EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!
Inclusive story by Hedda Hopper

ARTHUR GODFREY'S FATEFUL HOURS
The story of one man's fighting courage

SPECIAL FEATURES

Dave Garroway
Today’s Bachelor

Patricia Wheel
Doctor’s Wife

Dennis James
Home for a Lifetime

Joan Alexander
and daughter Jane

N. Y. radio, TV listings

25¢
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 so much softer and silkiest—yet with 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—no spill, and it's so handy at home or when traveling. Try Prell Shampoo today—you'll want to use it *always!*

... soft, smooth, younger looking!
The Clarkes had been married eight years. So had the Deanes. But, of late, Jim Clarke seemed to deliberately forget their anniversary. But not Joe Deane...he always remembered. Naturally, Ethel Clarke was hurt. She would have been shocked to learn what lay behind her husband's indifference. It's a matter that no woman can afford to be careless about.

Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath) instantly and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's germ-killing action.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this...instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath...the kind that begins when germs start the 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. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you Listerine's antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

That is why independent research reported Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes.

No matter what else you do, use Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be extra-careful that your breath does not offend. Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...the most widely used antiseptic in the world
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Like this "Angelic" hairdo? Note the little angel wings that sweep back from her brow. With Bobbi, a natural wave is yours right from the start.

"Holiday" hairdo for career girls. Imagine a wave as natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. It's yours when you use Bobbi.

See how the ends curl gently under for this "Miss Coquette" style? With Bobbi you can easily get curls and waves like these—without help.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer... Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly... so permanently... so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent... as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. Immediately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! 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

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.
WHAT'S NEW

Ethel and Albert—alias Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce.

Met-mezzo Blanche Thebom guests for Warren Hull.

New harmony duo: Bing Crosby and Jimmy Stewart—quite a team.

• By JILL WARREN

NBC is presenting a big TV extravaganza called Saturday Night Revue as the summer replacement for Your Show Of Shows. It will run for thirteen weeks, starring Hoagy Carmichael as host and emcee. Hoagy will also sing, play piano and perform in dramatic sketches on the hour-and-a-half program. For the most part, the cast will include talent from the stage and night clubs, which is fairly new to television. Comedian Bob Sargent will be featured on the first few shows, also
The three Shriners—Herb, Indy (at piano) and his wife Pixie—form a musical trio at home.

songstress Helen Halpin, and a different name band will be spotlighted each week. In addition, there will be filmed segments of various novelty and variety acts which NBC cameramen have been shooting in Europe for the past year. All in all, they have about forty hours of this type of entertainment "in the can" and the producers will pick the best of it for Saturday Night Revue.

The network has assigned two different creative crews, two sets of writers, two directors, etc., so that the program ideas will be bright and fresh—they hope.

The summer talent list finds singers Bob Eberle and Helen O'Connell filling in for Perry Como on his CBS television show. Ray Anthony's orchestra will supply the music. This will be a real reunion for Bob and Helen, who both rose to vocal fame a few years ago when they were featured with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.

On June 11, Teresa Brewer will take over for Jane Froman on U.S.A. Canteen, Tuesday and Thursday nights over CBS-TV. If the show stays on this fall, Jane will probably return to her regular spot.

Ethel And Albert, which has been off the air for many, many months, has returned to NBC-TV as a regular feature on Saturday nights. This is good news to longtime fans of this excellent domestic comedy series. Peg Lynch, who also writes the show, is Ethel, and Alan Bunce is Albert.

For the first time in radio history the major (Continued on page 6)
European music festivals will be brought to America via CBS radio in a consecutive series of one-hour-and-a-half weekly broadcasts this summer. The program is heard on Sundays in the year formerly occupied by the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Now, through the magic of tape recordings, music lovers can hear the actual performances of world-renowned music festivals of the continent, as well as the famous Tanglewood Music Festival in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

Nancy Kenyon is the new lyrical lady on American Music Hall, heard Sunday nights on radio over the ABC network. She has replaced Joan Wheetley. Nancy, a soprano, who has done mostly night club work heretofore, looks and sounds a great deal like Marguerite Piazza.

Though the 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation has announced its plans to release the best of its already-produced films to television, it is almost certain that we will not be seeing these big movies in your living rooms much before the fall of 1954. With all the major studios in Hollywood fairly hysterical over the new 3-dimensional processes, it is practically a sure thing that other companies will follow 20th Century in releasing their product to television. However, it is also a fairly safe probability that it will take almost a year to convert the nation’s movie theatres to 3-dimension projection.

The major networks are still signing top talent for television. ABC has tabbed Ray Bolger and Danny Thomas to long-term exclusive TV contracts, both of which will take effect in the fall. Both Thomas and Bolger will star in their own weekly half-hour shows, to originate from Hollywood, and each of their contracts call for their services on ABC Radio as well.

NBC-TV has inked Celeste Holm for a forthcoming series spotlighting her talents as actress-singer-comedienne. They have also signed actor Tom Ewell to a long deal calling for appearances on both radio and television. Ewell is currently starring in Broadway in the big comedy hit, “The Seven Year Itch.”

CBS-TV has formed something called a National Program Planning Group, which is a panel of creative talent to develop new program ideas, and, as the first two members, they have engaged Ronald Alexander and Sally Benson. Alexander is the author of the New York stage show, “Time Out for Ginger,” and Miss Benson wrote the well-known Junior Miss and Meet Me in St. Louis stories, in addition to numerous movies.

This 'n' That:

Arthur Godfrey, who has been so enthusiastic about the future development of Miami Beach as a national television center, certainly doesn’t have any opposition from Florida’s public officials. Any time Arthur wants to go to work for the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, he’ll undoubtedly be welcomed with open arms.

Although he will be off the air through August, because of his orthopedic operation, Godfrey insists that he’ll be doing much of his broadcasting from the Southern sun center come next winter.

When Eve Arden and her husband, Brooks West, returned from Europe this fall, they hope to bring back an addition to their family. Eve has been planning on adopting another baby—she already has two—and it would be last, but better than finding a war orphan to take into their home.

Vaughn Monroe announced his retirement from the air, stating that he played his final band date in May at Ford—

(Continued on page 21)
More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!

New! ... a magical non-roll top, plus tummy-flattening latex “finger” panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way Nature intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, breathing second skin.

Amazing New Playtex Magic-Controller!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as Nature intended!

Magic-Controller is all one piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects firm control. It does more for you than any girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to “fashion” your figure naturally, comes when you wear it under slender new styles. You’ll think you’ve lost a full size... no matter what your size!

Playtex Magic-Controller
with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere. $7.95 Extra-large size, $8.95 Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $4.95 FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $3.50 Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
He can do it better

When Jack Pyle was in the Coast Guard, he walked into a radio station one day and said, "Those deejay shows we hear in the barracks are second rate—I could do better myself." That was the beginning of Jack's career as a disc jockey. He is heard daily from 6:30 to 9 in the morning over Station KYW.

Born in Cleveland thirty-three years ago, Jack moved East with his family and went to school in Washington and Baltimore. During his high-school days he became a great record hound—Louis Armstrong became his all-time favorite. After graduation he joined the Coast Guard, and it was while stationed in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, in 1940, that he complained to the brass at Station WCNC about their disc men. All during his time in service, Jack managed to squeeze some radio broadcasting into his crowded days as a Guardsman.

It was also during this time that Jack got married. He had met Emilie three years before. They now have two children—Carol, six, and Toby, four. Since Jack is an ardent baseball fan, he's justly proud of Toby's pitching prowess. Toby's probably the best four-year-old southpaw in the game! The Phillies are Jack's favorite team, and he even arranges his vacation so that he can watch them in spring training down Florida way.

He's not the kind of fan who yells, "Lemme pitch that ball," though. He only tried that routine once, and it really paid off. In that case he could do it better, and has been doing it ever since.
Beautiful Hair

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions.

It is important that you use a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. 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.

The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.

Are you in the know?

When asked to dinner, should you be—

☐ Sure of the date  ☐ "Fashionably" late

You were positive Mary's mom said this Tuesday. ("Dinner . . . a few friends.") Or did she mean next Tuesday? Double-checking would have spared confus- dom. Saved barging in, a week ahead, to find the family re-hashing Sunday's roast! Better not be "lazy" about certain other "dates", either. Or the kind of sanitary protection to choose. Remember, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special flat pressed ends let you glide through any occasion—with a heart as light as helium!

Which can be a threat to poise?

☐ A callous heart  ☐ A calloused heel

We're talking about those beat-up loafers she's wearing. The soft shoe routine is fine—'til they get too loose; then, being slip-shod can cause a callus. Shoes should fit snugly. Protects your looks; poise. Of course, at problem time, poise and Kotex go together. That safety center gives extra protection. And Kotex holds its shape; is made to stay soft while you wear it.

If he's just an acquaintance—

☐ Try siren tactics  ☐ Pay your own fare

Your friendship's casual. Comes along a bus—and suddenly your purse develops lockjaw! A chance meeting doesn’t mean he must pay your way. Best you pay your own. On "trying" days discover "your own" absorbency of Kotex. You'll see—(by trying all 3)—whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one for you.

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, nicer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If Delsey is not on hand, have them order it for you.

Information Booth

The New Luigi

Dear Editor:

We're very fond of the man who took over as Luigi. Can you give us some infor- mation about him?

L. P., Wilmington, Del.

Vito Scotti, the new Luigi Basco, was christened Vito Scozzari thirty-five years ago in San Francisco. His father was a macaroni manufacturer in Tunis, Africa, who died when Vito was an infant, and his mother—known in the entertainment world as Gina Snatella—brought him up. Vito grew up in the entertainment business, touring with his mother and brother all over the United States. By the time he was twenty-two, Vito had his own musical-comedy company, which toured with tuneful shows like "Blossom Time," "Vagabond King," and "Naughty Marietta." For a time, Vito's main source of income was small comedy roles in the movies, but then TV came his way—and better parts came with it. Three years ago Vito married Irene Lopez, a Spanish classical dancer, whom he met in New York. The couple live in a small Hollywood apartment.

J. Fred Muggs

Dear Editor:

Is it true that J. Fred Muggs, the monkey on the Dave Garraway show, Today, is in love?

F. S., Rochester, N. Y.

J. Fred, who was a year old not so long ago, met a female of his species at a birth- day party held for him recently in Chi- cago. The girl who captured his heart is called Sheba, and J. Fred treated her as if she were the late Queen herself. But

(Continued on page 27)

Vito Scotti
watch
the Birdie

R ichard is the only full-time partner in radio who works for peanuts. But partner he is—to Milton Q. Ford, Washington, D.C., wit. Both are heard on WWDC and seen on TV daily. Yes, just like Abbott and Costello, Martin and Lewis, Bergen and McCarthy—Ford and Richard keep people laughing. Actually, it's a team beyond comparison—Richard, he's beyond comparison. Richard is a parrot.

Together for five years now, Milton Q. and Richard are so popular they were recently made into a funny strip. They are now seen in 350 newspapers throughout the country. At this stage of the game, Richard is more than a mere bird to the Ford family. He's a breadwinner, and is treated with the respect due him by Milt's wife Jeanne and youngsters Jeff and Mike.


Milt came to Washington and WWDC from his home town of Memphis, Tennessee. He entered radio there, after he was graduated from the University of Tennessee Law School. He had already been admitted to the Bar when he decided to switch to radio.

As for the future—Milton Q. Ford is not an ambitious man. He feels that someday Richard will be ready to take over, and then Milt can sit home and watch the money roll in. Of course, he hasn't figured on Richard. The bird has let it get around that then he will pay Milt in peanuts.
LOOK... only $2.98

Sun Set by Lovable®

Styled by a famous bra-maker.
Smart-fitting Sun-Bra, jaunty boxer shorts to match.
What a value at $2.98! Bra alone $1.

Sun-Bras
Strapless, halter and padded styles... in twill or denim... splashed with color... from $1.
Padded style shown $2.

This month, the United States Marine Corps Band will celebrate the 155th anniversary of its founding—on July 11, to be exact. The eighty-one piece band has gained world-wide acclaim, and is one of the finest aggregations of its kind on earth. Organized by an Act of Congress, the band is often referred to as the “President's Own” since it has performed at White House functions starting in the year 1801—at President John Adams’ New Year’s Day reception.

The Marine Band has another anniversary coming up this year. 1953 marks its twenty-third year on radio, and that’s quite a birthday, because it makes the Marine Band the oldest sustaining show on the air. Led by Lt. Col. William F. Santelmann (his father led the band for twenty-nine years before him), the U.S. Marine Band is a credit to the nation and to the fighting group from which it springs.

The Lovable Brassiere Co.
180 Madison Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

"Instant Neutralizing!"

Amazing
New Neutralizer
acts Instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave
far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

BRAND NEW Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
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A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!
Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair
that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt
gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave . . . even on the very first day.
The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

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Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new
Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!
Beautiful Swinproof Lips
WITHOUT LIPSTICK

MARY ELLEN KAY
featured in “Harness Bell”
on RKO production

And These Newly Luscious Colors
Can’t Smear Anything—or Anyone

Bid “good-by” to lipstick and see your lips
more beautiful than ever before. See them
depicted in vivid, liquid color that
really can’t smear. Obviously this miracle
couldn’t be performed by lipstick made of
grease, and it isn’t. A Liquid does it. . .
Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax,
no paste. Just pure, vibrant color.

Now you can make up your lips before you go
out—and no matter what you do—or whether it
be in sunlight or in moonlight—they will stay
divinely red until long after you are home again.

Makes the Sweetest Kiss
Because It Leaves No Mark on Him!

Think of it! Not a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone
leaves your lips for him—or for a napkin or tea-cup.
It stays true to your lips alone.

Feels Marvelous On Your Lips. . . they stay soft and
smooth, protected against sun and wind. At all stores $1

Please try SEVERAL SHADES at my invitation

You can’t possibly know how beauti-
ful your lips will be, until you see
them in Liquid Liptone. Check coup-
pon, Envelope 25¢ for each shade.
Mail it at once. I’ll send you trial
sizes of all shades you order. Each
bottle is at least 2-week supply.
Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be!

Liquid Liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 3147
3709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below.
I enclose $1.00 for each one.

☐ Jewel—Sophisticated ruby brilliance.
☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red— ravishing.
☐ Royal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
☐ Cyclamen—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
☐ Orchid—A cool fuchsia pink.
☐ English Tint—lively coral-pink.

☐ CHEEK TONE—“Magic” natural color for cheeks.

R
☐ Miss
☐ Mrs.

☐ Address

☐ City
☐ State

What’s

By CHRIS WILSON

This month’s column is going to be de-
vo ted to answering mail. If there isn’t
room enough this time around—keep
watching and reading, and eventually your
questions will become answers.

RED BUTTONS
To L. B.: Yes, Red Buttons has a recording
out. The name’s “Strange Things Are
Happening” and you’d better hurry if you
don’t want to be put on the waiting list
at your favorite record shop. He is, un-
doubtedly, the same man you saw when
you were visiting the Catskills—and I hate
to tell you, but you’re one of several mil-
lion who are now discovering that you
enjoyed Red when . . .

JULIUS LA ROSA & LU ANN SIMMS
To J. R. (and all you other enthusiasts):
You can contact these two people for pict-
ures and information through the Arthur
Godfrey Office, Columbia Broadcasting
System, 485 Madison Ave., New York 22,
N. Y. We’ll keep you informed on their
new recordings, of course.

THE MODERNAIRES
To A. H.: The Modernaires are four boys
and a girl, and their names are Fran Scott,
Allan Copeland, Paula Kelly, Johnny Drake
and H. A. Dickinson. In real life, Paula Kelly
is Mrs. Dickinson. Coral label carries
them, and their latest is “Wishing You
Were Here Tonight” and “Lovely Is the
Evening.”

THE McGUIRE SISTERS
To B. W.: Arthur Godfrey and you have
something in common—you both think the
McGuire Sisters are good. Christine, Phyllis
and Dorothy got their original break on the
Kate Smith show. They are from Mid-
dletown, Ohio, and were mighty popular
when they joined the staff of WLW in
Cincinnati. The musical composer Gordon
Jenkins befriended them when they ar-
ived in New York, and Ted Collins put
them on for eight straight weeks with
Kate Smith. Godfrey was so impressed
with them when they appeared on his Tal-
ett Scouts that he asked them back for
his Wednesday—e o w n e s h o w as well. They
have “One, Two, Three, Four” and “Pickin’
Sweethearts” out under the Coral label,
right at the moment.

JONI JAMES
To R. E.: Yes—you may have gone to
school with Joni James. She, too, attended
Bowne High School in Chicago, and her
name was Joan Babbo. She was an honor
student, sang in the school choir, and
worked as a counter—girl in an attempt to
help support herself. Bright girl, Joni!

HANK WILLIAMS
To B. K. (and about ten others who have
written): Hank Williams was just thirty
years old when he died last New Year’s
Day. Sorry, the list of memorial albums
is just too long to include in this space.
Hank was only fourteen when he started
singing over Station WSFA in Montgom-
ery, Alabama. He worked there until five
years ago, when Grand Ole Opry—out of
WSM in Nashville—asked Hank and his
boys to join them. His first recording for
MGM was in 1947 when he did “Move It
Over.” His last recording was “Kaw-liga,”
which he wrote as well as sang.

Red Buttons really made a solid
bid for recording acclaim with
“Strange Things Are Happening.”
Use new White Rain shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

Can't dry your hair like harsh liquids
Can't dull your hair like soaps or creams

White Rain
Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
Arthur Hughes may be his real name, but to millions of Americans—he’s Just Plain Bill (Davidson), the lovable barber of Hartville. For nineteen years Arthur has been Bill, and it’s difficult, even for him, to separate the real man from the NBC character. His part as a barber has led to one of Arthur’s chief hobbies—collecting barbering equipment. His prize possessions are a jewel-encrusted razor which once shaved a Medici face, and a pair of ancient Greek scissors.

Chicago born, Arthur began his career on the stage when he was seven. A stage manager, who was a family friend, used to take him to the theatre to play child parts. Arthur’s ambition was to become a lawyer, however. He acted in order to make extra money for his education. After spending three years in the Infantry during World War I, Arthur changed his mind, and decided to stay in the theatre. He has been in many fine Broadway plays, in addition to his radio work.

Like the character he portrays, Hughes is a man of simple tastes. He has millions of friends—all made during his years as Bill—who write him for advice. His advice—as Arthur Hughes—is to live according to principle and honor, and to find happiness in the many little things in life.

Just Plain Bill is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EDT, for the Whitehall Pharmacal Co., makers of Anacin.
Bill's beloved daughter Nancy is played by Bill's beloved wife Toni Darnay. The first "Bill"—to unravel the above statement—is Just Plain Bill, and the second one is Bill Hoffman, Toni Darnay's writer-husband. The Hoffmans are one of the happiest couples in New York, where they live with their two little ones—Toni and Darnay. The names were Bill's idea, Tony is always quick to say. But Bill Hoffman doesn't mind taking the credit—he wanted his children to be named after his lovely wife.

Toni comes from a show-business family on her mother's side, and spent most of her early life trying to convince her father that she, too, must have a theatrical career. She did vaudeville, danced in clubs, played summer stock and repertory—each time to be yanked out of the cast by her father. But, after she was eighteen, Toni had her own way at last. She went to New York with great hopes, but the going was tough. The spaghetti got tiresome, and mended stockings were no fun, but then Toni got a chance to audition for a radio part. She won the part of Evelyn Winters in the now-extinct serial, Romance Of Evelyn Winters. From there on, it was easy sailing for other roles—her part as Nancy, for example.

Kerry, Nancy's husband on Just Plain Bill, is portrayed by James Meighan. Jim thanks radio fans for the fact that Kerry is still a part of the program's permanent cast. When he first appeared in the script, it was intended only as a slight complication, but the fans insisted that the writers let Nancy marry him—so Kerry's still around.

Jim's been preparing for show business all of his life. He studied acting at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, acted in stock, and had wonderful experience at the famous Provincetown Playhouse with such stars as Walter Abel and Wayne Morris. On Broadway, Jim played opposite such luminous ladies of the theatre as Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes and Jane Cowl.

But, in 1929, the crash really hit the theatrical business, and Jim considers himself one of the lucky actors who found radio. He has stayed with it ever since, but lately has been able to limit himself almost exclusively to his two major roles. He is Kerry, and also portrays Larry Noble in Backstage Wife. This gives him much more time to spend at home with his own wife—Aleece and their three children.
1. Tampax is invisible, once it's in place. Because Tampax is the internal kind of monthly sanitary protection, it doesn't even "show" under a bathing suit that's wet or dry!
2. Tampax is unfelt, once it's in place. There's all the difference in the world between cool, comfortable Tampax and hot, "chafey," irritating external pads. Try Tampax and see!
3. Tampax prevents odor from forming—saves you from even the thought of embarrassment. It can be worn in shower or tub, too—an important thing to remember when you're away visiting.
4. Tampax is easy to dispose of—even when vacation resort plumbing is not quite up to par. You can change Tampax quickly, too, in a matter of seconds.

AUNT JENNY Wherever there are people, there are sure to be complications. A long-missing husband, a marriage about to fail, a tragic misunderstanding—theses stories and many others have been told by Aunt Jenny recently as she continues to share her intimate knowledge of the dramas that make Littleton as interesting and absorbing as most places are when you know the truth about them. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Pre-opening worries give way to relief as Larry Noble's new play achieves success. But the dramatic forces behind the scenes cause new troubles for Larry and his wife Mary, particularly when actress Dolores Martinez is removed from her leading role opposite Larry. Will Dolores accept this disappointment quietly, or will her resentment lead to serious consequences for the Nolles and their friends? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY The dam project stirs up life in Three Rivers to such an extent that forces long concealed far beneath the placid surface are at last exposed to daylight. It is almost unbelievable to the Dennis family that the quiet, dull little town they left months before can produce all the excitement they have come back to—excitement that doesn't stop short of murder. How will the Reverend Dennis be involved? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Julie and her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, are almost stunned with happiness when they learn they will at last have the child they had almost given up hoping for. But there is no such thing as perfect happiness. What strange twist of fate lies ahead for the young Palmers as they lovingly prepare for the birth of their baby? What does the future hold for this marriage which has been almost too happy? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, ace crime reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, regards it as his prime job to come back from an assignment with the story his paper wants. But over the years David has trained his sharp eyes, ears and instincts to such a pitch that the police never have had to file as unsolved any case he has worked on. David and his wife Sally, working together, have brought many criminals to the justice they sought to avoid. M-F, 5:35 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT When young Joey Roberts enlist, it is from his stepmother Meta that he gets understanding rather than from his hurt and surprised father. But gradually Joe comes to see that Joey's turning to Meta is a good thing—that, at last, the family feeling he hoped for when he married Meta is coming to life. Will Meta also be able to help as young Dr. Dick Grant, husband of Joe's daughter Kathy, faces his own problem? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, head matron of Hilltop House, is inclined by both experience and temperament to keep a level head in emotional matters. But the situation created after Reed Nixon's accident is particularly difficult for Julie. How far can she go in lifting Reed's depression and self-accusation without compromising her own future far more than she intends? Can she ever really love Reed? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson is disturbed when his son-in-law, Kerry Donovan, undertakes to represent Wesley Drake in a libel suit against Bill's young friend, Dennis Hill. Dennis is also involved with Teresa Knight, whom Bill distrusts despite her apparent forgiveness of Dennis after first holding him responsible for her husband's mental breakdown. Will Teresa cause a rift between Bill and his daughter Nancy? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi's friends, Douglas and Alice Norman, make an important decision when Alice plans to stop working with Doug on his neighborhood newspaper and become a full-time homemaker. It looks at first as though young Grace Garcine is going to be just the helper Doug needs. But Chichi...
senses some straws in the wind—straws that point in a strange direction. Just who is Gracie Garcia? M-F, 3 P.M., EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES When Belle Jones accompanies her employer, producer Verne Massey, to the Toronto tryout of his new play, she is at long last brought face to face with her husband Lorenzo, for whom she has been desperately searching ever since his loss of memory separated them. But, instead of happiness, tragedy looms as Lorenzo, unable to recognize Belle, proceeds with his plans for marriage to Gail Maddox. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS When Tom Wells left Rushville Center many months ago, Fay only half believed he would come back to her. And when he did, and the feeling between them had apparently steadied into something Tom felt he could rely on for the rest of his life, she was almost more surprised than ecstatic. Was Fay's uneasiness premonitory? What will happen as a result of Tom's trip to New York to get his book published? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Despite all Sunday's efforts, she cannot turn the tide of evidence that threatens to convict her husband, Lord Henry Brinthope, of murder. Does Henry's plight really arise from Sunday's involvement with Wilma Taylor and her husband Paul? Or is it Wilma's brother, the crippled Clifford Cates, who holds the key to Lord Henry's future in his threatening, embittered personality? Can Sunday save Henry? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and Linda thought they were making the most sensible decision of their marriage when they decided to adopt the baby whose mother had indicated so firmly that she did not want him. But when the child's father changes his mind, Pepper and Linda find their lives verging on heartbreak. Even if Jim Dennis' desperate effort to reclaim the baby fails, what will the shock and strain do to Linda? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON With the death of Mark Cesar's chief henchman, Emmet, lawyer Perry Mason is certain he is at last approaching the center of Cesar's operations. Police cooperation makes it easier for Perry to follow out his complicated, difficult plan to trap Cesar. But what will happen to Ruth Davis if Cesar manages to elude discovery long enough for his own desperate plan to work? Will Perry be quick enough? M-F, 2:15 P.M., EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The alienation between Miles Nelson and his wife Carolyn continues despite Carolyn's heartbroken efforts to clear away misunderstanding. Will she ever succeed as long as Annette Thorpe remains in Miles' con-

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Daytime Diary

ROAD OF LIFE At last Conrad Overton may have overreached himself in his effort to convict Dr. Jim Brent of the murder of Gordon Fuller, for the gun planted in Jim's car throws suspicion in an unanticipated direction. Or rather Conrad's daughter Sybil has overreached herself, for it was Sybil who made the desperate, almost suicidal attempt to involve Jim beyond extrication. How near is Sybil Overton to the mental breaking point? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT As Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent continues work on Kelsey Spencer's new picture, mounting tension arising out of Spencer's curious personality continues to disturb Kelsey. She is relieved when Spencer turns his attentions to aspiring actress Gladys Larkin, not realizing that Spencer's purpose is to arouse her jealousy. What part will Kelsey's mysterious housekeeper, Mrs. Poinexter, play in Helen's life? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY Over the protests of his wife Audrey, Lefty Higgins continues his cooperation with Bill Roberts in their effort to expose the gambling ring operating in Springdale. It is Lefty's proud boast that he knows all the angles, but is Audrey right in fearing that there are a few he may not foresee? Will Bill's paper get the information it needs to clean up the town? Or will the evil truth remain out of reach? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON The Burton store had been the traditional family business for so long that neither Stan nor Terry anticipated a change. But Stan was happy when events led him to the realization of his long-cherished dream to run a newspaper. Terry knew this would make an important change in their lives, but if she could have foreseen the startling future, would she have encouraged Stan as she did? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS When Arnold King's sister-in-law Alida is mysteriously killed, Arnold's plan to marry Stella is halted and both their lives are plunged into confusion as they attempt to discover the truth behind the tragedy. Knowing Arnold must be innocent, Stella persistently seeks proof of the vicious plot against him which she senses but cannot yet prove. How does her beloved daughter Laurel figure in the plot? M-F: 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE In a desperate effort to save her own life, young Grace Sargent tells Cass Todero that a friend of hers holds a sealed list of his criminal history, with instructions to open it only if something happens to her. Todero immediately assumes it is Nora Drake who holds this weapon against him. Nora, frightened by his threats, is prevented from calling police only by Grace's hysteria. But how can Nora protect herself? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN At last the truth about Mark is out in the open . . . at least for those who will admit it. Is psychiatrist Dr. Weber going too far when he diagnoses Mark as a manic-depressive? Or is Wendy being continually misled by Mark's periods of apparent mental health into believing him on the road to recovery? Will she be forced to face the truth when things have gone so far that there is no turning back? M-F, 12 noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES It is sometimes difficult for Harry and Joan Davis to realize that the months of their dreadful separation, during which Joan was believed dead, are really over. But their reunion has not entirely eliminated the strange forces working to ruin their lives, and the complications that arose while they were apart are additional factors that cast a threatening shadow over the future which should be so bright. M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE When Virginia Carter married artist Stanley Creighton, she knew she was taking on a tempestual life partner, and there have been times when she regretted persuading him to move to the farm, since it was so alien to his previous way of life. But with the coming of their child a curious change comes over Stan—a fundamental change in his whole attitude toward life. How will this affect the Carter family? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE It's been up and down with the marriage of Mary Browne and Ernest Horton ever since Mary first decided to take a chance on it. Now it seems to Dr. Paul Browne, her father, that it has taken a turn for the worse from which it may never recover as Mary finds she is going to have a baby. Ernest's evident bitterness at the added responsibility which may force him to give up his writing is an ominous signpost to the future. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring, their relationship already broken by Anthony's inability to prove the long-ago annulment of his marriage to Ruth Loring, undergoes further strain as the result of the difficulties of their friends, Norine and Herbert Temple. Are Norine and Anthony as close as circumstances make them appear? Can Ellen maintain her faith in the man she has loved for so long? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)ham University in New York. Vaughn says that from now on any performances he does in night clubs, theatres or television, will be as a soloist. However, he will continue to broadcast his weekly radio program, and there are plans in the making for him to do a television show from New York this fall.
Singersongstress Mindy Carson and her husband, Eddie Joy, are expecting a new little joy the first part of August. They are hoping for a brother for Jody, their ten-month-old daughter. Incidentally, Mindy has taken up a hobby which is working out very well, in view of the stork's impending visit. She bought a sewing machine and with it came a course of lessons, so she's been stitching like mad. She plans to return to her television chores shortly after the new baby's arrival.
Frank Sinatra may star in a telepix series tentatively titled Blues In The Night. This is a dramatic human-interest story about a musician which is being done by Desilu Productions (Lucille Ball's and Desi Arnaz's company), and they are hoping to have it on TV screens this fall.
Anzie Strickland, who is heard as Claire on When A Girl Marries, is now also playing Grace on Life Can Be Beautiful. The producers chose her after auditioning many well-known radio actresses for the part.

Congratulations are in order for Don McNeill. On June 23, the Breakfast Club program celebrates its twentieth consecutive year on radio. On this past April 10, Don completed his twenty-fifth year before the microphone.
Jerome Thor and his actress wife, Sydna Scott, have returned to the United States and ended their association with the Foreign Intrigue program. The couple say that two years in Europe was enough and they want to concentrate their professional activities on home ground for a while.
Horace Heidt will be off for Europe in a few weeks for a four-month musical tour. He plans to play mainly for GIs.
Yvonne King, one of the famous King Sisters who sang with Alvino Rey's orchestra a few years ago, came out of retirement recently to make a guest appearance on the Jack Owen show, over ABC Radio. Yvonne, who is married to pianist Buddy Cole and lives in Hollywood, may resume her vocal career in the near future.
Barry Nelson was chosen to play the male lead opposite Joan Caulfield in CBS-TV's My Favorite Husband series, set to start early this fall. Nelson, until recently, was starred on Broadway in the stage click, "The Moon is Blue."

Whatever Happened To...?
Muriel Angelus, former singer who made many guest appearances on radio a few years ago and also appeared in Broadway shows and in several movies? Miss Angelus more or less retired when she married NBC musical conductor and composer Paul Lavalle. They live on a farm in Wilton, Connecticut, with their daughter Suzanne.
Ralph Byrd, well-known movie and radio actor, who at one time also played Dick Tracy on television? Ralph passed away (Continued on page 23).
Jack Sterling took over one of the most difficult replacement spots in radio five years ago. He was working as program manager for Station WBBN in Chicago—a CBS affiliate—when the call went out for a man to replace Arthur Godfrey on his morning show over WCBS in New York. Although Jack had been in show business all his life, he hadn’t the slightest intention of applying. Some other braver man could try to fill King Godfrey’s shoes—not Jack Sterling. But his own station suggested he try out—so Jack agreed, providing they pay for the recording he would have to send to New York. They did—and, the next thing you know, Sterling began waking New Yorkers up, and making them like it.

Jack was born in Baltimore, Maryland, thirty-eight years ago. His father and mother were both vaudevillians—in fact, they were married on the stage of one of the theatres in the circuit. When two years old, Jack appeared as Little Willie in “East Lynne.” By the time he was seven, he had shaped up his own minstrel act, and played the same bill with his parents from coast to coast.

In addition to the Jack Sterling Show on radio, Jack is the Ringmaster on CBS-TV’s Big Top. He admits that this assignment is a great deal of fun because it’s so much like the old vaudeville days. Although Jack has been able to reach the top of the ladder in radio—he’s still a sucker for the smell of greasepaint, and hopes that some day he will find a small stock company where he can put in some time acting. This may be quite soon, too, because Jack is planning to move to a suburban section when he is married (in June), and there he can join a little-theatre group. Once he marries his dream girl, and has his dream house—things will be just about perfect for this genial fellow. He’ll probably spend most of his spare time in the kitchen—since he loves to cook, and is quite an expert. Or maybe he’ll play a little golf—“little” is putting it mildly. But Jack’s the sort of person you like to see succeed—he’s such a sterling citizen—and that’s no pun.
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 21)

rather suddenly in August of last year, in Hollywood.

The Chordettes, the feminine vocal quartet who became so popular on Arthur Godfrey's radio programs and telecasts? Since parting company with the Godfrey organization, the Chordettes have been making personal appearances in and around New York. And, if the size of their fan mail is any indication, they may be set with a radio or television show of their own by the time this is in print.

Lesley Woods, who used to be heard on the Lone Journey program and others? Lesley took time off from radio work to go to Europe with her architect husband who went abroad to study. However, she has been back about a year now and has been working very actively on many air shows.

Danny O'Neill, the tenor who used to sing on many network programs from New York? Danny is now in Chicago, where he is heading a program called Breakfast With Danny O'Neill, over Station WBKB, Monday through Friday.

In answer to our query a few months ago regarding the whereabouts of songstress Nora Martin, who sang on Eddie Cantor's show a few years back, we received a letter from Nora herself, postmarked Portland, Oregon. She reports that she is starring in her own radio show called Happy Valley Ranch, over Station KGW, in Portland, and is happily married to her manager-producer, Stephen M. Janik, and the mother of two boys. Nora also says she hopes to be doing television before long.

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 East 42nd Street, New York City 17—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.

(Note: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel.)

Mr. & Mrs. "Stardust" Carmichael, Hoagy premiered his NBC-TV show June 6.
Bonnie's BLUE

PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."


Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL

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DAY-TIME in

Lunching atop the Terrace Plaza Hotel, Doris Day tells her husband, Marty Melcher: "Look at my home town! Isn't it wonderful?" And, while they're in Ohio, she happily introduces him to some of the folks she'll never forget—like bandleader Barney Rapp (left), who gave Doris her first singing job in Cincinnati, and cousin Robert Welz (below), now a Captain of the Cincinnati Police.
Lifelong family friend Dr. Giles De Courcey is consulting physician to the city Fire Dept. So, under his watchful eye, Doris and her son Terry get an exciting close-up of the most modern fire-fighting gear!

Uncle William Welz is proud of his many years as a baker of Ohio's bread—and proud, too, of his pretty niece, now a star of Warner Bros. Pictures (next, "Calamity Jane") and her own Doris Day Show over CBS Radio (Tues., 10:05 P.M. EDT).

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THERE are things about Morgan Baker which some people find mysterious. For example, quite a few people wondered why he should leave sunny California to go to the rugged climate of New England. Of course, no real rock-ribbed native would have any question in his mind about that one—state pride being what it is. But still, they must admit that it's usually done the other way around. Then, of course, there's the matter of Morgan's face. Now that sounds like a peculiar thing to refer to as a "matter," but Morgan has a peculiar attitude towards his face—he won't show it. At least he won't for publicity purposes.

Morgan is the director of the Housewives Protective League, heard daily over Station WEEI in Boston. He is also the emcee of Sunrise Salute. And all he does is talk. Not a singer—no comedian—just plain simple talk about all manner of subjects. But somehow his talk is one of the most popular things on Boston radio. Now, a man as well known as Morgan would certainly be expected to make public appearances where his face could be seen—but no—he has successfully managed to remain a faceless voice and a signature to his many listeners. The signature comes in at the bottom of his stationery in answering fan mail. And if the WEEI mail clerk is to be believed—Morgan gets more letters than he can handle.

At this point folks might start getting some pretty strange ideas about Morgan Baker. Why is his face a mystery? Is he hiding something? Well, he isn't at all strange. Morgan lives in Milton in an ultra-modern ranch house. What's more he's married—has two children (a boy and girl) goes in for amateur photography and furniture building, and drives to his job each day in a perfectly ordinary automobile. He's not in the least bit exotic—doesn't go in for collecting Ming china or delving into black magic. He just likes to remain a voice on radio. And he certainly has succeeded with this technique—and there's no mystery about why.
Information Booth

(Continued from page 10)
Dave Garroway, J. Fred's guardian, says that Muggs is just a little too young to take love seriously. By the way, J. Fred would be horrified at being called a monkey—he's a chimpanzee, quite a different kettle of anthropoid.

Our Mistake
Dear Editor:
Just to keep things accurate, I'd like to inform you that Johnny Desmond's wife's name is Ruth—and not Kay, as you printed in the May issue.
B. B., New York City

Sorry, you certainly are correct. Our face is red. Ruth Desmond is Johnny's wife—not Kay.

Max
Dear Editor:
We think that the girl who plays Max on the Milton Berle show is adorable. Can you print her picture and tell us something about her?

M. A., Omaha, Neb.

Tiny Ruthie Gilbert (she's under five feet tall) is a native of Manhattan. Now in her early twenties, Ruthie entered the American Academy of Dramatic Art when only fourteen. She had not been there long when she heard that a very small, very young girl was needed for the cast of Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" Ruthie auditioned and got the part. She then toured in several other plays. Her latest Broadway role was as a lady-shop-lifter in "Detective Story." Noted for her

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changing clothes, upon arising! You'll feel
refreshed, relaxed, deliciously feminine! And
you'll love the lingering fragrance!

Information

skill with an exaggerated Brooklyn accent,
she is equally convincing when she uses
her own soft voice. Her acting goal is to
some day play Nora in Ibsen’s “A Doll’s
House.”

Dawn

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me something of
the background of lovely Dawn Addams,
who used to play Alan Young’s girl on
Time To Smile over TV?

S. T., Limestone, Maine

Dawn Addams was born in Suffolk, Eng-
land. Soon after her arrival, her father,
who was a squadron leader of the Royal
Air Force, took his wife and baby to India.
Dawn was six when she returned to Eng-
land. That year her mother died, so she
was raised by her paternal grandmother.
During the blitz, Dawn came to California,
where she attended Beverly Hills High
School. In 1945, she returned to England
where she attended the Royal Academy of
Drama. After completing an engagement
on the London stage, Dawn went to Holly-
wood. She has appeared in several movies
for M-G-M, including “The Plymouth Ad-
venture.” Time To Smile was her first tele-
vision assignment, but she took the fast
pace of TV with typical English calm. She
combines intelligence with great beauty.

Note to Readers

Dear Reader:

We’re pulling a switch on you this time,
by telling you something without your
asking.

The Editors

In our May issue, we included an item
in Information Booth telling a fan of se-

Dawn Addams
rual actress Jan Miner where to apply for information on starting a club for her. The name we gave was Miss Lil Stewart. But we did not mean that Miss Stewart would give general information on any fan club. Please, do not write to Miss Stewart unless you’re interested in Jan Miner. That’s the only person Miss Stewart can answer questions about.

Gloria’s For Real
Dear Editor:
Is the young actress who portrays Harriet Conklin on Our Miss Brooks really a teenager, or is she an older girl?
R. F., Miami, Fla.

Gloria McMillan, who is Osgood Conklin’s teen-age daughter on the Our Miss Brooks comedy, is certainly a real teenager. At least this year she is, for next year she will be twenty. But not only does Gloria play the part on the show, she also acts as high-school adviser to the producers. She keeps them informed on latest events in the high-school set, since she is much closer to that world than either of the producers—although, of course, they did attend high school once upon a time.

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.

OUTDOORS OR INDOORS
IT’S ALWAYS FUN TO SHOP AT STANLEY HOSTESS PARTIES

OUTDOORS OR INDOORS—morning, afternoon, or evening—you’ll find STANLEY Parties are always lots of fun. You just invite in your STANLEY Dealer and this friendly demonstrator demonstrates, under actual use conditions, STANLEY’s many value-leading, QUALITY PLUS Products. Products both to save you time and work in most every housekeeping task and to improve the family’s personal grooming. Small wonder that 12,000 of these famous STANLEY Parties now take place every single day.

STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products demonstrated exclusively at STANLEY Hostess Parties: Housekeeping aids such as Mops, Brushes, Brooms, Dusters, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals, Personal Grooming Aids such as Toilette Articles, Bath Accessories and a wide assortment of Personal and Clothing Brushes.

Originators of the Famous
STANLEY Hostess Party Plan
(Corp. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1953)
LUSTRE-CREME is the favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars ...and you'll love it in its new Lotion Form, too!

BETTY GRABLE says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo also in New Lotion Form!

NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a new creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings Lustre-Creme glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos ... all unlabeled. And 3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

* Lather foams more quickly!
* Easier to rinse away!
* Cleans hair and scalp better!
* Leaves hair more shining!
* Does not dry or dull the hair!
* Leaves hair easier to manage!
* Hair has better fragrance!
* More economical to use!

Pour it on—OR CREAM IT ON! In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.
EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!

By HEDDA HOPPER

IT HAPPENED years ago, when Sam Goldwyn was about to make “Roman Scandals” and had brought twelve models from New York to appear in the picture. I went to the studio to look them over, and was immediately attracted by a platinum blonde with baby-blue eyes. “Why did you come out here?” I asked.

“Because it was so hot in New York, and I was dead-beat standing on my feet modeling for Hattie Carnegie. So now I’m standing on my feet
EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!

Lucy took Hollywood in her stride, right from the start (top, left, as an RKO starlet with Kay Sutton and Jane Hamilton). "Lucy," says a friend from that era, "knew what she wanted when she came here."

Hedda Hopper (above, right) watched with interest as Lucy's movie career gathered momentum—and she had a most practical word of encouragement for Lucy and Desi as they hesitated over plunging into TV!

They've had many battles, Desi admits—but always made up. Above, dating at the Trocadero when he was in service. Below, a kiss for a loyal wife who gave a party for his opening at the Mocambo.
Christening: At Our Lady of the Valley Church, Reverend Michael Hurley beams on America's most famous baby, now officially named Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV. Proud mama Lucy holds her "little man"—sister Lucie Desiree and papa Desi don't have eyes for anyone else in the world.

modeling for Sam Goldwyn."

Her name was Lucille Ball; and, of the twelve models, Lucille became a star. She made the grade by sheer intestinal fortitude. Lucille once said, "My life has been one long obstacle race; and I'm still running." How true!

In her teens, Lucille was invalided by an auto accident. Rheumatic fever set in; and for three years she used either a wheel chair, crutches, or cane to get around. For most people that would have ended a career dream. But not for Lucy. Through sheer grit she learned to walk again. Then, defying all conventional attitudes, she struggled through incredible handicaps and became a professional dancer. For that alone I've always loved Lucy.

She never got back to New York and her old job. "Roman Scandals," for which she was paid $150 a week, stretched into six months of shooting time. Goldwyn kept the girls on salary for a year and a half, using them in other pictures.

One of that original troupe, now married and retired, told me: "Lucy knew what she wanted when she came here. She also knew she'd have to work hard. She didn't mind that, because work is part of Lucy's nature. I've always been irritated because Hollywood overlooked her talent so long. She doesn't act. Lucy's a born comedienne. Just being around her keeps you in stitches.

"And she hasn't changed one bit since the first day I met her. En route to Hollywood, we were 'nobodies.' So, for publicity, Goldwyn arranged for us to stop in Chicago and dine with some celebrities. We got off the train all right, but ducked the lunch, and ate in a hot-dog stand. She'd still be at home in a hot-dog joint."

Yes, swing high or swing low, (Continued on page 71)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are seen in I Love Lucy, on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.
Breakfast Club has lost more girl singers to marriage!
Now what about Peggy Taylor?
Peggy willingly confesses:

Her heart holds a song

By LILLA ANDERSON

In the life of nearly every young woman there comes a golden year. Her friends, happy to see her lovely, beaming, accomplishing her ambitions, and looking forward to a promising future, sometimes realize, a bit more sharply than she does, the complete and charming picture. But the girl herself is never so sure. She can always see another rainbow in the distance—another thing to yearn for, to dream about. And she wouldn't be young, feminine and lovely if she didn't have these dreams and yearnings.

That, approximately, sums up the present status of the Breakfast Club's dark-eyed beauty, Peggy Taylor.

Says Peggy, "It's so wonderful to have one of the best jobs a vocalist can find in the country—just think of the number (Continued on page 85)

Peggy Taylor sings on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, on ABC Radio, M-F, 9 A.M. EDT, as sponsored by Swift & Co., Philco Corp., O-Cedar Corp., and The Toni Co.
Lewis always goes along with the gag—even when it means being run in by a laughing sheriff.

He can't dance very well.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS

Bespectacled Miracle Man
By PHILIP CHAPMAN

LAST DECEMBER, when young, personable, bespectacled Robert Q. Lewis first took over as Arthur Godfrey's replacement, he decided that what he needed was a little vacation in the sun. Of course, the vacation couldn't be allowed to interfere with his work, which had to go on just the same.

But Robert, who—for some time now has not given up doing a thing simply because it was impossible, started looking at plane schedules. On a map of the United States he described a circle, with the center planted in New York and the circle itself set at four hours' flying time from Gotham.

I guess I've been a good boy, Robert thought, because look where that crazy circle goes—smack through the middle of Miami Beach!

He had already engaged a terrace suite at the Lord Tarleton in Miami Beach before he realized that by the time he finished his evening show it would be too late to make the midnight flight from La Guardia to Miami's International Airport.

Or was it...?

He called the Carey limousine outfit and asked them if they had a fast chauffeur. "I mean real fast."

They did indeed. He was waiting in a Carey limousine outside the studio at the precise minute that Robert came galloping across the sidewalk after his show, and they made the midnight plane. They made it every time, what's more, all through that mad commuting vacation. As a result, Mr. Lewis did not miss a single day of sun.

Now that he is once again replacing Godfrey while Mr. Tops of radio and television recuperates, it would be well to recall Robert's remark about his status as the Godfrey substitute. A reporter from the Miami Herald said to him, "You're a celebrity in your own right, Mr. Lewis, and now all of a sudden everyone is referring to you as 'Arthur Godfrey's substitute.' Doesn't that get you down?"

"Certainly not," Robert said. "It's fine." Then he added thoughtfully, "Financially, it's delightful!"

To this, he now (Continued on page 73)

Robert Q. Lewis's Little Show, CBS Radio, M-F, 4 P.M., for General Foods; Robert Q's Waxworks, CBS Radio, Sun., 10 P.M., for Webster Recording. Lewis is seen regularly on The Name's The Same, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M., for Johnson's Wax and Swanson's Foods, and currently seen and heard on Arthur Godfrey Time (see page 46, this issue). All EDT.

He can't sing very well, but—

He's sensational!
RED FOLEY'S

Grand Ole Opry
A Family Man

“Real security comes from living with folks who really love you”—that’s Red’s idea of heaven on earth

By GLADYS HALL

Red Foley and Sally live in a beautiful, red-brick and white-columned Georgian Colonial house which Red built in Woodmont Estate, an exclusive section on the outskirts of Nashville, home town of Grand Ole Opry.

It wasn’t a likely day to be visiting the Red Foleys. Red wasn’t feeling right pert, he’d said. Looked sort of homesick in the pine-paneled den of his own home. The French doors were thrown wide open, giving a view of the garden alive with jonquils and iris and tulips. Red bud and dogwood trees were in full bloom. The swimming pool shone with sparkling clean water. The deck furniture, which Red had hauled up from the basement, was piled up every whichway, waiting to be set in place. And Sally, Red’s pretty, blonde wife, was standing by with tall glasses of orange juice and helping the. (Continued on page 88)
"Hi, Miss Minnie Pearl!" they say in Nashville. On every side, on every city street and on every country road you hear it: "Hi, Miss Minnie Pearl!"

From everyone—smart women and their menfolk in the lobbies of the Andrew Jackson and Hermitage hotels, little children in the fields—all and everywhere they hail her, "Hi, Miss Minnie Pearl!" And "Hi!" shouts back Miss Minnie Pearl, "Howdy, Matt or Joe or Tom or Miss Luciebell, howdy!"

They all love Grand Ole Opry's Miss Minnie Pearl—and Minnie Pearl loves them.

In private life Miss Minnie is the wife (and has been since 1946) of Mr. Henry Cannon, described by Miss Minnie as "a flyin' man." Before she became either Mrs. Henry Cannon or Miss Minnie Pearl, the name was Colley—Sarah Ophelia Colley—but she was known as "Ophie" to every chick and child and elder in her home town of Centerville (just fifty miles southwest, as the crow flies, from Grand Ole Opry's home town, Nashville).

"There's been an Ophelia in my family," says Miss Minnie, "for generations. I made up the name Minnie Pearl. I just took the two country names I'd heard a lot—although I always heard them separately—and put them together."

Today Miss Minnie Pearl is a household name. The hillbilly songs and piano playing and comedy "spooned up" by Miss Minnie Pearl are part of American folklore—even in faraway Korea.

"Isn't Miss Minnie with you?" the boys asked when, a matter of weeks ago, a unit of Grand Ole Opry entertained the boys in Korea. "When will Miss Minnie Pearl come over?" (Soon, boys, very soon—she's working on it.)
Radio’s man-crazy Gossip of Grinder’s Switch has a man she really is crazy about—her husband!

They live near the city so "Miss Minnie" can combine her broadcasting and house-and-garden chores—but "Mr. and Mrs. Cannon" love the country, go fishing when they can.

Happily Married

And when you meet her, what then? Will she be like, or unlike, the Minnie Pearl of your imagining? Well, some of both—as friends can testify.

During the time Miss Minnie and her Henry were courting—were, indeed, engaged to be married—a wartime buddy Henry had known in Japan came through Nashville.

According to Miss Minnie, the buddy called Henry, who said at once: "Come on, go out with us tonight."

"Where'll I meet you?"

"Well, I tell you—my girl works at Grand Ole Opry, so how about your meeting me at the Ryman Auditorium along around seven o'clock? Reserved seats for the Opry are sold out more than two months in advance. And the line for unreserved seats starts forming at three o'clock. But likely I can get you standing room."

"Henry's buddy got in. And I," says Miss Minnie Pearl, "came on. Now, before I go on, I take off all my make-up. I get into the white cotton stockings, the old country cotton dress, same like the original eighty-nine-cent dress I wore my first night in the Opry. On my head I clap the old sailor hat with the bunch of flowers in the front and the price tag a-dangling. My mother's hat, which I've worn from first to now—and keep repairing and repairing. I pick up my old red pocketbook with nothing in it—bone empty, as country women's bags always are. Ladies, country women don't carry things you and I do. No lipstick, because they don't (Continued on page 81)

Grand Ole Opry—with Red Foley and Minnie Pearl—NBC Radio, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EDT; Prince Albert Tobacco, Cavalier Cigarettes.
Every day they spend together, Ken Murray and his lovely Betty Lou, convinces Ken that, as the song goes, the angels must have sent her, and they meant her just for him. They must have. There is, he's reasonably sure, no other explanation.

And although, personally, he was always convinced of this—standing there in the mellowed peace and beauty of the Mission Inn in Riverside, California, that fateful December day they married, his whole hope and prayer was that he was meant for her. Ken was not particularly a praying man nor a crying man, but at that time—he was doing both. When asked whether one Kenneth Abner Doncourt would take Betty Lou Walters for his lawfully wedded wife... looking into the serious blue eyes of the fresh, lovely girl from Wenatchee, Washington, standing so trustfully beside him—he was almost too moved to agree.

"I started crying—and somehow I couldn't stop. I had the feeling they were sending a boy on a man's job, in measuring up to her. She looked so—so sweet, so full of faith, so young."

Their four harmonious and often hilarious years together are proof that the fates—that be meant them for each other. For it was fate that cast them together when Betty Lou, then a neophyte radio actress, auditioned for a part opposite Ken. The audition was for "The Valiant," a serious dramatic sketch he had decided to put right in the middle of all the laughs in "The Blackouts." This was a dramatic challenge, and frequently a brave one.

"But 'The Blackouts' had been going a long time then," Ken says, "and I thought it was time to try something serious, and the Barrymores were busy, so—"

They were (Continued on page 75)
She was so young, so sweet, he wanted her to be very sure of her heart. But Betty Lou knew from the first that their theme song was “You were meant for me”
Joan Lorring plays Grace Sargent in This Is Nora Drake—a person she can know and completely understand

By MARY TEMPLE

When pert, blonde Joan Lorring is Grace Sargent, a confused and frightened teenager in the daytime radio drama This Is Nora Blake, a strangely sympathetic feeling steals over Joan. Her tears are real tears, her voice mounts in hysteria as Grace struggles to express her youthful emotions. For, remembering her own recent teen years, Joan Lorring is completely able to understand how bitter Grace's struggle to find herself can be, how hard-won the victories. Her own life allows for this understanding.

Joan's life began in far-off China, born there to a Spanish-Arabian father, a British subject, who was in business in Hong Kong, and to a German-Russian mother who had met Joan's father while she was attending the university there. Those early years in China left their mark upon the child who knew little of any other life until her mother brought her to the United (Continued on page 94)

This Is Nora Drake is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Toni Company and Seeman Brothers.

Bursche's grown since Joan first found him in Europe, but he’s lost none of his puppy appeal!

Born in China, Joan shows a childhood treasure to Ruth Newton and Joan Tompkins—then cooks for a chopstick party.
Gay and well-adjusted now, young Joan loves being with people—particularly such nice ones as Ruth Newton (Vivian in This Is Nora Drake), Joan Tompkins (Nora herself), and the Dick Yorks (he plays Russ McClure).
Destiny granted Godfrey great success—and made him win it the hardest way. But neither pain nor anxiety can dim the spirit which won the heart of all America!
Bill and Jean Thunhurst have two treasured possessions—aside from their love for each other—their sailboat, the Bonnie J (Bonnie Jean), and their eager beagle pup, Baskerville.

Sound the bagpipes for Jean Gillespie and her husband Bill—both Scotch, both top actors, and both blissfully happy!

By JEANNE SAKOL

Practically every day Wendy Warren, over CBS, advises little Jean Gillespie on some major problem in living. And the lessons are well learned. For Jean, off radio, discards the role of the innocent and becomes the very efficient—but gay, fun-loving wife of Bill Thunhurst. In a charming, four-room flat high above the busy East Side streets of Manhattan, Bill and Jean face life as it should be lived—ideally lived, that is—by a young married couple.

"We love everything Scotch," enthuses Jean, "except the stuff that comes in bottles! Bill's the one who started it all. When we (Continued on page 89)

Jean is heard M-F in Wendy Warren And The News, CBS Radio, 12 noon, for General Foods; frequently on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, CBS, Sat., 12 noon—Whispering Streets, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:25 A.M., for General Mills—Mr. And Mrs. North, CBS, Tues., 8:30 P.M., for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet—Gangbusters, CBS, Sat., 9 P.M. Both Jean and her husband, Bill, are often heard also on Grand Central Station, CBS, Sat., 11:05 A.M., for Cream of Wheat, and Aunt Jenny, CBS, M-F, 12:15 P.M., for Spry. All EDT.

Pictures are their hobby—old ones (mostly Scottish) to frame and hang, new ones to snap and show. "We've got enough films now," Jean laughs, "to bore people eight hours straight!"
Little Mrs. Innocent
Joan Alexander and her daughter Jane know how to enjoy each shining moment.

Who's afraid of the breakers? Joan and Jane are set for 'em.
Vacations are more fun than anything

By MARIE HALLER

"I suppose it could be said I'm prejudiced . . . in fact, I am. I think my little six-year-old daughter, Jane, is adorable, wonderful, beautiful, bright, and—to just the right degree—good! But then I'm her mother, and I love her very much . . ."

Yes, Joan Alexander, one of Armstrong Theatre's glamorous stars, and a regular panelist on The Name's The Same, is just like any other mother . . . a little prejudiced about her child. But with ample justification, for little Jane is just about everything her mother says—even the (Continued on page 91)

Joan's often heard Sat. on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, 12 noon; M-F, she's Maggie Fallon in Wendy Warren And The News, 12 noon, for General Foods—Della Street in Perry Mason, 2:15 P.M., for Tide—Althea Dennis in The Brighter Day, 2:45 P.M., for Cheer; all on CBS Radio. Joan is seen Tues., 10:30 P.M., in The Name's The Same, ABC-TV, for Swanson's Foods. Johnson's Wax. All EDT.

They wait for an incoming wave. There's a leap—then a splash. Two gals having a wonderful time!
Boats have always been his passion, and it was from a boat that Dennis first caught sight of the wide-winged house on the hill—and imagined himself relaxing there with the ideal wife.

Dennis James fell in love with Mickie, and they are monarchs of all they survey, looking out over Echo Bay's sunlit waters.
HOME FOR A LIFETIME

with a dream house, then found the dream girl to share it with

By MARTIN COHEN

What happens when a human dynamo, namely Dennis James, star of Friend In Need on ABC Radio and Chance Of A Lifetime on ABC-TV, falls in love with a house?

It was a romance that began innocently enough several years ago when Dennis, in his forty-two-foot boat, covered the waterfront from Manhattan to New England. Dennis was leading a bachelor's life then. From his Manhattan apartment he engaged in the myriad affairs that couple themselves with TV work. Dennis had little time for Dennis, and so his apartment served well enough as a headquarters (Continued on page 90)

Dennis James stars as emcee of Chance Of A Lifetime, on ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M., for Old Gold Cigarettes, and Friend In Need. ABC Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., for Toni Co. and others. (All EDT.)
Lois Linkletter would be first to insist her husband is as much fun at home as he is on the job.
FOR LINK

He's the guy I work for, the man we're paid to like... and we couldn't admire him more if he paid us a million dollars

By DICK PETTIT

EVERYBODY thinks my boss, Art Linkletter, must be a great practical joker! "Working for Art must be a million laughs," they say. Or, "I'll bet he's always kidding, huh?"

Yes and no. As one of Link's staff, I've gotten to know the man pretty well, and he's no practical joker. In fact, the joke's usually on him—but he takes it like the good sport he is.

It was only after some time that I realized this. It took one bathtub full of Jell-O, two black (Continued on page 95)

That's Ginger Jones at left, Link, Irv Atkins—and your modest author with back to the camera.

Link not only takes it, when the laugh's on him, but he listens to advice, too—Lois helped decorate his office.

Travel with our troupe never wearies him. He even makes still other journeys with Lois, to "show her the world."

Art Linkletter's House Party is seen M-F on CBS-TV, at 2:30 P.M.—heard on CBS Radio at 3:15 P.M.—as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Co., Green Giant Co. He also emcees People Are Funny, CBS Radio, Tues., 8 P.M., for Mars Candy. (All EDT.)
1. As in a blissful dream, Julie hears Dr. Edwards say that she and Dan are going to have a baby.

The shadow of another man's past threatens Julie and Dan—and all
2. Meanwhile at the hospital, Dan listens as Frank Johnson tells about his son Richard, a "model prisoner" who is eligible for parole—if he can only get a job.

3. Dr. Sanders and Dan find a hospital job to fit Richard's qualifications—but outside pressure won't let them hire an "ex-convict."

As Julie settled back in an easy chair and perched her feet on the coffee table before her, her brows knit in a puzzled frown. Her husband Dan would be home soon, and she had never kept secrets from him. Yet—should she tell Dan about the missing necklace? Should she, perhaps, at least hint that all was not going well since Richard had come to work for them? Oh, not that Richard wasn't wonderful at helping, in and out of the house, at doing the job Dan had outlined for him—but... Julie thought of the unborn child she and Dan were about to have. Perhaps this time, God willing, the baby would come into the world healthy and strong, and start the family she and Dan hoped—with all their heart and soul—to build. Perhaps it was the thought of her child-to-be which, in spite of everything, helped to preserve her tenderness for Richard and his great problem... Funny how fate twisted things around, she mused to herself. It was a curious coincidence that she had found out she was going to have a child—at almost exactly the same time that Frank Johnson, the elevator man at the hospital, had told Dan about his son Richard. Richard had served five years of a term for armed robbery. He had been a model prisoner, and he could now get out on parole—if there were a job...
Betty, their housekeeper, is outspoken in her opposition to Dan's and Julie's plan to hire Richard themselves. But Julie needs extra help now—and they both believe they should practice what they preach.

waiting for him. . . When Julie had explained to Dan about her doctor's edict that she could no longer drive a car, no longer do any heavy work—no longer even be active in the garden she loved so much—Dan had finally admitted he was considering the possibility of having Richard come to work for them. "Why not?" Julie had asked. And Dan, in spite of his firm belief in the need for helping to rehabilitate ex-prisoners, had explained his doubts: Was it safe, was it right, to actually admit such a person into his own home, particularly at this time? Betty—Julie's housekeeper and virtually a member of the family—had argued against it with no uncertainty at all. But, between them, Julie and Dan had agreed that, if two people believed as they did and still didn't have the courage to put their own convictions into actual practice, how could they expect others to believe? . . . Julie's thoughts went back once more to the missing necklace.

Could she be sure she hadn't misplaced it? Also—even if it were stolen—what evidence was there to involve Richard in the crime? As Dan's footsteps sounded on their front porch, Julie made a hurried decision: She would not tell Dan. And so the next few days passed uneventfully for Dan and Julie. Both were absorbed in their own personal spheres—Julie with her home, her charity work and her coming baby, Dan with his practice and hospital work. . . Then, suddenly, everything started closing in on them. Robberies were reported in the neighborhood, and the finger of suspicion pointed straight at Richard. He was accused by the neighbors and questioned by the police. Finally, the day came when Julie and Dan could stand it no longer and they, too, had a talk with Richard. Julie, almost beside herself with fear for Richard, sat quietly as Dan questioned him. To her, Richard's direct, honest eyes reflected only truth, only trust in the two of
5. After Richard starts working for them, Julie misses a valuable necklace. A series of robberies arouses the neighbors. Everyone suspects Richard!

them, although his mouth held a sneer—a sneer for the neighbors, for those untrusting persons who had had him questioned by the police. . . . No matter what happened, thought Julie, her trust would never waver. The world might seem complicated and bewildering to a restless boy who had taken the wrong path, but that boy could turn back, could find the real world which was simple, true—and just. This she must believe, for the sake of her baby, the child who was to be . . . a child whose feet would be set firmly on the right path from the start, because of the love and guidance she and Dan were so ready to give.

6. Dan and Julie give Richard a chance to vow his innocence—and Julie, at least, believes him. Will her faith prove to be her undoing?

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Julie Palmer...........................Patricia Wheel
Dr. Dan Palmer..........................Donald Curtis
Betty.....................................Margaret Hamilton
Dr. Sanders.............................Mercer McLeod
Frank Johnson........................Ed Latimer

The Doctor's Wife is heard over NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, at 5:45 P.M. EDT. It is sponsored by Ex-Lax.
All her life, Miss Graffort has given. Through Ralph Edwards she receives—

THE BLESSED HELP
At 74, Atha Graffort has reared almost a hundred foster children, still had seven to provide for when Truth Or Consequences came to her aid. Result: A deluge of mail which delighted Postmistress Mellie Duval (right).

By JANET SALEM

WHAT a wonderful feeling to set the table, call the children, and know deep down that for what you are about to receive you can give heartfelt thanks to the Good Lord—and add a postscript for His modern miracle, radio!

By what other means could a little old lady—seventy-four years old, stooped and slightly hard of hearing, living obscurely in Olney, Missouri (population 77)—have captured the attention and affection of thousands of people all over America?

As Atha Graffort selects the roast from her new deep freeze, prepares the evening meal at the shiny Tappan gas range and takes last night’s leftovers from the gleaming Westinghouse refrigerator, she thinks back to the dark, dreary day just (Continued on page 92)

Truth Or Consequences, NBC Radio, Thurs., 9 P.M., sponsored by Pet Milk. Ralph Edwards also emcees This Is Your Life, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M., for Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick. (All EDT.)

OF PEOPLE

Everyone in Olney was happy to help with the thousands of packages and money-gifts.
Dave insists the only true heartbreaker on Today is Mr. J. Fred Muggs—the champ chimp with the ape shape.

The eligible Dave Garroway has just two real loves—so far!

A racing car . . . and a TV show

His sweetheart is just sixteen years old—a Jaguar speedster.

TODAY'S BACHELOR

By CHRIS KANE

Sometimes you'll turn on the set, and there's Garroway lying flat on his back; Faye Emerson's on an adjoining table. They're both giving blood. NBC viewers are cordially invited to go forth and do likewise.

Sometimes you'll turn on the set, and there's Garroway chuckling at a dark-haired man who turns out to be Al Capp. Capp's summing up the different types of American wives: "Like the one who's so busy reading articles on how to beautify her home and charm her husband that her husband's moved out three days ago, and she never put down the magazine long enough to discover it." NBC viewers are cordially invited to send in for an autographed American-wife cartoon by Capp. (Husband viewers, naturally. No wife would give Capp the satisfaction.) (Continued on page 83)
Jessie Carter (played by Janet Scott) gives heart and meaning to her home—in Wilmette, Illinois . . . her husband—James (Forrest Lewis), head of the Carter Real Estate Company . . . and their five children—as pictured on the following pages.
MY HOUSE

Every man has his castle, but it takes a loving wife to make it "home"

Oldest son Jeff (Les Tremayne) is a writer and a bachelor—and often a puzzle to his admiring family.

If a man is not complete in himself, he will know the meaning of The Woman In My House. If he demands a home, and love, and children to carry on his name and ambitions and to live in his tradition—if he needs someone to share his success and his failures, to be his companion when he has troubles, to laugh when he is amusing—if he needs someone to sympathize and to recognize his confusion in his search for the meaning of life—if he needs all these things, then he will know the meaning of The Woman In My House.

Jessie Carter is the woman. James Carter is the man. For more than thirty years, they have met

Daughter Virginia (Alice Reinheart) and husband Stanley Creighton (George Neise) are happy with thoughts of their first-born.

Younger daughter Sandy (Shirley Mitchell) has known both joy and sorrow, but always has fun with brother Clay (Billy Idelson).

The Woman In My House, on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, is a Carlton E. Morse production, sponsored by Sweetheart Soap.

See Next Page
Youngest of the Carter children is Peter (Jeffery Silver), 16, snapped here while chinning with the girl next door, Clarice Morris (Colette McMahon).

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE

Jeff worries the family with fears that he'll never marry—or else marry the wrong girl—but they would all welcome Caroline Wilson (Jeanne Bates) as an "in-law."

and—to the best of their abilities—solved life's problems. Together, they have built a home and have brought five children into the world. . . . Jeff, the oldest son, has had his first book published and is working on a second. He is the thinker in the family—the son who may bring the most renown to the family name, but who may never find life's richest rewards. He is too unmindful of himself, and success for the sake of success means very little to him. He helped to fight a war and perhaps learned that the individual counts for nothing, if mankind can find no solution to its problems. Sometimes he is a complete enigma to both James and Jessie—however proud of him they may be! . . . Virginia, the older daughter, wants little more in life than to love and be loved. She is married now, with a home in the country and a husband who is a commercial artist. Her mind has always
As part of the affectionate conspiracy to woo Jeff away from the wrong kind of woman—and steer him toward the right one!—Virginia and Stanley make a point of entertaining Jeff and Caroline in their comfortable home.

been filled with the wonder of life and now, with a child of her own, she is finding full realization of this wonder. . . . Clay is the second son. For him, happiness means pleasure, and success is just the means of acquiring it. Everyone loves him for his kindness and generosity, but his father would dominate him and his mother would protect him—for each recognizes that he needs their help. . . . Younger daughter Sandy is a widow at twenty. Confused by the tragedy of death, she has been seeking an answer for a happy world gone wrong, looking with despair for the confidence she knew so short a while ago. Honesty is her beacon, and she falters when that light flickers uncertainly. Will she be afraid to take the new happiness life offers, when she knows how quickly it can be snatched from her? . . . Peter, the youngest son, explores each new turn of life with the insatiable curiosity of the sixteen-year-old, drawing conclusions which often come close to truth—for he still stands outside life's forest. . . . James and Jessie now live for the most part in the lives of their children, and find little of importance that does not relate to them in some way. Thus, The Woman In My House is a drama of purpose and cross-purpose—weakness and strength, fear and hope—and the kind of faith America has always known.
If in your mind's eye you have pictured Florence Williams, who plays Sally Farrell in Front Page Farrell, as the friendly, down-to-earth, comfortable sort of person you would like to have for a neighbor, you couldn't be more right. Her neighbors adore her, including all the children (and all the dogs) for miles around. Florence is about five-feet-two, with a compact little figure and wavy brownish hair framing a pretty face dominated by gray-green eyes. She's basically serious-minded and sensitive, yet quick to smile and full of fun. That's Florence Williams, the one her family, her friends, her neighbors and her husband, Andy, know and love.

When Florence steps out of her five-days-a-week role as the understanding, helpful wife of crime-solving newspaper man David Farrell, she boards a

Sally Farrell and Florence Williams are
Their country home is a labor of love for Florence and her real-life husband, Andy Marshall. They've been busily remodeling the centuries-old farmhouse, with petite Florence (five-feet-two) working right alongside towering Andy (six-feet-three)—and their dog Zannie overseeing every move.

look-alikes, act alikes ... and Florence couldn't be happier
Front Page Farrell’s Wife

train to a country village about fifty miles from New York, where she is known as Mrs. Andrew Marshall. Andy—in show business, too, as a stage manager and technical director—is a six-feet-three blond who towers over his little wife. He has a skillful way with tools of all sorts, the know-how of tractors and gardening, and a sixth sense for cooking and seasoning. He’s apt to have the dinner started any night he’s the first one home.

Their house—for the Marshalls—is a dream come true, a shared hope turned into reality. Home is a white clapboard farmhouse, with green trim, set in four rolling acres near a magnificent lake. The view in front is across a deep valley with high hills stretching out beyond. Wild blackberries grow in profusion. Trees are fine and old. Gardens are being laid out. Florence and Andy plan a greenhouse after a while. Already they have a patio and a barbecue for outdoor meals, and a rock garden for picturesque beauty.

A home was one of the things that brought Florence and Andy together. When they met, about four years ago, Florence was a young widow. Her husband, a talented young artist and scenic designer, had been lost in the Battle of the Bulge. Andy had come back from a long stretch as an Air Force Lieutenant and convalescence after a wartime plane crash. “We can thank a parachute for our happiness today,” Florence says. “Andy was one of two survivors of that crash, is now a member of the famous Caterpillar Club, consisting of those who have bailed out similarly and lived to join it.”

Their first date was when Andy asked Florence to watch a theatrical performance on which he was working. They found after a while that there were many things they both liked—country living, puttering with carpentry and making things for a house, gardening, going fishing, looking forward to having children to share in these joys.

“What Andy and I planned,” Florence explains, “was an old house that we could gradually turn into the kind of home we both love. When we were married and began to look for such a house, we saw this one and it was a case of love at first sight. Neglected and sorry-looking as it was that first day, it felt exactly like home to both of us. We knew it had wonderful possibilities—but oh, the work we have had to do! Now we think how worthwhile it has all been, and still is. We want it to be a weekend haven for some of our busy city friends. We’re hoping perhaps to bring some foster-children (Continued on page 96)

Hear Front Page Farrell on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Chef Boyardee, Aerowax, and others.
Everyone Loves Lucy!

We ate in a crowded restaurant. I'm sure the other diners thought Lucy had gone plumb daft. They couldn't hear her words, but they could see her facial expressions. She was telling me about her cow, The Duchess of Devonshire, and mimicking the animal, even to cud-chewing, as she talked.

That bovine, incidentally, was something strictly out of I Love Lucy. Desi and Lucy acquired The Duchess when she was a day old, and raised her like a pup. She'd follow them around lovingly, which was cute—until the cow weighed 2700 pounds. They tried to keep her in a corral. But one night The Duchess got lonely, escaped the corral, and jumped right through their bedroom window.

Desi and Lucy thought it was another earthquake. So The Duchess had to go. She was sent to board at a dairy farm, and ran up a $1500 feed bill, which represented a tidy sum. They figured it would be cheaper to sell the cow and keep her memory green. So sentimental Lucy got a sanding machine and attempted to turn The Duchess's old feeding trough into a flower box.

But she neglected to ask anybody how to operate the contraption. Once she got the machine turned on, she couldn't turn it off. It broke loose and began chopping up the Arnaz estate, with Lucy holding on and yelling like mad until Harriet, her maid, ran to the rescue.

For years, Harriet has helped Lucy get out of such jams. She was a business-college graduate whom Lucy discovered on the Help Thy Neighbor radio program. The two traveled all over the country, playing an endless gin rummy game as they trailed Desi and his band or went to...

Though Desi plays a hep husband on television, he, too, was to be a show business bachelor. When they first moved into their ranch home, Lucy was sitting on a box waiting for Desi to arrive with some chairs and a table. Instead of the furniture, he came back with six baby chicks. The weather was stormy, so the chicks were given the guest room. Lucy and Desi wrapped themselves in blankets and slept there. All through the night, one or the other would be getting up to check on the health of those chicks.

Put such incidents on TV, and few people would have believed they happened to Lucy. Once she was being coached by Jack Donahue for dance numbers in a Metro picture. Jack really put her through the paces the first day. And on the second they were scheduled to run together to the rehearsal hall in a hospital chair. Lucy had one arm in a sling, blacked-out teeth, tousled hair, and a bruised cheek—all done to the Hollywood grease-up expert. In her one "good" hand she carried a sign: "I am now working for Donahue." She had fun parading her fake injuries all over the lot before she suffered this indignity. "The thought that this gag might have embarrassed Donahue. So she went to him and asked, "You don't think anybody took me seriously, do you, Jack?"

Such clowning is part of her nature: but she's also deadly serious. Many still believe that she and Desi reached over-night success with I Love Lucy. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The idea for the show was a long time coming. Both Lucy and Desi first had to work a year-and-a-half to clear previous individual commitments before they could play together. Then they went on the road to test audience reaction by doing a satire on the life of the Arnazes. They had to prove to themselves that people would accept them as a husband-wife team. Many said that people wouldn't.

"Remember, Hedda, when I told you of my qualms about the show?" said Lucy. "With Desi being Cuban with an accent, and me being me—I didn't quite believe audiences would take us as an average married couple. But you just yelled, 'For Pete's sake! You are married, aren't you?'

Lucy, who has more grit than her sandbagging machine, was determined to increase her fans before tackling television. And one thing she did did still has Tom Rogers, of M-G-M, rearing with laughter. During her yearly layoff period at Metro, Lucy went back to New York and told him to get her on all the radio shows that could possibly carry "Lucy stories". If she didn't collect money for the appearances, the studio could do nothing about it.

It worked out just as was available. She was on the networks, and radio stations of which he'd never heard," said Lucy. "He'd tell me, 'I know you won't do this show, but I want to let you know about it.' I'd answer, 'Sure, that's a great plan of yours; I'll tell you how to make it work.' Then he'd say, 'If you get yourself, and what's more, if you do it.' He didn't think of there being people as well as a short space of time."

"Except for some amateur theatricals she did with Lela Rogers, Lucy had never been on the road with his band, so she figured she'd grab herself another hunk of audience by going East for summer stock. So what would Lucy do but pick one of the most difficult of modern plays, "Dream Girl." When she saw the size of her part and was told she had a week and a half to memorize it, she was sure she'd failed. After she learned her lines with the help of a high fever "I really do think that temperature helped me get those lines in my cranium," she dead-panned. "And so I had my long-range ambition to get the play into the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles to show Holly-wood producers she could handle a real dramatic role. But all the other actors were anxious, too, to appear at the Biltmore, as it would offer them a show-case for movie talent scouts. But, after twelve weeks in the East, and a series of on-the-road plays, the men in the road, disaster struck the company. "Our producer ran out of money," said Lucy. "Some of the players got sick. I had a scene in a real hospital from my own pocket. It looked like curtains. But I promised the cast I'd get them into the Biltmore, come hail or high water, if they'd cooperate. I threatened to put on the show myself."

But leave it to Lucy. She did get the show into the Biltmore—then collapsed her heart before the school matinee, she said, "and, by the time I got out of the hospital, the play had had it. We folded shortly afterwards."

Lucy went back to making pictures—and started having babies. "When I was with Desi, I think I got pregnant every other week."

I remember how thrilled she was when she told me of her first pregnancy. But she lost that baby with a premature birth, and I think she resigned herself to not having children—which she wanted so desperately.

But the Creator was kind. For three years she was almost in a constant state of pregnancy. Her first child proved to be the most delightful baby. Lucy complained about the baby's "underdevelopment," and Lucy said, "I was proud to be the mother of the first-born."

Both babies were napping when I first arrived at the Northridge home, just after Desi. I left the muttering the Arnazes found the room and found a newspaper that had headlined the story of her little son's entry into the world with an eight-column front page. "What an ad for the stork's business," I said. "It's good to be a baby, but a beautiful baby who's got a mother, the Arnazes had a priest, a rabbi, and a Protestant minister check all the scripts for anything that might be in poor taste."

Lucy picked up the receiver, said "hello" six times, changing her voice on each occasion. But nothing happened. Lucy shrugged, hung up the receiver, muttering: "Gremians." On the road with Desi I thought of her nice of for producing a son," she said, "a string of real pearls . . . a pendant with a jeweled Tree of Life . . . and a Hammond organ. Want to see it?"

I certainly did. Lucy fumbled around with the organ until that thought would pull some of the parts loose. Finally get-
Robert Q. Lewis—Bespectacled Miracle Man

(Continued from page 37) adds: “After all, that’s what started everything for me. Godfrey is quite a guy. It’s an honor to be a substitute for him.” The breezy candor is the key to Lewis’ personality, in real life as well as on stage, radio or television, is all there in that first crack. Young Robert Q. is in there pitching for success, and he’s ready to do just about anything and everything to get it honorably.

In consequence, he’s in the position of a man who has been offered four or five different pieces of pie, can’t make up his mind which one he really wants, and quietly sets out to eat them all.

The absolutely crazy thing about Robert Q. Lewis is that he manages to eat all that pie without getting a stomach-ache—or a nervous breakdown. Right now he is doing radio, television, and night-club work besides replacing Godfrey.

Recently Robert Q. worked and played during his night-club stint at the Algiers in Miami Beach. Of course, he had only the two evening shows, plus the usual appearances and publicity work and a benefit or two, so the whole engagement was like a holiday for him.

The Algiers is the newest hotel in Miami Beach, or at least it still was when Robert played its fabulous Aladdin Room. Hotelmen put up three or four glittering, ultra-modern and luxurious hostleries a year in the town (out of the hundred major hotels of a hundred rooms or more built in the entire world last year, over sixty were in the Greater Miami area); but there is always one that tops the crop.

So, for the prize act of the season, the Aladdin Room booked Robert Q. Lewis, who can’t dance very well, who can’t sing very well, and whose only props consist of a tableful of spectacles.

He not only filled the enormous room night after night, which none of the other acts preceding or following him did, but he had scores of society’s favorite people driving sixty miles from Palm Beach to watch and applaud.

The day before his opening show, Robert lay smeared with sun-tan oil on a sun lounge in front of his cabana at the Algiers pool, and talked to Bill Glick, public relations man for the hotel. He was wearing a pair of shorts that were a little too tight, the sun oil goo made his pale New York face look somewhat less than handsome, and his hair was mussed.

Nonetheless, other residents of the hotel (and their children) kept coming up to ask for an autograph and could they please get a snapshot taken standing or sitting beside him? He complied with good humor each time, with the sure knowledge that a lot of folks-at-home, shown those snapshots, were going to clutch the brow and holler, “What! That’s Robert Q. Lewis? For Pete’s sake, how does he get along with a face like that?”

Meanwhile, between photographs and autographs, Glick tried to find out what he would have on his hands, publicity-wise, for the next few days.

“About your show,” he said. “What is it you do, exactly? What’s the kickoff, how do you lead in for the laughs, what kind of audience do you need?”

“Why,” said Robert Q., “I do a lyric song about glasses, first. These hornrim glasses are my trademark, so I have a table covered with all sorts of specs, some of them special crazy jobs—like the wolf glasses—and I operate from there.”

“Uh,” said Glick, trying to visualize this slim young man slaying a room full of sophisticated night-clubbers with a song about eyeglasses.

“Of course it’s clean,” Robert added. “The whole routine’s clean, all the way through.”

“Mmm,” said Glick, remembering the successful acts of the season at other clubs around town, most of them with a distinctly blue haze around them.

“Well,” Robert Q. went on mugging for a camera fan and signing autographs, “I threw in a few gags about my replacing Godfrey, and then I let a soft-shoe and Charleston to ‘Bye-Bye Blackbird’—naturally I can’t dance any better than I can sing, but nobody seems to care—and then I do a satire on things and people named Lewis. And I finish with a little fractured-French ditty that I think is right clever. Okay?”

That night, Mr. Lewis, blushing with a slight sunburn but otherwise impeccable in his dinner clothes, walked out before a packed, not very sympathetic house, and fractured more than French. He did exactly what he had told Glick he was going to do, but he did it with a kind of offbeat, easygoing manner which refreshed everyone in the Aladdin Room.

All the members of the orchestra, all the waitresses, everyone who could be pulled into the act (including the members of Robert’s fraternity chapter in Miami) wore hornrim specs exactly like his.

They loved the glasses number. His soft-shoe and Charleston had more good-will and energy than technique, but busters and then calluses rose on the palms of the audience as they roared their applause. And, by the time he had run off

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73
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Glick thinks it's funny that Lewis enjoys being billed as an "international star" just because he once played the Elwood Casino in Canada. And he thinks Robert played Santa Claus in a very decent fashion when a twenty-one-year-old pianist named Freddie—who at the time was just a page at NBC—asked for an opportunity to try out as Lewis's accompanist.

"Why not?" asked Robert Q. when the request came in. (Most big stars do not entertain such requests from pages or office boys). "Godfrey gave me my big chance. Maybe the kid's got something." He certainly had. He's been Lewis's accompanist ever since.

"Aside from everything else," Glick will tell you admiringly, "Bob's a master of the ad lib. At the Youth Roundup the kids asked him what a day in a recording studio was like. Bob told them it was dull, for the most part. They have a strange breed of humans in recording studios," Bob said, "called musicians. Other people have different names for them, but I'll just call them musicians. . . ."

