any other evening. Not to Jayne, it wasn't. For, on this evening—destined to be double-starred—she made her first appearance on I've Got A Secret. Before she went on, her agent had said, "If they like you . . . ." After the show, she was told that "they" had liked her very much. Since this is now almost two years ago and Jayne—along with Bill Cullen, Henry Morgan and Polly Bergen—is still up there guessing, it is obvious they liked her very much indeed!

Little did our Miss Meadows suspect, however, that there was more in store for her than her TV triumph . . . that, on this evening "not like any other evening," she would also meet a dark stranger who would have been described by early-day novelists as "her fate." Nor did Jayne's "fate" (alias Steve Allen) have the remotest suspicion of what was in store for him.

Yet there it was—and how it was . . . After the show, Jayne—all excited and looking as radiant as elation can make a titian-haired, brown-eyed beauty look—stopped by her sister Audrey's dressing room in the Broadway theater where Audrey was then playing in "Top Banana."

"I couldn't wait," Jayne laughed, "to tell my sister and confidante, best friend and apartment-mate, the good news!" In saying this, she asked Bob Carroll, singer on the Fred Allen show, waiting for the final curtain. He and Audrey were going on for a bite of supper and a drink. "Fred and I have been going steady for years. But, since I didn't have a date and didn't want to be a third party, I said, 'No, thanks, I'll just run along.' Oh, come on," they said, "we're just going over to the Park Sheraton, meeting some of the gang there—and, anyway, what of it?" Keyed up as I was and, therefore, not unwilling to be persuaded, I went along. As the three of us were sitting there, some people from The Steve Allen Show (including its star) came in, waved hello, and this big, tall, handsome darling thing sat down next to me. Audrey introduced us. Steve said, "How do you do, and that was it." Jayne laughed. "All of it! After the hello's, silence. Not a word out of him. Not one. Is my make-up on crooked? I thought. Is this dress looking wrong? Is he allergic to red hair, maybe?"

"Since I was a Steve Allen fan, one of his biggest, I wanted to talk to him. Wanted him to want to talk to me. I felt sort of hurt. . . ."

"No one had ever told me, you see, that shyness is the synonym for Steve Allen. "When I was talking with others at the table, I'd catch him looking at me. But, as soon as I turned to him, his head swiveled away again, and the silence continued, unbroken.

"Finally, unbreakable, I say, 'Steve, you're the shyest man I have ever met, or you just don't love me. Which is it?'"

"He laughed and turned crimson. But the direct attack (the only way I know to counteract shyness) worked. He began to talk. Asked me about my life in China—where my parents were missionaries, I was born, and where I lived until I was seven. Told me about his childhood days on the road with his parents, who were vaudevillians. We talked about Audrey, mutual friend on TV, painting, music, 'cabbages and kings.'"

"The evening—and our first meeting—ended in a rousing argument about the spelling of the word, 'onomatopoeia.' After a remark of Steve's, I had said, 'Very poetic that, say, very onomatopoetic.' This led to a discussion about the jaw-breaker, with Steve betting me a dollar that it began with 'o,' and, not finishing the bet.

"Eventually, when the party broke up and Steve and Bob Carroll saw Audrey and me home, Steve asked if he might come up for a moment. Pleased, I said, 'Of course.' Steve broke into a smile, and said, 'Yes, there'd be coffee in the pot, Cokes on the ice. I needn't have worried. Steve stayed five minutes. He spent the five minutes seated, in bed, right against me."

"It was obvious to me that my was the dollar. Gladly, I gave him the dollar. I'm not always that nice as far as a man to be right about things."

"(Very wise of Jayne, of course. But would any man, save only Steve Allen, end a date with colorful and curvaceous Miss Meadows poring over a dictionary?)"

Drunken Garry: "I've never met anyone from Steve. Neither heard from, nor saw him, for two weeks—and then it was by accident. Not that she brooded. It wasn't love—just the right for Jayne—or, presumably, for Steve."

"To me, though," Jayne says, "he is extremely handsome. Bring on Robert Taylor or those idols of the boy-saxers. Robert Wagner and Tony Curtis—and I'll still say Steve Allen is the handsomest man I've ever seen in my life! Don't know why hundreds of other girls didn't get him. He's gentle, too. And he's very soft, too gentle of voice and manner and of heart. But, although I thought him so handsome—and was attracted to him as he sat there, now and then, I didn't love him. I didn't love him. . . ."

Which was just as well for me, since I might never have laid eyes on him again but for a rainy Sunday, two weeks after our first meeting, which Audrey and I had decided to try to get together just the two of us, putting around at home.

"We had our quiet day at home, pretending not to hear the telephone when it rang. Then, around six, we started up, dressed, washed, for dinner in a neighborhood restaurant, after which we planned to take in a movie, just the two of us."

"We'd done gone a block, walking along a street corner, careful and careless, wearing little summer dresses and no make-up, when suddenly—from a slowly passing car—a big, tall man jumped at us and said, 'Stick 'em up! . . . said, 'What are you two lovely young girls walking in the rain for? . . . and it was Steve. 'Be our guests,' Steve said, pointing to Bob Carroll, who was waiting in the car, 'Have dinner with us at Hickory House."

"Simply furious, because we had wanted to be alone, we went to dinner at Hickory House."

"It all happened so suddenly that not until the middle of dinner did I think, 'Oh, oh, I have no make-up on! I am totally unattractive!'"

"If I was, it obviously didn't matter much to Steve. After dinner, he and Bob came back to our apartment and we played records, played piano and sang, made tape recordings—and had another argument! This time over a modern symphony, 'The Planets.' As we were listening, someone said, 'Wonder which planet this move-
ment represents?" I made the mistake of
saying 'Mars,' and Steve politely but
promptly contradicted me. Again we made
a bet (fifty cents this time—I'd lived and
learned) Again he looked it up. Again,
his was right and I was wrong. Again I
paid off.
"But it paid off, for me, too," Jayne
laughed, "for it was during the discussion
of the planets that Steve asked me whether
I had ever been to the Planetarium. And,
when I said no, he made a date to take
me there. Our first real date, this was.
He took me, so he said in a recent issue
of RADIOTElevision Mirror, 'to the moon.'
"And so, I do believe," Jayne said,
thoughtfully, "he did. And perhaps," she
laughed, "we were still there, both of us.
I was fascinated, anyway, by this strange
man who would think of doing anything
so interesting. And he was amused at me
for signing up for a trip to the moon at
such time as transportation moonward be-
comes available! Well, after that evening,
there were other evenings. Many of them.
Dinner together, Dinner and theater, Dinn-
er and dancing.
"Before Steve left for California that
summer, to be gone a whole month—Cal-
ifornia is where his three young sons live
with his ex-wife—I think we both knew
we would fall in love, knew it was in-
evitable, even though we had never sat
down and talked about it... never, not a
word. Perhaps because Steve wasn't sure
that my husband and I, although sepa-
rated, would ever divorce. Between Steve
and his ex-wife, as between my now ex-
husband and me, there is admiration
and respect. And so, although Steve and I
were very much attracted to each other
by this time, we never talked about love.
Not in words, anyway.
"During that month in California, Steve
called me twice. Wrote me several times.
Not love letters, though. Fascinating let-
ters telling me all about the boys and the
things he and they were doing together.
One letter, a description of Palm Springs,
was so eloquent and beautiful that I, who
have often been there, could see and hear
and smell the desert.
"Then, late one afternoon at the month's
end, I walked into our apartment and
thought, Has someone died? For it was
a garden, a brilliant garden of flowers!
And there, in the big chair, with that little
smile which is like no other smile, was
Longlegs!

He'd called, it developed, an hour or
so before I came in. Audrey promptly in-
vited him up. She'd then gone to the
phone and ordered the beautiful flowers.
That some of them arrived after Steve
did—and with cards 'For Jayne' enclosed—
was just a little female-of-the-species
touch on the part of Audrey, who has
played Cupid in the affair of Allen throughout.
"Then, little by little, we got very close.
I stopped seeing other people. Steve
stopped seeing other people. Neither of
us, Jayne chuckled, "has seen other
people" since. When, in due course of time,
Steve proposed, I'd like to be able to say
that he was kneeling on the floor, hand on
heart. But, since I was in his car, the
kneeling posture would have been slightly
impossible! He'd picked me up after my
show. He looked, I remember thinking,
uncommonly self-conscious. All the time
we were waiting for the car, he just stood.
and stared at me. I know, I thought, I just
know that he—is—going—to—propose!

"The car came. We got in. And sure
enough: 'Some things,' Steve sort of mumbled,
'I want to say to you.' Long pause.
He made another beginning. Another long
pause. When, at long last, he got it out,
it was the sweetest thing in the whole
world—but at the cost," Jayne laughed,

She stuck in her thumb,

And pulled out PINK PLUM

And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be
more tempting to the lips than the sun-
ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums?
And what more effective accent to the
whole new range of Paris blues, off-
pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too,
to know that Cashmere Bouquet's
Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for
hours—without re-touching!)

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THIS YEAR the government will spend 5 billion less dollars than it did last year, because it doesn't need so many guns, tanks, planes and other implements of war. This was your money paid to the government in taxes. Now the government's letting you spend those 5 billions for yourself.

The important thing to remember about this is: The production lines that turned out those products of war now have to turn out peace-time goods. If you don't buy the automobiles, the clothing, the freezers, the washers, vacuum cleaners, toasters, mixers that American factories are now manufacturing, the men or production lines will be laid off. And then they won't be able to buy the things you are making.

If you continue to spend your money wisely for the things you need, our working men will continue to have money to buy what they need. On the other hand, if you're one who is waiting for bargain days, remember that jobs depend on your buying whatever is made now. A bargain is no bargain if you wait until there's no money with which to buy it.

This is what all of it means in terms of people: Joe Brown works on an assembly line making washing machines. Even though Joe is making more than ever before, Mrs. Brown decides she'd better put off buying that new refrigerator they've been needing so long. On the other hand, Bill Smith works on an assembly line making refrigerators. When Mrs. Brown decides not to buy a refrigerator, she makes Bill Smith's job unnecessary, and he gets laid off. Bill comes home without his job and tells his wife: "Better hold off buying that washing machine you wanted till I find some other work." Bang! Joe Brown finds himself out of a job, too!

So if you want to protect your own job, buy now—buy wisely, buy what the other fellow makes, and he will have the money to buy what you make.

To have your cake, you must eat it. And, if you eat your cake, there won't be any breadlines, there'll be saleslines.

THE EDITORS

with a catch in her throat, "of so much pain! Why, when a really nice, good guy proposes, does he look as if he's going to be punished by his mother or something?"

"No, I didn't say very much. But I didn't laugh. Not that night. Not for a long time."

"There isn't any other man," I assured Steve. "I'm just not sure as yet about—well, you know.""

"Now I'm sure about it. Because, as time goes on, I'm discovering a complete compatibility with Steve. The most important thing to me in a man is not his background; it's his ability to get along with people I understand. The people I understand are the people of the theater. I found this out a long time ago, when—after living all over the world, as the child of missionaries, meeting all sorts of people (except actors)—we spent a summer in Massachusetts' Berkshire Mountains while I was in my early teens. A little stock company, the name of which I've forgotten, was playing there. But Celeste Holm was in it—this I do remember—and Montgomery Clift. Always an artistic child, I'd never thought of being an actress. But when, for the fun of it, my parents permitted me to play a few tiny walk-on parts in the company there, I at last found people who didn't laugh at me for being 'odd'—or think I had two heads—both in the clouds. Then it was I knew that, whether as actress or wardrobe mistress, scene-shifter or understudy, I had to be with these people."

"I can be happy anywhere as long as I am with them. I could be a bit player in a stock company in Cincinnati ... but not married to the richest man there—or to a president of this company."

"I believe, but one Steve Allen! For he is one of 'these people.' He's got the theater in his blood by heredity. He, too, is to be with these people. He almost always is with them. Any night, after his show, you'll find him at Lindy's with Milton Berle, Earl Wilson, Jack O'Brien, Johnny Mercer. Most of the past and present National Basketball Leagues. Last week, for instance, a party at Arlene Francis's house. Last Sunday night, at Harold Arlen's."

"We're just kind of hand-in-glove, Steve and I. We seem to complement each other. Like most creative comedians, Steve is really very serious, a worrier, a thinker. I, while very bright and gay in a room with people, am a worrier by nature; the important things Love, for instance. Marriage. I'm a career girl, love my career. Yet, in a good marriage, the great trick—and well I know it—is to keep the husband's success. I will be," Jayne laughed, "Already, there are signs ... I'm thrilled when people come up and ask for Steve's autograph and don't even realize me."

"I'm so happy, too, because when his children (the two older boys) came to visit him last summer, we all fell in love with each other. I find his little boy astonishingly like me (Steve's ex-wife and I are somewhat similar in type), and Brian's devotion to me is unbelievable. Stevie, a gentle, brilliant little boy, is so like me that he said he would scarcely tell them apart except for height."

"We're sympathetic, too, in the things we do—or don't like to do. For instance, neither Steve nor I drink. Have dinner together at the time we never think of having of cocktail. Half the time, we forget to offer people one!

"We both paint. Steve goes in more for Wedgwood than I do. He makes Steve extra-special is that, in all the arts—poetry and music, as well as painting and acting—he is really creative. I share my love of (if not his talent for) poetry and he takes what he calls an 'off-stage' interest in my flair for interior decoration. So, in all the things that interest us the most, we are completely compatible, as if made for each other. Concerning which, who knows?"

"He was a bit taken aback," Jayne laughed, "when I first suggested making a bar of a large closet in the living room. With the few possible exceptions asked, for a bar? You have to go slowly with a man ... I do! 'You know,' I sort of murmur, 'about that closet ... mirrored in back, mirror shelves, beautiful glassware—'"

"My idea is to paint the walls a New Orleans pink, carpet the floor a bright red (certain shades of pink and red go beautifully together), then cover the walls solid, from ceiling to floor with paintings. Our portraits—which is the height of egotism or something—interspersed with the real McCloys!"

"The condition to being compatible and 'alikes' in many ways, Steve and I both realize that we give each other confidence. I'd never emceed a show until Steve told me I could. Since then, the emceed a few real, including one for Arlene Francis when she was on the road with her play, 'Late Love.' Steve had never done a Broadway play until I told him he could. Steve and I emceed together, on a TV special for NBC-TV's Your Show Of Shows. As I was about to walk on with Sid Caesar, Steve leaned over, gave me a little peck of a kiss, and said, 'You're going to be wonderful.' He's the girl on the street school," laughed Carl Reiner, 'with an apple!'"

"Until we did the CBS-TV Danger show, 'Flamingo,' which Steve wrote—script, music and all—I'd never sung before. In public, that is. Only through Steve telling me, 'Just sing,' was I able to 'just sing.'"

"In the film department, too, he says all the lovely things. At a party the other day, crowded with beautiful girls, he'll say, "You're the most beautiful girl in the room.' He very much admires Deborah Kerr."

"When we were together, he gave me this wide gold bracelet with the Chinese motif, and matching things."

"The average man forgets to say and do these things. Steve never forgets. With Jayne," Steve said, looking every bit as beautiful as Steve tells her she is, "you glow. Steve is riding a great success wave." Jayne spoke with pride. Yet I feel that he is just as lovely. And when it comes to mutual needs—will it be greater, I wonder, than mutual love? Or is it the same thing? Whichever it is, we have it, I believe, Steve and I. And so tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow ... or the day after tomorrow ... or the day after tomorrow ... or the day after tomorrow ... or the day after tomorrow ... or the day after tomorrow ... or the day after tomorrow ... or the day after tomorrow ... will be, if fortune favors us, our wedding day"

"Whenever the actual day, we will in all probability have a simple little wedding. But before the wedding, I want to have a big party with everyone who loves us with us. Where to put every-one who loves Steve Allen, however—unless in Madison Square Garden," laughs Jayne, "that one Steve Allen loves, 'that is the question!'"
your local Favorites

GINNY WOOD
She's a busy Jill-of-all-jobs who can always find time to help others (page 75).

AL LEWIS
He delights Cincinnati mothers and youngsters daily with two hours of fun (page 73).

RUDOLPH RINGWALL
Sunday afternoons are a pleasure as he spins and chats about classics (page 72).

RAY RAYNER
Everyone from sixteen to sixty joins him as he gaily weaves a delightful pattern of song, dance and merriment (page 74).

FOR PROGRAM LISTINGS SEE PAGES 76-78
OF THE MANY music lovers who enjoy Station WGAR’s fine Sunday afternoon program, Rudolph Ringwall Presents, none derives more pleasure from it than the show’s namesake, Dr. Rudolph Ringwall himself. For six years, this expert on musical matters has been spinning the classics and providing easy-going and friendly comments that make listeners feel they are a part of the entertainment. For Dr. Ringwall’s great love and enthusiasm for classical music fill the airwaves and spark others to feel as he does.