And it seems that, when the youngsters asked him how he got started, he replied. "There I was at the bottom of the ladder—and I've been there ever since. When I told my folks I was going into radio they started to laugh, and they're still laughing!"

Robert did manage to have some real fun during his Algiers stay, however. He disappeared for a few evenings, and in his quiet way managed to see the town, and make most of the night spots, with beautiful Cam Stevens, whom he had met previously in Palm Beach. She is a society girl and one of the most stunning objects that ever graced a dance floor.

It was nothing very serious, if you're thinking of an important love affair. But in Miami, with that famous moon hanging low over the tropical water and the much-hated hotel of Lewis to keep him away, he was able to make like a shipboard romance, part friends, and past the experience in your mental memory book.

A native New Yorker, Robert got started early because he was fascinated by children's radio programs and kept hanging around them until eventually he got a chance to do some work. He went to the University of Michigan, and got so bored there that he left to take a job as an announcer in an independent Troy (upstate New York) station.

After a short, happy career in the Army Air Force he came back to one radio job after another, until they hired him as a disc jockey on WHN. This was his forte, and he and everyone else soon recognized its beauty. Not much later he was hired by WBZ when he was twenty-four, Robert Q. Lewis was able to describe himself as "the youngest—has—been in radio." This was because Robert Q. Lewis was the headstrong young one who, when he was emceeing a regular fifteen-minute sustaining show on WNBC, he decided to go all-over cute and kid the pants off the vice-presidents of his radio network.

In his two and a half years, Fred Allen pulled the same gag and got away with it. But then, Fred Allen was big enough to get away with it, while Robert Q. was just an attractive, engaging, sustaining.

Robert described, on his show, the horrendous business a lowly radio employer had to go through in order to navigate the channels from studio to the desks of vice-presidents, etc., and he was swimming in oil and ran a gauntlet of pitchforks.

It was a terribly funny program. The next day he was advised to clean out his desk and start packing, inasmuch as he had been automatically fired the night before.

Two years later he was filling in for the Jack Smith Show and for Mystery Of The Week. And on Saturday nights, between eight and eight-thirty—a formidable half-hour to all who knew radio in that bygone age—he ran his own Robert Q. Lewis Show.

It's difficult to say just what this guy had (and still has) that kept him in the radio-TV picture, pushed him to the front, and guaranteed him such great success. Here is a fresh, funny, indelible personality he is today. Certainly, part of the answer is that his appeal, comedy or otherwise, derives from the same source as Arthur Godfrey's.

The New York Times made a sincere attempt to figure Lewis's appeal, and Robert did his best to help. He said to Edwin E. Gordon, the reporter assigned to him, "I try to be myself, the kid next door. He has something to say, too, if people will only listen."

In other words, Lewis concentrated on comedy derived from realistic situations that could happen to anyone, anywhere, any time. Well, isn't that what Godfrey does? "The thing Godfrey listened to Robert Q. Lewis a few times and then said, "That's my boy!"

When Robert Q. Lewis is on the air and the screen, who can say why he charms—he does some of it. He has a character. Godfrey listened to Robert Q. Lewis a few times and then said, "That's my boy!" But his friends and critics tell you this: "The guy has bitten off more than he can chew. He is the victim of too much success. Nobody can do everything. Never you, Godfrey. Stick to TV, the night-club act, and sub for Godfrey—all at the same time. He's got to make a choice, sooner or later."

That's what his friends say. Maybe it isn't necessarily so.

R. Q. Lewis has the answer up his sleeve, somewhere. When he has time to get around to it, he'll pop up with the answer. Only by that time—what'll you bet?—he'll have done it all, anyway, and banked the dough.

With Robert Q. there's always a way....
Home-time Is a Great-time

(Continued from page 42) two against the world—and at first the audience was sometimes inclined to say so—braving it there together amid all the hilarity. To make Betty's advent more impressive, Ken would announce authoritatively that appearing in the skit with him was "the very well-known actress from the East—Miss Elizabeth Walters." Posing to infer that hers was a name with which they were undoubtedly familiar. With the result that, often when he introduced her to Hollywood celebrities backstage, they would smile knowingly with, "Oh, yes, I met Elizabeth in New York a long time ago." Which was very amusing, since she'd never been farther east than North Hollywood at that time. Other patrons leaving the theatre could be overheard saying, "Good play. You can tell those New York actresses every time."

So sensitive was Ken about their dramatic spot, and so conscious of any sounds which interrupted it, that he decided to break the laughter by making a confidential little speech out front before they went on. "I know this month we've all been suffering with that old debbil flu. So if you want to, we'll all cough and clear our throats right now." This produced an inspired quiet for the ensuing little drama.

Love and mutual admiration blossomed for them on the stage of the El Capitan Theatre, the two of them building a dramatic success sandwiched in between Ken and Marie Wilson's Broadway comedy, a bulldog act, parading glamourlovelies, some amazing trained lovebirds, and an English quick-change artist.

"I've always admired leadership, and Ken was such a leader," Betty Lou says now. "I admired him so much. He was so definite. He always knew what he was doing. He had strength and a wonderful sense of humor, and he was always so sweet and thoughtful of me."

"That's what I admired about her," Ken says. "Her honesty. She was the most honest girl I'd ever known and I loved her for it—and still do."

It was Ken who insisted they wait three years before they got married. "We'll wait until you're a little older," he would say, "at least until you're twenty-one. You're too young to know your own mind now. I want you to be very sure." As sure as he had been for some time then. Neither of them ever remember him proposing. "I didn't actually. I just told her, Every time you do a good show, I'll give you a kiss. And she did a great job so many times, we came to like it," he grins.

When they announced their engagement, Bing Crosby—who has been a friend of Ken's since Bing toured with Ken's unit in 1929—asked, "What's the bride's favorite tune?"

Ken told him, "You Were Meant For Me," adding— "That's mine too. Why?"

Ken found out when Dixie Crosby brought a recording to Betty Lou's shower. Bing had recorded the song especially for her, with parodied lyrics of "The Girl That I Marry," merging into one beginning: "She was meant for him. Lovely, sweet and slim. People told her she was bound to go far— So she hitched her wagon—to a cigar. . . ."

As Ken says, "Betty Lou's perfect for me." Insisting, "I'm a nervous, irritable individual, although I try never to bring any irritations home with me. But she never says a word. She never objects to my cigars. She never minds if I dress like this," he says, indicating his breezy sports ensemble and the blue denim sneakers with the sponge rubber soles he calls confoms. "And if she has to hear the same stories over and over, she never looks bored. Never gives me that 'Oh, you're-not-going-to-tell-that-one-again look.'"

"Ken."

"She the closest thing to an angel I've ever known," he says slowly. "She's the only person I can imagine living in a trailer with. . . ."

"Ken. The phone's ringing," Betty Lou breaks into the conversation to remind him.

"Oh—oh—yes—pardon me," he says, reaching out and retrieving it with an experienced hand.

Reminding her husband the phone's ringing is for Betty Lou almost a full-time job. "It was Ken's idea to muffle the phone," she laughs. "He kept saying, 'Something has to be done about this phone.'" The phone, with its extensions in every room of their Hollywood home, sounded like a five-alarm fire. As a result of the muffling, now Ken gets so wrapped up in all the various Ken Murray Enterprises he seldom ever hears the phone—until Betty Lou reminds him. . . .

Although Betty Lou occasionally appears with him on TV, her career now is looking after Ken and his home and happiness. Which she finds warmly rewarding—as is signified, too, by the thousands of souvenirs she saves of their lives together. When Ken says, "My wife saves things," this is the most underplayed line of his entire career in show business. His wife saves every-thing, and she gets misty-eyed just looking

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LIPSTICK

WITH PERMACHROME — EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLLIN
through the scrapbooks at the pressed flower Ken wore in his buttonhole when they were married, at the receipt for two dollars for their wedding license, and at all the nostalgic reminders in the scrapbooks which were lovingly kept in the little chest in the bedroom house. “Ken kids me about them, but he likes for me to save things, really,” she says. “He’s always coming in with a ‘Here, honey, here’s a program or something—and saving me things to save.”

But even her ever-loving husband did a double-take watching Betty Lou post a new entry in their daughter Pam’s scrapbook; good news he was born. “What is that?” he asked curiously of some dark green string she was carefully entering. “String from the flower-box wrappings,” she explained in order to give him the right feeling. Then he asked, “Oh, honey—come on now,” he said. “After all, how far can you go with this thing?”

Dally, he knows, she can go all the way. Along with the whole collection of the nut cups and the angel on the cake from her baby shower are such realistic reminders as the identification card from Pamela’s hospital crib, reading, “Murray—Girl—2/4/52—5:52 P.M.”—and another upon which are chronicled “Results Of Hemoglobin Test.”

There, too, are the many telegrams she’s received from Ken—irritating mistake. She had dressed to their first-born and datelined Washington, D. C.: “Dear Pamela: Sure got a kick out of holding you in my arms this morning. Tell your mommy I love her like crazy, Dad.” And she had on a dress of the type the little girl flannel dresses. And little soap. “I was a wreck,” Pam’s father recalls.

Like Dad, like daughter—true trouper she is. Pam made her entrance on a Monday, in time for Ken to share his pride of the whole company, including one of a hilarious sketch about her on that Saturday’s television show.

Where once he rose at high noon, Ken always awakens by seven a.m. now. “Honey, I heard the baby developer’s chair was broken down and keep her company.” And soon they’re both in business, building blocks in the breakfast room like mad.

When Pamela says “Da, da,” he’s as proud as though she’d told him it. And he attaches dramatic and half-humorous significance to every move of a finger. If she pokeys a toy with a finger: “Look, honey, you’re doing to be a atomic scientist,” Ken laughters. If she hangs her fist on the piano: “A concert artist no less.”

Already Pamela’s an actress, having portrayed Laurie Anders as a baby in Ken’s production of “The Marshal’s Daughter.” All wardrobe in a little polka-dot dress and bonnet and riding a horse with Ken between horse and child, which inspired her father to observe: “Look, honey, she likes the wide open spaces, too. She’s going to be a Western movie star.”

During Ken’s gallant “Betty Lou’s the only person I can imagine living in a trailer with,” this would be stretching imagination too far. How then could he practice his clarinet at three a.m.? For Amelie Ken took all of the clarinet lessons by correspondence when he was a kid, and—for a kid who took six clarinet lessons—he plays amazingly well. Yet, conscientious performer that he is, when he’s not in his clarinet vacations such as on his television show, he rehearses—at three in the morning,” Betty Lou confides. He has his regular warm-up medley too, beginning with “St. Louis Blues,” wuxing into “Three O’Clock In The Morning,” a little of “Lies,” and winding up with “Home, Sweet Home”—and about time. Also, Ken keeps pads and penciles by the side of their king-sized bed in the blue and gold bedroom. A groggy Betty Lou frequently awakens and starts taking dictation from him, saying sleepily, “Wait a minute—wait a minute”—when he forgets she’s already in the kitchen. He keeps her busy in the wardrobe department, too. And for a fellow who’s amazingly sensitive to beauty and to color, as patrons of the lovely, their clothes and furnishings on his television show—he has somewhat individualistic ideas concerning his own attire.

Ken gets so attached to some garment he’ll—such as a favorite plaidcashmere robe which he wore “until it hiked up in the back and had holes in the seat”—that he wouldn’t give it up until it could be repaired. “The weight and texture of material is all-important to him. The gabardine must be exactly one weight. The cashmere—kitten-skin. It must be a bolt of the finest, the softest cashmere she could find, and had a New York dressmaker come over to their apartment and cut a pattern from the old robe. “I couldn’t even let her take it home for the night. I knew he’d call for it,” she laughters.

As for the sponge rubber—soled demi numbers he wears, she admits now, “Buying them at six o’clock a.m. in 1953. I got them last summer because I thought they would be comfortable for him to lounge around in, and now he wears them all the time.” Once he became so attached to a black pair of white buckskin shoes with rubber soled, which he bought him one summer, that when he had to make a business trip to St. Louis, the following winter, and found he couldn’t wear them, he couldn’t wear those, honey. They’ll look you up, thinking you’re completely crazy—wearing white buckskin shoes in mid-winter in Missouri, she said.

He insisted he didn’t have any others to wear. No others he liked, he meant. Shopping all day long, Betty Lou finally found two pairs of nine-dollar suede shoes, one brown and the other black, in time for his train. “That was three years ago—and he’s still wearing them,” she says. “I’ve had them re-soled and re-capped for the last time. I can’t have my husband wear old shoes with rubber soles, which he bought him one summer, that when he had to make a business trip to St. Louis, the following winter, and found he couldn’t wear them, they don’t wear those, honey. They’ll look you up, thinking you’re completely crazy—wearing white buckskin shoes in mid-winter in Missouri, she said.

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And, while other wives might be inclined to sympathize with Betty Lou Murray for having her husband’s face in every picture when the, she never wanted to depend on any one vacation.

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As for Ken—why audition... when you’ve got the queen of them all at home?...
**Inside Radio**

**All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.**

**Monday through Friday**

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### Morning Programs

**8:00** ABC

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### Afternoon Programs

**12:00** NBC

- 

### Evening Programs

**6:00** ABC

- 

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### Tuesday Evening Programs

**6:00** ABC

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### Wednesday Evening Programs

**6:00** ABC

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### Thursday Evening Programs

**6:00** ABC

- 

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### Friday Evening Programs

**6:00** ABC

- 

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TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN. CHANNEL 6 JUNE 11—JULY 10

Baseball on TV

Pre-game Programs:
Happy Felton's Knothole Gang—30 minutes Ch. 9 before Dodger games
Joe E. Brown—15 minutes before Yankee games Ch. 11

DATE        TIME   GAME          CHANNEL
Thur., June 11 1:30 P.M. Cinc. vs. Dodgers 9
Fri., June 12  8:30 P.M. Chi. vs. Dodgers 9
Sat., June 13  8:30 P.M. St. Louis vs. Giants 11
Sun., June 14  2:00 P.M. St. Louis vs. Giants 11
Tues., June 16  8:00 P.M. Giants at Cinc. 11
Wed., June 17  8:00 P.M. Giants at Cinc. 11
Fri., June 19  2:00 P.M. Detroit vs. Yankees 11
Sat., June 20  8:30 P.M. Milwaukee vs. Giants 11
Sun., June 21  2:00 P.M. Detroit vs. Yankees 11 & 6
Tues., June 23  8:30 P.M. Chicago vs. Yankees 11
Wed., June 24  2:00 P.M. Chicago vs. Yankees 11
Thurs., June 25  2:00 P.M. Chicago vs. Yankees 11
Fri., June 26  8:30 P.M. Cleveland vs. Yankees 11 & 6
Sat., June 27  2:00 P.M. Cleveland vs. Yankees 11 & 6
Sun., June 28  2:00 P.M. Cleveland vs. Yankees 11 & 6
Tues., June 30  8:30 P.M. Phila. vs. Dodgers 9
Wed., July 1  8:30 P.M. Boston vs. Giants 11
Thurs., July 2  1:30 P.M. Phila. vs. Dodgers 9
Fri., July 3  2:00 P.M. Phila. vs. Yankees 11
Sat., July 4  1:30 P.M. Pitts. vs. Dodgers (D) 9
Sat., July 5  1:30 P.M. Phila. vs. Yankees (D) 11 & 6
Mon., July 6  1:30 P.M. Phila. vs. Giants 11
Sun., July 7  8:30 P.M. Yankees at Phila. 11
Tues., July 8  8:30 P.M. Phila. vs. Yankees 11
Wed., July 9  8:30 P.M. Boston vs. Yankees 11
Thurs., July 10  2:00 P.M. Boston vs. Yankees 11
Fri., July 11  2:00 P.M. Wash. vs. Yankees 11
Sun., July 12  8:00 P.M. Giants vs. Dodgers 9

(D) Means Double-header

Post-game Programs:
Happy Felton's Talk With The Stars Ch. 9
Frankie Frisch's Clubhouse Interviews Ch. 11
Joe E. Brown With The Yankees Ch. 11

Monday through Friday:
7:00 A.M. Today  A & 6
Garrovay rises with the sun, bringing news and feature stories.
10:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time  M-Th
Robert Q. Lewis emcees this favored show while Arthur recovers.
11:00 A.M. One In Every Family  2 & 6 (M-Sat)
From Hollywood, bright audience-participation with Dean Miller.
11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich  2 & 6
The show with a heart tugs at your hearts. Warren Hull emcees.
12:00 Noon Bride And Groom  2
June brides at their loveliest. Grooms nervous as usual.
12:15 P.M. Love Of Life  2 & 6
Peggy McCay stars in this serial as compassionate careerist.
12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow  2 & 6
Day-by-day story of real-life conflicts starring Mary Stuart.
12:45 P.M. Guiding Light  2 & 6 (at 2:30 P.M.)
Herd Nelson and Ellen Demming in this intriguing drama.
1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show  2 & 6
Garrulous Garry's funnest with Durward, Denise Lor, Ken Carson.
2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing  2 & 6 (M-W-F)
Bert Parks whoops it up with interviews and quiz game.
2:30 P.M. Art Linkletter's House Party  2
Guaranteed gaiety as Art engages in hilarious hijinks.
3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off  2 & 6
Daytime quiz with de luxe prizes for women. Randy Merriman, emcees.
3:00 P.M. Beat The Bank  4
The show that has paid out more than $2,000,000 in hard cash goes on giving away the green stuff with Win Elliot host.
3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show  5
Variety show with Paul, Wanda Lewis, Sis Camp and lots of music.
3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers  4 & 6
Tommy Bartlett catches travelers en route for engaging gaffests.
4:30 P.M. Ted Steele Show  11
Steele with two golden hours of great vocals and instruments.
5:00 P.M. Hollywood Falls, Pap. 6,200  4
Serial drama of life in a typical, small U.S. community.
7:30 P.M. Eddie Fisher  1 (W-F)
The young lyric baritone sings out. Don Ameche is host.
7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore Show  4 (T-Th)
Last few weeks to catch Dinah before her summer vacation.
7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theater  9
Hit plays in original versions to be superseded only by Dodger ball games. Matinees also Sat.-Sun. 3:00 P.M.
7:15 P.M. Perry Como Show  2 (M-W-F)
The great voice of personable Perry with the Fontane Sisters.
7:15 P.M. U.S.A. Caucena  2 (T-Th)
Vivacious Jane Froman with a bubbling mixture of song and dance.
7:15 P.M. News Cucacan  4 & 6
John Cameron Swayze's video newscast of day's headline events.

Monday P.M.:
7:30 P.M. Bob And Ray  4
Mayhem reigns as B&R perform in pin-pricking satire.
8:00 P.M. Burns And Allen Show  2
Daffy doings by Gracie and George that make for great laughs.
8:00 P.M. I'm The Law  5
George Raft tough as they come, in slambang adventure.
8:00 P.M. Homicide Squad  7
It's murder and Tom Conway detects the way to the culprit.
8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts  2
Lively talent showcase with Garry Moore subbing for Arthur.
8:30 P.M. Conquest Of The Moon  4 & 6
The great virtuosi of the day in thirty-minute recitals.
9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy  2 & 6
Delirious, delightful escapades of Lucille Ball with Desi.
9:30 P.M. Red Buttons  2 & 6
The redhot young comic with his side-splitting skits.
9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents  4
Fascinating, full-hour storytelling with Robert M., narrator.
10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre  2 & 6
Studio One with a different name but the same sponsor and indefatigable Betty Furness serves up light dramas and comedy.

Tuesday:
7:30 P.M. Beulah  7
Things go from bad to worse to laughter as Beulah (Louise Beavers) plays the Henderson's rollicking housekeeper.
8:30 P.M. Break The Bank  4
Beginning June 23rd, Bert Parks plays summer Santa. Circus Hour, with Joe E. Brown, from 8:00 P.M., last show June 16th.
8:30 P.M. Wisdom Of The Ages  5
Lots of chuckles, too, with five generations represented in the panel discussion. Jack Barry in the moderator's chair.
9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated  2
Dramatic crime exposes. Alternating weekly: City Hospital.
9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre  4
Expertly written tales, star cast and filmed in Hollywood.
TV program highlights

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Date With Judy • 7
The top-rated teen-romance series starring pert Mary Linn Beller.
8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 6
Guest stars take turns emceeing the big Godfrey variety hour.
8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
In this comedy Jim Backus plays the first person and the amusing, fast-stepping Joan Davis plays her namesake.
8:30 P.M. China Smith • 7
Exotic adventure series starring Dan Duryea in title role.
9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Warren Hull gives needy contestants a chance at $500 in cash.
9:00 P.M. Krait Theatre • 4
Excellent, satisfying video drama from New York studios.
9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Rugged adventures of Mike Barnett (Ralph Bellamy).
10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Ring gladiators trade punches in blue ribbon events.
10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 4
Ralph Edwards’ unique, emotional drama of a person’s life.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Life With Luigi • 2
Human, humorous story of an Italian immigrant in America.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6
Groucho grapples with contestants and quizzes for cash.
8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2
Renowned actor of stage and screen in 30-minute teleplays.
8:30 P.M. Treasury Men In Action • 4
Walter Pidgeon stars as an art thief.
8:30 P.M. Chance Of A Lifetime • 7 & 6
Talent-tested candidates vie. Dennis James, encece.
9:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6
Exciting 30-minute dramas featuring big-name stage stars.
9:30 P.M. Dragnet • 4
Prize-winning police drama with Jack Webb as Sgt. Joe Friday.
9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Pat McVey, as Steve Wilson, plays adventure-seeking newsman.
9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4 & 6
Enthralling video drama listing stars in original stories.
10:00 P.M. My Little Margie • 2
Comedy series with Gale Storm making things stormy in title role.
10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
Mystery series with Lee Tracy as genial but deadly “eye.”
10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 & 6
Well-spun espionage series filmed abroad by Jerome Thor.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Ste Erwin Show • 7
Rib-tickling situations starring Stu and wife June Collyer.
8:00 P.M. Manx • 2 & 6
Charming, delightful series of Norwegian immigrants in Frisco.
8:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
The singing comic plays a good-natured, bumbling bachelor.
8:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
Marie Wilson as the dazzling, daffy, blonde dumbelle.
8:30 P.M. Life Of Riley • 4 & 6
Shenanigans in the Riley family starring William Bendix.
9:00 P.M. Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars • 2
Outstanding drama adapted from the works of top story writers.
9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Stories of real reporters and how they come up with scoops.
9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Eve Arden as lovable schoolmarm in humorous adventures.
9:30 P.M. The Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
Bobby Ellis, as Henry, runs his usual, hilarious, hectic course.
10:00 P.M. Mr. And Mrs. North • 2
Stars Barbara Britton-Richard Denning in comedy adventure.
10:00 P.M. Sports • 4 & 6
Fisticuffs scheduled by the IBC from nation’s top arenas.
10:30 P.M. Down You Go! • 5
Panel-quiz from Chi. Dr. Berger Evans, moderator. Panelists: Toni Gilman, Carmelita Pope, Robert Breen, Francis Coughlin.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. Stork Club • 2
Host Billingsley takes you into his Cab Room to see glamour.
7:30 P.M. Beat The Clock • 2
Couples compete against clock to perform tricky parlor stunts.
7:30 P.M. Ethel And Albert • 4
The popular, ingrating domestic comedy that started on radio ten years ago with Richard Widmark as Albert. Now Alan Bunce in Albert role. Peg Lynch, creator and writer, plays Ethel.
8:30 P.M. Gloeson Show • 2
Mr. Saturday Night, himself, switches from clowning to touching pantomime for chuckles. Also, guests, June Taylor dancers.
8:30 P.M. My Hero • 4 & 6
Robert Cummings as naive but funny realtor in odd situations.
8:30 P.M. Original Amature Hour • 4 & 6
The original talent show that found Frank Sinatra, Vera-Ellen, Mimi Benzell, others, continues traditionally with Ted Mack.
9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2
Superb panel-variety show illustratedly headed by Fadiman.
9:00 P.M. Saturday Night Review • 4 & 6
Hoagy Carmichael, songwriter and film star, is host and star of 90-minute variety featuring comic antics of Bobby Sargent.
9:00 P.M. Boxing With Bill Stern • 7
Bill, at the mike, roves the country for Ray Earell promotions.
9:30 P.M. Meet Millie • 2
Whacky saga of a steno in Manhattan with Elena Verdugo starring.
9:30 P.M. Wrestling From Chicago • 5
From the Marigold Gardens, Jack Brickhouse interprets grunts.

Sunday

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7
For youth of all ages, dazzling, exciting circus variety.
6:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
The highly praised video news magazine with Edward R. Murrow.
6:30 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7 & 6
Exciting, dramatic news reports by the world-famous columnist.
7:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4 & 6
Comedy-variety with the carrot-topped clown. On film.
7:30 P.M. Mister Peepers • 4
Chuckles guaranteed with Wally Cox as shy, modest school-teacher.
8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 6
The far-famed, spectacular variety headed by Ed Sullivan.
9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
The Pennsylvanians inimitable productions of great pop music.
9:00 P.M. TV Playhouse • 4
One of the top-flight TV theatres. Live from NYC studios.
9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5
For whodunit fans, followed at 9:30 by The Plainclothes Man.
9:30 P.M. Kea Murray and Alan Young • 2
Two laugh-gutters alternate until June 25 when Kathryn Murray moves in for the summer with variety, The Arthur Murray Party.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
Spine-tingling suspense with Jonathan Blake as narrator.
10:30 P.M. What’s My Line? • 2
Guess-your-occupation show, witty and fun, with John Daly.
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□ 1036 A FOOL SUCH AS I A FULL TIME LOVE
□ 1035 TELL ME YOU’RE MINE TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS AND HOLD ME
□ 1034 TEARDROPS ON MY PILLOW A STOLEN WALTZ
□ 1033 EVEN IF IT WERE UP TO ME
□ 1032 NIGELLA AND WISHING RING
□ 1031 OH, HAPPY DAY HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME
□ 1030 TILL I WAITZ AGAIN WITH YOU YOU WILL NEVER KNOW
□ 1029 WHY DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME DON'T LET THE STARS GET IN YOUR EYES
□ 1028 KEEP IT A SECRET I

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Get quick, safe relief from functional menstrual distress with Chi-Ches-Ters—without your money back. In clinical tests 9 to 9 out of every 10 women got fast relief—often after the first dose. Get the 50c. Puss Pak from your druggist. Economy sizes at $1.15 and $2.25. Will mail direct if druggist does not stock.

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Cadillacs. But when it comes to clothes—
the way I put it, I'm a clothes-oholic instead of an alcoholic!"

Such is Miss Minnie's love of clothes that one of her more rhapsodic utterances concerns a night not long ago, at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, where the wives and daughters of billionaire Texans spend big, fat green rolls of other people's money.

The price of the little gray wool must have been astronomical, for Miss Minnie, shuddering and rolling her bright eyes, cannot bring herself to mention it. "It's a rather, ah, funny story," she says, looking conscience-stricken, "to the days at Ward Belmont College during which I had no clothes. Or, rather, I had the wrong clothes. Or, rather, I remember the story of Miss Minnie, in 1930, we'd lost what little money we had and there I was, thrown in with a lot of wealthy girls and swank sub-debs from all over the country, who lived in manner—then I had a bathroom! My roommate, the first year, was a real rich girl from Texas with oil connections and charge accounts in shops I just couldn't go in!"

"I just didn't have any way to compete with these girls. What did it do to me? Killed me at first," Miss Minnie says, and shudders, "then I decided you go so far down, you can't get further than down. No way to go to the bottom, is what I mean, but up!"

"Of course, I know now that's why I started playing comedy. Started kidding everybody, and everyone loved it. My clothes, not having any money or any know-how."

Had to, in order to live. Kicked my appearance, too, for I wasn't pretty, either. Ever since then, I've just worn what went in for comedy, too. Talked fast, laughed loud, clowned around to divert a man from looking at my face!"

"Another thing I know, however, is that I didn't try to know anything—my clothes, not having any money or any know-how."

"Like having a fever blister—are you the one conscious of it and suffering embarrassment. No one else notices. Should be a lesson, what I'm saying, to other girls who are better off."

"The prices, and I'm not talking about the looks. But it won't be. Nothing is a lesson," says Miss Minnie Pearl, "until it is too late."

"Ward Belmont had a lot to do," she adds, "there were people expecting me not to be so 'country.' But I am country and, as I've said, proud as a stand of pine of it.

"I come from the country, from Centerville, a farming community, a rural community in Tennessee—and more rural when I lived there than it is now. Centerville's in Hickman County, a rough country and virgin timberland, which was why, a dummyman, went there. Settled there. Reared his family there.

"I had the happiest childhood anyone ever had! My mother and father saw to it that we were never without. They loved each other, too. And loved us kids, my sisters Frances, Virginia, Mary, Dixie and me.

"We never felt any lack of fun when we were kids, because we had anything anyone in Centerville had. They didn't have much, but we had everything they had... and there was fun and laughter."

"All over-the-hill house overlooking Duck River. It looked right straight across at Grinder's Switch, too—same old Grinder's Switch I allude to, time and again, on Grand Ole Opry. One of the biggest events of the day back in Centerville was when Daddy would load up the wagons with logs. The teamsters, Jake and Tom and Matt, would lend a hand and he'd drive up to Grinder's Switch, taking us kids along with him. We'd leave home riding high on top of the lumber. Now don't you move, Mother'd say, 'until you get to the Switch!' But we had it fixed with the teamsters to let us ride, soon as we're out of sight, on the tongue of the wagon. No danger in riding the Language! What Mother feared was, we scar our shoe leather in the dust.

"Time I was old enough to talk, I wanted to be in show business, I'd say, and keep going, I'm going to be in show business.

"I started playing piano as a little girl. Pick out war songs, I would, like 'Over There' and 'If He Can Fight Like He Can Love.'"

"Where I got the idea of going into show business, I'll never know, no one in our family having heard tell of show business, hardly, let alone being in it. Likely I got it from the movies—for, when I was about seven or eight, we had an old silent-movie house in our town and it was my mecca. I'd get Mama to give me a dime; then when I was alone I'd make a deal with the manager: If he'd let me in free, I'd play the piano. I played the piano. I played 'Pony Boy', Hearts and Flowers' and such. It's why I haven't any eyes to wear glasses, as the hills. Dark, and had to watch the movie as well as the keys so I could tell Mama what I'd seen. Hard on my neck, which had a permanent crick in it for years, as well as on my eyes.

"Maybe it was the movies influenced my wanting to be in show business. But I think I just wanted to play-act and, particularly, Miss Minnie loved the ring-laughing, 'I wanted to show off!"

"Because I was the youngest of the five girls—seven years younger than Dixie, the next to you—and all spoiled me. All except my father who only spoiled me for anything that isn't honest and real and good and fine."

"He was the greatest thing in my life, my father. He had the kind of truck that went with the hills. And the love of the things that matter. He loved wood. Loved the feel of wood, good wood. He taught me to know every kind of wood and to respect it. Now, if I don't understand why I can't paint good wood, it hurts me. Our house, now, is modern and functional and we love it. But our dream is to have a house all paneled walls and naked lovely floors with hooked rugs on them, a house that rambles all over the hills the way our tumbledown old house did down home in Centerville. That would be just perfect.

"Today, John Wayne and Gary Cooper remind me of my father, as a young man. When he died, he seemed to me a combination of Mr. Lincoln. After he died, a friend wrote: 'Somehow I can't be too grieved at Mr. Colley's going. Can't think of his death but only that he reminds me of the tall trees on the other side of the hill.'"

"That's what he reminds me of, too; that's the way I think of him—as of the tall trees on the other side of the hill."

"In Alabama in 1936, I ran upon a lovely lady, lived in her home with her. She was the First Lady of the State, Miss Pearl Rogers. And she was the soul of hospitality. She had sixteen children spaced so as to be born in February or March so that, come spring, she would be up and about working in the fields. Her professional job was to talk them into the idea that she never failed to 'make the crop.' One of my proudest boasts is that when I said goodbye to Alabama, she said, 'Lord, I hated to see you go!'"

"In 1936 to 1940, I developed this character, this act. Transcriptions of my first programs sound all gentle and sweet—like her. Since then, I've been forced into the role. It's a role, I think, that when you're on a coast-to-coast show, you must get laughs instead of chuckles."

"It was while playing an engagement in Aiken, South Carolina, in 1938, that the character of Minnie Pearl was born. Miss Minnie Pearl made her debut and from that time she just "went over the top," they say, "on Grand Ole Opry," says Miss Minnie, "and my familiar opening line, 'Howdy! I'm just so proud to be here,' is true, every syllable of it.

"It was in 1946 that Miss Minnie Pearl met Mr. Henry Cannon. 'Right here in Nashville,' say Miss Minnie, 'at the home of a mutual friend. But, with him in the flying business and me in show business, there was the problem of getting together. What was worse, our friends had told him about me and me about him, with the result that we were determined not to like each other. We didn't, either, so we called him. From June, when we met, until December, we saw each other just casually. He was dating other people and so was I.'"

"Then one night, in a parked car, Mr. Henry Cannon and Miss Minnie Pearl went to the movies. Two months after that first kiss, Miss Minnie and her Mr. Henry Cannon were married. A church wedding, with Miss Minnie Pearl in white linen and flowers that looked as if they were spun on a bridal bau-

quet. And they've lived—they are living—'right happily' ever after...
Sometimes you'll turn on the set, and there's Garroway discussing life with a year-old chimpanzee named J. Free. Muggs. Muggs was named after movie star dollars is owned by two guys in Jersey who daily deliver him to NBC in a car with his picture on it. Tell Garroway you think Muggs is cute, and he'll turn off the picture and let those teeth bite through your skin.” Then he reflects a minute. “Of course, he's just teeth- ing. When he grows up so he can break your arm, he probably wants any more.” NBC viewers are cordially invited to join Muggs' fan club.

If you've witnessed any of the aforementioned, then obviously you're one of the millions who can't get up at seven o'clock in the morning, stagger over to the television set, and welcome the dawn with a program called Today. For the past three years Garroway, him of the heavy glasses, the easy smile, and the friendly manner which caused a lady to send him seven dollars recently by snail mail. For nothing. She liked him, that's all.

Today can be enjoyed on various levels. It presents straightforward news broadcasts, shows newsreel films from all over the world, and sometimes features a turn- judo, displays 30-carat diamonds on the admirable bosom of Denise Darel, and emanates from a set in which there are so many clocks that you can tell what time it is at any moment in any place, if that's your idea of fun. Over all presides Garroway, a boy from Schenectady who made very good.

Dave was born in Schenectady, in 1913, with what's referred to as "a scientific turn of mind." (It's referred to that way by fond parents. Neighbors simply cry, "That's what making smells in the cellar again.")

When the small Garroway wasn't inventing smelly bombs in the basement, he was watching television. He had the pure delight it gave him to put them together again. He once took the grand piano apart, depressing his mother considerably. She had hoped he'd play it.

At sixteen, his mechanical frenzy was still fresh and unassailed. He owned a Model T Ford with another boy. The other boy, a poor fellow, just wanted to drive the thing, and Dave would pick it up from his partner Dave—pick it up was just about the story. It'd be lying around on the garage floor in pieces.

In his spare time, Dave built three telescopes, went to college in St. Louis, got a degree, and ended up selling piston rings in Boston, where his family was living at the time. There appeared to be virtually no demand for piston rings in Boston. In fact, there appeared to be virtually no demand for Dave in Boston. New York, he figures, was forty.

They hired him in New York, okay. At NBC, as a page boy. He planned to work himself up to being an announcer. The page boys were all given a chance to go to a class that taught them how to do it. Dave stayed up nights recording his voice and practicing diction. Then came audition time. He placed twenty-third in the class of twenty, and was told he had a sourer lesser man. It merely spurred Dave on. If you can use the word "spurred" in connection with an art so apparently easy-going as broadcasting, the result is likely.

He became an announcer in Pittsburgh, got some invaluable experience, and in 1940 came to Chicago, where he worked for NBC.

In 1942, he joined the Navy. Four months he was at sea, and every day of every month, he was seasick. They wouldn't
have had to camouflage him to fool the enemy; he was green as the water around him.

They finally took him (with a ruptured stomach) off the boat at Pearl Harbor, and he lay in a hospital, inhaling deeply, and looking at the doctor out of wide, grey eyes. The doctors wrote on his medical record, "Don't send this one to sea. He's not much good." And, after his stomach had healed, Dave found himself in charge of a school for yojens, in Hawaii.

After the war, he drifted back to Chicago and got himself a disc jockey show. It was a job none of the other announcers wanted, because it was in the middle of the night. It was perfect for Lombardo. He figured he didn't have to please all of the people all of the time, because most of the people were fast asleep. The few people he did reach he was going to treat as intelligent human beings. He wouldn't patronize 'em, he wouldn't play music he himself had no respect for.

A Guy Lombardo fan once registered an indignant protest over Garroway's sneering at Guy Lombardo. Next night, Garroway gleefully employed sound effects to convey to the fan that he—Garroway—was breaking up Lombardo records.

A real jazz fanatic himself, Dave admits that, when on the topic of one of his own favorites, he gets lost in his enthusiasm. He once described Ella Fitzgerald's style this way: "Her voice sounds as though she were singing through a lace handkerchief"—and then proceeded to embroider the idea.

Besides music, and musical talk, Dave used to ramble on about various topics which popped into his head. "Love, death, art, books, poetry, cats, and taxicabs—" to quote from an NBC biography.

1949 was the big year. "Gough. In 1949, Dave became the most talked-about man in Chicago television. Because of the Garroway At Large show. It was half an hour, once a week. It became famous, and took Dave with it. For the first time, television was being used as television. Instead of the kind of show where the technician was bawled out if so much as a cable got into the picture, Dave wandered at random through all the trappings of the studio, and let the home viewers see what he saw. Instead of aiming at howls of laughter from a studio audience, Dave aimed at giving a couple of people in a living room a grin, a story to tell the next day, a few minutes of good music...

He'd come on by saying, "Hi there, old tiger," or "old fluorescent," or old anything—he-could-think-of, and then maybe you'd see him walking along talking about New York, for instance, and what a funny town it was. How it could be cold and hard sometimes, and sometimes very beautiful. Now take fall in New York...

and his voice would go on, and you'd find out later that he'd been quoting from somewhere, Wolfe, perhaps, or Dos Passos and then you'd see a girl singer setting on a bench under a replica of New York's Washington Square, and she wouldn't be staring straight into the camera, she'd be half—turned away, with a few leaves falling gently down around her, and after a minute she'd start to sing "Autumn in New York..."

That was the kind of show it was. In a medium used to Milton Berle, it took people's breath away. Or rather, it gave people back their breath, and the time to breathe with it. It didn't sock you with anything; once there were actually two full minutes of silence! The cameras followed members of the cast around for two minutes without a word from anybody, and it was the first time that had ever happened on television.

Colleen Hefner, who used to do publicity for Dave, thinks the fact that his show didn't have money to burn was partly responsible for how good it was. Which sounds like a direct contradiction, but isn't. New York always had the big money and backers. In Chicago, television depended more on ingenuity and imagination. (Kukla, Fran And Ollie also comes from there.)

"Look at it this way," Colleen says. "If you've got a forty-thousand-dollar budget for a show, and you've got five minutes with nothing happening, you're scared to death. What'll you do with the five minutes? You end up by rushing out and buying twenty dancing girls! We didn't have that kind of money, so Dave substituted taste and sensitivity. Maybe if we'd had money, the show wouldn't have been so simple, and so good—"

So many fans still mourn the show's passing that even now, with Dave up to his ears in morning television, to say nothing of afternoon radio, rumors of a resurrection of Garroway At Large persist around the NBC studios and offices.

Chicago's loss being New York's gain, Dave currently lives in a Park Avenue penthouse apartment which he says is "real good." It's got four terraces facing four directions, and was originally four and a half rooms, but Dave had the walls torn out. It's one huge room now, a new sky-light, and by golly, he's got the only fireplace in the building. The apartment was originally built for Merlin Aylesworth, the first president of NBC. Aylesworth went ahead and put in.

"When he lived here," Dave says, "I was a page boy at NBC at sixty-five a month. He throws the next line away, "Jazz—happy as ever, Dave's wakened at four every morning by the radio—turned on automatically via one of those clock—timer-gadgets—and he lies in bed until nine. The music plays...but it's played by a disc jockey named Bob Garity. For some reason, I hear real good that half-hour. I'm only part-awake, but the music breaks through the barriers. All day long, those first few phrases I hear run through my head..."

Dave can, and does, occasionally sit in on dramas. He says he hears a record he feels like accompanying.

Ask him if he's got a set of drums at home, and he looks impish. "Doesn't everybody?"

Recently he took a brief vacation, and went to Florida. But—"I got bored sick, and came back." The one kick he did get out of the Florida trip was fooling around with something called an aquahanging. It's an underwater diving outfit which doesn't have any cable or hose, so you're a free agent. You can go down to 150 feet, and stay there for an hour and a half.

Better than flying or drumming. Dave loves racing cars. He's got an S.S. 100 Jaguar—that whatever that is—which is sixteen years old, and has won innumerable beauty contests (the rear end.)

Dave's interested in microscopy—shades of his scientific blood— and is also mad about those three-dimensional stereo-realist cameras and pictures.

"I went to the eye doctor a while ago," he told a friend the other day, "and he the doctor—he'd a stereo. For two years I'd been staring into a stereoscope and night. So he—the doctor—said, Tish, you'd get interested in one of these things. It's good for you—the muscles in your eye.'"

Occasionally a Garroway aide will attempt to tell a probing writer that Dave has odd eating habits. "Yes," Dave will say. "I eat through my mouth." But the fact is, he has got odd eating habits. Unless you figure carrot juice, celery juice, and three molasses cookies (containing exactly thirteen calories each) is the normal business man's lunch.

Probing writers attempting to find out about Dave's dating habits fare even more sketchily. He often takes a pretty girl to dinner, but he can't ever stay out late because of his early rising hour. "If I'm feeling really reckless, I can tear around till ten o'clock," he once announced.

He owns twenty-eight pairs of hand-knitted socks, but they all came from Betty Furness, whose just likes to knit socks for people.

Fortunately, he's got a maid (who also came from Betty Furness) who likes to wash socks for people.

Garway is a contented man.
Her Heart Holds a Song

(Continued from page 34) of people I can sing to every morning, Monday through Friday. And I'm learning so much. And there's so much I want to learn. I'm taking dancing and singing and dramatic lessons each week. And then there's the apartment to finish.

The apartment, essentially, symbolizes the flux of Peggy's life. Peggy, talented though she may be, also feels that deep womanly yearning for a home.

Because she also has a clear mind and a wisdom beyond her years, she recognizes it and discusses it frankly.

She'll tell you, "Just when I quit teaching school and began singing with a band, Dorothy Shay warned me I'd sometime have to make a choice.

The choice was a simple one—remain a schoolteacher, marry and raise a family quietly, calmly—or become a career girl in show business, with its constant demands on time, energy and interest and its crazy hours. A few women achieve both. But, for every success, there are a score of casualties.

It was this choice which Dorothy Shay, whose name already was in lights, summed up for eager and aspiring Peggy a few years ago. Dorothy had chosen one course, and said, but what's advisable for one woman doesn't always apply to the next. Each girl must make her own decision.

But, in this golden year for Peggy, the decision, although it lies inevitably ahead, can be postponed—deliciously.

That's exactly what Peggy Taylor is doing at present, and her associates at Breakfast Club have recognized and respected her state of mind—even to the point of discarding a venerated Breakfast Club gag.

It happened officially, the morning Farley Granger was a guest. Apparently, he had not heard that most of the girl vocalists on the Breakfast Club have, through the years, fallen in love and left the show when they married. Apparently, too, he had never heard the cast's stock joke that their girl singer always is hunting for a man.

Peggy, torn between laughter and embarrassment when she tells of it, says, "Honestly, when I started that man-crazy routine, you'd have thought, from the look on Farley's face, that I had walked right into the middle of Sadie Hawkins' Day."

Funny though it was at first, Mr. Granger's discomfort shortly affected the entire cast. Says Peggy, "You never saw anyone run for the exit so fast. It took a minute for me to realize he thought it was real. And when I did, I wanted to die."

Maestro Don McNeill sensed their mutual discomfort and ruled at the next program-planning meeting: "From now on, that man-hunting gag is out. It doesn't fit for Peggy."

For the most part, however, Peggy adheres to those intrinsic disciplines of show business and keeps her moods to herself. She says, "That's when I go to the easel and just paint them out."

Peggy originally never expected her painting would go beyond a self-expression hobby. Two empty picture hooks are evidence that it was.

She points to them proudly, "I can't bear to take them down even though I'm so proud. I used to have two paintings hanging there, which I worked on during the holidays. The paintings didn't turn out at all the way I had planned them. But they suited me, so I hung them up. There in came a friend of mine, and she fell in love with them. She bought them right off the wall."

(Continued on page 80)
Already Peggy is planning replacements, for the wall is part of the setting which she designed for herself.

Camellia-skinned, dark-eyed Peggy loves to wear bright colors when she's at home. "Combine Irish ancestry with Spanish, and the result is a taste for the brilliant," she explains.

Brilliance, her artistic taste dictates, must be concentrated, rather than splashed. Her new apartment, a block off one of Chicago's most fashionable streets, has a wide picture window to bring in a view of Lake Michigan. Drapes with a modern pattern frame it. Walls are light green, gray, and gold, and four walls of mirrored glass, gold, the sofa is covered with a tapestry of red and gold, and wrought iron and glass tables and lamps have both sparkle and contrast. Her dishes are white porcelain.

The living room is planned for comfort and leisure, but the room adjoining—Peggy's office—is austere. On one side, desk, bookcases and record player are lined up, on the other are her plants and files.

"I've learned more about singing since I've been on Breakfast Club than I've ever learned or ever will." - Peggy, to Fred.

"Johnnie and Ruth Desmond have helped me much. From them I've learned how to study a song, how to get the most out of it in emotion and movement. Now, I have recordings made of my songs almost every day and I sit in the evening, play them over and over, and try to think of ways I could have done them better." - Peggy.

"Among all the lovely things with which she has surrounded herself, perhaps the most important feature is that prosaic, standard bit of equipment, the telephone. "It rings," says Peggy with a happy smile. "There isn't any particular boy friend at the moment—least not in Chicago. I don't think there are a lot of young men like to take me out to dinner and a play or a movie. And when they don't—well, I spend the evening at home with Freddie."

Fred is a small, sausage-shaped, brown-marked black Dachshund with a wag which starts at the tip of his nose and undulates to the tip of his tail. The entire audience found that out when, at the top popularity of the song, "Doggie in the Window," some one conceived the bright idea that Peggy should bring Freddie down to the floor the morning she was to sing the song.

Freddie, at the outset, behaved like a perfect little gentleman. Trusting Peggy unnaped the leash. Making the rounds of the cast, Freddie turned worshipful liquid eyes upward, begging for those pats on the head a good dog may expect.

Somehow, in his customary manner, sat down on the edge of the stage. Freddie was happy. While Don McNeill had to bend down six feet to patent Freddie, Sam, seated, could reach out, tug Freddie's ears and have a good laugh over "Peggy."

Fred, somehow, did not comprehend Sam also had a job to do—the serious job of making people laugh. It may have been that my attention was held upon a detail, that Sam had taken him into partnership in this project. Or he may have wanted to provoke some laughs of his own.

With deceptive docility, Freddie made not the least effort to assume the role of the restless dog. Then Sam went into his customary routine, pulled a shoe off, pantomiming that his feet hurt.

That was supposed to be the end of the joke, period.

Fred decided it was the beginning. He took off down the aisle.

Sam yelled, "Hey, give it back."

It looked so simple to catch up with a little dog running away with a shoe almost as big as himself. When Freddie tripped, Sam dived. Freddie, still holding the shoe, tripped away. Sam, minus shoe, fell flat on his face.

In all the years that sharp-witted Sam has been on Breakfast Club, this probably was the first time he has ever been upstaged. At the sight of his for-real chagrin, McNeill, who has played straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight straight 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On what could the spirit be nourished? It could be nourished by human warmth. By the hundreds and by the thousands, the people avalanched Arthur with written words of compassion, with spoken words of courage and comfort hope left at the hospital switchboard. From all the region round, the words of encouragement seemed to merge into an almost tangible mandate which said, "Get well—we want you back with us."

And as the days and weeks and months saw Arthur's pain subside, like receding waters after an angry flood, so, gradually, did time witness his growing awareness of—and response to—the people's desire to hear his voice again in their homes. Arthur "came back"—on crutches, at first, these eventually to be replaced by a stout cane. Finally, he limped about without such props. The limp could not be hidden but he did make Spartan efforts to conceal the frequent, singeing flashes of persistent pain.

Arthur came back to WRC, his audience larger and more loyal than ever. The multitude of listeners heard his earthy chuckle radiate from WMAL, also—another Washington affiliate of NBC. Yes, Arthur was back, more solidly entrenched than ever as a local personality.

Then, one work-weary day, he clashed with a station official. Something exploded back in his face—his job.

Again Washington and environs were deprived of the redhead's baritone burlesquer. Public and press took up the cry, "Where is Godfrey! We want Godfrey!"

Destiny—Lady Luck ... whatever her name, this time it was as if she were determined to be contrite, to make amends. Details aside, the aftermath of that split with WRC, Arthur's departure from a local radio personality to a nationwide network name. And the network was CBS, where he has remained ever since.

The road, since that first important "milestone," has stretched out long and interestingly. In his steady progress forward, Arthur has assumed the proportions of a national institution. He has acquired enormous rewards in the material sense. He has been a prize plum on the CBS tree for, lo, these nineteen years. Fame. Wealth. Professional recognition. Most of all, private planes. Town penthouses. A country estate.

But these do not properly inventory Arthur's real wealth. The things that do count—the things that are real—are the affection and esteem he has garnered from his family and from the vast multitude of Americans who, by way of radio or television, have hung up a permanent welcome sign for Arthur Godfrey's return.

And now, coming into view, is the second closely related "milestone." The span between this one and the first is not visible. You can't see pain. You just feel it, or remember, and are haunted by it.

**SURGEON FOR GODFREY**

Is Top Bone Expert

The one-time "local radio character" is now national front-page news. Why? Because all America is avidly interested in this especially personal problem of Arthur's. Americans up and down the land know—by way of daily bulletins—exactly how Arthur fares at the hands of the expert bone surgeon and his colleagues at Massachusetts General Hospital.

Once again, Arthur Godfrey is being nourished by the warmth of the expressed love of those who may never have seen him closer than their television screen, or heard his voice, over the microphone. Arthur Godfrey's fateful hours are passing and the headlines of yesterday and today mirror one man's fighting courage.
Red Foley’s a Family Man

(Continued from page 39)

interview with the nice things, the ad-
miring and loving things, she said about "Daddy" or—her other pet name for Red—"so what, I wonder, not without half a dozen good reasons, did Red have to look so "moany" about?"

With the next sentence he spoke, the answer was given.斠is, he said in the voice of doom. "Two of them, the two older ones, are in boarding school. The David Lipscomb College right here in Nashville. The littlest one is with my parents in a little home town of Berevile, Kentucky.  Real fortunate," Red said gratefully, "that my parents are still living. But I sure do miss the Kids. That's why the radio's got me. That's the extent of the liveliness around here without the kids. Lonesomest feel-
ing in the world."

Red Foley is the dean of the 150 enter-
tainers who make up the giant Grand Ole Opry production every Saturday night, from 7:30 P.M. until midnight, in Nashville. He is one of the most important stars among the large entourage of Grand Ole Opry artists. He has worked with many other prominent stars of Nashville. This is his regular time on the air.

"Daddy" and "Momma"—the "Pioneers" and "Fiddlin' John Walker"—are among the stars of the Grand Ole Opry heard at 9:30, every Saturday night, over NBC Radio. You know his records. He's used them. Red and them, "Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy" "Pioneers—see Hillbilly Ghost," "Oceans of Tears" and (Red's favorite of all his waxes) "Peace in the Valley." You may have seen him in the flesh, when he's made personal appearances throughout the coun-
try. Or in the shadow on the screen in, for instance, "The Pioneers." He's def-
itely the man about town and will tell you so.

Let the telephone ring at the Foley's and, could be, it's Governor Frank Clement calling Red, wanting to ask this or that ques-
tion.

"Everyone admires him," Sally told me, "famous folk like the Governor and Bing Crosby and Dizzy Dean and Red Skelton, with whom he's worked—and he just sits and gapes at them! Time he got the mes-
sage the Governor called, he said 'Wonder who's kicking me?' Didn't believe it was the Governor, until he dialled the number left by and got to the Governor's mansion! Not a showoff bone in the whole six-foot-two of him!"

"Should you meet his mother and father, you'd see," Sally said, "what Red represents—they walk in the same walking in. White hair straight. His mom! Just a Mama. And proud as peacocks of Red. His dad cries every time Red sings an emotional or a religious song. "Papa's real proud of what I do," I've heard Red say, pretty proud himself. 'Come into the store, whoever you are, he'll sit there and tell you something'" (Clyde, is Red's given name) until Doomsday.

"I just think Red's perfect," Sally went on, as Red was called to the telephone. "He's a wonderful husband and a wonder-
ful father. He just loves everything, and he's so kind. I guess. Everyone, anyone, tells him their troubles. A person as important as Daddy is, generally doesn't have any time. Daddy has time for his kids. Only for a son, he's got too big a heart. . . ."

Red Foley has many titles and wears many crowns. He is known throughout the folk music world as a musician, and the actor of the world beyond—as the ace of rural folk music. But to home-folks in Nash-
vile, to his close friends (one of them being "Pappy" of Shirley Lee, just turned eighteen . . . Julie Ann, fourteen . . . and Jennie Lou, eleven "and a little better," You can't get more sentiment than Red is over these three young
doctors of his, these three very pretty young daughters who are—there is no other word for it—Red's heart."

"It is a beautiful thing," Sally added, "he's just plain lonesome without them. Even the radio going has a lonesome sound—just one little old radio—for, when they're home, there's TV going. There's no one there to play in that room, four or five radios in four or five other rooms!"

"Parties going on, too. All kinds of par-
ties . . . and most of the time, Slumber Dances. And you'd think that Daddy is right there with them. Teaches them how to dance and they teach him. . . ."

"Julie's teaching me the Dip," Red laugh-
ed, "son of a gun! And she's learning long
dancing. "Daddy, with his old back, doing the Dip!""

"Daddy really lives with his children," Sally said. "Kind of sweet. He plays golf with his children and plays cards with his children. Sally's family's children."

"We're great ones for telling each other things that have happened to us, or de-
scribing things we've seen, when we've been apart. A few nights ago, I fell asleep while Daddy was watching a play, a Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., production called The Accused. Soon's I fell asleep, Daddy called me and said his story, start to finish. The next time Shirley and Julie were home, he told them the whole story, start to finish. . . ."

"We always have done things together, the kids and I. "Daddy," when they were just so-high, I used to get out and play with them in the back yard, baseball, softball and the like. There's a picture of them up there on the wall behind you." (There were pictures of them on every wall, on the desk, atop the bookshelves, on the incidental tables.) "See how gay they look, not a care in the world; not a worry. . . ."

"Daddy," Sally said, "his brown eyes darkening, "recall that to them."

"Red worries about the children. Was doing it when they were babies, and being so young—ever child of his, when their mother died and they came face to face—and nothing Daddy could do about it—with grief and loss. He worried about them during his widowerhood when he was obliged to leave them at home. He worried about them during their separation, when they were away, leaving them by themselves, with a housekeeper. And he worried when, faced with the prospect of a step-
dad, he went through it, being so young. There were resentful and rebelled. That is the old way that we'd like to go back home to live. Buy or build us a place in Berevile. Real secure feeling in living with folk who really love you. . . ."

On the ceiling of Red's den, on the exact center of the ceiling, were pasted exactly nine records. Nine of Red's rec-
ords.

"I had a notion," Red explained, "of putting the ceiling, the whole of it, with my records, and after every four fifteen-minute pieces, I'd play them. But, when I found out it took forty-five minutes to fasten just one of em up there with linoleum paste, gave up the idea."

"Something better, like the home I come from," Red said fervently, "like the home I want this home is going to be . . . for the kids! . . . for Sally . . . and for me. . . ."
Wendy Warren's Little Mrs. Innocent

(Continued from page 48)

I came engaged, Bill gave me a hand-drawn MacLeod figure, the first item in a Scotch collection. Then, my aunt, Mrs. uel Gillespie of Florida, gave me a cue that I think was the best ever. We both knew we had Scottish ancestry—Bill's mother was a Mac-

And then Jean discovered that she was MacPherson," interrupts Bill, a very "Ivory-looking Bill, with red hair, well-

Jean, who can't bear to sit still a minute, looks from American to English, and back again. "I think it's the MacPherson clan. But I've never been back on the island!" he says, indifferently." "I've been back,.used to be the only one of the girls who was bom there," Jean says, "and I was a little girl, but I was laying on the beach, reading a book."

Soon into Hollywood, was "alaying I

When Bill married, it was to the mother of his best friend—who inadvertently made the match. It was a brouhaha,izzling July 1st, three years ago. Jean had just lost her job, and her mother was eager to have her join a big crowd going to Jones Beach for a swimming party. She accepted, met Bill, and they were married the fol-

Since Jim was so helpful in finding Bill wife, Bill stood up as Jim's best man, and Jim married Mary Denny, daughter of the former moderator of own Meeting Of The Air.

Before the fireplace is Jean's prize pos-

Since Jim was so helpful in finding Bill wife, Bill stood up as Jim's best man, and Jim married Mary Denny, daughter of the former moderator of own Meeting Of The Air.

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Home for a Lifetime

(Continued from page 53)

for work and sleep.

But he was a boatsman who took to the water so readily. Many days off. Many hours spent anchored in Long Island Sound's Echo Bay. One house there appealed to him, although there were many others more majestic in appearance—for example, Tommy Manville's thirty-room mansion. It was this one house, in its acre and a quarter, held a real fascination for Dennis. It was built on the side of a hill that sloped down into the house, which was family house. Dennis would look up at a huge circular window and he could see right through it to a living room. It was love at sight, but a frustrated love affair for Dennis—a house just doesn't fit in a bachelor's life.

Life took a new turn for Dennis in December of 1951 when he married Marjorie 'Mickie' Crawford. Mickie had discovered that Dennis is just as serious as he is amiable, just as persistent as he is charming. He didn't exactly bowl her over, for Mickie—though as pretty as a glamorous model—didn't like glamour. She was a small, Sociable, well-dressed people. She was skeptical of a big city star. In a year's courtship, she learned that Dennis was a real guy and that his famous showmanship was the result of honest, hard work.

"When you marry a girl like Mickie," Dennis says, "you just naturally think of a real home and the things that go with it."

That home the Sound had always stuck in my mind," Dennis recollects. "But you just don't go around envying someone else's property.

Finally, getting up nerve enough to inquire about a house on Echo Bay, Dennis found out it was on the market. The Jameses went out to see it. Mickie was thrilled. Dennis was besotted with delight the house and, July of last summer, moved in.

Some few miles from Manhattan, Echo Haven can be reached by land or water. Its front yard, in New Rochelle, New York, is a green lawn with apple and pine trees. Its backyard is the Long Island Sound. It is a ten-room house, impressive and exciting, for each of the rooms has a beauty and individuality of its own.

Through the front door (land side), the Jameses step into a large foyer. Directly ahead, a sunny living room, twenty-five feet wide, which stretches into eternity—for the far wall is all glass, a series of ceiling-to-floor windows which curve the width of the room.

"This is our Cinerama," Mickie says.

In this huge bay, you are literally sitting in space. There are two leather chairs facing the window, a thirty-power telescope,区域内s, and reading lamps. (But, Mickie says, "He does not want to consider myself a reading.) There is the sweep of the sea or a hundred ducks flocking on the water or boats moving across the horizon.

When nighttime comes, all lights go on, and the windows are black mirrors, reflecting a magnificent paneled fireplace. On the mantel is a gift from Paul Winchell, a clock that weights by barometric pressure, and there are a number of mahogany figures Dennis picked up in Haiti. The crystal is tan and the chairs and fabrics follow through in various shades of the same color.

"Decorating a house is a job that never quits," Dennis says.

He points to a newly acquired nest of tables that he designed himself. The tables are curved to fit the end of a long sofa against a wall and facing the fireplace. A few feet forward of the sofa is a large calliskin-covered ottoman. Their coffee table is home-designed. A huge piece of driftwood is the base for a clear panel of free form glass shaped something like the left side of a horse. Surrounding the fireplace are two tall table lamps with square black bases, white columns and square shades joined to hold a small table and a few chairs. This is where Dennis has his fruit juice and coffee each morning, reads the paper and drinks his coffee.

Dennis loves the beauty of the morning hours. There are many days when fisher boats lie just off shore. There are mornings when gulls swoop in from the horizon. Not usually an early riser, he makes it a point occasionally to get up at dawn to watch a sunrise.

The headboard and the spread on the huge bed are of charcoal gray tweed. The carpeting is rose, with flecks of gold.

On the fourth floor of the house there is a bedroom. The first room is a temporary sewing room. Temporary, because one day the Jameses hope it will be the nursery. In the meantime, the sewing machine has been whirring. Mickie and her mother have made Dennis through a number of drapes and chair covers.

Adjoining the future nursery is the studio where Mickie and Dennis paint and edit their film. Mickie is an artist and Dennis has been painting ever since he met her. There are many paintings and prints throughout the house. Dennis's first is in the dining room, a land scape. He has a portrait of his father hangs on the foye opposite a water color Ted Mack gave him.

"Using the word hobby loosely," Dennis says, "I might say the house is now m chief hobby.'"

As a former apartment-dweller, Dennis has learned quickly. He knows about soil and seeds and other gardening problems. He has learned from experience about plumbing, insulating, constructing, and the dozens of other things that have to do with running a house. When he first painting seven years ago he filled a niche hole in the wall. Now he knows about plaster and is a master handyman.

The projects on the outside are mine, he explains, "and Mickie runs the house.

Louise, their permanent staff of one, is invaluable to both. Dennis counts her a not only cook but secretary and librarian. Louise has been around TV and radio "shop talk" so much when she watches Dennis shows she feels the same tension as the producer.

Louise, like Mickie, seldom misses one of Dennis' shows and when he gets home she is right on top. To answer an inevitable question, "How did it sound?" Dennis is justifiably proud of his starring role on 'Chance Of A Lifetime and Turn To A Man'. "I freely admit that the real satisfaction isn't found merely in their success. Both are the kind of shows he has always wanted to emcee, for he gives concrete help to deserving people.

Sometimes both Mickie and Dennis are so busy that their paths don't cross for hours. Dennis has solved this problem with a micro-com system connecting all floors. It saves them a lot of time and down stairs trying to find something.

"Not that I can count on Mickie's memory," Dennis says.

The story that Mickie tells on herself happens often. It is a story called in from Manhattan. He had forgotten to pack a fresh suit for that night's Chance Of A Lifetime. Mickie said she would bring a suit to the set. An hour and a half later she drove up to the set with a suit in hand. The suitcase was empty.

They both laughed easily at this, for they are sure of each other. Dennis frankly traces his happiness from the day he met Mickie. "As wonderful as the house is," he says, "it would be nothing without Mickie. I wouldn't want it without her.

You really couldn't find another married—oh, a house—which speak more eloquently of their own happiness.
Joan Alexander

(Continued from page 51)

shy about being ‘just another degree, old.’ Not too good to be human, but then
no means bad. Which, in good part, is
the result of the very close relationship of
the mother-daughter team... the very
affectionate and somewhat misspelled attitude of this
need her daughter.

Just like any other working mother," plains Joan, "when I come home I, too,
some times the children. The
ses I must be particularly careful not
let Joan develop a feeling of being in
a way... of not being wanted at that
ment. She must never feel that after a
day at the studios I am too tired to
ny with her or be interested in her day's
ivities. Actually, this sounds much
rder than it really is. In the first place, I
m her in my natural activities. In the second place, she's
thusiastic that it's hard not to be
ught up in her gay whirl. In fact, when
ome home seemingly exhausted, she's
ly the medicine I need. Before I know
's my set of world back to rights again.
nich is one of the many reasons I would
ver dream of vacationing without Jane.
Every summer, Joan plans, Jane's
t he is with her-mother—or is it
other way around? They are such a
pair, that it's hard to say which is
ing for the other. Acquaintances who do
ide, that this unusual rapport be
n mother and daughter are inclined to
nder why Joan doesn't want to 'get
ay from it all' during her hard-earned
ee-week vacations. They wonder how it
possible to have a really restful and
ng vacation with a six-year-old...
ain a child sometimes be more of a strain
an a pleasure for a mother, especially on
ations?

"Unfortunately," replies Joan, "I'm sure
d is how it sometimes is. Truly, healthy children are
aturally active. But the fact that they are
ive doesn't mean they need be controlling.
me times out of ten, the child who is al-
ways getting into mischief is the child who
trying to get attention. More than that, is
natural, within it's inbred in Jane's
's ever too soon to start teaching, Jane
learned—'sensed' might be a better word—
that, when she was good and sweet, she
received the like in return. Right from the
very beginning she sensed she was loved and
wanted. She knows that under no cir-
cumstances is she ever in the way. She is
old enough now to know that her parents
quiet her... enjoy being with her. Enjoy
her being with them. She feels secure... and,
being secure, is happy and loving."

This love that represents such security to
lave Jane becomes immediately obvious
to any stranger at first meeting with
the two J's. Obviously, the parents' friends are
always also the daughter's friends. In fact,
it might be said that Jane is the dem-
hostess. When, for example, dinner guests
arrive, Jane, who has by now been fed and
bathed, is right at her mother's side greet-
ingen with hostessing. Then, when her bed-
time arrives, without any fuss she warmly
sips good-night and trundles off with her
mother, who tucks her in for the night.

Why no fuss? Just because Jane has never
left her parents were trying to get rid of
her... get her out of the way. It's just that
it's bedtime and, naturally, when it's
bedtime one goes to bed. And, furthermore,
her mother's going with her to tuck her in
and spend those last wonderful moments
before the Sandman claims her for the
night. It's as simple as all that. It's as
atural as all that. It's a result of love
and security.

"Vacations with my daughter are fun... not a strain," Joan says. "Of course, it's
true that, when you're vacationing with a
small child, you, the adult, must make up
your mind to one thing—plans must be
made in deference to the child. That is,
the parent must adjust to the child, not
vice versa. That doesn't, however, mean
that you must prepare to spend the entire
time cutting out paper dolls and blowing
bubbles... which would, admittedly, be
quite a strain on an adult. No, quite the
contrary, children like to feel grown-up...
like to do things they see adults doing...
and, with a little thought, you can ar-
range to include your child in your activi-
ties, as well as including yourself in
hers.

"For instance, I am very fond of antiques
and love to broadcast through antique shops—
particularly those in the country. For
the last several years, we have rented summer
cottages in Southampton, Long Island,
and manage to get out on weekends and, of
course, always spend my three-week vaca-
tions there. For the past two summers I
have taken Jane with me on brief excursions
to antique shops.

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"I discovered that Jane's simply fasci-
nated with such things as barber poles, 
cigar-store Indians, old sleighs and the 
like. So now I take her with me with com-
plete ease of mind . . . knowing that she 
will be happy sitting in a sleigh or talking 
with an old wooden Indian. I accomplish 
something for her, and at the same time 
give Jane a good time. Last summer she 
completely amazed me by suddenly asso-
ciating marble with the word 'Victorian' . . . 
she had, evidently, been following my 
activity closely. The only thing I did, 
every time she sees a marble-top table, 
with the voice of authority she proclaims 
it as being 'Victorian'.

Having passed through the summers of her 
young life near Long Island's beaches, 
Jane is as much at home on a beach as she 
is in her own room. Whereas she loved 
the sand at first sight, it didn't take her 
a little time to get on equally friendly terms 
with the water. However, Joan never tried 
to coax her . . . just bided her time until 
Jane of her own accord would display an 
interest in getting her feet wet. "The only 
thing I did," explains Joan, "was, whenever 
I returned from a swim, I would briefly 
wear my somewhat enthusiastic about the water. 
Eventually, Joan and Jane were seen wading 
the water's edge with me, and very casu-
ally—just as though we had done this 
every day of our lives—Jane and 'Mommy' 
took their first dip together. She has no 
fear of water, but I have a fear to over-
come . . . a fear that is so 
so often merely the result of parents trying 
to force the issue."

The summer's face weather takes up a 
big part of Joan's and Jane's vacation time. 
They pack picnic lunches and spend the 
day swimming, digging tunnels, building 
sand forts, and playing a somewhat less 
adult but very absorbing game. They play 
Name's The Same. During the afternoon 
Jane curls up under the beach umbrella 
and takes a nap—which gives Joan an op-
portunity to read that good book she 
brought along. Once in a while a friend 
will come out to spend the day. "Actually," 
says Joan, "I do very little entertaining 
while I'm vacationing with Jane, and any 
friends who do come out know ahead of 
time that this will be our time."

"And, speaking of guests, one day early 
last summer, one of my dearest friends, 
Lucille Wall, the radio actress, came out 
to visit us. "Actually," says Joan, "I was being 
curious about people's flower gar-
dens—more or less hinting that she 
would come armed with several packages of seeds. So 
the three of us went to work helping Jane 
plant her garden. It was really a stroke 
of genius on the part of Lucille. Jane loved 
herself, and toiled over it daily with 
true gardening enthusiasm. And when 
she did for the rest of the summer, it had to be 
done after the garden was taken care of. 
If the flowers didn't quite come up to 
some of those growing in other people's gardens, 
it was only because of lack of loving care on 
the part of its little owner. And, from 
my point of view, the garden was doubly won-
derful—while Jane was busy being a gar-
dener, me a genuine lover of flowers."

Gardening was only the first of several 
new experiences to enter Jane's life that 
summer. Jane was eager to get into the 
scene of events which was also new to Joan. Dur-
ing past summers they had often watched 
men fishing from the beaches, and stood by as 
the fishing boats came into the harbor. 
But this was the first time that Joan had 
est in trying out this adult sport herself. 
After making inquiries and satisfying her-

The Blessed Help of People

(Continued from page 61)

Before Christmas when the telephone rang 
and the 'miracle of Oney'—as she calls 
it—began . . .

It was a dreary day for more than sea-
sonal reasons. Here it was, seventy-four 
years old, with seven foster-children 
for on just about $150 a month. She 
has successfully reared almost one 
hundred children, including the current seven, 
but this year's drought had totally 
destroyed her garden and its annual yield of 
1500 quarts of fruits and vegetables. These 
vegetables and other products would have 

had normally helped "her children" through the 
winter.

This year the old frame house seemed 
to be cold and drafty. As she cooked what 
little there was to eat, on an ancient three-
legged wood stove, hands worked 
longingly at an empty space where an ice-
box had once stood. Even that was now 
gone.

For herself, she didn't worry, but winter 
lay ahead—with absolutely no hope of 
comfort for the youngsters under her roof. 
After nearly thirty years of caring for al- 
most a hundred children—three of them 
legally adopted by Miss Graffort—and 

The tele-

rang and, suddenly, Atha Graffort was 

speaking to Ralph Edwards and being 
heard over the airwaves by the millions of 
listeners to his popular "Truth Or Con-
sequences program. "

Ralph explained to the incredible old lady 
that he was sent by "Truth Or Consequences" 
to children had been brought to his atten-
tion by one of her former foster-children. 
Because of her self-sacrifice and utter 
selflessness, he and his sponsors wished 
to make her life easier in the future with a 
deep freeze, a gas range, a refrigerator 
and a year's supply of Pet Milk. Ralph and 
Miss Graffort chatted for a minute and Miss 
Graffort's genuine emotion was 

that over this nation.

After he wished her good luck, Ralph 

Edwards hung up the phone. Turning 
to his waiting棕色 sequences listener to help Atha Graffort 
and her foster-children by sending one 
can of food to her home in Missouri.

Within days, the post office and Miss 
Graffort's three-story frame house were 
in a state of orderly chaos. Neighbors 
pitched in to help the slightly dazed 
woman arrange and catalogue the overlap-
ging through the four bedrooms, the 

roomy kitchen and overfloaing onto the 
big front porch.

It would almost go into the grocery busi-

(Please turn to page 63)
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(Continued from page 44)

States at eleven, when she entered school in Los Angeles. For one thing, they left Joan—who was Delle Ellis then, until a moment she cherished—behind to go to Joan Loring—with a mind alert to every new experience and an ear so attuned to foreign tongues and dialects that both qualities were to serve her well later. They had left her a very small girl, the only actress, first on radio, then in Hollywood movies, on the Broadway stage, and finally in New York radio and television.

She, however, had nothing to do with being able to imitate dialects, or really with anything specific at all. "I was just sort of led into it," she says. "My mother and I thought I might come in on this child's radio program, so we went." She was barely thirteen at the time, a tiny bronze-haired child with hazel-gray eyes, and the show was "Junior Jamboree," a children's show, liked her so much that she wrote a part for Joan into her dramatic radio serial, Dear John, which starred Irene Rich. Joan played the part for almost a year, and from that time to the present she has had a series of opportunities for her. By the time she was seventeen she was still playing children's roles but had added grown-up parts and dramatic shows, such as Lux Radio Theatre, to her résumé. Producers discovered her for dialects, and she played everything from cockney to little girls from the Deep South in a short time.

"I had heard almost every language spoken by people who came to China from all over the world," Joan recalls. "I heard English that was marked with every kind of accent. When I was in Europe and heard languages that should have been foreign to me, I realized that they didn't sound foreign at all, and my childhood memories came flooding back. It was very strange."

Joan's performance as the little Welsh girl, in the film version of "The Corn Is Green," won her a nomination for the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress of 1945. But, after making several movies, Joan left Hollywood in 1948 to do a season of summer stock, always working toward her goal of making a name for herself as an actress.

The role of Marie, the young woman in the play "Come Back, Little Sheba," and the star was Shirley Booth, who later became Joan's close friend. Joan had an important role in another Broadway success, "Autumn Garden," with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge—for which she got the Drama Critics' Award—and all her performances have given her a new philosophy about herself and her life.

"I stopped deprecating myself, as I had done in my teens. I knew my own limitations and the other stars on the radio programs, but of most of them, I think. But I didn't invent a lot of new limitations which I then had to overcome. I went into things knowing I could do well because I had the experience, and on the other hand, I didn't do as well as I think I could have done.

"As Joan talks about this new philosophy of hers, her words are full of eagerness, but there is an underlying dignity and camaraderie in all the success, and Joan has been one of the most successful stars of the last three years," she says. "I began to understand that it is foolish to get your mind so confused with the idea that you must be extraordinary in the way that you make your entry in our career, but then there is something else about the way that you play it—" and because of them, neglect the wonderful people and places that are to know. I like acting. I think it is a fine way to spend your life, and I didn't want to do anything else, even if it were not—but it is a job, and you can stay too close to it, just as you can to any other job you may do.

"No one can drop everything and go far away, but almost everyone can get some short breaks during the year. Even a weekend that's completely different, right in your own neighborhood."

Joan laughs at this point and breaks into her own train of thought. "I know all these things and I know they are true, and if I could follow them all the time I would be a happier woman. But some times when I can't. I often get nervous and upset—just before doing a television broadcast, for instance. And then it occurs to me to tell the audience, 'I'm frightened, I'm scared, I'm going to say as many things as I possibly can.'"

"It's hard to believe that if you are nervous about something you have to do, the quicker you can get relaxed about it, the better. Getting intense only makes it worse.

"Apparently her own advice does work for her, because she has been so busy on radio and TV, since moving into a new apartment last November, that she is only occasionally at home. And the saying is: 'She's a big white room, with wonderful possibilities. Little reminders of an Oriental childhood are here, in a blue and white Chinese tea jar covered with sprays of blossoms, in a plant trained in a fanciful shape. Some of the things you see in old prints from the East, in an ash tray shaped like a fish. There are more of these things, soon to emerge from big packing cases stored away."

"The reason is Joan's great love, because she has a passion for collecting, especially exotic dishes for which she buys the ingredients in New York's Chinatown. Maybe, to watch the figures occasionally go on a diet to keep her weight down near a hundred pounds or a little more. "It's unpleasing for me to diet," she says. "It takes all the fun out of cooking. Some of the time, I lose weight quickly because I am busy—\nI find I don't think about food when I'm working hard."

Sharing the little two-floor apartment—and sole master of the little yard—is her brown French poodle, Borsche (which means 'Russia' in German). Borsche came into Joan's life in 1949 after she had the idea of carting a dog around Europe and bringing him home with her, the night she went into one of her favorite little restaurants. There was a little dog sitting near the door, and I noticed a little brown fur ball rolling around the floor. I couldn't even see a face and paws. The proprietor saw me watching the puppy—which is what the brown ball turned out to be—and asked me if I liked it. "It's my daughter's dog, and she can't keep it," he told me. "Do you want it?" I thought, what will I do with a puppy while I'm traveling? And—what—a little dog, and I'm leaving in the morning and don't get back until after a late show. I couldn't take it. It would be impossible!"

"Then I said I would come back, after things were better. I was then making my decision. My friend and I left and I thought and thought during our walk, but I still couldn't make up my mind. I wanted the puppy very much, but I didn't think it was fair to bring her into an apartment. Who would feed him during the day and see that he got outdoors regularly? (I didn't have this garden apartment for the puppy, but in the two-floor one all the time alone, we were walking. I thought of that funny little brown bust and how much I wanted him.)"

"As we came back into the restaurant, I heard the proprietor talking to someone else about Borsche. 'If you want him, you can have him.' I said, 'No, I can't have him, I was saying just as I came in. 'Just a minute,' I heard myself say. 'That's my dog.'"

So now the Lorrings household consists of one intensely alive young actress, trying to stretch as far as possible the success of a very fine performance, and a very real time succeeding—and one intensely alive French poodle whose only philosophy is to romp riotously indoors and out and to expect every package to contain, if not actual food, at least a new rubber bone."

As for romance, well, she was heard to say not long ago she wanted to marry, have a lot of children, and live 'way out in the country, away from all that makes you a person.' Her life bears this out, and she means this, except for the part about marriage and children. You don't believe she would be content away from her job in New York, then she does mean it, then you can count on her doing it. If she should decide that true happiness lies that way, then—unlike Grace Sargent, whose decisions are impulsive ones—Joan Lorring will, at least a new rubber bone. 
on a tour. "Wanna take a ride?" he asked me. "I'd like to see some of the city."

So we hopped in a cab and told the driver to just "ride us around." Before we could open our mouths, the driver started talking. He talked for two solid hours, driving us through the city. He was a one-man Gallup poll.

Seems he'd seen our show and was telling us all about it. Since it was dark when we'd hailed the cab, the driver had no chance of seeing Link's face and had no idea who he was.

"And the Linkletter," said the cabbie, "Yea," from Art in the back seat, "what did you think of him?"

He told us. Fortunately (for our pride sake) he was also had a lot of good ideas and suggestions about the show. Link was pumping him for all he was worth and listening to every criticism he offered. That's Link for you, he listens to what you have to say—me, a cab driver, or anybody.

"Thanks," he said seriously to the driver, when we arrived back at our hotel. "I learned a lot—about the town, that is."

It was then I learned something about Art. "You took it good-naturedly," I lied, "how come you didn't tell him who we were?"

"Oh, no," Art replied quickly, "that would have embarrassed him. Besides, he did me a big favor. Only goes to prove what I've always said—I never met a person I didn't find interesting. Will Rogers used to say he never met a person he didn't like. Well, I say I like them all—also, I find them interesting, and oftentimes very informative."

I think that's why Art's able to get so much out of every association, no matter how casual. Though once I saw his philosophy take a funny twist. But even here he made the best of it.

We were in Louisville, having played to a tremendous audience. After the show, Art left the stage and headed for the main floor. I remember looking down and seeing about 2,000 howling, hysterical women waiting to receive him with open arms. I remember thinking at the time that this was a downright dangerous thing to do.

It was. Art, who'd been into their midst than the women started pulling buttons off his coat, handkerchief out of his pocket, the tie from around his neck—all for souvenirs! Art tried to escape, but too late. I saw him turning up a blind alley beside the theatre at a dead run, the women not far behind. I ran for help. I came back with the police and there was Art pinned against the wall by his mob of devoted fans. They had all the buttons, plus one sleeve, and were beginning on his shirt when we finally rescued him."

"I hadn't believed it was happening," he said. "Of all of people—to me!" He looked down at his ruined suit. "People," he said, "they're really interesting, aren't they. You never knew what thing to do. I love 'em all. Aren't they wonderful?"

It's true, I thought. You never know what people are going to do. They are wonderful. But if they had ruined my suit I would have made new one, or I would have gone to the Chamber of Commerce. But not Art.

Art is the kind of man who usually keeps his emotions under control. He feels things deeply, but he's learned to control himself. Once in Boston, however, his feelings got the better of him.

Our performance that night was to be a charity affair with the proceeds going to a famed children's hospital there. For one stunt, a cute little girl and bright young boy were vying for a French paddle. (We
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JULY

**True Story Magazine**

(Continued from page 70) into it, children from overseas who need a home like ours. We’re hoping to have some of our own. We’re hoping to make it, and keep it, a real home.”

No one can be sure of the exact age of the original three-room house that forms the background of what was once a rather small rooms but is actually more than that, because the rooms are on several levels and there are interesting little hallways upstairs and downstairs. When Andy tore out some old walls he found beams marked with Roman numerals, a custom of the community “house-raising” in that part of the country before 1850. Some rooms were added from time to time, possible doorway families of later residents grew larger and more space was needed.

The things that have gone into the house are the treasures that Florence and Andy cherish, some of them happy mementoes of the past, now being woven into the pattern of the present and the future. The Steinway grand piano which Florence’s father gave her has come into the broadcast preparing for a career as a concert pianist. Her mother’s collection of antique china and glass from their old home in St. Louis. The wall panel de-masking in. But they did—and now they bought the St. Louis Exposition, when she was a bride.

Until this year, the main furnishings of the house had been crates, tools, lumber, and a few essential pieces. There had been—solidly—coated with plaster dust. “My next-door neighbors, Min and Smokey—they are really Wilhemina and Niles, but no one calls them by those names—they had been so cute,” Florence says. “About once a week they would pick their way through the dust and the mess and confusion to visit us. Daytimes their children, Allan and Judy, would come over to see if they could do anything to help. All our neighbors have been simply wonderful, and we are happy to be part of the community.”

Only three rooms had been in use for a long time before the Marshalls took over the house, and even then they were in a rather sorry state. Paint was peeling, plaster was stained and cracked, floors a mess. Andy understood enough about such things to pitch in with the repair work of rehabilitation. He could help the plumber, and could plan new electrical wiring. He put a window back in the kitchen which someone had removed years before. He raised the floor of the kitchen to get his family’s hewn oak of eight-and-a-half-inch planks from the floor to the ceiling. The remodelled kitchen now has a ceiling of white oak and a floor of white porcellian. The doors of the kitchen cabinets are made of the same oak.

They decided to combine two rooms and make one big living room, and one Friday night they got out the plans and the saws and the drills and the drills to find the wall broken down and the house showered with white dust, at which point its size they never could get the place lived in. In the kitchen and in the living room and in the big room is dusty pink and gray-green; the floors are waxed to rich mellowness, and the woodwork is smooth and white. The old oak boarding that forms the ceiling has been replaced also, but the rough hewn uprights of solid oak have been left their natural color. They outline a sort of “picture window” effect—without glass—behind the fireplace, and the double living room, an unusual and beautiful touch.

Andy believes in putting first things
first, such as growing enough vegetables to fill their deep-freeze all during the winter months. Florence, who couldn't bear to see blackberries going to waste, has rows of tempting jars which testify to what she did about it.

Right now Andy and Florence have only two dogs, described as "thoroughbred mutts"—and would like to have more animals. One dog is a fox-terrier named Zannie, a short dog, who is the other of Zannie's part-German-shepherd daughter, named Cleopatra because as a puppy she was at once a minx and a Sphinx. She now answers just as fast as her own name of Snoozy, though it's quite a comedown.

Zannie attached herself to them when Andy was staging a pageant in Alexandria, Virginia. Florence joined him for the weekend, and when Zannie saw that the puppy came on for just one scene and stayed out of all the others. "At first I was a bit disconcerted at being nursemaid to a shaggy puppy, by the third day I had fallen in love with her. We tried to give her to someone who would promise a good home, but we were sort of happy when no one came along, so we brought her back to New York. She's the smartest, sweetest dog ever had and has now produced three litters of puppies that are just as sweet as she is. All but Cleopatra have been given to other people who love them."

How Florence, a girl who started life as a musician, became a successful radio actress was really due to—stage fright! Back in Los Angeles when she was born, she was known as a little girl who would get up and recite at the drop of a lollipop. When she was around eight, she spent the winter at her grandfather's home in Shreveport, Louisiana, who taught music. "I stayed on and went to school in Shreveport and began an education that included music and dramatic art. Everything was always going on sixteen and ready to give my first solo concert. Technically, I was ready. But when the time came for me to walk out on the big stage I had the most awful case of stage fright. I was so scared I could hardly catch my breath. I got through it, but I decided then that this was something I couldn't face for the rest of my life."

"My father sent me to an apprentice at a summer theatre in New England, and if I wanted to go on with acting after that (which he doubted—he hoped it would cure me being stagestruck) he promised to pay my way to a good dramatic school in New York. It was like play to me, all that summer. I disapponted my father by loving it, and by being encouraged by when I was a summers visitor. That fall I enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, was happy to be invited back the next year, but took the time to go to sixteen, the Goodman Theatre in Chicago, feeling that the fine repertory company would give me more of the experience I needed."

Up to this point it had been easy sailing, but your writer is a daisy a dozen on Broadway when Florence returned to New York. "I did everything but act, for a while, just to keep going," she admits now, "My parents wanted me to be a nurse, and they kept sending the last thirty-five dollars in my old account in a St. Louis bank, I found a coat for just that amount in a department store, but when the first day I showed up an out-of-town check he refused to take it. Finally I landed in the president's office, insisting the money was right there in St. Louis. I must have looked very honest, or very naive, because I walked out wearing the coat. After that, my parents were reconciled to my being an actress."

"Everything but acting" for Florence included such things as using her sewing ability to make things for the other girls, as well as holding her own wardrobe together. She demonstrated dolls at Macy's department store, and was just beginning a course in Christmas selling when she got a chance to read for her first Broadway role, as the young girl in "Maedchen in Uniform." The play lasted only a short time, but the notices had been good, and one opportunity led to another, in "The Joyous Season," "The Old Maid," and "Call It a Day." During the run of "The Old Maid" she was called for some radio parts on the Sigmund Romberg Hour, and later she got leads on War and Peace and Drums. "Just handed me to like that, and I didn't value them highly enough. Radio seemed like a by-product to me then, not a career in itself, although I liked it very much."

After she had played the daughter in "The Little Foxes," with Tallullah Bankhead—a notable Broadway success—the serious illness of Florence's father took her away from the New York months. Out in Minnesota, at the Mayo Clinic where her father was being treated, she began to realize the importance radio had for many people who saw very little "live" theatre. She not only appreciated radio more from an audience standpoint, but she began to think of it for herself as a means of greater financial security than the stage had to offer. And she remembered that people had liked her on radio.

"I sat down and wrote sixty-six letters to various people who might be interested in knowing I wanted to make radio acting my profession, one for each of an audition. Ten answered me, and three contained offers of immediate auditions. I almost spoiled my chances on my first NBC program, by being terribly nervous. The director had faith in me and proved it by using me over and over again. Finally, I had the good luck to audition with Dick Widmark for roles in Front Page Farrell, and decided that I had been chosen for one. I became Sally and Dick was David, until he went to Hollywood to make movies. I have stayed on, for eight years, loving every minute of it."

David Widmark is now played by Staats Cotsworth, who is almost as well known now as a painter as he is as an actor. In the dining room of the Marshall house is one of Staats' handsome water colors, done one afternoon after we had finished auditions. I became Sally and Dick was David, until we saw to make my movies. I have stayed on, for eight years, loving every minute of it."

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The Editors of Radio-TV Mirror
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what's new from Coast

Summer replacement time is here again, and this year the networks and sponsors have come up with many interesting shows, so there should be enough variety to please everyone. First off, NBC is presenting an auspicious two-hour radio program on Saturday nights called New Talent, U.S.A. It is being produced in collaboration with NBC affiliated stations all over the country, with four different stations broadcasting half-hour segments each week. The only provision for performers is that they must be new to network radio, although they may have had any amount of experience in other fields of show business. The show will run for thirteen weeks through the summer and, on the fourteenth broadcast, the winners will be brought to New York City to compete in the grand finals. NBC has set up quite a project in New Talent, U.S.A., with teams of talent scouts and personnel who are on the road in advance of each broadcast to assist the local stations in preliminary arrangements and in the local talent contests from which the performers are chosen. The network has high hopes of discovering many new personalities for both radio and television.

Suspense is off CBS Radio for the summer and in its place on Monday nights you can hear a half-hour program called Crime Classics. Strictly on the dramatic side, with re-enactments of actual famous crimes in history. Elliott Lewis, who knows his drama, is producing and directing.

Eddy Arnold takes over for Dinah Shore on NBC-TV while Dinah grabs a bit of vacation. Incidentally, the "Tennessee Plowboy," as Eddy is known, was (Continued on page 6)
to Coast

Eddy Arnold, the Tennessee Plowboy, just signed a contract with NBC.

Jimmy Durante surrounded by a bevy of beauties at La Guardia Airport.

Bespectacled NBC-TV scene designer, William C. Malyneux, who does sets for Voice Of Firestone and NBC-TV Opera, explains tricks of his trade to students at New York School of Performing Arts.
recently signed by NBC to a five-year radio and television contract, and he'll probably star on a show of his own in the fall. Under the terms of his new pact, he'll continue to do his radio program on Saturday nights.

If you like your summer radio fare, cultural style, listen to Literary Greats on ABC on Tuesday nights. This is a series of recordings by famous names of the arts, reading or talking about their work. Featured are such well-known creative personalities as Laurence Olivier, Tennessee Williams, William Faulkner, Sean O'Casey and The Sitwells.

21st Precinct is the name of a new dramatic radio series on CBS which fills the My Friend Irma spot on Tuesday nights. This half-hour will be produced in cooperation with the New York City Policemen's Benevolent Association and will present adaptations from true criminal records in New York, slanted from the policeman's point of view.

Long-time listeners to the NBC Symphony Orchestra broadcasts will be happy to know even at this early date, that Arturo Toscanini will conduct again during the 1953-54 season, starting November 7. This will be the sixteenth complete season for the eighty-six-year-old maestro.

CBS Radio has three interesting shows penciled in for summer. The first is Country Editor, a dramatic half-hour about a small-town newspaper, starring Will Rogers, Jr. Rogers should certainly be able to play his role convincingly, because until recently he published his own newspaper in his home town of Beverly Hills, California.

The second program, called Stage Struck, is an hour show saluting the living theatre, with scenes from his Broadway plays, news of theatre personalities and guest interviews. Mike Wallace, of Mike And Buff, emcees this one.

And the third summer show is Between Teena, a thirty-minute panel quiz for teenagers, with Red Barber, CBS Counselor on Sports, as the moderator.

This 'n' That:

Fred Allen will finally make his long-awaited television debut on Tuesday night, August 18, when Judge For Yourself bows on NBC. The program, which is a comedy-interview talent show, will be simulcast. Herb Shiner, who will share his cigarette sponsor with Allen, is moving over to CBS on August 15 and will probably be assigned the Saturday-night time slot following Jackie Gleason.

What's with the Jack Webbs? The rumor bird whispers from Hollywood that the Dragnet star and his actress wife, Julie London, are having marital troubles. He recently flew into N.Y. for a quick trip registered at a hotel under an assumed name and, after a few days, hopped back to Hollywood.

Warren Hull is certainly the favorite son of his home town, Gasport, New York. They gave him a rousing homecoming celebration a few weeks ago, complete with parade and everything.

Dorothy "Dottie" Schwartz, former member of the Chordettes vocal group, and her husband, Bill Schwartz, have welcomed a baby boy. And Dorothy has said she is through with singing for a while and will concentrate on a domestic career in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Also on the receiving list from the stork was Big Jon Arthur of the Big Jon And Sparkie and No School Today programs over ABC. Arthur and his wife named the latest addition to their family Deborah Ruth. They have three other little Arthurs, Kathy, Mary Melody and Lloyd.

(Continued on page 20)
Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenue" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave where you want it.

What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Capri" style. No "nocturnal settings."

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. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

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.

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.
GOOD NIGHT LITTLE REDHEADS

wherever you are

The witty newsman who brings News On The Human Side into New York homes, five days a week over WOR, is a member of a family that dates its American arrival at 1652. His real name is Van Valkenburgh, and his Dutch ancestors settled in upper New York State when New York was still New Amsterdam.

How radio ever came into his life is still somewhat vague to Lyle, who had no intentions along that line originally. He sang in the choir at school in Troy, New York, when he was a boy (soprano), and had pretty definitely decided to be a singer by the time he was twenty. But, when Lyle was twenty, singers—like other people—were lucky if they could eat, much less sing for a living, so Lyle got interested in Florida, where they were supposed to be having a boom. Well, Lyle got there in time for the bust—so, to keep body and soul together, he became a U. S. Marshal, whose job it was to run down rum-runners off Key West.

But finally Lyle found radio—accidentally. He was selling insurance to a man who owned a radio station down South. The man didn’t buy any insurance, but he hired Lyle as a radio announcer. Now, several radio stations, one marriage and three children later, Lyle is one of the most popular newsmen on the air. His little redheads are pretty famous, too. Ethel Keller and Thayer Walthall have written a song entitled “Good Night, Little Redhead,” dedicated to Lyle’s carrot-tops, wherever they are.

THOUSANDS of letters from listeners have asked the same question of Lyle Van, WOR newscaster—“Who are the little redheads you say good night to at the end of each of your programs?” Well, the above pictures reveal at least three reasons why Lyle says this—his own three little redheads at home. But Lyle isn’t at all partial—his good night is intended for all redheaded children, wherever they may be.

In front of his Rye, New York, home, Lyle gets in a few practice swings at bat with little Vans—Dirk, Lyle, Jr., and Lyla Gaye.
Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin

No matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up.

For this mild, gentle face soap does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7 (Hexachlorophene). It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, there was no way of removing these bacteria safely and effectively. These pictures, taken through a microscope, are proof. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on the skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of these blemish-spreading bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it could give you such benefits. It's delicately scented. Dial's mild, creamy lather removes dirt and make-up so gently and completely it helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads.

Skin doctors recommend Dial for adolescent complexions. And with Dial your skin will become cleaner and clearer than any other type of soap can get it. Why not let mild, fragrant Dial soap protect your complexion—even under make-up?

Also available in Canada

P.S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try New Dial Shampoo in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays
who's who on the American Music Hall

The host on ABC’s American Music Hall is that nonchalant gentleman of the theatre and screen—Burgess Meredith. Ever since he started taking acting seriously, Burgess Meredith has been very successful. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Burgess spent his early twenties going from one job to another. He couldn't find any job that really made him happy. In 1930, with his enrollment in Eva Le Gallienne's Student Repertory Group, Burgess changed. He discovered acting was an exciting way of making a better than average living. He began to attract critical attention in 1933 when he appeared with Le Gallienne in “Alice In Wonderland.” In 1936, he reached the heights of the acting profession when Maxwell Anderson wrote “Winterset” for him. In it, Meredith achieved lasting fame on the stage and, later, in the film version. In the past few years, he has added producing, directing and writing to his theatrical work. In private life, Meredith is relaxed and uninhibited. He's an ardent antique collector—even owned a shop at one time. He likes sport clothes and usually needs a haircut. Friends he's made on the Music Hall will want to hear him as The Adventurer— also on ABC.

The American Music Hall is heard on ABC Radio every Sunday, 7 to 9 P.M. EDT, produced by Paul Whiteman.
Few singers have been as fortunate as Larry Douglas, the male vocalist on the Music Hall, who has been working steadily ever since he got his first role in Billy Rose’s “Jumbo.” The handsome baritone, with his fine resonant voice, is always in demand for roles in stage productions, for radio and club dates. He has been featured in such hit shows as “Panama Hattie,” “Where’s Charlie?” and, more currently, “The King And I.” A Brooklyn boy, Larry attended Erasmus Hall High School, where he was a member of the glee club. For pin money he worked as a butcher boy in a meat market, where his only audience were some unappreciative sides of beef. Larry entered every amateur contest he could, until he got tired of winning loving cups and decided to turn professional. He crashed the office of Billy Rose, diminutive Broadway impresario, who was casting a gigantic production called “Jumbo.” Larry made good, and stayed with the show until 1935. It was while Larry was singing in the production of “Hold It!” that he met the girl he’d dreamed of for a wife. She was a dancer, but wanted to trade a career for a family. They have one little girl, born in 1951. In among club dates, radio programs and musical comedy, Larry records for two major disc companies. The rest of the time is wrapped up in the ever-delightful activities of his little daughter.

Lovely songstress Nancy Kenyon provides some of the glamour and sweet vocalizing on the American Music Hall. She brings to the Music Hall an extensive background including musical comedy and TV experience. She’s a native of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and her father and mother were both performing artists. Nancy’s mother, Minnie Cameron, was a violinist and her father, Ralph Barker, a pianist. At thirteen, Nancy was commuting to New York weekends to study voice. At eighteen, The Philadelphia Opera Company offered her a place in their cast, but Nancy refused in order to accept an offer from the brothers Shubert to appear in “The Merry Widow” on Broadway. Nancy got very good notices on her part in that production, and went on to score successes in the revival of Jerome Kern’s “Show Boat,” “The Red Mill,” and “Song of Norway,” all notable New York hits. She made her TV debut singing the musical clues on Bert Parks’s Break The Bank. She also got rave notices when she replaced Marguerite Piazza on Your Show Of Shows, while Miss Piazza was on vacation. Nancy is still looking for the right young man to make her life complete. She lives in a cute two-room apartment in Manhattan, owns a pet spaniel—“Maggie”—and uses spare moments knitting, cooking, or making miniature railroad models.
NIGHT BEAT with ROWZIE

Jack Rowzie's wife used to complain to him, "Why can't you get off night-beat duty?" But, as a member of the Washington, D. C., police force, Jack had to take the job he was assigned. Well, one day Jack decided to resign from the force, and Mrs. Rowzie felt like a million dollars — now she could expect him home for dinner when the rest of Washington husbands came home. Destiny is something she didn't figure on — and it seems to be Jack's destiny to work all night. He now runs an all-night disc jockey show over WWDC.

It was while Jack was still on the force that radio entered his life. His first job was as a newscaster; later he became a deejay and sports commentator. Finally the radio career won out. Rowzie's an oddity in Washington radio, since he's one of the few native Washingtonians on the airwaves. He grew up in the capital, where he went to school, played sand-lot baseball, sold newspapers, and was a Western Union messenger.

By the time he joined the police force in 1941, Jack was known and liked by a lot of people in town.

The king of the airwaves after midnight, Jack has absolutely no competition for listeners' attention. The only other sounds heard above his program are the meows of cats on back fences throughout the town. The cats taught Jack a lesson. Nobody throws tin cans at him, because he keeps his music and his voice soft. His most faithful listeners are cab drivers and his former buddies on the force, who catch him on their patrol car radios. They give Jack lots of exclusive tips, too, when something newsy happens in the middle of the night.

True, Jack's schedule seems slightly off beat, but when you get right down to it, he really likes to be up all night — "It's the most exciting time of the day," he says.

The Rowzie children — Donna, thirteen, and Jon, six, do some brutal "waking Daddy" routines.
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

"Instant Neutralizing"

Amazing New Neutralizer acts Instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer...far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

BRAND NEW Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!
A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.
A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!
Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave...even on the very first day.
The best, long-lasting wave too!
Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed...plus extra glamour for your hair!

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE
©1953, The Procter & Gamble Co.

Refill $1.50 (plus tax)

Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!
Harry Smith and Jerry Williams are WIP's answer to the A-bomb. The only difference is that the two Philadelphia deejays split gags instead of atoms. The result is almost as explosive. Williams and Smith began their comedy disc-jockey team in the fall of 1950. This year they were signed on the three to four p.m. spot over WIP. They also do the Saturday-afternoon record show, Record Room. A month-long search was conducted to find a suitable name for the team—and the winning selection was Gagbusters.

The tall, lanky half of the team—Harry Smith—grew up in Camden, New Jersey. He attended Woodrow Wilson High School, where he tried out for the football, baseball and basketball teams—none of which poor Harry made. After all these failures, claims Harry, "radio was the only thing left." Once he had gotten his radio job, the Army discovered him, and promptly gave him a job. He saw service in Manila and New Guinea. After he was discharged, Harry took a screen test and flunked that—his head just wouldn't flatten out. But then he met Jerry, and the world became brighter for both of them.

Jerry Williams has been stage-struck ever since he was a child in Brooklyn, New York. Just as he'd gotten his start in radio, the Army Air Force summoned him and he spent the next few years flying over China, Burma and India. After the war he worked in radio before heading for New York. In Manhattan he acted in many TV shows, such as Studio One, Martin Kane, and Philco Playhouse. But fate finally brought him into contact with Harry—and it's been a partnership ever since.

"Some people call it madness," croons Jerry, "but we call it money."
Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits . . . all revealing summer clothes . . .
you'll think you've lost a full size, no matter what your size!

Hidden "fingert" panels are molded in to flatten your tummy, smooth and support your figure in Nature's own way. Boneless non-roll top tapers and belittles your waistline, stays up without a stay. See the lovely textured latex outside . . . feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

New Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is . . . a brief that really slims you . . . a brief with all the natural, figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle . . . a brief that gives you the figure and the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've ever worn a brief, you'll see the difference. If you think you can't wear slacks or revealing playclothes . . . let Magic-Controller Brief show you how, now!

Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief, $6.95
at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs. Playtex Living Panty Brief turns your swimsuit into a slim suit. $3.50 Playtex Pink Ice Panty Brief is a translucent sheath, pats dry with a towel. $3.95 Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin $4.95 Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SUM tube.

Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada
AUNT JENNY Littleton is an average small American town, full of stories of average people that you might miss if you didn’t know what to look for. But everything about Littleton is known to Aunt Jenny. All the dramatic elements of love and hate, greed, hope and jealousy that make the seemingly quiet lives of her neighbors so truly dramatic emerge in her exciting stories of her town and the people in it. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble, painfully aware of spoiled Elise Shephard’s love for her actor-husband Larry, tries to distract her thoughts by becoming interested in the mysterious Lucius Brooks. But Brooks may turn out to be more mysterious and more dangerous than Mary suspects. Was this what actress Dolores Martinez had in mind when she introduced this old friend of hers to Mary Noble? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis has spent his life doing right and fighting in his peaceable way to see it done by others. He comes more or less naturally to the defense of young Alan Butler, unable to believe the young man guilty of the murder of Elmer Davidson. But Dr. Dennis has a deeper reason for concern in the case, because his daughter Patsy has fallen in love with Alan. Is Patsy’s happiness doomed? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

DOCTOR’S WIFE Julie and her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, have an unexpected first-hand experience with a young ex-convict’s struggle for rehabilitation when they hire Richard Johnson, son of one of the hospital’s elevator operators, as handyman during Julie’s pregnancy. Is their faith in the young man misplaced? Has the gossiping town the right idea about the strange events which seem to center around him? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, ace crime reporter for the Daily Eagle, continues to collect glory with his unique combination of reportorial skill and detective instinct. Always on the scene when a big crime story breaks, David invariably manages to pick up the criminal’s trail before it has grown too cold. And, no matter how dangerous the assignment, David’s wife Sally is always at his side. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Just how much trouble can an unfriendly mother-in-law really cause if a marriage is on a fundamentally steady basis? Kathy Grant may never know the answer, for her marriage to Dick got off to such a shaky start that Dick’s suspicious mother had only to raise an eyebrow, ask a question. Will Meta, still uncertain in her position as Kathy’s stepmother, be able to help enough to strengthen Kathy? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, supervisor of the orphanage Hilltop House, appears to have resolved one of her life’s most important problems as she plans marriage to Reed Nixon. But the strange woman named Annabelle, who almost wrecked Reed’s life a while ago, turns up again with a disturbing question: will Reed adopt the infant born of her marriage to his cousin, the child she doesn’t want? How will this affect Julie’s future? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson has no trouble recognizing that Teresa Knight is a dangerous woman. But Bill’s daughter Nancy, careless of her father’s warning, almost allows Teresa to ruin her marriage. The happiness of at least four other people falls prey to this woman’s twisted desire for power over others. Can Bill find a way to stop her before she succeeds in creating some final, dreadful tragedy? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Douglas Norman’s new assistant on his little newspaper, the East Side News, bothers Chichi from the beginning, and she is caught between pity and anger as the truth about the girl, Grace Garene, finally emerges. Chichi is relieved, however, to realize that all along Doug was not quite so blind to Grace’s strange activities as he appeared. Will he be able to prevent the damage they may have done? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES During the months of Belle’s search for Lorenzo, she never dreamed that finding him might not be synonymous with complete happiness. But now that she has found him she faces her worst trial as Lorenzo, about to marry Gail Maddox, cannot recognize Belle as his wife. If he does not regain his memory, what tragedy lies ahead for Belle? Is she wise to continue working for producer Verne Massey? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS From the moment Tom Wells reappeared in her life, Fay has been a bit less jubilant, a shade less confident than a girl in love ought to be. Are Fay’s unspoken doubts justified? Will Mabel be called on for help that even she cannot give as Tom’s book approaches publication? And what about Ma’s daughter Elvy, whose unexpected new baby causes some important changes in the Fitz household? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY With Paul Taylor’s death, the misunderstanding between Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry, is
Diary

fanned to a crisis by Paul’s widow, Wilma. Sunday is also seriously endangered by the maniacal Clifford Gates. Wilma’s brother, who has enlisted Rose Taylor’s help in his deadly scheme for revenge against the Brinthropes. Can Sunday help Henry clear himself of suspicion in connection with Paul Taylor’s death? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY Despite the nearly fatal results of Jim Dennis’ effort to get back the baby he was once willing to have his wife give out for adoption, he is increasingly determined to prevent Pepper and Linda from consolidating their legal right to the child. Will Dennis’ grim scheme to reclaim the child have results more tragic than he can foresee? How will Pepper and Linda weather this onslaught against their happiness? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PERRY MASON Each time lawyer Perry Mason advances a step toward his final expose of racket king Mark Cesar, Cesar manages to make a clever retreat that keeps him just enough ahead of Perry and the police for safety. But, one by one, Cesar’s henchmen are being dragged into the open. Will Emmett’s death and the activities of Mrs. McCormick somehow enable Perry to get to Cesar in time to save his client. Ruth Davis? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Kramer Nelson finds that her own future and the future of her marriage are bound up in the fate of two young people who a short time ago were strangers to her. Her passion for justice keeps her fighting for Danny Lockwood’s freedom even though she now knows that if she does not give it up the gap between her and her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, may become a permanent break. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE There were times during their courtship when Dr. Jim Brent and Jocelyn McLeod thought that they would never be able to realize their love. But last June Jim and Jocelyn were married, and all their friends rejoiced for them. But is it possible that even now a shadow lies over Dr. Jim and his bride? How will Jocelyn be able to overcome the resentment of Janie, Jim’s daughter by his first wife Carol, who died five years ago? Will Janie ever really accept Jocelyn? And what effect will Janie’s problem have on Jim? M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen’s recent visit to the mountaintop home of her employer, producer Kelsey Spenser, results in repercussions even more (Continued on page 90)

“My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap

...because it’s such wholesome skin-care!”

Says Beauty Director
CANDY JONES
Head of the Famous Conover School in New York

"As a beauty director," says Miss Jones, "I always recommend Cashmere Bouquet Soap, because I consider it the most effective complexion-cleaner. It's wholesome for the skin, and it leaves a look of natural beauty—the kind that no amount of make-up alone can achieve."

Do as beauty expert Candy Jones advises. Use fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly. Its rich lather is so mild and gentle, leaves your skin with such a naturally fresh, radiant look . . . you'll be saying, "my skin thrives on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

"Daily Cashmere Bouquet Care Helped These Girls to New Careers"

——SAYS CANDY——

PAULA STEWART
Television Actress

ELLEN WILLIAMS
College Secretary

Here Are Candy Jones’ Personal Beauty Tips For You!

1. Stained or discolored hands clear beautifully if you’ll pour 2 teaspoons of fresh lemon juice into your palm, half-filled with Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion. Massage well, repeat every other night for 2 weeks.

2. Complement your daily beauty care with eight hours’ sleep . . . and start each new day with a thorough beauty-cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!
Two big moments in a busy day: Robert Q. Lewis introduces Helen on the Arthur Godfrey Time broadcast—and takes her to lunch at Louis and Armand's famed restaurant near CBS.

When Helen Haaland saw that exciting contest in Radio-TV Mirror, she thought how lucky some girl would be—winning the chance to be Robert Q. Lewis' secretary for a day! But she never dreamed she'd be that girl. Busy now as housewife (husband Einar is a machinist) and mother (four little girls), Helen had finally had to give up her secretarial job with Mutual Life Insurance. However, she kept up her shorthand and typing with part-time work for her mother, Mrs. Birdie Mohaupt, who writes children's stories and gardening articles. Unknown to her, Mrs. Mohaupt entered Helen in the contest—and her praise of her "perfect secretary" was so sincere and to the point that Helen was chosen the winner! Result: A memorable day behind the scenes of big-time broadcasting, and a score of pictures with celebrities who had once been only names to the young housewife-secretary from Woodbury, Connecticut.

Hear Lewis on CBS Radio in Robert Q.'s Waxworks, Sun., 10 P.M., for Webcor—and the Robert Q. Lewis Little Show, M-F, 4 P.M., for General Foods. See him on ABC-TV in The Name's The Same, Tues., 10:30 P.M., for Swanson's Foods, Johnson's Wax. (All times EDT.)

Office hours: Helen learns something of what it's like to be secretary to a radio-TV star. She helps with the records as Robert Q. tapes comments for his popular deejay programs.

Correspondence: Lewis goes over fan mail, as his regular secretary, Nancy Robinson (at left), brings in trayful after trayful. (Helen also typed scripts, took some dictation.)
Robert Q.

Lu Ann Simms and Julius La Rosa escort Helen around the CBS studios.

Helen meets every little Godfrey—including glamorous Marion Marlowe.

The Mariners are on deck, too—for another photo in her memory book.

Use new White Rain shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It’s like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it’s so easy to care for!

Can’t dry your hair like harsh liquids
Can’t dull your hair like soaps or creams

White Rain
Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
Glorify Your Hair
3 wonderful ways with
Nestle COLOR

1 GLAMOROUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS
glorify your hair when you use Nestle COLORINSE. COLORINSE is a
“must” after each and every shampoo and whenever your hair looks dull
and drab. It adds glorious color-highlights and exciting sheen... makes hair so
easy to comb and manage. Choose from 10 beautiful shades that rinse in-
shampoo out. 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

Nestle COLORINSE

2 RICHER COLOR TINTS beautify your
hair when you use Nestle COLORINT. For COLORINT enhances your natural
hair color — adds exciting new color — blends in streaked, bleached, dyed
or graying hair. It’s more than a rinse but not a permanent dye! Enriched with
Processed Lanolin to leave hair shining soft. Take your choice of 10 glamorous
shades. 6 capsules 29¢, 12 capsules 50¢.

Nestle COLORINT

3 LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR... as
much or as little as you wish in ONE application... with Nestle LITE. Why
fuss and muss with repeated applications when Nestle LITE makes your
hair up to 10 shades lighter at once! Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown
hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds golden streaks. Contains no
ammonia... enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair soft, silky,
natural-looking. $1.50. Retouch size 75¢.

Nestle LITE HAIR LIGHTENER

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color

WHAT’S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 6)

Teresa Brewer, the cute little singer who is winning fans in Hollywood, U.S.A., has decided against those movie offers which were tossed her way after her Hollywood-night-club appearance. She has been spending every free moment in music making, and is now looking for a home to buy in the Westchester section of New York. Teresa constantly gets fan letters from young men who simply refuse to believe she is very much married and the mother of two children.

“I believe,” the hit song which has been at the top of the list for so long, is the first tune ever introduced on a television program which became popular as a result. Jane Froman's writers composed the song for her to do on her program last December 13, and it received such response from the public that it was immediately published and recorded and, of course, became her theme song. “I believe” recently won a Christopher Award for its authors. Christopher are given annually for “creative works that reflect the power for good that can be exerted.”

Faye Emerson and her old Cola sponsor may be in business together again soon. There’s a dramatic filmed series in the offing for ABC. They have been at the scene of the crime because he never missed Lucy, which goes on at 9:00 P.M. in the Los Angeles area. Witnesses corroborated his faithful viewing and proved that on the night of the trouble he had been entertaining a crowd at his home watching the program. P.S. He was released!

Lillian Martha Tilton and her new husband, test pilot James Brooks, are planning a delayed honey-moon trip to California, a few weeks ago, on suspicion of an armed robbery which took place about 9:15 P.M. on a Monday night. The suspect insisted he had been there because he had been in the course of the crime because he never missed Lucy, which goes on at 9:00 P.M. in the Los Angeles area. Witnesses corroborated his faithful viewing and proved that on the night of the trouble he had been entertaining a crowd at his home watching the program. P.S. He was released!

Eve Arden reports that her Our Miss Brooks show has made a strong impression on her young daughter, Connie. It seems that Connie recently finished up her going-to-bed prayers with “God bless Mommie and Our Miss Brooks. We’re a little late, Lord, so good night.”

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. F.H.D., Paterson, New Jersey: No, Marion Marlowe does not wear a hearing aid. I think this odd rumor got started because of the way Marion has worn her hair on occasion, sort of fluffed over her ears... T.B.C., Toledo, Ohio: Yes, Red Buttons will be on television duties all summer months, but will not be making a move. However, there are negotiations under way for him to make a few night-club appearances, and the first one may be in Las Vegas. Red will be back at his regular CBS stand in the fall... Miss J.B., Jack- sonville, Florida: Jimmy Durante is reported to have told close chums that he had signed a lifetime contract with NBC, but I don’t think the network has announced it officially as yet... Mrs. A.B., Auburn, Washington: Sorry you’ve missed Mary Margaret McBride. She broadcasts daily from New York, and just recently celebrated his ninetieth year on the air... To all of you from everywhere who wrote asking about the Chordettes and the Mariners, from the Arthur Godfrey shows. The Chordettes and Godfrey parted company on the front page of New York. Dottie Schwartz left the group, the girls got a new “voice” to replace her and at the moment they are in the process of musically re-voicing and re-organizing their quartette. Since leaving Arthur's shows, they have worked in and around New York City, "trying out" the group, as it were, on personal appearances. The girls, who seguir the following, will probably be set for a radio or television show this fall. Now, about the Mariners: The boys didn’t make the Florida trip with the Godfrey gang because they had concert work and personal appearances to do, for which they were committed before the date for the Florida trek was set. And Arthur had given his okay for their personal appearances a couple of months previously.

What Ever Happened To...?

Johnny Dugan, the tenor, who gained much popularity on his own NBC-TV show last year. Johnny hasn’t been too active in television until about three weeks ago, when NBC signed him to a contract and promptly handed him the emcee chores on a new variety program, called Ladies Choice, which is seen Monday through Friday from Hollywood.

Walter O'Keefe, formerly heard on Don Ameche’s program, is now heard in his own variety program, which is called Walter, which has been very quiet this past season. But his fans will be pleased to learn that he has a summer radio show on CBS called Get On The Ball. It’s an audienced-broadcast show, heard Monday through Friday in the afternoons.

Hal Block, who used to be a regular panel member on What’s My Line? Hal left the show to go to Florida, where he did a job of broadcasting for a while. At the moment, he's not appearing in any regular radio or television show, though he may be set for something this fall. He will not return to What’s My Line?

Andy Russell, the baritone, who has sung on many radio shows? Andy has been more or less taking it easy lately at his home in Hollywood, except for recordings and occasional guest shots, though he did come to New York a couple of months ago to be a guest-star host on Show Of Shows, so maybe the television bug will bite him after all.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite radio or television programs, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I’ll try 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.

(Note: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel.)
Are you in the know?

To start school with a bang—

- Be a hide-beater
- Gong up
- Try soloing

Don't let those hermit blues set in! Have you a special talent, hobby? Gang up with kindred souls who share it. Help with the school paper, or posters for the fall prom. Or, hop on the bandwagon (who knows—you might be a Rosemary, junior grade!). And don't let calendar cares nag you. With Kotex, you can beat off "outline" blues, for those flat pressed ends don't show—so, your public will never know!

Are these autographs likely to go—

- To her head
- Round her waist

A walking album—your scrapbook belt (new fun fashion)! Make-believe leather with vinyl plastic "window", it holds your heroes' autographs, snapshots—whatever suits your fancy. And here's something for your memory book: at problem time, you can choose a Kotex absorbency that suits you—exactly. Try Regular, Junior, Super.

What's on a smart job-holder's mind?

- The future
- The clock
- New material

Your heart's set on a big-time career? Better keep your mind on the future instead of each visiting foreman. Show the boss you're dependable, Promotion-worthy. What's more, come "those days", don't count on heaven alone to protect the working gal. Choose Kotex! That safety center gives extra protection—and you get lasting comfort, for this softer Kotex holds its shape!

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- Romeo & 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 dunkings; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two... for a change!

Florian ZaBach

When Florian ZaBach, featured violinist on the Club Embassy show over NBC-TV, was twelve years old, he was considered a child prodigy of the violin and gave his first concert in Chicago's Auditorium Concert Hall. He continued this "longhaired" start by guest appearing at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 and embarking on a tour of the European capitals. When he returned to the United States, and while playing as soloist with the orchestras of Roy Shields and Percy Faith, Florian began to wake up to something about himself. He noticed that not only was he appealing to lovers of serious music, but to lots of people who didn't know Beethoven from boogie woogie. A two-year hitch in the Army confirmed Florian's estimate. When he was mustered out, the handsome blond violinist abandoned his concert career, and decided to devote himself to entertaining the millions rather than the thousands. He organized his own society orchestra, touring the nation's select hotels and night clubs. On the road, Florian discovered that, in addition to his skill as a virtuoso, he was getting plaudits for being a personality—a personality who could sing, tell funny stories, and even do magic tricks. When the full impact of this dawned on Florian, he immediately set about launching himself as a solo act. His success is something of a phenomenon when you consider that a solo violin act hadn't made money since Rubino and His Magic Violin. The factor which really carried Florian over the top into the magic circle of stars was a little record called "The Hot Canary," which sold upwards of a million copies.

His success is used as an example by thousands of mothers throughout the land, who tell their Johnny's or Billys that if they practice their violin they may end up on TV like Florian ZaBach.

Florian ZaBach appears on the Club Embassy, each Tuesday at 10:30 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, for Embassy Cigarettes.
Do you go near the water?

Sunday Afternoons

Dear Editor:

Can you please give me some information about the host of On A Sunday Afternoon? We all think he has a very pleasant voice.

E. B., Hanover, N. H.

Eddie Gallaher, host of CBS Radio's On A Sunday Afternoon music series, is an extremely busy young man. He writes a weekly column on records in the Washington Post, is a ranking low-handicap golfer, and does numerous radio chores in addition to his summer stint on CBS. Ever since he started broadcasting while still in college in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Eddie has delighted ever-growing audiences. Born in Washington, D. C., thirty-odd years ago, Eddie came back to his birthplace from Tulsa, where he grew up, to make a name for himself. He took over Godfrey's old programs in the capital, and proved to be equal to the difficult task of replacing the fabulous redhead. He lends his charm to the CBS summer series for the second year.

Mary McGoon

Dear Editor:

Is Mary McGoon, the featured cooking expert on the Bob And Ray show, a man or a woman?

C. N., New London, Conn.

Mary McGoon, Bob and Ray's answer to Poison Pete, is none other than Ray Goulding himself.

Sheldon's a Producer

Dear Editor:

I often notice the name, Sheldon Leonard, listed as the producer of various TV shows, including a steady credit for Jeweler's Showcase, a dramatic series. Is this the same Sheldon Leonard who used to be in the movies in gangster pictures?

P. B. S., Athens, Ohio

Yes, Leonard the actor and Leonard the producer are the same Sheldon. In addition to being a past master at the art of portraying the mugg with the heart of gold, who is always attired in pepper-and-salt tweeds, Sheldon is a very capable writer, director and producer of teleplays. A graduate of New York's Stuyvesant High School and Syracuse University, he began his career in college plays. His first movie job was in a film made in the West Indies. From there he turned to the Broadway stage—playing featured roles in "Three Men on a Horse," "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," and "Having a Wonderful Time." In 1940, Sheldon went to Hollywood where he made over one hundred pictures. In 1950, he sold his first TV script, and, since that time, Sheldon has really "moved in" on the production end of television.

Information

You can go swimming wearing Tampax*. Even when the bathing suit's wet and clinging, internally-worn Tampax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that doesn't reveal its presence. Doctor-invented Tampax is made of compressed, long-fibered cotton in throwaway applicators. It's so easy to insert that the user's hands need never even touch it. And it's just as easy to dispose of—a boon when you're away from home.

You can sit on the beach wearing Tampax. What if you don't want to go in? There's nothing to betray it's one of "those days"—no belts, no pins, no odor. In fact Tampax is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it once it's in place. Worn by millions of women, Tampax is really a "must" to help you get every ounce of enjoyment out of Summer.

Buy Tampax this month. At any drug or notion counter. In your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, or Junior. Month's supply goes in purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Booth

Voice of Spring
Dear Editor:
Who is the girl who does the fashion commentary on Camel Caravan with John Cameron Swazy? I call her the "voice of spring."

C. K., Fulton, Ill.

Your girl is Connie Lembeck. She quit radio and TV after her marriage, but while her husband served as a colonel in the Army during the last war, Connie returned to her career. She appears on many dramatic shows as well as on Camel Caravan.

Five!
Dear Editor:
Who is the man on the Walter Winchell TV broadcast that calls out how much time Winchell has left?

M. B., New York City

The man's name is Sonny Diskin on the production staff at ABC.

Mr. Keen
Dear Editor:
You never print any pictures of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons. Who is he, and what does he look like?

S. H., Baker, Fla.

Mr. Keen is portrayed by veteran actor Philip Clarke and, if you look down this column a bit, you'll see what Mr. Keen looks like.

(Continued on page 25)

Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film... just soft shimmering beauty

Now... try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way... With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"!

Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

End dry hair worries with miracle Curtisol—Only Suave has it

Special Offer!

Your choice of these two tremendously popular luxury shampoos

Helene Curtis MILKY SHAMPOO
Works miracles for dry hair. Solanolin-rich it leaves hair soft as sable, wonderfully rosy—twinkling with exciting new highlights. And so well behaved.

Helene Curtis SHAMPOO PLUS EGG
The only shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg! Brings out that "vital" look. Conditions even problem hair! Leaves it manageable, silky.
WKBW's Stan Barron sits in front of the studio under his trusty umbrella for the Clock Watcher Show.

"WEATHER" or NOT

Stan Barron has a unique approach to radio broadcasting. He does his Clock Watcher Show from the lawn of WKBW every day, rain or shine. This gives Stan a grandstand seat on the busiest street in Buffalo, where an estimated 68,000 people pass Radio Center every day. Buffalo motorists look forward to seeing Stan under his bright red umbrella, and wave to him as they drive to work.

A long and varied career has taught Stan that almost anything can happen in radio, and qualified him for handling the problems peculiar to broadcasting out-of-doors. He'll tell you about the gust of wind that threatened his position atop the high platform from which he greets listeners each morning. The gale caught hold of his umbrella, but athletic Stan held on to the umbrella, table—and, in addition, saved the mike, thermometer, clock, copy and model radio!—without disturbing the smooth pace of the show.

Thirty-two-year-old Stan was born in New York City, where he lived on Seventh Avenue and 41st Street, in the heart of the theatrical district. His mother and father owned a small store there, and many were the actresses and actors he met, since the store was right next-door to the Amsterdam Theatre—home of the Ziegfeld "Follies." He fell in love with show business, and naturally wanted to go into it himself.

The Clock Watcher Show is popular because Stan provides sunny music and friendly chatter at an hour in the morning when people need a lift. No matter what the weather brings, Stan is undaunted—and you can't help feeling that it is not such a bad world after all.
Information Booth

Gil Whitney

Dear Editor:
Could you please tell me who plays the part of Gil Whitney on the daytime drama, The Romance Of Helen Trent, and tell me something about him?
C. L., Grand Ledge, Mich.

David Gothard portrays Gil Whitney. Mr. Gothard has spent most of his life in the three radio capitals—New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Born in Beards-town, Illinois, Gothard moved to Los Angeles when he was nine years old. He completed high school there, and, since those were depression times, he went to work when he was graduated instead of going to college. When he was twenty he hitch-hiked to Chicago and managed to land a radio job there on his twenty-first birthday. In 1939, Mr. Gothard headed for New York where he has been acting in radio ever since. He is six feet tall, has light brown hair and blue eyes.

Love Of Life

Dear Editor:
I would like to have some information on the young woman who portrays Vanessa Dale on the TV serial, Love Of Life.
N. F., Toronto, Canada

Peggy McCay, who plays Vanessa Dale on the CBS-TV serial, Love Of Life, was a drama major at Barnard College, just four years ago, and now she has a successful career well-launched. She has trouped the Midwest and South, played Broadway and TV. After she was graduated from Barnard, Peggy joined the Fordham University Players under the direction of Albert McCleery. Next she played several summer stock engagements. But, in the fall of

(Continued on page 26)

Peggy McCay

I dreamed
I went on a tiger hunt in my maidenform bra

I’m the daring young lady from Niger, Who smiles as she goes hunting tiger; My figure is svelte, The best on the veldt . . . Or anywhere else, says the tiger!

The dream of a bra: Maidenform’s Maidenette® in acetate satin and lace, broadcloth and lace, or nylon taffeta with nylon marquisette . . . from 1.50 There is a maidenform for every type of figure® Send for free style booklet. 

Maidenform, N. Y. 16
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 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.

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to $2 in jars or tubes.

Thrilling news for users of liquid shampoo: Lustre-Creme also comes in new Lotion Form, too—30¢ to $1.00.

Information Booth
(Continued)

1949, her really big break came when she was hired by Margo Jones to play in "Summer and Smoke."

Anne Malone
Dear Editor:
Can you please tell me whatever became of Anne Malone in the Young Dr. Malone daytime serial? 
G. H., Burlington, Vt.

In the Young Dr. Malone drama, Anne died. Now Jerry is trying to make a new life for himself and their daughter.

Audrey's Booth
Dear Editor:
Is Audrey Meadows, who appears with Jackie Gleason, also on the Bob And Ray show?
M. M., Beechhurst, N. Y.

Yes, Audrey appears on both shows.

Gunsmoke
Dear Editor:
I would like some information about Bill Conrad, the star of Gunsmoke on radio.
T. A., New York City

Bill Conrad has played in hundreds of radio series and a score of motion pictures. He specializes in villains, but in real life he is a very nice guy. He is best known by his pats as being one of the ten most poorly dressed men in America. His favorite ensemble consists of a sack-like pair of blue linen slacks, a T-shirt, tennis sneakers and an old leather jacket—a relic of his Air Force days. Like Bing Crosby's loud sports shirts, Bill's disheveled apparel is his trademark. Bill is one of the busiest actors in Hollywood, but that doesn't stop him from relaxing. And when he does, he works harder at it than most people when they're working. Hobby-wise, aside from sleeping, Bill likes to cook, and his pretty wife lets him—to his heart's content. Sometimes they invite friends in to sample his recipes, and Bill always reminds them that—"We're not dressing.

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.
Lu Ann Simms’ dreams have a wonderful way of coming true

Arthur Godfrey's

LITTLE MISS MIRACLE

Godfrey and Lu Ann love the Florida sands—but not on their suits!

By ANNE CANDY

When she was three years old, she went to an audition for an amateur show—Young Stars Of Tomorrow was the name of it—and they stood her up on a chair, and she won. The other contestants were old people of eight and nine, and stood square on the floor, and didn't have a chance.

When she was twenty years old, she went on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts program, and she sang a song called "Don't Take Your Love From Me," and she won. She cried, and Arthur Godfrey cried, and everybody in the audience cried, and a star, as they say, was born. And they called her Lu Ann Simms.

The girl who grew into the star was actually born on July 11, 1932, and christened Lucille Ann Ciminelli, in Rochester, New York. She loafed until she was three, then got the aforementioned job on Young Stars Of Tomorrow. She worked that program for a year and a half—it was

See Next Page
broadcast over a local radio station—before she retired.

The Ciminellis had a good kind of life in Rochester. They always lived in a house—no apartments for them—and there was always a stretch of grass where kids could play, or a tree to climb, or a baseball game to get into. Lu Ann is a baseball nut, who claims to be an ace catcher, and is good enough so the boys still don't mind letting her play. Even her brothers. Brother Sonny—just home from Korea—is nineteen, brother Donnie is fourteen.

“They're very fussy now,” she says. “I'm supposed to call the nineteen-year-old one John, and the little one Donald. Nicknames are sissy—”

Lu Ann went to Our Lady of Mercy High School in Rochester (it's a Catholic school for girls), sang in the glee club there, and at masses, and the annual school concert. She studied classical music for five years, faithfully practicing numbers that hovered up around high C, but she had a feeling for popular music that couldn't be buried under a pile of arias. Her singing teacher'd be “giving classical” in one room of her house, and Lu Ann would be in another room, “giving popular” instruction to kids who cared about such things.

Along about now, a tall dark man with a contract should have appeared, tapped Lu Ann on the shoulder, and said, “Little girl, I'm going to skyrocket you to fame.” And Lu Ann should have smiled bravely, left her “popular” class with its small mouths open, and gone off into the sunset to be a success in Hollywood.

But that only happens in the movies. Lu Ann wasn't considered a musical genius by anybody. She finished high school, and went to work to save enough money so she could start college. She wanted to be a doctor, which meant years of study, and her family—long on love, short on cash—couldn't help her much. Al Ciminelli works for the city of Rochester, and nobody who belongs to him ever went hungry, but he certainly doesn't make the kind of salary that enables a man to put his offspring through medical training.
There's time for play, as well as work, so Lu Ann practices a good diving-board spring with a helpful lifeguard's advice.

Anyhow, Lu Ann started selling records in a music store for thirty-three dollars a week. Supposedly, she never gave a thought to singing as a career, surrounded though she was by musical paraphernalia. She was dreaming of bone surgery, not a white Christmas, even as she gift-wrapped Bing Crosby.

After a year-and-a-half of honest effort, she came to New York City on a visit. Not really New York City. City Island. That's way up in the Bronx, and a kind of resort where a lot of rich people keep their yachts. Lu Ann's aunt and uncle were working in a restaurant at City Island, and it was this aunt and uncle she'd come down to visit. There was a trio playing (Continued on page 70)
Arthur Godfrey's
LITTLE MISS MIRACLE

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There's time for play, as well as work, so Lu Ann practices a good diving-board spring with a helpful lifeguard's advice.
Ted Mack believed in helping others—this faith led him along the golden path to fame.

Above, Ted's famous wheel. Below, his "Mr. V.I.P. of 1951"—Pfc. Anthony Troilo—being congratulated by Harry S. Truman, then President of the United States.
Before broadcasting, Ted directed music for such films as "The Great Ziegfeld."

By ARTHUR MORRIS

A small boy, not yet in his teens, huddles in a dark closet, his nimble fingers feeling the keys of a saxophone almost as big as he. With determination set on his face, he begins to play. The same scene is repeated many times and, as days grow into weeks and weeks into months, he finally harnesses the rich tone of the instrument. Little does he realize that this saxophone is shortly to become his bread and butter, this determination his greatest asset.

Still in knee pants, this youngster learned early in life what it means to struggle but to (Continued on page 79)

Ted Mack and The Original Amateur Hour are seen and heard on NBC-TV, each Saturday at 8:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Pet Milk Company.

It was Lou Goldberg who brought Ted and the Amateur Hour together.

Ted's show entertained troops in Korea, presenting such local G.I. talent as the "Kumwha Valley Boys."
GARRY MOORE—Be True

Garry's a great guy to have as "boss," according to Durward Kirby (left), Ken Carson (right)—and others.

Conferring with writer Bill Demling, assistant Shirley Reeser, producer Herb Sanford—inspecting a kinescope of Denise
"All the corny things people are reluctant to talk about—loyalty, dignity, understanding—are present on our show."

By GREGORY MERWIN

The Shangri-La of TV is in the Mansfield Theatre, just west of Broadway, where the Garry Moore Show is rehearsed and telecast five days a week. Although in some other theatres stars may scream, here Garry and his director speak courteously in low voices. Elsewhere a female singer may plot to upstage her male counterpart, but here Denise Lor is comparing notes with Ken Carson about their respective children. The air is calm and business-like, to be sure, but relaxed.

"The secret," (Continued on page 92)
GARRY MOORE—Be True to yourself

"All the corny things people are reluctant to talk about—loyalty, dignity, understanding—are present on our show."

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"The secret." (Continued on page 92)

Conferring with writer Bill Demling, assistant Shirley Reiser, producer Herb Sanford—inspecting a kinescope of Denise Lor and herself—Garry's always seeking ways to improve his shows.

Relaxing at home with his Springer spaniel, Sam.
Hospitalized or working, Godfrey relies on his own strength to pull himself up where he wants to be.

**COURAGEOUS IS THE WORD**
Characteristically, just before his operation, Godfrey was busy in Florida—carrying out three projects at once!

There was drama in the hospital room, drama in Miami—drama wherever Godfrey happens to be

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

At the Phillips House in Boston, Massachusetts, newsmen gathered around the bedside of Arthur Godfrey. Out in the hall, nurses were bustling about on the off-chance they, too, could glimpse the jovial redhead. Adjusting himself by overhanging pulleys, Godfrey laughed and joked with the reporters just as he has done hundreds of times before, on less serious occasions.

“If the Good Lord is willing, about this time next year I will be able to get around with no trouble,” he said.

A day later, Arthur Godfrey underwent the first of the two operations (Continued on page 71)
Secure in Jim’s love, Jocelyn knows she must somehow find a way to win the heart of his young daughter Janie, too.
What strange twists the road of life takes, Jocelyn thought as she timed her steps to the honored music of the wedding march. There were so many shadowy places along the way—and now the glorious sunshine of a love which she hoped could always remain bright and beautiful. Momentarily, she caught her breath as she at last stood beside Dr. Jim Brent, tall, handsome. His beloved face bent down over her and his smile confidently conveyed his kindness, his strength of character. As the minister intoned the solemn lines which pronounced Jocelyn the wife of Dr. Jim Brent, the young bride uttered a silent prayer: "God grant us the power to solve our problems, and the wisdom to put behind us those we cannot overcome." In the days that followed her wedding, Jocelyn was to think again and again of this prayer. Within the framework of the life she assumed, by marrying Jim, is the care of his ten-year-old daughter. Relying on the power of her own heart to guide her, Jocelyn daily faces the problem of Janie's jealousy, Janie's resentment of Jocelyn's marriage to her father. No matter which way Jocelyn turns in her attempt to win Janie to her, there is Aunt Reggie encouraging an insidious worship of the memory of the child's "real mother." Even Jim, with all his understanding, all his calm assurance, is helpless to combat Aunt Reggie's influence. Aunt Reggie is his dead mother's sister, a woman who cared for him, brought him up when his mother was still a bedridden invalid. Aunt Reggie, in her own way, loves Jim—but Aunt Reggie finds little satisfaction in love except the power love provides to possess and control. It is this power which she wields over Jim—and now over Janie—that makes her an impossible adversary for Jocelyn. What should Jocelyn do? In her heart she knows that she can never replace Janie's mother, but she has so much love to give Janie, if only she can find a way of appealing to her heart. Like any little girl of ten, Janie needs this love, craves it, must have it if she is to grow into a wholesome woman. Throughout the days that slowly pass, Jocelyn has only one reassuring thing to cling to—Jim. The deep love they hold for each other makes Jocelyn believe that, with patience and prayer, somehow, sometime, the problem of Janie will be solved.
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He looks—and sounds—like he hasn't a care in the world, but don't let that fool you!

By PAULINE SWANSON

CATCH Hoagy Carmichael on his big new Saturday Night Revue (replacing Your Show of Shows for the summer on NBC-TV) and you'll see a man who's relaxed, carefree, having himself a ball. (You think.)

Rocking away at the punch-drunk piano, singing dry songs in his familiar Indiana twang, slyly topping the jokes of the perspiring comics, rolling his beat-up old hat which is becoming almost as much a trademark as Will Rogers' ten-gallon topper, he looks—and sounds—like a guy who is as much at home before the cameras as he is in his own living room.

It's an optical illusion.

He's taut as an E-string, and he will worry right up to the moment of sign-off that something will go wrong.

As for that hat: "I gotta have that hat," he'll tell you, "to hang on to. That hat covers up a multitude of sins... like when I forget the lyrics to a song or something."

"Or something"... some catastrophe that has never happened, and probably never will, but which Hoagy consistently and un-confidently expects. (Continued on page 69)

Hoagy Carmichael is starred in Saturday Night Revue, over NBC-TV, Saturday, at 9 P.M. EDT.
With Fabien Sevitzky, who conducted his symphonic music...

The "Stardust" composer with his wife, Ruthie

And Hoagy serenading his mother, Mrs. Lyda Carmichael.
Beloved Hannah of Hilltop House,
Mrs. Norris of When a Girl Marries—
Lili Darvas is a woman who knows
what she wants out of life

By MARY TEMPLE

When Lili Darvas was asked to play the role of Hannah, the cook, on the dramatic radio serial Hilltop House, she thought at once of the cook in her childhood home in Budapest. The way she portrays Hannah has therefore been built around her memories of this cook, of her homely wisdom and her kindness to the children.

This good-natured woman who came to work for us—and remained to become a loved member of our household for twenty-three years—was not only a magnificent cook, but an angel to all of us. In the pre-Hitler Europe in which I grew up and where my father was a doctor, all middle-class families were able to have such servants, devoted to those they worked for, bossing the children and spoiling them at the same time. If we wanted cookies and our (Continued on page 80)
Heavenly Homebody

Truly regal on the stage, Lili Darvas triumphed as the Queen in Maurice Evans' production of "Hamlet."

Europe—the scene of early triumphs (but in America she found the home she'd always wanted).

Friendly and gay at home, she pampers an aging but affectionate pet who is known as "Mommie."

Lili Darvas is heard in Hilltop House, over CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., EDT, for Alka-Seltzer (Miles Laboratories)—When A Girl Marries, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT.
Beloved Hannah of Hilltop House,
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and our (Continued on page 80)
Love Lives with MILLIE

Charles "stood her up" on their first date—but he knew the answer when she asked: "Do you love me?"

By BETTY GOODE

ELena Verdugo, the cute, blonde, vivacious Millie Bronson of radio-TV's Meet Millie, lives with her writer-husband, Charles Marion, in a modest bungalow on a sun-bright street in Westwood, California. The house isn't much different from the other modest bungalows but, somehow or other, its bright-shining outward appearance immediately telegraphs that happiness lives inside. It has a cherished look, a friendly look. And its occupants—Elena, Charles and baby Richard—have the same appearance. Each member of the family wears a cheerful optimism which is really part of their wardrobe. They wear it all the time, both day and night, and you can be certain they are always in style. Optimism, (Continued on page 82)

Elena Verdugo stars in the title role of Meet Millie, heard on CBS Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, for Brylcreem, Nescafe, and Lava Soap—seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EDT.

Richard thinks his mother can handle anything, even tigers. He and "pardner" Jeff Brinkley (in plaid shirt) are mighty proud because Elena can twirl a toy shootin'-iron like a real cowboy!
Alias Elena Verdugo—cute, blonde and wonderfully happy
OR SINCE Sinatra had it happened. But last April, it happened again. The kids were bringing their lunches to the Paramount, and sitting through five shows, and screaming and tearing their hair out, and beating their fists on the heads of the kids in front.

They were swooning for Eddie, not Frankie, but you couldn't tell one disease from the other, without a program. A brand-new generation of high-school students—or, at least, students who should have been in high school instead of playing hookey at the Paramount—had it bad.

The boy they were all hooting for is Eddie Fisher, born August 10, 1928, in Philadelphia, with a golden throat instead of a silver spoon.

The Fisher family was big—seven kids all told, three older, three younger than Eddie. Money was scarce, but noise, music.
Tribute: Al Jolson's widow and former accompanist Harry Akst are witnesses as Eddie gives a gold record of his "Goodbye, G.I. Al" to little Asa Jolson.

Reunion in Florida: The two Eddies with Jennie Grossinger, who's helped to launch so many careers.

Coronation: Listeners vote a virtual tie, and deejay Brad Phillips crowns both Como and Fisher!

Thrill of a lifetime: Eddie entertaining the troops.

laughter, babies to trip over, the Fisher home was full of these. 
Eddie's mother, still in Philadelphia—has just bought a new house. "Four bathrooms," Eddie says. Those days, they didn't have a house of their own, but moved around from place to place, and there were times when there'd be two, three kids sleeping in one bed, and the family lucky to have four rooms, let alone four baths.

Eddie's father makes luggage now. Those days, he huckstered vegetables. Joe Fisher had an old car he'd converted into a vegetable truck and, if you'd lived in Philadelphia then, you could have seen the eleven-year-old Eddie, a basket hanging from his
skinny arms, trudging through the alleys yelling about bananas and cabbages.

His family teases him, claiming those days of hollering in the streets developed his lungs.

Eventually, he took his developed lungs to a Philadelphia radio station which hired him and his friend, Joey Forman, a youth of eleven—Eddie was twelve—to do songs, snappy patter and commercials. The radio station didn't want to insult them by offering them money, so our two artists got paid their carfare—fifteen cents a week—for quite a long time.

Until one day Joey looked at Eddie and Eddie looked at Joey, and they pondered out loud. "We're worth more," they said. "Anybody's worth more."

They went to the money man at the radio station and put it to him straight. "Five dollars a week, or we quit."

"Sure, boys," the man said. And, with a wave of his hand, he made them millionaires.

By the time they were fifteen and sixteen respectively, they were doing four radio programs, and Eddie'd amassed a huge teen-age following. One of the shows was sponsored by a milk company, and the milk company had Eddie's (Continued on page 98)
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Tribute: Al Jolson's widow and former accompanist Harry Aitken witnesses as Eddie gives a gold record of his "Goodbye, G.J. Al" to little Al Jolson.

Coronation: Listeners vote a virtual tie, and deep-voiced Phillips crowns both Como and Fisher!

Off to the greatest adventure of all; fans wave a fond farewell as Eddie is inducted into the Army.

Presenting the family: Cousin Dolores at far left, Eddie and his Mum, sisters Eileen and Miriam; right, Eddie with his brother Alvin, his prize "recruit."
EASY TO LIVE WITH—
Bill Cullen loves gadgets, spaghetti—and his wife, who thinks he's "special," too

By MARTIN COHEN

He'll buy almost anything—though the family closets are already bulging with previous purchases. He's a pushover for any new hobby or game—particularly if it requires lots of equipment and plenty of space. He's only home for dinner on weekends.

In fact, his wife can be sure of seeing or hearing him only if she turns the dial to almost any network, almost any time of day—for Bill Cullen stars in Walk A Mile on NBC Radio, I've Got A Secret on CBS-TV, Where Was I? on Du Mont Television, Fun For All on CBS Radio, plus sundry shows in-season on other networks.

But to Carol Cullen, her Bill is definitely the ideal husband. Many of the things he buys are for her, often in duplicate. Many of the hobbies are shared enthusiasms.

All the weekends are wonderful. It all adds to the fun of being a Cullen-by-marriage, and only helps prove that Quipmaster Cullen, the nimble-brained emcee who's so quick with wit and cash, is equally free with his wit and cash in private life.

"Bill is sensible and smart," insists Carol, herself a singing (Continued on page 73)

Bill Cullen emcees Walk A Mile, over NBC Radio, Wed., 8 P.M., for Camels, and is also heard on Fun For All, CBS Radio, Sat., 1 P.M., for Prom and White Rain, and Give And Take, CBS Radio, Sat., 11:30 A.M., for Cannon Mills. He is seen on I've Got A Secret, over CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., for Cavalier Cigarettes, and Where Was I?, Du Mont Television, Tues., 10 P.M. (ALL EDT.)

and FUN!
BERT PARKS—

"I'm the average man"

He's a human dynamo who plays hunches and thinks there isn't an exceptional thing about himself, but—

By GLADYS HALL

BERT PARKS drew a picture for me the other day—the picture of Bert Parks as Bert Parks sees himself. It all began with a chance remark concerning the odd notions still entertained about people in show business and how they live.

"I don't exactly know how people in show business are supposed to live," Bert said. "Jumping and screaming, maybe? Feudin' and fussin', maybe? In the Barrymore tradition, maybe? Dangerously, that is. Maybe. But I don't live like that. Or behave like that. Or even think like that. I live a very average kind of existence. Come to think of it," said the super-charged emcee of Break The Bank and Double Or Nothing, "I am the average man."

But what, the question then arose, is the "average" man? You hear about him. You read about him. But who, exactly, and what, exactly, is he?

"I am he," Bert laughed. And added, "I'll proceed to prove it.

"As a starter, let's take my appearance—I am a fellow of average height and weight with dark hair and brown eyes and an unremarkable set of features." (You will note Bert omits to sketch in the winning smile, the vitality that makes sparks.)

"I haven't the Barrymore profile. I'm not a six-footer and I don't, to coin a phrase, stand out in a crowd.

"A more impersonal—and so, more telling—proof of my averageness came from a motorcycle cop who waved me to a stop one day as I was speeding down the highway from my home not far from New York City. (My one extravagance is automobiles—and travel. Love automobiles and have the itchy foot, two of 'em!) After asking for my identification, 'What do you do,' the scowling gendarme inquired, 'for a living?'

"'I'm in television,' I said meekly.

"'Oh,' said the cop, 'you (Continued on page 68)"

Bert Parks emcees Double Or Nothing, heard over ABC Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M.—and seen on CBS-TV, M, W, F, 2 P.M.—for Campbell's Soups. He also emcees Break The Bank, as seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. for 5-Day Deodorant Pads. All EDT.

Typical American family (with twins!)—Bert and Annette Parks, sons Jeffrey and Joel, and baby daughter Annette.
First miracle: A prisoner of war returns!

Celebrations: Girl friend Mary Theresa Schwing joins George and Emma Hart as they get the good news of their son’s release—and hospital buddies congratulate Pfc. Hart on the "nest egg" his family won for him.

**Faith**

**BREAKS THE BANK**

By MRS. GEORGE F. HART

It was faith in God that brought about two miracles in one month. My son George had been reported missing in action in Korea. So often this means that the soldier has been killed. His return by the enemy marked one of the happiest days in my life. Then it was only forty-eight hours later that we won $8,550 for him on Break The Bank. It was prayer that made both great joys possible.

My husband is George F. Hart, a clerk in the postal service. My name is Emma. We are a middle-aged couple with four children ranging from fifteen to twenty-eight. We have never been wealthy, rich or even well-to-do, but we are a happy family, grateful for (Continued on page 91)

Break The Bank is seen on NBC-TV—as emceed by Bud Collyer, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship—as emceed by Bert Parks, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for 5-Day Deodorant Pads. 
(Heard M-F, with Bud Collyer, NBC Radio, 10:30 A.M. EDT.)
Second miracle: The Harts and their daughter Marilyn win $8,550 on Break The Bank, as Bud Collyer beams.

Prayers brought a beloved son back to his family and are giving him a new start in life.
1. Alice tells Chichi and Papa David she wants to stop working on her husband Doug's paper, stay home and keep house for him. Chichi's full of enthusiasm—Papa David listens philosophically.

When a woman loves a man—as Grace loved Ted—is there any limit
Impressed by Grace Sarcine's eagerness to work on a paper—though something about her appearance strikes a false note—Alice hires her to help Doug.

It was one of those hot, sticky, humid evenings in summer when the coolness of the bookshop felt good to its occupants, Chichi Conrad and Papa David, Alice and Doug. Perhaps it was the heat that was shimmering from the sidewalks outside, perhaps the contrast of the evening's quiet to the day's frantic hustle and bustle, that started off the heated argument which was in progress. Papa David was being his usual calm self, half-smiling at some of Chichi's intense observations, half-frowning at others. He listened to Doug carefully and cautiously, weighing carefully every statement which Doug made. . . . It was simple—in

3. Young Danny is puzzled by Grace's odd behavior—but he hesitates to tell Alice, who is so happy in her new-found freedom.

to the sacrifices she should make?
Chichi’s mind—for anyone to follow her thoughts. She was contending that there were a vast number of women who loved men who are weak, characterless, but that nevertheless this did not necessarily make the woman involved less of a good human being. Doug, whose wife Alice sat next to him, was arguing that all this might be true—but it didn’t make the woman any less “guilty” for hiding or defending such a weak character when a crime had been committed. . . . All four persons in the bookstore knew that they were arguing about Grace Garcine. Grace had entered their lives some months before, when Alice had decided that she would retire from her business partnership with Doug to assume her rightful role as his wife: Chichi had suggested, when Alice came to this decision, that Doug hire someone to help in the newspaper office. Grace had applied for the job and Doug and Alice had gratefully accepted her application. She was a speedy typist, very alert, with a slight knowledge of newspaper work. . . . Little had happened those first few weeks—little that was out of the ordinary, that is. Grace had taken a room in Mrs. Schwartz’s flat, joined Rev. Dr. Chandler’s choir, and helped Father McGary at the Settlement House. Alice had been very happy about the arrangement, for it gave her time to fix up the flat, mend Doug’s clothes, prepare meals for Doug which he could relax over and enjoy when he came home tired from the newspaper office. . . . It wasn’t until the incident of the gun that Alice became concerned. Alice began noticing the number of times when Doug was late now because he had to be with Grace during her training period. She noticed Grace’s rather obviously blonded hair but—more significantly—when she read her husband’s newspaper, she began to be aware of the frequent items in the social notes column, which Grace prepared, which did not seem to ring true. Alice and Chichi began comparing notes, with Alice confiding her fear that Doug might be involved in something. Grace, in the meantime, it seemed to both Chichi and Alice, had become over-friendly—almost as if she were trying to placate Alice,
reassure Chichi that nothing could be wrong. . . . As events transpired, the suspicions of Chichi and Alice had firm foundation. Grace Garcine’s real name was Marie Holmes and she had changed it for very good and sufficient reasons. She had had to, in order to hide. About a week before Grace walked into the lives of the Papa David circle, she had found herself in a terrible entanglement. For some time she had been in love with Ted Bowman, young, eager to make money, and a person of not too much backbone. He’d chosen the easy but questionable profession of bookmaking—on the fringes of the law, but certainly not a justifiable occupation. Grace had rationalized his involvement in her own mind by coming to the conclusion that, as soon as Ted made money enough, he would quit and get into a strictly legitimate business. . . . This, however, was not quite the way it turned out. Ted made enemies who didn’t want him to “muscle in.” He was with Grace when one of these competitors came to him and threatened him with a gun. In defending himself, the gun went off. The competitor was dead. Terrified, stunned over what had happened, the two had realized they were in great danger from two angles—the police, and the gangsters who would want revenge for the death of their associate. Ted, alone, could lose himself. Grace, alone, must change her name, her appearance and personality, and hide. With Doug’s newspaper, Grace has the perfect set-up. She can use the social notes column to...
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convey information to Ted, she is not in danger of being discovered by anyone while employed there. . . . In spite of all precautions, the police finally catch up with Ted—and Ted, to save his own skin, claims Grace shot the bookmaker. Grace had guessed that this might happen and, to save herself, she had kept the murder weapon—the gun Alice had heard about—which still had on it the dead man's finger prints and Ted's—but not hers. . . . In the bookstore, Chichi defended Grace's fight for the man she loved. "There must be great agony in a woman who loves a man she knows she cannot trust," Chichi said earnestly to Doug. "Ted is a weak character, I'll grant you, but Grace had to stick up for him, her heart dictated and wouldn't let her act otherwise." Doug shook his head firmly. "No," he said slowly. "To condone, to put up with weakness in a man, just because you love him, is to be guilty of an offense against society—and, as importantly, against yourself. Ultimately your own dignity, your own

8. Knowing little, but suspecting much—Alice and Papa David and Chichi plead with Grace not to keep a dangerous secret. Grace knows Ted has killed a man and she cannot trust him, but still she keeps silent.
9. Suddenly, the whole tragic story is revealed. Alice and Danny look up in amazement as the police bring Ted into the quiet little bookstore—but Grace's face is a mask as she pretends not to recognize the man she loves.

10. Ted, however, is anything but grateful for Grace's long-suffering silence. He believes that she has betrayed him, and denounces her bitterly. This is her only reward for all her misguided efforts to protect and shield him.

character is destroyed.” Chichi grinned and turned to Papa David. “What do you think, Papa David?” she asked. “I think, Chichi,” Papa David replied with a sigh, “that you think like a woman—with your heart—and Doug like a man—with his head. You are both a little right, both a little wrong. And, because there is a mixture of a little right and a little wrong in each of us, the world goes along in a little lopsided fashion.” Doug tucked Alice's hand under his arm and bent across to whisper in her ear. “At least one man gained out of all this—I have the perfect wife.” Aloud, he added to Chichi and Papa David. “Alice and I are going to call it a day—because we're two people who know that, the world being lopsided or not, life can be beautiful!”
TEENS are a time to learn

Joey Walsh is a success at fifteen—but he's still eagerly seeking answers to life's problems

By ELIZABETH BALL

There's a boy on television by the name of Joey Walsh. He's pretty tall, has slanting eyes—and the ability to portray almost any type of teenager. Joey also plays in the movies. In “The Juggler,” Joey played the part of Yehoshua, the Israeli youth who befriended Kirk Douglas. In “Hans Christian Andersen,” Joey was Danny Kaye's sidekick.

As a small boy, asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, Joey said, “A fighter.” When his dad frowned on this aspiration, saying, “It's a little too rugged,” Joey obligingly changed his tune and thereafter, if asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, said, “An actor.” This was the beginning of Joey-the-actor's story.

Joey's dad is a (Continued on page 95)
Meeting the family: Pat introduces Joey to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neill, who say (but naturally), "Have fun, now—but don't stay out too late."

Having wonderful time: At the Hotel Plaza, Joey and Pat dance "a little jitterbug—samba—Charleston—Waltz." It's dreamy, and pretty terrific, being fifteen and learning your way around!
Ellen's a record-breaker—as a dramatic actress on stage, radio, TV!

Ellen Demming is Meta, whose problems she shares, whose triumphs she appreciates

META'S Guiding Light

By FRANCES KISH

It's a lucky girl who can claim Meta Roberts for a mother—lovely, understanding Meta of The Guiding Light. Kathy, Meta's step-daughter in the dramatic serial, is only beginning to realize that fact. But there's a lively little youngster who fully appreciates her own good luck, even though she's only three years old. Her name is Erica, and her really-truly mother is Ellen Demming, who plays Meta on both radio and TV.

Young as she is, golden-haired Erica knows all the Guiding Light people by name, and sometimes talks to them, but she's learned not to be surprised when they don't answer her from the screen or radio. Erica knows she has two wonderful mamas and loves them (Continued on page 96)


Two reasons she loves playing Meta: She can get home early to be with her own husband, Hal Thompson, and their little girl, Erica.
Belief in the future must see
the Reverend Dennis through to a
BRIGHTER DAY

The faith that has inspired Reverend Dennis through the years is being tested almost beyond human endurance as he tries desperately to bring some sort of order out of the chaos which engulfs the town of Three Rivers. The citizens of the town are divided, one against the other. The Mid-States Power company is building a dam which will eventually spell doom to the town. Tempers run high, as many of the townspeople argue that they should stay and fight the power company—and others argue that the law is on the side of the power company. Perhaps all of this could have been viewed by the Reverend Dennis with a calm and detached attitude, had it not been that his daughter Patsy had fallen in love with Alan Butler. The Reverend Dennis is convinced that Alan is a nice young fellow—but, in the course of events, Alan has become involved with Roy Wilmot, a most undesirable character. Heightening the tension between the power company and the townspeople, one terrible night, town druggist Elmer Davidson is murdered and the finger of suspicion points so strongly at Alan that Alan himself is convinced he must have killed the old man while in a drunken stupor... The Reverend Dennis firmly believes that a man cannot commit a crime, even under such horrible circumstances, unless he is a criminal at heart—and this he will never believe is Alan's nature. Patsy shares her father's complete conviction. The townspeople, however—angry, unhappy, unsettled—need a victim as revenge for Davidson's death, and Alan is their choice. With all the strength of character he can muster, Reverend Dennis bravely faces tomorrow and the townspeople's wrath, confidently holding on to the principles that have always governed his life. With his faith in the Lord, his belief in the future, Reverend Dennis will stand firm beside Alan and Patsy in their fight for justice.

The Brighter Day, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, for Cheer. As pictured here, Bill Smith plays Reverend Dennis; Mary K. Wells, Patsy; Phillip Pine, Alan.
OUR MUTUAL FRIENDS

Saturday afternoon at the McCulloughs' is something of an experience for the casual visitor. As the door of the little brownstone house in New York's Greenwich Village opens, three very small children hurl themselves at you with complete abandon. Their mother, Mrs. Dan McCullough, stands back looking slightly confused for a moment, but soon an impish grin appears and the children are scooped up so that the visitor can get past the door. The room you enter is double size—dominated by two huge fireplaces. The furniture has a well-worn look of comfort. People live here—that's obvious. And they live with the least possible formality—from the children in their overalls to Priscilla and Dan in blue jeans.

Just as you settle back on one of the lovely old pine chairs, footsteps thunder down the staircase and in buzz Dan McCullough and his deejay partner, Bruce Eliot. It seems the two don't see enough of each...
Bruce Eliot and Dan McCullough spend Saturdays together, too

Dan (left) and Bruce (right) give Tommy advice on parlor driving.

other all week long on the Bruce And Dan record show over Mutual, and their local morning Tello Test program. So, on Saturday, Priscilla not only has to contend with her three lively youngsters, but with Bruce and Dan, as well. She claims that it's amazing how either of them survived until they teamed up—they seem to need each other so much now. Bruce is a bachelor, and likes to get a taste of family life at Dan's.

Actually, the boys explain their friendship very well themselves. "We sort of complement each other," says Bruce. "I'm a pretty outspoken guy, while Dan is more reserved and thoughtful." Together they make music. Working as closely as they do, the boys sort of anticipate each other's reactions. That accounts for the completely ad lib job they do on their four o'clock record show, during which they chatter between discs and interview musical personalities.

When the visitor starts asking questions about the lovely house, with its brick kitchen complete with open hearth, and the early-American dining room, which is stocked with genuine antiques—oddly enough, Bruce will be just as ready to tell you all about it as Dan or Priscilla. He brags about Dan's horse sense in selecting the house and in buying the furniture. That's a story in itself. Seems Dan once met an old man in Maryland, who told him all about old furniture. One day he received a letter from the venerable oldster telling him of an entire houseful of furniture which was up for sale. Dan ordered the whole lot sent up to New York by truck without ever having seen it. Priscilla was skeptical but, when she saw the wonderful old pieces, she decided Dan must be the smartest husband in the world. "The moving men thought it was just a bunch of old junk," laughs Priscilla, "thought we were crazy to be bothering with it."

Saturday lunch is served in the patio outside. This is a hectic affair with Bruce, Dan and the children whooping it up with all sorts of shenanigans. The patio is flagstone with little New York weed-trees shading it from the sun. After lunch, the boys usually get out the puff balls and take practice shots to improve their golf. Tommy gets into the act, too, if he can worm his way in. Then, Uncle Bruce decides to go home, and there is a general panic of goodbyes, and Tommy's begging him and any other outsiders to please stay with them for good.

Once outside the McCullough house—you can hardly believe that you've been visiting people who live right in the middle of the busiest city in the world. It just doesn't seem possible that in three more blocks the subway roars. You feel like taking Tommy's advice and staying there for good.

The McCullough twins—Sarah and Kate—perch on Priscilla's lap.

The Bruce And Dan Show is heard at 4 P.M. EDT, Monday-Friday, on Mutual network.
Bert Parks—"I'm the Average Man"

(Continued from page 51) install sets. So what's the hurry?
"This I offer as practically positive proof that I am Everyman, which is to say the average man."

"Taking a backward look, the evidence, from the beginning, seems to prove that the most terrifying thing of all to petril I did not become a star 'overnight.' My first job was in a local radio station in my home town of Atlanta, Georgia. I earned seven dollars a week. In order to earn enough now to rent a two-room flat in New York. The twins were born while we lived there. The babies and nurse slept in the bedroom; Annette and I in the living room.

"We found our present home, as most average couples find their homes, by spending every weekend driving around the suburbs' 'spotting,' as we called it. The instant we clapped eyes on our clapboard house, 'This,' I said, 'is for us!'

"Whether making snap decisions is, or is not, characteristic of the average man, I don't know, but I say to you always have. And they are almost invariably correct. I knew right away, for the most important instance, about Annette. Yes, love-at-first-sight is what I mean.

"Ever since I was a boy, I've made snap decisions, played hunches and, when I do, I always," Bert laughed, 'Break the Bank.' When I was a boy at home in Atlanta—back in 1931 or '32, this was—my mother planned to take my brother and me to the Chicago World's Fair. This was a great opportunity. I spent weeks thinking—what if we got there and it rained, and there was a flash, at the last minute I asked Mother if, instead of taking me to the fair, she'd give me the money it would cost so that I could save it and then go on radio. Mother gave me the money. I came to New York, auditioned, and got a job as staff announcer on CBS!

"Another time I played a hunch, I was on the Vaughn Monroe show when an agency came to me with an offer to emcee a new show, Stop the Music. Now, I had a contract with the Monroe outfit. If I accepted the new one and, as was the program, it would have to be on a sustaining basis at first. Yet my first impulse was to make the change. I made it—and the next six years."

"Same, in a way, with our home here out-of-town—we were warned against it. Built of post-war materials,' friends caution. 'Green lumber, you know. Any moment, there's going to be a war, and our house will collapse.' Again I obeyed my first impulse, played my hunch that this was home, our home, and—we've lived in the house, without any repairs or changes, for six years."

"It's also very average, I'm sure—in fact, one of the ways the average man proves he's average is to go about telling people how busy he is. I think, however, that I am 'average.' As I'm trying to prove—to no exception. I carry my kids' pictures around in my wallet. I repeat their 'bright sayings' to keep me down. I'm not an active. Which reminds me to tell you about the day I tried to find a clue to what Annette would like to be when she grows up. The day I chose to use the technique of the Disappearing-American, she was all dressed up—a white crispy thing, all ruffles and ribbons and curls—but when, to this dainty doll, I put the question: 'Annette, what do you want to be when you grow up?' the prompt reply was: 'I know what I want to be—a garbage man!'

"I am certain," Bert laughed, "that things will change between now and the time you matriculate into womanhood!"

"The boys—twins Joel and Jeffrey, are seven—will sing and dance and perform at the drop of a hat. Joel's done some singing! It's the closest thing to a really beautiful little ballad titled 'There's Always a Key to Fit My Heart,' Even Irving Berlin wouldn't think poorly of it, I say proudly, 'of that title—of the song.'"

"Our girl is different from the boys in that she's a real performer at home, sings your ear off from dawn to dusk. When I confide to her, 'Annette, I can't wait until we have our first married life—no special plans, but just to work together!' I tell her, 'Annette, I can't wait until you've finally got a home of your own.' The time flies."

"I'd say that I'm like her—only in reverse. I do have a few occupational faults, Bert says honestly, "such as a tendency to be impatient because of the pace of television, which is accelerated. The pace of normal life is not. Everything and everyone seems slow to me by comparison and I'm inclined to say to myself, 'Come on, hurry up, get going!'"

"Also because of the pace TV requires of you and the necessity of being constantly alert, I occasionally draw a blank and forget certain things that should be unfinished. But there's an accelerator in television, a kind of omelette made of 'seconds.'"}

**It's a date! SEPTEMBER RADIO-TV MIRROR on sale August 7**
Hoagy Carmichael

(Continued from page 38)

The easygoing, wryly philosophical character whom Hoagy essays is, he will tell you, "the kind of guy people imagine I am."

Actually, he's pretty much the opposite—like "casual" Jack Benny, a chronic worrier. Weeks before the Saturday Night Revue debuted last June 6 from the big new NBC television plant in Burbank, near Hollywood, Hoagy cooled off the days one by one with big black crosses, worrying a little harder every day about the new responsibilities he had assumed. Could he hold an hour-and-a-half show together? Would it, at his "relaxed" pace, seem too slow? Would the comedians be funny? Would the vocalists sing flat? Could he find a writer who could write really funny sketches? Sure, said Larry Gelbart, who can write funnier than almost anybody, already was signed up to direct the show—but Sid would have his hands full with the direction.

Nobody else was worried, even about Hoagy's worrying—because, according to Joe Bigelow, producer of the show, "Hoagy is like that."

Never having failed at anything in his life—including, incredibly, the law (the profession for which he was educated)—Hoagy nevertheless has been apprehensive about each new undertaking. He's worried through the years over his music—some of his popular songs, notably "Stardust," "Old Rockin' Chair," "Lazybones," have been among the big hits of all time; "Cool, Cool of the Evening" won for him and Johnny Mercer the coveted Academy Oscar; his one foray into the symphonic field, a theme poem, "Brown County Autumn," was introduced by the Indianapolis Symphony in a successful concert at Carnegie Hall. He worried before he clicked big in the movies, and on the radio, in night clubs and big-time vaudeville.