It is quite obvious that, when it comes to music, Dr. Ringwall knows exactly whereof he speaks, for music has been the business of his family for three generations. Grandfather Ringwall played with the Royal Opera in Stockholm, and Father Ringwall led the orchestra in Rudolph’s birthplace, Bangor, Maine. Dr. Ringwall began his career as violinist in the Boston Symphony after four years of study at the New England Conservatory of Music. Next, he played with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, and finally with the Cleveland Orchestra.

In the twenty-eight years that he has been in Cleveland, Dr. Ringwall has become an important figure in the city’s musical life and today holds a coveted position as the orchestra’s associate conductor, under George Szell.

Rudy, as he is known to the WGAR staff, also mingled his music with romance. He met his wife Lucy in the orchestra pit of Bangor’s Old Opera House, where Lucy’s father played under the baton of Rudy’s dad. Mr. and Mrs. Ringwall now have two married offspring: Rudolph Jr. and Rosamond Humel, plus three grandchildren— including a set of identical twins.

When queried about his hobbies, Rudy claims his chief interest centers around his grandchildren. He particularly enjoys getting together with them for lively reading sessions.

Since 1927, when Rudy made his radio debut, and since Rudolph Ringwall Presents was first aired, the good doctor has continued to win more and more friends and admirers. Small wonder then, that Cleveland listeners unanimously agree that, as long as Rudy Ringwall is at the mike, their fondest musical wishes will always be fulfilled.
For youngsters by the thousands in and around Cincinnati, the day doesn't officially begin until 9 A.M., and then—hold onto your hats for, courtesy of WCPO-TV, it's time for Al Lewis and his delightful children's show, Uncle Al. Then, since an hour of TV fun and frolic doesn't seem to satisfy the little ones, Uncle Al returns at 11 A.M. for another hour.

Nowadays, wherever he goes, young Mr. Lewis attracts members of the romper set in droves—which is fine by all concerned, especially parents and Uncle Al, because, for both, his way with children is most gratifying. But, just three years ago, Al was a comparatively unknown newcomer at WCPO-TV when he joined the staff as art director—a position he still fills. Shortly after his arrival, he was asked to pinch-hit one day for a performer who was ill. Al hesitatingly obliged and soon found himself in front of the TV cameras, groping for some way in which to fill time. Then, suddenly, an inquisitive four-year-old lad wandered into the studio and, next thing anyone knew, Al was performing tricks and singing for the tot, much to their mutual delight. The result was a swarm of letters from mothers, praising Al and asking that the station give him his own show for children. The rest has become WCPO-TV history.

Life all around is pleasant for Al these days, for, after enjoying a day of art-directing and entertaining youngsters, he goes home to his own "biggest-little" fans—daughters Diane and baby Sharon Ann—and his lovely and popular wife Wanda, whom folks across the land know for her own art talents on the Paul Dixon Show.

Concerning his phenomenal success with children, Al says, "If you realize that the younger ones want to enjoy television just as much as the Captain Video set, you've conquered half your problem already. And, when you know who your audience is and you know what they want, it should be simple to please them. Mix in just what you think Mother wants her youngsters to hear and see, and you can't miss."

With this wonderful outlook, it is quite evident that Uncle Al will continue to score the biggest hit with the little ones who hear, see and love him with all their hearts.

"Uncle Al" puts his crayon in action as Princess Ann, Humpty-Dumpty and youngsters offer helpful hints.

With "Granny" and wife Wanda, Daddy Al amuses two other fans: daughters Diane and Sharon Ann.
Rain or Shine

No matter what the weather, Ray Rayner always means good news to Chicago viewers.

Anything goes—that's Ray Rayner's motto for his Saturday afternoon Ray Rayner Show and, from teenagers to grandmothers, WBBM-TV listeners just love it.

During his strictly-for-laughs hour, Ray invites twenty teenagers to chat about their recording favorites, play charades, and dance to the hit records he spins. With dash and aplomb, Ray supervises the games, interviews recording stars, and pantomimes a record or two with his fetching young assistant, Mina Kolb.

Chicagoans have come to know the light-hearted Rayner manner via his Rayner Shine Show and his frequent, welcome poppings-up as announcer on news, musical and variety shows. But those who thought that the light, frivolous manner was all there was to Ray Rayner were taken by surprise last fall.

With special Zoomar lenses trained on a woman poised twenty floors above Michigan Avenue—and threatening to jump at any moment—Ray dramatically, but without hysteries, described the scene for viewers. He asked Chicagoans to pray for the woman as first firemen, then a clergyman, and then the woman's father pleaded with her. It was with a fervent "Thank God" that Ray saw her finally rescued. Later, when a publication voted the program the best special event covered by any Chicago station during 1953, Ray said, "The only thing I can remember is praying myself that she wouldn't jump."

Ray's been with Chicago's newest television station since April, 1953, and, before that, was a top TV personality in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His show-business background contains a unique, dramatic story of its own. During World War II, Ray was shot down while on an Air Force mission over Germany. Miraculously surviving the crash, he spent the next two years as a prisoner of war. To help lighten the dreary march of days and weeks, a P.O.W. dramatic group was formed and Ray spent all the time he possibly could acting, directing, painting scenery, and falling in love with the theater.

Ray's romance with the show world is still going strong, as is the one with his pretty wife, a former nurse. They now live in Evanston with their two children, Mark and Christiana.

And if Ray is happy these days cavorting before the TV cameras, so are his many fans who know that, rain or shine, there's always a good time to be had on the Ray Rayner Show.
**LADY OF MERIT**

Ginny Wood spends her busy life helping people, pets and projects.

When bright, gracious Ginny Wood came to work for Toledo's Station WSPD in 1943, it was as a continuity writer. But Southern charm and talent will out and, a brief forty-eight hours after her arrival, the Virginia-born lass was on the air with quarter-hour programs of interest to women. Very soon after that, Ginny was femceeing forty-five-minute programs six times a week.

Currently, Ginny's week of television hostessing begins with Animal Fair, which is her own brainchild. This show is also carried by a Detroit station and Ginny, who has always loved animals, thinks nothing of commuting between Toledo and Detroit if it means reuniting lost puppies and kittens with their owners or finding new pets for boys and girls.

Monday through Friday mornings, Ginny welcomes Toledo viewers to Woman's Window, which features interviews with career women, club and civic leaders, and unusual hobbyists. Here again, Ginny mingles good civic deeds with lots of entertainment and often presents people like Red Cross workers or safety leaders with a valuable message for her viewers.

Topping off the week is Anniversary Party, a popular telecast on which Ginny fetes couples marking their wedding anniversaries with gifts, flowers and an elegant dinner.

Needless to say, Ginny's schedule is a busy one which includes commercial stints as well. Still, Ginny finds the time to work with local organizations, fulfill speaking engagements, and to indulge in her hobby of "growing things" in and around the lovely new home where she lives with her mother, a new collie puppy Rob Roy, and three cats: Miss Muffet, Mr. Buff, and Smudge.

The charming TV hostess was still a child when her family moved from Virginia to South Dakota where her father founded the town of Wood, still marked on the map of that state. From there the Woods moved to Piqua, Ohio, but Ginny returned to Virginia to follow the family tradition that all Wood women attend Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton.

In between graduating from the seminary and her arrival at WSPD, Ginny worked in a New York advertising agency, as a personal shopper in Cleveland and Toledo stores, and as a jill-of-all-trades for WRRN-AM in Warren, Ohio. But today WSPD-TV fans agree that station officials did themselves proud in losing no time in bringing Ginny's warm, winning personality to the forefront.
Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC  MBS  ABC  CBS

Morning Programs

8:30  Local Program
8:45  Gabriel Heatter, 9:05 Minutes
9:00  Robert Hurleigh
9:15  Gene & Glenn
9:30  Slim Sloan Show
9:45  Ev'ry Day

Afternoon Programs

12:00  Pauline Frederick Reporting
12:15  Break The Bank
12:30  Cedric Foster
1:00  Fred Robbins' Show
1:30  Life Can Be Beautiful
2:00  Ted Malone
2:30  Martin Block (con)
3:00  Ruby Mercer Show
3:30  Life Of The Life:
3:45  Right To Happiness

Monday Evening Programs

6:00  Local Program
6:15  Sports Daily
6:30  Three Star Extra

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00  Local Program
6:15  Sports Daily
6:30  Three Star Extra

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00  Local Program
6:15  Sports Daily
6:30  Three Star Extra

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00  Local Program
6:15  Sports Daily
6:30  Three Star Extra

Friday Evening Programs

6:00  Local Program
6:15  Sports Daily
6:30  Three Star Extra

Saturday Evening Programs

6:00  Local Program
6:15  Sports Daily
6:30  Three Star Extra
### Saturday

#### Morning Programs

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#### See Next Page
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Hope babs up May 11, June 8. In between, Uncle Miltie.
8 The Goldbergs—Family Comedy
9:30 Of Many Things—Dr. Bergen Evans
8:00 Donna Thomas Show—Comedy
8:30 Badge 714—Jack Webb
78 Suspense—Mystery

Wednesday

7:00 Godfrey and His Friends
I Married Joan—Joan Davis
Col. Flock—Whodunit
My Little Margie—Family Comedy
Strike It Rich—Quiz
Kroft Theater—Drama
I've Got a Secret—Panel
9:00 Boxing
This Is Your Life—Ralph Edwards
Wrestling—Wayne Griffin
9:30 Libereco—Music
10:45 Kup's Column—Gossip

Thursday

7:00 Groucho Marx—Comedy Quiz
It's About Time—Panel Quiz
4:00 Four Star Playhouse—Drama
Roy Bolger Show—Comedy Drama
Lux Video Theater—Drama
Dragnet—Jack Webb, Police Cases
Big Town—Newspaper Drama
Ford Theater—Drama
Kroft Theater—Drama
9:00 Public Defender—Stars Reed Hadley
Mortin Kone, Private Eye
Foreign Intrigue—Spy Melodrama
Boston Blockie—Whodunits

Friday

6:30 Stu Erwin Show—Family Comedy
7:00 Mona—Stars Peggy Wood
8:00) Dovelle Gorroway Show—Variety
Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet
7:30 Tapper—Comedy Drama
Bill's Workshop—Crafts
Playhouse—Drama
8:00 Playhouse Of Stars—Drama
Big Story—Reporters' Crime Solutions
Paul Hornum—Comedy
Life Begins At Eighty—Panel
Our Miss Brooks—Comedy
TV Soundstage—Provocative Stories
9:00 My Friend Irma—Comedy
Salute She Of Sports—Boxing
Dangerous Assignment—Spy Thriller

Saturday

10:00 Creative Cookery—Francois Pope
1:00 American Inventory
3:00 Adventure
5:00 Man Against Science—Don Herbert
Superman—Science Fiction
6:00 On Your Way—Kathy Godfrey
6:30 Beat The Clock—Bad Callar
Ethel And Albert—Family Comedy
7:00 Jackie Gleason Show—Variety
5 Spike Jones Show—Music And Comedy
7:30 The Original Amateur Hour—Ted Mack
8:00 Two For The Money—Herb Shrier
Your Show Of Shows
9:00 90 minutes with Caco & Caesar, May 15, May 22, May 30.
8:30 My Favorite Husband—Comedy
Stars Coulfield and Nelson.
9:00 Dromo
9:30 Your Hit Parade—Music

Baseball on TV

Channel 9—WGN-TV televises all daytime home games of the Chicago Cubs and Chicago White Sox. Jack Brickhouse, announcer.
All games start 1:30 P.M.

Monday through Friday

7:00 The Morning Show—News and Fun
Walter Cronkite, Charles Collingwood, and the Baird puppet.
Today—Dave Garroway
Chicago Parade—News, Music
8:00 Brookfoast Club—Don McNeill Family
Arthur Godfrey—Variety Simulcast
Ding Dong School—Miss Frances
One Man's Family—Serial
Let's Exercise—Ed Allen
Home—Arlene Francis, Editor
Hour-long omnibus of information and entertain-
10:00 Home
11:00 The Morning Show—News and Fun
Brida and Groom—Wedding
Donny O'Neill—Variety
11:15 Welcome Travelers—Interviews
12:00 The Brighter Day—Serial
12:30 Gorry Moore Show—Variety
1:00 Double Or Nothing—Quiz
Creative Cookery—Francois Pope
All About Baby—Ruth Crowley
Art Linkletter's House Party
The Big Payoff—Quiz
Welcome Travelers—Interviews
Close Up—Howard Miller
Bob and Ray Show—Variety
6:15 News—John Daly

Monday

6:30 Jamie—Comedy, Brandon de Wilde
7:00 Burns And Allen—Comedy
7:30 Godfrey's Talent Scouts
Voice Of Firestone—Concert
Dr. I. Q.—Audience Quiz
8:00 Love Lucy—Situation Comedy
8:30 Red Buttons—Comedy
Robert Montgomery Presents—Excellent hour-long dramas.
9:00 Studio One—Drama
Drew Pearson—Washington Reports
Boxing
9:30 Rocket Squad—Police Stories
11:15 Guest House—Fran Allison

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8:30 My Favorite Husband—Comedy
Stars Coulfield and Nelson.
9:00 Dromo
9:30 Your Hit Parade—Music

Sunday

9:00 Lomp Unto My Feet—Religion
10:00 Live And Learn—College Lectures
12:30 Frontiers Of Faith—Church Services
1:00 John Ott—Gardening
2:00 Form Town, U. S. A.
2:30 Man Of The Week—Interview
5 Kuklo, Fran And Ollie—Make Believe
3:30 Adventure—Natural Science
5 Zoo Parade—Marlin Perkins
4:00 Hall Of Fame—Historical Drama
Super Circus—Animals, Acrobat
5:00 Meet The Press—Interview
5:30 You Are There—Historical Drama
5 Roy Rogers Show—Western
George J. Jessel Show—Variety
What's The Answer—Kids' Quiz
6:00 Life With Father—Family Drama
5 Paul Winchell Show—Comedy
7 You Asked For It—Variety
6:30 Private Secretary—Jock Benny
Jack gibes May 16; other Sundays, Ann Sahlen.
Mr. Peepers—Wally Cox
Poul Whiteman Teen Club—Talent
7 Toast Of The Town—Variety
5 Comedy Hour—Variety
7 The Mask—Hour-long Melodramas
8:00 Fred Waring—G-E Theater
June 6, drama; other Sundays, Waring's Pennsylvanians.
5 TV Playhouse—Drama
7 Walter Winchell—Gossip
Rocky King, Detective
8:30 Men Behind The Badge—Police Cases
The Ploinclothes Men—Whodunits
9:00 The Web—Suspenseful Melodramas
5 Loretta Young Show—Comedy
7 Break The Bank—Bart Parks
7 Dollar A Second—Quiz
9:30 What's My Line?—Panel Quiz
5 Victory At Sea—Documentary
7 Bewitched—Whodunits
10:00 Death Valley Days—Alternates with
Biff Boker, U. S. A.
Says Jack ("Queen for a Day")
Bailey:

"Hi, Bud—welcome to Mutual!"

Says Bud ("Break the Bank")
Collyer:

"Greetings, folks—it's a pleasure!"

"And it's a welcome pleasure to greet new listeners every morning on all 560 stations of the World's Largest Network!"

... that's what your nearest MUTUAL radio station says...
The one-and-only "QUEEN FOR A DAY".

Every day a right royal coronation (American style) makes Cinderella dreams come true, as Jack Bailey works radio magic in millions of households, from coast to coast.

11:30 - Noon, Eastern Time
FOR OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
now joined by the one-and-only

"BREAK THE BANK"!

Starting May 3, Bud Collyer—
the nation's best-known, best-
loved safe-cracker (legitimate style)
—brings all the excitement
of "Break the Bank" into your
home, via your MBS station.

Noon-12:15, Eastern Time

FOR MILES LABORATORIES

Check local listings
for local time…
stay tuned to MBS…
and enjoy it!
Spirited Belle

The self-discipline and ambition she displayed at such a tender age are rare. She practiced several hours a day and no one had to coax her. Indeed, the only punishment that ever impressed Luce was to lose an audition. There’s no need to tell you’re pitched with music, for enough of them, it’s like carrying around a ball and chain.

As a very young actress, Luce was warned to be wary of producers. Producers, she was told, preyed on pretty girls, and it was worth one’s reputation to get through an audition. Well, Luce didn’t know any producers and so she couldn’t laugh out loud. Nonetheless, she certainly wasn’t going to be scared out of her career and therefore decided to be practical.

If there were eighteen girls waiting to read for a part, she says, “I made sure I was the eighteenth—so that, if I had to fight for my honor, my opponent would be fairly well fatigued and therefore handicapped.”

Luce learned quickly that it was all nonsense. Casting directors are so burdened with responsibilities that they seldom have time for minute calculations. The real courage demanded of a young actress is to keep coming back for auditions, no matter how often she is turned down.

“I never lost my confidence,” she recalls, “I got angry with myself for losing a part, but I never lost faith.”