Truthfully, Hoagy was pretty much a dead clinch to grab yet another gold ring as a TV personality. (He had come off magnificently already in a series of TV guest shots.)

But don't try to tell Hoagy that. When he is hitting his top stride as an entertainer (maybe to make him feel less guilty about having abandoned the "gentlemanly" profession his parents wanted for him), he is most likely to confide to you that he is "slipping": living like a king, he is compelled to whisper that "believe it or not"—he's "broke."

For the final weeks before Hoagy's debut day, he chose to do his worrying alone. His pretty wife, Ruthie, he dispatched to Palm Springs—at least she wouldn't have to worry about his worrying. The boys, Hoagy Bix, now fifteen, and Randy, thirteen, were in school at Chadwick. (Bixie Bix, surprisingly since he was named for his father's idol and early mentor, Bix Beiderbecke—has turned into the athlete of the family, plays pitcher on the Chadwick baseball team. Randy is a gifted pianist, "will have his own concert next spring—but no popular stuff, yet.")

The Carmichales' rambling, comfortable house, folded around an inviting swimming pool on its Bel Air hilltop, was a surprising air of unacustomed quiet as Hoagy got on with his worrying.

Interviews, photographers' and other appointments were squeezed in somehow, although the "schedule is pretty tight today." Actually, Aunt "Nosey" (Noreen Milburn), from Indiana, was bringing her grandson, Danny, over for the afternoon, and Hoagy had promised to teach Danny to swim. (You can always get a corner on Hoagy's crowded schedule if you're from

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69
Lu Ann Simms—Little Miss Miracle

(Continued from page 29)

at the restaurant when she got there. She was a long way from home, and feeling sick, too, when the leader of the band called, "May I sing with you?"

"Be my guest," said he.

She sang, and a florist named Mike Risoli, one of the patrons of the place, heard her, and bells started ringing in his head. "You gotta go on Talent Scouts," he said. "In fact, you gotta let me take you. I'll present you. I'll discover you—"

"No, man," he was such an eager man, Lu Ann couldn't think of any reason to say no. "What can I lose? Let's do it."

She had three auditions—the preliminary ones, before you know if you're accepted to appear on Talent Scouts—in one week. Before each audition, she went to St. Patrick's and lit a candle. In the peace of the great cathedral, she lost her fears, came out refreshed.

The third audition completed (the first had been for a lady named Esther Stone, the second for Esther Stone and somebody else, the third for the producer), Lu Ann went home to Rochester. One week later, the phone rang. "We want you to appear next Monday night—"

"Oh, no," said Lu Ann—accompanied to the studio by her mother, father, and Aunt Laura (from City Island)—appeared on Talent Scouts, and started the rigors of the recording process.

She herself didn't stop bawling until ten-thirty that night, she was so excited.

Thus did fame come to our heroine, who looks like a darker-haired Debbie Reynolds, who stands five feet ten and a half inches, and who has "five-foot-almost-one" of height, her "100 pounds right on the button" of weight.

The day after she won the Talent Scout contest, Lu Ann phoned her MGM Record company manager. "We'll sign you Thursday, and you'll record Friday—"

"She said, 'I'll let you know.' Then there was silence. This was on the rich Miller-Polumbia wire on the line. 'Don't touch your finger to a fountain pen; we want you.'—

With all due respect to MGM Records, if Columbia Records wants you, you jump. Lu Ann was no different from anyone else; she jumped, signed, and is glad of it.

Percy Faith's done all the directing, so far, on her records, and she's one of his warmest admirers. "I like pretty music. In my music collection, I've got mostly L.P.'s by people like Percy, David Rose, Paul Weston—"

She keeps these L.P.'s in an apartment she shares with her four-room Waterhouse receptionist up at the Godfrey office. But that's getting ahead of the story.

There'd have been no need for Lu Ann to take a New York apartment, if she'd been living with her mother, but then it doesn't generally lead to big things for the winners; just that, after all, there's a winner every single week, and Godfrey couldn't possibly make 'em all permanent "little Godfreys" of his little gang. He did, however, do just that with Lu Ann. She's been part of all the Godfrey shows for over a year now, working right along with Janette Davis, Marion Marlowe, Julius Laurgan and Frank Parker, CBS likes to refer to Lu Ann's as a "Cinderella story," and states in a publicity release that she was "wafted from obscurity to vocal stardom by Godfrey."

Lu Ann's on their side, 100 per cent. Godfrey's her idol. She'd knit him an overcoat, bring him hot soup, give him handkerchiefs."

"Cinderella" Lu and Joanie Waterhouse furnished their three-and-a-half rooms themselves—"It's modern, but it's going to get filled. And they've got a little patio—"We can crawl right through the kitchen window onto it."

The girls claim the reason the get along so well is because "one's crazier than the other. She's the ' weak one.' But, called upon to give examples of their craziness, they can't think of any. Ask Lu Ann about boys, and she says, 'We do have dates once in a while—"

"We?"

"Oh," she says, "Joanie and I do everything together."

They even get up at 6 a.m. together—Lu Ann has to rehearse, and Joanie doesn't want her to feel bad because she, Joanie, doesn't have to rehearse. They even ruin dinner together. Take an instance a few weeks ago. A woman friend of theirs was going to go up pick some frozen food—"

Lu Ann said, setting forth. She came back with two chicken pies, put 'em in the oven, then went into the living room, turned on the TV, and there was Lu Ann joined her. They fell asleep. They were awakened later by a horrendous smell, "My mother's house," said Joanie, "is burning down."

"Dinner," said Lu Ann, "is burning up."

They looked at each other. "I'm too tired to eat, anyway."

They went into the kitchen, turned off the oven, drank a glass of milk apiece, and retired, quite happy.

So far, so happy, Lu Ann reached a kind of happening in May, when her brother Sonny—who now demands to be called John—came home from Korea. Everybody in the Godfrey outfit was so thrilled for the Cinemillies that, when Lu Ann finished the Wednesday-night show, she was given the next two days off so she could have a long weekend with her family.

She rushed to her apartment, where Sonny and her mother were waiting (Sonny'd been in the Army seventeen months, and in Korea fifteen of those months, and, after all the hugs and kisses, and greetings and breathless exclamations and joyful tears, the three went to the Copacabana for Jimmy Durante's closing night. Sonny said, "I love all this happiness. It's all this happiness that's done to me since he went away," Lu Ann says, "and just being there, and sitting at ringside, and having people come up and ask for autographs, he got such a big kick out of it."

Next morning, off to Rochester and a family reunion. Is the family big? "It's immense. I don't even know all my relatives," Lu Ann says simply. "All this happiness is wonderful."

What she does know is every New York Yankee's batting average. (She and Julius La Rosa argue the respective merits of Yankees and Dodgers till older, ticker heads grow restive.) And she also knows when she's well off. To movie offers, offers to leave Godfrey, Lu Ann turns a deaf ear. "I'm so tickled now, doing what I'm doing; and, so, so lucky, I'll just let nature take its course."
Arthur Godfrey

(Continued from page 35)

which were to correct a painful hip condition with which he has lived for the past twenty years. Mrs. Godfrey goes there, Godfrey’s personal physician, Dr. Thomas Jackson, was there. So were the orthopedic surgeons who were to perform the delicate operation which would re- place the damaged hip ball and socket hip joints. The two operations were six weeks apart and, as we go to press, Arthur Godfrey faces nearly a year on crutches and then—the good Lord willing—he will be able to walk free of pain, able once more to resume the fantastic pace which has characterized the man. For, with Arthur Godfrey, there is courage on stubborn this.

Waiting for the bulletin in the hospital corridors, it was hard to realize that, just a few short weeks before, Arthur Godfrey was walking through the lobby of the Kenilworth Hotel in Bal Harbour, Florida, wearing the resplendent blues and gold braid of an Eastern Airlines captain. Then he was on his way to realizing more of his dreams, more of his ambition.

Out past the bay and into the Atlantic, the Coast Guard towed the light blue waves to make sure no important fisherman or millionnaire, in scow or yacht, approached the sacratross sands. And high above, pursing their lips in the stillness of the evening, the Air Force planes eld, incirled, in the event an odd Jenny trilling a siren advertising “Mike’s Palace of Good Eats” or “a Soup on the Chaise.” It should come to the hotel, and maybe drop a wing or a motor into the pool.

One such plane had recently plopped into the surf not far away a few weeks before, and Mr. Godfrey was taking no chances.

Somewhere in the picture, but curiously subdued and even apologetic, as if overpowered at the privilege of crossing the lobby and that “good Lord willing” for which they were paying a minimum of thirty-five dollars a day, the regular guests of the Kenilworth backed and edged away the Godfrie's Texans. Millionaires, millionairess, Hunor, and — the millionairess who when a TV technician caught an elbow in the millionaire's ear, over a lunch table. “S’all right,” the Texan murmured, and the millionairess, knowing what she had done, was the only one to apologize. He was hustling a cable across the dining-room floor.

A matron in a startling array of diamonds dimly remarked to a policeman that she would appreciate it if her daughter would be allowed to follow the lines in front. “The chauffeur called up from a service station and says they’ve been waiting an hour . . .”

Godfrey's voice, as he stopped to talk, us sound so much like Godfrey on the radio that people looked around to see who had turned on a set. He was on his way out to the airport to make (with Dick Merrill, senior Eastern pilot—and the man Tony Wing left the screen to marry) some more scenes for his documentary movie on flying safety.

When, sometime later, Arthur walked out through the lobby and caught that crystal that serve as the Kenilworth front doors, he limped only perceptibly. Yet, everyone watching him winced a little with every step, knowing the smooth, sinuous moves more scenes for his documentary movie on flying safety.

“Will?” said one of the women who had been watching from a couch in a corner of the lobby. “Mr. Eisenhower couldn’t ask for more! What’s the idea, anyhow?”

“My dear,” said her companion, an older

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SALESWOMEN WANTED

MAKE OWN PERSuASIONS! Make extra money every part time! Showing friends nationally known authorization. Send name imprinted order book, samples, etc., to Arthur Godfrey, 17-17-17, Hallicy, Street, Denver, Indiana.

MONEY FOR XMAS


Send free samples and Assortments on approval.

Name,............................................
Address,.............................................
City.................................................State..............................................
woman, "it's something you must just get. Television, you know..."

Not quite. There was drama here. What was going on before those two women was the build-up to an eight-day-long show that represented, on Godfrey's part, a remarkable amount of courage. In spite of what he faced three weeks later, Godfrey was quietly carrying on with three projects dear to his heart.

For the second time, the documentary film, to be shown on television and in films distributed to service clubs around the country, backing safety in flying

He was going to try again to beat the sonic barrier himself, alone, in his own plane.

And he was thoroughly, carefully, at great personal expense, realizing his dream of being a glinting winter spot in Miami from which national radio and TV simulcasts such as his could originate whenever the rugged New York winters grew too tough, too unbeatable.

"It's a dream," Arthur told us. "For years, winter after winter. I've been coming down here. Snow and ice at home in New York and Washington, then the color of the sky, that's the thing."

He didn't have to nod to the waving palms, the bright sun glinting from their fronds, outside. "I've always thought how swell it would be for the stuffs of big shows if we could have something once in a while, maybe from fall to spring. Well, this is the first try, the foot in the door. If it works, who knows?"

Then Arthur talked on that beautiful April day. He said, easily, that "by this time next year I should be through with the cutchies. The guy who's going to do the operation has had only twelve failures—and that on a hundred."

In character, Godfrey was talking casually, as if his operations were another show, or another documentary, or another spilling of a record on a dawn disc-jockey program.

But those of us who've known the story for a long time recalled the facts. There had been a motor accident twenty-two years before in 1931, when the mangled body of Arthur Godfrey was brought carefully into a hospital, and patched up as well as might be.

There had been forty-seven fractures in and around the pelvic region, and the surgeons who attended him had shaken their heads and remarked that he probably wouldn't live.

"But I did live," said he. "I healed up."

Godfrey had been conditioned to hammer it up a little about most things, even then, but this was bigger than that. He played it straight.

"I told him to himself, 'Nothing's impos-

sable.'"

Nothing ever had been, so far. If he could beat this one, he could beat any-

thing. "Nothing's impossible. Nothing...."

Arthur Godfrey beat that twist of fate. He lived. And, afterward, somehow he seems to have acquired one thing that followed, every obstacle, every stop that presented itself. Until he was on top. Until there was no longer any way to count the people who listened to him and loved him, who saw and understood him. But the people who advertised. Even when he phased the products, they bought them. They told their friends. Week and month and year after year they let the world know to him.

More TV sets, as they were installed everywhere, caught his show. And the millions of dollars poured in, and went out again in production costs, in salaries. A good share went into God-

frey's private coffers, where they belonged, because this is a country where you can still make a fortune, if you earn it.

Arthur Godfrey earned it. Nobody ever worked harder.

Arthur, who is playing with such dangerous toys as the sonic barrier, told us— with his famous grin working nicely— that the one thing that bothered him was on par with walking across the street, so far as the danger is concerned.

Making a pass at the sonic barrier, which he planned to try in a two-seat Navy In
dustries Thunderbird, Arthur said, "It's no trick. You just climb to 45,000 feet, throw it into a dive at 32,000 feet and somewhere in between you pass through the barrier.

As a Naval Reserve lieutenant com-
mander, he once, some time ago, made a stab at going through the barrier, but the ship he was flying just wasn't built for it. It got too hot and it was necessary to buckle under, I backed out of there in a hurry."

There are degrees of courage.

There are also a lot of reasons why it took courage for Arthur to follow through on his plans to bring his show to Miami for a week. Since the expense was the least of those reasons, I'll mention it first. It wouldn't be a matter of a couple of million dollars, as it is said. Arthur wouldn't have two million dollars, of which Godfrey paid $42,000 out of his own pocket. That's a lot of money to spend in one week, even when you know you're going to get it back.

In this case, the whole production was not only an experiment—it was a monu-

mental departure that would in some measure affect the whole future of tele-

vision in the United States. Its effects on the future of two entire cities—Miami and Miami Beach—and of tens of thousands of people. Because, by this one decision, Godfrey was opening up South Florida for the television industry. Partly through his efforts, the coaxial cable was made reversible and guaranteed.

From now on, network shows can origi-
nate in Miami and a very major star de-
cides it's a good idea.

This means that such people as Godfrey, Imogene Coca, Durante and dozens of

other top names can move to Miami, come autumn, and operate from there until spring. Lack of facilities, and the distance involved, had kept them tied to New York or Hollywood before.

"And why the hell didn't we think of it sooner?" was the question every reason why his pet project couldn't work. What would be used for studio space? True, WTVJ has one of the largest and most complete TV stages in the country, but that's occu-

pied. And the traffic, and the market—"and how could rehearsals be held for really big shows? And then the telephone company wouldn't guarantee the lines, wouldn't cost a fortune to build all new stage settings in Miami, even more to transport the stuff all the way from New York to the tip of Florida, and besides and besides and besides..."

...that Arthur couldn't pass up the chance to reopen the Miami Beach—spurred on relentlessly by the merchants there—if you'll bring the shows, we'll guarantee the cable. How's the showing?"

It was about that time that Godfrey, during a short flying visit to the Kenil-
worth, stared about him one day and a light brighter than the Florida sun snapped on him.

"Here's the set," he said, "and the stage—

all of this. The lobby, the Emerald Room, the pool and cabana area. All it needs is some of the touches. If we filled it up, it would be the troupe, the technicians and some equipment. Instead of faking the scene, we can give TV audiences the real thing, move all this just as it is right into the rooms of every TV family in America!"

And that, to the astonishment of the doubters, and to the ecstatic glee of Greater

Miami, is exactly what Godfrey did.

On the first day of the week of programs originating from sunny Miami, while local publicists wrung their hands and looked about for suicide weapons, a sharp wind moved in from the north and sent the fronts and it rained cats and dogs. Mut-

ing deep in his throat, Godfrey moved the whole outfit inside, leaving lights and one camera trained on the pool and cabana areas. Then, with his camera was simul-

cast, he had the camera break in with a view of the pool and what should have been a gentle, moonlit sea beyond. Then, the wind died, and cold, the sea

was invisible, and the stately palms that generally murmur quietly looked a good deal more as if they were thrashing about in a brisk wind. A mile had been put on the news and it was the first time in a week you'd have a chance to sneer at the sea against the sand. It came through, all right. "Slap, crash!" it whispered. "Boom!"

The picture hastily dissolved into the cozy warmth of the smart Miami Beach.

Two million dollars' worth of investment, the hopes and plans of months for both Godfrey and Miamians, hung in the balance.

But you can't get a good climate down.

The next morning the sun was shining, the palms murmured, the surf whispered, and the pool was motley with the color of pretty girls. Thereafter every show went off perfectly—Arthur learned and he had a simulcast, a swimming water ballet was a thrilling light symphony, and by the end of the week not only had everyone had a terrific time—but there's just no doubt the experiment had succeeded beyond anyone's wildest dreams even Godfrey's.

Hank Meyers, public relations director for Miami Beach, sat happily anowled under by wires, letters and long distance phone calls—hundreds of each daily. With a kind of amazed reverence in his voice he told me, "It's just incredible. It's the most sensational promotion any city ever received at any time. It's as if the whole country had suddenly discovered Miami and the Beach. People are calling in wanting us to name streets and parks and bridges after Godfrey.

The strange thing is, during this week of Godfrey shows the beaches and cabanas in Miami Beach all had to be packed to the

brim. The fans have been everywhere every reason why his pet project couldn't work. What would be used for studio space? True, WTVJ has one of the largest and most complete TV stages in the country, but that's occupied. And the traffic, and the market—and how could rehearsals be held for really big shows? And then the telephone company wouldn't guarantee the lines, wouldn't cost a fortune to build all new stage settings in Miami, even more to transport the stuff all the way from New York to the tip of Florida, and besides and besides and besides... that Arthur couldn't pass up the chance to reopen the Miami Beach—spurred on relentlessly by the merchants there—if you'll bring the shows, we'll guarantee the cable. How's the showing?"

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Easy to Live With

(Continued from page 49)

star and a very pretty brunette. “It’s just that buying is a hobby with him, his way of relaxing.”

The trouble is that Bill relaxes in a big way, and their apartment is apt to look like Christmas shopping season any time of the year.

“Home was never like this,” Carol says, “but a warehouse is.”

What meets the eye, in the Cullen five-room dwelling on Sutton Place, is a very handsomely-appointed apartment. The living and dining rooms were decorated by Bill in Chinese modern. Carol had her way with the den and bedroom. These were furnished in French Provencal. But all nooks, crannies, mantelpieces, closets and other infinitesimal holes have been crammed with Bill’s purchases.

Come into the dining-room closet,” Carol says, “and at your own risk.”

This is a walk-in closet which Bill crawls into. Stored here is a mimeograph machine, material for water color and oil paintings, an easel, canvases, a huge photog-raph that plays sixteen-inch transcriptions. Bill’s magic tricks are here, too. A magic cocktail shaker balanced precariously ready to fall on Bill’s head. If he were to move the other way, he could be strangled by an assortment of trick scarves.

Of course, Bill has a reason for everything. The art and magic paraphernalia were once hobbies of Bill’s. The out-sized phonograph he uses to play back transcriptions of his shows when he can get to it. And the mimeograph machine once had a function of its own when Bill ran an airline.

In the clothes closets in the bedroom, wearing apparel has given way to two large cases that individually contain a saxophone and a guitar.

“I faintly remember having some idea of mastering every instrument in an orchestra,” Bill says thoughtfully. “This was as far as I got.”

Another closet is loaded with airplane gadgets. “What, I don’t know,” Carol says, “but it’s expensive.”

Recently, Bill bought a few thousand dollars’ worth of photo equipment and Carol had to build an extra closet for the den. He has taken some fine pictures, with Carol modeling for many of the best.

But, whatever Bill buys, there is method in his “madness.” It’s usually something that helps him escape from the radio business. And, while he’s home, he insists on privacy and quiet. On weekdays, for example, the maid does not come in until after noon when Bill has left. On weekends, she is also absent. Bill has the run of the apartment and loads about barefooted wearing whatever suits his mood.

His routine is well set. Mornings he is up between eight and nine. He drinks a pot of coffee while he goes through all the morning papers. He works the Times crossword puzzle. (He bought fifteen different kinds of dictionaries for this recent interest.) He answers the phone and lines up his appointments. Around noon he goes to a studio or business luncheon. Usually, he doesn’t get through work until eleven at night.

Bill’s work schedule keeps him so busy that he and Carol manage dinner together only on weekends. He has about eleven meals a week in restaurants, and so he likes to get home with a wife.

Saturday night at the Cullens is the best night of the week. It’s just about the only whole evening Carol and Bill have together. And so they don’t go out, and they don’t invite anyone in.
Here's How

Soda serves more ways than any other household product

You'll find baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) saves you time, work and money in more than 100 ways! Keep a package in the kitchen to make light of dozens of household chores... keep a package in the medicine cabinet for first aid in family emergencies!

Quick relief from acid indigestion! 1/2 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in 1/4 glass of water is as mild as milk in your stomach... brings prompt relief from distress of acid indigestion—safely, effectively.

For relief of burns. Pure bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) will allay the pain of minor scalds, burns, sunburn, itching caused by insect bites, poison ivy. Simply apply a paste of water and soda, cover with wet cloths. Replace soda paste every 3 or 4 hours.


A Household Treasure

Why buy a number of different products to do a number of different jobs when baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) does them all and costs only pennies a box?

Sunday morning Bill breaks his coffee routine to fill up with a hefty breakfast, but the front door remains barred to all until evening, when friends come in for dinner. Carol prepares all meals—unless Bill has a craving for spaghetti.

"When he wants spaghetti, I just turn the kitchen over to him and get out of the way," she says. Carol keeps the cupboard stocked with necessary ingredients for such days when the call of the kitchen hits Bill. "Many times a seven-pound roast has found its way into the grinder to become meatballs."

She says Bill is really easy to live with and very considerate. He never brings his worries home. As a matter of fact when Bill's airplane business made a forced landing, she was the last to know of the problem.

Flying in no sense could be called simply a hobby of Bill's. He has 3600 hours of air time and a commercial license which puts him in the same class with professional pilots.

Bill's interest in flying began during World War II. Lamed by polio as a youngster, Bill was turned down by the armed services. He decided not to let the accident become a pilot so he could serve in the air patrol.

In New York, Bill found a fellow enthusiast in Arthur Godfrey and they flew many times together. Godfrey had a Ryan Navion at the time and Bill got one of his own. The plane was destined to change the social life of the Cullens, as Carol remembered quite clearly.

One night Bill told Carol to get dressed up for dinner out. He had heard of a new restaurant that served a delicious Italian dinner.

An hour or so later, Carol realized Bill was driving out of Manhattan toward the airport. She asked, suspiciously, "Where's the restaurant?"

"In Boston," he said calmly.

Bill remembers the day he first incorporated his flying business. "I was sore because the lawyer's fee was $250," Bill says, and grins. "When it came to the day of reckoning, I found that I had lost $20,000 on the business."

At the present time Bill owns not even a model airplane, but it hasn't stopped his buying sprees. The trouble is that he can't make a simple purchase. Recently he went into a department store to buy some underwear. He came home with underwear—but enough of it for a platoon, and a bill for $48.

He isn't even safe in a drugstore. Bill and Carol stopped in a neighborhood store to buy a quart of ice cream. Bill paused by the gadget counter, lingered over shaving toiletries, fancied a bottle of the big-name cologne for Carol, and stopped by the candy counter. Carol recalls the stuff filled two paper bags. She nudged him then, and Bill remembered.

"Put a quart of chocolate ice cream in with that stuff," he told the clerk.

"Sorry," came the answer, "we don't sell ice cream."

As a rule, Bill buys, he buys for everyone. He frequently comes home with an armful of clothes for Carol. For his birthday party, he insists that Carol buy gifts for everyone coming. Prior to Easter Sunday, he stopped in at several shoe stores for Carol, remembered a dozen friends and wound up spending $150. As a matter of fact, an hour after the ladies were delivered to Carol, the florist was back with a giant azalea bush.

"Looked pretty," Bill explained. "I couldn't resist it."

Only once has Bill forgotten an anniversary. That time he was in the midst of grounding the airline business and had a head full of unpleasant details. He came home one evening with his lawyer and found a bowl of rose buds on the coffee table.

"Who sent these?" he asked.

"Todd Russell," Carol said. "It's our anniversary."

"No!"

"Yes!"

A week later Carol got her anniversary gift—a Moccasin convertible. This time, however, Bill bought only one.

At Christmas time Bill does most of the shopping. He and Carol give about a hundred gifts. He always buys more than he needs and replenishes his own wardrobe at the time.

"Anything I plan on buying him for Christmas," Carol says, "he buys for himself."

Prior to his recent birthday he was on a camera kick. Carol called the store and pleaded with the clerk, "Please don't sell him everything he wants. Save one thing for me!"

Games they have by the boxful. Bill reasons that if they are good enough to give maybe he'd enjoy them. That's how he came by a lie detector. Unfortunately, the one he bought himself doesn't work, but he has never returned it.

"Anyway, who wants to prove that people lie," he says. "I'd rather own a broken lie detector which proves people are honest."

Carol's big headache is the problem of finding storage space for all of Bill's acquisitions.

"I'll say, 'Let's get rid of this,' and he says, 'Let's keep it just a little while longer.'"

In four years of marriage, Carol's only victory has been the disposal of all magazines more than two years old.

"Matter of fact, Bill saves his mail, too," she says.

He doesn't like to open letters (unless they contain checks), so Carol lets mail accumulate on his desk for a week and then puts the batch in a paper bag. One closet is half-filled with unopened mail.

"The only thing Bill doesn't save are press clippings."

He subscribes to a clipping bureau which sends him any newspaper or magazine item that carries his name. He looks at them and throws them away.

"I want to know what's going on but don't want to keep a scrapbook," he says.

"The way I see it, if I'm more successful as time goes on, I won't want them. And, if I flop, the clippings will only make me feel bad."

The chance of Bill's flopping is so remote it is ridiculous. The VIPs in the business expect Bill to be one of the biggest names in radio and TV. And, if that means his pay will be delivered in two-ton trucks, it's a little frightening to think of what might happen. With a million bucks in loose change, Bill might really make headlines.

"Of course, where would I put a dirigible," Bill asks meditatively. "Although maybe I'll put it over the Brooklyn Bridge and moor it over the river."

There is no cure for Bill's shopping malady. Carol knows this and merely keeps her fingers crossed when she sees the new window.

The other day he asked her to pick up a copy of Yachting Magazine. She did and noticed he was reading only the end pages. Carol watched as he peeled a shoulder and saw advertisements of boats for sale—not rowboats or dinghies, but sloops and yachts and cruisers.

"Well," she observed quietly, "here we go again."

"I'm not serious about buying a boat," Carol crossed her fingers.
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**Tuesday**

- **Local Programs**
- **ABC Reporter**
- **Jackson & The News**
- **You And The World**
- **Curt Massey**
- **Lowell Thomas**
- **Taylor Grant, News**
- **Elmer Davis**
- **Space Ranger**
- **Edward R. Murray**
- **Beulah**
- **Junior Miss**
- **Jo Stafford Show**
- **Edward R. Murray**
- **People Are Funny**
- **Mr. & Mrs. North**
- **Johnny Dollar**
- **2nd Precinct**
- **Ronnie Turner**
- **Robert Trout, News**
- **Cedric Adams**

**Wednesday**

- **Local Programs**
- **ABC Reporter**
- **Jackson & The News**
- **You And The World**
- **Curt Massey**
- **Lowell Thomas**
- **Taylor Grant, News**
- **Elmer Davis**
- **Lon Ranger**
- **Edward R. Murray**
- **Beulah**
- **Junior Miss**
- **Jo Stafford Show**
- **Edward R. Murray**
- **FBI: In Peace And War**
- **Dr. Christian**
- **Playhouse On Broadway**
- **9:25 News**
- **What's My Line?**
- **Stuart S. S. Louis**
- **Robert Trout, News**
- **Cedric Adams**

**Thursday**

- **Local Programs**
- **ABC Reporter**
- **Jackson & The News**
- **You And The World**
- **Curt Massey**
- **Lowell Thomas**
- **Taylor Grant, News**
- **Elmer Davis**
- **Lon Ranger**
- **Edward R. Murray**
- **Beulah**
- **Junior Miss**
- **Jo Stafford Show**
- **Edward R. Murray**
- **ABC Playhouse**
- **Romance**
- **GE Summer Theatre**
- **On Stage**
- **The American Way**
- **Horsehead**
- **Robert Trout, News**
- **Cedric Adams**

**Friday**

- **Local Programs**
- **ABC Reporter**
- **Jackson & The News**
- **You And The World**
- **Curt Massey**
- **Lowell Thomas**
- **Taylor Grant, News**
- **Elmer Davis**
- **Lon Ranger**
- **Edward R. Murray**
- **Beulah**
- **Junior Miss**
- **Jo Stafford Show**
- **Edward R. Murray**
- **Adventures Of Michael Shayne**
- **Platterbrains**
- **Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons**
- **Mr. Chumley**
- **Music In The Air**
- **Donald Richards**
- **Alfredo Antonini**
- **Capitol Cloakroom**
- **R&B News**
- **Robert Trout, News**
- **Cedric Adams**
## Inside Radio

### Saturday

**Morning Programs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Howdy Doody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>News Summary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Rentford Valley</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Farming Business</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>My Secret Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Coast Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>11:20 Holland, England</td>
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### Afternoon Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Man On The Farm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Fifth Army Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>National Farm And Home Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>U.S. Army Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>2:20 Headline News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Georgia Crackers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Bandstand, U.S.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Sports Parade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Marine Hall Of Bands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Stars In Action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>U.S. Army Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>All-Star Parade Of Bands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Big City Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Arthur Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Key To Health</td>
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### Evening Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Dance Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Country Editor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Al Heffer, Sports Pentagon Report</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Own You Go</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Talent, U.S.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>20 Questions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Virginia Barn Dance</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Grand Ole Opry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre Of The Air</td>
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### Sunday

**Morning Programs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Jack Arthur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>News, Bill Cunningham</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>The Eternal Light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>The Great Fraud</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Women Want To Know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>American Forum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Songs Of The Wild Climbing Ranges</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Cortez At Large</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Youth Brings You Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>NBC Symphony</td>
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### Afternoon Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Stars In Action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>College Choirs</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>5:00 U.S. Army Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Treasure Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>5:15 Big City Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Key To Health</td>
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### Evening Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Bob Conditmus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Meet The Vagabonds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Monday Morning Headlines</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Juvenile Jury</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Treasury Varieties</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>UN Series</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Little Symphonies</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Tony Martin Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>The Golden Fleece</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Best Plays</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Enchanted Hour</td>
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<table>
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<tr>
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<td>MBS</td>
<td>Tony Martin Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Jazz Nocturne</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Confess</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Answers For Americans</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Barrie Craig</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>London Studio Melodies</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Meet The Press</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Paul Harvey Alistair Cooke Science Editor</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Note:** The above text includes a schedule of programs broadcast by various networks from different time slots, including local and national programs, with a mix of music, news, and other entertainment segments. The schedule is divided into morning, afternoon, and evening segments, with specific programming blocks noted for each time slot.
NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 JULY 11—AUGUST 10

Baseball on TV

Pre-game Programs:
Happy Felton—30 minutes before Dodger games Ch. 9
Joe E. Brown—15 minutes before Yankee games Ch. 11

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>GAME</th>
<th>CHANNEL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sat., July 11</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun., July 12</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Washington vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues., July 14</td>
<td>2:05 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. Yanks</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs., July 16</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., July 17</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. St. Louis</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., July 18</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun., July 19</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinc. vs. Dodgers (D)</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues., July 21</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Milwaukee vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., July 22</td>
<td>8:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Yanks at Cleveland</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs., July 23</td>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yanks</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., July 24</td>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Milwaukee vs. Yanks</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., July 25</td>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinc. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun., July 26</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Milwaukee vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., July 29</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Cleveland vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thurs., July 30</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants at Milwaukee</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., July 31</td>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Cleveland vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., Sun., Aug. 1 &amp; 2</td>
<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Yanks at St. Louis</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tues., Aug. 4</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yanks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed., Aug. 5</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs., Aug. 6</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., Aug. 7</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., Aug. 8</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun., Aug. 9</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Post-game Programs:
Happy Felton's Talk With The Stars Ch. 9
Frankie Frisch's Your Extra Innning Ch. 11
Joe E. Brown With The Yankees Ch. 11

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6
In the cool of morning, Garroway comes to breakfast.

9:00 A.M. Margaret Arlen • 2
Beauty, housekeeping hints and other fem talk for milady.

10:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 & 6 (M-Th)
Robert Q-for-Qute Lewis provides Artie's Tuesday gang.

11:00 A.M. One In Every Family • 2 & 6 (M-Sat)
From sunny California, Dean Miller brightens up the morning as emcee of variety type audience-participation show.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Contestants in need get chance at $500, Warren Hull, emcee.

12:00 Noon Honeymoon & Groom • 2
Boy meets girl; boy loses girl; boy gets girl. Girl gets husband.

12:15 P.M. Love Of Life • 2 & 6
Serialized story of a woman, her career and personal problems.

12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Tense situations stretch family bonds in this daily drama.

12:45 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 & 6 (at 2:30 P.M.)
Absorbing serial starring Herb Nelson and Ellen Demming.

1:00 P.M. Journey Through Life • 2
Couples relate human interest events that contributed to marriage success. Tom Reddy emcees and quizzes for prizes.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
Garry gallivanting in variety with Durward, Denise and Ken.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 6 (M-W-F)
Rousing Bert Parks sparks this studio audience quiz show.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 2 & 6
Lush prizes of mink, trips abroad, free wardrobes with hubby on quiz spot. Randy Merriman emcees; Bees Myerson, hostess.

3:00 P.M. Break The Bank • 4
The show that has paid off two million in cash continues giving it away with Bud Collyer giving, Win Elliot as host.

3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show • 5
Great comic comedy as Paul, Andra Lewis and Sid Camp pantomime and dance to pop recordings. From Zinzzinatti.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4 & 6
Engaging Tommy Bartlett engages travelers in chat-chats.

4:00 P.M. Time Out For Fun • 4 & 6
Fran Allison, famous as Kukla's friend and Aunt Fanny, in summer series that subs for first half of Kate Smith Show.

4:30 P.M. Ladies Club • 4 & 6
Johnny Dungan emcees variety from Hollywood.

4:30 P.M. Ted Steele Show • 11
Two hours of great pop music that goes to your head and feet.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4
Humor and strong story line in this daily drama from Chi.

6:30 P.M. Tex And Jinx • 4
Fascinating interviews and picture-features mark this show.

7:30 P.M. Douglas Edwards With The News • 2
Late evening headlines and news stories with brisk commentary.

7:30 P.M. Eddy Arnold • 4 (T, Th)
Eddy subs for Dinah Shore with Western and hillbilly songs.

7:30 P.M. Eddie Fisher Show • 4 (W, F)
The sensational young balladeer with Don Ameche as host.

7:45 P.M. Chesterfield Show • 2 (M-W-F)
Vocalists Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberle carry on for Comco.

7:45 P.M. USA. Canteen • 2 (T, Th)
Chirpy Theresa Brewer hits the high notes as Jane Froman hits the high road for a well-deserved vacation in the sun.

7:15 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
John Cameron Swayze's TV newscast of the day's big events.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Bob And Ray • 4
The comedy duo lowers the boom in rib-tickling satire.

7:30 P.M. Opera vs. Jazz • 7
Lovely Nancy Kenyon referees musical title bouts that feature concert and opera stars against big name pop singers.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen Show • 2
Situation comedy as Gracie confuses Georgie.

8:30 P.M. I'm The Law • 5
Sleek, slick George Raft in tough-guy adventure series.

8:00 P.M. Homelde Squad • 7
Whodunits starring suave Tom Conway as Inspector Mark Saber.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
More of Moore as Garry heads up his lively talent showcase.

9:15 P.M. USA. Canteen • 2 & 6
Reed Hadley as Captain Braddock.

9:30 P.M. Masquerade Party • 2 & 6
Genial Bud Collyer emcees this delightful guess-who show.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
The full-length theatre continues with a summer stock company.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2 & 6
Studio One, incognito, with cool entertainment for hot nights.

10:30 P.M. Who Said That? • 4
Quiz quotes from the news. Walter Kiernan queries panel.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Beulah (Louise Beavers) runs the Henderson housekeeper turns stormy domestic situations into uproarious comedy.

8:00 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4 & 6
Knee-pants panel parries Jack Barry's barrage of questions.
**TV program highlights**

*Wednesday*

7:30 P.M. *Date With Judy* • 7
Teen-age star Mary Linn Beller creates hectic, hilarious havoc.

8:00 P.M. *Godfrey And His Friends* • 2 & 6
Big name stars fill Godfrey's shoes as emcee in a glittering variety hour featuring Marie Marlowe, Frank Parker, others.

8:00 P.M. *Married Joan* • 4
Joan Davis in zany situation comedy. Reruns for the summer.

8:30 P.M. *Music Hall* • 4
Gay, lilting, delightful show sparked by Patti Page. Alternate weeks, Cavalcade of America's stirring documentaries.

8:30 P.M. *Straw Hatters* • 5
Popular Johnny Olsen leads a good-time revue from Palisades.

8:30 P.M. *Chips Smith* • 7
Dan Duryea as dashing soldier-of-fortune in the Orient.

9:00 P.M. *Strike It Rich* • 2 & 6
The show with a heart pays hard cash to worthy contestants.

9:00 P.M. *Kraft Theatre* • 4
Fine performances are the rule here in adult TV drama.

9:30 P.M. *The Hunter* • 2
Keith Larsen in title role of mystery-adventure series.

9:30 P.M. *Wrestling From Rainbo* • 7
Wayne Griffin, from his foxhole, describes the muscle men.

10:00 P.M. *This Is Your Life* • 4
Ralph Edwards' unique and emotional surprise TV biography.

*Thursday*

8:00 P.M. *The Best Of Groucho* • 4 & 6
The funniest of the past season's You Bet Your Life with madliber Marx. On non-inflammable film, of course.

8:30 P.M. *Four Star Playhouse* • 2
Excellent half-hour dramas filmed in Hollywood. Alternating weekly with Tales Of The City, new series featuring the stories of Pulitzer-Academy winner Ben Hecht.

8:30 P.M. *Breeze Of A Lifetime* • 7 & 6
Competition-spiced telecasts as personalable Dennis James presents young professional entertainers and a guest celebrity.

9:00 P.M. *Lux Video Theatre* • 2 & 6
Romance and/or comedy in this fine 30-minute film series.

9:00 P.M. *Braget* • 4
Jack Webb continues to put the squeeze on criminals but in film reruns of the past year's most exciting adventures.

9:00 P.M. *Treasure Hunt* • 5
Sigmund Rothchild's fascinating appraisal of old relics.

9:30 P.M. *Big Town* • 2
Headline adventures of reporter Steve Wilson (Pat McVey).

9:30 P.M. *Ford Theatre* • 4 & 6
Dramatic fare to take your mind off the boiling weather.

10:00 P.M. *My Little Margie* • 2
Little Margie played by not-so-little but yes-so-pretty Gale Storm in situation comedy co-starring Charles Farrell.

10:00 P.M. *Martin Kane, Private Eye* • 4 & 6
Suspense unlimited but Kane (Lee Tracy) gets his man.

10:30 P.M. *Foreign Intrigue* • 4 & 6 at 11:00 P.M.
Outstanding espionage series filmed abroad by Jerome Thor.

*Friday*

7:30 P.M. *Stu Erwin Show* • 7
Frolics with Stu and his wife, June Collyer.

8:00 P.M. *Ghost Chasers* • 2
Spooks replace Mama for summer.

8:00 P.M. *Dennis Day Show* • 4
Laugh-inspired situations with Dennis as the harried bachelor.

8:30 P.M. *First Edition* • 1 & 6
Fred Coe produces live drama while Riley (Bill Bendix) rests.

9:00 P.M. *Playhouse Of Stars* • 2
Big names in drama adapted from stories of top-notch writers.

9:00 P.M. *Doorway To Danger* • 4 & 6
Sinister, suspense drama summer-subbing for The Big Story.

9:00 P.M. *Life Begins At Eighty* • 5
Riotous, unpredictable, oldest panel. Jack Barry as emcee.

9:30 P.M. *Earn Your Vacation* • 2
Quiz show gives away two weeks here and there.

9:30 P.M. *Double Or Nothing* • 4 & 6
It's all or nothing at all in the famous, super-charged quiz.

10:00 P.M. *Twin Cities* • 7 • 5
Ever popular radio-TV game with Jay Jackson.

10:30 P.M. *Down You Go!* • 5
Chicago's grand contribution to panel shows with Dr. Bergen Evans, Toni Gilman, Carmelita Pope, Robert Breen, others.

*Saturday*

7:00 P.M. *Stork Club* • 2
Sherri Billingsley visits you in his glamorous Cub Room.

7:30 P.M. *Larry Storch Show* • 2
Bud Collyer emcees as couples try tricky stunts for prizes.

8:00 P.M. *My Hero* • 4 & 6
Versatile comic Storch with plenty of laugh-provoking ideas.

8:00 P.M. *Saturday Night Revue* • 4 & 6
Reruns of last year's humorous episodes in the life of Robert Benchley, bumbler, played by Robert Cummings.

8:30 P.M. *Original Amateur Hour* • 4 & 6
Talented amateurs get their big break. Ted Mack, emcee.

9:00 P.M. *This Is Show Business* • 2
Panel-variety headed by chipper Mr. Fadiman.

9:00 P.M. *Saturday Night Revue* • 4 & 6
Reunited headlines of a Manhattan steno (Elena Verdugo) supported by Florence Halop as Mama; Mary Kaplin as Alfred.

10:00 P.M. *Medallion Theatre* • 2
Premiere July 12 of new dramatic show produced by William Spier recently noted for his achievements on Omnibus.

10:30 P.M. *Private Secretary* • 4 & 6
Ann Sothern as the pulchritudinous secretary.

*Sunday*

2:30 P.M. *Hollywood Off Beat* • 2
Melvin Douglas stars as tough, sophisticated private investigator, Steve Randall, in Hollywood-set mystery thrillers.

3:00 P.M. *You Asked For It* • 7
For youth of all ages, tingling, colorful, big-ring variety.

7:00 P.M. *Bye Bye Ludlam* • 7
Art Baker's answer to the public's demands for the unusual.

8:00 P.M. *Toast Of The Town* • 2 & 6
TV's king-sized, spectacular variety, headed by Ed Sullivan.

8:30 P.M. *The Big Pay-Off* • 4
Giveaway show subs for Comedy Hour.

9:00 P.M. *GE Theatre* • 2
Dramatic series starring Hollywood names subs for Fred Waring.

9:00 P.M. *TV Playhouse* • 4 & 6
Your big Sunday theatre with live, superior teleplays.

9:30 P.M. *Rocky King, Detective* • 5
Assorted criminals are the target for Roscoe Karns.

9:30 P.M. *Arthur Murray Dance Party* • 2
Mrs. Murray, Kathryn to you, fences sparkling, gay variety.

10:00 P.M. *The Web* • 2
Plots that tangle with suspense, Jonathan Blake, narrator.

10:30 P.M. *What's My Line?* • 2
Surprises and chuckles on this guess-your-occupation show with John Daly, plus Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen, others.
Mr. Amateur Hour

(Continued from page 31)

persevere. After his mother died, the aspiring musician was raised by his father, a railroad engineer. And, when he decided to master the saxophone, he was warned in no uncertain terms that, because his father had to sleep during the day, he must confine his musical efforts to the closet.

A lad who would volunteer to teach himself to play the saxophone in a lightless closet can do just about anything. and that's what millions of people believe about Mr. Amateur Hour, Ted Mack.

This sax-playing youngster is today the beloved conductor of The Original Amateur Hour. His comforting voice, his mild manner, his understanding way, have guided thousands of talented amateurs, who have proved as inspirational as the millionaires of the show's viewers and listeners.

Daily an avalanche of letters strikes Ted's office—letters asking for advice, offering thanks for guidance, radiating warmth, making him a confidant. This proves bewildering to Ted, who has never attempted to be philosophical, to offer guidance, to spout patriotism, or to be all-knowing.

Yet the letters pour in by the tens of thousands. A Columbus, Ohio, lawyer writes: "You have one of the finest all-American programs on the air, and your attitude and conduct do more for Americanism than all the speeches of our senators, representatives, and educators combined...."

A St. Louis woman, who's hopeless of race, creed, or color, tells everyone so sweet and nice, I just can't help admiring you and wish there were more men like you.

A pathetic letter comes from a Kansas City, Missouri, girl. Her mother, sixteen-year-old brother and she had attended an Original Amateur Hour radio-stage show there a few weeks before. The brother had been enraptured by Ted and the performers. He spoke of the show most of that night and the next day—when he was killed in an auto accident. Would Ted kindly write a letter to the mother, enclosing a picture? It would mean so much.

A full-time staff works continually on the letters—letters which share intimate details of personal lives, tell of loneliness meant only for the ears of a close friend, express gratitude for a word of cheer which has lifted the spirits. "I don't know how this kind of response to our entertainment began," Ted comments, in a voice which is as gentle off the air as on. "Perhaps people sense that, in trying to put the amateurs on the right course, we're giving courage also to the folks seeing and listening, for everybody has some unrealized hopes."

Ted knows all about unrealized hopes and dreams because the course of his own life has not been smooth. Yet success hasn't changed him, and his universal appeal may well be due to the fact that the average man is able to find in Ted's words and actions simplicity and genuineness which strike close to home. Ted knows well the aches that beset the average heart, for he has experienced so many of them.

Mr. Amateur Hour was born William Edward Maginian in Greeley, Colorado, on Lincoln's Birthday, 1894. Shortly afterward came his first heartache, the death of his mother.

Determined to get an education, he worked his way through school, and, no longer confining his sax to the soundproofing of a closet, he organized his own orchestra in high school. Later, at the University of Denver, where he studied

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Music was now a vital part of Ted's life. The Maguiness orchestra (he was not near enough to Maguiness to develop a friendship with the lead man) made its immediate hit, and Ted's solo numbers wowed the audiences. Because he was faced with the small problem of earning room and board, orchestra engagement became a necessity, and he had to forsake college for a more practical education in the school of hard knocks.

The ambitious musician, resembling many of his contemporaries in that he was whom he helps today, never failed to take advantage of every opportunity. It was this will that carried him through some rugged days. Ted had gone to work about struggling musicians who, on empty stomachs, strove for recognition. In his early bands there were such eager young fellows as Glenn Miller and Matty Malneck. Later Ted played in Ben Pollock's band with another young hopeful, Benny Goodman.

It was at this point that maestro Mack found himself on the West Coast, where he organized another orchestra. But there was something which made this one quite different from his previous groups. He had taken on a partner—a partner who has been called, and joined with him for the past twenty-seven years. Her name was Marguerite Overholt. Though she and Ted had been school-day sweethearts in Denver, they had not heard from each other in three years. Their reunion took place in San Diego, where Marguerite was teaching school and Ted was playing a theatre. There they were married.

They lived in hotel rooms for the next twenty years, often just a few jumps ahead of starvation. Marguerite insists today that she would not trade their experiences.

Marguerite and Ted made a wonderful team, which always proved to be a calming influence on the rest of the troupe. They laugh now at the recollection of the stormy night when a little band of "gypsies" would slide its way around a dangerous mountain road to play an engagement at an Arizona mining town. As they always did, Ted and Maguette set off in the wrong direction, cutting their way through the sheets of rain that engulfed them. Marguerite was driving, while Ted was catching a cat nap in the back seat to remain fresh for the next show. At the highest ledge, the car began slipping.

"Dearie," Marguerite said quietly, as she held her foot on the brake, "could you get out and put a stone behind the left rear wheel?"

Ted rubbed the sleep from his eyes, but it took him only a second to wake completely. He looked out to see the rear wheel only a half inch from a drop into nothingness!

The crisis that followed the next day was a little harder for Ted to remember. According to the very prayerful couple, the troupe's fan dancer had shaken her way right into some young man's heart at their last stop and had decided to settle down as a homemaker. When Ted and his band, en route to a mining town greeted the troupe—minus one fan dancer—he yelled, "Your act is canceled!" Miners liked their fan dancers, he explained ruefully, and the troupe was worthless to him without one.

Trouble-shooting Ted, with his usual alacrity, shot through the town's muddy streets as his school band. He had the art instructor turn his entire class to making a large cellophone fan with corsks inserted between the leaves to keep them in place.

"This really was the beginning of progressive education," Ted insists.

Now he needed was a dancer to get behind the fan. After much persuasion, the wife of one of his musicians bravely made her debut as a fan dancer.

The troupe depended on Ted, and he never let them down. There was the time they were snowbound on a mountain pass, and there were plenty of times when they didn't have enough money for breakfast. But, somehow, he always pulled them through.

It was after their mountain experiences that William Maguiness became known as Ted Mack. Ted was a nickname which his childhood pals had stuck with him, and he liked it. But the name Mack was not of his own choosing. Ted had the opportunity to play the waterfront city of San Pedro, California, but the job called for someone who could give and take the rough wisecracks tossed up by the sailors. Because the troupe had developed the inconvenient habit of eating three meals daily, Ted accepted the job.

When he and Marguerite arrived at the theatre, opening night, their hearts sank. On the marquee was "Ted Mack And Band." Ted fell upon the manager. "I thought I was booked in here. Now you have somebody else!"

"Take it easy, son," replied the manager. "I couldn't get 'Maguiness' on the marquee. Besides, no sailor in this here port could pronounce a name like Maguiness. I gotta have an ordinary person with an ordinary name. And Mack it's got to be."

The handsome emcee decided not to worry about the sailors out front. He did what he has always done. He merely acted himself. The sailors liked his easy manner as he introduced the acts, and soon the theatres put in a bid for this quiet, easygoing guy who wasn't afraid to face an audience.

Despite good bookings, Ted's troupe could not stay ahead of their costs, and it was in Columbus, Ohio, that the troupe finally ran out of money. Ted's personality extended itself even here, and the manager not only gave him credit but loaned him $500 more.

"If it never occurred to us," Marguerite explains today, "that we could have lessened our trouble by reducing the size of the troupe. Ted never wanted to give less than the best."

The movies were next to call upon the serial impresario's talents. At M-G-M, he directed the orchestra in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Beat the Band."

All this time the maestro had been guiding his orchestra to development of his talent, never dreaming that this would be his greatest achievement. This forte was recognized by one Lou Goldberg, who was sometime the manager of Ted's life. Goldberg was general manager for the many traveling units of Major Edward Bowes, who had originated The Family Hour. About two years later, the Original Amateur Hour, for which Ted was internationally famous. Goldberg grabbed Ted up as a talent scout and developer for the Bowes organization.

It was a year or so later when Lou Goldberg informed Ted that some of the Major's old group thought they could revive the Original Amateur Hour. They wanted Ted to take the helm.

The man who had bravedly faced rough audiences of miners and sailors, who had bathed in mud for many times, was, frankly, plain scared.

"Just be yourself," Goldberg advised Ted could not help but be himself. Since was instantaneous, and four years later the show was priced at three million dollars!

On the road, the show is a sellout, with the entire proceeds going to charity. And recently the show has eighteen 150-foot units and direct twenty-six G.I. talent shows in twenty-six days, each at a different place behind the front lines. For this, he was named a general on behalf of the American chairman, General Maxwell Taylor, commander of the Eighth Army. Then Ted rushed to New York to resume his television broadcasts—The Original Amateur Hour.

With all this success, Ted Mack is still restless. He worries that he is not doing enough for the people who have faith in him. He is troubled with a sense of responsibility. He not possession of all the wisdom his many followers think he does, when they write to him for advice. Ted has never pretended to be anything but an entertainer, but he believes that a man must constantly improve himself. Therefore, he is always torn between the desire to devote all his time to expanding his activities with the answer, to retire to his small home at Irvington-on-Hudson.

Still somewhat shy and completely unassuming, Ted heads for home and loving Maury. The Shows must go on, and no meeting or broadcast doesn't keep him in town. The man's photo is the most charming picture in the garden. They celebrated their wedding anniversary by planting new bushes in the yard.

"We've always wanted this—the home, the garden, the trees, the quiet," Marguerite says with a smile. Everybody songs that a guy raised in the confidence and peace of soul, I believe. Perhaps Ted, in his sincere, quiet manner, is a confidante people trust. He surely knows what trouble is. The man and his troupe is a great deal to a person if he can accept it as part of his education and development."

After many years of struggling—not without their warm and humorous moments—the determination and faith which Ted called forth in teaching himself to play the saxophone, and which he has imparted to teaches, have brought the dreams to fulfillment, just as he has made the dreams of so many others a reality.
Lili Darvas

(Continued from page 40)

mother said no, Cook would see that we got them just to see our faces light up.
She probably thought a few cookies more or less didn't matter, and she wanted us
to be happy.

"All of these things came flooding back
into my memory when I began to create
the character of Hannah. So she is very
real. A wonderful person. Someone you
can love, and admire."

As Mrs. Norris, on another daytime
radio serial. When A Girl Marries, Miss Darvas must make herself into a com-
pletely different type of woman. "Mrs. Norris
is a cultured older woman, well
groomed and well educated, in contrast to
Hannah's lack of formal education and
of polish. Remember how, in Hilltop House,
Hannah must ask a child to help her when
she has to write a letter, because her
spelling is so uncertain? Mrs. Norris, of
course, has no such problems, but the two
women have one thing in common. It's a
kind of goodness, although each expresses it
quite differently. A need to be helpful
to those in trouble. And it is interesting
to see how it is expressed by two such
cultured types of women. It makes them
both so challenging to play."

Watching Miss Darvas talk about these
women, with whom she has such a deep
sympathy that she can portray them with
a rare understanding, her own warmth
and her interest in everything that goes on
around her are apparent. She is an intense
woman, with reddish-blonde hair and
hazel-green eyes, and every inch the ac-
tress. Mature, yet youthful, simply dressed
but with the chic of the Continental wom-
man who has traveled all over the world
and knows how to choose and modify the
fashions that best suit her. Yet she is
a woman who loves home and perhaps ap-
preciates it more than other women do,
because it was long denied her.

"I have been in the theatre since I was
sixteen," she reminds you, "and only after
I arrived in New York, in 1935, did I at
last have a real home. Other women may
dream all their lives of living in apart-
ments and giving up home responsibilities
as families grow up and conditions change,
but I dreamed always of settling down
somewhere with a few good friends around
me, creating my own kind of
home."

Her European career as an actress, be-
gun in her home city of Budapest against
the wishes of her family, had been fos-
tered by Max Reinhardt, who starred the
lovely and talented young actress in his
famous theatrical productions in Berlin
and Vienna and the other great cities of
Europe. Playwrights created some of their
best works for her—among them Ferenc
Kisimár, whom she later married and who
died a year ago. Lili fled from Vienna,
where she was appearing in a play, when
Hitler's armies began their march. After
her arrival in America, Lili appeared on
Broadway in Maurice Evans' production
of "Hamlet," in the George Kaufman-
Edna Ferber play, "Bravo," and in many
others.

Work on the American stage and in
radio and TV at last allowed Lili to have
the home she always wanted. The living
room of her apartment reveals her passion
for fine old things, all the reminders of
the life that used to be. Contrasted with
these is her bedroom, thoroughly twen-
tieth-century modern in furnishings.
Nostalgia for the old is only one side of her
nature. The other side is an attempt to
live in the present and today's
things today. The dining portion of her

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81
Living room has a table, the pedestal of which is a desk from her childhood home. The chairs are fine examples of Biedermeier, of a richly dark old Hungarian wood. Here the girl of a fine old sofa, upholstered in dark green. An antique tall clock, little tables, chairs, lamps and ornaments are from her old European travel, to be sold in her travels. The predominating color note is green, in a deep, restful shade.

The bedroom is all light color, even the wood of the furniture. A modern bed is recessed between the walls, a garish thing which flanks it on each side. Dressing table, chests, chairs and stools and lamps are all strictly America 1933. So is the compact.

Strictly America 1933 are the housekeeping problems, also. Like all women who have interests outside the home—and one doesn't have to be an actress, of course, for this to be true—Mrs. Davis has had to learn to apportion her time and energy to handle both jobs as well as possible.

"I am a very orderly person by nature," she explains. "I would like everything to be completely tidy. I dream of being a perfect housewife. My two regular programs, Hilltop House and When A Girl Marries, take just so much of my time and I can plan the rest. I know I can do at home, at what must be left undone. But then I get a television role, or a play, and the schedule is all off. If it's a role on a TV drama, there are rehearsals and promptings, and line things to be studied. There are always such roles and Hallmark Theatre, Studio One, the Robert Montgomery show, Lux Video Theatre, Kraft Television Theatre, and many others. They are wonderful opportunities, but I find myself so busy with these things, I shut my eyes to the demands of my home. Somewhere in my day, I have made the time to do these chores, to overhead to travel in her travels. The predominating color note is green, in a deep, restful shade.

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the Marion family, but sometimes has the upper hand—especially in settling arguments. "Not only does Virginia look after both the house and little Richard, but she listens to my lines, criticizes the show, helps me watch my diet with special dishes, remarks on Charlie's writing."

It's possible for Elena to be temperamental. Good-naturedly temperamental, that is. Her uprisings don't last more than a few seconds and they are generally directed at Charles when they both come in from work. These brief bubbles of excitement fail to last more than a few seconds, for Virginia has her own special way of settling them.

"Now Mizz Marion," she says, "you're just tired. You sit down for a minute and I'll tell you about Richard's day."

Since late 1952, the role of Millie Bronson has become part of Elena. "At first I couldn't see it," she explained. "I didn't think the part was for me. In fact, I tried to sell our director, Bill Manhoff, and Harry Ackerman, our CBS executive, my friend Joan Shawlee. 'She's just the girl for it, Mr. Ackerman,' I said. I really think you should give the part to her."

"But that wonderful Mr. Manhoff said, 'No, you're the one for the part, Elena,' and so I was working again."

"I'm so identified with the part now," she said, "that kids always call out, 'Hello, Meet Millie,' or 'Hello, Millie Bronson.' The neighborhood children don't know I have another name."

The advent of Meet Millie brought other changes to the household, too. Elena learned (again) that Charles wasn't cut out to be the business manager of the family. "When we were first married," she said, "I found out he'd been a bachelor too long. Came the first of the month and he ignored the bills. Pretty soon I was getting calls from the creditors."

"So I took over. I think it's better that way. A man has other details to look after."

But last Christmas I was so swamped with Millie that Charlie took over the finances again. All went well (I thought) until I started getting those old calls from creditors. 'Charlie, my boy,' I said, 'the time has come—'

It was then Elena's mother stepped in to help manage the finances. "Charlie's happy. I'm happy, and the creditors are delicious!"

Elena and Charles, with their own brand of cheer and optimism, are letting the future take care of itself. "We're working toward our own home and brothers and sisters for Richard, but we don't make a production of anything. We just live together happily, and don't take things too big."

Their seventh wedding anniversary, which they celebrated last March 24, illustrates their easygoing attitude. "What do you want to do, honey?" asked Charlie.

"Gee, maybe we should have the gang over. You know, Joan and her husband, Sydney Miller, and Howard Leeds, Fran Osborn and Chuckie Bradley. Have a terrific party!"

"Maybe we should go out to dinner and a night club," suggested Charlie. "A real evening on the town."

"As it turned out," laughed Elena, "we had reservations at three different places. We were going to outdo ourselves. Only what did we do? We stopped at a neighborhood restaurant, ordered some spare ribs to go, came home, took off our shoes, and curled up on the couch to enjoy our ribs."

Whether it's the night of a seventh wedding anniversary, or just an ordinary evening, the lights of the little house on the bay, cozy street shine with happiness. For good cheer and love inside—and love doesn't call for a big production.”
Somewhere
I'll find him

By BELLE JONES

It was almost seven o'clock. In the big apartment building that backed on my little garden, lights were twinkling on and I could see movement in kitchen and dining-room windows—maids moving around, mostly, because the apartment my boss, Verne Massey, had found for me was in one of the more expensive neighborhoods of New York. That was one reason it never seemed quite like home. With the way the living room opened onto its garden, and with one or two small things I'd brought from back home, I could sometimes make myself think it was homelike enough. But at other times it didn't take much to bring tears of lonely homesickness to my eyes—times when I let myself admit how empty my existence was without Lorenzo. This could be one of those bad times, if I let it. Times when the longing for Lorenzo was almost unbearable...

No! Turning my back on those cozy scenes across the way, I busied myself in the kitchen and when my dinner was ready I set myself a place at the small table before the fireplace. There was even a centerpiece of violets to cheer me up—violets Verne had brought back to the office for me after lunch. I was just finishing my coffee when the doorkbell chimed. It was Verne Massey who smiled down at me when I opened the door—a smile that faded at once into worried reproof.

"Belle Jones, how often have I told you to ask who it is before opening your door? My dear, your small-town hospitality is out of place here in New York. May I come in for a moment?"

"Of course, Verne." I closed the door behind him and guiltily put the chain on. Verne put aside his hat and shook his head at me.

"That's like locking the stable door after the horse is stolen." He really looked concerned.

"But the horse is still here, Verne! I mean—nothing has happened to me."

"But something might." Verne looked at me reproachfully. "I wish you'd give up this whole apartment idea and come up to Westchester like a sensible girl. Rhoda and I have so much room in that house, and I felt so much more secure when you were with us."

I sighed. Verne and his sister had done so much for me, since I'd come to New York looking for Lorenzo. But Verne couldn't see that that was precisely why I couldn't accept any more from them. Ever since he'd first heard of the Joneses, Verne had been doing things for them. It was Verne who had found Lorenzo lying near death beside the road, that night so many months ago, and who had sped him to a New York hospital in his car and saved his life. It was Verne who had given me strength and encouragement when we realized Lorenzo's memory was gone... and it was Verne who had been beside me ever since that dreadal day when the hospital told us Lorenzo had somehow found his way past nurses and attendants, and disappeared into the vast, crowded city as completely as though he'd been swallowed up.

Searching for a chance to get off the subject of myself, I asked Verne if he'd had dinner.

"I'll have some of that coffee if you've any to spare," he said.

I passed him the coffee (Continued on page 88)

Lorenzo Jones, NBC Radio, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, for Fab and Colgate Dental Cream. Pictured at right, in their original roles, are Karl Weber as Verne Massey, Lucille Wall as Belle Jones, Arline Blackburn as Helen Stevens.

If love means anything, then, as surely
as we loved, someday a life together would be ours again!
"But your new play is such a great success. How can you worry about that and start a new one at the same time?"

Verne laughed. "You don't know much about the theatre, Belle. It's like any other business. If you don't come out with something new next season as well as this one."

Timidly I took the official-looking stack of manuscripts. "But I'm no play-reader, you see. I don't know anything about the theatre—I've told you that all along."

"But you're learning fast, my dear. You have a fresh outlook. I think I can make you understand the relationship between these two things. Next time I want to do something fresh, off the beaten track." His gray eyes flashed with sudden mischief. "Something Helen wouldn't like, probably."

"I don't want to do anything like that!" I studied Verne, trying to make out his tone. Helen Stevens' success as the star of his new play gave added brilliance to both their careers. I couldn't understand the relationship between these two things. Helen knew how to play it. I couldn't have succeeded, but I could try.

"How are you and Helen getting on these days?" As though she'd expected we weren't getting on at all well.

Verne left, he made promise to go and find out. It did me a secure feeling. As Verne often reminded me, if my suspicions about Lorenzo's disappearance were justified—if the gang of jokers who kidnaped him to try and make something out of it was true—then the other day:

"How are you and Helen getting on these days?" As though she'd expected we weren't getting on at all well.

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"How are you and Helen getting on these days?" As though she'd expected we weren't getting on at all well.
her there was no need to apologize. "Verne has explained to me about actors and temperament," I smiled. "Besides, I think you're right. Verne had no right to let me read those plays. I'm not equipped for it."

Helen's face clouded. "As far as Verne Massey is concerned, you can do no wrong. Honestly, Belle. I've never seen him like this. He's neglecting his office, he never sees his friends... he's constantly on the phone to that Sergeant Rooney down at headquarter in case some derelict they've picked up might turn out to be—oh, Belle, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way."

I tried to smile. Helen went on in embarrassment, "I only meant he's even willing to risk ignoring the police to help you. They—they're still working on it, aren't they? On that story you gave them about the gang of jewel thieves Lorenzo got mixed up with back in your home town?"

"They say they are." I sighed. All along they'd said they were. Were they just kidding me, like Verne? All that mixture of face and fear and conjecture I'd poured out... Pierre Olivet, the jewel thief Lorenzo had done so much to expose. The gang that might for all I knew be nationwide, international even, and that certainly knew of Lorenzo's activities... and the frightful night when Lorenzo disappeared from our home, to turn up wounded on the road along which Verne's car was traveling, facing New York. The even more frightening disappearance from the hospital... men lost their memories every day. Amnesia, they called it. Could that be what was keeping Lorenzo and me apart? Or was it more sinister... something to do with that gang...? "... and so," Helen was saying, "the only excuse I can make for myself is that I'm not used to doing without Verne. We used to see a lot of one another, Belle, before you came to town. I—extremely fond of Verne. I thought he was of me, too."

"Oh, he is! How can you doubt it, Helen? Verne adores you! He thinks you're the best actress—"

"Oh, that." Helen shrugged. "There was a time when I thought he might... Her eyes narrowed as she help wondering just why he's giving you so much time. No doubt he doesn't know himself, Men!" She shrugged again. "Don't mind me, Belle. I know you're utterly devoted to your husband, and I honor you for it. Now let's talk of other things."

We did, but I didn't give them my full attention. I was wondering how I had managed in the past to avoid the sudden, certain knowledge that now stared me in the face. Helen was in love with Verne, and was feeling lonely and neglected because he'd become so absorbed in the search for Lorenzo! It was daylight-clear, now, that for this reason her temper was so short, her nerves so unreliable. And I had to do something about it! I owed it to them—to Verne and his sister and all the friends who'd been so kind to me in my trouble. Verne, I told myself, was too used to working with Helen to see her as a woman, apart from their association. What could I do to get him back through the veil of habit?

When Verne came in from lunch he glanced at my frowning face and said briskly, "Here, here, none of that. I don't like that dejected look making lines between your eyes. Eyes like yours should never—well, never mind. I've got a project that will make you sit up.

I couldn't help laughing. He sounded as if I were a kindergartner who might get into trouble if she wasn't productively occupied every single moment. But Verne was quite serious. He had decided that I, and I alone, must take on the redecoration..."
of his town house. What an opportunity!

"That beautiful place? That lovely brownstone. Verne, where your sister Rhoda asked me to tea one day and was so sweet to me, when I first came?" My lips parted in pleasure. It was the handsomest old place I’d ever been in, and I remembered at the time how Rhoda and I had agreed about the old, dingy furnishings not doing it justice. "But I’m not a decorator, Verne. I might—why, I might spoil it and spend a lot of money and not make it the way you’d want it at all—"

"Belle, Belle, Verne interrupted, "I’ll be completely exasperated if you don’t stop underestimating yourself. Don’t you know yet that you’re a woman of uncommon taste and sensitivity, and that everyone who meets you sees it at once? You’ve got qualities you’ve never exploited, young lady, and I intend to see they’re not wasted.

And that’s that."

Laughing again, I echoed, "All right, that’s that. But I’m still scared. . . ." Even as I protested my thoughts grew busy.

Taste and sensitivity . . . if he admired them so much, wouldn’t it be the simplest thing in the world to show him that Helen Stevens had them in full measure? Suppose I got Helen to help me do the house—no, to do it herself, so that from attic to cellar it would be the expression of her own personality? Verne needn’t know till it was finished . . . and then, when he admired it, I’d tell him whose taste he was really admiring.

I had to leave several calls around town before one of my messages finally reached Helen. When I heard her voice I found myself a little shifty, wondering if she would balk at the small deception of Verne that I was proposing. To my joy, after the first surprise, she was as excited as I was. "If you think we can get away with it, Belle, of course I’ll do it." She laughed musically. "Candidly, there have been times when I’ve wondered if you weren’t—well, putting on a bit of an act with Verne. The clinging, helpless vine, you know, so he’d feel like Atlas himself. Belle, I’m abject. A woman who could do what you’re doing for me is just as simple and sweet and honest as a woman can be." I started to speak, but she went on, "You’ve taught me a lesson, Belle. I hope I don’t forget it. There are such things in the female world as straightforward fairness. Darling, I hope you find your husband soon. You deserve happiness if anyone deserves it."

Between annoyance and a kind of amused resignation, I hung up. Verne had told me once that actors were some-
times as irresponsible and mercurial as children—down one moment, up the next. I couldn’t seem to get used to it. I was always taking them . . . well, Helen . . . much too seriously.

So began our curious partnership. Helen’s tastes and my own didn’t often agree, but that was all right. . . She was almost sure to have better taste than mine. Helen Stevens was certain to know better than Helen Verne. I should make a town house in New York a fittingly handsome setting for a man of Verne’s stature. And his wife’s. . .

For there was little doubt in my mind that I should be sharing it with him as our plan began to ripen. They were so right for each other!

I had almost forgotten about the play when Verne called me in one afternoon and said he’d read it. "The two or three spots haven’t a quarrel in the world with it. I think it’ll make next season’s biggest success. With Helen Stevens as Pegges."

My spirits soared abruptly. "Oh, dear. Does she know yet?"

Verne shook his head. "That’s where you and I are going to be as clever as two hardened connivers, Belle Jones. Between us, we’re going to win it. And in it, she’ll want to do this play. Don’t ask me how—but we’ll do it."

He began his campaign to take Helen out to the most expensive, exclusive restaurant in town. "The place makes a point of its quiet, old-world charm," he told me as he set off. "Even Helen would think twice before throwing a scene in that atmosphere. And when she’s sitting there, unable to screech or strike me, I’ll get her to at least agree to read the play."

"Are you taking a copy with you?" I asked, marveling at his optimism. Verne nodded.

"The copy you made on thin paper. It makes an inconspicuous bulge." He patted my hand tenderly. "I can see the way to it but if things look hopeful. If they don’t—I’ll hide my time. Wish me luck!" He went off with a mischievous glint in his eye. It was another light entirely that I wanted her to have in Verne Massey’s eyes. I must help it to come about! Love was too precious to go begging. . .

Verne had some special guests, Cana-
dian friends, coming to the performance that night. I must come back to the Falstaff after dinner. That was how I happened to be around when Helen came storming in. The very sound of her footsteps telegraphed her angry spirit to everyone in the office doorway, eyes flashing, mouth grim.

"You certainly have done it, haven’t you!" she flared at me. "You’ve taken us all to the cleaners! Simple small-town girl indeed! How did you get Verne so you can wind him around your little finger?"

"Helen, I don’t know what you’re talking about."

Terribly disturbed, I tried to control my own anger.

She waved a manic envelope in my face. This—this thing you call a play? Is it the most expensive thing? Verne must be right out of his mind to think of putting it on. It’s rank amateur stuff—New York audiences will laugh it off the stage! Does he want to ruin his career and mine?—all because you’ve bewitched and confused him so he doesn’t know where he is any more? I will not have it! You listen to me, Belle Jones, this is your last warning. I will not have it!"

"I will not have it!" she threw, at that she turned and I heard her heels clicking angrily toward her dressing room.

I was almost at Helen’s dressing-room door before I realized she was not alone. She was talking to Peter Wintrop, for a fraction of a second I paused—and yet it was in a way the longest pause of my life. I heard Helen say sharply, "Peter, I don’t be so exactly silly. Are you trying to tell me she doesn’t know? Look, dear, I’m a woman, and I know what women are capable of—don’t tell me she doesn’t know Verne is head over heels in love with her! Know it!—Why, she’s using it to make him jump through hoops, that’s how much she knows it!"

I heard Peter reply unhappily, "Verne’s just a kid, Helen. His wife’s deep in love with her husband she doesn’t know other men are on earth, not as men. You’re unfair—"

"She’s unfair! Belle’s unfair, not me! Kerri’s been away from his friends. Making him run all her errands with the police and what-not, and now this—this thing! This so-called play! I tell you she wants to be the power behind Verne’s throne, that’s what Peter! She has no more hope of finding her husband than you have, Peter, and she’s lining up Verne against the future! If I only knew how she did it, I’d have done it, too."

I heard no more. Face flaming, ears ringing, I got back to the office and sat helplessly as waves of revelation washed over me. It couldn’t be true. It couldn’t. Verne—my husband? When he knew that all my heart and soul were dedicated to the search for my husband? When he—of all people to whom I’d talked so frankly—stayed away somewhere quiet and comforting where none of these people could touch me—where I could be myself again, plain Belle Jones, and think as myself. Decide as myself.

I don’t think I was fully aware of the outside world until the next morning.
when I found myself walking down familiar Main Street, drinking in deep breaths of the tree-scented air just as Lorenzo and I used to do every springtime. I hadn’t forgotten the night before, but the details were all dim in my mind—the telegram to Rhode Island and Verne in Westchester so that they wouldn’t worry, just telling them I’d gone away to think something out—the quick trip to Grand Central, the sleep snatched as we jolted along upside down home ... that was where I knew I had to go. Where I’d been Mrs. Lorenzo Jones. Where life was simple because standards were clear and simple. Where I could know just what I had to do.

Eagerly I gazed at familiar landmarks, the diner, the Bradford house, oldest in town. We had the small park where Lorenzo and I sometimes sat on Sunday afternoons on our way home from church, to watch the children playing ... It was almost as though once again I wasn’t walking alone. I’d been right to come here! Here Lorenzo was with me! Perhaps here was where I ought to stay! Wouldn’t it be best that way—to give up New York, come back here, get away from the new pressures and jealous emotions of the dynamic people who surrounded me there? Get away from Helen’s misunderstanding ... and Verne’s feeling for me, which even in my secret mind I couldn’t call love.

The sun reflected sharply off the windows of the supermarket as the manager rolled up the awning, and I shut my eyes against the glare. Suddenly, in the dimmed moment, I heard Lorenzo’s voice. “Belle darling, you’re wrong. Go back,” he said. The words filled my whole being with sound that had nothing to do with my ears. I heard them in every fibre. “Go back to New York. Don’t run away. Only in New York is there a link with me, with my disappearance. Don’t let new problems drive you away. Life demands facing new problems, darling. It means growing and maturing and learning all the time. You can learn to live there. You can even learn to answer the problem of Verne, if there is a problem. I trust you, I have faith in you. Don’t run away from life. Go back. Keep searching. Belle. Keep searching. Don’t let anything make you stop.”

You say I imagined it? I won’t argue. But my heart and I knew I heard Lorenzo’s voice. And I would heed it.

Turning, I began the walk back to the hotel. It was all I must and could learn to live with all the new problems, new people, that life brought me. I must keep growing so that when Lorenzo and I found each other again I would be a better person than the one he’d lost, not bitter, fearful, worn out with brooding. Why, if Verne was right—if the play was good, and if it was produced—there was even real work waiting for me in New York, a real career to help keep my life meaningful while I continued my search. I began to walk more briskly; now I was in a hurry to get back. Even the shock that had driven me away seemed less dreadful now, more exaggerated. Verne in love with me? No, not love. There was no real love unless two shared it, returned it to each other. Even if what Helen said was the least bit true, I could make Verne see that. And when I found Lorenzo again we would all be friends, the very best of friends. When I found him, no matter what the others thought, it was when and not if. I knew Lorenzo was somewhere in the world. If love like ours meant anything ... and I knew it meant everything ... then as surely as we loved I would find him again.

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unfortunate than she anticipated, since it throws her once more into contact with her former fiancée, Gil Whitney. Pursued by threats and gossip, Helen is painfully aware that Gil’s wife Cynthia is determined to wreck her career in Hollywood. Will Gil be able to help? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY When Bill Roberts’ new paper, the Banner, opened its campaign to expose the gambling racket that was growing so powerful in Springdale, Bill knew he would be running into a fight. But he is surprised when he begins to uncover the trail that leads directly to a bigger underworld operation than he suspected. Will Bill persist in spite of the danger to his family? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Another aspect of the newspaper business—and a most unexpected one—involves Stan and Terry Burton as two rival social factions decide to spur culture in Dickstown with a series of summer concerts. What begins as a pleasant, unimportant news item takes on a very different aspect as Stan’s mother, unable as always to remain on the sidelines, tries to run things her way. M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella, back in her sewing shop while her plans to marry Arnold King are postponed during Arnold’s convalescence, becomes deeply concerned over the problem faced by her daughter Laurel. Laurel and her wealthy husband, Dick Grosvenor, are anxious to buy a home of their own to escape the domination of Dick’s mother, but their efforts depend on Hanley Fraser, whom Stella distrusts. Is Stella’s instinct correct? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Young Grace Sargent has not only involved herself in criminal activities but has led her friend, nurse Nora Drake, into grave danger through her association with Cass Todero. On the point of confessing the whole truth about Todero to Nora, Grace wavers when the young racketeer agrees to turn his back on crime if she will come back to him. Does he mean it, or is something worse ahead for Grace? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Mark’s final breakdown reveals a cruel truth to Wendy—that her love for her neurotic, brilliant husband may have been the most harmful factor in his life. Will she be able to keep her own feet on the ground until the time comes to re-examine all the events of her marriage? And when the time does come, will she discover she must face the future with hope and determination . . . or with resignation? M-F, 12 noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Even though Joan and Harry Davis have been reunited, the deadly trails of evil left on their lives by Donald Brady and Claire O’Brien cannot be easily erased. Desperately, Joan continues to fight for the happiness she and Harry once had, the happiness she is sure in her heart can be regained if their faith and courage can be maintained. But will the enemy prove unexpectedly and fatally resourceful? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The Carters are a large family and James and Jesse Carter are used to being called on to help in almost every kind of problem it’s possible for children to bring home to their parents. It’s hard for them to get out of the habit, even now when one of the children is an eligible bachelor, while another an independent young wife, and all the others more or less grown up. But how do the children feel about this being helped? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Elderly Dr. Paul Browne regards it as a sickness that he cannot forget he once hoped for marriage between his daughter, Mary, and his beloved young friend, Dr. Jerry Malone. Under the strain of her pregnancy and her apparently dying marriage to writer Ernest Horton, will Mary herself remember the time she was so desperately in love with Jerry? And what of Jerry himself, who seems to have quite forgotten it? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown has always feared that her two children might complicate the marriage to which she and Dr. Anthony Loring have looked forward for so many years. Now the crisis is faced by her friends, Norine and Herbert Temple. confirms Ellen’s worst fears as the Temples’ daughter Sheila creates a situation that may wreck several lives. Will the Temples’ ruined marriage affect Ellen? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

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longing the winter. His letters were pleasant, never complaining. But that was his nature. And I would go on answering the door, always apprehensive, then thankful to God that there was no bad news.

It was the last week of March and the children were in the house with me when the telegram arrived.

Deeply regret that your son, Pfc George F. Hart, is missing in action since March 26, 1953, in performance of his duty and in service of his country. Realizing your anxiety but details not available. Letter follows.

I can’t possibly describe my emotion. I know I broke down completely. Thereafter my heart cried constantly.

We prayed to God—all of us, and all of our friends. My husband’s fellow-workers were praying for George. My nieces and nephews and all of our relatives held masses for George. We prayed that he was alive and that he was missing only because he had been captured by the enemy, not killed. His letters were now returned to us unopened and we stopped writing him. I think that was bad, too. There was a finality to it.

“What can we give you for Easter?” my daughter asked.

“You can’t give me what I want.”

“Now, Mother, tell us what you want.”

The only thing I wanted was Georgie’s return.

In the meantime, my nineteen-year-old son Russell had been called before the draft board. His induction was postponed until June of this year in deferment to our grief. Then it was on April twenty-second that I was on the phone talking to George’s godmother. And I was crying.

“I know George is alive,” she said. “Let me read something to you.” And she quoted from the Bible: “I have traveled many places and seen many things. I have suffered by these things and sometimes faced death by these things but I have conquered by the grace of God.”

I prayed with her over the phone.

Three nights later I was sitting on the sofa, watching Douglas Edwards report the news on TV. Fifteen more American prisoners had been released and he began to read off their names. I was tense, and he was through the fifth name and the tenth. As he read off the twelfth name, I clasped my hands and prayed, “Oh, God, let him say Georgie’s name.”


I fell to my knees and thanked God.

That was the happiest day in the life of my husband and myself. We had been given back our son. Shortly afterwards we had a telegram from General Mark Clark confirming George’s return as a prisoner of war.

I JOIN IN YOUR PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING THAT YOUR SON PFC GEORGE F. HART HAS RETURNED FROM THE ENEMY AND WILL SOON BE WITH YOU.

The next night George was on the phone from Tokyo.

“I’m all in one piece, Mom,” he said. “Don’t worry.”

I broke down. He told me he had been dreaming of my strawberry shortcakes. I told him I would have three for him. Then his father and brother and sisters talked to him on the phone.

I think it was sometime in the next week, when we were a lot calmer, that we thought of writing Break The Bank. We were thinking it would be wonderful if we could get some money for George so he would have a good start as a civilian. We asked for tickets for my husband, daughter and myself. We got them for Monday and Thursday. On Sunday, the third, George arrived at Mitchel Air Base in New York.

There were sixty of us, relatives and friends, to meet him. George came off the plane on a stretcher, wearing blue hospital pajamas. He was all grins and smiles at being home.

We went to the hospital with him. He had been hit by bullets in the hand and one leg, and shrapnel in the back, but he was going to be all right.

And after he had told us all, we told him about our going on Break The Bank, hoping to be contestants and win some money for him. He was very sweet about that but as sensible as ever. He would not have been disappointed if we had won only ten dollars.

Well, we were picked out of the studio audience for the show. I think everyone there wanted that for us, when they heard about George. We were the three, Marilyn, my husband and I, to be quizzed.

Bud Collyer said, “In these troubled times, people turn to the Good Book for guidance and comfort, Mrs. Hart, and so our questions will mostly be taken from the Bible.”

I know that we got the answers to the questions among the three of us, but my husband and I were so nervous that our fifteen-year-old had to speak for us. We answered three questions that day.

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Garry Moore—Be True to Yourself

(Continued from page 33) says Durward Kirby, "is that we're friends here. All the corny things people are re-istant to talk about are present in this show: loyalty, dignity, understanding. That's why Garry makes it!"

Ken Carson says ditto, Denise backs it up, and so do the others. "I've seen the boys in the orchestra and the wardrobe. Garry himself, no victim of false modesty, owns up that things run smoothly on the show. He is the first to admit that he didn't learn about loyalty and dignity through perversity and bad luck. The rags-to-riches story isn't his, for Garry's parents were very well-off. He has never suffered as the stooge of a prima donna, for since he was nineteen he has starred or co-starred on every show. With the exception of one summer, he hasn't been out of work in nineteen years."