Her mother knew that, even as a child, Luce didn’t know what fear was. There was the day that a storm broke out while Luce and her sisters and brother were playing outdoors. Luce’s mother, who had a way of the storm, herded the children into the house and away from the windows. Luce calmly disengaged herself from the family circle and went out again. She stood through the storm on the porch steps, kicking her legs defiantly at the lightning.

Luce spent most of her childhood in New York, though she was born in Chicago. Her father was a businessman, sometimes a very successful one.

“It depended on his investments,” Luce remembers, “as many as either three cars in the garage or none.”

Her mother—needless to say, with four children—was a full-time housewife. But, in spite of her fear of thunder, she was far from timid. A woman who loses her first baby, then a second and a third, yet doesn’t give up hope, has quite a bit of muscle. Luce was the fourth child.

“They used to keep the bed to hover over me in the middle of the night to make sure I was still breathing,” Luce says.

“When I finally convinced her that I was going to live, she put me in an extra bed and had three more children—all healthy, too.”

Their home was a cheerful one. Luce’s father was a kindly, indulgent man. He was mad about classical music. He had a player piano, with the best in classical music. Luce decided, at the age of seven, that she herself would be a concert pianist.

(Continued from page 26) she is as feminine as Chanel No. 5. In her exquisite Sutton Place apartment, she is surrounded by beauty: delicate crystal, 18th century English furniture, vivid oils.

There’s not the slightest visible hint of her rugged, hard core.

“Little things” never bother Luce—as double-checking the lock on the front door at night or looking out at the darkest street. Breakneck speed doesn’t make her tremble, and she accepts a hurricane with utter calm. This is the way she has always been, since early childhood.

“It seems as though, from the time a child begins to speak, she’s given a variety of things to fear—superstitions, hearsay gossip, stupid prejudices,” Lucille says sternly, “but you’re plagued with enough of them, it’s like carrying around a ball and chain.”

July

RADIO-TV MIRROR

on sale June 9

rate medium for her first-rate protégée. Until one particular Sunday.

Luce had been called on at the last minute to star on The Prudential Hour. After the performance, Jane Cowl was on the phone. “I’m all in tears,” she told Lucile. “It was so effective—and you were wonderful.”

Luce’s credits, listed in small type, would run for pages. As a result of her performance for the first time, she celebrates her fourteenth anniversary in Belle on Lorenzo Jones.

“In the beginning, it was a light comedy by Maxwell Anderson, a practical inventor, and Belle is a simple, good-natured housewife. Today, of course, Belle has developed into a serious woman with deep emotional conflicts.”

With the show in its seventh year, has become a bright, enduring star, she, too, has had her share of misfortunes. Her only marriage failed to work out. She lost the man she loved in an accident which nearly ruined her life. The kitchen floor had been waxed too well. Luce slipped, fell, and struck her head. Her career for a time was in a state of confusion. Once the condition became so serious, she was off the air for months—most of that time confined to bed and immobilized.

“It was a serious blow,” says Luce, “and I had no fear of dying, but I did dread the possibility of being crippled.”

Her radio audience was so affected by this real accident on a daytime drama that a daily bulletin was issued on Luce’s progress. She was overwhelmed with kindness.

On the other hand, her friends were overwhelmed by Luce’s spirit. It was through sheer, dogged courage—and courage alone—that her recovery was brought about and she regained the use of her injured limbs.

“It was no holiday,” says Luce, “but it was my first vacation from radio in eight years—and I almost had to break my neck to get it.”

Since then, she has had at least two weeks off each summer. One year, she planned to fly to England and reserved a berth on a strato-cruiser.

“You’ll never sleep crossing three thousand miles,” her friend said. “You’ll lie awake, too nervous to close your eyes.”

They didn’t know Luce. If the steward hadn’t wakened her a half-hour out of London and she had made a grand entrance in her pajamas.

Last summer, Luce took a cross-country auto trip with her good friend Alice Frost, who is on radio and The Second Mrs. Burton and TV’s Mama.

“We had a wonderful time,” Alice says. “We were both completely whipped before we started, but after we got the rest we were looking for, but we didn’t have one spot on the entire trip.”

Alice is great at reading maps, so she served as navigator and Luce was the pilot, of course. Alice took her regular turn at the wheel. Once she felt like really pushing down the accelerator, Luce said she didn’t mind.

“It was a shock to seventy or so,” Alice recalls, “and I was wondering if it was making Luce nervous. I glanced over and there she was sleeping.” Alice grinned and adds, “She always scares Luce, not even that dinky ferry.”

They were on a wobbly old ferry during a cloudburst. The ferry had been five hours late starting and was jammed with vehicles and passengers. With the storm, a rough lake, a creaking vessel, and water rolling around their ankles, it was far from comforting.
"I can use a nap," Luce said sleepily.
"I think you'd better stand by to hold the boat together—or swim," said Alice.
Luce just smiled, dropped into a deck chair and went to sleep.

"And all that time," Alice observes, "I was looking around to find out where they kept the life preservers.

Her admiration is not limited to Luce's iron nerves. She has a lot to say about Luce as a friend, and cites one particular incident. At the end of their motor trip, Alice stayed over in San Francisco for an extra week. Luce flew back to work. She phoned Alice's housekeeper to see how she was getting along, and learned that the woman had pneumonia and had refused to go into a hospital.

"So Luce took over the nursing chores until I got back," Alice says. "And you can imagine how many other things she must have had to do, after being away!"

An average day for Lucille Wall is a crowded one. Besides the Lorenzo series, she is always in demand for other drama programs. And every week she schedules three-three-hour sessions at the gymnasium. Although she has part-time help, Luce particularly enjoys caring for her apartment. She has acquired furniture as patron of the arts buys paintings. Many of her pieces are antiques and quite valuable.

"Luce has had no training as a decorator," a friend remarks, "but you can put her in a store with both originals and fine copies, and instinctively she goes to the authentic pieces."

She has real love for authenticity, and this extends even to her personal jewelry. She doesn't own much jewelry, but what she does wear is good—and real.

"Some people think I'm extravagant. But, when you buy furniture of real value, it's an economical investment in the long run," she says. "As for my jewelry, I can wear the same piece over and over for weeks and years. And I never tire of it. I don't think I'd have the same feeling about costume jewelry."

She has a reputation for being exceptionally well-dressed and notes that it is a very simple matter to look your best.

"Best-dressed women dress themselves—that's the secret," she explains. "They don't let experts lead them blindly into new styles. I'll cling to a dress for five years, if the silhouette is right for me. And hairdos? Well, that's the same thing again. A woman should follow the dictates of her own mirror."

Luce prefers simple clothes for herself and has little enthusiasm for dressing up. She frankly doesn't care for night clubs or even restaurants. A perfect evening of entertainment is good conversation and dinner in her own home or a friend's.

"I have a male appetite," she says, "meals and potatoes and sea food. My taste in desserts ends with ice cream."

Her taste in men is rather positive: not too young and not too short.

"Luce is dear to her friends," Alice Frost says, "because she has something to give them in the way of a fresh viewpoint . . . and because she is honestly sincere. Many of her friends are actors, who often ask for her opinion about their work. With Luce, it's never, 'You were grand, dahling,' but always an honest estimation. And I guess that takes as much courage as anything she's ever done."

That's the story of Lucille Wall, a remarkable person who decided as a teenager that she would be an actress, and then climbed to the top rung. Her success story is a reminder that there is no set pattern for achievement. It's not so much what a person does—but what she is—that makes her a "first lady."
The Most Wonderful Word

(Continued from page 25)

Rochelle house, patiently working with Peter.

And Mr. Hayes confessed, the other evening, 'I've got to admit I was wrong about Godfrey. I knew what a tremendous hold he had on his audience, but I never knew why. Now I do. He really likes them, all of them, and he has set out to give them just what they want. They want a friend—one more than the others. You could really know the warmth, the tenderness, the togetherness that exists between them and with their children. Because Peter and Mary are bound, together, by nothing but affection, in the purest sense. They stand an inch or two aside from life, participating in it with amusement, working desperately hard in it for what they desire, and are mostly gay about it all. It is by no means an ordinary setup, nor should it be, since these are extraordinary people. What might be a mix-up, a crash or even a tragedy, to most of us, is taken by the Haysees in stride.

Peter said, when a couple of workmen in overalls plodded past the living room, "This upstairs guest room broke. That's how it is in this house. Whole rooms break."

"One-hoss-shay type," Mary murmured. "Has to be fixed. Eleven bucks an hour."

"Not much," Peter said, "not a thing. Two baby wheel chairs."

"Anything doing?"

"Just wanted attention," Mary said. "Two-and-a-half, you know. Was going to—that's all. And she did a beautiful imitation of a small, dying hen, trying to work up to a good bawl. "I talked to her."

"You beat the nurse to the draw, I noticed," Peter said.

"Mary stared at him, looking innocent. Peter put his head back. "Man, I'll take all the little tricks and intrigues and back-stab-bings and inter-office counterplots, in preference to this."

Mary got a speculative look in her eye. She said warningly, "You're doing your psychologist bit again."

But this was something Peter really believed, and he said it out. He said to Mary, "You had to beat the nurse there, didn't you? You skidded around that corner of the staircase a second before the nurse did. She glared at you, and then you went in to Cathy."

There was a delicate, suspenseful pause. Mary's face composed itself before us, and she retreated into that ineffable dignity of motherhood which so often baffles a husband.

She said, "Okay. We've had the kids on the road for almost a year. I'm scared. Cathy's come back. When the thing goes wrong and she runs to the nurse instead of me, it throws me. I die, I go off somewhere and burst into tears."

We talked, then, about the problems she had to face. The idea of raising a family in anything like a normal way. "You two certainly ought to know what you're doing," I pointed out. "It seems to me I remember a little parent advice, probably, when you decided to get married. Do you think you'll behave the same way toward your own children when the time comes?"

"Probably," Mary nodded, with that precise manner of hers. "Nobody learns that kind of a lesson until it's too late."

We had to go back a long way to evaluate her remark.

When Peter told his famous mother, niece, and wife to come away and perform, that he was about to get married, Grace was op-

posed to the idea. He was her only son, and as she had admitted in print, it was the most crushing blow which had ever happened to her.

That was fourteen years ago. The year 1940 was a crazy one, anyway, with war on the ground. Peter had fallen desperately in love with Mary, and she with him, and they just weren't going to skip marriage because Peter and her mother didn't think it was a good idea.

Grace went to bed with a bottle of smelling salts. She stayed there—in a decline—for three days. She put on a good performance, but when the nurses finally judged her son correctly. As he says today, she over-played the act by one hour.

By the time she got out of bed and started to go into action, Peter and Mary had been married for that hour. Grace Hayes' attitude was complicated by the fact that she had just taken on an old barn and turned it into a night club, with only a few pennies in the bank. (The night the Grace Hayes Lodge opened, there wasn't enough cash on hand to change the first twenty-dollar bill.) She felt that, after all the work and tension, Peter was about ready to pull his share of the freight. To lose him now was more than she could take. Mary came to work at the club, but Grace was sure the girl was about ready to run away at any time. Grace couldn't, and wouldn't, accept the situation.

Soon things were so bad that Peter and Mary were not only in despair but scarcely able to keep their heads together. It seemed that something drastic had to be done instantly, and nothing ordinary or spur-of-the-moment, either. After all, his mother was needed, and they had to take extraordinary measures to win her over.

Today, when Peter works out a comparable measure designed to help them in their careers, in getting along with people in general and the audience in particular, it is with admiration and says, "Ah, you're admirable, Dad. A real psychologist!" And she's not always kidding.

But, that Saturday afternoon nearly fourteen years ago, she just stared at him, after he'd made known his plan, and said, "I don't get it."

"It's simple," he insisted. "I know what makes Mrs. Hayes so important to me for two more reasons as well."

"And three days when we're at the Lodge. Make like I'm the dirt under your feet. I'll play it the same way. String along with me, hey?"

Surely," said Mary, not at all surely. "But can we simplify it? She's grand, basically. She'll loosen up."

"Mother mentioned you only twice yesterday. Both times as 'that girl.' That's losin' up."

"Okay," Mary agreed. "I hate you—except when we're home alone. Okay?"

The next day, Peter and Mary were illegally polite to each other whenever Mrs. Hayes observed them. That was only when it was necessary, and avoided each other whenever possible. Grace observed all this with transparent satisfaction, and was noticed also, perhaps, to both when they left after the last show.

At home, Mary said, "I've never spent such a miserable day in my life, and all we did was thing worse. You and your doggone psychology!"

"It's working," Peter told her, "I know her. Just hold on, will you? Can't you trust just once?"

"Well . . ."

So, for three days, it went on like that. The fourth day, Grace took Peter aside. She hemmed and hawed a little, fiddled with some papers on her desk, did her lips over twice with different shades of lipstick,
and then asked, "What's between you and that girl? Hmm? Something wrong?"

Then Peter broke down and confessed."Sorry, Mother, but I've been wrong all along, and you've been right. It was a big mistake. We just don't get along. I was a fool to marry her."

He waited, looking anguish.

"Uh," Grace said. Her eyes were perplexed. If there was a glint of triumph in them, it was somewhat tarnished.

The next evening she took him aside again. "You're not making a fool of yourself?" she suggested, tentatively.

"No more than I deserve," Peter groaned. "Boy, if I can only get out of this mess!"

"Uh," Grace said, once again. At this time, when he left her, she missed his cheek with her good-night peck, left a smudge of lipstick on his ear instead, and seemed definitely distraught.

It was late the following night that she finally said, "Peter—uh—you're no prize yourself, y'know." Her manner was casual, almost gruff.

But he knew he had won. "What do you mean by that?" he said, belligerently.

"You're treating that girl like a dog. After all, you married her. And she's—no bad. She's got guts. She deserves better."

"That's just it," said Grace, triumphantly. "You never know! If you would just once listen to your mother's advice!"

And so Peter and Mary were "reconciled" and, in a turn-about effort to make up to her daughter-in-law for her previous attitude, Grace suggested a plan to Peter. She got him aside in a secret meeting and told him what she had in mind.

After all, she said, now that it was apparent that she had brought the two of them together again and saved their marriage, she should take the next step in her role as a mother and try to help them get a decent place to live. What they needed was a house, even if it was a small one at first. She already owned some land in the Valley, which she would be happy to let them use. Peter had enough money for a down payment. The least they could do would be to build a house for Mary and present it to her as their joint surprise present on her first anniversary.

Peter was not as adult then, nor nearly as aware, as he is now. He thought it a perfect idea. For the next few months, he threw every bit of extra time he could steal away from Mary—and all the money he could beg or borrow—into this new project. The house was finished barely two days before the anniversary.

On that great occasion Peter took Mary to dinner, with many small but significant hints about a surprise he had in store for her. Finally, when he could suppress himself no longer, he drove her up the road to the new house and stopped the car in front.

"Why are we stopping here?" Mary asked. She'd been told that they were on their way to a party.

"This is it," Peter said, and held the door open for her. "Your new house. We're home, darling. Surprised?"

"I'm not speaking, mom. I walked slowly inside, looked it all over, and then turned to Peter.

"Do I get this right?" she asked. "You and Mother Hayes have built this house for us—the house I'm to live in and work in and keep for us—as a surprise, all by yourselves? Without ever consulting me?"

"Yes," Peter said sadly. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"I hate it," Mary said quietly, with the suppressed emotion which only another bride could understand. "I hate every stick of it."

Ah, well, that was many years ago. Of course, Grace Hayes had been shrewd, as well as generous. She still owned the land, and all of Peter's money was tied up in the building which was so deeply rooted in it, so Peter and Mary had to stay on for a while. Probably that was the time when Peter at last grew out of his swaddling clothes, became truly adult. He can look back at it now and laugh, and so can Grace. Mary is a good sport, too. Time is the best eraser—because always a little of the original is left on the board, to use in judgment for the future.

Both Peter and Mary dearly love Grace Hayes, see her as often as possible, phone and write to her in between visits. But the home in New Rochelle is seldom graced by relatives. Especially now—when, after such a long period on the road, both Mary and Peter have a chance to settle in and work at home and marriage—any outsiders, however closely related by blood-ties, would be superfluous.

There is a mood of amused, good understanding in the New Rochelle house these days. You sense it when you enter the door. It becomes apparent as an evening with Peter and Mary unfolds itself.

Mary relaxes her slim, lovely figure on the large sofa. She used to be a very pretty girl. Now she is beautiful. It happens that way sometimes—a few years, this way or that. Peter is mellowing; he’s broader at the seams, muttering about a diet, but no one is willing to listen to be with him.

You start laughing a minute or two after you arrive in this house, and you chuckle for quite a long time after you have left. You go home with the knowledge that you now know a gay, cheerful couple—in a world of worried people—and wonder wistfully where they've been, all this time.

But now, of course, everyone knows where Peter and Mary are. And they got there the only way it could be, once they met—together.
Lucky Lynn Loring

(Continued from page 49) Lynn and said, "This is your mother." The little girl remembers that they shook hands as though this was the first time, and that she felt strange about suddenly acquiring a second mother on a permanent basis— not for just one part of one show, as had happened before, but for all life. Lynn, it seems, will be a mother-daughter relationship "for keeps," something like the one she had with her own mother.

"I liked Mary right away," she says now. "I felt getting to like her more and more—if that's possible, when already I love her so much. My mother can feel that too. And all that Christmas Day, I do double shopping and I don't even have to make two decisions. I decide on one thing, and buy two alike. Last year, it was a hundred dollars worth of drapes. We laugh about how Mary never prims, how she seldom even looks in a mirror before she goes on the set. Lynn is usually the one who looks over and pushes the "grooming" chair back for her. Mary dresses herself carefully, and has beautiful taste in whatever she wears, and then she never fusses over her appearance. She is always careful, too, about what she says in front of Lynn, just as I am. I couldn't be happier about the example she sets for my little girl."

For her part, Mary Studzinski considers herself just as fortunate. "Lynn is a wonderful little girl. I haven't any children yet and, when Barbara (Loring) is busy, I love to take Lynn along with me—shopping, or to the circus when it's in town, or a museum, or home to my apartment to sit near me and visit while I sew or cook. We don't live too far from one another and we always have some little books for Lynn to read when I'm too busy to talk, but she's a resourceful child who can always amuse herself. We go window-shopping, sometimes the three of us—Barbara and I sometimes just Lynn and I together. When I gaze too long at a dress or suit in the window of my favorite shop, Lynn will grab my arm and we'll "remember Barbara." She means my husband, Richard Krolik, who is a television producer. Lynn is always looking after his interests! They are very good friends.

Mary is making the bedspreads and drapes for Lynn's pink and green and coca room in the Lorings' new apartment. (She is also matching mother-daughter— daughter and doll—dresses to her part on the program—skirts, blouses and little aprons.) Lynn's new room is so much bigger than the one in their old apartment, that Barbara divides the bookshelves into a sitting room-bedroom. Furnishings are French provincial, and the windows are also framed in bookcases—so that for hours there can be more than a hundred dolls, dozens of stuffed animals, books, toys, games and all the other assorted paraphernalia dear to a two-year-old. Lynn was the first doll the director of her first TV dramatic show gave to her, and all the other dolls she has loved as one by one they joined her family.

Grownups, she has worked with—including everyone on Search For Tomorrow—are always giving her little and big presents to make her round eyes dance even more than they do normally. Bess Johnson, who plays her mother, and Barbara Loring give her aProgram, knitted her a sweater and hat and gloves as a Christmas present—and made an identical set for one of her favorite dolls. Melba Rae, who plays Lynn's older sister, has given her "a doll in a wonderful reversible raincoat, just like a full-size one. The men-Terry O'Sullivan, Larry Haines, Cliff Hall, and all the others, too, have made that surprise presents for her in their pockets.

Lynn's parents are pleased by all this, but they have definite ideas about how much they approve of the young talent. As far as her father was concerned, "Charles wasn't too sure she should be an actress at all," says Lynn's mother. "Actually, she represents my own frustration over not being allowed by my parents to try my wings as an actress. When I saw signs of talent in our daughter—and I admit I was watching for them—I was determined to have her tested. She never gave signs of becoming spoiled, then she would have to give up being an actress."

Lynn's career began when she was four, when she auditioned for a role in a commercial film for a big electric company. The producers asked Barbara if she would leave Lynn with them and go home for some other day while she auditioned. "I'm a meticulous housekeeper, but that day I couldn't find a thing. I was so excited," Mrs. Loring recalls. "By the time they came back for the second day, they had taken her to lunch and she had told them all about herself, her family, her friends, her studies. They kept whispering to me how wonderful she was, I knew it all along! Of course, she got the role, although dozens of children had been auditioned. She was calmer than I was, and more of take-it-of her part was needed. Her brother Neil had been teaching her to read, and she learned the lines easily."

After that, Lynn did some of her commercial work on radio and in television shows, including Our Gang and Campers of Tomorrow (Her brother Neil was also on The Little Rascals), and in Studio One—a real role with some lines to speak. "I was excited, but not nervous," she remembers.

As a result of being on television (she has been in a hundred or more episodes, including The Ford Road Show, The Big Book of Books, and on Your Hit Parade and many others), offers began to come from the Hollywood studios. Lynn was excited through the whole of the part—"and it had nothing to do with a trip to Hollywood or the idea of becoming a movie star. "If I make a picture in Hollywood," she added, "I don't want to, without paying?" Her mother assured her that she wouldn't be single out for any special privileges, and somehow the whole idea lost its enchantment for her. Because Charles didn't like the prospect of having his wife and daughter so far away part of the time, and Barbara Loring was unwilling to separate her family.

Producers have wanted her for Broadway shows, but have been turned down. "The hours would be all wrong, and we would both be away from home too much," Barbara Loring says. "I'm too busy now to be good enough, so I'm pretty excited." Normally, she's asleep a little after eight, except on Friday and Saturday nights, which are spent watching television an extra hour or so of stay-up time.

On Search For Tomorrow, work becomes fun for a little girl who truly enjoys being that other little girl. "It's like being a movie star from one day to the next. I don't like it when she works. Barbara Loring and Barbara Loring in one part, then Barbara Loring in another part, and so on. It's the most as nice as the one at home. In fact when both Bess Johnson and Cliff Hall (Grandmother and Grandfather Barron) were both out of town for weeks on end one year, Lynn broke down and cried—because I knew I was going to miss them terribly. When Mary goes, Lynn counts the days until she comes back again.

Mary takes her to school when Barbara is busy, or picks her up after classes if Barbara can't make it. Lynn goes to a private school, because, on days when she appears on the show, she is on an air program and spends the afternoon sessions, and must make up the work by putting in extra time with a tutor. Mary helps too, by going over the homework with her. Her mother and her big brother Neil take over when she gets home, but she really needs little outside help. "I think Mary makes more fuss over Lynn's high marks than I do," Barbara Loring laughs, "but we're both proud that her lowest seems to be 98. She's a good student, and particularly advanced in English. It's a relief to me, reading, I suppose, and because of the things they bring in that people she has been thrown together with in her work." Days she is on the show, Lynn rises to 8 A.M., rehearsals until 9:30, then go's for a walk in the fresh air until close to broadcast time. Sometimes she comes back early to go over her homework, or make funny masks out of newspaper, or play Scrabble or checkers. After the show is off the air at 12:45, she has lunch, and then off to school. Days when she isn't in the script, she keeps morning school hours as well as afternoon.

Playtime is 4:30, outdoors with the other kids in her building or around the neighborhood. Somehow or other, she works in her daily apportions of help (she has been studying these for the past two years), and this year she will begin to take some singing lessons. A pretty big schedule, but Lynn is healthy child, whose 64 pounds nicely balance her 43 of height.

"I'm not too far behind in school, and I'm having fun," she admits. "I find time to answer her, and I've been thinking about the idea of going to her fan club, made up of children who admire her. "I wouldn't want anyone else to answer my mail, especially when mothers of sick children write, or letters to people who need help. I like to write my own way, so it will sound like me."

Lynn is still amazed that people recognize her, although she herself is always excited when she meets some favorite of movies or TV. She and Barbara recently
spied one of their favorite actresses in a Fifth Avenue store early one morning, when few people were about. "Do you think she would mind if I asked for an autograph?" Lynn asked. "I don't think so," her mother said, "because there are so few around. It won't start other requests. Just go up to her quietly."

The star was annoyed. "I don't give autographs, little girl," she told Lynn. "If I gave you one, others would ask." And she turned away. Just then another child got off the elevator with her mother, spied Lynn, called to her, "Patti, may I have your signature? I watch you all the time."

If Lynn signed a little extra flourish, she could be forgiven—because out of the corner of her eye she could see the big star trying to figure out just who this little girl really was.

Last summer, when the family was on vacation, the woman who did their laundry had a son who acted as Barbara's caddy on the golf course. Lynn played a few holes, then he stared at her. He didn't know her familiar she looked, but he didn't figure out why. "Are you sure I didn't carry for you before?" he asked. Barbara finally broke down and suggested that he might have seen Search For Tomorrow on television. "Why, you look like Patti Barron!" he shouted to Lynn. "You are Patti. Just wait until I tell my mother whose laundry she's doing!"

Even Mary Stuart has to take bows for Lynn occasionally. The kids back in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where Mary's parents still live and where she visits, don't ask if Mary is Joanne Barron. Instead, they want to know if she's "Patti Barron's mother." Mary is only too happy that she can say yes. Incidentally, Mary's parents are also fond of their little "granddaughter." Adding them to Lynn's own three grandparents and her two on the show, Lynn has a total of seven—"way over the usual quota!"

At this moment, however, Lynn has only one daddy, Charles, who is a lawyer and an executive of a ship repair company. Her daddy on the program died—not really, of course, but in the script—and Joanne Barron hasn't yet found anyone else she can love as she did Patti's father. The day that Keith played a happy scene both Mary and Lynn stayed away from the set. In the first place, they liked the young actor, John Sylvester, who played him, and now he would be out of the script and the show. In the second place, the whole thing had become very real to them.

Mary hurried out to a restaurant, to brood over a cup of coffee and to hide her emotion from everyone else in the cast. Lynn retreated quietly to her dressing room to shed a few tears that no one could see. Even though she had read the script beforehand, and knew it was only part of the Search For Tomorrow story, that day, it all seemed to be really happening.

Lynn's daddy didn't feel quite so unhappy about it, however. "I think he was a little glad she had only him for a daddy again," Barbara Loring laughs. "Sometimes he would tease her and say, 'Well, you certainly loved your other daddy in the show today. I saw you hug and kiss him.' Lynn knew he was only fooling, but she would reassure him that she loved him best. 'Well, I don't know,' he would insist, 'I saw you, and you certainly snuggled up to him.'"

Lynn's two mothers, Barbara Loring and Mary Stuart, don't even tease her about her shared affections. Each knows she has her own place in the little girl's heart. As for Lynn herself, she is still marveling at her luck in having two wonderful mothers—her real Mommie, and Mary, her mother on Search For Tomorrow.

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Before the next 60 seconds have ticked away, four Americans will need blood to save their lives.

Give blood today... and save a life tomorrow!

the blood you give helps someone live!
Big-Time Charlie

(Continued from page 30)
which was to carry him farther than he ever dreamed at the time, Charlie decided that, if he were going to be told "No," he'd hear it from the men at the top and not from their assistants. The twenty-one-year-old squared his shoulders, checked on the address of Milton Berle's offices, and headed there for a frontal assault.

At the Milburn Gray, Charlie started for the receptionist's desk, then paused. He heard the famous Berle laugh ring out from within his private office. The door was opened. The receptionist smiled, as if ready to assist.

"Mr. Berle," said Charlie Applewhite. "I'd like to sing for you."

Uncle Millie had been talking to his manager, Irving Grey. Grey stopped, looked up at the slender, unfamiliar young man, and laughed. So did Mr. Grey. Then Berle said, "Sonny, I don't know how you got in here, but I'm busy."

Face to face with the top comedian at last, Charlie fought for his big chance. "As long as I'm here, Mr. Berle, why not let me sing?"

"I don't think you'll be a right."

Berle leaned back in his chair like a father indulging a spoiled child. "Sing."

Charlie looked around for a piano and for someone to accompany him.

"I don't need a piano," said Mr. Berle. "Why don't you sing?"

As Charlie did some more songs—this time with accompaniment—the receptionists, secretaries and clerks left their desks in the outer offices to gather around the door and listen. It's said that when Berle built the Grey grinned and said, "Well, Milton, I guess you've got yourself a boy."

Milton Berle asked the young singer his name, and when Charlie told him, he said, "I'm taking you over to Decca Records to meet Milton Gabler, the man in charge of talent."

"Then I began to get scared," Charlie recalls. "I knew Mr. Berle had been amused at my crashing his private office. And I guess he thought I could sing pretty good. But I knew that, if the man at Decca turned me down, I was through—and for good."

Scared but game, Charlie sang a few songs for the poker-faced Mr. Gabler. There were a few of exceptions, he was finished. He was a mature person that Charlie is twenty-one. Charlie was the curly-haired family pet and could easily have been spoiled. He didn't have the fire, the exuberance at the age of six when, at the last minute, Charlie barked at singing at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon. Only the applause of the audience finally coaxed him onto the stage. After the luncheon, Mrs. Applewhite told her son: "Charles, there are different ways of making a living. Some people have to work very hard. I've married, dear, during your father's lifetime and I have been more fortunate. I had hoped that you would be one of the fortunate, but your behavior today convinces me that you don't want to be. So you'll have to learn something else."

Young Charlie had never had to do any of the chores around the house, but now Mrs. Applewhite began to find things for him to do. Once, when he had to work instead of play, Charlie climbed up into his favorite tree and began talking to himself. The family heard him repeating songs over and over. "Mother is going to work me to death. Mother doesn't love me any more."

The next time someone asked to call the theater, Charlie reported to the manager and he had been that he didn't care to sing any more. At this, the boy broke into tears and said, "I'll never be bad again, Please call them and say Mr. Grey wants to see Charlie Applewhite."

When Charlie was a little older, and was allowed to go downtown by himself, Mrs. Applewhite discovered that—when ever he found himself short of change or money, he would start down the street corners and sing until he had the funds he wanted.

Despite her secret amusement, Mrs. Applewhite had to take a firm, parental stand. And so, although Charlie knew that his talent made him "different" from the other kids, he remained a regular, all-around boy. He idolized his brother Bill, who was twelve years his senior and who taught him to swim and fish and ride a horse.

The affectionate bond still holds fast, and Charlie smiles when he tells of Bill's successful typewriter career. "He learned to read music by playing trumpet in the Paschal High School band and, at sixteen, won the title of "King of the Trumpet,"" Charlie says. "He's gone to the Fort Worth high schools. When he'd finished high school, Charlie decided against college and went to work in the oil fields as a roughneck. When he broke his arm in an accident, Charlie returned home."

A good friend, Norm Alden, offered him five dollars a night to sing in a Dallas lounge, and the Applewhite career took wings. Next, the officer in charge of talent at the Officers Club at Carswell Air Base offered him $100 a week to sing at the officer's club. "I looked like—and was—big money," Charlie says.

After four months at the air base, Charlie was offered a job as a singing waiter at the New York Cafe. "Once, when I bit staggered at the idea," laughs Charlie. "I had sung in lounges and the Officers Club, and I didn't quite see the idea of being a waiter. But I said I'd give it a try. I started, and I was there the first four nights, Charlie decided he liked the Studio's informality, and he remained to sing and wait on tables for nine months.

Milton Berle's tour through Young Ana followed, and then a looking at Edie's in Kansas City, Missouri, which Charlie describes as "very top stuff." When no other singing engagements turned up, he moved to the family's chicken farm in the midst of this changing and hopping about, Charlie staked out one island of permanence. He married Joan Ani, whom he had idolized since the day he saw her, a blue-eyed girl he had dated all through high school. They were both still in their teens—and very much in love—when they eloped to Mexico.

"Joanie's family were wild," Charlie remembers. "They were quite well-off and didn't want to see their daughter married to someone who didn't have a job. But, after a while, they couldn't believe that a boy singing right away, I went to work in an aircraft factory. When they saw I was willing to work at anything, they came around. I even married Charlie and Joanie, and, as Joanie says, "We pitched in and been swell in every way."

Charlie's mother had always believed in and encouraged his singing. But Joanie, although she stuck with him through all the lean times, wasn't too sure. "About a year ago, Joanie started really believing in me," Charlie admits. "Before that, I think she just wanted to get a regular job, that I wasn't really going to get anywhere singing. But, just about then, she realized that singing meant more to us both. She went along with it all the way."

Today, the young Applewhites have a small daughter, Angela, who stands in the middle of the floor and beats her paws together, whenever Charlie sings. "We carry on Charlie's favorite record. The other voice on a record. And Charlie, who still looks more like a high school freshman than a family man, is the typical proud father who needs only the encouragement to pull out the billfold in which he carries Angela's picture alongside Joanie's."

In spite of the big change in their financial status, the Applewhites continue to live very simply in their New York apartment. "We came to New York in a 1949 Chevvy," Charlie remembers, "and we still have it. Joanie has no maid. She
tackles the problem of Angela and does all the housework. I like to cook, but I sure do hate to wash dishes. Joanie used to follow me around on engagements but, since Angela came along, she's more of the little mother."

Joanie and Charlie have heard the legend that show business and overnight successes have a way of interfering with marriages—particularly young marriages. But both the Applewhites are amazingly mature for their young years. "Most of those marriages weren't based on three years of courtship," Charlie points out seriously. "Joanie and I have always gone together. There never has been anyone else for either of us, and I don't think there ever will be."

The fans—there are now sixty-seven Applewhite fan clubs—like Joanie, too. And, when they spot her at one of Charlie's telecasts, they keep their eyes open to see by what exit their new idol is going to leave. Then the mad rush starts.

Charlie has a great respect for his many fans and he is grateful to the club members for their wonderful help in plugging his records, talking about his singing, and giving him the kind of good, friendly publicity which a young singer must have to make his mark today.