Garry's afternoon show is now one of the most successful in all of TV, and one of the reasons, Garry believes in human dignity, and respects the fragile bit that is sometimes called ego or self-respect.

"That was one of the things my father taught me," Garry says. "That, and to know yourself and to be honest."

Denise Lor says she would remember Garry even if he hadn't hired her. Auditioning for the jobs was a frightful experience. She'd walk into a studio and stand by a microphone, while the people doing the hiring sat in a black-paneled glass room. They could see her, but she couldn't see them.

"It was like being in a strange room," she says, "knowing that people are staring at your every secret peephole."

She auditioned for the same type of studio for the Moore show. However, before she sang, a man came out of the black booth.

"I'm Garry Moore," he introduced himself. "I'm sorry we have to listen to you in this kind of set-up, but unfortunately there's no other way. Just take your time, and don't be afraid."

Afterwards, Garry came out again, thanked Denise and explained that, when they finally made up their minds about whom they would hire, and when and how, they would let her know. A little thing, but important to Denise for, being at ease, she sang well enough to get the job.

Then Ken Carson has a story to tell. He had worked with Garry in Chicago and California. He was invited to come East and work on the new video program.

Ken had done some TV in California but not in the grand way Garry's variety show is staged.

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Ken had done some TV in California but not in the grand way Garry's variety show is staged.
his confidence went far in helping Garry to conquer his career problems.

"Jimmy is one of the greatest comics of all times, yet the greatest lesson he has to teach is in humility." Garry goes on: "Humility is the modest sense of one's own significance. When a person has that, you can bet he's aware of others' problems and handicaps."

The way Garry sees it, people are, at times, a little intolerant.

"You wouldn't get irritated if an amputee couldn't keep up with you," he says, "but you might blow up just because someone is grouchy. There is usually a reason just as real to account for bad humor."

Denise insists that Garry can read minds. She has come to a rehearsal upset by illness in her family. Garry seems to be right in tune with her brain waves and is over to discuss it and help with a solution. If, on the other hand, she is worried about her singing, he is likely, at the right moment, to say, "I was looking at some film clips of you, Denise. Gee, you look and sound wonderful."

Another of Garry's characteristics is his directness. He's star of the TV panel show, I've Got A Secret—but Garry himself hasn't got any.

Everyone in the cast is always kept informed of the exact business status of the show. Last October, for example, he was told that CBS was thinking seriously of replacing his afternoon program with a giveaway show. Garry was asked to emcee it and he turned the job down.

He got a call together and said, "Look, kids, don't buy any yachts this week."

Then he told them the whole story.

Garry was completely honest. After all, the loss would be primarily his. For fourteen years, he had been trying to build just the kind of show he has. He didn't want to emcee a quiz, giveaway, night-time variety or comedy show. He wanted his show "as is." He had failed in the attempt to build the show before, and he might fail again, but he didn't want to give up easily.

Garry didn't say all these things, because he wasn't trying to twang heartstrings. What he did tell the cast was that things looked bad and they were free to get other work before the ship foundered under them.

"No one left," he said. "Now, that is the kind of loyalty that goes with real friendship."

"It's gone," says, "as is." He had failed in the attempt to build the show before, and he might fail again, but he didn't want to give up easily. Garry didn't say all these things, because he wasn't trying to twang heartstrings. What he did tell the cast was that things looked bad and they were free to get other work before the ship foundered under them.

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Of course, Garry told the TV audience a little about his sponsor troubles, too. The audience is in on much of the business end of the show. He can't help being honest and, for this reason, he's occasionally on the spot.

Garry sometimes has an open forum on his show in which the audience is free to ask questions of the cast.

A woman asked one day, "Why did you stop emceeing Take It Or Leave It?"

"I was fired," Garry said. Later he told a friend, "You know, that didn't really hurt me—and suppose there was someone watching the show who had lost a job that week? Imagine how much better he felt to know it can happen to anyone."

Garry's an even-tempered man. In all the years he has worked with his friends, he has never raised his voice.

"When some emcees get into rehearsal," Durward says, with customary humor, "you can see smoke coming out of their ears, nose and mouth."

But Garry, whether he feels good or bad, remains soft-spoken. He intrudes as little as possible in the work of the cast. Ken and Denise pick their own songs and, if they want to try something a little different, Garry encourages them. Ken says, "I've been told by others, 'If you're going to try something new, do it on your own time.'"

This doesn't mean that Garry never criticizes the cast and doesn't run the show. It's all in the Moore touch, the way he goes about it. And it's always good for the person involved, as well as for the show. He intrudes seldom, because he has faith in the cast.

"But there's another side to it. Look at the burden that puts on their shoulders," he says, "each one knows he is personally responsible for his success or failure."

That, of course, is what everyone wants and Garry knows it. People who have studied and trained and worked their way up in show business like to be treated as a team, not a dog act. And, for this, the Moore cast is grateful.

"Look, it's true that we get along well," Garry says. "I don't lose my temper. I'm not tough on others. But I'm no tin god, either. I'm not perfect, and I know that any of us, if we don't face our frailties, we endure what we must and improve what we can."

He takes a deep breath and says, "This is the way my father taught me, and this is the way Shakespeare said it:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

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Teen's Are a Time to Learn

(Continued from page 60) sightseeing guide on Times Square. He sells tickets for the prom we have at our school, P.C.S. (Professional Children's School, where Joey is a freshman), which was held at the Hotel Plaza. It was a one-date thing—nobody else, because Pat was a boy friend. It was a formal date, too, me in my tux and Pat in a red dress with a hoop skirt thing. I went out to her house to call for her and met her folks and had a real pretty Port Royal Park Avenue. At the Plaza, we danced. We did a little jitterbug. A little rhumba. A little samba. A little mamba. The Charleston, too. And we laughed. Between dances we drank punch—no, not spiked. None of the girls in my class smoke but, sure, they take a drink—Cokes,” Joey laughs, "gingerale, Seven-Up. We order our drinks ‘on the house’.”

"After the prom at the Plaza, we went to the Copacabana. Most of us, including me, had never been to the Copa before so it was a kick. Jack Carter was there that night. He recognized me (made me feel real 'Mr. Big!') and started kidding us fellows about our tuxes: 'Have to get 'em back, don't you,' he called over, 'by night o'clock in the morning.'"

Joey’s very first date—before the steady, the two-and-a-half-year steady date began—was with a girl he met when he first went to P.C.S., three and a half years ago. Of this date Joey said, in reminiscent vein:

"I had this one girl I liked a lot. She used to sit next to me and help me with my homework. Used to call me every night, too, and 'hear my lessons' over the phone. The first time we went out, which was the first time I went out with any girl, I took her to an amusement park. We rode the roller-coaster and ate popcorn but spent most of our time at the shooting-gallery. I love shooting-galleries more than anything."

I remember that I took one of my dates to see 'The Man,' in which I alternated playing a part with Josh White, Jr.—he played the role for two weeks, that is, and then we switched for a couple of weeks. Some fellows would think, Man, this is a crazy, mixed-up way for a guy to impress his girl by taking her to see another guy in his play!"

"After the theatre is fun, too. Mostly I take my dates to the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue, where all the TV and theatre folks hang out. Milton Berle, for instance—'(Uncle Miltie is, by the way, a great fan of Joey’s) "and all the ball players hang out there, too. Rizzuto," Joey said, as if relishing each syllable of the great shortstop’s name, ‘Yogi Berra, and all."

Now and then Joey likes to give a little party, four or five girls, for a Sunday afternoon at, say, The Bandbox:

"The Bandbox, Buddy Rich was there and 'Go, Buddy,' we yelled our lungs out, 'go, boy, go, man, go! He’s a great drummer,' said Joey, looking wistful—he can only play the plainer sort."

"Joey and his gang seldom if ever date at the bebop joints in the Village but Joey can talk bebop and tell bebop jokes, and does.

"Do you know," Joey inquires, "who the first hep cat was?"

"No."

Theodore Roosevelt. He was the first to say 'Dig that Panama Canal!'

"Then there’s the one about the bebop and his girl in the park. A fire engine goes by with sirens screaming and the bebop yells. Darling, they’re playing our

girls on different dates. Take my date with Pat O'Neill. Pat was a one-date thing for the prom we have at our school, P.C.S. (Professional Children’s School, where Joey is a freshman), which was held at the Hotel Plaza. It was a one-date thing because Pat was a boy friend. It was a formal date, too, me in my tux and Pat in a red dress with a hoop skirt thing. I went out to her house to call for her and met her folks and had a real pretty Port Royal Park Avenue. At the Plaza, we danced. We did a little jitterbug. A little rhumba. A little samba. A little mamba. The Charleston, too. And we laughed. Between dances we drank punch—no, not spiked. None of the girls in my class smoke but, sure, they take a drink—Cokes,” Joey laughs, "gingerale, Seven-Up. We order our drinks ‘on the house’.”

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"After the theatre is fun, too. Mostly I take my dates to the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue, where all the TV and theatre folks hang out. Milton Berle, for instance—'(Uncle Miltie is, by the way, a great fan of Joey’s) "and all the ball players hang out there, too. Rizzuto," Joey said, as if relishing each syllable of the great shortstop’s name, ‘Yogi Berra, and all."

Now and then Joey likes to give a little party, four or five girls, for a Sunday afternoon at, say, The Bandbox:

"The Bandbox, Buddy Rich was there and 'Go, Buddy,' we yelled our lungs out, 'go, boy, go, man, go! He’s a great drummer,' said Joey, looking wistful—he can only play the plainer sort."

"Joey and his gang seldom if ever date at the bebop joints in the Village but Joey can talk bebop and tell bebop jokes, and does.

"Do you know," Joey inquires, "who the first hep cat was?"

"No."

Theodore Roosevelt. He was the first to say 'Dig that Panama Canal!'

"Then there’s the one about the bebop and his girl in the park. A fire engine goes by with sirens screaming and the bebop yells. Darling, they’re playing our
song!" He has other stories too.
To the question, "When you date a girl, do you expect her to kiss you good night?" Joey said, "Yes, usually. All depends on where you leave her off; whether or not she's standing near to you—see what I mean? Yes, usually it's done. But, if not, no hard feelings!"

One of the perils of dating is, Joey considers, that if you meet a new girl and don't make any headway, she'll kid you for five weeks after!" In order to make honest way you've got to have a smooth line and, although Joey's line is smooth enough for maybe, he feels, Marilyn Monroe, it somehow leaves him dark lines. Blondes, alone, contains ANODII for extra lightness and shine, and INGROWN NAIL calls for BLENDOX today at 100's—drug and department stores everywhere.

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Meta's Guiding Light
(Continued from page 6)
both . . . the one named Ellen Demming Thompson—Mrs. Hal Thompson—who lives and laughs with her in their own charming home . . . and the one called Meta Roberts—the cast and the author are tops.

Ellen Demming herself feels as if she had lived on a television screen for a good portion of her life, because she was in TV in the early experimental days (on Station WRGB) in Schenectady, New York, the town in which she was born and brought up, a little ever since.

Meta Roberts, in The Guiding Light, is the first continuing dramatic role she has ever played. Ellen admires the woman she portrays, grows more interested in every day. She thinks the cast and all who work with her are tops.

"Although most of them were already on the program when I joined it, they never tired of it," she says. "They made me one of them, right from the beginning. Ted Corday, the director, was wonderful—kind and patient. What extraordinary patience that man has! Everybody else wishes he could be like him. And I've been within the audience, I think, for twenty years, and I've heard that one, or the other, of them, 'Bet I pull that line on every girl I meet. Now I've pulled in my line and settled,' Joey says, "for a good, plain old honest 'Hi'! It's going pretty good.

Joey's taste in girls, like his taste in places to date, is simple, also varied. A girl, to rate with Joey, doesn't have to be beautiful. He says so. She doesn't have to bring you any peculiar type, either. Except very feminine.

"Like the girls best when I see them in those full skirts," said Joey, "the girls think they're very becoming, I don't like girls in dungarees at all—especially with their fathers' shirts hanging down to their knees. A girl dressed like that, if you don't look close, you think it's another boy you're with! Some of them, too, and an old overcoat. Soon they'll be wearing Army boots. . . . My mom wears those full skirts, dresses real feminine, I guess that's why I like girls that way," Joey says.

"We're not looking for another Lassie, though—if that's no good, it's no sense. A certain goodness about a girl," Joey adds, thoughtfully, "is what I like best of all, I guess. And of course, I'm very happy when he goes to the movies and Eliz Taylor, hopes that he'll get a wife like that.

"Now that's what I want," the kids say, "a girl like that! That's all they want?" Joey ponders.

Joey thinks that when he is of marrying age he would like to marry an actress.

"Someone who understands my business," he says. "She can both go home and talk the same language. To speak the language would be, I should think, the most important way to make a happy marriage. But until I'm of marrying age I want it both ways with all kinds of girls, just as in my work—I well, I like anything I can get work at—the theatre, the movies, television."

And there you have him—Joey, the boy, who lives at home on New York's East Side, devoted to Mom and Dad; grateful, too: "When I wanted to be an actor at the age of eleven, Dad helped make it possible for me, because, the actor, who makes use of every experience, never regrets an experience, even a hurtful one, because somehow he knows that only by experience can an interpret life as truly, as deeply as—"
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Eddie Fisher's Life Story

(Continued from page 47)

picture on the front of the trolley cars all over Philadelphia. Once again, Eddie and Joe Carew Mountain, and they were having ten dollars a week, a piece, by then.

"Your picture," said Joey, "is all over the trolley cars. Right?"

"Right."

"It's got lipstick all over it, right?"

"Right."

"So you're popular, you should get more money."

Eddie's appeal was more romantic than Joey's was—and was a fine comic; he got the laughs, while Eddie reaped the sighs.

You could get even more money than I should get," Eddie said loyally. They Alphonse-and-Gaston-ed themselves back into the big shot's office, and emerged with eighteen dollars a week apiece.

To the music of solemnly.

Men of distinction, captains of industry, empire builders, financial wizards. Wasn't a girl in town they couldn't take for an ice-cream soda. It was good to be alive. The trolley was there. It was there. They and they don't go around talking of how they feel, but you sense it. When Eddie came to the Paramount this past spring, Joey went down and got his first Broadway appearance. When Eddie's got a sore muscle, Joey's there, massaging it. When Joey has a disappointment, Eddie bleeds.

Back in those Philadelphia days, before either of them were famous, there was a song-plugger, visiting Philadelphia, had suggested Eddie to a band leader named Buddy Morrow. Morrow listened, liked, hired. From Morrow, Eddie went to Charlie Ventura's band. Neither job lasted long. The experience was undoubtedly good for him, but Eddie didn't like singing with bands. "You had to sing what they wanted how they wanted it."

He was in the big city now, though, and he was starting to learn why not aim for a top spot? he asked himself. He'd audition for the Copacabana.

The year was 1947, the man at the head of the Copa was Monte Proser. There's been some publicity to the effect that Eddie sang four notes, Proser beamed, held up his hand, and cried, 'Sign here.' Actually—"I sang six songs, and Proser said there was some kind of a law that I had to be eighteen before I could work there, so I went to work at Grossinger's."

Grossinger's is a famous resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains, and it's said that Eddie first met a man named Milton Blackstone, who is in charge of public relations for the place (and who now is a Doctor of Philosophy). The minute he turned eighteen, Eddie marched himself back to the Copa, and joined the show there.

The engagement at the Copa gave him some of his first memories. Once he followed a whole bunch of stars, on a special celebrity night, and he was scared stiff to come out. Yet, when he started singing, he didn't really care. He couldn't even hear the ice clinking in the glasses. And, when it was over, there was Frank Sinatra, the idol of Eddie's childhood, winking, and doing a mock swoon and catch in his hands. Eddie actually sat at a table with Dick Powell and June Allyson—

In 1949, Eddie spent a morning talking to Bob Shirley, the manager of the Paramount Theatre. "It was always my ambition to sing at the Paramount," he said. 'I'd work for you for nothing."

He was that good. A few months later, and Eddie was hired at seventy-five dollars a week to sing, during intermissions. An organ would play, and Eddie'd sing two numbers with it.

Labor Day, 1949, he was back at Grossinger's, and there was a benefit program with Eddie Cantor headlining. Cantor heard young Eddie sing one song, anom- nounced "This is Joe," and quickly added, "This boy's with me on my tour," told Eddie. "Go home and pack," and they were off—to Omaha, Louisville, all over the country.

Cantor was with Eddie when he made his first appearance at the Paramount. Eddie finished his song, the red recording light went off, and the whole orchestra got up and clapped. They were seasoned musicians, they'd heard lots of locals, they weren't easily that. The applause and Eddie Fisher stood there wanting to cry, and Eddie Cantor stood there muttering, "I haven't seen anything like it in my life."

New Year's Eve of 1950, Bill Miller, who owns the Riviera, a night club right across the George Washington Bridge in Jersey, was having a private party. He wanted a song, and Eddie fished out the oldie, Eddie went to Milton Blackstone. "Yes?"

"Yes," Blackstone said. "You never can tell what a little thing like that will lead to."

For several months, that "little thing" led to nothing. Eddie did spot appearances around town. Then Fran Warren, who was supposed to open at the Riviera, got sick, and Miller called Eddie in. Eddie went to Milton Blackstone. "Yes?"

"Yes," said Blackstone. "No."

"Eddie," said Blackstone, "this is the chance of a lifetime."

"I'm not ready," Eddie said. "I haven't even got a tuxedo."

He grinned at his mother. "And, besides, I'm scared to death."

They brought him a tuxedo, rehearsed him for an hour, gave him a mighty show, and Eddie Fisher, knees knocking, went out on the floor at the Riviera and killed the people. Next day, he was a star.

His more recent story's better known. Two years in the Army, singing for troops in Europe and Korea, singing to aid the recruiting program, the blood plasma program, the defense bond program, singing to raise money to fight cancer and polo and muscular dystrophy, breaking attendance records everywhere.

A letter from Special Services Headquarters reported that Eddie was "a credit to the U.S. Army. His untiring efforts in entertainment of the American Forces were appreciated and lauded by all who came in contact with him."

Eddie himself said, "I feel only humility for honors I've received—the fighting men deserve them more than I."

The humility is real, not assumed. Out of the Army now, on top of the world, freshly through with his triumph at the Paramount, Eddie was getting a letter from another triumph at England's Palladium, with brand-new shows for Coca-Cola on both television and radio, his records selling furiously ("Any Time" has passed the million mark), Eddie was feeling a little big-headed that it's almost hard to figure.

Backstage at the Paramount, the phone rang constantly. Eddie was doing six shows a day, yet if the caller happened to be a kid from a hospital—or anyone he felt he had to cheer up—not Joey, not George Bennett, his public relations manager, not the United States Marines, could keep Eddie from grabbing the phone. You don't rest between shows you won't have any throat left, the doctor said. Eddie went right on talking.

One of the fans who got up to Eddie's dressing-room at the Paramount was a little boy. The Paramount opening was set for May 11, and the little girl was planning to be home in London on the thirteenth.

"Will you come to the show there?" Eddie asked her.

"I wrote to my mother," she said, "And my sister and my aunt. They can't get tickets, the Palladium's sold out both ways."

"Call me up when I get there," Eddie said. "I'll take care of it."

"You can," said the little girl. "The publicity sold out both ways."

"Yes," said Eddie. "You call me."

The little girl's eyes widened. "Who do you know?"

Another example of Eddie's and his fans' interlocking loyalty was displayed one rainy Saturday afternoon while he was still at the Paramount. That day, Eddie and George Bennett had their first and only fight.

The way it began, buddy-soxers were lined up in the street under Eddie's dressing-room window. The rain and the wind were around them; the cold was the kind that gets into your bones, for all that it was spring in New York. The kids were calling for Eddie, and Eddie got nervous. They're liable to catch cold," he said. "What can you do?"

Eddie opened the window, leaned out, argued with the kids for ten minutes. "Please go home," he yelled down. "You're going to catch cold."

George Bennett was in him. "What about you? Because your legs are inside, you can't get a sniffle in your head?"

"Listen," said Eddie, "if they think enough of me to come out there, I'm going to take care of them."

There's a room called the rehearsal hall up one flight from the dressing-rooms, and in two minutes Eddie was on the phone to the Paramount's manager. He had the rehearsal hall cleared, and then he had every kid in the street brought up.

The backstage elevator at the Paramount's built to hold eight people. Performers, musicians, agents, everyone has to use it, so there's enough traffic on it without any added strain.

Which didn't bother Eddie. Eight at a time. The kids piled up and guided into the rehearsal hall, and Eddie, still in his bathrobe, talked to them. "If you'll wait till I finish the next show, I'll be back. Ask any questions, autograph your books—"

Seven o'clock that night, his head started swimming. George got the doctor, the doctor shot Eddie full of penicillin and sent him to the hospital. Eddie was lying there sneezing, George asked. "You sure there's nothing you want to jump up and do for anybody this minute?"

The boy laughed. But, if he'd had it to do over again, he'd have done it over again.

He's got a voice, sure. But he's got more than that. He's got more than that. He's got a warmth, a genuine affection for people, a rare kind of simplicity. His voice made him a star. The other things will keep him one.
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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group
Martha Rountree

VERSATILITY and vitality symbolize the amazing person that is Martha Rountree. As busy as she is pretty, Martha, together with Lawrence Spivak, is co-owner and co-producer of the prize-winning public affairs program Meet The Press, which is heard and seen weekly on NBC radio and TV. Also to her proud credit is The Big Issue (also known as Keep Posted) and the long-popular Leave It To The Girls.

A Southerner at heart—born in Florida and educated in South Carolina—Martha’s avid interest in politics is not accidental. Her family settled in America in the early Colonial days, and she inherited from them the desire to maintain the liberties for which they worked and fought. However, Martha’s kinship with national affairs didn’t blossom right away. She christened her career as a newspaper reporter, then worked in a New York advertising agency, programmed a local radio station, worked on a trade paper, wrote stories for popular magazines, and was roving editor on the “American Mercury.” She also managed to be president of her own company, Radio House.

Then, one fortunate day in 1944, Martha met Lawrence Spivak, who was editor of “American Mercury” at the time. He asked Martha to write an article on the women’s vote in the Presidential election. During ensuing conversations, they hit upon the idea for Meet The Press.

Since then, Martha’s life has been more bustling than ever. In order to keep her many business enterprises on an even keel, Martha commutes weekly between New York and Washington. And, since 1952, she has also managed to be happily married to Oliver Presbrey, a well-known advertising executive.

On the social side, Martha is one of the most popular hostesses in Washington. And, in between all her goings and comings, she still finds time to help many institutions—such as the Girls’ Club of America, and the Women’s National Press Club.

Definitely a wonder woman! The South has every right to be burstingly proud of Martha Rountree, as do women all over the land—men, too.

Martha Rountree is moderator of Meet The Press—on NBC-TV, Sun., 6 P.M. EDT—on NBC Radio, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT.

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WHAT'S NEW FROM

by
JILL
WARREN

Recent marital news has been "make up" as well as "break up," so friends are still hoping for a reconciliation between Donald and Gwen O'Connor—pictured with daughter Donna in happier days.

NBC has re-signed Margaret Truman for nine guest appearances on both radio and TV during the 1953-54 season. This will be the third year that Margaret has been with the network, and there is a possibility that within a few months she also will have her own show. Most critics have agreed that she has improved tremendously since her first try at television, and even Milton Berle will say that she can ad lib with the best of them. Miss T. is said to be getting $4000 per television and $2500 per radio appearance. . . . Beginning August 31, Perry Como's CBS television show will be heard on radio also, via the Mutual network, Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. . . . 3-City By-Line is the name of a new fifteen-minute program which is heard on ABC Radio, Tuesday and Friday nights. It features three of the nation's outstanding syndicated columnists—Hy Gardner, Irving Kupcinet, and Sheila Graham—presenting intimate reports on glamour happenings in the East, Middle West, and on the Pacific Coast. Gardner reports Broadway news from New York, Kupcinet covers the entertainment scene from Chicago, and Sheila Graham handles the Hollywood doings. . . . If you've missed Stop The Music on television, you'll probably like
Good news for Your Show Of Show fans—Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar will be back this fall, despite the rumors.

TV show coming up for Jo Stafford, long a favorite on radio—whether in solos or duets with guest Bob Crosby.

Congrats from Arlene Dahl for William P. Marcum—the 26,000,000th member of Blue Shield Medical Care Plans!

For Margaret Truman, a new contract, and her own show?

the musical TV quiz called Name That Tune, which is on NBC Monday evening. The program is created, produced and conducted by Harry Salter, and features quizmaster Red Benson and vocalist Vicki Mills. There are cash prizes for studio contestants as well as home viewers. . . . A new television series produced by the TV-Radio Workshop of the Ford Foundation will be (Continued on page 12)
Man about Beale Street

NAT WILLIAMS, WDIA's popular deejay, was a familiar figure on Beale Street before he started working for the station. He brought with him a rich humor and down-to-earth philosophy which make him a friend to everyone. Although Nat doesn't consider entertaining his first vocation, his popularity on the three shows he does for WDIA indicates that his listeners certainly think otherwise.

Show business claimed Nat as far back as his school and college days during the latter part of the twenties. He had a great talent for producing and writing plays, and could have continued this as a career after graduation (with honors) from Tennessee A. and I. University. But, instead of pursuing a theatrical career, Nat took a job as news editor on the New York State Con- 

tender. In 1930, he returned to Memphis to combine his two careers as writer for a local paper and teacher of social science at Booker T. Washington High School.

Nat-the-showman came to the fore again in 1935, when he organized a Negro amateur show called Amateur Night On Beale Street. War came along, and Nat ended the amateur nights (after ten years) to take an active part in the nation's war effort as a public relations man in the Office of War Information.

Once the war was over, Nat returned to Memphis, where he picked up his career teaching school and writing for a local paper. It wasn't until 1948 that Nat joined WDIA with his afternoon Tan Town Jamboree. He admits that his first day scared him half to death, since he'd never tried being a disc jockey before. But he broke out his infectious laugh and the first thing you know he was a real favorite throughout Memphis.

The station added Tan Town Coffee Club to Nat's schedule and, on Sunday, he's back at the mike again for Brown America Speaks—one of the first Negro forum programs and the recipient of two national awards.

Nat's most devoted fans are his wife Lucille and his two little pre- 
school-aged daughters, Natolyn and Naomi. But plenty of other people love Nat, too. He's the most popular man on Beale Street.
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent method with "Instant Neutralizing!"

Amazing New Neutralizer acts instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer... far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different BRAND NEW Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!
A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.
A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair... makes it softer, more glamorous!
Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!
No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave... even on the very first day.
The best, long-lasting wave too!
Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed... plus extra glamour for your hair!

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

NOW! Party Curl Children's Home Permanent by Lilt gives far more natural-looking curls that stay lovely day after day. Nearly twice as fast to give as any leading children's home permanent! Refill, 1.50 plus tax.

Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!
Sally learns the art of spinning discs from a past master, Atlanta's popular Jimmy Harper.

For housewife Sally Bennett, a new career is

JUST BEGINNING

Though, to most housewives, running a home and keeping a husband happy is more than a full-time job, at least one homebody has decided to emerge from the sink-and-skillet set and try a new career. That the girl is pint-sized Sally Bennett and the new career is radio disc-jockeying comes as no real surprise to any of her friends in Atlanta, Georgia—where she's heard every day over WBGS—or in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, her home town.

It's no shock, either, to Sally's sales manager husband, Paul, who's gotten used by now to Sally's talent for always having a finger in more than one pie at a time. A former secretary, singer, song writer and model, Sally's many-faceted personality comes out at home, too, where she's as good with a tricky piece of needlepoint as she is with an apple pie. Says Paul with real admiration, "She's a very versatile young lady."

That's the opinion, too, of veteran discer Jimmy Harper, who's training Sally in her record-spinning chores on his show. Together they talk over records, and sing and play Sally's own songs. The fans have accepted the vivacious, blonde disc-jockey-in-training with so much warmth that Sally and Jimmy are hopefully planning several new shows together.

Meanwhile, Sally works hard, and pays close attention to the advice of her two favorite critics—friend Jimmy and husband Paul. She's just beginning, but both predict she'll go a long, long way.

At home, she relaxes in an informal Early American setting.
IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN!

MAKE EXTRA MONEY
SHOWING FAMOUS WALLACE BROWN

Exclusive, Greeting Cards

Famous Nationally Advertised Christmas and Everyday Box Assortments and Personal Christmas Cards

YOU DON'T NEED ANY EXPERIENCE AND WE SEND YOU SAMPLES

Here's the easiest and most pleasant way in the world to make the extra money you want! Simply show the lovely, exclusive assortments of Greeting Cards by Wallace Brown to your friends and neighbors! My, how fast they'll order from you when they see the gorgeous cards for Christmas and all occasions! You make more money with America's leading designs, amazing new, completely-different, original creations offered by no other company. Yes, balanced assortments of lavish, costly cards—gorgeous papers including suedes and parchment, jewelled "glitter", velvety "Rocking", novel folds and cut-outs—each assortment an eye-filling treasure and a money-saving value. Just wait until you see the many surprises! Mail the coupon below NOW for actual samples on approval.

Assortments Everyone Loves for Christmas and All Occasions—and Many Fast-Selling Gift Items Too!

You've never even imagined you could offer such wonder-values, all from one company. Only a few are listed below:

CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS: Besides those shown on this page you offer luxurious Golden Suede Assortment, Currier and Ives, "clocked" Christmas Velvet Assortment, Religious Scripture Texts, Gift-Wrapping Ensembles, unbelievably rich and exquisite Genuine PARCHMENT Assortment—and many others.

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS: Exclusive, high quality cards with name imprinted, at low money-saving prices. We ship direct to your customers!


GIFT ITEMS: Floral Stationery, Imported Napkins, Children's Books, Personal Notes, "Shakespeare Howls" Napkins, Novelties, many others.

Send No Money!

MAIL THE COUPON FOR THE BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES!

Don't send a single penny! Just your name and address on the coupon in this ad. Actual sample of the exciting, easy-selling "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment shown on this page—PLUS FREE SAMPLES of Personal, name-imprinted Christmas Cards—will be mailed to you at once, prepaid, with complete information and money-making plans. Mail the coupon NOW.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. E-186, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.
YES, AVA GARDNER 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
Plain as bread,” that’s how one of his friends describes hillbilly singer-songwriter Zeke Clements. Zeke is better known to his radio and television fans as the singing, strumming Man From Music Mountain.

Despite his success as a radio and TV star—first on New Orleans’ WDSU AM and TV, and now on Atlanta’s WSB AM and TV—and his many song hits—including last season’s favorite, “Just a Little Lovin’”—Zeke and his wife Helen have no more pretense about them than your next-door neighbor.

Helen and Zeke celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary in May. Their home life is simple, outdoorsy, and happy. They live in a thirty-five-foot trailer, and are real homefolks, who like to do a bit of fishing now and then, and raise dogs, and stick pretty close to the front doorstep. Helen’s pride and joy is her fancy needlework, which she shows off on Zeke’s cowboy shirts. And Zeke’s is his fabulous memory for Western songs, which he can reel off endlessly at the drop of a ten-gallon hat. It’s his pet boast that he knows enough songs to do his TV show (four songs a day) for a whole year without repeating a song or learning a new one.

Nice people, the Clementses from “Music Mountain.”
BE A HONEY...
CATCH A HONEY...WITH

Honey!

Lady Esther's fabulous
NEW POWDER SHADE

makes you look all a-glow

- Don't be afraid to try "Honey" no matter what your coloring. It's fabulously flattering... like no shade ever before. Not too dark... not too light—it gives your skin the most enchanting glow, like radiance from within. Don't wait till you've used up your powder. Start being a "Honey"... today!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

What's New from

(Continued from page 5)

introduced on NBC in September. Tentatively titled Junior Omnibus, the program will, in many ways, parallel the Workshop's present Omnibus. The new show is scheduled to be telecast for twenty-six weeks beginning early in September, on Sunday afternoons. It will be directed to the interests of young people from eight to sixteen years of age, and will cover the fields of science, sports, art, career-building and government.

Arthur Godfrey was much saddened by the death of his surgeon, Dr. Marius N. Smith-Petersen, who passed away a few weeks ago at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Dr. Smith-Petersen (Godfrey had nicknamed him "Smith-Pete") collapsed of a heart condition a few days after Godfrey's operation. Godfrey being the last patient he treated before his death. The surgeon's passing will not affect Godfrey's recovery, the hospital announced, because "a very able team of orthopedic surgeons which worked with Dr. Smith-Petersen will continue the treatment." From what is known at this time, Arthur may not have to undergo a second operation on his hip and may even be back at work, if only part-time, as you read this.

This 'n' That

Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca will definitely return to Your Show of Shows when it goes back on television September 5. However, the over-all make-up of the program will be changed considerably. Max Liebman, producer-director of the show, says: "We are going from format to no format at all, and the show's set-up will be so unpredictable that not even I will know what it will be like from one week to the next." Sid and Imogene both vaca-

Good news: Jack Webb, Dragnet's star-director, has reconciled with his wife.
Contrary to some reports, opera star James Melton is far from being retired.

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

**White Rain**

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
What's New from Coast

Jo Stafford [here with husband Paul Weston] will soon be seen on CBS-TV.

of the best-known writers in radio and television, has been signed to handle the script. So sad about the death of Barbara Britton's infant son. The baby died from respiratory failure when it was two days old. Barbara and her husband, Dr. Eugene Cukor, have two other children. Jack Webb, the star-director of Dragnet, and his wife, actress Julie London, have reconciled after a trial separation.

Dale Evans recently presented a check for $5,000 to the National Association for Retarded Children. The money represented the first royalties on her book, "Angel Unaware." It is a factual story about Dale's and Roy Rogers' little girl, Robin Elizabeth, who was handicapped from birth and died last year at the age of two. Dale wrote the book to help promote understanding of the problems of retarded children.

Country Washburne, the musical conductor of Curt Massey Time, was elected the honorary fire chief of Tarzana, California. But, according to Country, he only won because "votes from foreign countries counted five and an awful lot of my friends from Texas voted."

Following their smash performances on the 50th Anniversary Ford Television extravaganza, Ethel Merman and Mary Martin are both being deluged by video offers. NBC seems to have the inside track on getting them for a show, either together or separately.

Mulling the Mail

Mrs. A. T. G., Kansas City, Missouri: Yes, color television is definitely on the agenda of things to come and has not been abandoned. To the contrary, NBC is ready to go on the air with color as soon as the Federal Communications Commission gives its approval. . . . Mrs. R. A. M., Burbank, California: Breakfast In Hollywood was the radio show which was done for so long by the late Tom Breneman. Interest has been revived in the program recently, with NBC preparing a film on it in the hopes of bringing it back to television. . . . Mr. J. Y., Ft. Wayne, Indiana: Yes, you're right. Karen Chandler, who has done guest appearances on several radio shows, was not actually an "overnight" success, even though her record "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me," was a fast hit. You are correct in saying that she was around a long time as Eve Young and sang with several bands, including Benny Goodman's and Joe Reichman's. Same girl, same voice, so maybe changing her name did the trick . . . . Mrs. V. W., Bridgeport, Connecticut: Alan Bunce has played Albert on Ethel And Albert for a long time, but actually is the second Albert since the program first went network in 1944. The original Albert was Richard Widmark, who played the part for six months before he went on the Broadway stage. . . . Miss L. M., Chicago, Illinois: No, Julius LaRosa is not engaged and, to the best of my knowledge, does not even go steady with any one girl . . . . Miss D. J. H., Cincinnati, Ohio: Sorry, but I cannot print home addresses or phone numbers of radio personalities. . . . Miss C. T., Omaha, Nebraska: Snoopy Lanson, Bers Myerson and Dorothy Collins are all married; Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker are not married, but are good friends. . . . The Glee Club, San Antonio, Texas: CBS still owns the show, Songs For Sale, but Jan Murray has not been doing much radio or television recently. He has been making night-club and theatre appearances throughout the country.
Whatever Happened To . . . ?

James Melton, the well-known Metropolitan Opera tenor who has sung on many, many programs? Melton has not retired, as many readers thought, although he has made few appearances on the air in the past year or so. He recently played an engagement at the Thunderbird night club in Las Vegas and is booked for other clubs around the country.

Barry Wood, who was a popular baritone on radio and records several years ago? Barry gave up the performing side of show business to go into the creative, production end of television. He recently was the executive producer of the Kate Smith Show and has just been given a new job with a title of "color coordinator" for NBC, working on long-range color television programming projects.

Clayton Moore, who played the part of the Lone Ranger on television? I have checked repeatedly and have been unable to find out any information on Moore. Possibly one of our readers knows of his present whereabouts. If so, do write in.

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, on personal answers.

(Note: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel.)

Hidden "finger" panels smooth and support your figure in Nature's own way. Boneless non-roll top stays up without a stay. See the lovely textured latex outside . . . feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

New Playtex® Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is . . . a brief with all the figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle . . . a brief that gives you the figure and the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined. one piece and wonderful. It’s invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've ever worn a brief, see the difference. If you think you can't wear revealing playclothes, let Magic-Controller Brief show you!

Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief, $6.95
at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs. Playtex Living® Panty Brief turns your swimsuit into a slimsuit. $3.50

Playtex Pink Ice Panty Brief is a translucent sheath, pads dry with a towel. $3.95

Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. $4.95

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the $3.95 tube.

©1953 International Latex Corp’n . . . PLAYTEX PARK . . . Dover Del. Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada
Edna's DISMAL

PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain — it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know," explains menstruation (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. 8-93, Box 280, New York 16, N.Y.

Edna's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL

AUNT JENNY The names of the people in Aunt Jenny's stories may be unfamiliar, but the people themselves might be living right down the block, for everyday dramas just like theirs are being lived out in towns across the country. Aunt Jenny's town happens to be called Littleton, but her stories of love and misunderstanding, of courage and fulfillment, are really the stories of any Main Street, U.S.A. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Recognizing that the hacking of Roy Shepherd is dangerous to the welfare of Larry's show, Mary Noble hopes that her friendship with wealthy Lucius Brooks may offer a possibility of buying out Shepherd's interest. But the keen acting instinct that has made Larry a success on Broadway makes him certain that Lucius Brooks is not what he appears. What is Lucius Brooks really after? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY There seems little hope for young Alan Butler as the town daily becomes more certain of his guilt in the death of Elmer Davidson. Young Patty Dennis, who loves Alan, knows that she has all the faith and strength of her minister-father in her fight to learn the truth, but will even the Reverend Richard Dennis's experience and instinct be able to cut through the tangle of misunderstanding and misrepresentation? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE The last thing a young doctor wants is a reputation as a trouble-making eccentric. Julie doesn't feel that she and her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, deserve such a reputation, but the town almost seems to feel otherwise during their championship of the young ex-convict in whom they have decided to put their trust. Could the Palmers possibly be wrong? M-F, 8:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, ace crime reporter, strikes one of the queerest stories of his career when he is sent to cover the story of the death of a lazy man. Could an honest man have lived so well without apparent income? With the help of his wife Sally, David investigates every detail of the victim's life and arrives at the key to the secret when he realizes that it takes more than physical strength to commit murder. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT The long strain over Kathy eases as she slowly regains her physical and mental health after the near-tragedy of her child's birth. Her marriage to young Dick Grant approaches greater stability as another marriage undergoes its most serious trial. What will happen to Bill and Bertha Bauer with the collapse of Bill's business venture? How will the crisis intensify their emotional differences? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT. CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE The tragic aftermath of the accident that killed Reed Nixon's adopted daughter looms heavily over Julie Paterno as Reed at last realizes he, too, is doomed. Is he wise to refuse to go ahead with his marriage to Julie? Fighting desperately to keep him from renouncing his last bit of happiness, Julie cannot face the future as bravely as she would like to. Suddenly, it seems very dark, very mysterious. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson's efforts to patch up the marriage of Ernest and Alice Wolfe become increasingly difficult as wealthy Irene Hemingway, who first started out to break up the marriage in a spirit of revenge, decides she is really in love with Ernest. Is Ernest seriously tempted by Irene's fortune? Can Bill convince her of the tragic possibilities of a life founded on another person's heartbreak? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi Conrad has never been able to overcome her habit of trying to help other people, even though there have been times when she wasn't thanked for it. But an unexpected bonus comes to Chichi when she tries to find happiness for Grace Garcine, the girl with the misguided love life. When Craig Roberts's brother Mac becomes a factor in the situation, Chichi's life takes an important new turn. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES At last Belle Jones has found Lorenzo, only to be faced with the shocking fact that her mere presence has not been enough to restore his lost memory. Miserably unable to recognize Belle or recall the past, Lorenzo cannot refuse to believe she is his wife. But, instead of returning to her, he suggests that she divorce him and leave him free to marry Gail Maddox. Stunned and heartbroken, Belle faces tragedy. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Events in Rushville Center are given an unexpected twist by the teen-age element as, first, Ma's grandson Junior Fitz seriously endangers his father Willy's job, and then his girl friend becomes an active nuisance to Tom Wells. Is Tom wrong to shrug off the fifteen-year-old girl's crush on him? Is it conceivable that she can be a real threat to his marriage to Fay? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.
I sincerely believe this is the greatest hair-beauty discovery since the permanent wave

Helene Curtis
THE FOREMOST NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

New Magic Lanolized Mist Keeps Hair Softly in Place All Day, Won’t Dry Hair

Here’s the hair-beauty discovery you’ve wished for a thousand times. A way to keep hair softly and perfectly in place—without greasiness or artificial “lacquered look.” Simply press the button. The magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—naturally... invisibly... all day long!

Helene Curtis Spray Net contains superatomized lanolin. Won’t harm hair—brushes out instantly. The perfect answer to wispy, straying hair!... Look for Helene Curtis Spray Net in the pastel green Aerosol dispenser. Try it today.

Helene Curtis spray net

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!
Giant 11 oz. $2.00 Size
LIMITED TIME $179
ONLY
Large Regular Size $125
(plus tax)

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons

DIARY

OUR GAL SUNDAY Adele Wilde becomes an important factor in the Brindthropes’ lives as her enmity for her former husband, George Adams, threatens the success of George’s projected marriage to Marian Price. Sunday, drawn into the controversy when George’s daughter Betty appeals to her for help, cannot foresee the strange drama into which this plea will project her and Lord Henry. M-F. 12:45 P.M. EDT. CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY Pepper Young’s political career has made him fairly familiar with the curious twists and turns that the law can sometimes take. But he never expected to find his happiness so strangely threatened as it is during the legal battle over the child he and Linda recently adopted. What is the truth behind Jim Dennis’s grim fight for the baby he was once so ready to forget? Can he be beaten? M-F. 3:30 P.M. EDT. NBC.

PERRY MASON Lawyer Perry Mason rarely makes a mistake about human nature. The recent curious behavior of reporter Jake Jacobsen was a serious blow to his faith in his own powers until the truth finally emerged. Now, with Jake firmly on his side, Perry looks ahead to the complete ruin of the empire built up by arch-criminal Mark Cisar, and the final seal of the happiness of Perry’s client. Ruth Davis. M-F. 2:15 P.M. EDT. CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Kramer Nelson has always believed that, fundamentally, a marriage was made by the understanding between two people. But she is now forced to the bitter realization that sometimes the rest of the world can assume a controlling part in the destiny of a marriage, as determined intriguers make almost unbridgeable the gap between her and Miles. Was Miles perhaps too willing to turn from her? M-F. 3:45 P.M. EDT. NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE It seems like the end of a long, anxious road when Dr. Jim Brent and Jocelyn are finally married. But both of them are too mature and realistic not to realize that actually they are at the beginning of a longer, perhaps more anxious road—particularly as Jim’s Aunt Regina seems determined to make an influential place for herself in the newlyweds’ lives. Can she do it through Jim’s daughter Janey? M-F. 3:15 P.M. EDT. NBC. M-F. 1 P.M. EDT. CBS.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Kelsey Spenser’s mysterious death has put an end to the tremendous opportunity his new motion picture offered designer Helen Trent. As Helen faces an uncertain, even

(Continued on page 18)
that's the best resolution a girl ever made. Whether you have a whole month or two weeks with pay, you owe it to yourself to be in on everything—from beach parties to dancing under the stars. And you'll owe your freedom from a great deal of discomfort and embarrassment (on “those days”) to Tampax monthly sanitary protection.

For discreet Tampax is worn internally—doesn't even “show” under a bathing suit. Comfortable Tampax does away with warm external pads, positively cannot cause chafing or irritation. Dainty Tampax prevents odor from forming; that's so important in warm weather. And tiny Tampax is easy to dispose of—even with the unruly plumbing that sometimes exists at vacation resorts.

Made of compressed cotton in throw-away applicators, Tampax is so compact a whole month's supply can be carried in the purse. Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

In the October Issue:

- **Guiding Light**—an exciting picture story.
- **Banish Fear from Life!** Anne Seymour’s fascinating experience.
- **Helen Trent’s Dream House** Julie Stevens owes Helen Trent a debt of gratitude for a large hunk of happiness.

On Sale September 9th
Bill Ring

S

Smiling at you from above is 260
pounds of solid entertainment
named Bill Ring. As emcee of
The Bill Ring Show, Bill has come
a long way from the days when he
tickled the keys of a battered up-
right piano in a small town's dime
store, trying to get prospective cus-
tomers to buy sheet music. He was
only in his teens then, and he had
more hard knocks coming his way.

During the depression, he man-
gaged to land a job as staff artist at
Station KWTO in Springfield,
Missouri. Then he turned to trou-
ping in vaudeville. But radio soon
wooed him back with a daily singing
show. After some of this, plus doing
commercials. Bill auditioned for Chi-
cago and a competitive audition at
NBC, from which he came out the
winner. An hour after his victory,
he shakily faced a microphone and
his first coast-to-coast audience.

Everybody seemed to like Bill,
even Uncle Sam, so for four years
he served as a supervisor of recre-
ation in the Navy. After that, back
to KWTO as program director.

In 1949, Texas and television
beckoned, so Bill packed his family
off to Houston, where he took on a
heavy schedule of TV programs.

Nearing the end of his travels,
Bill went back to the Ozarks
and became a producer-director on
assignment from Radiozark Enter-
prises of Springfield. Then came
the biggest entertainment opportu-
nity of his career: His own week-day
show over ABC, The Bill Ring Show.

With his great flair for showman-
ship, Bill keeps his large and loyal
audience very happy with his rendi-
tions of Western and country-style
music. Probably an even better rea-
son why Bill's such a master at this
kind of music is because he is so
much a part of the land he sings
about. Folks keep asking Bill why
he continues to live in the Ozarks,
when he could originate his show
from New York, or Hollywood, if he
liked. "Well," Bill explains, "this
Ozarks country is the place where
I've found life the most to my liking.

You fish a lot, you visit your neigh-
bors a lot, and you stay happy
enough that you want to sing a lot!"

And that's just what this grand
guy does, much to everyone's joy.

The Bill Ring Show is heard on most
ABC Radio stations, Mon., Wed., Fri.,
12:30 P.M. EDT, for General Mills.

Look lovelier in 10 days
with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your
money back!

New, easy beauty care helps your
skin look fresher, lovelier—and
helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your
skin—here's the biggest beauty news
in years! A famous doctor has de-
veloped a wonderful new home beauty
routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its
amazing effectiveness to the unique
qualities of Noxzema. This famous
"greaseless" beauty cream is a medicated
formula. It combines softening, soothing,
healing and cleansing ingredients

Thrilling results!

Letters from women all over America praise
Noxzema's wonderfully quick help for rough,
dry, lifeless skin and for externally-caused blen-
ishes.

Like to help your problem skin look love-
lier? Tonight, do this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing'
with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema,
then wring out a cloth in warm water and
wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh

your skin looks the very first time you
'cream-wash'—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so
that its softening, soothing ingredients can
help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Al-
ways put a bit extra over any blemishes to
help heal them—fast! You will see a won-
derful improvement as you go on faithfully using
Noxzema. It's "greaseless." No sneazy pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in
the morning, then apply Noxzema as your
long-lasting powder base.

Noxzema works or money back!

In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5
women. If not delighted after a 10 day
trial, return the jar to Noxzema, Balti-
more. Money back! Get Noxzema
now—40¢, 60¢, 81.00 plus tax at
any drug or cosmetic counter!
Dotty Mack—

WAITING FOR LOVE
Dotty has everything—except an adoring husband to share it with her

Four years ago, Dotty Mack was working her way past the tables of the guests at a fashion show in one of the department stores in Cincinnati. Everyone's eyes were watching her but Dotty was used to it by now. She moved slowly and with grace to show off the long sweep of the evening dress which she was modeling.

At one of the tables was Mort Watters, general manager of WCPO radio and television stations. He was watching the show, to see if there were any talented youngsters who might make material for TV appearances, when Dotty swept by. As she modeled evening gowns, sport clothes, little afternoon dresses, he became more and more impressed with her appearance. After the show was over, he approached her backstage and asked her if she would like to get a start in show business.

"It won't be much of a start," Mort laughed. "You'll be general handy-woman around WCPO, switchboard operator, substitute wherever and whenever we need you."

Dotty smiled back at Mort. "Mr. Watters, I'll be the best switchboard girl you've ever known, and if I do get a break on a show—I'll do my best there, too."

Dotty's first assignment on TV was with the Paul Dixon disc jockey show where she learned to pantomime records. Then she graduated to Girl Alone in which she pantomimed haunting love songs, and now she has a full-fledged production of her own. In a little over four years, Dotty has been able to afford one of the most extensive wardrobes in the business, including a mink stole ("I couldn't even buy a good cloth coat a few years back," she says gratefully). She lives with her mother Matilda, two sisters, and her stepfather. She has everything a girl could want, except her heart's desire—a husband and children.

The Dotty Mack Show is seen on Du Mont TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT.
How to be a

When you feel the urge to give a party, don't stifle it—either the urge or the party. From a purely selfish standpoint, giving a successful party is an unusually satisfying experience. It's personally rewarding to see people having fun—particularly when you can feel that they are enjoying themselves because of you. Because you got them together. Because you arranged for an entertaining evening. Because you prepared an attractive setting for those hours of pure enjoyment and relaxation.

But please don't misunderstand my use of the word "relaxation." I am not recommending that you invite friends over just to unwind on your wife's newly upholstered chair or freshly slip-covered couch, dripping ashes hit-or-miss all over the living-room rug. Despite the old saying about ashes keeping moths away, I don't believe there's a housewife in America who really believes it and wouldn't gladly relieve the culprit of what she considers a useless bit of excess baggage—his head.

No, that's not what I call hosting. But let's start at the beginning. If you don't just naturally like people, forget the whole thing—you'll never make a good host. Friendliness is something you can't force, turn on and off like an electric light. You may think you're getting away with it, but, believe me, you're the only one who thinks so. The average person can spot a phony from his first words of greeting. I, personally, believe that good hosts are born—born friendly, with what psychologists call outgoing personalities.

Having established the fact that from a personality standpoint you should make a good host, let's get on to my Rule Number One. Put yourself in your guests' place, and arrange your party to suit your...
guests, not yourself. Okay, so Canasta may not be what you consider the end-all in the line of fun, but if you know your eight guests are "mad for it!"—for Pete's sake, make it a Canasta party. Don't force them into the game room for a fast round of table tennis just because you happen to play table tennis better than Canasta. Always remember you're giving a party for your guests, not yourself! My philosophy about hosting at the Stork Club is: "Please the customer, and he'll come back." The same applies to private hosting.

Point Number Two almost goes without saying—but is too often ignored. When you make up your guest list, make sure the guests will get along with each other. It doesn't take many misfits to spoil a party. And remember—the misfits in one group won't necessarily be misfits in another. It's much better to give two small but successful parties during a season, than one big but catastrophic affair. And both types will be the talk of the town.

There is one little party-giving peculiarity I have that people seem to like. I never give a party in my own name. I give it in the name of the guest of honor. And I find out from the guest of honor if there are certain people he or she would like...
How to be a good host

Billingsley and Stork Club guests Stu and June Erwin, Gisele MacKenzie.

to have included on the guest list. I have a number of friends who have taken up this approach with great success. One friend even gave a birthday party in honor of Big Mike, his three-year-old St. Bernard. Big Mike, who is extremely friendly and forgetful of his size, was on hand to welcome the guests and receive his just desserts . . . made a perfect host.

All right, by now you've selected your guests and formulated a party idea that will, to the best of your knowledge, meet with the approval of those guests. Point Number Three I can't emphasize enough—be sure you take care of your guests as soon as they arrive. Be on hand to greet them. If one guest is not familiar with most of the others, introduce him to a congenial group immediately . . . and make certain there is a comfortable conversation going before you leave to tend to your other guests. Never make guests stand around for even one awkward moment. Try to anticipate their needs—introductions, a cigarette, refreshments, or whatever the case may be. Remember, first impressions are the most important and lasting.

And, speaking of good impressions, brings me to the question of menus for dinner parties. So many people ask me why I usually serve steak for a dinner party—rather than something exotic like pheasant under glass, or venison, or a multitude of other things. Why steak? Simply because I know you can't go wrong with steak. The people who really like exotic main courses are relatively few and far between. And I've yet to meet the man who doesn't like steak. But an out-of-the-ordinary appetizer and a fancy dessert will give the dinner a sufficiently festive atmosphere to make a conversation piece, without making it necessary to stop off at the drugstore on the way home.

One last caution. Never forget the personal touch. A few minutes out to ask about the new baby, comment on some good fortune of a guest, or ask how the latest business venture is going, is an excellent way to put friends and acquaintances at their ease. At the Stork Club, I like to table-hop and chat with my guests (I prefer to call my customers my guests), just the way I do on my TV Stork Club show. After all, the main difference between my hosting and yours is the size of the party. Fundamentally, all hosts are in the same business—that of helping people enjoy themselves.

The Stork Club, with Sherman Billingsley as host, is seen on CBS-TV, Saturday, 7 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes.
Phyl Sterling

Phil Sterling plays Reed Nixon on Hilltop House, but that's not his only claim to fame. This very busy fellow is also seen on CBS.'TV's Search For Tomorrow and is heard on The Guiding Light. You also may have heard him at various times on Counter-Spy and Mr. Keen—or see him occasionally on TV in Suspense and The Kraft TV Theatre. Phil lives in New York City and is a happy hoon of a year. (Continued on page 27)
Broadcasting from his own music room, Meredith is very relaxed.

Last-minute script study as wife Rini pours coffee.

If you were to try to list all of Meredith Willson's attributes and accomplishments, they would probably stretch from here to the moon. For his road of life is as well traveled as a New York City street. Best known as a composer ("You and I," "May The Good Lord Bless and Keep You") and conductor (Tallulah Bankhead's favorite bandsman on the All Star Revue), Meredith has also taken his place high among the ranks as an author (And There I Stood with My Piccolo), TV panelist (The Name's The Same) and disc jockey (Ev'ry Day, currently heard from 9:45 to 10 A.M. EDT weekdays on NBC). Not to be forgotten are the "Talking People," Meredith's unique five-man conception of how to make commercials and straight choral presentations interesting and lively.

At heart, this strapping six-foot, professorial-looking young man is a humorist-philosopher. One of the best-liked men in the business, Meredith goes about a frantic, scurrying studio with a calm, at-ease air that soothes even the most temperament tantrum-thrower. He likes his work and the people he works with, and two of his favorite habits are promoting kindness and developing friendships.

Meredith's many-sided career burst into bloom when, at fourteen—and as Mason City, Iowa's sole owner of a flute (mail-order, at that)—he set out for New York and The Damrosch Institute of Musical Arts. Within a few years, he was playing in John Philip Sousa's band, then with the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Toscanini. From then on, except for the Army calling him Major for a while, there was no stopping him and his many talents.

This summer, the spotlight is on Meredith's weekday show, Ev'ry Day, which is usually broadcast from the music room of his Mandeville Canyon home in California. Here he plays everything from classics to boogie, which is why he describes his show as "the long and short of it." The fact that Meredith knows what he's talking about and people like it is evidenced by his mail intake, which ranges from 1500 to 2000 letters a week.

Always on hand, whether they're in California or New York, are Meredith's pretty wife, Rini Zarova, and his lovable dachshund, Piccolo. Another of his proudest possessions is his fabulous record collection, for which his audiences are eternally grateful, for they are the spark that brings this genial, garrulous genius into their homes and hearts.
Dotty's Blouse

Dear Editor:

I've heard that the blouse Dorothy Collins always wears is her own creation. Is it really? If so, how did she happen to think it up?

G.S., Westport, N.Y.

Dotty did design the blouse herself, about five years ago. At that time she was singing with the Raymond Scott Quintet, and, as she tells it, "I couldn't afford original gowns, and every so often we'd be playing a dance and I'd see two or three girls in the crowd wearing the same dress I had on. So one day I decided to wear my own creation." Dotty bought a pink blouse for $12.95, changed the collar and the sleeves a little, but, more important, added a black velvet bow tie. Now Mrs. Raymond Scott, Dotty considers the blouse her trademark, and always wears it, or a variation, for her television appearances.

Seeing Triple?

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me whether the McGuire Sisters are triplets?

M.C., Coatesville, Ind.

No. Arthur Godfrey's cute McGuire Sisters, Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy, are really sisters, though. They hail from Miami-burg, Ohio, and have been singing together since they were very small. Phyllis, the youngest, sings the lead voice.

The McGuire Sisters

CHRISTINE, PHYLLIS and DOROTHY

Read how this glamorous opera singer was helped by Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director

"I was a young hopeful from Birmingham, Alabama," says Miss Harmon, "but in New York I learned mere talent isn't enough! So I went to the Conover School, and my very first lesson was basic complexion care with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Candy Jones told me it was gentle, wholesome skin care, and she was right. Now I beauty-cleanse with that fluffy, fragrant lather twice a day. My skin thrives on it!"

Regular care with mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap will give your complexion a softer, naturally lovely look that make-up can never achieve. You'll love it!

Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips for You!

1. Protruding ears limit your hair-styles? Put a few drops of collodion behind each ear, press firmly to head for three minutes. They should stay put for hours!
2. When your face "feels tired," a quick washing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap will not only help your skin, but give you a refreshing psychological lift!

More later, Candy
Dear Editor:

Our family is sure that the cutest girl on television is the girl who plays William Bendix's daughter on The Life Of Riley. Who is she and what is she like?

R. P., San Francisco, Cal.

Pert Lugene Sanders, the 18-year-old "Babs" of Life Of Riley, is a college student by night and a TV actress by day. She lives in California's San Fernando Valley with her parents and, what with studying dramatic arts at U.S.C. night school and studying scripts for daytime rehearsals, she hardly has time for much recreation. She doesn't even act in school plays. "If I had one more script to memorize," she moans, in typical teenager fashion, "I'd go off the beam."

Only One Mike

Dear Editor:

W'e've seen Mike Wallace on television hundreds of times and think he and his wife Buff Cobb are "Mr. and Mrs. Television" themselves. When I said this to one of our neighbors, she said he is the same Mike Wallace that we used to call "Mr. Radio" out here in Chicago in the '40s. Is he?

P. D., Chicago, Ill.

The very same. Mike made a radio reputation in Chicago as host of interview sessions from hotels and top restaurants long before he discovered TV. Before that, he had announced and acted in famous

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Booth

radio serials like The Green Hornet, The Lone Ranger, Ma Perkins, and Guiding Light. Mike met Buffie, the granddaughter of the late humorist Irvin S. Cobb, when she visited Chicago as part of the stage company of "Private Lives." He invited Buffie to be a guest on his radio show, Melody Lane. They were married in March, 1949.

Walter the Wizard

Dear Editor:

Would you please let me know where Walter O'Keefe is? Is he on any new program? He said he would be. We certainly miss him.

M. T., Oakland, Cal.

We hope you're still not missing Walter, who's the star of that new show, radio's Wizard Of Odds, and has been substituting this summer for Herb Shriner on Two For The Money.

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.

Cashmere Bouquet

French Type Lipstick

This exciting new French-Type Lipstick has everything you want! It smooths on quickly...and easily, and the contours stay clean and even! No blurring...no dried-out "eaten-off" look! Your lips will stay creamy-soft and moist, lusciously bright! And...you have six wonderful shades to choose from—exciting shades—like Cherry Rose, Pink Plum, Autumn Wine—and others—all color-keyed to your costumes and you! At this low price you can buy them all...and—you should!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet—

- 6 Exciting Shades!
- Contains Lip-Caressing Lanolin!

Just 39¢
Join the swing to Prell Shampoo!

Prell leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'
... soft, smooth, younger looking!

What a thrilling difference in your hair after just one Prell Shampoo! Why, it shines and shimmers with that exquisite, young-looking radiance you've always yearned for. And no wonder! For actual radiance comparison tests prove Prell leaves hair more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo. More radiant, more sparkling... and so smooth and soft it feels like spun silk. You'll love the form of emerald-clear Prell, too—there's no other shampoo like it! So handy—so economical—so easy to use! Try Prell today—for that "radiantly alive" look!
I've known Warren Hull from the moment he was born and, during his childhood, knew him as intimately as his own parents. As his aunt, I have looked at him both affectionately and objectively. His success in show business and on Strike It Rich seems to me to be quite natural, for even as a boy he was gentle, sensitive, and emotional.

He was born in a small frame house, and I was the first person to hold him. He was just a few minutes old and he was squirming, turning this way and that. Obviously, Warren was looking around to see where he was.

He was in Gasport, New York, a village some twenty-five miles from Buffalo. Gasport was
LOOKING HOMEWARD

a small town then, and today boasts a population of only nine hundred. From the window you could see oak and maple and walnut trees, broad expanses of green fields and the farmers' apple orchards. The home itself was small and humble, but Warren's heritage was quite rich.

His parents and all of his relatives were very religious, for his Quaker ancestry goes back over three hundred years, and many of his forefathers survived the religious prejudice of their time through faith and courage alone. The Hulls were truly pioneers, for they had come to America in 1626.

Warren has always drawn inspiration from his forebears. In his present Westchester home and in all other homes he has ever lived in, pictures which have always hung in a prominent position are those of his great-grandparents, Nehemiah and Hannah. His grandmother was called Aunt Hannah by everyone in her day and by her descendants, too.

Aunt Hannah was self-educated and had learned to read by the time she was three. At six, she had read the Bible from beginning to end three times. Before she was in her teens, she was an authority on the works of the Lord, and adults came to her for a perfect rendition of a biblical passage they were trying to remember.

As a young woman she began to practice medicine and, until her death, this slight, tireless woman braved storms and all-night treks to tend the sick. She, of course, had no formal education and, when New York State required all practitioners to have a license, she had to stop her good work for a time. Then licensed doctors who had seen her bring the desperately ill back to normal life petitioned the state to give Aunt Hannah a license. They were successful and she continued to dedicate her life to the public welfare.

This philosophy of doing for others had been a trait passed on from one generation to the next. I remember my mother (Warren's grandmother) provoked us, the way she tired herself helping others in the community. Of course, my sister and I laugh at ourselves now, for we do the same thing. The passion
born leader (heading an impromptu parade) . . . devoted member of a loving family (with Grace and "middle" sister Lynn).

for helping is part of the Hull personality, and this is something everyone sees in Warren in his role as emcee on Strike It Rich. Even as a child, he was the one to bring home every stray dog for a good meal and a blanket by the fire.

Warren was the first grandchild to be born and, although we were to find that there was enough love and admiration for his sisters and cousins who came later, nevertheless he was the first and we thought the very brightest.

He was walking and talking at a very early age. He was a cheerful toddler and a good-natured little boy. I can't remember him ever doing the typical, cussed little things that children do—breaking someone's doll or teasing a dog out of spite. On the other hand, Warren was a leader even in his tender years. It was Warren who was the director and star of the back-yard theatre. It was Warren who led the toy band up and down the dirt road. It was Warren who got the boys together for a ball game.

I personally know of only one time Warren was spanked. He was about three and I warmed his pants but, for the life of me, I can't remember why. (I am seventy-two and have a head jammed full of memories.) I remember, though, he was always inquisitive and once didn't mind when I told him to leave a mousetrap be. The mousetrap did its own punishing.

Warren learned to do for himself as well as others. His father had learned from necessity. You see, Warren's grandfather had been a minister and farmer but, when his health suffered, he had moved the family to Gasport. That was in 1890. With his sons, he set up a repair shop for bicycles and such machinery as they had in those days. Warren's father, John, was an inventive genius and was the leader in the shop. Soon they were manufacturing bicycles and the first powered orchard-spraying equipment. John and his brothers made one of the first automobiles to be seen in this country, in the pre-Ford year of 1900. John Hull frequently burned the midnight oil at the plant.

In the early days, the whole family—girls, boys and
LOOKING
HOMEWARD

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LOOKING HOMEWARD

Warren’s biggest moments: With his mother, visiting the house where he was born...

Old swimming hole: Warren shows daughter Sally and the neighborhood children where he used to splash around when he was a youngster.
adults—pitched into the work of putting spokes in wheels or working a drill. Warren in his teen years was to work for a time at the punch presses and lathes, but his handiness came out much earlier.

The home where Warren spent most of his childhood still boasts the same rose arbors Warren constructed when he was twelve years old. He built his own wagons, toboggan, skis, and ambitiously finished a boat, the Swan. The Swan, it is sad to tell, when hauled to the dammed-up creek, immediately capsized. But Warren was learning to be self-sufficient. He knows what workclothes feel like and he knows the feel of honest sweat. I think he would have been taught these things even if his father had been wealthy. But, to be realistic, the Hull brothers in those early days never drew more than five dollars at a time from the business, and that was for groceries and essentials.

Warren was taught by his father that a person should always be so upright that he can look any man, even a stranger, straight in the eyes. He was told about human dignity and the dependency of one man upon another. I remember a workman once told me, “I think the world of your nephew. When he comes by, he always finds a few minutes to stop and talk to me.”

Music, you may know, played an important part in Warren’s career. It was the famous baritone John Charles Thomas who suggested Warren leave the Eastman School of Music (Continued on page 97)
Looking Homeward

Warren’s biggest moments: With his mother, visiting the house where he was born...

Old swimming hole: Warren shows daughter Sally and the neighborhood children where he used to splash around when he was a youngster.

Dedicating the new Gosport firehouse (sons Paul and George standing at far right, just behind little Sally).

End of a wonderful day: A happy homecomer reminisces with his wife Sue, mother Laura, and aunt Ruth Harkness.

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A YEAR AGO, he was on the morning radio show with the other Little Godfreys, but nobody'd seen hide nor hair of him on TV. People asked why; he told 'em.

"Mr. Godfrey knows when I'll be ready. I'm still gawky, nothing professional about me..."

Today, he's a television star, but no more "professional," if to be professional is to have the slick, hard finish; the high gloss, the air of being unerringly right.

Take a show he did this past June. Thirty million people watching, that Wednesday night, and Julius fluffed. Came in two measures too soon on the introduction to his song. He didn't brazen it through; he quit cold, (Continued on page 94)

Julius La Rosa sings on Arthur Godfrey Time, heard Mon. through Fri., on CBS Radio, 10 to 11:30 A.M. (seen Mon. through Thurs., on CBS-TV, 10-11), for Kleenex, Snow Crop, Star-Kist, Fiberglas, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Nabisco, Pillsbury, Toni, Chesterfield—also Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., at 8 P.M., for Chesterfield Cigarettes, Toni, and Pillsbury. All EDT.
Fame has brought Julius rewards which he fully (and modestly) appreciates: The adulation of many fans ... meetings face-to-face with his own idol, Perry Como ... fun-filled holidays in Florida ... and friends galore.
A year ago, he was on the morning radio show with the other Little Godfrees, but nobody'd seen hide nor hair of him on TV. People asked why; he told 'em, "Mr. Godfrey knows when I'll be ready. I'm still gawky, nothing professional about me." Today, he's a television star, but no more "professional." If to be professional is to have the slick, hard finish, the high gloss, the air of being unerringly right.

Take a show he did this past June. Thirty million people watching, that Wednesday night, and Julius fluffed. Came in two minutes too soon on the introduction to his song. He didn't bring it through; he quit cold. (Continued on page 94)

Julius La Rosa
has everything
he ever wanted—and more, too

By CHRIS KANE
Sis Camp had just slipped back into her dungarees after trying on a skirt she was sewing. Outside, the wind was howling around the Pohlkamp household, for it was November and the Cincinnati winter had set in. Sis could hear her father and her two brothers talking in the living room and her mother was in the kitchen, tidying up after their dish-washing session.

The telephone (Continued on page 89)

No jealous members in this Cinderella's family! Father and brothers Joe (seated), Jack and Dick (standing) take great pride in her success. Mother helps make the clothes that transform a dungareed duckling into a sleek swan—and Cinderella herself still likes to work in the kitchen.

Sis never dreamed a phone call would change the whole course of her life in less than 24 hours!
Red's a human dynamo who has developed a philosophy that makes life very satisfying

By MARTIN COHEN

Family candid: Wife Fleurette is better known as Flippy... daughter Susan has musical talent like her song-writing dad... son Stephen's a rip-roaring chip off the old block!
After years in show business, Red revels in country life, is proud of the improvements he's made around their ranch home, proud of his gardening and carpentry—and the calluses which prove he did it with his own hands.

Hard to believe but he plays as hard as he works, has many hobbies, including a prized miniature auto collection.

LIKE FIRE from the stack of a locomotive, that flaming mop on Red Benson's head indicates the same thing: a very much alive, furiously working dynamo. Red, who enjoys giving away a quarter-million dollars' worth of prizes a year on quiz shows, is friendly and relaxed as an emcee but seldom slows down to less than a sprint. "When Red goes to sleep at nights," his wife says, "he doesn't really quit. He just kind of banks the fire for a few hours."

The bespectacled star has at various times in his life been a prizefighter, milkman, bandleader, night watchman, fireman, advertising man, hypnotist, singer, actor, and comedian. "But everyone refused to call me 'Red,'" he says. "That was something I really had to work for."

He was born Norman Benson in Columbus, Ohio. He would introduce (Continued on page 100)

Red Benson emcees The Phrase That Pays, NBC Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet—Name That Tune, heard on NBC Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., and seen on NBC-TV, Mon., at 8 P.M.—Take A Number, Mutual, Fri., at 8 P.M.–Great Day Show, Mutual, Fri., 9:05 P.M. All times EDT.
The Bergmans wondered, as Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate chatted at the party the Bergmans were giving. Joanne Barron could feel herself being pulled against her will toward Arthur Tate. Arthur—with his crisp, black, wavy hair, his almost-pure Irish grin—was enough to melt any woman's heart. Almost like a ghost rising between them, however, was the memory of Keith. Joanne thought back on those carefree days when she had first responded to Keith's love. He, too, had had winning ways about him, ways which had made a happy life seem within easy grasp. However, the months and years of her marriage had revealed to Joanne that there was more to building a life than just appearances.

She had faced the problem of Irene Barron, a mother-in-law who was possessive to the point of weakening and destroying her own son with her demands. . . Now, even closer since Keith's death, was the problem of Joanne's daughter, Patti. A court case had had to be fought for Patti's custody against Keith's mother, Irene—and, in fighting for Patti's custody, it looked as though Joanne had lost Patti's love and respect. Missing the firm hand of her father, Patti was finding her young world difficult. Then, too, Patti's grandmother had done everything in her power to poison Patti's mind against Joanne. . . Watching Arthur talking quietly in a corner of
Could it be a budding romance? Joanne was wondering, too.

In the room with the Bergmans, Joanne was struck by his apparent quiet strength. In the past few weeks, Arthur had been taking a firm hand with Patti, an intelligent and forceful manner with business, too, leaving Joanne to pick up the threads of her life which had been tangled by her emotional experiences with her ex-mother-in-law in her fight for Patti. . . . For an idle moment, Joanne lost herself in reverie—thought: Is it possible to live and bring up a child properly without a husband and father? What do I really feel about Arthur? Could I fall in love again? Before she had time to figure out her reply, she saw Arthur rise and come toward her. After all, he has never mentioned marriage, she reminded herself. Well, let time take care of these little problems. . . . Arthur leaned down to help her get up. “Penny for your thoughts,” he whispered. “Don’t have any,” Joanne replied airily, “except—let’s say good night to the Bergmans, for tomorrow is another day.”

Search For Tomorrow is on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, for Spic & Span, Cheer, Joy, and Shasta. Shown in their original roles are Mary Stuart and Terry O’Sullivan as Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate (above), and Melba Rae and Larry Haines as the Bergmans (center, left).
Search for tomorrow

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Mrs. Arthur Murray once thought of herself as an ugly duckling! Nothing could be further from the truth.

By GREGORY MERWIN

Arthur and Kathryn Murray built a big business out of dancing. But business to them isn’t schools—it’s people. Their interest in others is reflected in their TV Party, featuring such distinguished guest stars as Hoagy Carmichael and Larry Storch.
Shyness is something both the Murrays knew personally—and learned to conquer. Kathryn made sure that their two daughters never suffered the despair she herself felt in her teens. And grandchildren Martha and Kathryn will eventually benefit from the same wise advice she gives in these pages.

ONE OF VIDEO’s most enchanting and gracious ladies is Kathryn Murray, femcee of the Arthur Murray Party, over CBS-TV, and wife of the famous dancing master. This glamorous grandmother is rated by men and women alike as one of the most attractive women to smile from their picture tubes. But Kathryn herself says, “I’m just the ugly duckling who learned how to get along with people.”

Kathryn’s knowledge of what makes a man or woman successful is based on her experience as a business woman, TV celebrity, and partner in a 28-year marriage. She has observed thousands of students going through the Murray dance courses, and these have included celebrities ranging from comic Groucho Marx to beauties like Ingrid Bergman and notables such as the Duke of Windsor and Eleanor Roosevelt. And (Continued on page 86)

The Arthur Murray Party is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Ipana A/C and other Bristol-Myers products.
Barbara Britton and her family have experienced laughter, tears, and a happy time in living

"We're all pulling together"

By ELIZABETH MILLS

For a long minute, the telephone rang on the other end of the line. Barbara Britton was about to give up when suddenly a childish voice carefully answered, "Hello, this is Dr. Czukor's residence!"

"My goodness, Teddy, is that you?" laughed Barbara. "This is Mommy. What are you doing answering the phone?"

"Hello, Mommy," said the youngster. "Everybody is out cutting down the ivy. I thought I could at least help by answering the phone. After all, I'm a part (Continued on page 83)

Mr. and Mrs. North—CBS-TV, Fri., 10 P.M.—CBS Radio, Tues., 8:30 P.M.—both EDT, for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

Dating at home, Barbara romps with daughter Cris, son Teddy, and Saint, the Great Dane. Dining out, she shares hillbilly chow (at Ciro's) with husband Gene.

Mr. and Mrs. North of the airwaves introduce their real-life children—Barbara's boy, Teddy, meets Richard Denning's own little girl, Diane.
Anne and godson Carl Cathers use an "antique" 1929 Ford to landscape the lovely grounds—where Anne and Violet serve, many an outdoor feast.

EXCITING LADY

By GLADYS HALL

One thousand miles from nowhere is not Outer Space, but the location of Stella Dallas' home—that is, the home of the vivacious, enthusiastic Anne Elstner who is Stella Dallas both on radio and in real life. Here the local townfolk call Anne "Stella" and bring their problems to her for talking over. Here is the two-hundred-year-old stone house which she and Jack and Violet call home. Here, too, is a lake over a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide.

The house is built of quarry stone which has mellowed and rosed with age. Twenty-three acres of lush New Jersey farmland spread their green skirts around it. Tall evergreens—graceful hemlocks, white and Scotch pines and a towering Norway spruce—guard the fine old doorway. "So far, the only name we have for it is 'Home,'" Anne says.

Jack (John Matthews, Jr.) is Anne's "wonderful" husband, and has been for twenty-eight years. Violet Anderson has worked for and with the Matthews' almost a quarter of a century. Anne "found" Violet in New York, but Violet was actually born in Maryland, just twenty miles from where Jack himself...

Stella Dallas is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, Bayer Aspirin.

LIKE THE WONDERFUL WOMAN SHE PLAYS, ANNE ELSTNER CAN TACKLE
Towering trees guard the doorway where "Stella" and husband Jack Matthews greet their guests. Below, Anne loves perfume and feminine frills, as well as garden chores and country sports.
was born. She is very much part of the household. "The day Jack and I first saw the old stone house, we threw pebbles in the lake," Anne says, "and the bass just swarmed and grabbed. Jack just swallowed. 'You go in and look at the house, baby,' he said in his Southern accent that is thick as syrup, 'I don't need to look at it. I like this place,' he said, his eyes shining. 'It suits me fine.' "It suited me fine, too, but before I would say, 'We'll buy,' I went back to town and checked with Violet. 'Now, Violet,' I said, 'we have found this place we love but we're not going to buy it until you see it and say you love it, too. We won't go without you.' "We didn't have to. Violet's as happy here as we are. She has the run of the house. She has her friends in. She fishes. She goes up to broadcasts with me. When, recently, she had a cornea transplant, everyone around NBC wrote her letters. After my sixteen years of playing Stella Dallas over NBC Radio, Violet's better known around the studio," Anne laughs, "than I am!"

Fourth member of the household is Anne's godson, Carl Cathers, whom Anne has helped to educate. "He's just graduated from Rutgers University," Anne says proudly. "He's with us a great deal of the time, and has done such beautiful stone and landscape work in our yard and garden. Of course, he enjoys the place with us and so takes great pride in all our work and plans for it. Together we plant and transplant, excavate and fill in, and almost move mountains—think we would try to move one, if we knew where to put it!"

Anne keeps a list in her mind, and in her heart, which she calls "The Things I'm Proudest Of": Her father's poems. Her mother's letters. The old silver from both Jack's and Anne's grandparents. The exquisite hand-painted paper dolls her sisters made for her when she was a little girl. High on this long and loving list is the role she has made her own:

"I'm proud of Stella Dallas," she says. "It's a terrific responsibility to live up to such a wonderful person, but it's also a challenge to the best in me, and I try to meet it. I particularly love it when Stella reads the Scriptures and know, from the reaction I get, that all of Stella's friends love it, too. One of these days I would like to do a whole program of readings from the Scriptures—if ever I achieve this ambition it will be another of The Things I'm Proudest Of."

On the lake which mirrors the old stone house, there are two canoes. In the morning before she leaves for New York to become Stella Dallas—her "other self"—slender, blonde, blue-eyed Anne walks around the place.

"I garden, even in the rain. I love gardening and sharing the flowers with neighbors. Love to wear flowers, too, and always do. I use basic hats and each day I have a different floral arrangement on my hat. 'You picked a pretty hat today!' my director recently remarked. They're known around the studio as my 'hat-gardens,' and I often allow
Flowers are dear to Anne's heart. She enjoys growing them, for their beauty in both garden and home—and trims her most fashionable hats with living blossoms.

one of the men in the studio to pick a posy for his button-hole! In the winter I often wear pine cones," Anne laughs, "on my mink hat!"

"Weekends, Jack and I do together all the things we love the most. We swim. We ride. We fish. We garden. We cook (we give Violet every weekend)—we both love to cook. We go to our local baseball games. Jack could have made professional baseball, which is on my list of Things I'm Proudest Of—also a mite jealous of! All my life I wanted to be a ballplayer.

"In the wintertime, we trap-shoot. Another Thing I'm Proudest Of is Jack's first trophy for trap-shooting; a little proud because he lets me shoot with some of the world's greatest shots (even though I'm sometimes the only woman). Among Jack's skills as a marksman is that of throwing coins into the air and shooting them down. Our friends refer to us as," Anne laughs, "'Anne Elster and Her Penny-Shooting Husband!'"

"Getting a man is easy, I always say," Anne does say, with a twinkle, "but keeping him—that's the thing you have to work at! Since no man is going to take up a woman's interests, the way to 'work at it' is, in my opinion, for the woman to take up the man's interests. In this respect, I was lucky. Born with the love of the outdoors in my blood, I didn't have to 'take up' Jack's interests; they were already mine. Meaning that—just as Jack is as much at home in the woods, in the fields, on a horse, in the water, on a baseball diamond, as in a drawing-room—so am I! (Continued on page 76)
OUR LITTLE MARGIE SAYS:

"I'm in love with four guys"

By GALE STORM

I remember one day in Texas, when I was about fifteen, I asked my mother: "Mother, am I pretty?"

"Gale, honey," she said, "you're cute as a rosebud garden. But I think you'll get over it. I say that because you have a disposition which goes hand in glove with ham hocks, corn bread, mustard greens, and (Continued on page 98)
Marjorie, Christopher, Lynn (with little Ti Mambo) and Mark are the very wonderful reasons why Karl Weber would rather be home than anything.

MAN ABOUT THE
Karl Weber, who rivals Lorenzo Jones for Belle's affections, is just a family man at heart.

Sophisticated Verne Massey of radio would hardly recognize himself, cutting some five tons of stone for the walls!

By FRANCES KISH

DOWN A CERTAIN New Jersey road, across the Hudson River from New York City, live Karl Weber and his family. In New York, Karl is known as playwright Verne Massey, whom he portrays in the dramatic radio serial Lorenzo Jones. Hardly the type to get his hands dirty doing country chores!

However, once shed of the distinctly urban clothes which characterize this tall, dark, good-looking man when he plays Massey, and dressed in jeans and a sport shirt, Karl is not only one to get his hands dirty, but he's a person who loves it.

"When we moved (Continued on page 78)

Both from Iowa themselves, Karl and Marj are still genuine "country kids" and enjoy teaching their own city-bred children the real down-on-the-farm way of living.

Christopher gets a kick out of learning the old-fashioned skills which will—some far-off day—make him a handy man to have around his own home, like Dad.

Karl Weber in Lorenzo Jones, on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, for Fab and Colgate Dental Cream.
We won $1800—and didn't have a dime to tip the messengers delivering us congratulations!

By SIBYL LANGE

THE TRUTH of the matter is that we didn't have enough money on hand to tip the Western Union messengers who walked up four flights of stairs to deliver messages congratulating us because we won $1800 on Two For The Money. We had been kind of "broke" that week and, of course, we ran rampant after winning the money, and my husband Jack took my mother and a friend of hers and me out for double malteds.

That's kind of cheating, beginning at the end of a rather hectic and funny story. You see, Jack and I had been married only seven months. He is studying medicine at Cornell, and I work there as a laboratory technician. The business of being broke doesn't mean that we are poverty-stricken. Some weeks

Jack's a medical student, I'm a laboratory technician—so a home game of chess just about fits our "entertainment" budget.
our budget just suffers from a lack of green corpuscles.

But that still isn't getting to the real story. How we got on Two For The Money is quite simple—we wrote in for tickets to Balance Your Budget. That's as clear as mud, but true. However, I'll stick to the facts and maybe we'll come out right in the end. You see, it was suggested that, when writing Balance Your Budget, you mention an amusing incident in your life. Jack did that, explaining that my father was instrumental in bringing us (Continued on page 95)

Two For The Money can be heard on NBC Radio. Tues., at 10 P.M., and will be seen over CBS-TV, Sat., at 9 P.M.—both EDT, for Old Gold Cigarettes.
We won $1800—and didn't have a dime to tip the messengers delivering us congratulations!