But it is to Milton Berle that Charlie gives his most heartfelt thanks and gratitude. "You can't know how good he's been to me," he says. "It's been unbelievable. That's why I accept no bids to appear on TV shows or anywhere else without first consulting him. If he says it's okay, then I know it is. But, if he says no, then I go along with him. Because if it weren't for Mr. Berle, I might be back on the family chicken farm now."

Offers for his own network TV show and movie offers from five different studios—including one for a straight dramatic role—have come rolling in. But Charlie refuses to grab at an easy success which might fizzle out quickly. "I don't want to do anything until I think I can handle it."

In the meantime, Charlie is happy to go along with Uncle Miltie as his mentor, to learn his trade, and to wait until he—and those whose opinions he values—think he is ready to branch out. Right now, he's very pleased that he's doing well enough so his sixty-one-year-old dad can take things a bit easier. And he's proud, too, that—when asked what he thought of Charlie on TV—the honest, quiet-spoken Texas farmer came through with what Charlie considers top praise. "Pretty good, son," he said.

Another big thrill came last Christmas when Charlie went home. From the brass band at the airport to the friendly handshakes of his neighbors and friends, Charlie found it all "wonderful!"

Like many another Texan before him, Charlie Applewhite has struck oil. He had to go to New York to do it, but the neighbors who have rooted for him since Kiddie Revue days are mighty proud that he's "big time" now.

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“I didn’t realize what was happening,” says Anne. “Finally, one cold afternoon, Bob said, ‘Why don’t you swing a club to keep warm?’ I did. First thing I knew, the pro was standing beside me saying, ‘No, Mrs. Sterling, you grip the club this way.’ I was in the middle of my first lesson.”

Anne has always been a dependent person. So when she got a job as a waitress on her mother, and in her marriage she is dependent on Bob. She not only learned golf (she says, “I did it in self-defense”), she also learned to golf.

“When we were back in New York after our honeymoon,” says Bob, “we went to see the Giants play. Anne had never seen a baseball game. But Bob mentioned that Ann found that she had left her purse in the cab. She had a gold pen, a religious medal, gold bobby pins, keys and woman’s stuff in it. When it turned up missing, we were broke hearted. I said, ‘We called the cab company, but the purse hadn’t been turned in. I teased her and tried to cheer her up. You’re getting just as nervous as I am,’ he said. I didn’t do it any good. As the game started, she was near tears.”

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“She didn’t say a thing during the first inning. Knowing that she was upset, I couldn’t enjoy the game either. But, by the end of the second inning, she was asking me where the picture was she’d heard so much about. I finally decided she meant pitcher, and pointed him out to her. Purse, schmurse—by the end of the third inning, she was yelling, ‘Come on Durocher, come on, you Giants!’”

When Bob and Anne were first married, she did much of their cooking in their New York apartment. One thing she was supposed to avoid in Bob’s diet was curry powder. It was reputed to make him ill.

Unfortunately, lamb curry was Anne’s favorite dish for special occasions. Of course she gave it up when Bob said the curry made him ill. Of course...

Bob was proud of her cooking. He had now removed the threat from the theater, his wife was also a master chef in the kitchen. He told all his pals, “She’s the greatest. You can make meat loaf taste like a ragout. Add some pickle vinegar on greens, it tastes like the best French dressing.”

Some six months later, Anne said to Bob, “We’re going to have lamb curry tonight.”

“You know I can’t eat curry,” he said.

“How come?”

“I try it just this once for me,” said Anne.

“All right, just this once, but have some steak ready on the side.”

That evening, Bob ate the lamb curry. “Look, it tasted a little bit like your meat loaf,” he said. Then with a surprised note in his voice, he added, “And it’s good!”

“It should be,” said Anne, “you’ve been eating curry for six months in your meat loaf, didn’t you?”

Lamb curry is now part of the weekly menu.

Shortly after their marriage, Anne and Bob worked together in a night-club routine, traveling from one end of the country to the other.

Later, when Anne and Bob were signed for the Topper show, they had to readjust to the new schedule. Lift that the New York stage and on the road, work had begun at 8:30 P.M. Filmed shows in Hollywood are shot during the day beginning at 8 A.M. and are scheduled to adjourn to this new schedule, but they finally did it. Now it’s up at 6 A.M., dinner at 7 P.M., in bed at 10 P.M.

They have thrown their social life into a ground-loop. “It’s especially true if we want to eat out,” says Anne. “The problem is that Los Angeles and Hollywood are so spread out. By the time we change, drive across town to a favorite restaurant, it’s 10 P.M. That’s our bedtime!” By the time the food arrives, we’re fast asleep.

So Anne and Bob rarely eat out. On the Topper set, they have a kitchen setup in their dressing room. Generally, at lunch, Anne and Bob make a brisk trip to prepare one of their twelve-o’clock meals. There is wide variety in the menu, but the emphasis is on foods with a low caloric content.

They are counting calories because of Anne’s tendency to overeat. One Sunday afternoon she had an unexpected visitor... a pastry. As soon as Anne went on the low-calorie diet, Bob went along to lend mental support. He lost eight pounds in twelve days. Says Anne, “He should have the baby.”

When Bob and Anne were first married, he had said, “I suppose now you’ll want to retire from the stage and just be a housewife and raise a family.”

“No,” Anne replied. “I want to die on the stage, love the theater. Just let the curtain come down once, that’s all. I don’t particularly care to die in front of the audience, but I do want my feet on the stage.”

Today Anne tells that first year we didn’t talk about children, because we didn’t know if children would mix with our career. Now we have no doubts.

When the baby arrives, it will make no great change in the career of the Sterlings. Anne feels she doesn’t have to give up her career to have the baby. She is both eager to go on with her work and become a mother. “After the baby is born, I’ll be eager to get back to work,” she says, “I have a mental picture of myself, leaving the hospital, babe in arms, knocking on producers’ doors, perhaps applying for any jobs for a mother—with child today?”

Bob’s and Anne’s careers may take any number of courses after the baby is born. They will surely continue Topper, but they may also travel again to the New York stage. In any event, they will keep the baby with them at all times. “I don’t see anything wrong with “boying the baby up,” shouldn’t be raised in a trunk. Many fine children have come from this environment. I know I’m not going to leave my child to be raised by a social worker.”

Anne’s laughter tinkles in reply, her eyes glisten more seriously, as she answers: “Why not? We’ve got so many plans, so many dreams...”
WENDY WARREN From her first meeting with Magnus, Wendy knows he is one of the most powerful personalities she has ever encountered. Convinced of his charlatanism before she ever saw him, she is nevertheless so confused by his forcefulness that she understands the effect he has had on her friend Kay. But Wendy’s boss, editor Don Smith, will not let her forget how wealthy Kay is. What is Magnus’ real object? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan and Harry Davis saw Joan’s sister Sylvia through a recent crisis that threatened not only her happiness but her life, so they are all the more disturbed when Sylvia’s recent marriage leaves them with a feeling of still not one of relief. Is Sylvia’s strange behavior the result of some deep psychological confusion? Or is she perhaps acting in a manner that will be best in the end for everyone concerned? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jessie Carter is disturbed when the trust fund offered by her daughter Sandy’s father-in-law for the expected baby is turned down by Sandy’s husband Mike. And James Carter reveals something his oldest son Jeff already suspects—that he has always resented Jeff’s independence because he prevents James from guiding Jeff’s life. Will this issue remain long after the trust fund is settled? 4:45 P.M., NBC.

WOMAN WITH A PAST Some time ago, the beautiful Sylvia gave up Steve Russell to marry Craig Rockwell and his millions. Will she come back into his life to disrupt his romance with Lynn Sherwood, who has found in Steve the first happiness she has allowed herself since the torment past about which she never speaks? Since Rockwell’s money finances Lynn’s new shop, Sylvia may be able to cause more than one kind of trouble. 4 P.M., CBS-TV.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Whether for good or evil, it was obvious from the first contact between Dr. Jerry Malone and Tracy Adams that the meeting was significant for both of them. Is Jerry’s mother right to believe that Tracy would be good for Jerry? Or does he become closer to the truth when he fears that Tracy and Jerry could bring irreparable tragedy to each other? 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN For many years, Ellen Brown believed that her long engagement to Dr. Anthon Loring would culminate in marriage. But now her heart is torn as Anthony and Millicent, who trapped him into marriage, settle into social leadership in Simpsonville and prepare for the coming of their child. The certainty that Anthony still loves her offers no solace as Ellen turns to Michael For- sythe for companionship. 4:30 P.M., NBC.

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He Can Do Anything!

(Continued from page 34)

old walking along some pleasant neighborhood street in suburban Mount Vernon, scarcely twenty miles north of Times Square. He looked at you, but hip and tuck with a tall, gray-haired gentleman whom he frequently addressed as "Uncle Phil." And the two of them would be chattering and conversing like a couple of professors.

True, most of the talk would come from the older, wiser of the two, for Phil Richardson, a veteran newspaperman, was Art's one of knowledge in those days.

Walking and talking, they'd hotly discuss the relative batting excellence of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. They'd exchange stories and recollections of the latest Marx Brothers movie. And then, perhaps, they'd map out another nice skating trip to one of Westchester's hilly spots for the coming Saturday morning.

A most unusual companionship, this. Almost two-score years' difference in their ages ... and yet Art, who had his full share of neighborhood chums, knew none whose friendship lasted as did this older man's. Uncle Phil was fun.

Actually, Phil Richardson was not Art's uncle. He was an old and intimate friend of Art's parents and had accepted the Carneys' invitation to come live with them when he wrote finis to his last news article for a New England newspaper.

Uncle Phil brought a special something into Art's daily life. Maybe that was possible because Phil, now semi-retired, had so much wisdom to give out of his life's experience with ideas and things and people. He was a ball and wheel kind of influence—steady, soothing. He was always on hand to lend welcome counsel and a good sense of values in any situation that a subdued the Carneys.

The rest of the Carney household, Mother, of course, busy with the eternal task of maintaining a nice home for eight menfolk. Dad, absorbed in his work as public relations counsel for Westchester banks and giving much of his own time to civic and community activities. And Jack, Art's older brother, setting his own sights out for world and day represent a way of life for both brothers. Maybe the gizmo had better tuned extra carefully at this point—because the flashback is going to picture a period of greatest significance in the development of Art Carney as we know him to-day.

It was the teen-age period, if you please, and three cheers for Mount Vernon High. The tempo is a wee bit livelier, with a busy cycle of newly made friends, classes, exams, competitive sports, campus intrigues and all that. As important, if not more important than any of these things, was the awareness, by growing numbers of people, that Art possessed a very rare talent.

This talent might not have emerged at all, if it hadn't been for two mighty important influences which had become established on the American scene. One was talking picture making (the weekly that let you hear as well as see the world's Very Important People) and the other was the radio—network radio, piping sounds and voices into your dining room from thousands of miles away.

These marvels left their special imprint on young Art Carney. Every time he listened to the famous radio pickers, something rubbed off on him, and he was able to recover that something into a fascinatingly accurate impersonation whenever he felt the urge to do so.

When she emerged, she was toting a tray of hot coffee and fried-egg sandwiches.

Discussing all this with Uncle Phil, later that night, Art made it clear that Jean's fried-egg sandwiches were an epineural delight. To Uncle Phil, one thing was even clearer: Even without Jean's culinary accomplishments, her effect on Art was—

"Give the gizmo a little turn to the right. That's it. The year is now 1938. Art had completed high school well-nigh a year before. He'd held down two or three inconsequential jobs. Nothing which could give him any sense of direction.

Brother Jack, meanwhile, having reached dead center on his own target, was becoming a Show business! As head of the radio department at Music Corporation of America, one of the really large talent agencies, Jack was now personally involved in the management of top-ranking musicians and performers.

It was just around this time that a probable conversation between Uncle Phil and the fledgling Jack might have sounded something like this:

"Uncle Phil: "Now, Jack, you've been getting honest-to-goodness belly-laughs out of Art. What makes ever since he was a pipsqueak. Right?"

Jack: "Right."

Uncle Phil: "He can still get a big yack out of you. Can you say that Jack?" "Even more so."

Uncle Phil: "The boy's got it, Jack. He's got what it takes to make people laugh. All he needs is an opportunity—a chance to prove himself. Can't you help him get that chance?"

Jack: "Let me think about it." It took Jack all of twelve hours to think about it. Next day, in a phone call from Manhattan, it was Jack calling from his MCA office.

"Can you be down at the CBS studio at 53rd Street and Broadway, tomorrow morning at eleven?"


"Horace Heidt's going on tour and he's looking for a substitute. Get yourself a haircut and be there on time."

Barbered and on time, Art auditioned before a poker-faced Maestro Heidt. He was given the well-known "We'll let you know, tell him that you're with the absolute conviction that he's just flopped, but good. Dejected, he lived with that conviction for three weeks ... until, one day, he raised his face: "You're hired. Join the band in Washington, D.C.—Heidt."

Washington, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Oklahoma, Chicago. He began to enjoy himself. No more nights in empty theaters. Months and months of singing, playing, traveling, and his days were filled with laughter.

So Art made a go of it. He became one of the very popular groups in the country. He was one of the top-ranking songsters, and almost every night was filled with laughter and fun. His love for music and for his art was never greater, and he never felt more fulfilled.

One day, after the movie, Art confessed he was a wee bit hungry and did Jean feel in the mood for a snack? Jean vetoed that suggestion and steered him home with her. Arriving, she made tracks for the kitchen.

"How do you mean?"

"That's get you elected vice-president of the Mount Vernon High Student Organization."

"All during this, Art was trying to recall exactly who Jean Myers was ... what she looked like. He suddenly remembered—and that fact had a definite influence on his answer.

"Sure, I'll help. What do you want me to do?"

"Heck, Art, we want you to help us round up votes. We want you to get into the swing of this campaign. Be at every dog-god meeting and put a show. Your impersonations will attract big crowds. Big turnouts mean lots of votes. Votes, fellah! Votes for Jean Myers—and you're the guy to draw them in!"

"No problem. I can stuff at dozens of campus rallies, parties and dances. He went through his entire gallery of great names and invented some new ones. He even topped his act with a tap dance routine.

Item: Attractive Jean Myers was not elected, but—electioneering Art Carney was attractive.

The smoke of political battle had scarcely cleared away, when Jean accepted Art's invitation to an evening movie. Art called at her home and was introduced to the Myers family.

"After, the movie, Art confessed he was a wee bit hungry and did Jean feel in the mood for a snack? Jean vetoed that suggestion and steered him home with her. Arriving, she made tracks for the kitchen.

When she emerged, she was tooting a tray of hot coffee and fried-egg sandwiches.

Discussing all this with Uncle Phil, later that night, Art made it clear that Jean's fried-egg sandwiches were an epineural delight. To Uncle Phil, one thing was even clearer: Even without Jean's culinary accomplishments, her effect on Art was—"
But, returning to 1940... during that first year of marriage, Art's career ran into some rough going. He had quit the Horace Heidt group and had tried his own act (not exactly a show-stopper) on almost the same barn-storming basis.

Jean, brave soul, had toured with him much of the way. But, when they knew a blessed event was coming, it was considered wise to head home to Mother in Mount Vernon, Art, fed up with vaudeville and night-club audiences, and feeling pretty glum, about his professional progress in general, went home with Jean, Jobless.

Grimgly determined, he made radio work in New York his target. He missed it by a mile for bitter months on end, even though he was "on file" with every station in town.

During those bitter months, he had to scramble for every cent of subsistence money. He was paying no rent for the Myers' roof, which sheltered his family. He borrowed until his sense of pride screamed for surcease. He applied for selling jobs in all the department stores. He was willing to earn a dollar anyway, anywhere. Through it all, Jean's folks never needed him once.

Then CBS called him in. Remembering his auditioned impersonations of famous people, a casting director for the big network thought he'd fill the bill for a brand-new show called "Radio Time," their whiz-bang hits of the hour.

Art Carney filled the bill indeed, with real-as-life simulation of the great voices of the period—Roosevelt, Al Smith, Churchill and dozens of others.

The picture was repeated again. The CBS salary checks were liquidating the Carney debts. Little Eileen was a cinch to get the best that money could buy. . . .

Except that another interruption happened. It took him on combat duty with the 28th Infantry Division—embarcation for the European front... and, on August 15, 1943—(his third wedding anniversary)—a splinter of mortar shell in his thigh.

But the picture moves swiftly and happily, following Art's return to civilian life. Radio work—lots of it, and with more and more accent on his naso he does so perfectly. Radio work with the likes of them—Fred Allen, Milton Berle, Bert Lahr.

And, when that crazy, mixed-up thing called television came along, he worked with equal success on the "Morey Amsterdam Show."

You can switch off that gizmo now, because our Art Carney saga is beginning to merge with the Present, What's that? The picture is jump-y, confusion.

Natch. That whizzing, mix-master splash of mirth-making movement is a new hunk of personality known as Jackie Gleason. And what's the wahoo all about? Why, having tried TV for size, Art is busy preparing the Cavalcade Of Stars.