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TWO for the MONEY

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I found a Wonderful Man

We think we have wonderful children, too—our daughter, Linda Anne, and son Galen Spencer.
My husband, Galen Drake, has found contentment in accomplishing the things he wanted to do . . . deep contentment in his family

By ANNE DRAKE

My husband, Galen Drake, is on radio on his own programs not less than sixteen or seventeen times a week. Sometimes even more than that. I, Anne Drake, am a Powers model, which was what I was doing before I met Galen. Yet, in spite of our busy lives, we live a wonderful home life with our two children and are a contented and happy family.

I like to think that it is some of our happiness which spills over into Galen’s programs and inspires so many people to write him that he has made their lives a little brighter. His love for us—although he does not mention his family very often on his programs—and his love for people in (Continued on page 101)

Galen Drake is heard on CBS Radio, Sat., at 10 A.M., for Hunt Club Dog Food (and others), and at 1:55 P.M., for Instant Sanka—on WCBS Radio (N.Y.), Mon. through Fri., 4:30 P.M., Sat., 9:30 A.M., for the Housewives Protective League—also on WCBS he does a newscast, Mon. through Fri., 5 P.M., and Starlight Salute, seven days a week, 11:15 P.M. All EDT.
Over the past few years, Carolyn Nelson has discovered that being the wife of Governor Miles Nelson is not simple. Facing her now, however, is a situation without parallel in most women's lives. Carolyn is convinced of the innocence of a boy named Danny Lockwood, who faces execution as the result of his conviction in a court of law. In the hands of her husband rests the fate of Danny ... he can either sign away Danny's right of appeal, or call for a stay of execution to examine more evidence which might be presented. Weary, strained to the emotional breaking point, Carolyn knows there is little hope of new evidence turning up which will delay his decision. Perhaps, during this delay, some new facts will come to light. As a woman, as a wife, Carolyn knows that she is pushing Miles against his will ... yet, as a woman and a wife, she is forced to plead for Danny, no matter what it may cost in her relationship with her husband. Miles is not one to hide his emotions too completely, and it is with obvious resentment that he agrees to Carolyn's plea for time. However, he refuses to listen to what he considers utter nonsense: Carolyn's revelation that she has been threatened on the street. With a woman's instinct—and not much more—to back it up, Carolyn is convinced that there is political pressure being exerted to send Danny to the chair immediately ... perhaps the same group of people exercising political pressure on her husband in every

Carolyn Nelson must always be true to herself—even if it means...
3. Carolyn pleads with her husband, Miles, who doesn’t believe Danny is innocent—and doesn’t even believe her story about the stranger’s threats!

SACRIFICING HER HUSBAND’S LOVE WHICH SHE HOLDS SO DEAR
4. Miles broods about the constant pressure he's subjected to. Everyone wants something—even his wife. Is there anyone he can trust?

5. Even Annette Thorpe, to whom he turns in his bitterness, begs him to make a state-wide campaign for her Better Government Committee.

6. Yes, Annette wants something, too. She has her own reasons for sending Miles out of town the very week that Danny is scheduled to die.

decision he tries to make for the good of the state. Miles derides Carolyn's belief that anyone influential cares one way or the other about Danny. However, he admits that three men, Lassiter, Davis, and Conklin, have been exerting great pressure on matters which are coming before the legislature. Emotionally, Miles feels that he is being pulled and hauled in every direction. He is learning, the hard way, that one in public life cannot be a rugged individualist who stands and falls on what he believes ... he must rightly interpret the conflicting wishes of others, weigh them, and decide on the side which will do the most good for the greatest num-
7. Carolyn receives an anonymous threat—which she's sure only Annette could have sent. Miles is far from convinced. He has more faith in Annette than in the wife who loves him.

It is natural for him to feel that, since his own wife Carolyn is responsible for so much of the emotional turmoil, he must find peace and comfort elsewhere. Annette Thorpe is there to see that Miles has a champion and a supporter in whatever direction he turns. Annette is the kind of woman who can make a man feel he is directing, when actually she is leading. Carolyn is well aware of this situation, but she must be honest with herself and, even if it means driving her husband into the arms of Annette, she cannot help herself. . . . Fortunately for Carolyn, Miles doubts even Annette, although he is loath to show it. Annette urges him to accept the invitation of the Committee for Better Government to make a speaking tour of the state. In her mind, now is the time for her to drive the final wedge between Carolyn and Miles—if she is ever going to be able to do it. . . . Then comes the matter of an anonymous letter which Carolyn receives. The contents of the letter are such that Carolyn is convinced only Annette could have written it. Honest, forthright, but actually fearing the result, Carolyn voices her suspicions to Miles. Miles decides he will put an end to his doubting, once and for all. He assigns a detective to follow Carolyn to see if she is being honest about being threatened . . .
8. Still refusing to interfere in Danny's case, Miles won't sign the papers which would delay the execution.

9. Triumphanty, Annette sees Miles off on his tour, sure she has driven a wedge between Miles and Carolyn forever.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS
10. Alone, Carolyn faces the result of her fight to save Danny. If, by any miracle, she could still win, might it not be at the cost of her husband's political future—or their marriage itself?

the detective actually sees the encounter, Miles will believe that Carolyn is telling the truth—might even go so far as to believe Annette could have written the letter. On the afternoon when Miles is to decide whether or not to take the state-wide tour, Carolyn deliberately courts trouble and allows herself to be accosted. She knows the detective is following her and assumes he's seen the encounter. . . Unfortunately, the press of the crowd is such that the detective sees absolutely nothing. When Carolyn tells Miles—Miles, bewildered, angry, feeling completely betrayed by Carolyn, refuses to believe anything she has said. He boards his train for the state-wide tour in behalf of the Committee for Better Government, convinced his only supporter is Annette. Carolyn, almost at her wits' end, knows that she has driven her husband too far, but she is powerless to do anything about it. . . Her only ray of hope now is that Miles has gone off without taking any action on Danny's appeal—neither signed it, nor rejected it—and perhaps, with a little time on her side, she will be able to save Danny. Perhaps time, too, will help reveal Annette to Miles. Carolyn can only fall back on the belief that a marriage built on a strong foundation will last, no matter what tests it may encounter along the way.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Carolyn Nelson.......................... Claudia Morgan
Miles Nelson.............................. John Larkin
Annette Thorpe.......................... Gertrude Warner
Danny Lockwood......................... Bob Hastings

The Right To Happiness is heard over NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT. It is sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Company.
Johnny lives in a trailer with his two children and a wife who believes he should be everybody's choice.

By PAULINE SWANSON
Johnny Dugan is a blue-eyed, black-haired, thirty-two-year-old Boston Irishman with a lyric tenor voice which would melt the hardest heart.

By virtue of these assets, he is the star of Ladies’ Choice, heard on Monday afternoons on NBC-TV, with a rapidly soaring rating which indicates that he is on the way to becoming the ladies’ choice himself.

His salary—which only a couple of years ago hardly justified that word, when he was “buckin’ for jobs, night-club casuals mostly”—has inched into the four-figures-weekly bracket, and it would be fair to say that young Mr. Dugan has arrived.

It is surprising, in the face of these statistics, (Continued on page 72)
“My Secret of Happiness”

As both pretty actress and practical grandmother, Spring Byington has her own way of meeting—and defeating—life’s problems.

She’s long on patience, short on time! Leisure moments are spent in knitting, finding new games to amuse the children—or reading, her own favorite hobby.

Spring Byington can be heard as Lily Ruskin in December Bride, on CBS Radio, Sun., 9 P.M. EDT.
Like Lily Ruskin in December Bride, Spring Byington is the loveliest of mothers-in-law in real life.

By BETTY GOODE

Pretty, blonde, twice-a-grandmother Spring Byington—who gently chides life's vagaries each week over CBS Radio's December Bride—has a face reflecting, not just what the good Lord gave her, but kindness and understanding which she has put there herself. Though she was blessed originally with good features, it still took years of living and a wealth of experience for Spring to grow into the beautiful woman she is today.

Happiness to each person means a different thing—to Spring, happiness is orderly living, a recipe for a way of life, with a few simple ingredients.

"What I've learned," Spring is apt to contend, "is a simple recipe for living—it has to be simple because I'm not too much of a cook. Happiness is such an individual problem! Certainly, we're all looking for our own particular rainbows—but all rainbows are beautiful and, unless we keep our eyes on the one that's ours, we'll lose sight of the goals we set ourselves. Unless we have some idea of where we're going—some order in our thinking—we get confused." (Continued on page 84)
The pert blonde singer tapped one foot in appreciation of the bouncy song her partner was singing. This was the CBS-MBS Curt Massey 'Time with Martha Tilton. Curt and Martha were singing: "Oh, come with me, Lucille, in my merry Oldsmobile," and the show was humming along in its usual carefree manner—almost, that is. For, if things had been entirely normal, the pert blonde woman would have been tapping both feet to their song!

But one of Martha's feet had temporarily lost its tapping ability. It was a foot encased in a plaster cast, definitely immobilized.

"I know love hits you hard," said liltin' Martha Tilton, "but I never expected love to toss me a blow hard enough to break my leg!

"But then I wasn't exactly expecting love! Honestly, I had about given it up. It had been more than five years since I'd seen a man that I thought would interest me romantically. Though my friends all said, 'Why, Martha, you're in show business; Hollywood is the place where good-looking, available men grow like wheat on a Kansas farm—with all those big, strong Hollywood actors on the loose, you'll meet plenty of men!'

Love tossed Martha Tilton a blow—and it couldn't have been more welcome.
happily ever after!"

"Pampas, the dog, was also surprised at Jim—wha met Martha on an airplane assembly line, waed her at high speed—and literally dropped her at the door of their honeymoon cottage.

"They just don't know the half of it. Five shows a week, a home, and two stalwart sons to look after, take up the hours in the day like my youngsters inhale sodas through a straw. The time is there for a few seconds, then like the soda—it's gone forever!

"So, since my divorce five years ago, I've had no time for romancing. But every girl dreams. Like anything else, if you just do your job and work along steady, I've found everything comes to him who waits."

Martha wasn't looking for love, and she certainly never expected to meet her man while on a publicity trip to the North American Aviation Company! Nor did she expect to fall so hard (in love) that she'd break a leg!

"You just never know, do you?" smiled Martha in her dressing room after the show. "Now, take that publicity visit to North American. Who'd think I'd (Continued on page 88)

Martha Tilton on Curt Massey Time, heard M-F, on CBS Radio, 5:45 P.M. (WCBS Radio, 6:30 P.M.)—Mutual, 12 noon—all EDT. for Miles Laboratories.
Johnny Dugan—Ladies’ Choice

(Continued from page 67)

to find Mr. Dugan living in a trailer, in a Burbank, California, trailer park, with his pretty, dark-haired wife, Lorraine ... their nine-year-old son, Jackie ... daughter Gale, who is eight ... and—hold your hats—their baby daughter, Taffy ... a mother cat and three kittens (two of the kittens were given away recently after tearful scenes) ... a huge tank of fish ... a television set... two parcels and—sharing their cage—a baby sparrow whom Jackie brought home as a wounded fledgling ... and, inside the motorhome with splints and a medicine dropper.

The Dugans, and menagerie, are too not painfully conscious of overcrowding. Their trail was not the usual one of settling back down, and they did not plan to return to their darlin', then a Brooklyn model, but in the United States Navy, since the year was 1942.

But he explained to her at the outset of their courtship that he had been entertaining one way or another—for money when there was any handy, for fun when there was not—ever since he was four. She added, "And I honestly believe he was heading back to it as soon as the war was won.

That was all right with Lorraine, with certain reservations. He could have his show business, and he didn't have to worry about her wanting to get in on the act. "More than can dance. I don't tell funny stories. And I don't want to learn. My job will be keeping our home together."

"But," added the lady, who has a very definite mind of her own, "I'm going to do anything that I can. I don't want to get involved in business marriages to know why so many of them fail—the people don't stay together.

"We're going to stay together, or we're not. We'll get married. There's whatever you do, wherever you go—me, too—no matter what. When there are kids, the kids go, too, no matter what."

"No matter what," Johnny acceded, and the bargain was sealed.

Radio in Boston, and night clubs in the vicinity, were Johnny's first entertainment beaches before his discharge from service in 1945. With his mother, who is the family which had to stay together "no matter what" had expanded now with two babies, born sixteen months apart.

Jackie and Gale, just under when, late in 1947, Johnny landed his first West Coast job, an eight-weeks' run in a new George White revival at Holly-wood's Copas.

An eight-week contract seemed practically a lifetime deal to Johnny in those days, so he moved his family to the Coast without trepidation. But the job (and the show) ended after five weeks, and there they were: their small supply of cash going out for restaurant meals and crowded rooms in second-rate hotels. Johnny went out every day "bucking" for jobs; Lor- rainie stayed at home, washing the chil-dren's clothes in the bathtub, reading stories by the hour so that the healthy and active small fry would not annoy their less child-loving neighbors.

Johnny was married into an engagement in the Mapes Hotel in Reno.

"I've gotta take it," he told Lorraine. "We'll all go," she replied firmly.

But the going was rough, at first. Their plans to be in Reno for rehearsal at two o'clock the next afternoon. Their all going made too many problems ... train reservations, hotel reservations ... and what would they do when (Taffy had been Johnny's wedding gift to his bride—to keep her from being lonesome when he was away at sea.)

"I'll buy a trailer," Lorraine said—it was a flash inspiration—then they all could go, Taffy, too.

The down payment on the "beat-up" trailer was twenty dollars. "It's a deal," Johnny said—who already found himself in Reno for rehearsals, not at two o'clock.

Pleased as punch by now with his pur-chase— including a tank of butane gas for the three-burner stove, the accessory tank of water for cooking (and everything else)—he picked up Lorraine, who was waiting with all baggage, "animate and in-animate," set to go.

"But there are no dishes," Lorraine wailed after inspecting her new domain. "And no table and no chairs."

Back downtown they went, the whole crew straight to the drug store. "I need dishes, we need a good store. When he had bought the es-sentials, Johnny had less than thirty dollars left.

The rain had stopped, and it was raining "like a son of a gun" when they headed out of the city, north by northeast.

Everything went fine at the start. Sup- per was cold—cold cute and fruit—but they couldn't have cared less. By eleven that night, Johnny had begun to feel the get of his new toy and was singing at the wheel—for fun, and for free—like an Irish lark.

They were hitting a steep downgrade "on the loneliest road you ever saw," the rain still coming down in sheets, when... bang! ... a trailer tire blew. By the time Johnny was done rummaging through the crumpled trailer, which Johnny did, muttering as the rain soaked him through,

And the garage had no trailer rims, so they fixed up a broken one. This took a couple of hours.

Nothing else happened until daybreak. They were going up this time, the signposts reading: "Elevation 7000 feet." They were only halfway up Donner Pass, but already it was snowing, and bitterly cold.

But they would still make it in time for Johnny's rehearsal—of course he would be playing a part that he couldn't possibly play because he died when he was sixteen. He greatly ad-mired his grandson, thus the "Grand- mother of the Day" honor he has worked for. He was waiting for Bob, Solob, who was impressed.

"Where'd you come from, kid?" he asked Johnny after the show. "You'll be great for television with that voice and that Irish kisser. Contact me tomorrow!"

Solob set up a local show, On The Beat, in which Johnny played an Irish cop and Carole Richards. When a top Coast-to-Coast went off for the summer, Solob steered Johnny into the spot as a replace- ment. "We'll give him a big time try, The Johnny Dugan Show.

"We put it together in about two weeks with old bits and spilt," Johnny confessed. Before the summer was over, the show had doubled the rating of its high-priced predecessor. Thus: Ladies’ Choice.

Johnny is a natural for this weekly tete-a-tete with the ladies, for he genuinely enjoys their company. His mother, who died when he was sixteen, he greatly ad-mired his grandson, thus the "Grand- mother of the Day" honor he has worked for. He was waiting for Bob, Solob, who was impressed.

"Where'd you come from, kid?" he asked Johnny after the show. "You'll be great for television with that voice and that Irish kisser. Contact me tomorrow!"

Unlike some emcees of daytime shows directed toward the women's audience, Johnny would take off an arm before he would dip into his ladies' expense.

"Women make up 98% of the listening audiences," he will tell you. "They buy all the products I know. Well, Lorraine buys all the soap we use at our house, and we don't see any profit in making the women look ridiculous."

He wouldn't anyway. "I've got women too much. Some people would say that's natural. He's been pretty lucky in his choice of 'em."
“It makes you so happy about your skin—this quick, easy wonderful care!”
says Miss Chandler Roosevelt

Granddaughter of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and one of the most popular sophomores at her college, Miss Roosevelt is a sunny-gold blonde, with deep blue eyes. Her complexion is enviably lovely—clear and smooth, with a fresh, vital color.

Many a girl gets the idea that a lovely skin is just plain good luck. Skin doctors know this isn’t so.

Time and again, a girl’s skin has been almost magically changed with the right care.

And it’s a fact that any girl can work this complexion magic with one of the simplest, easiest of home treatments. It is the care Miss Roosevelt and so many girls have adopted for the wonders it works—a good Pond's Cold Creaming each night.

And, a daily Pond's Cold Creaming benefits your skin by giving back the oils and moisture your skin loses every day from outdoor exposure, and dry indoor heat. Losing these natural skin softeners gives your skin a coarse look . . . a dry, rough “feel.” Pond's Cold Cream replenishes oils and moisture—keeps your skin smooth, soft to touch.

Here’s the way to get the most good from your daily Pond's Creamings:

For fresh tone, a clear texture

Cream brisk little circles from throat up to forehead. This circle-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream stimulates circulation. Cleanses flawlessly. Helps your skin look finer. Tissue off this first creaming well.

No skin need look dingy, rough, “pore-y”

The root of many, many skin troubles is not just ordinary surface dirt. It’s the more insidious dirt that works deeper into pore-openings—and hardens and sticks.

The unique formulation of Pond’s Cold Cream is specifically designed to soften, then lift out the embedded dirt that makes pores look enlarged, skin look muddy. This is why a Pond’s Cold Creaming makes your skin look noticeably clearer, and finer in texture right away.

A snowy, beautifying “rinse”

Circle on fresh fingerfuls of Pond’s Cold Cream. But this time, tissue off lightly. The invisible traces of cream you leave on your face will soften and protect your skin.

“It’s easy to have an attractive complexion,” say girls who use Pond’s Cold Cream every night. Start your Pond’s Creamings tonight. You’ll agree no other care has ever done your skin so much quick see-able good.
I hate lying to people. Besides, I'm so bad at it that it doesn't even pay me to try. But, as I stood at my window watching Lefty Higgins stride back to his taxi, I bit my lips and decided that this time I'd had to lie. With Lefty's anxious brown eyes fixed on me that way, making plain the question he'd come all the way from New York to ask, I'd had to say it. "Of course, Jessie will be glad to see you, Lefty. Surprised, maybe, but so am I, having you and Blondie just drop down out of nowhere. When she gets over the first shock, she'll be glad as anything."

All the time, in my mind, was the clear memory of thirteen-year-old Jessie's violent reaction to Lefty's last letter. I hate him. I hate him. He's not my father. Tell him never to come to Springdale to see me, ever. Make him leave me alone!

With a sigh I turned, and immediately my spirits rose. At least he'd brought Blondie along. Hating small towns the way she did, and antagonistic toward Jessie, Lefty's wife, Audrey, would have undoubtedly made things even worse, but my friend Blondie Van George was the best person I could think of to have around in an emergency. She didn't know much about kids, but she knew how to keep her head, whatever came up.

"And when Jessie finds out Lefty's in town," I said, thinking aloud, "plenty's going to come up, unless I miss my guess."

Blondie crossed her long, slim legs and regarded me ironically. "I thought that welcome mat was a little loud and hearty. You tell me the truth, Rosemary. If you don't want Lefty Higgins around, I'll sweep him and his cab back to New York so fast—"

"It's not that I don't want him. I love Lefty! I don't want him and Jessie to hurt each other, that's all." I passed Blondie some cookies in absent-minded hospitality. "Still, it's got to be settled sooner or later. He is her father."

Blondie brushed cookie crumbs from her lap. "Well, what's the matter with the kid? What's she got so awful against Lefty? He's so good, Rosemary! If you knew how he's always thinking of her, thinking of things to send her. That's one thing gets on Audrey's nerves, you know. He never gets a word of thanks from Jessie."

A word of thanks! I could still see Jessie's flushed, tear-streaked face bent over the last thing he'd sent her, the red silk dress. "I don't want it! He gave me away, now let him leave me alone!" (Continued on page 90)
Lefty didn’t realize that Jessie, his own daughter, was ashamed of him. What could I do to help them both?
Stella Dallas, Exciting Lady

(Continued from page 51)

"I really put the 'tom' in tomboy," Anne says, with a grin, "and yet I've always loved feminine things, too. Love lace negligees, satin negligees, lace dresses, my floral hats. I don't think a woman can have too much pride in her appearance. Even now, I run and put on the bikini that gets her guys."

"Living life outdoors is, as I've said, a passion with me. One of my two passions. The other is the theatre. And the two have nothing to do with one another."

"Born in Lake Charles, Louisiana—too many years ago!" Anne makes a comical face. "My favorite season for skiing is summer. And, except when I'm in college, I love Lake Charles to the end of the world."

"Yet my parents—my wonderful, all-spirited parents—never let their sorrow make any difference to my sisters and me or to the rich and happy life they gave us. . . . except that they expected us to do all the things both boys and girls do and, since we inherited our love of sports and back-to-nature from our father, we did all the things boys do—and I, at least, did my share.

"Our home in Lake Charles was an old Southern mansion with galleries on three sides of the house. As a toddler, one of my favorite sports was to mount the railing of the Colonnade and come gracefully down, where the gardeners were. I told them I'd balance, I'd nonchalantly devour sugar cane or licorice, which were to me what lollipops and ice cream are to other kids. There were people in Lake Charles I still remember me, a speed-demon on roller skates, streaking by with a licorice stick in my mouth!"

"They, however, as I was skating, swimming, playing baseball, I was also 'acting,' for I always, from the age of two and a half, said that I was going to be an actress. When people laughed at me, I'd say, 'You're wrong! How could they laugh at something that was so definite in my mind? My parents didn't laugh. They may have hoped—and I later realized they did—and it all came over me one day, but they never laughed at me. They took me to see my first play when I was three. For the plays I put on at home, Mother let me dress my dolls as beautiful heroine. One day, this was my favorite costume—her wedding negligee with its train and elaborate petticoat. Later, when I was a teenager and had achieved a more mature sense, that took me to the important actresses of the day—among them, Maude Adams, Lilian Russell, Minnie Maddern Fiske . . .

"We had a big yard around the Lake Charles house which became, every afternoon—according to the season—a football field, a baseball diamond, an arena for snowball fights. Snowballs in Louisiana were, of course, to the neck and the face, had an ice box, the biggest I've ever seen—it held 500 pounds. I'd go in, get the ice-shaver, and by the hour shave ice to make the snowballs for the gang. But often, too, while a battle was in progress, I'd have a bunch of kids off in a corner, acting!"

"In our spacious dining room, beautifully panelled in curly cypress, there was always a table set up—growing in. I'm not a latticed at either side. This was my first stage, upon which, at the end of every meal, I would mount and perform. How they loved to pick the things were my specialty. I always imitated Mother's callers. And the village characters. But although I imitated people with glee—and, I'm told, fidelity—I never made fun of them.

"When I was seven, Daddy picked up and left Lake Charles. We lived there—after, in many parts of the country—in Texas, in Arkansas, in Chicago—but we went back to Lake Charles, to a ranch near Diamond, Colorado, to finish grade school. I used to ride my pony to school and rode so fast that, when I pulled into the yard, nothing but crumbls would be left of lunch box.

"In California, too, the theatre—as well as the outdoors—was, so to speak, with me. Paul Whiteman lived within two miles of us. We would go down to his ranch, to the farm, and spend the days with the horses."

"Later, during high school days in Chicago, I, always interested in athletics, made quite a record for myself in the field meets. I did the high jump, the broad jump, the discus, etc. At all the sports, my specialty was the one-hundred-yard, also the fifty-yard dash. During one meet, folk-dancing was introduced between the races, and I was obliged to do the fifty-yard dash in an accordion-plated skirt. They gave another girl first place because it was my skirt, and not me, they said, that came over her."

"Although my parents had always said I could go on the stage, I must first, they made clear, have an education. 'All actresses need a companion,' go to companion, they said. Accordingly, I was sent to Mt. de Chantal Convent—from which my mother graduated— in Wheeling, West Virginia. Here, too, the pattern, my pattern of the parallel threads continued. I acted all the sports, but I still remember me, a speed-demon on roller skates, streaking by with a licorice stick in my mouth!"

"One time, we played 'Joe of Arc,' in which I played the Dauphin. But the reviewer got a bit mixed up between my priors and the cast. Accordingly, I was sent to Mt. de Chantal Convent—from which my mother graduated—in Wheeling, West Virginia. Her, too, the pattern, my pattern of the parallel threads continued. I acted all the sports, but I still remember me, a speed-demon on roller skates, streaking by with a licorice stick in my mouth!"

"My mother with her and I took a look around the new school. I had to do music. I was secured as a secretary for a very wealthy man, a promoter on Wall Street who, when I told him I 'can't take shorthand,' said, 'You've got the personal- ity I want.' He read poetry to me. And we were up to the turn of the century. I was an actress, my wave to the."
Meanwhile, I'd landed 'Sun-Up' and made quite a success in it. Every time Jack saw it, and he saw it several times, he'd come backstage mad as a hornet at his love scenes! 'What a woman doing!' he'd growl, 'with a damn career?'

"When, after the New York run, we were set to go to London with the show, I wrote Jack: 'They want me to go to London.' Well, if you want to put the ocean between us, he wrote back, 'I want you to do what you want to do, but I couldn't do it.'"

"I couldn't, either.

"We got married, very quietly, at the Little Church around the corner, and I went back to the farm. It was in the keeping with my pattern, just like in a theatre. The house, known as The Ferry, is one of the places where Washington actually slept because it had been, in his time, the ferry across the Potomac. We had no lights, no heat, no furniture, no radio (a friend gave us one which had no batteries—we hitched it up, every night, to the Model-T Ford). No money (Jack traded his eggs for coffee, butter, sugar, etc.), but we lived like lords. Diamondback terrapin and canvasback ducks for dinner. And oysters which were tongued five minutes before eating. And beef hung and aged on the place. After living in the Quick-and-Dirties, to eat terrapin and beef with the man you love . . . !

There was a mile of river front and a canoe on the river and we'd go, by canoe, by moonlight to the neighborhood dances. It was romance and enchantment, it was magical and fabulous; a fabled life and, if anyone from New York called me, Jack, feeling he'd got me out of the theatre, would say: 'It's that career reaching out for you!'"

"A farm,' he said, 'is where we belong.'

"So it was. So, blessedly, it is. But—although, our last year in Maryland, we raised 19,000 pounds of tobacco, 200 bushels of wheat and 200 barrels of corn—we couldn't make enough money to live. And it was back to New York—'The Devil's Lap', Jack called it—for us. The day we left the plantation, we sat and cried. The family who lived and worked on the place with us sat and cried, too.

"Soon after we went back to New York, Jack went in the paper an item about a revival of 'Sun-Up.' I went down, naturally interested, to the theatre; Lulu Vollmer, who wrote the play, was there. 'Anne,' she said, 'you are an answer to a prayer!'

"'Miss Elsmer,' called the stage director, 'will you come up, please?'

"I went up, picked up the lines, and when Jack stopped by for me that afternoon, 'First thing I heard,' he tells you, laughing, 'was Anne's voice on-stage and I thought, 'They got her again'!"

"It was after the revival, which ran a short time, that Lulu Vollmer wrote 'Moonshine And Honeysuckle,' the first thing written for radio by a 'name' writer. It was a Sunday-afternoon show, ran for three years, and I played Cracker Gaddis, the lead, and, in addition, six other parts—including that of the old, crazy mother. At the end of three years' time, a play was made of 'Moonshine,' and I went on the road with it.

"My experience on the road with 'Moonshine' made me realize that in one radio broadcast you play to more people than in a lifetime in the theatre. I realized that on radio you are in people's homes every day—in their homes and their hearts. I saw, as we met people face to face, how they adored the characters. 'Firecracker,' they called me, 'Cracker' for short! As, when we first moved to Jersey, much of my mail—bills included—came addressed to 'Stella Dallas.' And in the village, people came up to tell me their troubles; ask Stella's help with their problems. You get no more out of this life, so I believe than you put into it, and I do resent not having time to do more for others than I do. But in this department I feel that 'Stella—who does so much for others—helps me, by proxy, to do the same.

"So I knew, when I met my radio public face-to-face, where I belonged. And know it now.

"When I came back from the tour, I went into radio with a will. Often I worked nineteen hours a day, did seven shows a day—the lead in Miss Lilla, in Showboat, on the Heinz Magazine Of The Air—Moonshine And Honeysuckle, Heartthrobs Of The Hills, March Of Time—nearly 7,000 shows in all is my total, so I figure, to date.

"But meantime we were living, pent-up, in the shadow of the studios, and you may imagine how we felt. Our hunting and our fishing . . . the wind in our faces, and the rain . . . We had to get back to nature.

"Stella helped me. With Stella, a day-time show, I could live a saner life. Weekends, we were able to go out and shoot and swim and hike and do the things we liked to do. And Jack, so glad not to have me in the theatre, was reconciled—and happily—to radio. Has even done a few shows himself—but mostly to help out a friend—but acted, I must admit, as if he were led to the slaughter!

"And so, one day, we found—thanked to friends who live in our neighborhood—the old stone house. And here my two passions have met and run parallel again in, and through, my life. As Stella Dallas, my love of the theatre is well and richly satisfied. As Mrs. Jack Matthews, wife and boon companion of my hunting, 'ridin', shootin' husband, I am living my life outdoors where, for my happiness, it must be lived.

why pitch pennies out the window when panties of Spun-lo are still only about 69c*

* Sizes full-cut for comfort
* Always nice next to your skin...never clingy or clammy
* Dry quickly...never need ironing
* Wear superbly...come in your favorite pantie style

Spun-lo
RAYON FABRIC • the knit with the fit where you sit
INDUSTRIAL RAYON CORPORATION, Cleveland, Ohio • Producers of Continuous Process Rayon Yarns and ®Tyron Cord for Tires
Man about the House

Marj and Karl were country kids originally. They met at Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, where Karl was later to become a member of a group of young people who had a weekly supper with their folks. She was majoring in English and was editor of the college paper. Karl was minoring in English. Both were enthusiastic about literature and had belonged to college literary magazines and members of its literary society, so there was a definite association of interests from the first. When Marj transferred to the University of Iowa to work for a Master's degree, Karl transferred too. Already he had decided, however, that he was going to be an actor, encouraged by the fact that the head of the speech department had heard him play several roles at the old Globe stock company, a Shakespearean repertory company.

After college, Marj had gone abroad as research assistant to a professor of history who was digging into British museum records, after which she stayed in New York and took an advertising copy job. Karl had decided to try his luck in radio in Chicago, and for that purpose had borrowed fifty dollars to get him there and give it a try.

"I was expecting to be with some friends and listening to the radio situation, then go on to New York when the month was over before getting settled in Chicago. I had some auditions, was encouraged to stay on and wait, and then got a role in a half-hour top billing situation. I was earning a dollar a day before the broadcast, the director remarked, quite casually, that it was a 'dress' show—and I was travelling with one dress, to be worn in all scenes at all. So, between rehearsals and broadcast, I hocked my typewriter and bought an inexpensive linen summer suit and white shoes.

'It was great to be introduced to an audience as 'one of Chicago's new, young leading men,' but it would have sounded sweeter if I had had time to get some dinner, instead of standing there feeling empty and dizzy. It was the beginning, however, of a run of roles, and my trip to New York, they got me out of time and time again. When I did fly to New York, about a year later, I was fairly well established in radio, had paid my debts, and owned a small farm back home, so I convinced my parents to come over. So together, that was one step to being 'engaged' and got married. After all, I had already seen exactly two days out of that whole year. About a week later, we were married and got my mustache removed, where we met, and we started our married life in Chicago."

Months sped into years. Karl became something of an editor and then suddenly an important serial called The Woman In White, and he was in demand for many other dramas. One day, Karl was looking through his appointment book, thinking that it was story ever told, appearing to it was doing several important shows. It occurred to him that they were about the same shows he had done the year before, for about the same money. Out of curiosity, he got out the previous year's book and verified that. "I'm in a rut," he said. He turned to Marj. "How would you like to get out of that," he asked.

"Fine," she said. "I like New York. It might be better for your work."

And the decision was sealed, just that way, although they already had Lynn to care for. Marj was pregnant with her second child.

Karl and Marj had no special plans for New York other than: one, finding a place to live; two, finding some jobs for Karl. Karl was soon at work on an advertising program for another. He even went into two Broadway plays, neither of which lasted long enough to make much difference. There was always radio to carry him along.

Finding an apartment was a different story. There was one on Long Island, but that was too close to the heart of New York. Then Karl went into the Navy, assigned to the Armed Forces Radio Service. After his discharge, he went back to radio and another stage try, this time with an off-Broadway production called Stage Stag.

As television developed, Karl's jobs developed with it, and he was in early Studio One dramas, in City Hospital, and Lamp Exchange. He has a role in a new show called The Colman, in which he is the barman. The role is a good one, and Karl enjoys it. The cast includes some of the best dramatic actors in the country, such as the Apostle John, and, of course, he is heard in the Best Plays series, in Mr. Keen, Mr. Mameleon, and a dozen others. The blind know his voice because of his recordings of their Talking Books.

That voice, capable of many variations and rich in quality, which had been his stock-in-trade all the years of radio and stage, and failed Karl temporarily. When he returned to radio after an operation, Karl had to be completely silent for six weeks. Not even a whisper was allowed.

Karl turned to manual work to relieve the strain of waiting. A friend who had bought an old Pennsylvania Dutch farm near a little stream, near a lovely small lake. A bluff drops a hundred feet in front of the house, and the view across the valley is superb. The Webers fell in love with the house at first sight, but found that not less than four acres—plot could be bought. This would have been offing a great deal more than they could chew. Karl and his friends are determined to go out of their way to do what they own. The Weber house is on three levels, a "labor-saving house," they describe it, with a fireplace in the kitchen area, so that they can be quickly removed and the kitchen area, so that the kids can be served quickly.

Karl had a contractor for the house, and then went over the list and checked off everything he could do himself. Such things as the inside and outside finishing of the stone masonry and cabinet work. All the landscaping and terracing. "We did it," he said. "We did it." The three-foot wall stone, with a raised fireplac that takes four-foot logs. He shows you how the blue-gray stone complements the pink-cherry wood paneling. "There are actually three fireplaces in the kitchen area, where the kids can be served quickly."

Actually, thirty-five-floor-to-ceiling window—which overlooks the bluff and the valley, where the view is punctuated by a picture-book church steeple off in the distance—is being fitted to drapes by Marj, who is the better half of the Webers. The dining room and bath, as well as two other rooms on that same floor, one to be a study and the other a guest room with bath. The two older children have their own "apartment" on another level, over the garage and shop area—two bedrooms and bath and a large playroom. A sun-deck adjoins the children's quarters, enjoyed by the entire family.

There is a huge vegetable garden, flower gardens, an orchard with fruit and nut trees, and the wooded slopes are covered with a veritable forest of pink-and-white dogwood and tulip trees. There are lilacs in the spring, roses in June, and all the beautiful fall flowers almost until the snow falls. Karl has built a grape arbor, and the little plants are taking hold beautifully. All these things fascinate the city-bred Weber children and are an endless source of wonder and discussion.

There was just a little doubt in everybody's mind when they first acquired the country property. Would Marj and Karl, especially housewife Marj, miss the nearness of friends? Karl explained that the children would not miss their old associations. As it has turned out, they are new friends galore, and the old ones just wait for invitations.

"It has got so that we rate our guests according to their skills," Karl will tell you, trying to hide his tongue-in-cheek look. "Do you paint?" we will ask a prospective guest. "Do you garden? Are you good at carvings?" And when Marj and I will decide what needs to be done that weekend and whether it is a good one for these particular guests.

Actually, themselves have done practically all the work, for which they haven't hired helpers. Especially Karl, who has had too much fun since he was a boy, getting his hands dirty. And liking them that way!
### Morning Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Jack Arthur</td>
<td>Light And Late Hour</td>
<td>[Radio City Sunday]</td>
<td>[Monte Carlo Sunday]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>[World News Roundup]</td>
<td>[We Hold These Truths]</td>
<td>[Christian Broadcast]</td>
<td>[Christian Broadcast]</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Eider Mickson</td>
<td>[The Bible In Action]</td>
<td>[American Renaissance]</td>
<td>[American Renaissance]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>[Carnival Of Books]</td>
<td>[Back To God]</td>
<td>[Voice Of Prophecy]</td>
<td>[E. Power Biggs Organ Concert]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>[National Radio]</td>
<td>[Radio Bible Class]</td>
<td>[News 1035 Message Of Israel]</td>
<td>[College Choir]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Art Of Living</td>
<td>[Faith In Our Time]</td>
<td>[News Of The Day]</td>
<td>[Church Of The Air]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>[Music, Peter Roberts]</td>
<td>[Faith In Our Time]</td>
<td>[Fine Arts Quartet]</td>
<td>[Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir]</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Faithless Starch Time</td>
<td>[Frank And Ernest]</td>
<td>[The Best Christian In Action]</td>
<td>[News, Peter Hackes]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Viewpoint, U.S.A.</td>
<td>[Bromfield Reporting]</td>
<td>[S.S., Guest Of The Day]</td>
<td>[11:35 Invitation To Learning]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>U. N. Is My Best Friend</td>
<td>[Reviewing Stand]</td>
<td>[News]</td>
<td>[S.S., Guest Of The Day]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Portrait Of Our Times</td>
<td>[Fine Arts Quartet]</td>
<td>[The Fine Church]</td>
<td>[S.S., Guest Of The Day]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Afternoon Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>[Sammy Kaye]</td>
<td>[College Choirs]</td>
<td>[News Story, Bill Costello]</td>
<td>[Howard K. Smith]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>The Eternal Light</td>
<td>[News, Bill Cenning]</td>
<td>[Howard K. Smith]</td>
<td>[News, Bill Costello]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Merry Mailman</td>
<td>[Merry Mailman]</td>
<td>[News, Bill Costello]</td>
<td>[News, Bill Costello]</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td>[Fred Van Deventer]</td>
<td>[Herold Of Truth]</td>
<td>[On A Sunday Afternoon—Eddie Gallacher]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Univ. Of Chicago Round Table</td>
<td>[Lanny Ross Show]</td>
<td>[Lutheran Hour]</td>
<td>[On A Sunday Afternoon—Antonini]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>[Lutheran Hour]</td>
<td>[Lutheran Hour]</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>[Game Of The Day]</td>
<td>[Game Of The Day]</td>
<td>[Game Of The Day]</td>
<td>[Game Of The Day]</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
<td>[Banerstind, U.S.A.]</td>
<td>[Pan American Union]</td>
<td>[On A Sunday Afternoon—Antonini]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>American Forum</td>
<td>[Wings Of Healing]</td>
<td>[U. S. Military Band]</td>
<td>[World Music Festivals]</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>[Dixie Quartet]</td>
<td>[Dixie Quartet]</td>
<td>[Lone Pine And His Mountainmen]</td>
<td>[Lone Pine And His Mountainmen]</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>[Tune With Trent]</td>
<td>[Tune With Trent]</td>
<td>[Marines In Review]</td>
<td>[On A Sunday Afternoon—Antonini]</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Youth Brings You Music</td>
<td>[Musical Program]</td>
<td>[Musical Program]</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>[Lobby Bar Program]</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td>[Under Arrest]</td>
<td>[Old-Fashioned Revival Hour]</td>
<td>[The World Today]</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:25</td>
<td>[Deadline]</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>[Mystery]</td>
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<td>[Mystery]</td>
<td>[Mystery]</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>NBC Summer Symphony</td>
<td>[The Shadow]</td>
<td>[This Week Around The World]</td>
<td>[On A Sunday Afternoon—Betty Cox]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>[The Shadow]</td>
<td>[The Shadow]</td>
<td>[This Week Around The World]</td>
<td>[On A Sunday Afternoon—Betty Cox]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>[True Detective]</td>
<td>[True Detective]</td>
<td>[This Week Around The World]</td>
<td>[On A Sunday Afternoon—Betty Cox]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>[Mysteries]</td>
<td>[Mysteries]</td>
<td>[This Week Around The World]</td>
<td>[On A Sunday Afternoon—Betty Cox]</td>
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</table>

*Heard only in southeast, southwest and central states*

### Evening Programs

<table>
<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>6:00</td>
<td>Youth Wants To Know</td>
<td>[Nick Carter]</td>
<td>[Monday Morning Headlines]</td>
<td>[Quizz Kids]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Meet The Veps</td>
<td>[6:25 Cecil Brown]</td>
<td>[Don Cornel]</td>
<td>[George Sokolsky]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Listen To Washington-ton</td>
<td>[Squash Room]</td>
<td>[George Sokolsky]</td>
<td>[George Sokolsky]</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>[Juvie Jury]</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>[American Forum Of The Air]</td>
<td>[Treasury Varieties]</td>
<td>[American Music Hall, Burgess Meredith]</td>
<td>[Emcee]</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>[Juvie Jury]</td>
<td>[Juvie Jury]</td>
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<td>[American Forum Of The Air]</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Tony Martin Show</td>
<td>[Hawaii Calls]</td>
<td>[American Music Hall]</td>
<td>[Ensemble]</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Best Plays</td>
<td>[Enchanted Hour]</td>
<td>[American Music Hall]</td>
<td>[Ensemble]</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>[Juvie Jury]</td>
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<td>[Juvie Jury]</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Barrie Craig</td>
<td>[London Studio]</td>
<td>[Paul Harvey]</td>
<td>[Robert Q.'s Waxworks]</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>[Meet The Press]</td>
<td>[Melodies]</td>
<td>[London Column]</td>
<td>[News, Ed Morgan]</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>[Music Of The People]</td>
<td>[Music Of The People]</td>
<td>[Science Editor]</td>
<td>[10:35 Listen To Korea]</td>
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</table>

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.
**Monday**

**Morning Programs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Local Program</th>
<th>Host</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>World News Roundup</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Jack MacVane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>8:35 Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
<td>Betty Crocker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Ev'ry Day</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Ted Flake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
<td>Clifford's Family</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>News Of America</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Barnyard Follies</td>
<td>Joa Edwards Show</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>In Town Today</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey Show</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Thy Neighbor's Voice</td>
<td>With Robert Q. Lewis</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Ceci Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey Show</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Double Or Nothing</td>
<td>Double Or Nothing</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Wendy Moore</td>
<td>Second Chance</td>
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</table>

**Afternoon Programs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Local Program</th>
<th>Host</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Wonderful Town</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, News</td>
<td>Ted Malone</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Lunchbox With Lopez</td>
<td>Read Of Life</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, News</td>
<td>Young Dr. Malone</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Wonderful Town</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Mary Margaret McBride</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>2:25 News, Sam Hayes</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Burton</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>3:35 Tennessee Ernie</td>
<td>Perry Mason</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>3:45 Tennessee Ernie</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Wonderful Town</td>
<td>Betty Crocker</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Lucky U Ranch</td>
<td>The Brighter Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Woman In My House</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Woman In My House</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Game Of The Day**</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Road Of Life</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Right To Happiness</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Wonderful Town</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
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<td>Lucky U Ranch</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
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<td>Wonderful Town</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Lucky U Ranch</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Woman In My House</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Wonderful Town</td>
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</table>

**Evening Programs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Local Program</th>
<th>Host</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Summer Show</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Fall Of Fantasy</td>
<td>Year Land And Mine</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Series Of America</td>
<td>Field And Stream</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Hollywood Showcase</td>
<td>Concert Studio</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Columbia Showcase</td>
<td>Talent Scouts</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Band Of America</td>
<td>With Gary Moore</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>News Of The World</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>News of Tomorrow</td>
<td>Starlight Concert</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Eylon Britt Show</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Duke Of Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Walk A Mile—Bill Cullen</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>News Of Tomorrow</td>
<td>Starlight Concert</td>
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**Tuesday**

**Morning Programs**

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**Afternoon Programs**

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<td>Stella Dallas</td>
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<td>Wonderful Plot</td>
<td>Treasury Bandstand</td>
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<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>Bobby Benson</td>
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**Evening Programs**

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**Additional Notes:**
- **Heart only in southeast, southeast and central states.**
- **Heart only in southwest, southeast and central states.**
### Wednesday

#### Morning Programs

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<th>John MacVane</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>World News</td>
<td>8:55 Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>8:55 Betty Crocker</td>
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<td>Ev’ry Day</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
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<td>Thy Neighbor’s Voice</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Ceci Brown</td>
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<td>Music Box</td>
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<td>It Pays To Be Married</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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#### Evening Programs

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### Thursday

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#### Evening Programs

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**Note:** The schedule includes a variety of programs from different channels, with specific times and formats. The content is structured in a table format, with each program listed under its corresponding time slot and channel.
### Morning Programs

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### Afternoon Programs

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### Notes
- Programs are broadcasted from various stations.
- Times indicate local standard time (EST).
- Local programs may vary by station location.

**Friday**

- **Morning Programs**
  - 6:30: World News Roundup
  - 6:45: Local Program
  - 7:00: Morning News
  - 7:15: Local Program
  - 7:30: Local Program
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- **Afternoon Programs**
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**Saturday**

- **Morning Programs**
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- **Afternoon Programs**
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**Evening Programs**

- 6:00: News, George Hicks
- 6:15: News, Casady
- 6:30: News, Casady
- 6:45: News, Casady
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**Notes**

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- **Friday**
  - 6:30: Local Program
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- **Saturday**
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But Kay is a Japanese exchange student. So what happened? Everybody in the house helps with Kay's homework! But that's as it should be, since it only goes to show that everybody works as a team.

"I was pleasantly surprised," said Barbara, "when Gene suggested we bring in an exchange student, since the idea had never occurred to me. I was pleased, too. Gene said we could do as much good for Kay as he could for us.

"And we do. Gene helps Kay at night with his homework. They look like two college kids poring over Silas Marner! Last month, I went up to the attic and got out some of my old speech books which show how to hold your lips and tongue for good pronunciation. Then Kay and I stood in front of the big living-room mirror and a-e-i-o-u'd all evening.

"We practiced every other night for weeks. Then one morning last week, I was hanging some wash out on the line in the back yard when I heard one of the neighborhood children say to his playmate, 'Look—there's the A-e-i-o-u Lady!'" "'Well!' was all I could say.

"I learned," said Barbara, "that their TV was set against a window that looked into our living-room mirror. When Kay and I were practicing his English, they could look into our reflection—and doubtless our a-e-i-o-u's hummed in their ears.

"I suppose it was upsetting—especially if it came as a background to a show like Mr. And Mrs. North! Imagine a dialogue like 'Have you a-e-i-o-u . . . got the a-e-i-o-u ... gun, Pam?' Or 'Where's the a-e-i-o-u ... poison, Jerry.' "You can bet," said Barbara, "the A-e-i-o-u Lady, and Kay changed their a-e-i-o-u practicing room in a hurry.

Kay thinks he is getting more help from Barbara and Gene than they are from him. Gene found him a part-time job on his Easter vacation and then financed his first suit with matching trousers! "Matching trousers," said Kay. "Ah, so, I did not have some in Japan . . . ."

"But I think we came out more than even in the exchange," said Barbara. "If anyone gets the advantage, it's me—since Kay has shown me a way to get the children interested in eating vegetables. You'll have to admit that as a hard job, that compares with the digging of the Panama Canal."

Kay does it by making clay models of the vegetables with the children. Every afternoon about three o'clock, Teddy begins pestering Barbara with, "Mommy, Mommy, is Kay home yet?" He can hardly wait for Kay to get in from North Hollywood High School and start the vegetable modeling.

"Yesterday, as usual," said Barbara, "when Kay came in he went out in the backyard with Teddy and began making clay models—mostly of animals and the vegetables. That's fine for Teddy, since he can learn about so many different kinds of things. Kay, in turn, gets practice at the English names for the things they make. "Sometimes they get mixed up and their clay models make for comedy. For example, last night we had Brussels sprouts for dinner. When Teddy sat down, he recognized the sprouts as Kay's small clay models of cabbages. 'Oh, boy,' he said, eager to show off his newly gained knowledge, 'Oh, boy, do I like cabbages!' "'Then Kay, who has trouble with his

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Teddy, said, green-and-bad can almost was great had home don't did, 84 the room theatre, the through grows It

Getting "I remember noticing once," said Barbara, "without paying it too much attention, that the ivy was creeping in the bedroo... teddy, this how quaint!"

One morning a few weeks later, Barbara awoke and the first thing she saw was the long arm of the ivy reaching out from the window across the wall, and with greedy green-and-yellow fingers, down toward the bed.

"I was shocked," said Barbara, "and a little bit frightened, too. It was so human it gave me the creeps. It had grown so fast—almost overnight! Of course, I was ashamed of my fright. After all, it was only ivy, this made it seem so funny. So I didn't say anything to anyone.

"Two days later, I was lolling in a warm tub when I dropped my hand over the ivy in the shower tray. There was the feel of Peck's bad boy, peering from under the dresser, reaching toward the cib. This was too much!

"It could scare me in bed and in the tub. If it threatened my child, it would have to go, decorative or not!"

Like a general marshalling his troops before a great battle, Barbara called a meeting of war. It was to be the Czukors vs. the Ivy.

"Listen to me," she said, when they were all gathered around the council table (the breakfast table), "the Ivy's growing out of hand. It's invaded nearly every room in the house, and if we don't take a stand soon, we won't have a beach. What do you think? Thick, stubby fingers of the ivy?"

"Hear! Hear!" said Dr. Czukor.

"Ah, so ..." said Kay.

"But isn't ivy a vegetable, Mom?" said Teddy.

Well thought Barbara. Attack from an unexpected quarter. She was momentarily shocked into silence. Then, quickly reorganizing her thought, she countered with, "Yes, ivy is a vegetable, Teddy. But, like all things, there are good vegetables and bad vegetables. Now ivy is threatening our home—and the back yard where you make clay models.

Do you think it's a bad vegetable doing that?"

Said Teddy with determination, "Yes.

"Then," said Dr. Czukor, "that settles it and he started passing out the saws and knives with which to do battle.

They put in a good fight but, after two days of snipping, sister snipping, it was fairly well cleared from the bedroom, bathroom, and nursery.

Said Dr. Czukor: "After cutting away, it looked as if a few rows of shocking clocks were around the house, I almost expected to come around the final corner and find the part I'd cut out two days ago grown back in again, stronger than ever. But it had—thanks to Teddy. He got into the small nooks and crannies where Kay and couldn't penetrate. Teddy was a regular little commando.

"Of course, the ivy isn't all gone," said Barbara. "We left enough for shade in the back, and I even cut some to fill the antique vases for decorating in the living room. We can still keep my eye on the stuff that's in the house! You can never tell—it may devour the vase!"

And so, said Barbara, "whether it's the Ivy, Kay's 'brushes sprout', or some other problem facing us, we feel our co-operative efforts will help us tackle it. Perhaps it is the spirit of the thing that helps us, or we have confidence in our ability when we know that everyone is pulling together and sharing the work.

This co-operative spirit is both the hurricane and the lubricating oil that keeps the 150-horsepower engine that is the family hummer along so smoothly."

Dr. as Kay says, 'Humphing so, ah, so . . .

My Secret of Happiness

(Continued from page 69)

Spring remembers the time, in the last year of the war, when she received a letter from her daughter Phyllis. "Find a house, Mother," it said, "because Bill, Lois Ann, and I will be out in two weeks."

It was indeed a time for orderly thinking.

"Fifteen days to find a decent place for my new family to live. After spending most of my life in hotels, I knew very little about houses. And, this being the time of true scarcity, there was very little to be found, even if you knew about houses."

This would have been a fine time for Spring to panic, to buy the first thing she laid her eyes on. But, instead, she stuck to her ideas of logic and order—even as the days swept by. Spring knew that a hasty decision wouldn't help her out of her difficulties. The house had to be right, not just right, for the family, or they would all be miserable and what good would just having a house do any of them? So, holding her breath a little more every day, Spring searched patiently for a house that would be right for their needs.

"I finally came across this house," Spring explains. "Though there was no Bill and Barbara and the family possibilities for living. There was plenty of room both upstairs and down, and that allowed for privacy—something two families living together need. Getting the house solved the immediate needs of Spring, her children and her grandchildren. But, there were still other experiences to be encountered."

"I knew right away that I was going to have to make a new kind of life," Spring says seriously. "I had been living alone for so long, traveling on the road in the three-wheelers, that Hollywood, that I had grown very set in my ways. So I knew that living with the children, much as I would enjoy it and had looked forward to it, would be a challenge. Not a problem, mind you," she adds with a twinkle in her bright blue eyes, "but a challenge."

"As a matter of fact, I don't call things 'problems.' I call them 'projects.' In thinking seriously about daily upsets, I've found that the word 'problem' with 'project' and, as soon as I did, the whole thing changed color like a cham-eleon in the sun.

"Suddenly, a project like a very small obstacle from the bottom, when turned into a project takes on shape and form. Once I've figured out the shape and form, with patience and a little orderly thinking, I can find out what is the best way to go about it. Then, I can have the family members work out the projects one by one and work them out one step at a time. Discipline and order in your thinking work wonders in saving time, and the fun of figuring things out in every direction in an attempt to overcome difficulty."

Spring realized, when she moved into the new house with her daughter Phyllis, her sons-in-law Bill and Barbara, and her granddaughter Ann (nicknamed S'An), that they would need furniture.

"I merely dialed the furniture store and asked, 'What can you do for us?' I bought the furniture and family arrived together the next day, and we trooped into the house, safari fashion.

In the house and furniture were small projects," Spring says. "People are really big projects. You can replace all things but you can't replace the affection and contributions which people make to your life.

"Since we had all more or less lived on our own, we wanted to continue that way. Young-marrieds need time to establish themselves."

So, I found it wise not to appear on the scene too early in the morning. I had breakfast in bed.

To early-rising Spring, this was an innovation. Never before had she enjoy (or even longed for) such a luxury. Yet every morning of that year in which she shared the house with her family, Spring made it a point of never appearing downstairs until much later.

The project of living together kept every member of the family on their toes and taught them to "keep their elbows in."

"As a mother-in-law or mother, didn't expect to be included in everything my children did, nor did I intend to include them in all my affairs. Perhaps this is the mistake I have to make. The in-laws want to give advice and want to be in on everything the children do. The new sons-in-law and daughters-in-law are at fault, too. I'm trying to maintain a happy family relationship, they invite their in-laws to help, ask for advice. Of course, the mother-in-law takes them seriously—she's only human.

Today Phyllis, with Bill, eleven-year-old S'An and four-year-old Chrissie, live in their own home, within five-minute walking distance from Spring. The independent family patterns established when they shared one big home haven changed. We still lead our own lives, Spring says, but Spring is in the radio business, too, for the first time in years Bill and I found ourselves invited to the same party just the other day.

The fact that their social groups are different (and that they are not inclined to be a dropper-in type of family) doesn't affect many way in which they are not close."

"We are very close," Spring says, "because we are such good friends.
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BY NURSES IN NATION-WIDE TESTS

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85
Kathryn, as wise as she is charming, has drawn these conclusions: Stars are not born but made; beauty is not a shell but the heart of a woman; the art of being popular and loved is not endowed by nature—it is something you learn and earn.

"There are very simple, sound rules that transform a wallflower into an orchid," she says. "I know, because they have worked for me and, as a matter of fact, for Arthur, too."

As a child, Kathryn Murray remembers herself as being small and homely. Relatives referred to her affectionately, but not considerably, as "Monkey." Her father, a loving but quick-witted newspaperman, would tell her, "Don't you care, baby, beauty is only skin deep... we'll skin you and you'll be just fine."

Her favorite daydream was to be the epitome of female loveliness in frilly pink and white, admired by multitudes. Her mother, more realistic, dressed little Kathryn in neat, crisp linens designed to fill out her slight build. For all her thinness and what, for Kathryn, was her unattractiveness, she was a bright and energetic child. She was so clever in school that teachers skipped her along until her mother objected. Even so, Kathryn entered high school at the age of eleven.

She was, naturally, the tiniest student in the school. The boys towered over her, and the girls seemed so much prettier. It hurt. It was perhaps the most crucial period in her life.

Kathryn used her intelligence to observe and learn the secrets of popularity. When she graduated from high school, she was one of the best—liked and most sought-after girls in her class. A few years later, she met and won as a husband Arthur Murray, whose profession brought him daily meetings with beautiful and charming girls. Yes, Kathryn had learned quickly and well.

"I'll tell you why I proposed to Kathryn," Arthur says. "After our first date, I kept thinking how much fun it would be to have a wife who was such good company."

That was perhaps the first thing Kathryn had observed: The most popular girls were fun to be with. As a school girl, she learned to do things that would make her good company: she danced well, she played the ukulele, and sang. She found out what people own age enjoyed talking about. Friends included those of her own sex. She never hesitated to express her admiration for another girl and, furthermore, never forgot to leave her a card.

"Arthur and I firmly believe a woman must be both brilliant and attractive," she says. "Working is growing, and when a flower stops growing, it withers. A mother, when her children are grown, should turn to another full-time occupation that keeps her alert and exciting."

She recalls a woman who came to work in the Arthur Murray office on the recommendation of another employee. The woman was large and dressed neatly but badly in a foulard dress. She looked dowdy and old. She was natively bright but had little to occupy her time. She worked for him three years, Kathryn says, "and dropped fifteen years from her appearance."

Responsibility and activity animated the woman. She gave a gift of herself. Mingling with others, she became conscious of her appearance. The cheerfulness that permeates the studio's became part of her outlook. Lida? Kathryn tells you, "and then he moves in."

Arthur's experiences as a youth were similar in some degree to Kathryn's. He was a gawky, awkward boy who felt hopelessly shy. So miserable was he that he quit high school for a time. It was dancing that saved him, after he had lost six other consecutive jobs. A neighbor taught him the rudiments of dancing, which he discovered he did well. So bashful was he, however, that he could never bring himself to dance with anyone he knew. His terrible inferiority complex led him to attend, unobtrusively, strange wedding parties where he found partners he had never seen before and would never meet again. Luckily, dancing came naturally that he easily got a job as a dancing master from his success from then on is a national legend.

But Arthur remembers his past, and his identification with shy youngsters who have to dance in noisy dancing parties as schools conduct is one of his answers as ways of helping the wallflower. And I still personally continues his one-man campaign to help backward people.

Then there is the tall girl with a hangdog expression. He found her taking lessons in the studio. He asked Lida (not her real name) if he might dance with her. She was a plump, homely, and her teeth fairly rattled in her mouth. He learned that she had never attended on of the students' parties. On this occasion, Kathryn came to his assistance.

"The girl didn't feel attractive," Kathryn says. "She was nearsighted and wore unbecoming glasses. She was self-conscious about her height and tended to slouch."

Kathryn talked with the girl, told Lida that her own twin daughters wore glasses. She sent Lida to an optometrist with the suggestion that the glasses were made with blue frames to match her eyes. She tactfully called Lida's attention to the kind of attractive clothes the women teachers wore at parties. Her hands were clammy and her teeth fairly rattled in her mouth. She began to dress in better taste.

"Let's face it—women have a special problem," Kathryn says. "In addition to beauty, a woman must be able to attract." Uniting beauty and position where they must wait to be asked.

And Lida? Well, she came to the studio parties. She met a young minister, mar- ried him, and now has a dozen children. Her hands were clammy and her teeth fairly rattled in her mouth. She began to dress in better taste.

"Becoming a proficient dancer bolstered Lida's ego," Kathryn tells you. "Of course it doesn't have to be dancing. It could have been tennis or little-theatre work or anything that gave her skill and confidence in a group activity."

Kathryn does not insist that dancing is the cure for all social ills. In analyzing, she has come up with the secrets that make a man or woman—well-liked and fun to be with. But, she is a woman who does not preach, "Do this, do that, do this."

"He makes her do it," Kathryn says. "But he makes her do it."

When Kathryn's daughters were grown—she went back to a full-time job in her husband's studios and is a vice-president of the organization. She is in her office from 9:30 in the morning until five or as late as seven in the evening. She does this for five days a week, but every morning she rises between six-thirty and seven-thirty. In those early hours, she takes care of her own clothes, makes up the shopping, does the shopping, and does the day's work by the other odds and ends that fall to a wife. Some mornings she does some baking, for Arthur has a sweet-tooth. She doesn't often prepare dinner or supper, for Arthur knows that when she gets in the kitchen it's a problem to get her out. One night, for example, her publicist had asked him to have a party for the many celebrities who had taught to dance. The photographer, in the course of shooting pictures, asked Kathryn to pose for some kitchen shots. He got this, and Kathryn didn't get back to the party for a half-hour.

"I had cracked all of those eggs for the photographer," she explains, "and I had to make something out of them."

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"We're Living Happily Ever After!"

(Continued from page 71)

It was Martha’s reaction to this, “Yes, it’s interesting,” And, she thought, “So is he!”

As the date came to an end, Jim said in a casual voice, “Oh, say, would you like to go to the movies—next Sunday?”

Martha took a second, longer look at the good-looking blond Mr. Brooks, and before she thought, murmured, in an equally casual voice, “To dinner? Why, yes, I’d love it!”

“I was supposed to have dinner with some friends,” said Martha, “but I knew, if they were any friends of mine, they’d understand and forgive me. I canceled the date in short order, for I wasn’t going to miss an opportunity like this—a jet-propelled test pilot!”

Dinner that night led to other dinners and other dates. Soon Martha found her datebook was filled with only Jim’s name. “Since Monday, we’ve been—Meet Jim for lunch; Wednesday—Pick up Jim at recording studio.” It was no longer a datebook, but Jim’s Book!

There was one growing question in Martha’s mind during this time when she and Jim were seeing another couple like two images in a mirror. That was the question of her two sons’ approval of Jim.

“Are you going to marry him?” Jonathan, ten, together with Martha, had made a compact little unit for all the years of their lives. “They are as much a part of me as I would be of them. And together for so long, that we think as much alike as three thieves in the market. Not that I was thinking of marriage, mind you, but I did want to know how they felt about seeing Jim all the time. I usually went out only with business associates, but even here the boys always put their stamp of approval on my dates. Now I wanted to be sure they okayed my spending so much time with Jim.

“But the boys were way ahead of me. One night, I found them waiting up for me when I got home from a date. “Come into the kitchen, fellas,” I invited. ‘We’ll have a bedtime snack. I think there’s some turkey left.”

“They took me right up on it. I didn’t have to stall the conversation around to the question that was bothering me, either—now, before we even had our Dagwood sandwiches made, Jerry, my eldest, popped up and said, “Dad, do you like him?”

“I think so. Do you like him?”

“The boys couldn’t say yes fast enough! I think he’s swell,” agreed Jerry, who is something of a chatterbox himself. And Jonathan said stoutly, “Me, too! I think he’s keen. Boy, I’m gonna be a test pilot when I grow up.”

But months rolled by, and Martha and Jim realized they were falling in love. “Even though we argued something fierce, I used to think we had a personality clash,” said Martha. “When we get upset, we are both as stubborn as mules, and as immovable in our opinions as a battle-shoe stuck on a sandbar. In short, we each wanted our own way!

But we learned to compromise. That’s the beautiful thing about those fights was the making-up—and we never got mad at each other like saying to Jim. After we get laugh at everything—even ourselves. Jim has a divine sense of humor. After twelve months of courtship, Martha saw her first movie—after some serious discussion with her sons waiting up for her. “Hi, Mom, want to have a little snack in the kitchen?”

They had ‘conspiracy’ written on their faces as plain as George Washington’s face on a dollar bill. As soon as we got to the kitchen, the conversation got underway. It started off in high with Dagwood sandwiches, and jumped from ‘chicken goes good with mayonnaise’ to—and you sure do go good with Jim!”

“Say,” said Jerry, ‘are you going to marry him?”

“Really,” said Jonathan, “are you going to marry him?”

Conspiracy it was, thought Martha. “Well, would you like it if I did?” she asked.

“Okay, boy, I’ll say!” they agreed in unison, she laughed.

So Martha and Jim tried to decide on a wedding date. “It was like trying to fit a round peg in a square hole of those Dagwood sandwiches,” said Martha. “There just wasn’t any room for a wedding day in our schedules.”

So they postponed—next Sunday afternoon, when they met outside the network, “I have a special flight coming up this weekend…” They both had their black datebooks in their hands, and together they wandered the months and days.

“Golly,” said Martha, “that puts us way up into June. Say—how about a June wedding?”

“Oh, a long way off!” said Jim.

Finally it was agreed! When the blooms came out in June, they’d be married. But fate, which had kept them apart for a year, was not to be outdone by the小伙子ness pangs, for she stepped in again!

It was that very next weekend, at the last of April, that Martha found she was free from her busy radio schedule for a few days in a row. So Jim went off for a Palm Springs rest. “This was the weekend of Jim’s special flight,” said Martha, “and I intended to get some quiet!”

“I was so quieter, calmed and was a clam in a cool bay, when Jim flew in. He literally came right out of the blue.”

“Look, my flight has been canceled,” he said, “out of all of a feeling of a feeling of all of tomorrow! Let’s get married now! Enough of this nonsense!”

“Golly,” shrieked Martha, “I’m not ready…”

“arid, I mean, I’ve only got this suit and one dress! But I had these arguments, a set-jawed test pilot!”

Martha saw the square jaw. She knew that meant, she’d have to compromise.

“Oh, who cares what I wear? Pack the bag, Liz,” she called to her sister. “We’re flying to Las Vegas!”

And they got legally married in the Sands Hotel on May 3, 1953.

It was such a pretty wedding,” said Martha. “Loads of flowers, carnations, glads and lilies! I even found time to buy myself a little white lace hat, which sat on my empty head like saying to Jim. Thanks for marrying me. Now if you’ll just drop me off at CBS—I’ll see you later!”

“But when we didn’t still have a place to call home. We rented an apartment, and I still had to work in Hollywood every day! That meant I’d have to stay in the Hollywood home with my children and parents!”

“I was three infinite days before I was able to take time out and get to the beach!”

The rest is history.

Martha met Jim at the foot of the hill! She led him to their honeymoon cottage. “Darling,” said Martha, “Sweetheart,” replied Jim, and immediately kissed his bride, taking her into his arms and picking her up bodily—maneuver adequately suited to test pilots! Suspended six feet in the air, Martha clung to Jim. They mounted the hill and approached—and crossed—the threshold! That’s when I happened—Was it the lack of oxygen—the rarefied air at this hilltop altitude? Or was it a sudden giddy feeling on Jim’s part because of his closeness to his heart of hearts?

No matter what the reason. It’s just that, as they crossed the threshold, Jim suddenly tripped—and weakened his grip—in fact, relinquished it altogether. Martha dropped to the floor.

Jim saved himself after the stumble, but Martha’s thump still echoed against the living-room walls!

And that’s the news that hit the front pages!” said Martha, “I was hurt in two places. But mostly it was my ankle. It was broken!

“Almost killed Jim!” he has taken an unmerciful riding from his friends. He’s received so many cruel sallies from his movie clipping corner that it is a regular refuge from all corners of the world. And the mean things they write on them! Well, I don’t have to tell you how sad it was for me. But we didn’t realize how much I was going to Jim—it happened! When Jim went down to the corner drugstore—packing a packet of cigarettes. That’s when the papers came out. There was Jim and there was I, big as life, but half-hidden by the plaster cast, staring up from him the front pages of all the papers.

He said, “upon coming home, it was very strange, and I felt that it must be happening to two other people!”

“We practically said it together, this can’t be happening, but I think it was!”

“Dad! What’s on your mind, you girls? What’s the matter?”

“You see,” said Martha, “everything comes to him (or her) who waits. You may be lonely for a time, or you may have headaches for a few months and even years, but if you just work along steadily, and have patience, your dreams will somehow come true. And when they do you can bet I’ll be able to—perhaps as suddenly as a broken leg!”

“We’re waiting and dreaming now for a house. In Brentwood, we hope, halfway between Jim’s studio and mine. And know one thing for sure! That is, Jim’s only going to carry himself across that threshold!”
Cinderella Sis Camp

(Continued from page 38)

rang and Sis glanced at the living-room clock as she went to answer it. Just eight o'clock. She thought: If that's a call to go out, I'll have to refer Paul to late and, besides, it's too dark to walk even.

Over the telephone she heard a voice that she thought she recognized—but why would Paul Dixon, the man whom everyone in Cincinnati knows, be calling her?

"Miss Camp," the voice was saying, "my wife suggested I call you. I have a problem I think you can help me with."

"Who—what? Calling?" Sis asked, a little bewildered.

"This is Paul Dixon," the voice rushed on. "I was wondering if you would like to be my Girl Friday on my television show."

"Are you kidding?" Her own voice was half-laughing, half-shaky.

"No," said Paul, "I have never been more serious in my life."

"You mean just on your local show."

Sis by this time had drawn up the telephone seat—she felt as if her legs just wouldn't hold her. "We'll be in town for just a few days."

"No, I mean on the network, too—the whole works," Paul's voice held a hint of suppressed laughter. He knew what a weird feeling it was for Sis to get this call out of the blue. Here she was being offered a job she'd neither sought nor coveted.

"But," Sis was protesting, "do you really think I can do it? Are you sure you mean me?"

"I most certainly do mean you, and if you'll meet me at the studio in half an hour we'll get the whole thing straightened out."

"Oh, Mr. Dixon," Sis wailed, "if you think I can. I'll try, I'll work hard, really I will. I'll do everything you tell me to do—oh, Mr. Dixon."

"Okay," Paul smiled into the telephone. "Then the first thing is to get to WCPO immediately and we'll begin the work."

Sis couldn't stop talking even though she'd hung up the telephone. Her family couldn't make head nor tail of what she was trying to say—only her persistent urging that she had to meet Mr. Dixon at the WCPO studio immediately convinced her mother. She couldn't face the family—a whole family breathed a sigh of relief when she finally drove off.

"I hope this isn't just someone pulling Sis's leg," Mrs. Pohlkamp told her husband as she closed the door.

Meanwhile, Paul was driving toward the studio on the other side of town. Doubts began to assail him. He'd only seen Sis twice before in his life, and actually it was Marge, his wife, who had observed more about Sis than he had. He knew that Sis had worked at WCPO a few years before, but she had done nothing like what she'd have to do on his show.

When Paul arrived at the studio, Sis was already there. He put on the records which would be used on the next day's show. Sis would have to pantomime, coordinating the movements of her mouth and body to the words and music on the records. It had to be perfection, else the illusion would be lost—and both a show and a girl's chances for success spoiled.

"Hour after hour we worked," Paul described the seemingly endless hour and over again the pantomiming of the recordings. It was four o'clock in the morning when I finally called a halt. She wanted to continue, because she said she wanted to be perfect on her first show. I was afraid we'd grow completely stale if we went on any longer, so I promised we'd meet at ten the next morning for a few more hours' rehearsal before the local show went on the air.

"The next morning I arrived completely worn out. Sis, bright as a daisy, was already in the studio working on the records. The three hours evaporated—as time is wont to do when you need every second you can get—and the signal came for the director. We were on the air.

"All of us connected with the show held our breaths. Then Sis walked on-camera, raised and with the charm of a veteran trouper. Her first number was perfection.

From that moment, Sis was in.' Len Goorlan, our producer, hugged her. Al Sternberg, our director, was doing upips in the control booth. And Wanda Lewis, the artist on our show, put her arms around Sis and gave her a big hug."

Sis left them and went to the dressing room and the best of friends. "Wanda's like the sister I always wished I had," Sis tells everyone. "Certainly, I've never had a better friend."

Sis Camp, the modern-day Cinderella, was born Loraine Pohlkamp in St. Bernard, Ohio, a little suburb completely surrounded by the city of Cincinnati. She's the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pohlkamp—a daughter who had the usual dreams of being an actress but didn't do anything much to make them come true. Close-up modeling was some high-school modeling and a bit of chatter on a record show over WCPO. No years of singing instruction, no years of dancing school, no years of dramatic productions.

Sis is exactly what she appears to be on the Paul Dixon Show over DuMont. She's a folk girl. After being graduated from Our Lady of Cincinnati College, where she majored in sociology, Sis took up modeling full time and became a fashion coordinator for a local department store in Cincinnati. She was employed in the department store when the call came through from Paul Dixon that changed her life.

Sis lives at home with her parents and three brothers, in a house in which she was born. She can cook up a fine meal all by herself, and often does, to give her mother a little rest over the weekends. Actually, Sis was pursuing her hobby—sewing—when Paul phoned her that cold November night. She has made many of her own clothes and often turns out a skirt or formal for Paul's show, when she has time.

Sis is still 'Sis' to her three brothers, who tease her as unmercifully as they did when she was a youngster trying to compete with them in baseball or football. However, her eldest brother Joe, who is now in business for himself, doesn't mind boasting to his business acquaintances that it's his sister Sis on TV. His father, a foreman at Procter and Gamble, is apt to carry around a few anecdotes about the "behind the scenes" life on the Dixon shows. Brothers Dick and Jack, still in school, have a way of casually having friends drop by the house at Sis's hearth time. Sis takes it all good-naturedly, for it's all part of being the Cinderella girl of TV.

The clock may have struck at midnight for the Cinderella of that classic fairy tale, but for Sis it struck at eight one evening with the resounding ring of a modern telephone.

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here are the real facts!
I crossed my fingers. With luck, that might help a lot. No matter what Jessie thought when she saw Lefty, she wouldn't be likely to lose her head in front of her hero. Or... Oh, dear! I thought wearily. Maybe I shouldn't have. But it was too late now.

Bill's reaction, when he had come home and freshened up and was getting in our way in the kitchen, was even more discour-aging than I'd feared. He stopped filling his pipe and frowned at Blondie. She pretended to away back.

"But, if I tell Jessie, she won't come at all!"

"But, if she comes and sees Lefty when she doesn't expect to, the explosion is likely to be much worse," Bill complained. "Rosemary, for a straight-thinking young woman, you sometimes get the—"

I was beginning to suffer real misgivings, but I said stubbornly, "I don't care, Bill. He had his hand on the sink! I want them both to be happy and fond of each other, and what way is there?"

"Oh, I know, honey," Bill was just giving me a comforting hug when the doorbell sent my heart plunging downward.

"It's Lefty! Oh, Bill—help me! Keep your eyes open and think fast," I pleaded. Then Lefty came in, and the evening got off to a hopeful enough start. As I perched on the arm of a chair. Some time later, with my ginger ale gripped in an unsteady hand, I was thankful for this much of a pleasant evening, anyway. Still, I thought, I'd better tell Jessie. She's here. I have to—if the two of them are surprised, there's really no telling at all what may happen.

"Lefty," I blurted, "Jessie's coming to-night!"

"Gee, Rosemary! Gee, that's swell!" His face came alive and fairly glazed. "I guess you knew I wanted to see her!"

"That's the understatement of the year," Blondie murmured. I went on uneasily. "Lefty, I only wanted to remind you—Jessie's at a difficult age. You know, thirteen—adolescent. Up one minute, down the next."

"She's not sick or anything?"

"Oh, no! But she's—well, you never know just what's coming. Sometimes she's perfectly sweet, and other times... I'd my fingers crossed. Other times she could be moody, yes, but she was never really unreasonable. Except about Lefty.

"I guess I see what you mean," Lefty said uncertainly. He stared into his glass. "She's a sensitive type, I think. But Gee, I already know that. I can make allowances for my own kid... I guess... if she isn't very—relaxed."

"Don't you worry, Rosemary. Sees you and would do anything if she didn't! Look at it one way—"

"Here she comes!" Blondie said suddenly, and Lefty leaped so sharply his drink splashed over. Bill and I watched him anxiously, neither of us moving to the door. Then Blondie firmed her lips, "I'll be darned if I'll let a babe-in-arms scare me!" she announced. A moment later we heard her greeting Jessie, and Jessie's excited, laughing answer, "Blondie! Golly! What a dress! Gee, you look just wonderful!"

Jessie was in the room before she finished. Dark hair flying, cheeks pink, eyes glowing... and then, she saw her father. All movement stopped. Even her...
Baring skirt fell still around her. She stared, and all the color faded from her face. She was clutching an armful of tulips, and she held them out to me like an offering.

"I thought you might like these for the table," she said, her eyes still on Lefty. Before I could reach for them, Blondie scooped them up and said she'd take care of them and disappeared kitchenwards. I looked after her enviously. Then Lefty took an uncertain step forward.

"Hi, baby. Hello," Jessie's gaze shifted to me. "You didn't tell me."

My lips opened soundlessly. Lefty's voice rang out. "Big surprise, baby! Say—how about a kiss for your old man?"

She went over and touched her lips to his cheek. I could almost feel their stiffness. "How...how are you, Lefty?"

In nervous anxiety Bill, Lefty and I all spoke together. Lefty said, "Fine!" Bill said heartily, "How about a ginger ale?"

And I said, "Lefty, isn't she two inches taller than the last time? Turn around and show Lefty, darling—"

"No, I—I've got to go outside for a second. Bim's—she bit her lip. "I'll be right back."

"Who's Bim?"

Lefty asked quickly. "Sounds like a dog. You got a dog now, baby?"

I laughed. "Those are fighting words, Lefty! Don't you know how much I'd like to talk to you about the big catch of the sophomore class! Jessie, why don't you bring him—"

"No, no!" She was panic-stricken. "He's got to go right home. I'll just say good night and be nice to him. So abruptly she collided with Blondie, and while they were steadying each other Lefty acted. "Aw, baby, what kinda way's that to treat a friend?"

Bill told what must have carried clear down to the intersection.

"Hey, come on in! Let's get a look at Jessie's boy friend!" A little moan escaped Jessie, and she leaned against the wall with a face ghastly. It was too late to stop Lefty. His friendly arm was already propelling Bim Evans into the room. Tall, sandy-haired, a little bewildered, the boy blinked a moment.

"Hey, Jessie baby," Lefty said reproachfully, "Don't you even introduce us? What kinda manners—"

Swiftly I went over and held out my hand. I said, "It's nice to see you, Bim," and introduced him to the others as casually as I could manage. When I came to Lefty, Bim stopped looking shy and simply stared.

"Jessie's brother? But I thought you were dead."

A wave of fiery color washed away his freckles. "I mean—that is," He sent Jessie an imploiting look. But she saw nothing; she was staring fiercely at the floor.

Lefty broke the silence with a weak laugh. "Dead from the neck up, maybe. Say, Bim, what kind of fish does everybody? I mean, maybe Jessie's friend would like a drink or something. Aw, there I go. What are you, Bim, sixteen, seventeen? I don't mean a drinkin' drink—I guess your folks would have a fit if we offered liquor I mean like ginger ale, or Coke—"

Bill had jumped as if galvanized, and interrupted the flow that Lefty didn't seem to know how to spin about it, Bim? We've got both right here."

Bill shuffled. Now he, too, seemed to be finding the floor completely fascinating. No, thanks, Mr. Bim, I couldn't get one.

"Aw, come on, Bim, live a little! Maybe a cream soda's more your poison, huh?"

Bim shook his head and said thanks again. Jessie's voice came out on a high, near-hysterical note. "Can't you hear, Lefty? Bim said no thanks, he doesn't want a drink. He doesn't want a drink." She raised her eyes and gave Bim a meaningful glare. "He has to go right home, don't you, Bim? Isn't your family expecting you right away for dinner?"

"If you must run, we'll understand," I put in, smiling. "Though we'd love to have you for dinner—perhaps the next time Jessie comes. That way you can ask your mother in plenty of time."

Blondie coughed, put her hand to her lips and muttered behind it, "What's the matter with the kid—doesn't he know enough to leave while he's ahead?" Only I knew her, for Lefty spoke at the same time, practically pushing Bim into a chair.

"Listen, we ain't ready to eat yet, are we, Rosemary? I guess Bim hasn't hung around a while and got acquainted. I guess he wouldn't think much of me as a father if I didn't try to get a line on my kid's new boy friend, huh?"

He made an inaudible sound. I knew I should do something, but I'd never felt so helpless in my own living room. Bill, red with suppressed laughter, was absolutely no help. He'd never been a touchy adolescent girl undergoing the anguish of having a young friend "gone over" by the family. If that were all that was making Jessie writhe it would be enough, but it was much more. Not that she was doing her whirling where it showed. Fists clenched—teeth, too, I suspected—she simply stood there like a stone figure. If she were only philosophically enough to be reminding herself that "This too shall pass away."

"No," Bim was saying, "not in the same class as Jessie. We don't all stay in the same class. I mean—" He put the top of a dirty white shoe over the other in an agony of concern. "We have sort of different classes for different things. Subjects."

"Well, that's clear. Ain't it, Rosemary? He's got a good head on him, this Bim. Anybody that can explain a thing like that so I can get it, it's a clear explanation. After all, I never went past the sixth grade myself. Tell me, Bim...

There was only one thing I could do. I excused myself and rushed out to the kitchen, where I slammed the oven door, rattled dishes, and generally made it plain that, instead of us sitting around waiting for dinner, the dinner was now sitting around waiting for us. When I went back, Bim was on his feet, but Lefty was still talking.

"I guess I don't have to tell a nice boy like you to take good care of my Jessie, eh? I mean when you're out shakin' an ankle this Saturday. Bim looked bewildered again. "I mean cuttin' a rug. Rosemary—what the kids call it these days?"

"Bim and Jessie will have a wonderful time at the dance, Lefty, don't you worry," I put a hand on Bim's shoulder. "I don't want to rush you..."

Looking back, I have the distinct impression that we all sort of ganged up on Bim and ushered him out of the living room with closed eyes, his brow well in feathery fascination to Lefty until he could no longer see him. Bill was laughing when he came back from the porch door. He started to say something about being sure Bim had to be home anyway, but when he looked around his voice dimmed out. Lefty was standing with his back against the fireplace, frowning over at his daughter. At first, I thought Jessie was crying, but she was simply huddling down into her chair, very still, head bent to hide her face. All I could see of her was her hair still clenched.

"Well," I said loudly, "I think we really can eat now, friends. If you don't mind..."
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having some slightly overdone roast—

Nobody seemed inclined to rush into the dining room except Bill. Finally, he pulled Blondie to her feet, put an arm around Jessie, and swirled them all along, I touched Lefty's arm. "Lefty—dinner."

He followed me as if he didn't really care. My heart ached as I settled them all around the table. It looked so pretty, too . . .