Two bit players enter the scene—a pair of gag writers who happen to know exactly what Jackie's looking for. Briefly, they huddle with him. Their whispered conference is concluded and a messenger is sent out forthwith. A tall, slim, blue-eyed man responds to the message. He enters. . . and signs on the dotted line. The signature is—Art Carney.

The rest is current history. You can catch up on it any Saturday night, simply by turning that ordinary knob on your TV set and bringing up the brightness control. It'll be bright, all right—because it'll give you Jackie Gleason's antics as the "Honeymooner" hubby, the Pork Soul, the Loudmouth, Reggie Van Gleeson, et al. And, to make those inspired characterizations properly complete, the picture will include the brilliant, equally beloved characterizations created by Jackie's supporting comic, Art Carney—who today can prove to the world that he's a man who can do anything well.
**"Just Molly and Me"**

It's difficult to say where Jim and Marian stop being the Jordans and become Fibber and Molly. Their voices, off mike and on, are the same. Jim is by no means the bumbling, cobbler his portrait on the air. He's completely self-reliant, handy with tools, a shrewd businessman. But he does take the attitude that he's Marian's "boy" and lets her handle him up on a cold, wet day (there are many during California's rainy winters), or check on the tie he chooses for a particular suit.

And Marian, her hair still lustrous brown, her blue eyes bright, is slim and attractive, well groomed, and a knowing show-woman. But at heart she's a devoted wife, mother and grandmother. She'd rather talk about her five granddaughters than Nielsen ratings. And she has the same velvet disposition which has made Molly McGee beloved to radio audiences since 1935.

There's no pose, no affectation, nothing chichi about Jim and Marian Jordan. They are still strictly Peoria. They are still much like the McGees of 79 Wistful Vista, despite years of popularity and financial success. That's why, in many a small town, they sound like your neighbors—if the McGees really were that many laughs. And, in many a big-city apartment, they sound like "folks back home."

"Naturally, applause is sweet to anyone in show business. But one of the greatest pleasures of my life has been getting praise for something I've cooked," Marian told us as we settled into two deep, comfortable red chairs in the living room of the Jordans' seven-room ranch house in Encino. The walls were just a little darker blue than her eyes.

"Jim and I have always been the Midwestern meat-and-potatoes type. We still are. We like the simple things in everything. We're great for projects—both of us—and that keeps us from getting in a rut. It helps keep people young. But we try to prevent our life from getting too complicated. That's why we sold the Bakersfield ranch.

"We had 1,000 acres of grazing land, and Jim was raising blooded Aberdeen Angus cattle. He became known as one of the best cattle ranchers around. We got to know all the real cowboys, and we have wonderful times at the square dances on Saturday nights at the Jack ranch."

"We had a small ranch house. I did all the cooking and housekeeping. Jim had hired hands, of course, but he worked hard when we were at the ranch between broadcasts. And it was a 120-mile trip each way. We finally decided we were wearing ourselves out and sold it.

"In their pursuit of the simple life, the Jordans have gone through some experiences which sound as though they were taken straight out of Fibber and Molly scripts. The trailer episode. And changing faces.

"Jim and Marian, like the average Mr. and Mrs. America, have always liked to get in their car and go buzzing off "just for fun." One time they wanted to go back to Santa Barbara, or for fishing or hunting in the High Sierras. (Marian didn't have nine brothers for nothing—she really knows how to do it."

"We drove to Santa Barbara. Just to take a look. We didn't even get there. Marian wanted to go back to Santa Barbara, or for fishing or hunting in the High Sierras. (Marian didn't have nine brothers for nothing—she really knows how to do it.)"

"They came a day when Jim decided a trailer was the thing for these trips. So they bought one and started it up, the couple who convinced him to get a trailer dragged along behind—and wondering where in the world we'd stay. Finally we turned around, went back to Portland, and bought the only suitcase they had, a cheap cardboard job, threw it in our toothbrushes and nightclothes and went to the hotel.

"When the bellboy, who met us as we drove up, picked up that cheap and very empty suitcase, he gave us a look that would have withered a mountain. We positively slunk into the lobby. After that trip with the trailer, we decided that type of simple life was not for us. We hauled the trailer home and sold it."

"Marian laughed that full, hearty Molly laugh. "And guess what? Now Jim's talking about buying another trailer!"

"It was while they had the trailer that they tried to "hold" their life by getting a smaller home. Son Jim and daughter Kathryn had married and the seven-room house, where the Jordans had lived ever since their show moved from Chicago to Hollywood in 1938, seemed larger than they needed. They sold it and bought a smaller one a few blocks away.

"But then, like everybody else, we wanted to make changes in the new house. We wanted to do things differently. We had to move from the old one and couldn't get into the new one with all the reconstruction.

"So we parked the trailer in the yard and lived in it. The trouble was that it was the only one we could get into. So we decided to build the new house."

"There are two acres of land, plenty of room for grandchildren—and for Jim's various hobbies.

"There is his workshop where he says he "fiddles." Actually, he's very handy with tools—power or hand—and has built some fine small tables and chairs for his grandchildren. His other project is his nursery. He raises orchids, rhododendrons and chrysanthemums. He gets a large number of plants, many of which are rare orchids which Jim doesn't call by that simple name but "Orchis"—which is Greek for flower. Jim's garden is full of beautiful varieties of ivy, with staghorn ferns. Plants are started from slips and grown in a greenhouse, then potted before taking them out for sale.

"If you ever want to make Jim happy, just ask about his plants," says his wife.

"He'll give you all the details about heating pipes under the soil, humidity, sprinkling, temperature to be maintained. You'd think nobody else ever raised a plant! It's odd. I used to be much more interested in flowers than Jim. Now he's the expert. He's as proud of a blue ribbon he won at the Pasadena flower show as of anything in his whole career. So now I do practically no gardening. I just arrange flowers in the house.

"Jim and Marian are justifiably proud of the success of their son Jimmy as a TV director—he does the Bob Hope and Donald O'Connor shows. But he "made the grade entirely on his own." Jimmy is married to actress Peggy Knudson, and their daughters are Janice Coleen, Molly Lovel, and Kathryn. But there's another Kathryn "might have been a writer, she's very talented," according to Marian, but she married Dr. Victor Newcomer and devotes her time to her two daughters, Edie and Diana, rather than to a type writer. Never a week passes without several visits from "the kids" at the Jordan household.

"I get more of a kick out of buying clothes for the little girls, or for Peggy and Kay, than I do shopping for myself now," says Marian. "When we were in Kansas City a few months ago, I went to a fashion show at the best store there. There were some really beautiful dresses and I decided to buy one particular dress in a size smaller than Kay and Margaret. Kay, rather than buy something for myself, I didn't realize at the time that the model who was showing it was tall and the dress would be wrong for Peggy and Kay, who are shorter. The girls were very diplomatic and grateful when they tried on the dresses, but I made them send them back. I sure goofed on that!” Marian confesses with a laugh.

"Marian herself dresses with quiet good taste. She has a mink coat, but you're more likely to see her in a cloth one. She is especially fond of afternoons dresses in fine woolens and gabardines. In style, too, she likes simplicity but quality.

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Quite in keeping with the Jordans' idea of keeping life simple, they have no plans at present for tackling a TV series.

"Naturally, we are interested in TV because it's the big new thing in show business, and show business has been our business for a long, long time," says Marian. "But TV burns up material and performers so fast. Guest appearances might be all right. But we're happy in radio and want to continue with it as long as radio will have us."

"We feel that radio will always have its place. There will always be cities, towns and isolated spots where radio will predominate over TV. We think there will be a place for us if we give radio audiences what they like."

That they are still tops was proved last summer, when they were back in the Middle West. They visit frequently in Peoria, for they still have many relatives and friends there, as well as strong emotional and sentimental ties. On that last trip they took a slight detour to Mt. Carmel, Illinois, at the invitation of friend Roy Dee—the same Roy Dee they met in Paris. As previously mentioned, Dee had become a friend and had invited them "in" on some oil property. As a result, the Jordans are one-fifth owners of the "McGee-Short Wells," and they are doing very well.

The oil company employees and their families were going to have their annual picnic. About 125 people were expected. Dee suggested that the Jordans might like to attend, and they accepted.

The site of the picnic, at the oilfields, was eight miles from the nearest town, out in the middle of nowhere, reached by dusty, unpaved roads. It was 106° in the sun, and not a spot of shade for miles. But the word got around that "Fiber and Molly" were going to be there. More than a thousand people turned up.

"That crowd surprised us all—and convinced us that radio isn't dead!" admits Marian, a happy twinkle in her eyes.

The Jordans' social life bears out their devotion to the simple things. "What they like best is to have friends come over and like to get around the piano and sing. Marian, who used to give piano lessons, takes over on the 88. She and Jim need little coaxing to sing the old tunes they did as a harmony team in vaudeville, before they started in radio. And their harmony is still good! Rarely do they go to night clubs; when they do, it's to catch a special act. Because of their long-time interest and association, they still like good entertainment."

And what about that cooking, praise for which Marian says "one of my greatest pleasures"?

"Well, Albert, the houseboy we've had for ten years, does most of our cooking now. But, when the kids are coming, I like to whip up something they especially like. Kay is very fond of my pigs-in-blankets. First I scald large cabbage leaves, then stuff them with a mixture of ground pork, rice, chopped onion and seasonings. Then I pour tomato sauce over them and bake them."

"Jimmy likes my ice-box cake. It's an old Peoria recipe. Would you like it?"

And here it is:

One-half pound butter or margarine; 3/4 pound powdered sugar; 4 eggs; 1 tablespoon vanilla; 2 squares bitter chocolate; 1 medium can crushed pineapple; 3 to 5 dozen ladyfingers, depending on size. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten yolks of egg and mix well. Then add beaten whites and vanilla and mix again. To two-thirds of this mixture, add the chocolate.
(Continued from page 44)

Johnny and Penny pitched in to apply this useful working formula when last winter, Mutual Broadcasting System invited them to submit a new program.

They labored on it every day as soon as Johnny finished his Second Chance program on NBC Radio. They talked about it Sundays, when they appeared to go to ABC-TV to help Bert Parks stage *Break the Bank*. In their Fifth Avenue office and in their Greenwich, Connecticut, home, they put in hours of endless planning and discussion. So they, as they could, threw them all in the wastebasket.

For Penny vetoed every idea—ideas she herself dreamed up, as well as those Johnny suggested. Nothing suited her. Exasperated and exasperated, he demanded, "What's wrong with this one?"

Penny tried to keep her voice calm.

"There's nothing really wrong, Johnny, but there's something right, either. It just hasn't got it."

In her own mind, Penny was continuing the salad comparison. As in a salad, each ingredient of a show may be palatable, but their combination can come out without any character of its own.

Johnny, too, irritated, demanded, "What hasn't it got?"

Penny put her objections into one word: "Inspiration."

Now, inspiration—to a pair of professionals like Johnny and Penny—is virtually a bawdy word. A professional cannot, if he has a living to earn in broadcasting, fold his hands and hope for the lighting of genius to strike. Taking the best tools available, he goes to work to turn out his best possible job. Once in a while, he comes out with a hit. Now and then, he loses and produces a clinker. But, usually, he can depend on putting together a program which will entertain an audience and sell some merchandise for a sponsor. Waiting for inspiration is a luxury reserved for amateurs who can't do it.

Johnny's reply reflected all this. Pulling his black-rimmed glasses farther down on his nose, he peered over them and remarked, "For heaven's sake, Penny, be practical."

This was a reversal of their usual roles. In the Olsen marital and working partnership, Penny has always been the practical one, taking the responsibility for business affairs. Johnny, by his nature, makes Penny free to concentrate on performance.

Penny defended her new position. "I am practical. I have a strange hunch about this show. I want it to be different from anything we've done."

Johnny couldn't argue with that. He could only toss down the rejected script and sigh.

For Blessings Received

Yet, bit by bit, as the days shortened and Christmas approached, they began to define the ways in which they both wanted this show to be different. Penny, apparently busy feeding their three poodles, would look up and say, "I want the show to be fun."

And Johnny would answer, "But no more crazy stunts and games."

Waiting for their train to take them into New York, Johnny would offer, "It should be audience-participation. I like to talk to them. I can't talk to them."

Penny would nod. "But in a conversational way. No more pitchy—times have changed and we have mellowed."

Down they went in the shopping crowds which jammed Fifth Avenue. Johnny would say, "Prizes?"

And Penny, hanging onto his arm to avoid being separated in the throng, would report, "If everyone in town were to get presents, but let's avoid the big lot. People get too disappointed when they lose."

But it was in their quiet evening hours, with a fire blazing in the hearth, that they began to find the true definition of their hope.

Cradled up on the floor, her head on Johnny's knee, Penny grew wistful. "If we could just find one simple idea—an idea which would mean something to us and also reach out to bring something to all—"

To that Johnny had no reply. They were back to asking for inspiration.

The more urgently they sought it, the more elusive it became. Their ninety-seventh script had just joined its predecessors as wastepaper, when a letter arrived to pose a new quandary.

Friends on the staff at the Greenbriar Hotel, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, invited them to spend Christmas there as guests of the management.

Reading their letter, Penny exclaimed, "Isn't that wonderful of them?" Then she added, "But it isn't perfect."

Johnny agreed. Obviously, such a trip was impossible. The script for the new show was due. Christmas was a home time, not a working time. They agreed they both were sentimental about having Christmas at their own fireside. In fact, they agreed so perfectly that they seldom got around to discussing anything else.

Yet, as they daily found more reasons for sending their regrets, the recollection of Greenbriar's calm beauty grew stronger; the remembrance of its clean, crisp air became more and more attractive. Certainly they decided to decline.

Johnny was the first to say, "Let's face it. We're in a complete stall on the new show. We're both tired. Tell you what—I'll tape Second Chance a few days ahead and let's take off."

Penny's eyes sparkled. "And let's promise each other this is a vacation. We won't even think about the new show until we get back."

As their train sped south, their cares dropped away. Gone was the hustle of Broadway, the self-conscious smartness of Fifth Avenue, the commuter's time—sakes. Arriving on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, they found that their friends on the hotel staff had set up a little tree in their suite and decked it with everything that time allowed. Delighted, Penny cried, "Oh, Johnny, it's like coming home from school to find Christmas waiting for you."

Johnny, too, had the twinge of a happy kid. "Sure it is. Any minute now, I expect to hear someone break into Minnesota Norwegian and say 'Gledelig Gul' instead of 'Merry Christmas.'"

As they got to know about the next morning when she encountered a particular friend of theirs, Wesler Keenan, assistant manager of the hotel. He smiled at her enthusiasm. "Penny, there's another place you might enjoy. Have you ever been up to the church on the hill?"

It was, he explained, a Roman Catholic church served by a busy priest who also had several other small churches in his charge.

"You've missed the only Mass," said Keenan, "but the church is open. You can go up any time. It's a heavenly little church."

Something in the way he said it gave Penny what she calls a "funny little feeling." She picked up the note and looked at its stamp.

She says, "Somehow, I knew that going to see this church would be important to me. At first, I intended to ask Johnny to come with me, but then I knew I wanted to be alone."

The pale winter sun was dropping low in the sky when she walked along the narrow road leading up the hill. In the distance she could hear the roar of traffic on the highway, but here there was solitude and quiet.

The church, as she approached it, seemed familiar. The red brick had turned pink with age, the white trim, too, had
weathered. "It's like the little church in Amherst, Wisconsin," Penny thought. "The church we went to when we visited Aunt Nana."

Tossing her scarf over her head, she went up the worn steps and entered. Genuflecting, she went into a pew and knelt to say a prayer.

There were many prayers she had intended to say, but words would not form in her mind. Out of the confused jumble, one coherent thought emerged. She sensed this was not the time to speak but the time to keep silent. Perhaps, if she did, the place itself had wisdom to give her.

In frank curiosity, she looked around. The church was even smaller than it had appeared from the outside. It would seat, when filled, no more than a hundred persons.

Its interior was a study in contrasts. The floor was bare and the altar furnishings modest, but the walls were panelled with rich dark wood and held stained-glass windows so finely made, so true in coloring, that in the setting sun each scene glowed as though set in jewels.

Penny wondered about the windows. Had a few parishioners made great sacrifices to bring such exceptional—and expensive—beauty to their little church? Or might they have been given by strangers, guests at the hotel, who had found in a visit an enduring blessing?

Penny forgot about time and forgot about purpose. She remained in the pew long enough to turn from thinking of prayers which asked for something to prayers which gave thanks for the good things which had come into her life. She knelt long enough to sort out things she had fuzzed about and find answers for them.

"Something about that little church encouraged it," she explains, "there the peace of God seemed visible."

As the calm penetrated deeper into her consciousness, Penny, like others who had visited there, wanted to give something back to the church. Money wasn't the answer. She could send a check later, but right then she wanted to offer an immediate evidence of gratitude.