As I rose to clear away, Bill coughed and said, "Well, Lefty, did you have a good look around town this afternoon?"

Lefty turned to me. "What you say, Bill? Oh—yeah, sure, it—it's quite a little town." He turned to Jessie again, and while I sought frantically for something to say—hastened out, "Jessie, what's wrong, baby? Aren't you gonna talk to your old man at all?"

"Everything's wrong," Jessie rolled and unrolled her napkin. Her voice was thick. Suddenly she raised her head and glared at Lefty. "Everything's wrong, that's what's wrong! You can't stay away from me and leave me alone! I'm not bothering you! Who asked you to come and stamp around and ask my friends a lot of d-dumb questions and pretend you're the one that's bringing me up? I don't want you here! Why don't you stay away from me?"

"Jessie!" I think I was angry enough to have shaken her, but she jumped up and ran to the door.

"Lefty, you alone, do you hear! You'll spoil everything! He'll never talk to me again! I'm ashamed, that's what's wrong! Bill'll never talk to me again as long as I live, and everyone'll look at me as if I was wrong!"

Bill and Lefty were on their feet now, too, and Bill was almost angrier than Jessie. "Come to that, Jessie, I'd like to have a word with you without telling poor your father is dead. That's a pretty outrageous thing to do, wouldn't you say?"

"I wish it was true!" Jessie wailed. "Rosemary, I don't want any more dinners! I've got to go home. I've got to get away!"

There was silence in the dining room. The tap of running feet and the click of the gate sounded ominously final.

Lefty burst in. "Well, I guess that's that. But gee—" he sent a harried glance around at us—"I never thought I was a real bonehead, but I must be getting there. I don't get why I've done it. What's so awful she has to throw a fit?" He began to get angry. "What is she, a real sensitive plant or something? If she's bothered, can't she say it out in plain English about what's cuttin' her?"

I bit my lip. "There's no excuse for the way she acted, Lefty. But . . . well, you know, Jessie's in kind of a confused spot when you think about it. You're her real father, yes, but she's grown to love Mother and Dr. Jim as though they were her parents, too. In a way she doesn't know—where her loyalties belong. A child has to have a fundamental sense of security, of belonging, and Jessie sort of benefits in two places and it upsets her."

"I gained confidence as I went on, but Lefty's mind was too set. He didn't understand. He shook his head. "Nice try, Rosemary, but it don't ring a bell. Let's face it. My kid's just plain ashamed of me, that's all. Why?—is there anything else does it figure? No—that's the deal, all right. She's ashamed, and she's right. What does a nice, high-class kid like her want with an ex-man for a name like that?"

He pulled out his chair as if about to sit down again, then thrust it back. "Rosemary, please excuse me, huh? I guess—I guess I'm just hungry either. If nobody minds, I think I'll take myself a walk around the block."

Nobody tried to stop him. After he went the three of us finished our dinner in gloomy silence broken only by an occasional half-hearted comment. Finally, Bill guessed it was all my fault, didn't know what I was thinking of to plan to surprise her like that.

"Your fault nothing!" Bill was still angry. "That kind needs a good paddlin'."

I took my hand in his. "All that stuff about how Bill will never speak to her again. What's Lefty done that's so crushing? What's she so disgraced about? I didn't know Lefty was thinking of going into such a snit. Rosemary, and frankly I'm shocked."

"Kids are snobby," Blondie, obviously, as angry as Bill, was trying hard to se both sides. "I guess, in a small town like this, the others might make Jesse feel it's her old man wasn't up to par. She shrugged. "No use kidding ourselves, we all know that's why Jessie's so upset. Lefty's a swell guy, but you don't see that right off the bat, if you're a kid. You see—isn't it nice, though, like he said himself. His grammar's not out of a book. But, still and all, if she was mine I'd have off and tell her a few of the facts of life. Such as grammar doesn't necessarily make a decent, wonderful guy who'd give him right arm to see her happy. Such as—oh, well, she's not mine."

We lapsed into silence again over our coffee, and when the phone bell broke it, we all jumped nervously. "Bill half-rose—"

"I'm afraid that'll be Mother, Bill. Wanting to know . . ."

"Be sure you tell her," Bill commanded. "She'd be more upset than any of us if she didn't know what to do!"

But there was no point getting Mother all excited about it. She was dismayed enough at the way Jessie had rushed upstairs and locked herself in her room. She couldn't wait to see Rosemary. I, she! Did she quarrel with Bill? They left here in the best possible mood—talking away."

"It was my fault, Mother. It was Lefty. My little surprise fell flatter than . . . sighed . . . than anything I can think of at the moment."

"Oh, so that was it," Mother said in a tone that made it plain she suspected the truth all along. "Bad, Rosemary?"

"As bad as possible. But I didn't go into it. Mother would be terribly hurt if she thought I'd let Bill say—growing into a snob. There was nothing in the way Mother and Dr. Jim were bringing her up, nothing in the gentle loving background, that would excuse her for that. No, this was Jessie's confused reaction to her first social problems. Wanting to be popular, wanting to be "in" on the big, important, teen-age life of Springfield, desperately afraid of being one of the "outsiders." I told Mother I'd come over the next day, while Jessie was at school and tell her all about it."

Lefty arrived next day after breakfast with two big azalea plants and a determined, almost happy look in his dark eyes. He said, in thanks for trying, last night, Rosemary. "Where'll I put them?" He set them gently on the window sill where I quickly cleared a space and waved away my thanks. "Not only thanks for trying, last night, Rosemary. Where'll I put them?" He set them gently on the window sill where I quickly cleared a space and waved away my thanks. "Not only thanks for trying, last night, Rosemary. Where'll I put them?"

He set them gently on the window sill where I quickly cleared a space and waved away my thanks. "Not only thanks for trying, last night, Rosemary. Where'll I put them?"

"Let's have all second cups and talk things over."

"Mind if you're the very last I want to see. Lefty accepted the coffee and thanked her. 'I'm shovin' off today, but . . ."
I figure you're hanging around a while longer, right? You'll have to find your own way back to town. I guess I'm sorry to leave you in a hole, but that's the way it works out."

Blonde and I exchanged a glance. "Don't worry about it, Bim," she said. "About you, though— you surely want to—"

"I'm sure. I didn't plan to stay more than two-three days. Anyway. And now things are all set, so there's no sense waitin'."

"Lefty, how do you mean, all set?"

I bit my lip. "As far as last night is concerned—"

"Don't give it a thought. I got it all fixed. At least I got it fixed the best way I can, and no man can do more than that."

Lefty gave me a valiant imitation of his big grin. "Walking around last night, I was thinkin' Real hard. Didn't take much to think it out straight. Jessie's a kind of position here in Springdale, hasn't she? And me, I tell you. By the time I was finished, I guess I had it all cleared up." He looked from one angle to the other— and the other— and the other. "Looks like Bim there—they get to thinking of Jessie having a father like me, what're they gonna think about her? So, as luck would have it, I get it all through you thinkin' about that Bim, there he is!"

"There he is where?" Blonde asked nervously.

"Rolls right up behind me on his bike, that's where. Boy, I was never so glad to get a second chance to talk to anyone, I tell you. By the time I was finished, I guess I had it all cleared up," and he finished the story, and said, "Gosh, I thought you'd be jumping for joy, and look at you. I tell you I fixed it all up good again for Jessie!"

Lefty. "I said gently. "What did you say to Bim?"

He was only too eager to tell us. He had given the boy a capsule autobiography, that was all. But growing out of the New York streets, about the gang he'd been part of because either you were or you didn't survive. About the stunt in reform school that he hadn't really deserved and later on the stretch on the real "inside"—the penitentiary—that he did deserve. And how he would have come out of that straight into the racetrack, if Bim hadn't caught him first. "Of course," he said regretfully, "I hadda tell him about the situation and the medal I got. But that was only to show him how close I come to not making a mistake—dying. I mean, like she told him I had. And he sure looked like a different kid when he rode off."

Blonde said, "I bet he did." I couldn't say anything. I was thinking wretchedly about Jessie, wondering if now she really didn't have reason for anger at Lefty. Last night—well, was young Bim Evans. Lefty'd had some kind of talk with him last night, and Bim had—well, Bim asked Jessie if she had a picture of Lefty he could hang on his wall right under that old picture of Evans. He didn't know his name. I mean, whatever Lefty told Bim, the boy just fell head over heels into the biggest hero-worship of his life. He thought he was the greatest man since I don't know when."

"And that made Jessie change?"

"It did something. She'll probably be over school to tell you about it, Rosemary."

"I'll be ready, Mother."

"I said it half-grimly, half-joyfully. How wonderful for Lefty! Unexpectedly wonderful, to be sure.
It's a Grand Young Life!

(Continued from page 36)

apologized to his audience, and started all over again.

"I made a mistake," he said. "The listeners deserved to hear the song sung right. The only way was to begin all over again."

Julius’s "naturalness" kick has paid off big. The first record he ever made, "Anywhere I Wander," sold more than half a million copies from the moment it hit. It made of him as the boy next-door, and boy—sosset-sosset scream the place down whenever he heaves into view.

Watch him in action with a bunch of these kids and you begin to realize the shrewdness that lies behind his innocent brown eyes. He’s standing backstage en-circled by a mob of whooping maidens. He studies the group, grinning, then points a stubby finger. "You." The chosen girl comes timidly forward. Julius gives her a peck on the cheek. Painting, she fades toward the rear. Other voices ring out.

"Now me, Julie, now me—"

Sure, these kids are eating it up. But so, indeed, is Julius, for whom all the dreams come true. Two years ago, a sailor, now a VIP whose fan mail in the Godfrey outlet ranks second only to Godfrey’s own. And whose mother doesn’t work in the clothing factory.

"That was what I always wanted," Julius says. "To go home one day and say, ‘Mama, you’re quitting work.’" He also says he always wants to buy him a house, another ambition that’s been neatly fulfilled.

The La Rosas are currently the proud owners of a seven-room Old English home in Hollywood. Young Julie has been brought in appropriately enough, on George Washington’s birthday. Actually, the place has nine rooms; there are two finished rooms in the attic.

Furnishing of the entire establishment —except for Julius’s very own chamber —was left up to the elder La Rosas. They’d say, "Better off that way," and depart. You see so and-so that we’ve picked out,” and Julius would go along, say fine, swell, dandy, and think no more of the matter. "It’s your house, do what you like," do it at your own pace. But when he wasn’t so off-handly. Every last detail was planned by him personally, along with a carpenter friend of his father’s. "It’s built-in,"" he said.

"The whole room’s built-in." Walnut paneling, and a walnut-paneled desk, and a built-in TV set and record player, and built-in shelves for books and records, and built-in paneled drawers. You name it and, if it’s in Julius’s room, it’s walnut, it’s paneled, and it’s built-in.

The house is Julius’s chief
toward sons—next to his niece, Lillian. Lillian is a fast twenty-one months old, but to hear Julius tell it, the Quiz Kids
would be sold to a school for backward children if Lillian ever got into competition with them.

A week or so ago, Julius went home and found Lillian enconced there along with her mother (Julius’s sister Sadie) and her father (Julius’s brother-in-law Paul), all of whom had been home to a meal in several days, but his parents, though interested in his every move, never pry into his business. When, after dinner, Julie went upstairs to get dressed for a dance anything.

He came down, and there was Lillian, blocking his way. "Where you going, Julie?"

Mr. La Rosa looked at Mrs. La Rosa and roared. "I swear we didn’t tell her to ask."

"Twenty-one months old," cries Julius. "Oh, I’d love to bring her on the radio show, but it’d be too much. It’d just be too much."

When he’s not raving about Lillian, Julius is voicing his loyal admiration for Lefty. "Say Carl Furillo got seven hits, he—Julius—was in heaven. "An I-talian ballplayer,” he said proudly, borrowing the pronunciation from Julius.

Get to a ball game, he doesn’t. Or even to a movie. Not lately, anyhow. He re-

hearses some twenty hours a week—there are five morning shows and one evening show—and when the gang isn’t rehearsing, it’s taking lessons. Riding, swimming, skating, dancing. The show’s choreo-
graper, a man named Harry Rogues—ou can say anything but he’s gen-
erally dug out in a blindingly cheerful outfit (a sun-yellow shirt, for instance, and sandwiches)—gives the whole crowd tap dancing lessons.

In August, Julius is due for his first vacation since he joined the Godfrey or-

nament—Julius has a girl, or so anyone can discover. “She knocks me out,” he said once. “She’s it.” If the news of Ann’s marriage hits the heart, however, he’s hidden the wound. To the naked eye, it looks as

through Julius La Rosa is still sitting way up on top of the world, right where we left him last time.
Our family had known Jack all his life. He was a young and promising boy, with a bright future ahead of him. But his life was cut short when he was found dead in his apartment.

Jack's family was devastated by the loss. They were unable to come to terms with the sudden death of their beloved son. They decided to hire a private investigator to look into the circumstances surrounding Jack's death.

The investigator discovered that Jack had been involved in a criminal activity. He had been laundering money for a gang of criminals. Jack had been a member of a fraternity at the university where he attended. The fraternity had a reputation for being involved in criminal activity.

The investigators discovered that Jack had been using the fraternity house as a meeting place for the criminals. They were able to track the money trail back to the criminal organization.

The family was shocked by the revelation. They had no idea that Jack had been involved in such activities. They were determined to get justice for their son.

The criminal organization was arrested and charged with laundering money. The investigation continued, and the criminals were eventually brought to justice.

The family was able to bring closure to their son's death. They were able to see justice done for their beloved son. They were grateful for the efforts of the investigators, who had worked tirelessly to bring about justice for Jack.
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All our friends have been so happy for us, we thought that at the school we are kind of celebrities.

“I wouldn’t mind getting on the show myself,” one of Jack’s friends said. “How do you think we could do that?”

“It’s simple,” I said. “You find a doctor who has a marriageable daughter and you get this doctor to take you out of your appendix.”

“If we can’t do it,” he said.

I did. I got Jack, and $1800 to boot.
Looking Homeward

(Continued from page 25) and try for a Broadway show. Warren took the advice and immediately got a job in a Shubert chorus. After this he sang in “The Student Prince,” which was a success in “My Maryland,” the juvenile lead in “Rain or Shine” and “Follow Through.” After that came acting in Hollywood and enceasing in television, radio. But it was a musical wagon that he first hitched to his star.

Warren had taken to music as a duck takes to water. His father, besides being a wonder with mechanical devices, was a fine musician. He was a singer, leader of the town band, and composer. He wrote “Our National Peace Anthem,” which is still played and was recently featured by Meredith Willson in many hymns, including “Gather Round the Table of the Lord.”

Before Warren was in the first grade, he was accompanying his father to band rehearsals. His first instrument was the cymbals. Even then, he was very young to keep up with a parade and he banded the brass plates in a wagon that followed the band. With his father’s guidance and help, he learned the silver cornet before he was ten years old. All of the Hulls spent many nights around a piano or organ. It comes as no surprise that Warren’s own family does the same today.

You can’t underestimate the effect of religion on Warren’s success. You see, his grandfather formed a Quaker congregation in Gasport that grew from the nucleus of the Hulls alone to a membership of more than a hundred. In 1912, the Hulls built a meeting place which still stands. Warren was a religious boy, he sang and played at every Sunday service.

He listened to sermons attentively, for his grandfather was a good preacher—I know, for I listened to him for thirty years and was never bored—and he preached that you should never talk about being a Christian but concentrate your energies on living a Christian life. He taught us that every day is holy, and therefore you are expected to be good and honest seven days a week. But Warren’s grandfather had a fine sense of humor, too.

“Sometimes of earlier mention it is wrong that I am a minister,” he would say, “for I have so much fun.”

Warren was like his grandfather and father. He was a good husband and social. Warren liked girls, and the worst part of it was that the girls liked him. Warren’s teacher in grade school, Mary Condrin Slattery, remembers him as a kind of chivalrous youngster. The only fist fight he had was when he came to the defense of some girls who were being bullied by a classmate. “He was as polite as he was bright,” said his sister.

He and his sisters had a pet lamb named Bessie. The day Bessie died you could have heard Warren bellowing a block away. For years he had a short-haired blond Spot. Once Warren’s family took a vacation and left Spot in my care. I found the dog in Warren’s room howling his head off. I tried just about everything to calm the dog but nothing worked till I got on his knees and kept repeating, “Warren will be back. Warren will be back.”

Warren went to high school in Lockport, just a few miles from his home town. He starred on the track team but made a greater impression with his voice. The Hulls were always good singers—loud ones, too, for Father would say; “Open your mouth, child, and let it come out!” Warren was in one operetta after another. Teachers and townspeople as a whole encouraged him to further his musical education. But today, in spite of all Warren’s training and experience, when I hear him sing on his show I remember my grandfather counselling, “Open your mouth, child, and let it come out!”

The past June, the townspeople of Gasport asked Warren to come back for a real home-coming. They were about to dedicate a new firehouse. Warren’s father had once been a chief of the volunteer fire department. They asked Warren to come and do the honors—and be honored. His wife Sue tells that from the moment the invitation was extended he had an impression of moving forward to the day as a child waits for Christmas. He came home on a Saturday with his wife, daughter Sally, two of his sons, George and Paul (his eldest, John, is stationed out of the country on naval duty). Warren’s mother came up from Greenwich, Connecticut, and forty-two members of the Hull clan gathered from all over the country.

It was Warren’s first return in many years. He visited the old swimming pool, where descendants of earlier members again took their toll. He went to his old home and picked a yellow rose for his mother—from a bush he had planted with his father. He looked up at the back bedroom where he had slept—and grinned, for on the roof was a television antenna. From the firehouse, he looked across the road at the canal where he had skated as a boy. He made a very short speech, for his heart was full. The townspeople were proud and fond of him. It was on their faces, in their applause. He was given the badge of honorary fire chief. Then, and when he had visited the family church, he had the mixture of sorrow and sentiment, for his father had passed away seven years ago. The Hulls were a devoted, close family and Warren had loved his father dearly.

It was in his father’s house that Warren learned to honor home and family. It was here that Warren learned to laugh and enjoy music. It was here that Warren learned to trust in God and share with others.

His successes on Broadway, in Hollywood, in radio and television have never diminished his memory of his childhood. His respect has never diminished for the lessons he learned in Gasport. And I will tell you why I believe this.

It was present while revisited his childhood home. There were tears in his eyes and he put his cheek against the front door. He said, “You know, Aunt Florence, I love every stick in this old house.” And no man can love that which he does not respect.
I’m in Love with Four Guys

(Continued from page 53)

black-eyed peas. Anybody who likes them
must be a basically sound person. Now,
“don’t you forget it?”

I try not to. However, if I do and some of
my Little Margie’s favorite coworkers off on me, I have four basically sound men
who set me back on trail again. That’s right,
four. Starting with my husband, Lee Bon-
nell, and counting through, second, three,
—Philip, Peter, and Paul—you see four men
who also lap up ham and hocks and black-eyed
peas like it was loving mother’s milk. And
that makes them as basically sound as Fort
Knox!

Good thing for me, too. Because, as My
Little Margie says, “I’ve got a problem.
Have I got a problem. . . !” And Margie
has it, too, and even persons know she has
different problem every week. In my
case, though, it’s the same problem every
week—that is, there are just not enough
hours in the day.

This is a situation every working mother
—finding the time to spend with her
home, husband, and children. At the end
of the day, she’s limp as a sail without a
breeder. I’ve learned to—hey, we learn to—
found—if you put a little thought to it—
you can manage to be with your husband
and children a good deal.

This is the place to be, and minutes of
time. For example, Lee threw his Navy
mattress in the back of the car and, with an “An-
chor down!” kind of a five, we were off to
San Francisco, Sequoia, and Yosemite.

On these trips, Phil, who’s ten, sleeps on
the mattress on the floor. Peter, seven,
finds plenty of room on the back seat, and
Paul, who’s three, sits on his lap. In my
lap. Once we get under way, all is cozy
and quite ship-shape. In addition, the
children are all the junky habit of waking up
at different times, so it’s not hard for us to
handle the beds.

It’s remarkable how much the children
absorb on these trips. When they’re awake,
they don’t miss a thing—and they remem-
ber it for the future.

On our last trip to Yosemite, all the kids
were impressed by the beautiful scenery—
and especially the bears. The first day,
Paul quieted the screaming with his head in
my lap. Once we get under way, all is cozy
and quite ship-shape. In addition, the
children are all the junky habit of waking up
during the forest. Everywhere we looked,
we saw the big animals. Since it was the
boys’ first look at a bear, we were glad they
were around. Better way to learn about a
bear than in a picture book.

However, that evening as we were
driving home in our cabin-tent, I noticed Paul
was very quiet. He watched big-eyed at Lee
die the flagpole monument. I asked him what’s
the bear?”

Naturally, he was up—but it also
made us aware of one tiny fear a little boy,
how we’d had grown and grown until in
the black of night it was giant size. “Of
course not,” Paul simply explained.

“Bears don’t have hands like people. And,
besides, Mr. Bear probably wonders if we
can climb trees. He isn’t any more anxious
to see us jumping off every tree, I think.

It was nearly a year later that Paul was
watching Lee and me struggling with a
record machine which Charlie Farrell had
rented us. “Honestly, honey, unwinding this
tape is a problem,” said Lee. “What a bar
of a knot to untie.”

“No, Daddy!” spoke up Paul. “You’re
gone! Bears can’t untie knots. You said
so—remember?”

If I’ve ever had any doubt about the
children on trips, it was dispelled not
long ago when I had a job offer in New
York. I thought about it, really serious.
Since I wouldn’t consider going without
the family, I was about to turn down the
job because I didn’t want to take them out
of school just for a professional
woman, felt the job was a real break).

I presented my dilemma to the school
principal. He reassured me that the chil-
dren would benefit from the change.

“Advocate the idea of ‘Mrs. Bonnell,’” he
said, “so don’t bother your conscience about it.
Your children will learn more about
life in five weeks than they will in school.

So, with his authority, we were off to
New York and my guest spot in the Col-
gate Comedy Hour. As I’ve said, the
children do learn more—and remember it
forever!

There are other advantages to these trips.
In the car, the children and Lee and I are
thrown together in sardine-like comfort. It
makes for a family unity and—well, we lea-

Also, if you have three or more children,
you’re always working—competing
for your time and love. Well, in the
car you’re close enough to spread your
affection around like hot butter on toast.
They lap it up. As a result, there’s no
competition. The whole family gets its share.

If you have problems to discuss in the
upbringing of the children, cross-country
travel offers some wonderful opportunities
for discussion—and they’re the ones who
raise the questions. That means they’re
interested. Besides, you’ve got 3,000
miles to get your point across!

When you see wild life on the road or
antelope on the road, for example, conver-
sation can turn to questions of chicken
eggs and baby skunks. Which came first,
the chik or the skunk, if you know what I
mean.

Besides finding time for the children,
there’s the other problem of finding time
alone with my husband. Fortunately for
us, Lee is a free-lance insurance agent and
his hours are flexible. If ever I have a
break in my schedule, he makes a break in
his. For us it works fine.

But there are times when we’re both
rushing about. Big periods. It’s wonderful
to have an understanding hus-
band. In Lee’s case (he was an actor before
I was an actress), he understands the
problems and time schedules of performing.
In addition, he goes all out to cooperate.

Last week, for example, I did three My
Little Margie radio shows plus the TV
show. So what did Lee do? He took the
bus and the car and the van to pick me
up so we could drive back together in
one car! “Sweetheart,” he said, giving his
best performance, “I couldn’t bear to be
separated from you another minute”...

Yet cetera... 

Now, isn’t that sweet! That’s what I call
a basically sound cooperative and under-
standing personality. And he’s all mine!

An added advantage to the husband and
child themselves, takes a lot of time. But
I’ve learned to budget time here, too.
B.M.M. (Before My Little Margie), I did
some of the housekeeping and most of the
cooking. I had a nurse, Mrs. Edna Jackson,
to help me. She was with us for five years.
When My Little Margie came along, she
drew her Social Security and now
drives around seeing the country by bus!

I now have a wonderful girl, Ann, who’s
been with us for six months. She’s a genie,
does everything well. (Of course, I still cook the ham hocks and black-eyed peas.)

At home, since the family are precious as diamonds, I try to spend every second with them. In fact, when I took Philip to Sunday school for the first time I noticed that, when I was about to leave, he had tears in his eyes.

I'd like to think that his fears were for me and that he was disappointed that we weren't going to be together. However, I think he was scared because it was this strange place, so I arranged to take the class and teach it myself. Unfortunately, My Little Margie has cut into my Sundays, and Philip now goes it alone. No tears, either! (Doggedly I try to keep my mind off this, but it may have been the root of the whole thing.)

Whenever I can, I try to share my fun by taking the kids with me on jobs in and around the city. Recently I was elected Honorary Mayor of Sherman Oaks. Opening the Junior League Baseball season went well for both of us. So Philip and I drove over to the field.

On our arrival, the bleachers were crowded, flags were flying, and Phil was shouting hello's to some of his young friends on the field.

As soon as we found our place, the captain of the two teams came up to me and said, "Your Honor—well, I mean, if you make a speech, it will be your little kid on the cheek for the photographers... okay?"

"Sure," I said, knowing the value of a good press. Phil was standing right beside me and, as soon as I said, "Sure," I felt him stiffen.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "you'll do anything for anybody!"

This came as a surprise to me, since up until our arrival at the field he had been his jolly personable self. After this speech he stood there, eyes straight ahead like a wooden Indian, and promptly proceeded to ignore me during my speech and for the rest of the game.

I wondered what had happened to raise his ire, because he isn't like that at all. I thought perhaps it was the kiss on the cheek which had upset him.

This sort of thing is a problem to performers and their children—where the children can't tell the difference between play-acting and real life. But, in this case, I didn't think the peck on the cheek was the fuse to Phil's explosion. He had been through this sort of thing before.

After the game, he scampered away. He was suddenly a rabbit eluding the net. So left him on the field pitching the ball with some of his friends and drove the few blocks home alone.

That evening he bolted into the house like the atomic clouds that roll up from Yucca Flat.

"Well, this afternoon I was just about through with Mother," he announced to all and flounced on a chair.

"I'll right out with it. What's wrong?"

I asked.

"Oh, Mother, how do you do anything for anybody!" he said again and was suddenly about to stomp himself in tears.

I knew then that the kiss thing was not at the bottom of the overflow well in his eyes. I sat down beside him at the table and we talked—about a dozen other things—before the real answer came out.

He wanted to play on the Junior League Baseball Team, too, but he hadn't bothered to go out for it. When he saw those sharp blue and white uniforms on some of his friends' heads, he jumped out, trying to explain to them what really is the trouble. Sometimes we're successful and sometimes we're not.

If we fail to pour all on the troubled waters with an explanation, then there's only one other thing to do.

That's to smother them with love and affection, to make you love me, and to work hard in the hope that you'll find that sweet talk and understanding is honey and almond cream to their heart. We will not, of course, put up with temper tantrums. But, somehow, we no longer have any.

Fortunately for us, in this baseball incident with Phil, we still had a chance to help him. Lee got on the phone and called the Big Boy Club which sponsored the games. The director told him that the "A" teams were closed for the season but there was plenty of room on the "B" squad. They had uniforms, too. Would that be okay...?

"Okay," I said. "Boy, next year I can try out for the "A" squad," said Phil.

Another problem solved! Like Margie, I've found life has a few problems, but with thought I've found I can turn my spare-time problem into a time-to-spare boon! Any busy working mother can do the same.

Besides thinking about solutions, I've also developed a few "gimmicks" to help me. You know, like a little black book in which I carefully write down my daily schedule. Only trouble—acting at times like Margie, I forget to look at the book for days!

But I don't need any "gimmicks." For my real help lies in that quartet of mine. The friendly sound of personalities carry me along like a surf rider on a wave. And, you know, it's so easy to love four guys—especially when you always enjoy the same things. For example, ham hocks and black-eyed peas.
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The Phrase That Pays for Red Benson

(Continued from page 41)

himself: "My name is Norman Benson--" and was, hopelessly, "but everyone calls me 'Red.'"

A few minutes later, the new acquaintance would be calling him "Norman"—so, over a number of years, he changed his name progressively:

Norman Benson—0 to 15 years of age; Norman "Red" Benson—15 to 19; N. Red Benson—19 to 24; Red Benson—24 to present (34).

He was still Norman, however, when the family moved to Philadelphia. By that time, at the age of fifteen, he was getting a big kick out of working in school shows and plays, so he auditioned for the Children's Hour on WCAU. He scored a big hit with his impersonations and stayed on the show for a few years as juvenile comedian, singer, and entertainer.

"It was decided for me," Red recalls, "that I would be in show business. I tried the shoe on by accident and it fit."

Since then, he has been in just about every kind of entertainment business. He has worked as a composer, magician, professional hypnotist, the third part of a trio, a bandleader, and disc jockey. He sang in the Philadelphia Light Opera Company—he has a fine "legitimate" voice with a three-octave range. He was a Shakespearean actor in a stock company. (Somewhere along the line, he wedged in three years as a psychology major at Ohio University.)

In 1939, he organized and led a dance orchestra—a good one—whose graduates include such luminaries as Elliott Lawrence, Kitty Kallen, Red's bandleader. He has played proms, parties, and clubs in Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey. But this was during the depression, and usually he was holding down one or two other jobs at the same time.

In a fashionable Philadelphia dress store, Red was employed as shopping clerk, assistant window trimmer, and relief elevator operator.

"I'd go on the monkey jacket, get in the elevator, and some of the customers would be in their bedroom is.

They might be women who had danced to his band's music at a country club the night before.

"I would sing," he says, "Band business is glamorous, and running an elevator wasn't. I learned about humilty."

When the band played one summer in Ocean City, New Jersey, Red met Fleur-ette—Flippy for short. Flippy was (and is) a tall, attractive brunette. Flippy's sister had married a man by the name of Benson and it gave Red ideas.

"Sort of suggestion," he says, "but we weren't really serious that summer.

A year later, Flippy was studying at Tufts University, he worked in the day, and at a school dance. This time, when their paths crossed, they continued on a straight line that led right to the altar.

"Marriage changed my life completely," he states, the lady of his home has always come first.

Red decided to give up that part of show business which would keep him traveling. He had been a twenty-four-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week kind of businessman, and the pay was less than he was getting to pay the rent. He was, among other things, a canary salesman, doughnut manufacturer, and a steam-passer in a hat factory. Finally, he got a job as a radio announcer, but it didn't pay too well.

"I supplemented my income by becoming a prizefighter," he remembers, "and I trained for the ring by delivering milk every day before I went to the studio."

He won only his first fight and then got pretty badly beaten up. He discovered his jaw was made of the same material as a milk bottle. Naturally, his radio work suffered, too, and he was fired. But, in a short time, he had another radio job in Reading.

"By 1942, I figured I'd had as much experience as any twenty-four-year-old," he says.

He went to New York for a network job and wound up across the river in Newark at WAAF as an announcer and disc jockey for two years. He and Flippy had their first child, Susan, and then Uncle Sam beckoned. Red went into the Navy and World War II for three years.

The breaks came after the war. As a start, he got a thirteen-week fling at being a TV comedian, one of the first.

There were only six hundred receivers in the whole of New York, and that was only seven years ago." He remembers wistfully, "I'd tell a friend I was on TV and he would say, 'Why waste your time? Get into radio.'"

So he got into radio in a big way. During the past five years, he's emceed a dozen network shows and today stars on The Phrase That Pays and Name That Tune, over the Mutual Great Day Show and Take A Number, over Mutual.

"Once in a while, I think of all the jobs I've had and figure I should be sixty," he says, "but it's a funny nice to know that I'm younger than I feel."

Red and Flippy, twelve years married, now live in a seven-room ranch house in Great Neck, Long Island, about thirty minutes from Manhattan. Red has planted in his grounds a birch, two elms, a dogwood tree, and a Golden Chain. The last is a tree, rare in this country, which he had imported from Sweden. It blossoms once a year into great clusters of golden flowers.

The house is furnished with a maximum amount of flea market for Red Benson. For example, there are two TV sets and two pianos, so the children can get off by themselves. The living room is decorated in French Provincial, with a touch of Swedish modern. The dining room is paneled with silver oak. This is the first home Red really feels is his own, for here he discovered the joys of doing for oneself. "People say they couldn't do anything," he says. "They said you had to be trained for carpentry and gardening. Now look at my hands." He readily displays calluses from handling tools.

"I get more satisfaction in building a closet than I do acquiring a new sponsor," he says.

Red is in the city from three in the afternoon until eleven, about six days a week, so he gets mornings for his gardening. He has a garden where they grow flowers and vegetables. He has built swings for Susan and for Stephen, put up a retaining wall in the driveway, and this past spring set in a patio around my mother.

He likes to do just about everything, and this includes a lot of cooking. He has a batch of his own recipes left over from the days when he could never find depression dishes, food that is cheap but filling.

"I can make soup that tastes as if I had meat in it but hasn't," he says. "He breathes that he can still cook a dinner more economically than most women. Flippy adds, "He hardly notices that he uses up a couple of pounds of butter."
"Flippy is jealous of my cooking," he says. "You know the kids will look up from a dish and say, 'This is real good. Did you make it, Daddy?'" However, Red argues, "I can't beat Flippy's Swiss steak, potted meatballs or breast of beef, and the children know it, too.

Susan, eleven, is a quiet, pretty girl with great talent for the piano. She is well-behaved, but Stephen, three, is a holy terror.

"Maybe a chip off the old block," Red quips.

Stephen will break into an imitation of Red Buttons, Rudolph Halley, or his father. Father, around the house, has to play straight man, and Red will make an argument for everything. For example, Red may be taking Susan out.

"Why do you have to go?" Stephen demands.

"I'm taking Susan to the dentist," Red explains.

"Why can't she take a cab?" the boy persists.

Father says, "Cars are too expensive."

"Aw," says Stephen, "you make plenty of money."

A fine sense of humor pervades the home. Red and Susan are a happy and fun couple, and getting as much happiness as possible out of life, but there is a lot of pluck present.

Over a year ago, Susan ran through a plate-glass window. Red made a tourniquet out of his tie for her bleeding arm, and they rushed her to a hospital. She needed forty-eight stitches.

"Flippy and I were sick, scared stiff, as the doctor sewed the cuts," Red recalls. "Susan lay on the table making jokes so we wouldn't feel bad."

Susan is frequently Red's companion when he goes fishing. When the fishing is not good, she will go out of his tie for her bleeding arm, and they rushed her to a hospital. They had forty-eight stitches.

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for about five years, and I was a comparative newcomer, when we were introduced in a doctor's office. Or rather, the doctor's upstairs sitting room. I was paying a social visit there to say hello for a minute. I was in California. Galen was waiting to see the doctor professionally. The doctor was busy at the moment and left us together.

Galen had been talking for a while. He was planning a vacation in California. I was impressed with him, but I was looking very hard at my modeling job and had little time for the story line, or the many ways that made him even further from my mind at that point. He said he wanted to see me again, and that was that.

It wasn't until quite a while later that I learned he was impressed, too. One morning, a call came through when I just happened to be at the Powers office discussing his work schedule with him. There was a pause in the conversation when I heard Galen's voice, asking me where in heaven's name I had been hiding. We talked for a while and planned to see each other after lunch, but I didn't realize that I had not told him my address and phone number. So, after he thought everything was fine and he had found me again, he lost me, and I haven't seen him since. He told me he thought he might know, until he got hold of someone, somehow, who gave him my number. "I never let her out of my sight after that," he tells everyone now.

Galen was born in New York on February 18, 1950, with a church ceremony. I chose the church to which my grandmother had belonged back in the Iowa town where we lived. It made me feel close to my family to have the wedding in Grandmother's church.

Galen had a pleasant bachelor apartment, into which I moved. It was largely for two reasons that came adequately for two, and grew steadily smaller when, first, Linda Anne (now two and a half) was born and then Galen Spencer (now just one) was born. From this point on, we will have moved into our new apartment, with plenty of bedrooms and a lovely, long living room that looks right over the East River. Galen will once more know, for at least a few of the hundreds of things he collects and loves—his records, his ten thousand books on all subjects (the other ten thousand are still to be collected in this city) and the new long wall of the new living room with bookshelves from floor to ceiling. He will have a quiet corner to work, and just the right amount of comfort when they have to play indoors. There is a little park near the river where they will go when the weather is good.

When my husband sometimes shakes his head over my simple tastes, he always says, "One of the things going to happen to me when I got married," he really means it. His casual bachelor existence was disrupted, first, when he married, and I don't know what the weather is good.

When my husband sometimes shakes his head over my simple tastes, he already has, "One of the things going to happen to me when I got married," he really means it. His casual bachelor existence was disrupted, first, when he married, and I don't know what the weather is good.

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STUDENT NURSES ARE NEEDED... INQUIRE AT YOUR HOSPITAL
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Cover portrait of Eve Arden courtesy of Warner Bros.

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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!
Marguerite Piazza

Marguerite with son J. Graves McDonald Jr.

Marguerite Piazza is the first singer to reach the stage of the famed—and a little snobbish—Metropolitan Opera House via TV. Through her weekly appearances a few seasons ago on Your Show Of Shows, she was given her chance. Marguerite began her preparations, however, somewhere around the age of two when she appeared as Cupid in a dancing school revue. She loved music, any kind—even tried to learn to play the violin, until her grandmother made her quit because she couldn’t stand the scratching any more.

In the town of New Orleans, where she was born and brought up, Marguerite started her voice lessons at the age of nine. She sang “Love’s Old Sweet Song” at her school graduation exercises and then began the long struggle for success. There was a time when she was paying for her vocal lessons by being church soloist at no less than four different denominational services each Sunday—she taxied from one to another. Later, she was crowned Queen of the Mardi Gras, won a competition sponsored by the Federated Music Clubs, providing further music study, and then got her own radio program in her home town.

Marguerite made her operatic debut at the New York City Center Opera Company and then received offers to sing at various places around the country.

Marguerite has an allergy to roses, which she invariably receives by the dozen after every performance. She wears a size 12 dress, loves jewelry, and has been robbed twice—the last time the robber left a note saying he needed the jewels more than she did—she could buy more! She can cook, but doesn’t very often. Adores her family, and spends as much time with them as rehearsals and shows permit.

Arising early in the morning, Marguerite usually spends some four hours rehearsing her scales before going to an actual show rehearsal. She’s a girl who works at getting what she wants. And she gets there!

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria … stops odor all day long

Amazingly effective protection from under-arm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won’t rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

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PROOF!
New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed! Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria… doesn’t give underarm odor a chance to start.

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JANIE'S amazing! She's made like a BIG, EXPENSIVE DOLL! Her arms, legs and head move... she stands alone. Her eyes, with real lashes, open and close. She has masses of shining Saran hair to wash, comb and set. She needs no pampering—she's made of unbreakable plastic!

Exclusive Custom-Made Outfits

Janie's matching clothes and accessories are minutely detailed, exquisitely made! Special Extras are little dress hangers, real embroidery and lace trim, stoles, hook and eye fasteners, finished seams, real roller skates, socks and colored shoes, real straw bonnets!
TUNE IN KHJ-TV—nice and clear, now. Sit back and relax. Oh, yes, and put on a big grin, because you're about to have a family-full of delightful guests—the Crosby family, to be exact. Hollywood's cheeriest TV combination, the Crosbys—papa Lou, mama Linda, and their three cute springoffs, Linda Lou, Cathy Lee and Lucinda—are welcome afternoon video visitors.

Oh, yes, and then there's Tocky. A grim-looking boxer dog, Tocky hides a heart of butter behind his scowl, and is the real boss of the Crosby clan. "He may look ferocious," confides Linda, "but actually he's a pushover for a couple of dog biscuits."

The Crosbys' formula is simple and superb. They're themselves. On the air they talk about the things that have happened to them, the good times they're looking forward to, their favorite hobbies, ideas and plans.

Off the air, they're the same people, close, warm, affectionate, and full of fun. Sports-minded, they try to keep the whole family together in all their plans, and so they swim, fish, play tennis and badminton, ride, and skeet shoot en masse.

Entertaining—and being entertained—by the Crosbys has become so much of a habit in Southern California that they're as well known as everybody's next door neighbor. And all of their video neighbors agree that it's great fun to be around when the Crosbys are calling.

the Crosbys are calling

KHJ-TV's brightest, warmest, friendliest afternoon show—and what a cast!
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"Instant Neutralizing!"

Amazing
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A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!
Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!
No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave...even on the very first day.
The best, long-lasting wave too!
Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed...plus extra glamour for your hair!

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!
WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

By JILL WARREN

The fall season is here with many new programs on the networks' schedules.

NBC: Junior Omnibus will debut on the network this month with Burgess Meredith, actor and director, as master of ceremonies. The program is designed for youngsters in the eight- to sixteen-year age group and will be produced by Robert Saudek, director of the Ford Foundation's TV-Radio Workshop. Junior Omnibus will be presented on Sunday afternoons over the full TV network for a minimum of twenty-six weeks. It will try to give its youthful viewers a stimulating look into their own futures in such worlds as science, building, and government. . . . Ezio Pinza is the star of I, Bonino, a new situation comedy, to be seen on Saturday nights. The popular basso will also do some singing, and his daughter Claudia will appear on the program with him. . . . Another big-name movie star has said yes to video. This time it's Loretta Young, who has just begun her own half-hour show on Sunday nights called Letter to Loretta. It is in the comedy vein and is being done on film in Hollywood. . . . TV's longest-running mystery detective show, Martin Kane, Private Eye, Thursday nights on TV, has (Continued on page 10)
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What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 8)

a completely new format and a new star in the person of Mark Stevens. Mark is the well-known stage and movie star who recently appeared on Broadway in "Midsummer."

CBS: My Favorite Husband will be a Saturday night regular on the TV log, via film from Hollywood. It's a half-hour situation comedy—another one—and co-stars Joan Caulfield, former Paramount Pictures star, and Barry Nelson, well-known actor who recently appeared in New York in "The Moon is Blue." ... Make Up Your Mind is the name of a new radio show which is heard Monday through Friday in the time formerly occupied by Grand Slam. It's a panel show comprising four members and a psychologist each week. Prominent personalities from the stage, screen, sports, and literary worlds make up the rotating panel. They attempt to solve hypothetical problems sent in by radio listeners. As for Grand Slam, though it was dropped by its sponsor, Irene Beasly made it such a popular program, it should be back on the air soon. ... It's situation comedy again—Meet Mr. McNutley—which begins Thursday night, September 17th. The star is Ray Milland, the Academy Award winning actor, in a series about an absent-minded English professor in a girl's college. Phyllis Avery and Gordon Jones, both of the New York stage, play his wife and pal respectively. Meet Mr. McNutley will be filmed in Hollywood for TV and will broadcast live from Hollywood on radio the same night. ... On Friday night, October 2nd, Edward R. Murrow premieres Person To Person, which promises to be a most interesting television show. He will visit two famous "persons" every week, and through the magic and resources of the telephone and television industries, Murrow will take his audiences with him right into the homes of the great and near-great. Those to be visited will be nationally known figures whose names are familiar to everybody. Although it's a half-hour program, the pressure of time will be absent. If the first celebrity whose home is being visited is talkative and interesting, he will not be silenced by the hand of the studio clock. If the second celebrity needs or wants more time, his visit will be carried over to the following week's broadcast.

ABC: All those shekels that poured into the ABC till, when the network merged with the United Paramount Theatres, seem to have found their way into several big-budgeted, new television shows. Friday night, October 2nd, is the starting date of a new dramatic half-hour, Pepsi-Cola Playhouse. Arlene Dahl, the beautiful red-headed movie doll, will do the commercials and act as hostess, having won the spot over Faye Emerson, Caesar Romero, Dane Clark, Ann Dvorak, Mona Freeman, Vincent Price, and Marguerite Chapman have been signed as weekly headliners. ... Pride Of The Family starts on television Friday night, October 9th, starring Paul Hartman, the popular dancer–comedian. It is another situation comedy to be filmed in Hollywood. Fay Wray, who was one of the top names in Hollywood before her retirement several years ago, is resuming her career on this show, supporting Hartman. And Natalie Wood, well-known juvenile movie actress, also will be featured. ... Every Monday night on TV, beginning September 28th, you can see Jamie, starring Brandon de Wilde, the great child actor who appeared in "Mem-

(Continued on page 18)

Don McNeill (with fans Gertrude and Jimmie Darrow) has new hopes for TV.
Introducing

Newest Playtex® Magic-Controller...

The Panty Girdle with Garters

The latest Playtex advance. Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Girdle with 4 detachable, adjustable garters!

The magic starts at the top, making your waistline smaller, higher. Hidden “finger” panels support you naturally from waist to thigh... control those “Calorie-Curves” as never before! All without a seam, stitch, bone or stay! From new non-roll top to garter tab, Playtex Magic-Controller is all latex, one piece and wonderful! It washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry! Whether you wear the smallest size or the largest—you’ll think you’ve lost a full size!

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.

Magic control for those “Calorie-Curves”!

Imagine! Hidden “finger” panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

Just as the hands of a sculptor fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible “fingers” of Magic-Controller smooth and mold your figure and control those “Calorie-Curves.”

Playtex Magic-Controller® Panty Girdle with 4 detachable, adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, $7.95

Fabric Lined Playtex girdles from $4.95

Famous Playtex girdles from $3.50

Extra-large sizes slightly higher. Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

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Who's who among the masquerading guests—

Disguised celebrities have fun trying to fool these four panelists—Douglas Edwards (right) is referee.

DOUGLAS EDWARDS has been in broadcasting for twenty-one of his thirty-six years. He was born July 15, 1917—in Ada, Oklahoma—and began broadcasting in 1932. Douglas was the first major radio newscaster to move to television, in 1947, and Douglas Edwards With The News is now the oldest established news program on the air. With two presidential campaigns, elections, and inaugerals to his credit—not to mention a coronation—he's really having a holiday as host-emcee of Masquerade Party. ILKA CHASE should be very adept at seeing through anyone's disguise. Considered one of America's most fashionable women, she's not only a star of stage, screen, radio, and TV, but a famous wit and author of such best-sellers as Past Imperfect and In Bed We Cry.

BUFF COBB is the granddaughter of the late, beloved author, Irvin S. Cobb—the wife of top radio-TV personality Mike Wallace—and a very gifted person in her own right. Like Ilka, this Masquerade Party panelist knows her style shows, the whole world of show business and, above all, New York City. Buff and Mike really covered the glittering town from cellar to penthouse in their All Around The Town series on CBS-TV!

OGDEN NASH of Masquerade Party is the same Ogden Nash who has long delighted readers with his satiric, off-beat poems. He's shown his insight into human foibles in such books as Hard Lines and The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse. Co-author of the hit musical, "One Touch of Venus," Ogden prefers Baltimore to Broadway, commutes from Maryland for broadcasts.

PETER DONALD is a talented and much-traveled master of dialects. Born in Bristol, England, he toured with his father (Scotch comedian) and mother (singer) through Europe, Asia, Australia, Africa, and America. At thirty-five, he's spent thirty-two years in show business, and has emceed some of the biggest shows on the air.

Masquerade Party is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.
1. No, not Mickey Mouse, but a boisterous-type comedian who got his first big break in a play called "Brother Rat." He's made many a movie, including one in which he fondly imagined himself to be the "miracle" father of sextuplets.

2. Don't let the skirt fool you! Behind this disguise as P. T. Barnum (master showman) and Jenny Lind ("Swedish nightingale") lurk two of the zoniest men on the stage. Their wild antics make a hit with the audience—often literally.

3. Husband and wife, each is so well-known on the air they must hide behind beard and veil. He's quite a guy on the records (and piano). She wore a costume like this in "The Desert Song" in her film days (before TV necklines).

4. He's dressed up as the villainous Long John Silver, but he actually played the boy hero in that famous pirate tale, as a child movie star. More recently, he beat the drums—and roused the critics—in a Broadway hit.

(For answers, see pages 20 and 21)

can you identify them from the costume clues above?
The Man What Am!

Busier than all the bees in a hive is Del Courtney, who goes in for entertaining KPIX viewers in a big way—big shows, big names, big fun. Seen on TV some thirteen hours a week, this genial showman draws fifty percent of all KPIX's mail. Five days a week he has his Del Courtney Show from 3:00 to 3:45 P.M., which features a series of surprise interviews with all kinds of celebrities, from Dean Martin to Fagan the Lion, and variety acts with comedy sketches. His Saturday Open House from 3:00 to 4:00 P.M. has more celebrities and, sometimes, even children with pet skunks! And for the past three years Del's Sunday Talent Search has given Northern California amateur talent a superb showcase.

There's no doubt that Del is a natural for the job. With sixteen years of show business, heading his own band throughout the nation, appearing in four movies, and currently in the Broadway hit "John Loves Mary" at the Alcazar, this handsome hero of the Bay Area has a personality replete with talent. Born in Oakland, Del got his B.A. from the University of California. He turned down an offer from the San Francisco Seals, to organize his own band. First stop was the Alexander Hotel in Honolulu for six weeks—which stretched into six months. Then to New York, and subsequently, just about every top night spot in the country.

Rather reluctantly, Del came to KPIX in 1949 to do a daily three-hour show, little suspecting the notoriety it would gain for him—and many others. Now the man what really am is going great guns all week long. He has the distinction of presenting the first real wedding on TV in the country, the first to use live animals on a show, and the first to take a show outdoors. Del can also be proud of the unending help he has given to veterans in hospitals, the Red Cross, and other charity groups.

Not content with his already full schedule, and despite repeated offers—such as the recent one to emcee with his band at the New Orleans Mardi Gras—the affable, easy-to-take Mr. Courtney has two more shows ready to go at the "drop of a sponsor." Needless to say, they don't "drop" often—what with Del's unique combination of showmanship, versatility and geniality. Mix that with his deep, abiding warmth and you have a personality hard to match in any entertainment league.
Bobbi’s soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new “Capri” style. No nightly setting necessary.

What a casual, easy livin’ look this “Minx” hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

**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.
The Hamburger King
of Seattle now rules by radio

"CHEF" of the DEEJAYS

UNTIL a few years ago, Ernie Propstra was noted in Seattle for his culinary prowess. "The Hamburger King" folks called him. Then one day, in an effort to boost business, Ernie decided to transcribe some radio commercials and put them on a local independent station. It was his first time at a mike, but by no means his last. His commercials caught on like wildfire, and his hamburgers sold like mad. The rest is history to Seattle listeners and Propstra lovers.

When he was first asked by Station KJR to do his own disc jockey show, Ernie, being a full-fledged restaurateur, was a bit hesitant. But he was also a collector and lover of phonograph records—so much so, that the idea of being a deejay intrigued him and he accepted the offer. So now, every afternoon, Monday through Fridays, from 3:00 to 4:00 P.M., his distinctive voice—deep, sincere, and commanding—can be heard over the airwaves of KJR. After playing his theme song, "Sentimental Journey," Ernie fills his hour with music, accompanied by subtle comments about his records and personal anecdotes about song writers and musicians. "I go for music with a beat," the Hamburger King confesses. "It's lots of fun playing those classics that Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, and all those other great artists have been giving us for years. But I throw in an occasional Hit Parade, too—just to keep everybody happy."

In spite of the fact that Ernie's music jumps a bit, his program is strictly on the relaxed side. His warm, friendly voice and "non-professional," easy-going manner add in to make his show delightful and different.

Ernie plans to go right on leading his double life—in fact, he's making plans now for his third restaurant. As concerns his deejaying, Ernie says, "I see no reason why I can't keep it up as long as the listeners are happy."

Happy they are indeed—both Ernie's listening and eating public—and happiest of all are his home-front fans, wife Virginia and five-year-old daughter Carol.
Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up!

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial Soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up.

For this mild, gentle Dial Soap washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. It clears skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

works in a new way! Until Dial came along, there was no way of removing these bacteria safely and effectively. These pictures taken through a microscope are proof.

No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on the skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of these blemish-spreading bacteria.

and dial is so mild, you'd never guess it gives such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial, your skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let Dial protect your complexion all day—even under make-up.

Also available in Canada

P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair try New Dial Shampoo, in a handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle. Contains AT-7.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC Weekdays

17
WHAT'S NEW from
(Continued from page 10)

ember of the Wedding" and "Mrs. Mc-
Thing" on Broadway, and recently in the
movie, "Shane." Jamie is a whimsical
comedy about an orphan who adopts an
older man as his pal. Ernest Truex, vet-
eran actor of films and the theatre, is the
pal.

Late this month or early in October,
George Jessel will debut a new TV offer-
ing At The Banquet Table. It will be
seen Sunday nights and will have a
show-business format with Jessel as
emcee. There will be big-name guest
stars, plus new talent from time to time,
which will be hand-picked by Jessel when
he travels about for his additional job as
good-will ambassador for ABC.

The new Danny Thomas Show debuts
Tuesday night, October 6th, and those
who have seen the first film report that
it's a winner. It is a situation comedy
about the not-too-private life of a night-
club entertainer, Danny Williams. Movie
actress Jean Hagen plays Danny's wife,
and Shirley Jackson and Rusty Hammer
are the children.

This 'n That:

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club one-shot
simulcast a few weeks ago caused such a
hullabaloo among sponsors and network
officials that they hope to launch The
Breakfast Club as a regular television
program by October. Since Don's ill-
LATED night-time video program did an
el fardo a few seasons back, he has al-
ways insisted that he would never again
do a script show, and that if he ever
changed his mind about television, it
would only be for an ad-lib program
like his popular morning clambake.

Congratulations to Ann Burr, well-
known stage, radio, and TV actress, and
Tom McDermott, director of television
for a New York advertising agency, who
ied the knot a few weeks ago. Ann has
been playing the part of Mrs. Jacobson
on Perry Mason, in addition to appearing
on many other programs. John Larkin
was one of the ushers at her wedding.

Leland Hayward, the famous Broadway
producer, has been signed by NBC as
television consultant-producer as a result
of his brilliant handling of the recent
Ford show. Every top network has been
trying to get his signature on a contract.

Natalie Wood will be featured on
Paul Hartman's new comedy show.
Acrobat Sandy Dobritch is the new Scampy on ABC-TV’s Super Circus.

Hayward will personally produce a big Saturday night variety show once a month, alternating with three weeks of Your Show of Shows.

NBC has also signed the Kean Sisters, Betty and Jane, to a five-year radio and TV contract. The song-and-dance comedienne will do guest appearances on NBC shows, and the network plans to build a TV series for them.

Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer finally said their “I do’s” a few weeks ago in Durant, Oklahoma. It is Rosemary’s first marriage and Ferrer’s third. He was divorced a few days before the ceremony from Phyllis Hill, New York actress.

Bob Crosby will probably have his own television show shortly. CBS-TV is readying a half-hour daytime musical program which would originate in Hollywood.

Remember Garroway At Large, the wonderful Sunday night television show out of Chicago a few seasons ago? It will probably return to the NBC night-time schedule very shortly and with the same original group of performers—Connie Russell, Jack Haskell, Betty Chappell, and Cliff Norton. An automobile sponsor is picking up the tab, and they are only waiting for a suitable time spot.

Sandy Dobritch, the “Pixie” of Super Circus on ABC-TV, is the new Scampy on the program. Bardy Patton is retiring from the role because he is getting too big to play a “boy clown.” Sandy, nine years old, is the son of Alexander and Pia Dobritch, two of the world’s foremost aerialists. Sandy was part of the act known as “The Flying Dobriches.”

Mulling the Mail:

F. P., Draper, South Dakota: Johnny Olson is still around and has been doing an NBC daytime radio show, Second Chance, Monday through Friday... D.H.H., Louisville, Kentucky: Jimmy Boyd has no regular television or radio program of his own, but he makes frequent guest appearances. Recently he has been on Al Jarvis’ local TV show in Los Angeles, and he is still recording for Columbia... Mrs. W. B. Q., Pittsboro, (Continued on page 111)

An exquisite woman (wearing an Exquisite Form Brassiere) is just coming into view.

You can be that exquisite woman in an Exquisite Form brassiere. Words can’t tell you. Pictures can’t tell you. Only you... your own sight of you... can tell you how lovely, how eye-stopping you’ll look in an Exquisite Form brassiere. So let your mirror show you what these wonderful bras can do for you. Try one on at your favorite store today, and make that exquisite woman—you!

P. S. Ask for #305-America’s most popular bra. Stitched undercup for firm support, 1/2” band. In satin or broadcloth: A cup 32-36; B cup 32-40; C cup 36-42... $2.50. In nylon taffeta: A and B cup only... $2.00. D cup 34-44 in broadcloth only... $2.00.

Exquisite Form
BRASSIERES

The Bra that’s a beauty treatment
Fold-out Placeholder

This fold-out is being digitized, and will be inserted at a future date.
"For my first born... my first choice is Dryper!"

says Patrice Munsel

Glamorous Metropolitan Opera soprano currently starring in United Artists' "MELBA." Color by Technicolor. Pictured with her new daughter, Heidi Ann.

PLAYTEX Babies are Happier Babies . . . Neater, Sweeter, Cleaner

ONLY FLUSHAWAY*

Playtex Dryper

Keeps baby comfortable, contented...

AS NO ORDINARY DIAPERING DOES

Wonderful PLAYTEX Dryper, the revolutionary pad-in-panty diapering method, gives your baby more comfort, safer protection than ever before!

Dryper's complete waterproof protection helps prevent diaper rash, and chafing of baby's tender "sit-down." Dryper your baby for the next 30 days. You'll never "change a diaper" again!

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

PLAYTEX®

DYPER® PADS

box of 100

$1.29 and $1.49

PLAYTEX®

DYPER® PANTY

$1.49

"SUCH QUICK, EASY CHANGES!" says Miss Munsel

Simply slip fresh, soft Dryper Pads into baby's waterproof Dryper Panty. The soiled Pads flush away like tissue!

"REALLY QUICK FROM WET TO DRYPER"—And mothers all over the country agree with Miss Munsel and it keeps baby "Socially Acceptable" always.

PLAYTEX

FOR THE NICEST THINGS NEXT TO BABY

PANTIES SHEETS BIBS OIL DRYPER

CREAM LOTION POWDER

International Latex Corp. . . PLAYTEX PARK . . Dover, Del.

Answers to Who's Who on

MASQUERADE

1. Meet "Brother Rat"—better known as Eddie Bracken on both stage and screen. The motion picture about the sextuplets is, of course, "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," in which he appeared with Betty Hutton.

3. Anyone can recognize Skitch Henderson and his lovely wife, Faye Emerson—when she doesn’t hide her charms behind the veil of a Riff dancing girl—and he doesn’t don a beard and burnoose to prove he’s her sheik.
2. They're definitely Barnums of today and might be called Swedish nightingales—because of their Scandinavian ancestry—Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, who carry their show right off the stage and into the audience.

4. Jackie Cooper's grown some since he played Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island." But so have his talents, and he made quite a hit as the drum-playing hero in the recent Broadway mystery comedy, "Remains To Be Seen."

I dreamed
I was a fireman in my
maidenform bra

I'm the chief
and the siren too—
the most incendiary figure
in this five-alarm dream!
Dangerous, yes...
but beautifully under control,
I'm lifted to new heights
of excitement
by my dream of a Maidenform.

Shown: Maidenform's Chansonette®
in acetate satin; also nylon taffeta
or broadcloth...from 2.00

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1953 MAIDENFORM BRAILLE CO., INC.
Fold-out Placeholder

This fold-out is being digitized, and will be inserted at a future date.
Enjoy that "Feel Better" Feeling

Alka-Seltzer for ACID INDIGESTION

Feel Better Fast!

When unwise eating leaves you with an acid upset stomach, try "Speedy" ALKA-SELTZER for relief! ALKA-SELTZER, with its instant alkalizing action, comforts your stomach fast... helps you enjoy that "Feel Better" Feeling! For gentle, effective relief from acid indigestion, try ALKA-SELTZER yourself! Buy it at any drugstore!

INSTANT ALKALIZING ACTION FOR FAST, FAST RELIEF

ALSO FIRST AID FOR

HEADACHE COLD DISCOMFORTS MUSCULAR ACHE

ALKA-Seltzer
BRAND

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, INDIANA

Information Booth

Jack Lescoulie

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me if Jack Lescoulie of the Dave Garroway show, Today, is married?
B. R., Utica, N. Y.

Yes, Jack is married and lives on Long Island. He also appears on The Jackie Gleason Show.

The "Friendly Banker"

Dear Editor:
Could you please give me some background information on Win Elliot?
M. K., Battle Creek, Mich.

Born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, May 7, 1915, Win Elliot has really made the rounds of radio stations and jobs. After graduating from the University of Michigan—as a zoology major, no less—Win got his first radio break with Station WMEX in Boston. Next he went with NBC in Washington as a general announcer, then to Station WFBR in Baltimore to be news editor. His career was interrupted for a few years during the last war while he served in the Merchant Marine. After his discharge, Win went with ABC in New York as an announcer. And, as his many followers know, he handled hockey assignments for WPIX while emceeing on CBS's County Fair at the same time. Now living...
Richard Denning
Barbara Britton

happily in Westport, Connecticut, with his wife Rita and three children, Ricky, 5, Peter, 3, Sue Ann, 1, and working in New York. Win is the "friendly banker" on NBC-TV's On Your Account.

Mr. and Mrs. North

Dear Editor:

Have the people who usually take the part of Mr. and Mrs. North on the radio gone off that program entirely? I., K., Eureka, Calif.

Yes, Alice Frost and Joseph Curtin, who used to play Pam and Jerry North, have been permanently replaced by Barbara Britton and Richard Denning, who also appear as TV's Mr. and Mrs. North.

Fay Perkins

Dear Editor:

I would like to know a little about the woman who plays Fay Perkins on Ma Perkins. Is she married?

B. B., Taunton, Minn.

Joan Tompkins plays Fay Perkins and is also the star of This Is Nora Drake. Born in New York, Joan has pursued an outstanding career in the theatre and in radio. Her Broadway achievements include "Pride and Prejudice" and two years in "My Sister Eileen." She also toured as Katherine Hepburn's understudy in "Jane Eyre." Now, because she has so many radio commitments, Joan has given up stage work, except for Equity Library or experimental New Stages productions. She is married to Karl Swenson, who is Lord Henry in CBS Radio's Our Gal Sunday and star of Mr. Chameleon. Joan likes to travel, but at present her wanderlust has to be satisfied with a daily automobile trip from her home in Westchester County to the studios in midtown New York.

Cashmere Bouquet

...because it's such wholesome skin care!

--Says Complexion-loving
SHIRLEY CHANDLER

Read How This Pretty, Young Airline Stewardess
Was Helped by Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director

"An airline stewardess meets over 7,000 people a year," says Miss Chandler, "so a smooth, naturally lovely complexion is a must." In New York's Conover School, Candy Jones taught me how to get one—with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. She advised using it daily, for gentle, wholesome skin care. My skin thrives on it! That whipped-cream lather is so mild . . . so fragrant. I carry my own Cashmere Bouquet on all my flights."

Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips For You!

1. Split a nail? Quick-fix it by applying cellophane tape from the moon up, then clip, shape and polish over.

2. Relax at bed-time! Take a beauty-bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, then a lukewarm shower.

MORE LATER, Candy.
Harry Owens . . .

King of the Royal Hawaiians

While still in high school in O'Neill, Nebraska, Harry Owens started blowing the trumpet and arranging music. By the time he was graduated, Harry was determined to become a musician, but his parents insisted on a law career, so he enrolled in Loyola University to make the folks happy. Three years later, Harry gave up hopes for a legal career, organized his own band and proceeded to join other young musicians in the quest for fame and fortune in what Harry refers to now as the "starvation circuit."

The next few years were spent in towns all over the country, living out of suitcases and bedding down in third-rate hotels. Then, one night—as Harry was playing the last date of an engagement, with no job to look forward to—a man in the audience approached Harry and asked him if he'd like to come to Hawaii and organize a native band to play at one of the island's exclusive hotels. Harry accepted, and from that time on the starvation days were over. Harry and Hawaii seemed to belong together. He made friends with the natives easily, and was able to dig out old Hawaiian folk tunes and use them as material for his arrangements.

Harry got to Hawaii in 1934 for what was to be a four-month contract, but in December, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was bombed, Harry was still there. During the war he returned to the United States with his Hawaiian group. They made their TV debut in 1949—and that was the beginning of a new following for Harry. Ever since, the Harry Owens Show on KNXT in Hollywood has been a must-watch for thousands of fans.

Besides having the largest collection of Hawaiian music in the United States, Harry has written some famous songs about his favorite island. The one everyone will remember is "Sweet Leilani." Each summer, Harry and his family spend three months in Hawaii, since to the Owenses the lovely island has always meant their luck and life's fulfillment.
LUSTRE-CREME is the favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars... and you'll love it in its new Lotion Form, too!

MARILYN MONROE says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo also in New Lotion Form!

NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a new creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion that brings Lustre-Creme glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos... all unlabeled. And 3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

* Lather foams more quickly!
* Easier to rinse away!
* Cleans hair and scalp better!
* Leaves hair more shining!
* Does not dry or dull the hair!
* Leaves hair easier to manage!
* Hair has better fragrance!
* More economical to use!

Famous Cream Form in jars or tubes, 27¢ to $1. (Big economy size, $2.)
New Lotion Form in handy bottles, 30¢ to $1.

POUR IT ON—OR CREAM IT ON! In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.

Prove it to Yourself...
Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!
Husbands like to come home to wives who are not all fagged out from housework. That's why so many husbands encourage wives to shop at Stanley Hostess Parties for the many wonderful products Stanley provides to save time and work in housekeeping. Dusters, Mops, Brooms, Brushes, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals, as well as a wealth of attractive items to improve personal grooming.

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.

Information Booth

(Continued)

Cindy Robbins

Dear Editor:

I have always admired Cindy Robbins, the girl who brings in the questions to Randy Merriman on The Big Payoff. Would you please print a picture of her and give me some information about her?

C. B., Alliance, Ohio

Lovely, blue-eyed Cindy Robbins is a girl worth admiring. For, at sixteen, she has come a long way on the road of success. Her talented career began when she was only nine years old. Then, she appeared in 20th Century-Fox's "If I'm Lucky." By the time she was eleven, she had appeared in two more films. She also did a solo in Ken Murray's "Blackouts" at the same ripe age.

While attending Glendale Junior High School in California, Cindy was song leader and taught dancing to 165 students. It was after she was named queen of the school's Junior Prom that Cindy's future life with The Big Payoff began. For last spring, the show made a visit to Hollywood, and Cindy was one of six girls chosen from thousands to temporarily replace the Eastern models. But Cindy made such a big hit, she was kept on the show permanently and was brought to New York. She now lives with friends on Long Island.

For your own Stanley Hostess Party

To arrange for your own Stanley Hostess Party, just phone or write your nearest Stanley Home Products Branch office, or communicate direct with Stanley's main office in Westfield, Mass.

Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

(Copr. 1953 Stanley Home Products, Inc.)
NEW TANGEE looks lovelier... feels lovelier...

and it STAYS PUT!

Instantly your lips feel soft, fresh, youthful because Tangee is extra rich in lanolin... base of the most costly cosmetic creams. No harsh chemicals to dry or irritate your lips... and so easy to apply.

For hours and hours and hours that fresh look STAYS PUT... thanks to Tangee's new miracle ingredient, Permachrome! In 9 thrilling new shades—from fabulous Pinks to the most glorious Reds.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PAY, YOU CANNOT BUY A FINER LIPSTICK THAN NEW COLOR-TRUE

Tangee

LIPSTICK

WITH PERMACRHOME—EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN

NEW MIRACLE COSMETIC!

Loveliness glows beneath your fingertips as you touch Tangee's new liquid cream base to your skin. Never masklike or greasy, Miracle Make-Up by Tangee keeps powder on amazingly 'long. Six basic shades... one will really suit your own shade for you.
Try thrilling Prell just once and you’ll fall in love forever! That’s because Prell does such wondrous things for your hair . . . leaves it angel-soft and smooth as satin . . . gleaming with a young-looking, exquisite radiance you never knew it had!

Yes, radiance comparison tests prove Prell leaves your hair gloriously, “radiantly alive”—more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo! You’ll love Prell’s emerald-clear form, too—it’s wonderfully different! So easy to use—no spill, drip, or bottle to break. So economical—no waste. So handy at home or traveling. Try marvelous Prell this very night—you’ll love it!
Three loved ones who make Eve's house a home—Brooks West, Liza, and Connie.

By BETTY MILLS

A house is a home—if it holds memories. Every room in Eve Arden's Hollywood Hills home, from the children's nursery to her husband's den, holds recollections of the past. Most of the memories are gay. But a few, like the thoughts of the children growing up into adults, are a little sad.

Yet, it is the gay memories that the rooms conjure up for Eve which predominate. In the nursery, it's the thoughts of her two growing daughters, Liza, nine, Connie, five—and her new infant son, Duncan Paris. The nursery spawns both sad and happy thoughts for Eve,

Eve Arden of Our Miss Brooks wanted children to love in a place called home
Eve and Brooks found soiling for Europe a quiet affair, compared with Liza's and Connie's mad dash for the school bus each morning!

Even the Siamese cats have ad

like the tears that spring from great joy. A glance at the two rose and gray cribs is enough to bring a happy tear to her eye—soon, she thinks, the cribs and the happy days she's spent next to them will be an older memory still. In the kitchen, it's the children's toys on the floor and the pungent memory of Brooks' roast.

With the bedroom—well, if you have a sense of humor, it's a funny room. It's where Junior, the Siamese cat, got to Brooks' cashmere sweater and Eve's angora stole. Junior the cat loves to eat wool.

But there's the den—more of the children's toys, some of Brooks' and her scripts—and Eve's fan mail; fan mail from those of her fans who are teachers. They appreciate the job Eve's doing as school teacher Connie in Our Miss Brooks. A job to show that teachers, who are generally underpaid, are also overly patient with
their charges, young demons with hyper-imaginations.

After wandering once through the house, it seems to Eve that the children's laughter and their toys, too, run through it like a silver thread. They give it meaning—and the thoughts and memories of them make the house a home.

"In the morning," says Eve, "the nurse and I get the girls ready for school. It can be bedlam, because they have to be ready for the public school bus. 'Old Deadline,' we call it. A radio director could set his stop watch by it. It rolls by at 8:50 A.M. on the nose, and if the girls aren't ready, too bad!"

When the girls are packed aboard, shouting and screaming, a sudden quiet descends on the house. "The stilly hours," Eve calls them. "It's a wonderful time of day."

Back in (Continued on page 107)
Mother Eve

Eve and Brooks found sailing for Europe a quiet affair, compared with Lin's and Connie's mad dash for the school bus each morning!

Even the Siamese cats love their shore to Eve's house of memories.

like the tears that spring from joy. A glance at the two rose and gray cribs is enough to bring a happy tear to her eye—soon, she thinks, the crib and the happy days she's spent with them will be an older memory still.

The kitchen, it's the children's room. It's where Junior, the Siamese cat, got to Brooks' cashmere sweater and Eve's angora stole. Junior the cat loves to eat wool.

Wandering once through the house, it seems to Eve that the children's laughter and their toys, too, run through it like a silver thread. They give it meaning—and the thoughts and memories of them that teachers, who are generally underpaid, are also overly patient with their charges, young demons with hyper-imaginations.

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When the girls are packed aboard, shouting and screaming, a sudden quiet descends on the house. “The 9:00 hours,” Eve calls them. “It’s a wonderful time of day.”

Back in (Continued on page 107)
Snooky leads a good, honest life where responsibilities and pleasures are taken in stride.

Snooky and Florence traveled thousands of miles—and braved a flood!—before they found the one house where they could really be at home.

Ernie's "slugging" is Snooky's pride.

By MARTIN COHEN

Snooky Lanson, star of Your Hit Parade on NBC-TV, is one of the singing idols of our day. But, unlike many other popular singers, Snooky's private life is not very public. He doesn't allow pleasure to interfere with show business, yet, figuratively speaking, there is a big sign on his front gate that warns: "Business and Broadway—Keep Out!"

"One thing I own up to being selfish about is my free time," Snooky says. "I try to spend all of it in my own back yard."

The back yard is in Hartsdale, New York, within easy commuting distance of Radio City. The Lansons—Snooky, Florence, their eight-year-old son Ernie and six-year-old daughter Beth—have a two-story house of English fieldstone and stucco on three-quarters of an acre. And—if it isn't Thursday, Friday or Saturday, when Snooky is tied up with the elaborate preparations that go into Your Hit Parade—you'll likely find him keeping his stomach flat (Continued on page 89)
Young Beth's not as shy as she looks. Ernie's the one who can't be persuaded to sing!

SNOOKY LANSON
Jan Miner cherishes every moment as she and Terry O'Sullivan build

By ELIZABETH BALL

So proud to be Mrs. O'Sullivan!” Jan said suddenly and, I dare say, surprisingly—at least, to those who are not aware that, in private life, Julie Paterno of Hilltop House is Mrs. Terence O'Sullivan, née Jan Miner.

But so she is, and a happier wife doesn’t exist. As Jan was talking about Terry, the radio and TV shows he’s doing, his active mind, the many projects (“Most of them originate with Terry”) he and Jan share—it was in the middle of toting up the score of her married happiness that the explosive “So proud!” burst from Jan’s smiling lips.

When I remarked that her marriage is liable to surprise many of her fans, Jan said, nodding, “It probably will. I haven’t talked about my marriage, hardly at all, I guess. Not, that is, in print. But—if you’re interested and think the fans will be—where,” Jan laughed, “shall I begin?”

“At the beginning,” I said, “at the very boy-meets-girl beginning.”
Marriage

IS A PRECIOUS THING!

Whether working at the old farm or at the new cabin, Jan remembers the wonder of that first date with Terry, when she discovered: "Why, he loves the country, too!"
Jan Miner cherishes every moment as she and Terry O'Sullivan build a life together

By ELIZABETH BALL

So much to be Mrs. O'Sullivan!” Jan said suddenly and, I dare say, surprisingly—at least, to those who are not aware that, in private life, Julie Paterno of Hilltop House is Mrs. Terence O'Sullivan, née Jan Miner.

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“At the beginning,” I said, “at the very boy-meets-girl beginning.”

Whether working at the old farm or at the new cabin, Jan remembers the wonder of that first date with Terry, when she discovered “Why, he loves the country, too!”
MARRIAGE IS A PRECIOUS THING!

And so, over morning coffee in the green-walled living room of the O'Sullivans' New York apartment, Jan gave me her love story and her marriage story (which is a continuing love story)—a scoop story, I'm "so proud" to say!

"Terry and I met," she said, "where radio and TV actors usually meet—across a mike. On Wynn Wright's show, Official Detective, it was. Terry had just come from Hollywood where he'd been on the Horace Heidt, Jack Smith, Glamour Manor and other top shows. On Official Detective, we played a husband and wife. Seems prophetic now, but it didn't then, because we didn't fall in love across the mike—at first sight. We just sort of liked each other. I just thought: Heavens, this is an awfully nice boy! When the show ended, Terry asked, 'Can I buy you a Coke?' But I had a date and so, with the conventional 'We must get together sometime,' we took off in opposite directions.

"It was to be six months before we went out together. During those six months, we'd see each other in studios and corridors, and each time we met he'd say, in passing, 'Can I buy you a Coke?' It got to be a gag line. Got to be so I'd say it to him first. Or try to.

"Then one night, at Cherio's, there was I, having dinner with a date, when Terry came in. Alone. He waved across a crowded room. And I sent a Coke (why not go along with a gag?) to his table. Ten minutes after I got home that evening, he called.

"'When can I buy you a Coke?' he asked.

"'Tomorrow,' I said, 'tomorrow evening.' And didn't dream—no premonition whatsoever—that after tomorrow evening I would never ever date anyone but Mr. Terry O'Sullivan again! Plainly," Jan laughed, "I am not psychic—neither hear voices nor see the writing on the wall!

"We went back the next evening, that most eventful evening of my life, to Cherio's. We went on, later, to the theatre and, presumably, we saw a play. But what play, who was in it, what it was about, I haven't and have never had the faintest recollection. Such was my state of mind that it just didn't register. But Mr. O'Sullivan did!

"As we talked at dinner, I remember thinking: He's not only handsome, he's bright. He's got an exciting mind. Seems to be thoroughly grown-up, too. The mature mind (I can't abide the spoiled, little-boy man!) and—he loves the country!

"I made this all-important discovery when he told
Projects are many in the O'Sullivan household. In city or country, Jan and Terry find many things to do.

me that he was from Kansas City but had always lived on the edge of town with the country near him; that his dad had always let him have horses; that he'd always been at home, and happiest, in the woods and fields, on ranches and farms.

"I was, at first, slightly skeptical. I mean—people say things! I'd been telling him about my farm, Morrow Farm up in Meredith, New Hampshire, and of my love of the farm and of New Hampshire. In talking to Terry, I'd made it very clear to him that I'm a country girl at heart, with all my heart, and so, for all I knew, he was just being courteous and congenial.

But our next date taught me," Jan laughed, "that Terry says what he means and means what he says. He took me to Hamburger Heaven for dinner that night and then—to the Poultry Show at Grand Central Palace! And he knew every breed of hen on exhibition. Minorcas, Rhode Island Reds. White Rocks. He named 'em all by name. He stopped me, Farmer Miner, who raises chickens (White Rocks) at the farm. He also told me which hens he thought were the best layers, and why. He not only topped me, he stopped me!

"Just about this time, my dad's birthday was coming up and Mother called to ask whether I was coming up for it. I said yes, I was, and that I'd met a chap who would, I thought, fit in and I'd bring him along. So we flew up to the farm for the birthday weekend. And Terry met the folks, my mother, Dad, my brothers Lindsay and Sheldon and their wives and children (Donald and his family were unable to be with us)—likewise, the whole menagerie of chickens, turkeys, geese, registered Hampshire sheep, horses dogs and cats. And he not (Continued on page 109)
And so, over morning coffee in the green-walled living room of the O'Sullivans' New York apartment, Jan gave me her love story and her marriage story (which is a continuing love story)—a scoop story, I'm "so proud" to say.

"Terry and I met," she said, "where radio and TV actors usually meet—across a mike. On Wynn Wright's show, Official Detective, it was. Terry had just come from Hollywood where he'd been on the Horace Heidt, Jack Smith, Glamour Manor and other top shows. On Official Detective, we played a husband and wife. Seems prophetic now, but it didn't then, because we didn't fall in love across the mike—at first sight. We just sort of liked each other. I just thought: Heaven, this is an awfully nice boy! When the show ended, Terry asked, 'Can I buy you a Coke?' But I had a date and so, with the conventional 'We must get together sometime,' we took off in opposite directions.

"It was to be six months before we went out together. During those six months, we'd each other in studios and corridors, and each time we met he'd say, in passing, 'Can I buy you a Coke?' It got to be a gag line. Got to be so I'd say it to him first. Or try to.

"Then one night, at Cherio's, there was I, having dinner with a date, when Terry came in. Alone. He waved across a crowded room. And I sent a Coke (why not go along with a gag?) to his table. 'Ten minutes after I got home that evening, he called.

"'When can I buy you a Coke?' he asked.

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"WHEN YOU KEEP ON"

Daughter Stephanie's good health is one of many things Paul and Dorothy are thankful for today.

"The crippling of my body from polio was my greatest incentive to succeed," says Paul Winchell
BY MARIE KEMP

WHEN PAUL WINCHELL carries Jerry Mahoney into a hospital ward and sits him on his knee, beside the bed of a crippled child, his memory ranges back almost twenty-four years. He sees himself at six, stricken down with polio. Lying in a hospital for three long months. Coming home at last to devoted parents whose hearts ached for their boy but who were determined not to show their pity and make his plight worse. He remembers his awed little sisters. He remembers the years of struggling against a limp, because one leg remained two inches shorter than the other, and its muscles were very weak. He remembers how shut out he was from the strenuous play of childhood and from the competitive sports he longed to enter.

He doesn't feel sorry for that little boy he used to be. "I couldn't," he says, "because that struggle against polio and its crippling marks on my body were my greatest incentives to work, and to succeed. I knew that I had to be twice as good at anything I could do than the other kids were. So-called handicaps can hold a person back (Continued on page 78)

The Paul Winchell Show, NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT; sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Cheer and Camay.

Paul and his partner, Jerry Mahoney, love to help children—whether it's a Cerebral Palsy campaign (above and below, right)—or cheering up a Greek war orphan (below, left) undergoing plastic surgery.
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"The crippling of my body from polio was my greatest incentive to succeed," says Paul Winchell
If you listen carefully, you can hear the sound of voices, the whispered presence of people past and present, on any of the highways or byways of the world. I've always been particularly sensitive to the sound of whispers on boats, for there is something about the water, the sun, the elements—yes, even the power of the storms—which brings out strength and weakness in human beings... and isn't that what makes for drama? I have to admit, therefore, the day I was crossing from Manhattan to Staten Island, my ears were listening to the conversation of the two young people who stood at the rail of the boat. There was almost a sharp, pleading quality to the voice of the boy addressed as "Joe," and the inaudible murmur of "Hilda's" replies. Hilda's golden hair glistened in the sun and, beside her, Joe looked like a giant, dark, handsome and strong... Suddenly, she pulled away from his side and stood facing him. "Joe," she was saying, "I hadn't meant for us to meet here, or ever again. I guess I'm always making mistakes—but I didn't want to ever see you again. This is like the time you brought Jeanine home from abroad as your wife." Joe's face took on a baffled, hurt look. "I know a little of how you must feel, Hilda. What I mistook for love was mere wartime infatuation, loneliness—actually, a longing to be with you—that made me seek another girl's companionship." Joe's face darkened. "But, Hilda, you've known all this—everything else, too, about my past. After all, Jeanine has been dead now for almost a year—even the ghosts of her meeting you, of your hurt, must have been laid to rest with her. Why have you run away? Certainly, my love has not changed in the month or two months since we found each other again." Hilda shook her head and, as she tilted her head to look into Joe's eyes, her tears were momentarily caught and held by the sun. "Joe, I can't hurt you any more. I can't be with you. I can't marry you. Please go away and leave me alone." Almost in anger, Joe left her side and strode to the bow of the boat. I watched as Hilda slowly lowered her face into her cupped hands and her shoulders shook with sobs. The boat began the slow grinding process of docking and I glimpsed Joe up ahead. I was almost on the verge of running after him, but something stayed me... something sacred between two people, something almost as strong as fate. I watched as Joe made his way down the gangplank. From the dock came a boyish shriek, "Daddy, Daddy," and a young fellow, tall and straight as an arrow, unclenched his hand, held by a woman of about fifty. He hurled himself at Joe... Little Hilda must have been watching, too, for there was an imperceptible slowing of her footsteps, and then her chin went up and she walked straight to a waiting car—an ambulance for the tuberculosis sanitarium. Quickly, I sought Joe's figure in the crowd and then I realized that he was flinging his child to his shoulder... and, by the time he'd turned, the ambulance was already making its way up the hill. He stood for a long while searching the crowd of faces. Perhaps in a year, perhaps in two, on some street corner or byway of the world, these two may see each other. Joe, I'm sure, will always be searching, and Hilda will be waiting.