Thinking about it, she realized she had ignored one gift. Not since the days back home in Wisconsin when she was studying at Stevens Point Teachers College and also singing on a local radio station—and Johnny, then her beau, was an announcer at WTMJ in Milwaukee—had she raised her voice in song.

But a voice was a gift from God which should be put to use. Suddenly she wanted to sing. Sing the same songs she used to sing when visiting the little Amherst church with her Aunt Nana.

She glanced around to reassure herself. No one had come in. She was all alone.

She climbed the steps to the small choir loft at the rear and as she looked down toward the altar with its glowing vigil light, it was a song of her childhood which came to her:

O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to me...

On and on she sang, finding in the music a joyous expression of praise and noticing in her voice a tone, a quality, she had not heard before.

The shadows were deep when she finished with the triumphant strains of "Holy, Holy, Holy." As she knelt again for a final prayer, she asked what blessing she wanted to ask.

"Dear God," she prayed, "these are the things Johnny and I really care about. Help us find some way, on the air, to let people know they are."

All the way down the hill, she thought of what she wanted to tell Johnny. But when he asked, "Where were you?"—she merely replied, "I went for a walk." She wasn't yet ready to talk about the church.

Christmas dinner at Greemhriar was planned to be a big event. Formal clothes, orchestra, dancing.

They finished dressing—Penny in a blue lace gown sprinkled lightly with sequins, and Johnny in a new powder blue dinner jacket—and he was holding her pastel mink stole, ready to place it over her shoulders, when she whirled and clutched his arm.

"Johnny," she cried, "I think I've got it—got the idea for the show!"

A bit the wiser from her sudden excitement, Johnny protested, "Honey, you're supposed to be on vacation. We promised not to talk about the show, remember?"

But Penny was not to be put off. She told him all of her visit to the little church, and of her final prayer that they should be able to make the new show reflect some of the things they really believed in. She finished up, "And Johnny, I think I'd like to close it by singing a hymn."

The idea was so different from anything they had ever done together that Penny half-expected him to reject it. Instead, Johnny stood silent, thinking it over.

His voice was serious when he finally said, "Penny, I believe that's it. And another thing—remember those youngsters we heard last night at the Christmas program? Nothing could be more sweetly eloquent. Just before your hymn, I'd like to add another thing—a child's prayer. Prayers from children of all faiths."

The program Johnny and Penny planned that Christmas night has now become a reality, heard daily on Mutual stations.

It has the fun, the conversation, the presents which have become Olsen trademarks. But there are also Penny's songs, her closing hymn, and a child's prayer.

Offering so different a broadcast, they were a little uneasy whether people would like it. In the months which have passed, listener letters have arrived by the thousands to give them a reassuring answer.

Their comments indicate that the Olsens at last have found the show they wished for... the show Penny defined as "one simple idea which means something to us and also reaches out to bring something to all the people who hear us."

The idea which Johnny now calls with pride, "Inspiration."
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You'll find baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) saves you time, work and money more than 101 ways! Keep a package handy in the kitchen for dozens of cleaning chores.

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For a better cup of coffee. Filmy coffee oils that impair good coffee flavor are quickly removed from glass coffeemakers with baking soda. Once a week, wash coffeemaker in soda solution (3 tbs. to qt. water) for a few minutes.

A Household Treasure
The same pure soda you know is safe in foods, you know is safe with foods.

(Continued from page 40) also that rarest of rarities: a very pretty girl who isn't resented or envied by women TV writers. They love her, not only in Life With Elizabeth, but in her daytime TV programs, beamed coast-to-coast five days a week by NBC. Women say she like her because she's pretty without being too racy. They like her honesty. They say that, best of all, they like the happiness she creates.

All of that, added up, makes Betty sound like a very remarkable girl. Her beauty, talent and achievements are quite eclipsed by her personal warmth and friendliness. She is a delight to be around, because she's always so cheerful. But she's no sycophant and Horace White, brought her on a happy heart.

After a three-day session of rehearsing and filming two Life With Elizabeth shows, a member of the crew challenged: "Betty, how do you stay so happy? You always seem to be in a good mood!"

"Well, honestly, I'm not always in a good mood," was her honest answer. "Sometimes I feel positively w i t c h y! But, a long time ago, I learned that—if you don't enjoy it, but I remember that then—push them to the back of your mind—all of a sudden, you're in a good mood. Mark Twain had the right idea when he said, 'The best way to cheer yourself is to cheer up someone else.'"

Betty herself is quick to admit that she hasn't had a happy life. She never had to face real poverty, nor did she enjoy wealth. Although an only child, she never felt lonely—because she and her parents were so close and she had a pet. But her happiness has been, started, has followed a comfortable upward trend, with no serious, heart-breaking setbacks. She might be inclined to describe her as "just plain lucky!" But that wouldn't be quite true. No life is without it's bumps and disappointments. Who can say that Betty's affirmative point of view has not been, in large measure, the result of her happiness?

"My parents and I have always lived with happiness and laughter," says Betty. "As long as I can remember, Dad and Mother have been the center of some sort of entertainment. Mom is a true do-it-yourself type. She used to be a model, but I really can't tell whether she's still in show business or not. She has a lively mind, a quick wit and a good sense of humor. In his 'Thought for Today,' he invariably has a serious but affirmative and upbeat message. And offers it with a turn of phrase that makes it light-hearted. One time, he told the story about a janitor he knew who always was so cheerful and sang a great deal as he went about his work."

"Sam,' he asked, 'how is it that you're always so happy?'

"I'm not happy, Reverend. I'm gettin' happy! was Sam's reply. Isn't that a wonderful way to see life? If you're not happy, why not work to get yourself happy?'"

And that's the philosophy Betty works on.

This young TV veteran—since 1948 she has rolled up some 4,800 air hours, most of them on a local Los Angeles station—was born in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, on January 7, 1926. Her parents, Thomas and Ethel White, brought her to Los Angeles in her early childhood. As Betty recalls, the only tragedies in her younger life centered around the death of a pet. Once when a poison worked his way through the neighborhood killing off all the dogs, including her beloved Pekinese, Chang. They lost three out three. When I was only five—but, if thoughts of killing can go through a child's mind, they went through mine then. Chang and I had been inseparable. Mother and Dad were絀, and I remember them. But any other time a pet died—Dad would come home from work, bundle us in the car, and we'd go buy another pet. He never argued about the idea that 'no pet can replace the one we lost,' and he was so right,' says Betty.

Betty and her handsome mother obv- ines, to have a fine relationship and have as much fun together as two contemporaries. In the modern—Hawaiian living room of their charming Brentwood home, Mrs. White sparkles the memory of her proximity to their daughter the dog. Subject of some odd pets she has suffered through—in addition to dogs—her Bets. (Betty was really baptized Betty, not Elizabeth, and her nickname is Bets. Appropriately enough, her large and active fan club is named Bets' Pets.)

"Bets has always adored animals," Mrs. White recalls. "I remember one day, when she was a little girl. We were in the house, she was wild-eyed with excitement over a bargain she had made. She had paid a nickel of her lunch money for a white 'mouse.' To my dismay, but also to my surprise, she had the rodent until he took to nesting in my slippers, then I took him to the nearest pet shop. I've never been quite forgiven.

Then there was Speedy, her desert tortoise. He was given the run of the house. There was a step between the living and dining room and we frequently found Speedy lying helplessly on his back at the bottom, with his head between his forelegs. Bandy, a small Pekinese; Dancer, a medium-sized French poodle—and Stormy, a huge St. Bernard.

Bets began her acting career with high school dramatics in Beverly Hills. Her first big role was that of Elizabeth in "Pride and Prejudice, the senior class play. Betty was senior-B and it was unprecedented that she, rather than a senior-A, should get the leading role. The next term, she wasn't so lucky and she lost to a senior-B for the lead in "Holiday."
"I was crushed—and I'd still like to do the role," says Betty. "But the really crushing part was realized the other girl did a better job than I could have. However, Mother and Dad, as usual, convinced me that this was not the most important thing in life and something else would come along. In the meantime, I got to sing at graduation. I'm really proud of my folks and their wonderful sense of values and humor." Betty adds, with a glow of pride.

Betty's father wanted her to go to college, but Betty wanted to get going on her chosen career of acting.

That was a real blow to Dad—one of the few real storms we weathered. But he finally said, "You must make your own decisions. I won't force you to go to college." So I started studying at the Bliss Hayden Little Theatre and began getting small roles in radio shows—with no pay.

Betty adds honestly.

On her first "steady" job, Betty earned ten dollars a week, and I couldn't believe that she would be "self-supporting." Of course, she was still living at home, but she felt this ten dollars would cover outside expenses. She refused to admit, for a long time, that she was wearing any of her dresses from the cleaners—for lack of cash. Later came roles on radio—in Blondie, This Is Your FBI, and The Great Gildersleeve—anything.

During the last years of World War II, Betty fell very much in love with a dazzling young lieutenant, the son of old friends of her parents. Better the Middle West. Stationed at Fort Ord, California, he came to visit the Whites one day and he and Betty began dating. For four months, he came to see her on every leave. Then, although you may remember, he was killed. After he was shipped overseas, Betty didn't date anyone else for a year and a half.

"But suddenly I realized that we had known each other under very abnormal conditions, and actually didn't know each other well enough to marry," Betty says. "I wrote him a Dear John and broke the engagement. I certainly wasn't proud of doing it, and for a while I was sorry. But I didn't ever change my mind. I know I was right. Now I can smile about it—but I couldn't for a long time."

In 1948, Betty turned to the struggling young medium of TV and went to work at KLAC-TV in Los Angeles—doing odd jobs, singing, interviewing and—looking pretty on Dick Haymes' Joke Shop and Tom, Dick and Harry show.

The following year, Al Jarvis, well known on the West Coast, started the Hollywood On Parade show—that station—with Betty as the feminine charmer and general factotum in charge of sorting records, answering phones, worrying about schedules, in the right spots. At first, the show was on for five hours every afternoon, six days a week, then it settled down to five days. Later, the time was cut to two hours a day. Even so, this proved up.

When Jarvis left the program, it was turned over to Betty—lock, stock and camera—and it became known as The Betty White Show. Meanwhile, Life With Elizabeth was started two years ago as a local evening show on KLAC-TV, and Betty began winning male fans to her following.

Now, of course, Betty's coast-to-coast charmer, Life With Elizabeth, as produced and distributed by Guild Films, is rapidly becoming a national institution, as telecasts over more than eighty stations, at latest count—including Canada.

Her daytime program, The Betty White Show, has gone "full network" over NBC-TV, still following the pattern which was so successful locally: Chit-chat, interviews, a little singing, a bit of everything. Her interviews with guests have a freshness which Betty ascribes to the fact that they are completely unrehearsed. She is a master at ad-libbing.

"Even in rehearsals, I've found that the light approach to a serious subject is the best possible way. If you start with a chuckle, it puts everyone at ease. If they seem to be tongue-tied, I deliberately turn my tongue twisted. Then they don't feel such stage—or TV—fright. So much can be done with a laugh!"

To maintain her marathon pace for four of the year, which has qualified her as the busiest girl in local (and probably national) TV circles, only Betty's sense of humor and good spirits could pull her through such a terrific schedule, according to her co-workers.

But, despite the pressure of work, Betty has always managed time for charitable and humanitarian work. Her current pet project is the Save the Children Federation, a national movement which, among other things, encourages students of American high schools to "adopt" whole schools in less fortunate lands. One day this week, Betty visits a school in Southern California to interest the students in exchanging letters and crafts with foreign students. She speaks at assemblies, usually sings a song or two.

With her heavy work schedule, she has little time for hobbies or being domestic. "But Bets is a pretty good kid around the house and does her share," her mother volunteers. "She's a good cook, when she has time. Before she was so busy, she used to knit and weave rugs. She has a flair for anything, but I think she has a collection of sketches she has done of dogs and cats. I'm fond and proud of them, but Bets would prefer that I not mention them."

Even time for dating is somewhat limited for Betty—that TV camera is murderous, if one doesn't get enough sleep! So she gets it. Her dates are usually with men in the industry, but she has no serious romance at the moment.

Betty says she has no talent for horseback riding but loves it, is an enthusiastic but bad swimmer, a fair ice skater, and a whiz at miniature golf. As a spectator, she prefers baseball over football "by a shade." She loves to garden, but her father is happier if she doesn't help him.

"She not only lacks a green thumb but she plants things too close together," says honest Horace.

Betty insists she isn't superstitious, but admits that the number 17 has been important in her life.

Her birthday is January 17. Her parents anniversary is February 17. Life With Elizabeth started locally May 17, 1952. First filming on the new series began September 17, 1953, and was telecast for the first time on October 17—starting on seventeen stations. Furthermore, there are seventeen letters in both Life With Elizabeth and The Betty White Show!

Of course none of this is "monumental"—just incidental. A quip, a laugh, a happy note from a pretty comedienne and versatile entertainer who brings much happiness and laughter to her audiences.

But just suppose that, for some reason, Betty gave up her career tomorrow. She wouldn't change. Her happy heart would be the same. Betty White would probably start working with some children in a settlement house and, between handicraft lessons, would tell them:

"If you want to, you can worry three times about everything—but it doesn't pay off. Yet, with a happy heart, you can do almost anything!"
Survey shows many nurses say "yes definitely" to douching with Zonite for feminine hygiene.

Do you know all you should about this intimate subject?

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83.3% douche after monthly periods,
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Enjoy the many benefits of Zonite. Inexpensive—only a few pennies per douche.

Zonite has '101' uses in the home. © 1954, Z.P.C.
Young Wendy Drew

(Continued from page 47)

theater is her love... but she doesn't date actors. She's sometimes as serious as a bookworm—which she is... but usually as gay as a jaybird—which she certainly isn't.

"Wendy is one thing to me," says her mother, "something different to her sister, and altogether another person to friends."

Wendy thinks it's all simply explained.

She says, "I'm me."

She lives some five minutes from Radio City, in a fourth-floor, walk-up apartment.

"We're not mad about the place," Wendy says, "but it's convenient to our work, for me and my mother. It's a dream, when you climb four flights several times a day, it's better exercise than any drill sergeant could dream up."

The apartment is shared by Wendy, her mother, and her sister. (Wendy's brother Garry is a student at U.C.L.A.) Wendy's sister Allegra is quite talented, too. At sixteen, she dances with the New York City Ballet and is the youngest member of the company.

"We all share the apartment—and a lot of other things," they say.

Mother and daughter are the same size... so their clothes are interchangeable... and so things happen.

Wendy's mother puts on a tweed coat from the closet, goes out shopping—and sometimes tops her shoulder from the rear.

"Wendy?"

She turns and replies, "No, Wendy's mother."

Wendy borrows back a skirt and sweater from Allegra, walks by New York City Center (where Allegra does her pirouettes)—and gets a long whistle.

She turns and shakes her head. "No, I'm Allegra's sister."

All three have had their ears pierced and thus can share about forty pairs of earrings. The collection grows year by year, since all three like antique jewelry and Wendy's mother has the knack and skill for redesigning interesting pieces. Many a pair of retired cuff links has found its way to this part of the galaxy.

"We have fun together," Wendy says, "I think that's because we are always so busy and have so much to talk about. There is always something new. I don't think we've ever had a chance to get settled."

Wendy managed to stay in her birthplace, Brooklyn, for the first four years of her life, and thereafter the family was always on the move. Her parents were divorced when she was a mere child, and she and her sister and brother were raised by her mother alone.

"California was the best for raising three children," her mother says. "The climate was good for their health and the cost of living was about one-third of what I found in other parts of the galaxy."

They were in and out of California. Mrs. Kent (Wendy's mother's real name) worked hard to support the three children. Only once could they afford to celebrate Wendy's birthday, and that was for her sixth year. They were in the chips for a short time, living in Dallas on what might be called a midget-sized ranch—ten acres with four hundred little girls arrived, accompanied by parents. Wendy had invited the entire school.

"Mother sent out in a hurry for gallons of ice cream and heaps of hamburger for the barbecue," Wendy recalls. "And it hadn't really been so dumb of me—because I got two hundred presents."

And that was Wendy's first and last birthday party.

She did get a pony, though, before they moved on from Texas. Since she herself was so light, Mrs. Kent—who is the pretty, petite original pattern of her daughters—thought that she should try the pony out before entrusting her daughter to its back.

"So Mother climbed aboard to break in the pony, fell—and broke her arm," Wendy says. "'Naturally, we have never called her 'Tex.'"

Wendy found herself whisking through schools. Every time they moved, she was given an intelligence test and pushed several grade higher. She was graduated from high school at the ripe old age of fourteen, in Los Angeles, where the Board of Education was so impressed by her high-I.Q. brain that they asked if they couldn't continue testing Wendy's intelligence—to see if she would eventually slip.

"I got out of town a year later," she says, "a fugitive from intelligence tests. I couldn't take a chance on getting bad news."

Actually, Wendy left Los Angeles at sixteen to try for a part in a New York play. But that wasn't the beginning of her career. Wendy's first entrance on a stage was made at twelve—and then she was living in Miami Beach. Up to her twelfth birthday, she had demonstrated no interest in acting. She was shy and quiet. She loved the beach and her books. (Once, when she decided it was high time she saw the world traveling, she just went to the library and methodically read herself around the globe.)

The summer of 1941, some friends of hers enrolled in a drama school conducted by Carmen Balfour, who had been reader to the Queen of England. Wendy wanted to attend the school, but the tuition was $100.

"I had never crossed my mind that Wendy had any acting talent," her mother recalls. "But Wendy was a good child and never made any demands of me. I didn't want to refuse this first real request."

This school for children turned out to be the springboard to Wendy's career. It happened that Morgan Farley, then an Army special service officer, came in to examine the building while he was in town to present plays for servicemen. He heard Wendy read a part, and her face and voice stayed with him. Almost a year later, he decided to produce "The Eve of St. Mark." He remembered Wendy—but didn't know her name. He called a member of the Chamber of Commerce. The man's son happened to be in the same class with Wendy and recognized Farley's description.

Wendy played the part of Janet, a girl of about nineteen. There was one sensitive love scene in the play. Farley was worried about how that scene would come off, for he figured that Wendy was a scant sixteen and hardly sophisticated. (He knew General Marshall would be in the audience for one of the performances, but he wasn't concerned about the General. He was worried that the servicemen might laugh during the love scene and shatter the mood of the play.)

Farley and Wendy's mother stood backstage. And Farley stood tense through the love scene. There wasn't a titter. He threw his arms around Wendy's mother and said, "She'll do." Later, he discovered that his protégée wasn't sixteen—she was thirteen.

Then the family moved back to California. Wendy finished high school, then...
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spent a year studying dramatics at the Pasadena Playhouse. She didn't like it. At the age of fifteen, she was by far the youngest girl in the school. She was separated by miles from the social life, interests and attitudes of her older classmates. The second year, she heard her mother she wanted to go to New York and see what she could do for herself on Broadway.

"Wendy was always a sensitive and intelligent girl," says Mrs. Kent. "I never had to worry about her taking care of herself."

So Wendy went to New York and moved in with a relative. She had a reference from Farley to an agent. The agent at once sent her to a theater for a reading. Otto Kruger was taking a new play on and he read the part. The second time, and needed an understudy for the part her daughter played.

"There were a couple of dozen actresses at the theater waiting to read for the job," Wendy recalls, "and everyone of them looked so experienced and glamorous."

She chipped with her innate shyness, and she lost. She went into a corner and sat down. She watched the others as they read for the job. Then a stranger sat down beside her.

"And you going to read?" he asked.

"I couldn't do it."

"How do you know until you try?"

She didn't move. A few more girls read.

"I'll try anything by going up there," the man said.

"Any one of those girls can do it better," she answered.

She sat, and so did the stranger. There were just a few girls waiting now. The man said, "You came here to try out for the part, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on up there. It'll take only a minute."

She didn't stir. The last applicant was on the stage.

"It's too late now," the man said.

"They've probably already decided."

"How do you know? Go up and find out." Wendy walked up to the stage and was handed a script. She read. It all took less than three minutes.

"You've got it," she was told.

And that's how got her first job on Broadway. It was a great break for a sixteen-year-old actress, because it gave her the confidence to go on. The play itself, after two-and-a-half months on the road, was closed.

Then the tough sledding began.

Wendy looked for nighttime work that would leave her days free to audition and her nights free to work, as she did as a cashier in a movie box office, but she was the one who was "taken." She trained one week for free. The second week she was doled twenty of her twenty-five dollars salary for being short in her receipts.

"Later, I found they had failed to instruct me in one little detail," she says. "I had thought my relief used the same cash drawer as I did, and so I never locked it."

She quit.

Next she took on a job as cigarette girl in a well-known Manhattan restaurant be-cause her duties only came up her even-

ings. They paid her only $16.50 for some forty-seven hours a week. All tips were to be turned in to the management.

"I kept most of it, but certainly in quite a few of it, and everyone knows about it," she says.

It was explained to her that, in the cause of survival, cigarette girls allowed them-

selves to be treated like "stolen" from the tips. It had to be done cagily and money was secreted in one's shoes or the bosom of her dress. Wendy "stole" a quarter from her tips once and put it in a shoe.

"My conscience went right down to my foot," she says, "and I robbed around like a cripple that night with the guilt worrying me to death."

Wendy's mother arrived in New York for a visit, spent a night at the restaurant watching Wendy vending, and was disgusted.

"All Wendy did was sit around looking pretty," she remembers. "It was a dull and exciting job for anyone as bright and lively as Wendy."

So Wendy's mother stopped in a good bookstore and got Wendy a job which delighted Wendy and which she held for three years. It was a salesgirl's job for Saturdays and Sundays.

"I almost lost that," she says. "The first Saturday I was to report, I got a call to act in a commercial."

The second Saturday, I went out of town for three weeks in a winter stock company. I phoned the lady who ran the bookstore and said, "You couldn't still want me?" And the woman said, "Of course, if you're as nice as your mother."

Wendy got parts in radio and TV, now and then, but not enough to support a living. Once she went through the Mid West for a month of one-night stands in "Dear Ruth," traveling with the cast in a station wagon. They drove 500 miles each day, put on the play at night, sleep a few hours in a hotel and drive on to the next town.

"Sometimes," she says, "I even gained ten pounds."

Then, a few years ago, she began to get more frequent calls from TV producers.

"Why, I don't know," she says. "But, for an actress, it's always either feast or famine."

She worked on most of the big shows, including Kraft and Philco Theaters, and Studio One. This past summer, her sister joined her in New York, and they took up their fourth-floor roost in Manhattan.

"I don't like living in the city, but I love New York," Wendy says. "Maybe some day I'll have a home near both the beach and my acting."

Some day, too, she hopes to be married and have children.

"I'd want at least three," she says. "I think children are the happiest part of a marriage."

Though she hasn't quite met "the right man." Or, if she's met him, she doesn't know it—or hasn't been convinced. Anyway, she doesn't have to worry much, for she's the kind of girl who makes a lasting impression. For those girls for getting the part of Young Widder Brown. She had auditioned for the office which produces the popular daytime drama, when she first came to New York. Eight years later, she still remembered her—and called on her to take over the role.

"You can understand why I was startled," she says.

"I wondered about Wendy playing the part of Young Widder Brown, as I suppose many other people might," says her mother. "I think Wendy, with all her youthful, has a couple of children and serious problems—and how would a young girl understand them? Well, Wendy cer-

tainly hasn't led a sheltered existence. She was raised on the streets, and said many of my problems. She practically raised her sister and brother during the years I worked. She's quite a mature girl. Then she's a good actress, and that, I think Wendy is still almost childlike in her enthusiasm for people and her work. She's as vibrant as she is serious. And that young Wendy Drew, kind of contradictory, even bewildering... but isn't that what makes women so mysteri-

ously charming? Particularly young wid-

ows and pretty ash blondes!"
two boys and a girl, but Roger, the youngest, was the only child destined for an acting career.

At the tender age of four, Roger announced a momentous decision in his life: "Mother, when I grow up, I'm going to be an actor!" To this day, Mrs. Sullivan doesn't know where he had heard the word "actor," since show business had never been mentioned in the house. However, young Master Sullivan was tooted off to the Syracuse University Children's Theater, at the advanced age of six years, and his dream became a reality.

At the Children's Theater, all phases of acting and production were emphasized. Roger learned to wield a paint brush in expert fashion and to work with his hands, besides playing leading roles on stage. He studied microphone technique, and became a featured player of the radio troupe at the local station, even handling the enameled chores for these Saturday-morning shows. (The announcer was a yet-to-be-discovered future movie star whom the small fry referred to as "Big Bill Lundigan").

Every Saturday morning, young Roger could hardly wait to receive his pay, so he could buy candy and flowers for his favorite girl—his mother. Sundays found him cherub-faced boy soprano in cota and casock, singing at All Saints Episcopal Church in Syracuse, where he appeared as soloist for five years—until his voice changed.

When Roger was eight, he coaxed his dad into buying tickets for a performance of "The Copperhead," starring his favorite movie star, Lionel Barrymore, at the local Loew's theater. Mr. Sullivan went even further—he arranged for his son to meet the great actor. Naturally, Roger was tongue-tied as the great Barrymore shook his hand. The star looked down at the small boy who wanted with all his heart to be an actor and said, "Son, it's a long, hard road full of heartbreak. But, if you want it more than anything else in the world, go to it" Roger always cherished these words, especially when the going did get rough.

Roger applied himself diligently at the Children's Theater until he was fourteen, then received his secondary education at Nottingham High School, later enrolling at Syracuse University. He now had three shows a week on the local radio station, and he banked his paychecks to further his one burning ambition. At the end of his freshman year, Roger made another big decision in his life, trading in his college books for a try at the Broadway stage.

Being a very persistent young man, he actually landed in a couple of Broadway plays, but they received the death blow from critics in record fashion. Back to pounding the pavements between producers' offices on both Broadway and Radio Row. There was only one vocation for him, but Roger was willing to work at anything which would keep him going. Being a runner on Wall Street, for instance, kept him in coffee and doughnuts till he crashed big-time radio.

He made the rounds for every audition that came along, until he finally "got lucky." The director of a topnotch network show needed a juvenile, but it wasn't as simple as that. Roger read for the role four times before the director was convinced that he could sustain the part. From then on, he was "in," and he played a variety of roles on such programs as Modern Romances, Backstage Wife, Theater Guild On The Air, Cavalcade Of America, Stage Door Canteen, and Let's Pretend.

Naturally, Roger jumped at the opportunity to get in on the ground floor of television, and he'll jokingly reminisce about the "good old days" when he was given nothing more than five dollars' cab fare and an apology, in return for his dramatic efforts. This rather unspectacular beginning eventually led to roles on A Date With Judy, The Red Buttons Show and, last summer, a featured part as Peter Bodkin, Jr.—the young salesman who could never sell anything—in Wonderful John Acton, over NBC-TV.

Nowadays, he is most frequently cast "against" his actual character, and is so much in demand that complications are sometimes unavoidable between his TV and radio jobs. The director of Three Steps To Heaven devised a unique solution to end Roger's problems of transportation from the 106th Street NBC-TV studios to the West 52nd Street CBS Radio studios. A motorcycle—complete with driver—was hired to whisk Roger from Heaven to Hilltop House in record time!

Roger's abilities in the theater world are numerous, but he is most proud of his talent as a writer. Most recently, he was elected to the New Dramatists' Committee membership—a real achievement, since those lucky enough to qualify receive invaluable training and guidance from top playwrights. His latest effort, "Song of the Scorpion," has aroused considerable interest from the Broadway producers. In the meantime, Roger is working on another play—for television—with a determined

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(Continued from page 28) marriage has certainly not been an average one. No theater marriage is. "When we work together, the whole day, as producer and star," says Ray, "we're just old-fashioned fighters. We could think of our twenty-fifth anniversary as the start of our career again"

In other respects, however, their marriage has been average. "We've had arguments," says Ray, "like a couple of sword swallowers on the same bill. We've had romance, too, like the two lamps of gas in the same cup of tea. We've had respect for each other, understanding, humor. We've grown out of smugness and into love. These things may have made our twenty-five years seem like a day.

"Actually, we've seen dark days and sunny ones. But, generally, the theater has been kind to us. And, although there was a time when we'd lost our money, there never was a time when we'd lost our love."

Gwen was a student at the University of Southern California when a friend took her to Los Angeles' Orpheum Theater to introduce her to producer Gus Edwards. Gwen was a song writer and singer. Gus was impressed by her ability, planned to make her a star.

The first day Gwen came to the theater with her friend, she saw Ray dancing on the tap. "He looked like a sublime homely gazelle," she remembers. "I don't remember the exact conversation, but the girl I was with said I was obviously smitten. She claims I said, 'There's the man I'm going to marry.' I was very precocious at the time."

Gus Edwards took Gwen around to parties, introducing her to all the important people in the theater world. She went to see Ray. Then, one Sunday, she had an appointment at the theater to meet Gus. Gwen, still in her jodhpurs, hurried in from a riding date. Gus didn't show up. But Ray did, ready for the part.

Ray had seen Gwen around at the parties and very much wanted to meet her. Ray, about as bashful as a bear in a pot of honey, rushed up and said, "I'm Ray Bolger. You're quite a number." Gwen were pretty much of a steady thing from then on, and were soon engaged to be married.

The year was 1929. Ray had been quite successful with his new record investing in blue-chip stocks. But those were the days when the market went up ten points at a time. Gwen began to feel that the top had been reached, and said so. "You had better sell some of those stocks."

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Ray. "Wait until after we're married, then you can tell me what to do." The new couple were leaving immediately for Europe. That's where they received news of the stock market crash.

"When we got back to the States," says Ray, "we had a hundred dollars in the bank. We looked at the bank balance, then at each other. It seemed we both had the same idea at the same time: Let's take it out and have one good fling!" That's what we did.

Nevertheless, they realized that you have to work a marriage to make it go. Gwen hadn't worked at housekeeping before, so Ray was switched to the actuating for her. Though Ray was never a starring actor—he worked fifty weeks out of every year during the Depression—the market crash had made them economy-minded.

"I was a little bit nervous," says Ray, "I wanted to do a show, Gwen left their expensive hotel to find an apartment. She wanted to prove that she was willing."

"I don't want to go to the theater," says Gwen, "I left the hotel to look for an apartment. I found one and moved us in. The apartment was cheaper, it had a little bit less expense than eating out. At the same time, I could show Ray what a good cook he had married. Though the byword of my argument was 'economy,' I was really trying for a show."

"I was even brave enough to ask Ray's agent, Abe Lastfogel, to dinner. But there

Perfect Partnership
was method in my madness. I knew that Abe loved chicken. Even since I was eleven years old, one dish I could make was roast chicken. Abe was vociferous in his praise, as I had known he would be—all agents are! "Best chicken I ever tasted. Better than my mother's, Abe said. Ray's agent was my agent."

There's give-and-take humor in every marriage. Ray and Gwen even kid one another about their work, though they have performed mainly together at the New Theater, where Gwen did a sketch, a take-off on Marlene Dietrich, which she had written. "I was so scared," she says, "I felt ill. I had to walk out on a runner through the house. On the way back, I nervously tripped over the footlights. I never heard the applause." "When I heard all the applause," says Ray, "I almost screamed."

There is to have mutual respect, of course, to make a marriage go. Gwen and Ray do respect each other, both intellectually and emotionally. That's why they have been so successful together in many projects as star and producer. The Broadway hit, "Where's Charley?" is an outstanding example.

"We worked together again, said Ray. "The producer—that's my wife—told me what to do. I had to do whatever she said—although I might have thought: Wait till I get you home."

Says Gwen, "Ray's tougher on him than any other producer could be. In fact, if anyone else had made him do the things I demanded, I would have been on that producer in an instant, beating away with my best umbrella."

It takes understanding, too, to make a marriage work. The demands of show business have put heavy pressure on the Bolgers' lives, says Gwen. "Where's Charley?" was a hit, and it took all of Ray's time. He had to do eight performances a week, a week on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Ray was the star, with no understudy. When Ray went on, there was no show. He couldn't be sick, he couldn't take a day off. The show ran for three weeks. "Where's Charley?" was Ray's hit. You can't call this a 'normal' way of life. We had to have patience with one another—we had to have understanding."

In the twenty-five years of their marriage, the Bolgers have had a bad time. While Ray danced and entertained, Gwen packed and unpacked in one city after another.

"No one can pack a bag as well as Gwen," says Ray. "One time, I went to New York for a one-week show. Gwen didn't go along. But she did pack my bag. She tramped sixty-four pounds of clothing into one suitcase. While Ray danced and entertained, Gwen packed and unpacked in one city after another."

"In New York, I needed a shirt. I opened the bag, took one out, but couldn't close the lid again. I tried. I failed. I finally took all the other laundry out, sent it back to Gwen. Then Ray added the clothes, you should feel lucky—I don't smoke, I don't drink, I just drop my clothes on the floor!"

After twenty-five years, the Bolgers still argue, the marriage is a matter of their own marriage. "It's a changing thing, a growing thing," says Ray. "Each day is a crystal bead on a long string. Each day brings new sunshine. It's never reflected the same in the next day as in the previous day. As the years go on, the marriage shines pretty much up to you."

"Marriage is romance, it's a game of love—an exciting game of love. When I come home one of these days, I find a woman who has grown more beautiful to me, a woman more beautiful than any I have seen all day."

And Gwen says, "Marriage is a thousand things. The beginning, the middle, the end. We all could understand it. It is a thing that has to be done."

"Today," says Ray, "I'm going for the first time in my life. I give my work up for a second in the air, if she weren't happy."

"Don't be melodramatic," Gwen replies to this. "What can we do?"

"We could hire out as a couple. I've played English butlers. You could be a Swedish cook and maid. You can make a bed nobody can get out of. We'd be a great success."

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