Whispering Streets, on ABC Radio, M-F, 10:25 A.M. EDT, for General Mills, Inc., and the Toni Co. Author Hope Winslow is narrator. Lorna Lynn and Henry Barnard are seen here as Hilda and Joe.
BRIDE AND GROOM HELPED THIS COUPLE WHEN THEY’D ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE

Love spoke to me
ON THE evening of June 7, 1951, I picked up The Newark Evening News, and there on the front page was the picture of a complete stranger—but a very pretty stranger, whom I was to marry twenty months later on CBS-TV's Bride And Groom. It sounds so simple—now.

I was twenty-seven and had a little more hair then. It's dark brown hair, and I have blue eyes and I'm of medium height. I had recently graduated from Pace College under the GI Bill, for I'm a veteran of World War II. I was a meat salesman then, as I am now, for Dubin Provi-
sions Company.

It was my habit to buy a paper on the way home and then flop on the sofa with it until Mother called me to dinner. And that was what I did on the evening of June seventh.

Well, I've seen lots of things in newspapers: fires, ball scores, glamour gals, wars, and even fish. But on the lower half of the first page I found my future wife. This wasn't cheesecake. It was a picture of a pretty (Continued on page 87)

By SAM DUBINSKY

Bride And Groom, with John Nelson as emcee, is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT; it is sponsored M, W and F by General Mills, Inc., and Tu and Th by the Toni Company.
Little Nancy wasn’t there when the house was being planned, but no one enjoys it more now!

Charles laid out the floor plans, Julie helped clear the land, Nancy’s admiral of the private pond.

Modern outside, Early American inside, that’s the place for a happy trio—Charles, Julie, and Nancy.

By MARIE HALLER

For some years now—a little over nine, to be exact—Julie Stevens, star of The Romance Of Helen Trent, on CBS, has been considered by many of her friends and acquaintances to be just a little bit mad. Oh, quite harmlessly—in fact, quite amusingly so—but, nevertheless, a little mad. After all, wouldn’t a lovely, petite, and strictly feminine young woman have to be a little—well, peculiar—to spend her weekends and vacations sawing down trees, clearing away underbrush, putting up a prefabricated cabin, cooking on a kerosene stove, and living without electricity? And loving every moment of it!

“Yes,” laughs Julie, her green eyes sparkling, “I know many of my friends thought I was queer. I talked incessantly about our cabin, our lake, our acreage. I spent (Continued on page 104)

Julie Stevens has the title role in The Romance Of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

Julie Stevens worked to build her home—with her heart and with her hands
the BIG PAYOFF MAN

Randy Merriman found life's rich rewards—even when the going was tough

By PAUL DENIS

Randy Merriman hung up the telephone in his home in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Walt Framer, the producer of The Big Payoff, had just finished talking to him. Randy was being asked to be in New York in just eleven days to take over as master of ceremonies for Framer's new show, The Big Payoff.

Actually, Randy had been expecting the call—for, on November 18, 1951, he'd flown to New York to audition for the job. However, it could have gone to any one of a dozen persons, so he and his wife Evelyn had thought about the possibilities of its coming through only in a vague sort of way. Now, however, the time for decision was here. It meant big-time for Randy. It meant uprooting his home, his three children, and leaving behind memories and relatives and, most important—friends. In Minneapolis, Randy was a big radio and TV personality. In New York, anything could happen. The Big Payoff was only for thirteen weeks. What if the (Continued on page 81)

Randy Merriman emcees The Big Payoff—seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M.—on NBC-TV, Sun., 8 P.M., EDT—for Colgate-Palmolive.

No big-city pastimes for Randy, Evelyn, and their youngsters. A fast game of croquet is just their style.

Well, Randy and the boys do speed things up a bit, practicing basketball in their own "back-yard" court.
Randy proudly presents his family: First, Evelyn, the loyal wife who reassured him: “We can make a go of it anywhere—together.” Then daughter Susan, their first-born, and two sons, seven-year-old Tommy and ten-year-old Michael. Together, they’ve found a new Garden of Eden in their ranch-style Garden City home.
First love was a harmonica. Playing it got Herb into show business—and it was in show business that he found his wife Pixie.

**HERB SHRINER** walks out in front of the *Two For The Money* TV cameras, sort of dragging his feet as if too embarrassed to face an audience, one hand pulling a little nervously at his ear, a lock of blond hair falling over his eyes as a kind of temporary shield. In a moment, he will be talking, in his easy-going, amusing way, about his neighbors back home in Indiana. A gentle, understanding kind of humor, never barbed or caustic, based upon his observations of human nature. Humor based upon things he began noticing as a boy, growing up in Fort Wayne, or while spending his vacations hanging around his grandfather's general store in Tipton, Michigan.

The Herb Shriner of today is still a country boy, although he lives in a New York apartment, opposite Central Park. "Sure had to find one near the Park," he says, "to keep the city from stifling me." He is still easy-going, too, letting his wife, Pixie, worry with such matters as budgets and bookkeeping, because, "She's better at these things than I am. Besides she likes to do it. Trouble is, I can't be easy-going any more about much of anything. The way the world is, things just zoom by you. I'd sure like to just sort of go along and..."
Shriner is crazy about anything on wheels, but little Indy doesn't have to put on roller skates to prove she's tops with her dad. Just past two, Indy (short for "Indiana") is expecting a baby brother or sister about Christmastime.
have a lot of time to be with Pixie and our little girl, Indy, and fool around with boats and old automobiles and inventions and stuff I collect and fix up, but things aren’t geared that way. You know, being in New York, and television and radio and all the rest of it.” And his voice trails off a little mournfully as he reviews the success that keeps him from being too casual about living.

Herb and Pixie have moved—bag and baggage, furnishings and masses of miscellaneous paraphernalia—three times since they were married on December 20, 1949. At the time of their wedding, Pixie was the Joy half of the dance team of Olsen and Joy. (Her real name was Eileen McDermott, but only her mother still calls her Eileen. She’s small, red-headed, cute and pixie-ish.)

“You might say it was sort of a blind-type date that brought us together,” Herb tells about it. “I was doing a radio show, and some friends brought Pixie to the broadcast. About three years later, we got married. I liked her, but I was on the road a lot—night-club dates and vaudeville—and Pixie was working, too, so we didn’t get much chance to see each other. We sort of corresponded.”

They were married in Maryland, near Washington, D.C., where Pixie was working that week. It was a double wedding, in which a couple of friends joined them. Pixie had to finish up her tour in Boston. Herb went back to New York, where he was preparing a new TV show and weeding out closets in his small apartment, to make room for Pixie’s things. Very soon, however, it became apparent that his collections of

Cars are another passion with the gadget-minded Herb Shriner. Fortunately, his wife shares his enthusiasm—and so does the canine member of the family, Gypsy.
Miniature auto collection contains models dating back over half a century, gives Herb a great chance to indulge his genius for taking things apart and putting 'em back together.

clocks and camera supplies, coffee-makers and tires, nautical gadgets and records, and six or seven other categories of collections, couldn't be moved into any smaller space, and the safari was on, from one apartment to another.

Their daughter Indy's arrival a little more than two years ago made another move necessary. The present apartment has plenty of space for the new baby, too, expected some time around Christmas. "We're figuring on one present a year for this new one," Herb explains, "covering birthday and Christmas, but I suppose the baby will get wise to us before long, and then the whole scheme will blow up." What the new baby, boy or girl, will be named is anybody's guess. "Indy" is short for Herb's home state of Indiana.

Characteristic of a fellow like Herb who is a born gadgeteer and experimenter, with a flair for engineering, electronics, carpentry and general all-around fix-it ability, the Shriners' apartment is honeycombed with a special telephone system. "The way I had the thing figured out, there would always be one telephone open in case somebody wanted to talk. But suddenly, in the middle of a call, everything goes blank. Ten to one, when we start looking for the trouble, we find little Indy in the back room switching things around like mad, thinking it's a great joke. The basic thing about jokes is the element of surprise, and Indy seems to have learned that by instinct!"

Indy has a couple of what Herb calls "kid-type jokes" she uses on company. Ask her her name, and she gives a different one every time. "I'm Daddy Pixie Shriner," she'll say. Or "I'm Indy Herb Shriner." She's never just Indy Shriner to anyone outside the family.

Pixie tapes all of Herb's shows direct from the broadcasts on one of the two recorders Herb rigged up. It's like the telephone system, in a way—"We can't remember which switch turns what any more." Herb has records of all his shows, going "way back, even to his first vaudeville routine. His first commercial recording is the theme song of his new motion picture. The picture is called "Main Street to Broadway," and the song is "Just a Girl." "First time I've sung in any show, and it sure seems funny. Never thought I'd make music, except with my harmonica. And maybe an accordion. I'm practicing on that now, and what with all the pushing and pulling you have to do, you're mighty pleased when you finally get it to working."

It's the harmonica that is (Continued on page 76)

Herb Shriners emcees Two For The Money—CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. NBC Radio, Tues., 10 P.M.—both EDT, for Old Gold Cigarettes.
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It's the harmony that is (Continued on page 76)

Herb Shriner appears tape For the Money—CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., NBC Radio, Tues., 10 P.M.—both EDT, for Old Gold Cigarettes.
Drama in the Seymour family album, drama in those viewing it at Anne's home: On floor, left, Anne; on sofa, Jack Tyler, the director of Armstrong's Theatre Of Today—Anne's actress-mother, May Davenport Seymour—and Tyler's co-workers, Mary Cummings and Ray Rebhann; on the floor at right, Mrs. Tyler.
Anne Seymour, frequent star on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today and Circle Theatre, was riding the commuters' train from her home in Greenwich, Connecticut, to New York City when a miracle happened. It was the year 1948. Things had been in a state of transition for Anne—after successfully attaining stardom on the air for some twenty years, she had decided to subsidize herself in a new way of life. She had given up acting, except in a minimum way, to devote herself to writing. At the time of this particular trip, Anne had written three unproduced plays. But this wasn't all that was bothering her on the train. "Writing is such lonesome work," Anne describes the days just preceding this eventful trip. "I'd always been used to having people around me—the casts I played with on Mary Martin, the director, producer, musicians, technicians—interesting, stimulating people. And suddenly there were no people, not one. (Continued on page 97)
They're very much alike, Vinton and Jean Hayworth and their son Dink (Vinton, Jr.). They all enjoy games, get a kick out of making or collecting things ... and they all act on radio and TV.

THREE BUSY PEOPLE

The Vinton Hayworths crowd a heap of living into triple careers and a home that simply bulges

By MARY TEMPLE

ON A TREE-SHADED STREET, in a pleasant Long Island town about thirty minutes' drive from the heart of New York, there is an attractive little home. A home big enough for any average family of three, but hardly enough for the Hayworths—Vinton, Jean, and their seventeen-year-old son, Dink. Hardly big enough, because of the hobbies and interests of these three Hayworths, and the materials and equipment they require—the full-scale pieces of furniture Vinton turns out in his workshop ... the miniature planes and other small-scale models that Dink puts (Continued on page 91)

Vinton Hayworth plays Dr. Edwards in The Doctor's Wife, on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:45 P.M., EDT, as sponsored by Ex-Lax, Inc. He also plays the title role in Adventures Of Michael Shayne, returning to ABC Radio early in October (check local papers).

Vinton's a fine doctor, a smart sleuth, on the air —an expert furniture-designer in his own workshop.
Perry Como asks:
"What did I do big?"

There are a lot
of answers to that

By JANE KING

Perry's the kind of guy who says: "I'm nobody to yell about."

The kind of guy who sings ... and can't see why folks like it ... but is very happy they enjoy it.

It's made life wonderful ... for him, his wife, his children ... all the family he loves so much!
Once upon a time, Como (lower left) was just a vocalist for Ted Weems (center, with child singer Mary Lee).

Three hours before the show, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, the kids are lined up at the stage door, waiting for him. He comes along finally, no tie, open shirt, whistling. He signs all the autograph books, pulls a pigtail, makes a joke, goes into the building, ready for work.

During rehearsal, it's murder. The kids are all sitting in air-conditioned ecstasy, and every time he opens his mouth—to sing a note, speak a word, or ask Lee Cooley (the producer) for a cigarette—they howl joyfully. It's as though you were back in Sinatra's heyday, as the moaning, screeching and cheering provide an hysterical counterpoint to Mitch Ayres' orchestral background.

Before he goes on the air, Perry makes a little speech. "Scream now, if you want to scream, kids. But please don't holler during the show. My mother doesn't understand about these things; she'll think I'm doing something wrong."

It's a little bit of an overstatement, that last. His mother could never think he was doing something wrong. Lucia Como is a woman who had thirteen children—Perry was the one right in the middle—and love enough for forty. She still lives in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, where she and Pietro Como raised their family.

Back in the Forties, after he first hit the real big money, Perry tried to get his parents to move closer to New York. When they refused, he realized how deeply they were rooted in the town, so he compromised, bought them a new house right there. They like the house, of course, but worldly goods never meant as much to the unworldly elder Comos as the sound of children—their own and their relatives'—laughing, fighting, demanding food, filling a place with life.

While Perry was growing up, Pietro Como worked in a tin-plate plant. It was hard labor for little money, but...
Como still has his barbering skill (above) and the spirit for a mammoth Heart Fund benefit with Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin (below).

Eddie Fisher greets Perry as he arrives by plane to take part in "Eddie Fisher Day" festivities at Grossinger's famous resort in the Catskills.

he managed to feed and clothe his brood. For luxuries, they went elsewhere. When Perry wanted a secondhand bike, he worked overtime in a barber-shop for two years to save the money for it. He didn't feel injured, either. There were certain simple facts of life to face. Some people's families had money. His family had the things you couldn't buy.

Even today, Lucia Como can't accept the idea of large amounts of cash. For a long time, she faintly distrusted her new living quarters (because how could Perry afford this?) and, every time he'd give her a present, she'd eye him strangely. "I'm buying you a new washing machine," he'd say. "Where you gonna get the money?" she'd ask him. And he'd roar. "Honest, Mama, I don't have to steal it—"

The whole town of Canonsburg is just as proud as Perry's mother and father about their local boy's having made good. In 1946, the town changed Third Avenue to Perry Como Avenue, and the governor of Pennsylvania made a speech. Perry was thrilled and embarrassed all at once.

"Changing the name of a street," he said to his wife, Roselle, later. "That's something you do for a real hero. What did I do big? I'm nobody to yell about. And Mama in the black dress, and everybody acting so stiff. Mrs. So-and-So used to smack my backside when I was a kid, and there she was trying to call me Mr. Como. I wanted to bawl—"

Roselle, who'd been through it all with him, nodded and grabbed his hand.

At fifteen, Roselle and Perry fell in love; at twenty-one, they were married. She'd have married him if he'd stayed a barber, which is the way he started out. She'd have married him if he'd been a street cleaner, a banker, or a trainer of chimpanzees. But he (Continued on page 80)
Big feature of the "Day" is a golf tournament, and Perry—who's proud of Eddie's success—prepares to play in his honor.

Autographs for the caddies, though Como still wonders why anyone wants his signature! He admires great newcomers like Eddie, but—"What did I do big?"

He's never forgotten how he got his own start as singer (in front of drum) with Freddie Carline (in white).
CHOSEN CHILDREN

Barbara Luddy let her heart find the way, when words seemed to fail her
By MAXINE ARNOLD
This family "chooses" to be together—announcer Ned ("Nick") LeFevre, young Chris, Barbara, little Biddy.

BARBARA LUDDY, on this night, had dropped her role as star of First Nighter. Her piquant face troubled, she was simply a mother, a housewife, as she stood at the kitchen range stirring a mixture in a saucepan for dinner. Just making motions. Actually, her whole mind and heart were with the voices she could hear coming from Chris's bedroom. That of her husband, Ned LeFevre—slow, deep (Continued on page 101)

Barbara Luddy co-stars with Olan Soule in First Nighter, NBC Radio, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT (check local papers for time change in September).

They play happily with Papa Nick, listen absorbed as Barbara reads—and ask questions which "adopted" parents find it very hard to answer.
THE GUIDING LIGHT

META and JOE ROBERTS
How can a marriage succeed—unless it is based on the kind of love Joe and Meta have for each other?

Joe and Meta Roberts are mature, understanding persons who can never be lost to each other, but who find their strength is sought and needed by those too puzzled, too confused, to carry on without help. There is between Joe and Meta a love, an understanding and a companionship, which every man and woman seek in marriage. Therefore, it is only natural that two persons, bewildered by life's blows, should seek their aid and their comforting influence. Bert Bauer, with her marriage to Bill going on the rocks, turns to her sister-in-law, Meta, for wisdom and guidance. The ugly roots of marital discord go far below the surface with Bill and Bert... Bill's failure as an advertising man, his increasing tendency to lose himself in alcohol, his insistence that tomorrow—always tomorrow—will bring a better day for himself, for his wife and his child Michael, drive Bert to seek outside aid. Sick at heart over the events that have led to Bert's unhappiness, Meta can...

1 Meta Bauer Roberts listens sympathetically as her sister-in-law, Bert, tells Papa Bauer that her marriage to his son Bill is breaking up because of drink—and his need for another woman's encouragement.

2 Rev. Dr. Keeler hears Bert's story, too—but Bert doesn't really want advice. She has already decided to leave Bill and take their son Michael with her, believing it best for them all.
Bill's reaction to his wife's departure is defiant but pitiful. He swears to his boy: "You're going to be proud of your old man—just wait and see!"

Meta's heart aches, as the weeks pass, for she sees that Bert is a woman who is still in love with her husband, but who feels there is nothing she can do—that, for Michael's sake, it's best that Bert take him and go to live with her mother and father. This, Bert hopes, will give Bill time to prove to himself that he has the strength to solve his own problems. Bill's reaction to Bert's leaving him is heart-rending. He strikes out against her—the woman he loves. Standing at the foot of his child's bed the night before Bert leaves, Bill takes a solemn oath: "You're not going to be ashamed of me. I'm going to amount to something, you just wait and see. You're going to be proud of your old man, you're going to be really proud." It is the speech of a really broken man. . .

In her own home Meta tries to keep the guiding light of her love for Joe burning ever brighter—for her stepdaughter Kathy needs its reassuring warmth against the troubles that have beset her own marriage. Kathy has been through a prolonged period of depression, following the birth of little Robin, and her husband Dick—with all his understanding and patience—finds himself more and more pushed out of her life. In furthering his career, Dick is given the opportunity of being a resident doctor at the hospital, and Kathy insists that he accept the position, although it will mean that he will have little time to be with her and with the new baby daughter. . . Dick, at first, willingly believes

4 Bill is really a broken man, drowning his dreams of success in drink—turning desperately to others for the strength he had found in Bert.
In these dark days, the abiding love of Joe and Meta Roberts for each other shines out like a guiding light to what marriage should really be. Only a faith such as theirs could survive the strains and misunderstandings caused by Kathy Roberts Grant, Joe's married daughter.
The Guiding Light

that Kathy has only his interest at heart. But, as time goes on, he sees his wife becoming more and more absorbed by the needs of her child, and he becomes more and more excluded from her life. At the hospital, Dick finds in supervisor Janet Johnson the sympathy, companionship and womanly interest which Kathy denies him. As Meta watches, giving comfort where she can, giving knowledge when she thinks it might be most acceptable, Kathy begins more and more to realize that the only way to make her marriage work is to tell Dick the truth about

Yet there comes a time when Kathy's husband

6 Meta is deeply disturbed by her stepdaughter Kathy's unhappiness. She hopes it is only Kathy's long illness which at first makes her so indifferent to her baby.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:
Meta Bauer Roberts..................Ellen Demming
Joe Roberts............................Herb Nelson
Bertha ("Bert") Bauer................Charita Bauer
Papa Bauer..................Theo Goetz
Dr. Keeler..........................Melville Ruick
Bill Bauer...............................Lyle Sudrow
Kathy Roberts Grant.................Susan Douglas
Dick Grant............................James Lipton

The Guiding Light—on CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.—on CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—both EDT, Mon. thru Fri., for Procter & Gamble.
Robin—not only that she was married before and that her husband was killed, as Dick already knows, but also that she was pregnant with Robin at the time she married Dick... Believing in the truth and that maturity will come to Kathy and Dick as it has come to her and Joe, Meta prays that Kathy will find the courage to tell Dick... and that Dick's love for Kathy will be strong enough to make things come out right in their troubled world. Only time itself can test whether their marriage is built on a solid foundation—or on the quicksands of outward attractions.

Kathy loves the baby more than she loves him.

8 Dr. Keeler counsels Kathy to reveal the bitter truth. The baby isn't Dick's—not prematurely born, as she led Dick to believe, but the child of her previous marriage. Kathy hesitates, her tortured soul crying out: What will happen if I do tell Dick?
that Kathy has only his interest at heart. But, as time goes on, he sees his wife becoming more and more absorbed by the needs of her child, and he becomes more and more excluded from her life. At the hospital, Dick finds in supervisor Janet Johnson the sympathy, companionship and womanly interest which Kathy denies him. As Meta watches, giving comfort where she can, giving knowledge when she thinks it might be most acceptable, Kathy begins more and more to realize that the only way to make her marriage work is to tell Dick the truth about Robin—not only that she was married before and that her husband was killed, as Dick already knows, but also that she was pregnant with Robin at the time she married Dick ... Believing in the truth and that maturity will come to Kathy and Dick as it has come to her and Joe, Meta prays that Kathy will find the courage to tell Dick ... and that Dick's love for Kathy will be strong enough to make things come out right in their troubled world. Only time itself can test whether their marriage is built on a solid foundation—or on the quicksands of outward attractions.

Yet there comes a time when Kathy's husband Dick, who Kathy loves the baby more than she loves him.

Dr. Keeler counsels Kathy to reveal the bitter truth. The baby isn't Dick's—not prematurely born, as she led Dick to believe, but the child of her previous marriage. Kathy hesitates, her tortured soul crying out: What will happen if I do tell Dick?
WHIRLWIND MARRIAGE

Rosemary Clooney glows happily
A few weeks ago, Rosemary Clooney got married. In a simple civic ceremony in the small border town of Durant, Oklahoma, pert, blonde "Rosie" became Mrs. Jose Ferrer.

Two days later, after a whirlwind trip back to Hollywood, Rosemary was in her newly-leased Beverly Hills home. Ferrer was still in Dallas finishing the run of "Kiss Me Kate" and rehearsing "The Dazzling Hour," which opened at La Jolla, California, later that month. Rosemary was killing a half-hour waiting for her bags to be packed for a trip to New York and guest spot on the Ed Sullivan show.

She was leaving the next day, but before she left she intended to tape two shows a day, besides going over to Paramount to get a first glance at her next picture, "Red Garters."

Yet, with all the running, you could tell that Mrs. Jose Ferrer was happy. Rosemary glowed with an inner light that challenged the reflection of the flashing sunlight outside—glowed because she was now called "Mrs. Ferrer."

"Even so," Rosemary (Continued on page 106)

Rosemary stars in her own Rosemary Clooney Show, heard on NBC Radio, Tuesday and Friday, at 8:15 P.M. EDT.

By BETTE GOODE

Over her husband and the hectic life to come
A few weeks ago, Rosemary Clooney got married. In a simple civic ceremony in the small border town of Durant, Oklahoma, pert, blonde "Rosie" became Mrs. Jose Ferrer.

Two days later, after a whirlwind trip back to Hollywood, Rosemary was in her newly-leased Beverly Hills home. Ferrer was still in Dallas finishing the run of "Kiss Me Kate" and rehearsing "The Dazzling Hour," which opened at La Jolla, California, later that month. Rosemary was killing a half-hour waiting for her bags to be packed for a trip to New York and guest spot on the Ed Sullivan show.

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"Even so," Rosemary (Continued on page 106)

Rosemary stars in her own Rosemary Clooney Show, heard on NBC Radio, Tuesday and Friday, at 8:15 P.M. EDT.
As Linda Young held her son in her arms, her heart felt as if it would burst. It seemed to her she had never been so happy in her life, and all the warmth she felt for the baby extended over to Pepper— they were truly a happy family. And they deserved to be, for the past few months had nearly broken their hearts. Pepper and Linda had adopted the child when Gloria Dennis, his mother, refused to recognize him. Then, suddenly, when happiness was within their grasp, Jim Dennis, Gloria's

*Pepper Young's Family* is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, for Camay Soap and Duz. Mason Adams and Eunice Howard are pictured at right in their roles as Pepper and Linda.

Pepper and Linda Young can hardly believe their own happiness.
the love of a child

they enjoy their son. A lawsuit and extortion almost took him away from them, but love and justice have prevailed!

See Next Page
As Linda Young held her son in her arms, her heart felt as if it would burst. It seemed to her she had never been so happy in her life, and all the warmth she felt for the baby extended over to Pepper—they were truly a happy family. And they deserved to be, for the past few months had nearly broken their hearts. Pepper and Linda had adopted the child when Gloria Dennis, his mother, refused to recognize him. Then, suddenly, when happiness was within their grasp, Jim Dennis, Gloria's...
husband, literally stole the youngster from his carriage in front of a local Elmwood store. The entire Young family, frantic with worry, tried to find the baby and, after weeks of searching, they located the Dennises in a small town. . . . Dennis claimed he wanted his child and instigated a law suit against the Youngs. Everyone was puzzled by Jim's actions, for no one could believe that he really wanted his child. In court, however, he made such an emotional appeal that Linda was forced to believe he truly wanted his baby. Heartbroken, she told Dennis that she was withdrawing her case. . . . What Linda didn't know was that she had ruined Jim's scheme for extortion. He had planned to let the court case drag on and on, and then go to Mrs. Horace Trent and extort funds on the basis that he would then give the child back to Linda—for a price. Jim took a chance and went to Mrs. Trent, anyway. While Mrs. Trent wanted Linda to have the baby as desperately as Linda herself wanted him, she for once didn't take action into her own hands—she called the police. When the money was handed over, Jim was caught red-handed in extortion. . . . It was a deliriously happy Linda and Pepper who received the wonderful news that they'd been awarded custody of their child—their son—the lively bit of humanity who was bringing Linda and Pepper such happiness.
Blonde Joan Davis put down the telephone in her home, and suddenly her hands went to her forehead and tears began to flow. As suddenly as they began, they stopped.

"My eyes! My face!" she said to herself. "It'll hold up production—at $400 an hour—if I go into the studio with a tear-streaked face. Darn, in TV, you don't even have time to be a woman!"

Joan was crying from sheer nervous exhaustion. Boss of her own TV production, top comedienne with Jim Backus on the show, Joan rarely has the luxury of relaxing, except in her own home. At work, Joan is raucous in her comedy, champion of the pratfall, always ready as a wit off stage—as she is on. At home, another Joan emerges. She has a rare sweetness, a shy, reticent nature which allows for not more than a few intimate friends. Her idea of "real fun" is a quiet evening with her poodle, relaxing with the show's scripts.

I Married Joan, starring Joan Davis, is on NBC-TV every Wednesday at 8 P.M. EDT; sponsored by General Electric.

Jim Backus looks helpless as his TV wife Joan Davis bewails the fate of her latest cooking effort.

Jim Backus plays Joan Davis' TV husband—a man who would find her quite different in real life.

At home after a hard day at the studio, Joan likes nothing better than a relaxed moment at the piano.

In her reconverted "formal" dining room, which is now a pool room, Joan expresses herself on canvas.
PLAY EDITOR

Check your favorites and mail us your answers today

Radio TV Mirror is your magazine. Play editor tonight and answer the following questionnaire which will tell us what you want published. Mail your answers to RADIO-TV MIRROR READER SURVEY, Box 1716, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. You don't have to give us your name.

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**FIRST ABOUT YOU:**

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<th>Age</th>
<th>Male</th>
<th>Female</th>
<th>Number of children</th>
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<th>Check which of the following daytime dramas you listen to:</th>
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<td>Rosemary</td>
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<td>Wendy Warren</td>
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<td>Romance of Helen Trent</td>
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<td>Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<td>Whispering Streets</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>Mo Perkins</td>
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<td>Young Dr. Malone</td>
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<td>The Guiding Light</td>
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<td>Second Mrs. Burton</td>
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<td>Perry Mason</td>
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<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Aunt Jenny</td>
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<td>Pepper Young's Family</td>
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<td>Right to Happiness</td>
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<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
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<td>Lorenzo Jones</td>
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<td>The Doctor's Wife</td>
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<td>Dr. Paul</td>
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<th>Other favorite daytime dramas:</th>
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<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>Queen for a Day</td>
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<td>Curt Massey Time</td>
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<td>Bob Hope</td>
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<td>Ladies' Choice</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<td>Strike It Rich</td>
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<td>Bob and Ray</td>
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<td>Cedric Adams</td>
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<td>Paula Stone</td>
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<td>Let's Pretend</td>
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<td>Grand Central Station</td>
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<td>Hawkins Falls</td>
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<td>Cliff's Family</td>
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<td>The Phrase that Pays</td>
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<td>Garry Moore Show</td>
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<td>Big Payoff</td>
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<td>Kate Smith Show</td>
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<td>Bride and Groom</td>
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<td>Today</td>
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<td>Ding Dong School</td>
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<td>Walter Winchell</td>
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<td>Our Miss Browning</td>
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<td>Jack Benny</td>
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<td>Amos 'N' Andy</td>
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<td>Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen</td>
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<td>My Little Margie</td>
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<td>Aldrich Family</td>
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<td>Alice Faye and Phil Harris</td>
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<td>Harris</td>
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<td>Talent Scouts</td>
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<td>I Love Lucy</td>
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<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<td>Jo Stafford</td>
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<td>Doris Day</td>
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<td>This Is Your Life</td>
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<td>Red Skelton</td>
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<td>People Are Funny</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. North</td>
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<td>Martin and Lewis</td>
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<td>Fibber McGee and Molly</td>
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<td>Life Begins at Eighty</td>
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<td>Dr. Christian</td>
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What story did you like best in this issue:

What story did you like least in this issue:

What stars did you miss reading about in this issue:

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74
A wedding of special interest to Washington society will take place this fall when popular Ann Eppard marries James Gallagher. Jim fell in love at first sight when he saw Ann in church one Sunday. Three months later, Ann said yes.

No wonder Ann caught Jim's eye! She's adorably tiny, slim and graceful as a ballerina... with a complexion that's "pretty as pink ivory," says one of her friends.

Like so many attractive girls, Ann never misses a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

"Since I've been using Pond's Cold Cream, I've become convinced that creaming is the only way to get your skin really clean," Ann says. "Wait till you see how clear and fresh and glowing Pond's Cold Creamings leave your skin!"
Dr. E. A. 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 ever did. And they're safe!"

Never before has it been so easy to avoid embarrassing body odors at that "certain time." All you do is take 3 or 4 pleasant-tasting "ENNDS" daily for a few days before and continuing 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 49c. Larger sizes save even more! Also available in Canada.

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SAFE EYE-GENE
EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MILLIONS!

"Doctors' tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative CHECKS WOMEN'S SPECIAL ODOR PROBLEM!"

(Continued from page 51)

Herb's first love, the thing that got him started in show business. A delivery man spotted Herb coming out of his apartment building recently and yelled, "Hello, Herb. Where's your harmonica?" Herb later told the Special Services people to remember it. To think of him as a harmonica player, and not just a comedian and quizmaster. When he did a featured novelty number, "Little Old Lady in a Hurry," he was quite unhappy. Nobody would let him take a harmonica on stage. "I missed it," he says. "First time I had to leave it out because I could have fished it out of one in my pocket to use, just in case. They wouldn't trust me not to find an 'in-case,' I guess."

The harmonica and Herb became a two-some back in Fort Wayne, where his parents had moved from Toledo, Ohio, shortly after Herb's birth on May 29, 1918. "I was the only child—and, being me, that was enough to make one of them still going to grade school, a lady—well, I guess you could say she was a friend of ours; anyway, we knew her—it seems her main problem was always running from her contraband and do chores in her music store. So I got elected. Probably my folks voted me in. The upshot was that she gave me a harmonica school. I got together some other kids and we formed a harmonica quartet, and we did all right, sometimes. Well, we were just going along and, once in a while, sort of out of question. I'd be wondering, in the audience, I'd start to talk between numbers, and I got a few laughs. I'd do jokes on whatever happened to be gripping me or other people at the time, like the weather, or the price of hogs in our section of the country, or something like that. Or food. Everybody seems to like jokes about eating, although nowadays it's dining, not eating, that gets the best laughs. Finally, there was a point when I got better at the jokes than the harmonica."

Herb feels he was lucky to start in a small town, where talent gets a chance to develop in front of friendly home audiences. "Either they would encourage you, or give you money enough to leave on," he puts it. "The thing that first was Detroit. He'd still tell his jokes about the folks back home in Indiana, and everybody remembered characters just like him. You could get home, in fact, in their own families. By the time Herb was booked into Chicago, he had a collection of harmonicas of every size, which he pulled out of every pocket. I had even a glassblower equip the largest size with the then-new neon lights, so it shed an eerie green-blue glare that startled audiences half out of their seats.

He met his wife when he reached Chicago, and one night when he was playing a neighborhood theatre, an Australian booking agent caught his act, offered him a contract never to see me again," says. "I got a boat ticket and not much else," Herb says, "but it started me into the big time. I did all right with the act but, when I got to Australia and told my first impressions, I learned the language which I was then playing, I learned the language which I was then playing."

"By the time Herb came back to this country, vaudeville was giving a last breath, and all his connections with it seemed dead and gone. He had tried New York radio and had to pawn his accordion for the money to get back to Fort Wayne. In 1941, he came East to be a guest on the Kate Smith program, but he couldn't seem to get anything more."

The war was on in Europe and Herb had begun to play service camps in this country even before Pearl Harbor, so, by the time it was his turn to join up, the Army rejected Herb as an entertainer the GI's had already taken to their khaki-covered hearts. He got through regular basic training with the infantry and then went into a group this was used as an eye-dropper for troops overseas. By the time Herb came back to the United States, he had acquired five battle stars. It seems, to paraphrase a line in a song that got around, "If Shriners come, can war be far behind?"

Because wherever he went, the battles began raging and he often got caught in the crossfire.

After Herb was discharged from Army service, he did a guest shot on the Perry Como show, with an Army monologue patterned after his Indiana stuff, but based on his own observations and experiences and the funny things the other GI's told him about theirs. About Army protocol and military foibles and about generals and GI's, Herb was always uncomplimentary on things military and political, like his comment on a recent pay rise for servicemen: "Probably it'll work out that the same pay I made back when I was in—the best poker players."

His first TV break, after some reasonably successful shows, came when Arthur Godfrey had him sub on Talent Scouts. Herb went on to do the program of his own, called Herb Shriver Time, and last season and again this year, took part in the Mary Livingstone Show.

Success leaves Herb less and less time for his other interests. But, with Pixie in the act, he manages to keep a few projects going all the time. His special pride and joy is an auxiliary sailboat, The High Seas, the summer of 1951. After that came the program of his own, called Herb Shriver Time, and last season and again this year, took part in the Mary Livingstone Show.

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"When You Keep on Trying"

(Continued from page 39)

only until something else can be built up to take their place.

Twenty-four years ago, our modern methods of combating polio were unknown. Unlike children of today, when Paul returned home from the hospital, he had to face a future in which there was little hope that he would ever grow up to be a strong boy who could walk normally. Life in the Winchell family was fun, however, and self-pity was definitely not encouraged. They were poor in money, but rich in many other things. They knew how to laugh together. Paul's father, a tailor, made the three children little fancy costumes and they all played at being entertainers. They told jokes and they sang, and life went on as it had before Paul's illness. Only occasionally did Paul catch a look of sadness in his mother's eyes as they followed his limping little figure around the apartment.

At thirteen, and still a thin, undersized boy, Paul was nevertheless a star pupil in the High School of Industrial Arts in New York. Jerry Mahoney was carved by Paul in the puppetry class of the school. Other kids could fight and box, could run races and climb trees, but this boy had something they didn't have. He was an artist to his finger tips, and the principal felt he had a great future as a commercial artist. Paul himself dreamed of being a great sculptor.

About this time, he saw a magazine ad and sent ten cents for the book it offered on ventriloquism. Hesitantly at first, he began to make his puppet Jerry talk, and soon he was sought after for school entertainments. Then kids who were running for offices in the school organizations began to ask Paul if Jerry would campaign for them. Jerry could make speeches and say things that Paul would never have dared. Even then this Mahoney fellow was a brash specimen, quite unlike the quiet, reticent Winchell who merely spoke the words for him!

One day the school principal heard one of the Paul and Jerry campaign speeches. He called Paul into his office. “You ought to go on Major Bowes’ Amateur Hour on radio,” he said. “You could make some money for yourself and do honor to the school. How about it?”

He hesitated. He was still self-conscious about his limp, except with the boys and girls he knew. He wasn’t too sure of his ability—as yet. He might be laughed at, and his experiences had made him sensitive. So he came up with what might have been his reason, but was more likely only an excuse to keep him from facing a big, strange audience. “I have no hair for Jerry,” he told the principal. “See, he’s bald, under this hat I made for him. I haven’t been able to get a wig yet.”

“Is that all that’s bothering you?” The principal laughed. “Look around and figure out what you can use for hair.” And that’s how Jerry’s hair became nice, bright red—because the first wig was made from a small piece of the new carpeting in a hallway of the school.

Paul auditioned for the Amateur Hour, went on, won the hundred-dollar first prize, was sent out on tour with a Major Bowes unit at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. But the principal didn’t approve of his leaving school. An appearance on the show하며 the country, but touring, he told Paul, meant neglecting the education that was to make him a well-rounded adult. Paul concealed his age, evaded truant officers, and kept in constant touch with his worried but proud parents,
and by the time he was seventeen he was a skilled professional performer. Besides his ventriloquism, he had discovered a gift for mimicry and for acting.

He had found ways, too, to keep audiences from noticing his limp. He would come running out on a stage to do his act, with a gait he practiced many, many times in secret, a gait that left an audience not sure he wasn’t deliberately walking that way, if they noticed at all. The momentum of the run would help him to swing his short leg up on a chair or stool so he could hold Jerry on his knee. But he was still a scrawny youngster, with a frame much less developed than other boys of his age.

A musician named Ray Heath got him interested in weight-lifting. Eager to help himself, Paul kept at it over a period of years, and gradually he not only built up the rest of his body muscles but the ones in his weakened, shortened leg. He learned to dance and to swim, to play tennis and golf, and lately he has taken to boxing. By the time he got married, in his early twenties, no one would have guessed the long struggle to build himself up from a frail child to a normal, healthy young man.

Through the years he had never forgotten that Eddie Cantor did a Christmas show for the children in the polio ward when he was lying ill. “It came back to me many times—the laughter, the relief at forgetting pain for a while, the lift it gave all of us kids. I resolved that, if ever I could, I would do things like that.”

This is why Paul and Jerry are to be found in hospital wards for children on an average of once a week—in New York, on tour, even when Paul is on vacation. He thinks of his own little girl, Stephanie, now just a year older than he was when he was stricken, and is grateful for her good health. He thinks of the child soon to come, about the time you will be reading this, and how he and Dorothy pray that this child, too, will be spared pain. But both know that pain and trouble do sometimes strike, and that everyone, including the person stricken, must learn to look for the compensating blessing.

A recent experience with a young boy has pointed this up for Paul. After a show in a ward, a thirteen-year-old asked to see him. Paul sent everyone else away and they had a man-to-man talk—the boy in the wheelchair, who couldn’t keep back his tears, and Paul and Jerry. The boy was practicing ventriloquism, but felt hopeless about doing anything with it because of the chair to which he was confined. Paul showed how it could be made a part of the act—an attendant could be dressed up to wheel him out, or the chair could be camouflaged to seem like part of the props. He thought the young patient was in a better frame of mind. “But you don’t understand,” the boy began, his lip quivering again. “You’re not crippled. You don’t know how hard it is.” Then Paul pulled up his trouser leg and showed the shortened muscle, told of the long struggle, the fight to face audiences. “I heard you had polio,” the boy said, “but I didn’t know you had it bad. I guess you do know what you’re talking about.” And he smiled for the first time that afternoon.

There was a Greek war orphan, sent to this country for plastic surgery to repair damage to her face from a hand grenade that exploded during street fighting between Communist troops and government forces. She had watched Paul on the hospital’s television set. Someone who knew his deep interest in children asked him to drop by and see her before she started the long series of operations for her mutilated face. “It would help her, to remember something pleasant, during her hours of pain,” he was told. “Let’s give all the children a show,” Paul stipulated, “and I’ll

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For a better cup of coffee. Filmy coffee oils that impair good coffee flavor are quickly removed from glass coffee makers with baking soda. Once a week, wash coffee maker in soda solution (3 tbsp. to qt. water) for a few minutes.

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The same pure soda you know is safe in foods, you know is safe with foods.

Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand Baking Soda are pure bicarbonate of soda, U.S.P. Write for free booklet on the many uses of soda to Church & Dwight Co., Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York 5, New York.

Crazy for Him

(Continued from page 59)

wanted to sing, and that was okay with her, too. He got a job with Freddie Carbone's band—$28 a week and, when he wasn't sitting in running errands and bringing back Cokes for the rest of the guys in the band.

Perry and Roselle didn't have a big wedding. It was one of the Justice-of-the-Peace ceremonies, and the best man wore sneakers and a yellow polo shirt.

Carbone's band came 'Ted Weems' band, and the world of one-night stands . . . and sirens. Where and Roselle was trying to make homes out of a thousand different hotel rooms . . . and, finally, in 1940, Ronnie was born, in Chicago.

For two years, the Como's traveled with their baby; then Perry rebelled. 'I'd rather go home and be a barber than bring up a kid this way.'

"You're going to hit it big," Roselle would say. "Give yourself a little more time."

But Perry'd had it. Back to Canonsburg he brought his wife and child. Only he never opened his new barber shop. Because a man from a booking agency in New York phoned, and there was a job at CBS—$60 a week, but no telling what it might lead to. So Perry got his first radio show.

He hasn't had a setback since. Unless you count a kind of sour stay in Hollywood, where he hated the work and didn't make much of a stir at it. Besides, it was in Hollywood that Perry and Roselle had that terrifying experience of a kidnap threat to Ronnie. That was the beginning of their "no pictures—no publicity" routine about the children.

Today they have three kids. Ronnie's thirteen, and Terri and David—both adopted—are five and six.

Perry surrounds 'em with wonderful toys—when Ronnie was six, he had electric trains and tracks running all through the house—and then he, Perry, worries for fear he's spoiling them. Maybe a kid should work two years on a secondhand bike. Maybe, then, he saves the moment more when he finally achieves his heart's desire. Still, the kids are so cute. And they seem so un-bratty.

You can understand how the Como children stay sweet, despite material advantages, when you study their parents. Perry and Roselle are basically shy, gentle people. From neither one could a child learn arrogance. Sure, the Sands Point house has fourteen rooms, but each child has to straighten his own boudoir, so the many rooms seem more of a chore than a bragg-ing-point to them. Perry and Roselle don't have them doing three raids constantly underfoot, and your children wondering who you are when you come in the door. They raise their own offspring, and like it.

Roselle has a healthy sense of humor, and can deal with problems arising from Perry's "professional life when such problems intrude on his personal life. One illustration of this is a cute story that was reported last year. It seems that one of Perry's over-zealous lady fans got the Sands Point phone number, and called the house. Roselle answered.

"I'd like to speak to Perry," said the young woman on the other end, in what she fondly imagined to be a lazily seductive tone.

"Who's calling, please?" Roselle said. Lazily-seductive spoke again. "This is a friend of Perry's—"

"Well, speak up, friend," said Roselle cheerfully. "Any friend of Perry's is a friend of mine."

Which means Roselle's got a passel of pals, because her husband doesn't have an enemy. At peace with the world, he's the "original everybody." He's a guy. "Competition" just doesn't excite him. He's reported to have said once, "Whatever success I have, I owe to Bing Crosby. You can't beat his style, and it's made me a good living—"

Perry doesn't care how many people copy him, and he's quick to give young singers a boost. He loves success stories; just let a newcomer have a hit record, and Como invites him on the Como show. "It's not sensible," says critics. "This is a cutthroat business."

But, while they're criticizing, the object of their disapproval goes his easy way, making hit records, spending (as this is written) lazy vacation time with wife and kids, and golf clubs, holding the world on a string.

When the kids he implores not to holler during the broadcasts cut loose and holler anyway, he tries to look stern, but without much success. "Sometimes they just forget," he says tenderly. "God bless 'em."

Listening to him, you realize how they can forget. You feel like standing up and cheering yourself!
The Big Payoff Man

(Continued from page 46)

how were never renewed? What if he moved Evelyn and the children East and he whole thing flopped?

It was then that Evelyn did what she had done a dozen times before—whenver the going was tough.

"When you're in show business, Randy," he said softly, "nothing is sure, nothing is certain. We've had financial insecurity before, we may have it again. We can make go of it anywhere—together."

Randy nodded. Evelyn was so right. If Randy had to start life all over again, he'd live it just as he did this time. Financial insecurity he'd had, and Evelyn had been here to share much of it with him—but he rewards had been a wonderful life, a happy home.

Randy called Walt Framer back and said, "It's a deal." He immediately closed his affairs in Minneapolis, and Evelyn flew to New York for the first of three flights to find a home. Even if it were only for thirteen weeks—and perhaps it would have to be for longer, even if it meant Randy would have to work at anything—they wanted a house in the country, with a garden and pets around for the kids.

Nothing less would they settle for, nothing less would do. They found a place in New York's suburban Garden City, in a new development of ranch houses. They bought an L-shaped ranch house on a third-of-an-acre and moved in. Just a couple of people from the Midwest with their three youngsters—Susan, seventeen; Michael, ten; Tommy, seven—a little fearful of the awfulness of the city of concrete to which they'd come to make a living, a little fearful that people's hearts would be as hard as the concrete.

"We'll never forget those first days," Randy says with a smile. "On the third day, two girls walked in and explained they were from Garden City High School. They introduced themselves to our Susan and made her feel at home. Today those girls, Lynn Harvey and Ruth Neimann, are Susan's best friends! They're going to miss her, and she will miss them, when Susan returns this fall to the University of Minnesota."

Since those first days, Randy and Evelyn have made friends with their neighbors and feel as if they've known some of them all their lives. Especially some six Minneapolis families who have settled out Garden City way. They're mostly engineers at NBC, and they come around just to sit and talk—but sometimes, too, they look at television. Randy tries to discourage this, however, because each time it's happened, the evening has ended by one of the engineers taking the set apart, and it's usually a day or two before he gets around to putting it completely back together again.

But Randy and Evelyn don't really care. During the nineteen years, they've had their ups and downs, and the least of their worries is a TV set which won't work—temporarily.

As a matter of fact, Randy started life with tragedy living on his doorstep.

"My real name is Anson Randolph Spear," he says. "My father was a deaf mute and the founder of the North Dakota School for the Deaf. He died, when I was only three, from a heart condition. My mother, who was deaf due to scarlet fever, died of some kind of poisoning when I was fourteen months old. I suppose that today, their illnesses could have been cared for.

"My grandparents then adopted me legally, and I changed my name to theirs. Merriman. I lived with them in Minneapolis, and I dropped the Anson part of my name because it was odd and the other kids
W

When do you tell a friend about Tampax?

When she confesses she doesn't "dare" wear slacks 'this week-end'?

When she complains of definite inconveniences on 'those days'?

Or when?

Sometimes telling another woman about Tampax sanitary protection is the biggest favor you can do her. For many women need that last ounce of reassurance, which the recommendation of a friend gives.

Tampax is definitely different; it's worn internally. It was invented by a doctor with the welfare of women at heart; any normal woman can use it. Wearer doesn't even feel it. There are no belts, pins or bulky external pads. There's no chafing, no odor. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, firmly stitched for safety. It's easy to use and easy to dispose of—comes with its own throwaway applicator.

Tampax may be worn in shower or tub. It's so small, so compact, that a whole month's supply goes in the purse. Available at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy size gives an average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

poked fun at it. I became Randolph and, subsequently, Randy.

"My grandparents put me through school. I went to Central High School in Minneapolis, and continued school at McPherson, Kansas, where my grandfather, a wildcat oil man, was working. I worked there on the pipelines for a while—and I met my grandfather. I always called him Dad.

"Then I went to Faribault, Minnesota, and finished at Shattuck Military School.

"Randy, at the age of sixteen, ran away to join a circus as a prop boy for a season, then worked with the big Ringling Circus as a Barker and ticket salesman. He knocked around in show business from then on—in vaudeville, carnivals, walkathons, circuses, cafés.

"I remember Red Skelton. He was the top emcee of a walkathon in Milwaukee. He had the best time, from 6 P.M. to midnight, and I had the worst period, from 4 to 8 A.M., when everybody was sleeping!"

"Later I was an usher at the State Theatre in Minneapolis, and was then promoted to doorman. Another usher then was Charlie Green, and we were both stage-struck. We used to watch the stage shows and study each act, then, after the theatre closed, we'd go on stage and imitate every act on the bill. The cleaning woman and a few stray cats were our only audience.

"But one night the manager caught us and complained that we were throwing the lights! We couldn't do it any more."

Then, Randy took to the road with a singing quartet (three others boys and a girl). But, by 1934, the quartet broke up because Randy had beaten the other boys to the affection of the blue-eyed, blonde ex-model in the act, Evelyn Kuehn. Randy and Evelyn were married July 10, 1934.

On a recent anniversary, she gave Randy a pair of gold cuff links with miniature calendar pages and the date marked with a ruby. A duplicate of the calendar (a gift from Randy), she wears as a charm on her bracelet.

As a young married man, Randy had to find an occupation which would allow him to settle down with a house and, eventually, a child. He turned to radio, and in Minneapolis he became a popular personality on the airwaves. At one point, Randy and Evelyn were fronting with the possibility of building a career in Hollywood. Randy was screen-tested by RKO studios.

"I think they offered me $100 a week," Randy confides, "but I was making about $125 in Minneapolis. And we had Susan then, and we were afraid to risk it. So I decided to go back to Minneapolis and be a big fish in a small pond, rather than a small fish in the big Hollywood pond!"

The friendliness Randy has found everywhere—and the friendliness he has given—have made him an unashamed sentimentalist.

"He's such a sentimentalist!" says Evelyn. "He carries around a wallet full of momentos."

Randy opened the wallet, and it contained the ticket to the original audition of The Big Payoff, a ticket for its first NBC broadcast, and the first broadcast over CBS. In the wallets, too, is a creased, yellowing paper containing some childish but firm writing. It is his son Michael's first school paper.

There's a two-dollar bill in the wallet. "It's the first two dollars I ever had. I guess I've carried it around in my wallet more than fifteen years. I feel it is a good-luck charm and I'm afraid, if I lost it, my luck would change."

Randy's home has six rooms, and it's across the street from the Garden City Country Club, where Perry Como golfs. "In fact," says Randy, "when the wind is right and Perry is hitting them hard, I can catch some of the balls. I have one of his at home now."

None of the children have shown any desire to follow their dad into show business. "Mike takes piano and then accordion lessons, and then drops them," says Randy. "But none seems to want to become a professional entertainer."

"Perhaps that's because Randy and his wife try not to bring his business into the home too much. "We don't try to cultivate show business people only," says Randy. "We have Bess Myerson, who's on The Big Payoff, who comes and visits us. Mort Lawrence, the announcer on our show, and his wife, are Sam and Betty North—he's with the挖掘 Company who visit us. And then we meet the Warren Halls in New York for dinner sometimes."

It's a quiet life they lead, and they want it to remain that way.

Randy and Evelyn are much more interested in family and church than the tinsel of show business. "Right now, we're interested in the St. James Lutheran Church and the Pilgrim Lutheran Church in Minneapolis."

The children go to Sunday school, and Susan taught a class there. Randy refers often to his only living relative, his grandmother, Mrs. Annie C. Merriman, now living in Anoka, Minnesota.

"She's ninety-one," says Randy, "and she's physically so alert! On The Big Payoff, I once saw her throw out a little kiss, and she knows it's meant for her. It's our little secret."

Evelyn, one of eight children, says, "My mother, Mrs. Minnie Kuehn, now lives in Seattle, Washington. Her children are scattered all over the country, and she tries once a year to visit all of us."

"I call her," says Randy, "the president of the Warren Hall Fan Club—because when she writes me, she always asks about Warren."

The Merrimans of Garden City are a happy family, and Randy wants every one of his TV friends to know that he and his co-emcee, Bess Myerson, are not married. He and Bess find it necessary many times to explain to strangers, "Yes, we're married—but to different people!"

Once, in a restaurant, when Randy and Evelyn were dining, a little old lady came snooping around. "Aha!" she exclaimed, pointing to Randy, "so you're cheating on Bess tonight!"

Evelyn smiles. "I'm content. I have no complaints about Randy. Life has been good to us, and we've always had a lot of fun . . ."

"And a lot of friends," Randy adds.

RADIO-TV MIRROR'S 20th Year Anniversary Issue

PEG LYNCH

FRANK PARKER

VANESSA BROWN

ANN SOTHERN

at your newsstand OCTOBER 9
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**Afternoon Programs**

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### Morning Programs

**NBC**  |  **MBS**  |  **ABC**  |  **CBS**
--- | --- | --- | ---
8:30 | Bible Institute  | Breakfast Club  | Make Up Your Mind  | Rosemary
8:45 | Record Rhapsody  | Capitol Commentary  | Chet Huntley  | Wendy Warren
9:00 | Ronni Kemper  | Double Or Nothing  | Helen Trent  | Our Gal Sunday
9:15 | Road Of Life  | Ma Perkins  | Young Dr. Malone  | Golding Light
9:30 | Ev'ry Day  | Telle Test  | Jack Berch  | 9:35 Turn To A Friend
9:45 | Ladies Fair  | When A Girl Marries  | Nola Drake  | Brighter Day
10:00 | Telle Test  | Buddy Baker  | Jack Berch  | 9:35 Turn To A Friend
10:15 | Ev'ry Day  | Telle Test  | Jack Berch  | 9:35 Turn To A Friend
10:30 | Pepper Young  | My True Story  | Young Dr. Malone  | Golding Light
10:45 | Ev'ry Day  | Telle Test  | Jack Berch  | 9:35 Turn To A Friend

### Afternoon Programs

**NBC**  |  **MBS**  |  **ABC**  |  **CBS**
--- | --- | --- | ---
12:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful  | Caveat Emptor  | Lust Of Money  | Time
12:15 | Read Of Life  | Sam Hayes  | United Nations  | Art & Dotty Todd
12:30 | Right To Happiness  | Local Program  | Hilltop House  | Art Linkletter
12:45 | Backstage Wife  | Campfire Serenade  | Arthur Godfrey Time  |
1:00 | Jack Kirkwood  | Mary Margaret McBride  |
1:15 | Stella Dallas  | Bally dance  |
1:30 | Young Wider Brown  | Game Of The Day  |
1:45 | Women In My House  |
2:00 | Just Plain Bill  | Betty Crocker  | Cart Massey  | Walter O'Keefe
2:15 | Front Page Farrell  | Tennessee Ernie  |
2:30 | Lorenz Jone  |
2:45 | The Doctor's Wife  |
3:00 | Welcome Travelers  |
3:15 | Dr. Paul  | 3:25 Edward Arnold  |
3:30 | Dial Dave Garway  | Bill Balance  |
3:45 | 4:35 News, Art Baker  |
4:00 | News Parade  |
4:15 | Bill Bern  |
4:30 | Curtis Massey  |
4:45 | Sam Hayes  |
5:00 | 4:35 News, Art Baker  |
5:15 | B-Bar-B Ranch  |
5:30 | Wonderful City  |
5:45 | Elmer Peterson  |

### Evening Programs

**NBC**  |  **MBS**  |  **ABC**  |  **CBS**
--- | --- | --- | ---
6:00 | My Son, Jeep  | Gabriel Heather  | Elmer Davis  | Playhouse On
6:15 |  | Radio Newsreel  | Dinner Music  | Broadway
6:30 | Scarlet Pimpernel  | Behind The Story  | John Conte  |
6:45 | Behind The Story  | Sam Hayes  | John Conte  |
7:00 |  | 6:30 Eddy Howard  |
7:15 | Henry Cassidy, News  | Locher  |
7:30 | Report From  | 7:25 News  |
7:45 | Washington  | City Of Times Square  | Crime Classics
8:00 | One Man's Family  | Lone Ranger  | Dr. Christian  |
8:15 | News Of The World  | 7:25 News  |
8:30 | The Great Glider  | City Of Times Square  |
8:45 | sleeve  |
9:00 | Best Of Grouch  | 3-City Byline  |
9:15 | Marx  |
9:30 | Big Story  |
9:45 | TV Title Moody  |
10:00 | News  |
10:15 | Bbakkah Talking  |
10:30 | Pollittud Ord.  |
10:45 | Riverside Ranch Orchestra  |

### Thursday

**NBC**  |  **MBS**  |  **ABC**  |  **CBS**
--- | --- | --- | ---
8:30 | Haver's Of Rest  | Tommie Dorsey  | Breakfast Club  | Make Up Your Mind  | Rosemary
8:45 | Record Rhapsody  | Capital Commentary  | Chet Huntley  | Wendy Warren
9:00 | Ronnie Kemper  | Double Or Nothing  | Helen Trent  | Our Gal Sunday
9:15 | Campfire Serenade  | Jack Kirkwood  | Mary Margaret McBride  |
9:30 | Ev'ry Day  | Telle Test  | Jack Berch  | 9:35 Turn To A Friend
9:45 | Ladies Fair  | When A Girl Marries  | Nola Drake  | Brighter Day
10:00 | Garden Guide  | Telle Test  | Jack Berch  | 9:35 Turn To A Friend
10:15 | Ev'ry Day  | Telle Test  | Jack Berch  | 9:35 Turn To A Friend
10:30 | Pepper Young  | My True Story  | Young Dr. Malone  | Golding Light
10:45 | Ev'ry Day  | Telle Test  | Jack Berch  | 9:35 Turn To A Friend
11:00 | Ev'ry Day  | Telle Test  | Jack Berch  | 9:35 Turn To A Friend
11:15 | It Pays To Be Married  | Jack Kirkwood  | Campfire Serenade  | Arthur Godfrey Time
11:30 | Nola Drake  |
11:45 | Second Chance  |

### Afternoon Programs

**NBC**  |  **MBS**  |  **ABC**  |  **CBS**
--- | --- | --- | ---
12:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful  | News  | News  |
12:15 | Read Of Life  | Cedric Foster  | Sam Hayes  |
12:30 | Right To Happiness  | United Nations  | Art & Dotty Todd  |
12:45 | Backstage Wife  | Jack Kirkwood  | Campfire Serenade  |
1:00 | Stella Dallas  | Mary Margaret McBride  |
1:15 | Young Wider Brown  |
1:30 | Women In My House  |
1:45 | Welcome Travelers  |
2:00 | Dr. Paul  | 3:25 Edward Arnold  |
2:15 | Dial Dave Garway  | Bill Balance  |
2:30 | 4:35 News, Art Baker  |
2:45 | News Parade  |
3:00 | Bill Bern  |
3:15 | Curtis Massey  |
3:30 | Sam Hayes  |
3:45 | 4:35 News, Art Baker  |
4:00 | B-Bar-B Ranch  |
4:15 | Wonderful City  |
4:30 | Elmer Peterson  |
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### Evening Programs

**NBC**  |  **MBS**  |  **ABC**  |  **CBS**
--- | --- | --- | ---
6:00 | Truth Or Consequences  | Gabriel Heather  | Elmer Davis  | News
6:15 | Radio Newsreel  | Behind The Story  | Sam Hayes  |
6:30 | Behind The Story  | 6:35 Bill Henry  |
6:45 |  |
7:00 | Judy Canova Show  | Deadline  |
7:15 | Henry Cassidy, News  | Stair Of Space  |
7:30 | Enchanted Hour  |
7:45 |
8:00 | One Man's Family  | Rod And Gun Club  |
8:15 | News Of The World  |
8:30 | Roy Rogers  |
8:45 | News  |
9:00 | Father Knows Best  | Tommie Dorsey  |
9:15 | News  |
9:30 | Jane Pickens  |
9:45 | Music Hall  |
10:00 | News  |
10:15 | Bbakkah Talking  |
10:30 | Hotel Biltmore Orch.  | Eddie Fisher  |
10:45 | Crownell's Nest  |

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### Morning Programs

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Love Spoke to Me from a Newspaper

(Continued from page 43)

igh school senior in a neat blouse. Well, don't believe in love at first sight, and this isn't. But a woman's looks can strike a chord in a man.

On reading, I discovered Yvonne Pfeffer ad brains, too. The night before, she had addressed three thousand educators in New York. She was a senior in a Newark high school but had been in this country only seven months. The article further noted that she was a candidate for Mr. one hearts, but Yvonne appealed to me. She struck me as being vivacious and good-natured. But Newark is a big city and it didn't seem likely that I would ever be introduced to her. After dinner, I did something I have never done before: I wrote a letter to a stranger.

I wrote, "Miss Pfeffer, I am very much interested in taking French lessons." I told her that I, too, lived in Newark and would be glad to call at any time to discuss the matter. I mailed the letter and a split-second later felt very foolish. But five days later she answered and told me to call at her home.

That night, I rushed through dinner, dressed very carefully and drove to her home. At her door, I fumbled nervously or a cigarette but, before I had a chance to light it, a pretty girl—Miss Pfeffer—greeted me. I knew at once that the picture didn't done justice to her arbon hair, blue eyes and her dimpled, luminous smile. She radiated charm.

Her parents stayed with us in the living room for a half-hour, and we hadn't got around to discussing the French lessons. Her parents retired to the kitchen. I guess they thought I had found a new home and, as a matter of fact, they were right. I did feel at home with Yvonne from the start. She, too, has always felt at ease with me. Three and a half hours after I arrived, I said good night. We hadn't made any arrangements for French lessons, but I had a date for the following Sunday and I was calling her Yvonne.

She has told me that she knew shortly after I arrived that I wasn't interested in learning French. She remembers that my letter stressed that I loved French and considered it a very melodious language. She had found me to be completely ignorant of French, and knew I was fibbing, but she didn't make me uncomfortable by saying so.

Sunday, we went over to New York, saw a movie, visited Radio City and walked through Central Park. I found that, although she was only eighteen years old, she already had experienced much. She had carried an Austrian passport, was born in Germany, schooled in France and North Africa. Her father, a prosperous businessman, had been put in a German concentration camp early in World War II. Yvonne was then an only child, and she and her parents went through many dreadful days. In 1942, her father escaped from the camp, rejoined his family and, through much perseverance, booked passage for his family to America.

Fate struck again, on board the ship, and nine-year-old Yvonne came down with measles. The captain put them off the ship in Oran, North Africa, telling them they'd have to wait nine days and catch another ship. The nine days stretched into nine years. Their difficulties and hardships would make a book-length story.

"My father was always wonderful," Yvonne told me. "Always he was optimistic and cheerful, no matter how bad things were."

He sold his personal possessions to start a small business for his family and they lived in the French colony, where Yvonne continued her school. Finally, in 1951, they obtained a new visa and this time arrived in the United States.

"America is so wonderful, so much better than anything I've ever known," she said. "It's like getting a new lease on life."

It sounded strange, hearing a teen-aged girl talk about getting a new lease on life, but she was serious. However, Yvonne by nature was gay and zestful. We had a lot of fun on our dates the first eight weeks, and then we were in love.

With love, your whole life changes. Your head and shoulders may be in the clouds, but your feet are planted by hot coals. The feast is sumptuous, but heartburn is inevitable.

Yvonne, you see, had made quite an impression on her teachers and friends. She was pretty, intelligent and talented. She sang and acted. One of her teachers, Dr. William Lewin, brother of a Hollywood producer, felt so strongly about her potentialities, he signed her to an agent's contract. He told Yvonne, "If you want a successful career in show business, I know you can have it."

There was talk about screen tests and voice coaches and dancing lessons. She was offered a scholarship to a dramatic school. Well, you have probably jumped to the conclusion that Yvonne's struggle was in choosing between a career and love. You're wrong.

"I was wholly in love with Sammy," she

but money doesn't grow on trees... so buy panties of

Spun-lo—still only about 69¢*

★ Sizes full-cut for comfort
★ Always nice next to your skin...never clingy or clammy
★ Dry quickly...never need ironing
★ Wear superbly...come in your favorite pantie style

Spun-lo

RAYON FABRIC

INDUSTRIAL RAYON CORPORATION, Cleveland, Ohio
Producers of Continuous Process Rayon Yarns and Tyron Cord for Tires
tells friends. "I just wanted to get married and devote my life to him."

Sammy—that's me—wasn't anxious to get married quickly.

I was out of school a short time, starting on a new job, and had no money saved. I didn't feel real sure of myself. Yvonne wouldn't graduate from high school until January, and I thought maybe she was too young and would change her mind.

Nevertheless, at the stroke of the New Year, 1952, while everyone was singing "Auld Lang Syne," I proposed.

"You can make it a happy year by marrying me."

That was it. Yvonne threw her arms around me. We were going to be married. We were unofficially engaged. A few days later our engagement was broken.

Guess what I said in answer when Yvonne told me that she loved me and she would marry me, "I love you 90%.

Well, you know how it is in the front lines when artillery, grenades, dive bombers, machine guns and rifles are sounding off all at one time. Well, I felt as if I were standing in the midst of No Man's Land and I was the target. To this day, I don't know why I said it. But, when I left, I had a thirty-day sentence.

"We won't see each other for a month," said Yvonne. "Let's think this over and see if we are really in love."

I have never before known such misery. I couldn't eat or sleep right. Yvonne graduated a week later and I didn't go to the ceremonies. She, too, was going through the tortures. Her father, who had realized the seriousness of our relationship, hadn't been enthusiastic about our getting married. He liked me and we got along well but he, too, thought Yvonne was too young to know her mind.

"I know my heart," Yvonne would say.

She was working part time in a bakery shop after school. I phoned her there the day after her graduation and asked if she could see me. She said, "No." She told me later that she had cried and been despondent, because she was sure it was all over. She thought I was calling me too nice and didn't want to expose her suffering to me.

However, I insisted and, when I called for her, it was raining. We were two under one umbrella, and that helped. By the time I saw her her head cleared away all doubts of our love and we were earnestly talking about marriage. It was wonderful. I was out of the depths and living again.

Yvonne, too.

We announced our engagement in April and decided that the following year, in June, we would marry. We needed that much time, said Yvonne. She got a job in the accounting department of the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company.

Waiting is cruel when you're in love. But it was my only sister, who was married, who understood and came up with the suggestion that made an earlier wedding possible for us. "Why," she asked, "don't you just decide to try and get on Bride and Groom?"

Yvonne had seen the show many times and told me about it. When she finished, she said, "Why would they want to marry us?"

"Write them a letter," she pleaded. "You write so well."

I didn't. Then one night we had a date at her home and she said she wouldn't talk to me until I had written the letter. I did that night.

You know how it is. You still don't expect that a big, nationally popular show is going to take us. But that is exactly what happened. They sent us an application, and it was in the works. We were so far ahead of ourselves, for we didn't think it could possibly come true, that the Bride and Groom writer would like to marry us on Feb-

ruary twentieth. What would we do? We would have just had the thirty-five guest we were to be allowed and, in addition, get a free honeymoon and wonderful gifts. It was too good to be true. And the best part of it was that the people who wrote with us, Doris Beckman, Marion Herget—all of them—couldn't have been more considerate if they had been our own family.

We met John and Phil Hanna at the rehearsals and they, too, were great, and put us at ease. They were a true part of the wedding party.

The wedding itself was exciting. Yvonne was beautiful in an antique ivory gown. Her sister Carol, who announced on the air that she was seven and three-quarters years old, was the young girl. And Phil Hanson sang for us, "Oh, Prewed Love."

We were scared. I remember that at first Yvonne's hand was cold and stiff. But as John Nelson interviewed us, I could feel her fingers getting warm and soft and knew everything was all right. And a few minutes later we were married.

At the studio and the reception, for the next few hours, everyone was kissing Yvonne and giving me advice. I was in a kind of daze and didn't come to until we got to the New Yorker Hotel, where we were spending the first night.

I signed the register and the clerk looked at my signature, then over my shoulder and asked, "Isn't the lady with you?" I had registered only for myself. He grinned, and we fixed that.

We drove to the mountains early and found the hotel just as luxurious as we had promised it would be. Those were five memorable days. There were three or four other honeymoon couples there. We got together every evening for dinner and dancing. Yvonne is a wonderful swimmer, so we also made good use of the pool.

We were kind of celebrities there, too. We were offered a free room in the hotel paper as the couple who had married on Bride and Groom. And a number of people had seen us on television.

I'm anxious to know all about it. We couldn't describe the experience then, but we now have them: a pop-up toaster and a steam iron, silver service for twelve, a refrigerator, a deluxe gas range, and even a talking motion picture film of our wedding.

Yes, that part of the honeymoon is over and we now have a cute apartment in Newark. Yvonne is still working, but we have plans. From that you fall in love, you're making plans: plans to get engaged, plans to get married, and plans for a family. Someday, we hope to have some old.

The best thing we can hope for our children is that they are lucky enough to get married on Bride and Groom. Everyone should be married on Bride and Groom. Everyone should get married. I'm for marriage and Bride and Groom, not ninety, but one hundred per cent.

Oh, but incidentally, I haven't yet had a French lesson.
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67. Arlene Dahl
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84. Mitzi Gaynor
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92. Marge and Gower Champion
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94. Arthur Franz
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89
New York City for their television show. "The first three months, I commuted two thousand miles a week," he remembers.

He would fly up to New York on Thursday for Your Hit Parade rehearsals and the show, then fly back to Nashville on Sunday to take up his local chores and be with his family.

"By commuting, I was playing it safe," he says. "I wanted to be sure of a regular berth on the show before I moved the family that distance."

He got his contract that fall. That was the only point in his life that he almost gave up the name Snooky. Off and on, he had battled with station managers and orchestra leaders to retain the handle. Three years ago, he was feeling a little tired of it. He told his new sponsors he wanted to go back to Roy.

"Sorry," he was told. "We like Snooky." And that was that.

The first home Snooky found for the family was in Stamford, Connecticut. Part of their introduction to Yankeeeland was a violent hurricane.

Storm warnings had been broadcast for twenty-four hours. The wind started at a mild twenty miles per hour, then began accelerating like a high-powered roadster. Florence, who takes things quite calmly, raised her eyebrows.

"It's just a nor'easter," Snooky drawled, "if you'll pardon the word."

Tubs of rain fell, slashing the house, but the Lansons still didn't panic. The Lansons' home was on the shore and the radio now warned of a possible tidal wave.

Florence said, finally, "Doesn't the wind seem a little high to you, Snooky?"

"Brisk," he said.

Florence said, "Well, there's a man with a Red Cross band coming up the street, and he's in a rowboat."

The Lansons wisely evacuated with their two children to a friend's home inland and huddled up for twenty-four hours with eighteen other people. It was one of the most destructive storms in New England history—many houses were blown down, transportation halted, and everybody was terrified. Snooky got to the Hit Parade rehearsal eight hours late, but the children—of course—had a wonderful time.

Shortly after that, the Lansons moved south (to Hartsdale, New York) because it meant Snooky would spend less time on trains and more at home. They rented in Hartsdale and Scarsdale, then figured it was cheaper to buy their own home and finally settled in Hartsdale.

Florence takes a great deal of pleasure in designing her home herself and irrigation, guards health as well as beauty! Discover what Stardust's 4-Section Bra can do for you!

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Music, as you would expect, plays a big part in the Lansons' life, and they have their family "sings" in the living room and in the car. Even Ernie volunteers a solo then.

Because Your Hit Parade comes on in the East at ten-thirty, the children are allowed to stay in bed only three times a year: for the Easter, Christmas and final shows. These, too, are about the most handsome productions of the year. The children show their appreciation of the special parties. Snooky demonstrates the new dance steps she has learned, and Ernie offers free advice.

At the time this goes to press, Florence was about to be in the hospital, for their new baby is expected in early August. "Right now, we plan to name the new one Finis."

A child will then include, in addition to the five Lansons, their maid Bertha, brought up from the South, and two parakeets.

Snooky and Florence are warm and romantic, a source of their charm, too, is their Southern accent.

Snooky, to a degree, has lost a bit of his soft speech, but he claims Florence still drips with corn pone. Problems with his left-handedness, he recalls the time he took Florence to meet Ray Noble and his wife. It was a meeting to discuss future plans of the band.
Three Busy People

(Continued from page 55)

together at his desk in the baskets and bags of crocheting and knitting yarns for Jean’s expert fingers. From upstairs to basement, every shelf and cabinet overflowed with a sense of inordinate prosperity. There are books and magazines everywhere. A game of Scrabble may be set up on the dining table, where the family began to play and got interrupted. For this is a house where the three telephone connections never allow silent long—upstairs, downstairs, or in the basement workroom.

Somebody is always hungry, too, at least for a snack, and the kitchen is a well—used place. A well-stocked one, also. Even the wall along the steps to the basement has been lined with specially constructed shelves (some of Vinton’s handiwork) holding jars of preserves and home-canned foods (Jean’s handiwork) and other cans of all sorts for quick snacks or for unexpected guests.

The record-player, the good-looking bookcase in the living room, the cabinets scattered around the house, the rows of shelves in every handy nook and corner, as well as the finely constructed tool cabinet and bench in his workshop, are all the work of Vinton’s hands, done in his time off from being an actor on radio and television. When he was away, he was playing the suave and polished private eye on radio’s Adventures Of Michael Shayne; as Dr. Edwards in The Doctor’s Wife; as various characters in such dramatic programs as My True Story, The Shadow, Whispering Streets—and he’s been seen on more than 450 television programs in the last ten years. (He played the District Attorney, and in a daily television serial called The First Hundred Years, which left the air only recently.) Yet, along with his acting, Vinton Hayworth has found time for various other occupations. Some beautifully bound copies of magazines, which he saw on a movie set, made him decide to bind his own copies in marbled boards. He was enrolled in an evening class, while he was making pictures daytime, and learned bookbinding. Now he has been offered a really staged bookbinding teaching position. He’s an historian. “A nut on the Civil War,” he explains. He’s a whiz

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At producing exact-scale models of things, has built the Constitution several times in miniature, and probably knows its construction and its history better than some of the present custodians of that gallant old ship! He’s a producer of 16mm. films, thousands of feet of them. He’s president of the largest local in the country, the New York APTRA, and co-chairman of national APTRA (both of these being federations of radio and television actors). He’s a collector — mostly of books on his favorite subjects of history, science, engineering, woodworking — but he’s always starting something new. And that learning to make something different.

Jean is the housekeeping genius of the trio. Jean gave up acting when she was an ingénue, to marry Vinton. Then Dink came along. (Incidentally, Dink is really Vinton Hayworth, Jr. His paternal grandfather used to refer to the small boy as “the dinky Vinton” to differentiate him from tall Vinton, Sr.) The name got shortened to Dink and stuck, although the boy is now six-feet-one, which is about two inches taller than Dad!

Besides her housekeeping duties, Jean has been taking up her professional work gradually over the past three years, ever since she faced the fact that her son would soon be off on his own and she would want to fill the void in her life when she wouldn’t be needed so urgently at home. How urgently she is still needed, however, is attested by the fact that her letter arrived in the mail the day she took the job to eat out if there is anything home-cooked around. “I even eat her pie dough raw,” Dink says. “It’s that good. And you ought to taste her chocolate cake with the seafoam icing!”

But of course, said she remembered the butting incident very well but had forgotten it until she saw him in a *Kraft Theatre* production; then the whole amusing story came back to her. His high-school drama coach, Sibyl Baker, tuned in on one of his performances the first time she used her TV set and wrote what a thrill it was to see him. “It was a thrill for me to get her letter,” he says. “She is the one who worked hard and long with me to keep me from being a ham. She held me down and made me an actor instead. I’ll always be grateful to her.”

After high school, Vinton joined an art theatre group which performed on radio. This was in his home city of Washington, D. C. He went on to radio jobs in Washington and elsewhere, all of which finally led to his becoming production manager of Station WMAQ in Chicago. He has the distinction of being in the first group of radio announcers to be heard on radio. “A Step on the Stairs,” the forerunner of all the present chiller-dillers. He adapted and produced the second television drama ever to be produced, “The Maker of Dreams,” and the date was January, 1930, which makes him an authentic TV pioneer.

It was in Chicago where Vinton was acting in the *Myrt And Marge* show, that he and Jean met. “I was working in a store, between acting jobs, strictly for purposes of paying the rent,” Jean tells it. “A friend had to go out of town, I couldn’t do without him, so why don’t you demonstrate our new doll?” I’ll send you to the different stores, and that way you can pick up some Christmas money.” But actually, it was rent money I needed.

“She was enduring what we call ‘a slow season,’” Vinton interjects. “Very slow,” Jean corroborates. “Anyhow, we met on a blind date, went out for a night, and that was the beginning of our lives together. I finally said my prayers that night, and I got answered, I was married.”

On our wedding night, dressing in her hotel room, Jean tuned her small radio to the station carrying the *Myrt And Marge* program, on which she had never heard Vinton perform. She was destined not to hear about his first marriage, or that he was married, for the radio had the wrong current and after a series of crackling reports and a puff of smoke, the hotel’s electrical system went out. The elevator stopped, too. “There I was, marooned on a high floor of the hotel, in total blackness, and scared of what I had done. Nobody could go upstairs or down until the electrician went to work.”
In spite of this inauspicious beginning, however, it was a beautiful wedding. It was Christmas Eve, and at a quarter to twelve they stood in front of the windows in the penthouse on top of the hotel as a minister read the marriage ceremony. "They were story-and-a-half windows," Jean says, "shaped so they looked like the windows of a cathedral. The snow was coming down softly in flakes that looked as big as silver dollars. Down Michigan Boulevard we could see the Palmolive Building with its lighted windows forming a huge cross. I don't think anyone will ever forget how beautiful everything was. I had one sister in Chicago, and she and my brother-in-law came to the wedding. We called Vin's mother and father, and the rest of our families, but it all happened so fast, it was six months later before we met each other's people. Jane Froman was my matron of honor."

When Dink was born, on Thanksgiving Day, 1935, Jane Froman and Ginger Rogers became his co-godmothers. Ginger is Dink's first cousin, since her mother and Jean are sisters. Oddly enough, Rita Hayworth is also a first cousin to Dink, because Rita's mother is Vinton Hayworth's sister (Rita's real name is Camino, but she took her mother's name of Hayworth professionally). This gives Dink two gorgeous movie glamour girls as first cousins.

It hasn't been an unmixed blessing for the boy. There was the time when both girls were in a picture called "Manhattan at Midnight," and one of the kids in front of the motion picture theater decided it was pure presumptuousness on Dink's part to claim both in his cousins. One he could believe, but two was just too much. "I suppose Charles Boyer is your uncle," he sneered, while his gang jeered at Dink. At the end of the fracas, during which Dink had felt duty-bound to defend the integrity of his statements, he emerged with a black eye and some disbelief still rampant among his schoolmates. The result was that his parents decided the Professional Children's School would make life easier for him. There, all the kids have show-business connections, or are in it themselves, and Rita and Ginger as cousins make an interesting item, but not an unbelievable one.

All that is in the past now. The biggest problem presently facing the Hayworths is how to fit all their expanding interests into a house already bulging with them. Dink wants to go on making models, collecting books and instruments, building up his collection of archaeological specimens. Vinton still has hundreds of magazines to be properly bound, dozens of pieces of furniture he is designing and getting ready to turn out with his grand new power tools. Jean's housekeeping job—keeping so many things in tidy order—is getting to be quite an item for an actress who is back in circulation and in demand.

They have their collective eye on a piece of land on which a bigger house could be built, one with plenty of extra cabinet and shelf space and plenty of extra work space. A place where the Hayworths could follow their respective hobbies and add some new ones as the spirit moves them. For these are folks who will always find time for the things they really want to do: beginning and ending of course with their very first love—acting.

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93
AUNT JENNY Should a woman give up happiness for what she conceives to be the good of her children? A youthful widow learns almost too late that she can only live one life—her own—when she allows a fancied difficulty to stand in the way of her marriage to a man she genuinely loves, in one of the recent real-life stories told by Aunt Jenny about her neighbors in the small town of Littleton. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Elsie Shephard's admission that she loves Larry, and Mary's championship of Lucius Brooks despite Larry's distrust of him, have created an almost intolerable strain between the Nobles, even though their love for each other remains as deep as ever. Will Larry's opposition finally save Mary from tragic involvement with Brooks, whose worthless oil stocks she is innocently helping to promote among her rich friends? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY Patsy Dennis is shocked to find herself at odds with her father, the Reverend Richard Dennis, over the matter of Roy Wilmot, who has caused more than one upheaval in Three Rivers. Dr. Dennis's profound distrust of this man bewilders his more naive daughter, who does not realize her trustfulness may be making her the worst enemy of the man she loves, Alan Butler, as he fights a murder charge. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE When Julie and her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, decide to take on the young ex-convict, Richard, to help out during Julie's pregnancy, they realize they are bucking public opinion. But, convinced of Richard's honesty, they are prepared to defend their belief even when a series of thefts points directly to him. Would Julie be so courageous if she knew how seriously she and Dan would be involved? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Reporter David Farrell encounters one of the best-planned murders of his experience when a gourmet dies in a restaurant run by a lovely young lady—who happens to be one of several people not at all sorry to see the victim meet his end. This is one crime for which the wrong person might easily have paid, if David and his wife Sally ever allowed themselves to be misled by the obvious. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Through her own years of bitter trial, Meta Roberts learned the one truth that has helped her: You can't run away. But she sees no way of transferring this knowledge to people she loves... to young Kathy, her stepdaughter, for instance, who has all but wrecked her promising new marriage... and to her brother Bill, whose running away all too often takes him to the nearest bar. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, head matron of Hilltop House, is half-afraid to go ahead with plans to marry Reed Nixon because, in spite of their feeling for each other, their past association has been so full of ups and downs, it seems impossible that a secure, placid future can really be awaiting them. But Reed's optimism carries her along, until the shattering moment when she learns just how trustworthy her instinct was. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL The long-ago past comes vividly alive for Bill Davidson as the daughter of his best friend, Leonard Drake, comes home to her father much as Bill's own daughter Nancy came to him years ago. But Leonard's misguided, miserable daughter presents a problem. Bill hasn't coped with before. Can Bill save Drake's future in spite of the most ruthless, unscrupulous enemy he has ever faced? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.
LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL. Chichi has spent most of her young life jumping headfirst into other people's problems, without ever wondering what would happen to her own life as a result. Now at last it looks as though something has happened, for through her championship of Grace Carkne, Chichi has met the man she has been waiting for—the man who might actually change her whole future. Is happiness really ahead for Chichi? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Though Lorenzo's memory of his marriage to Belle has still not returned, and though he still believes himself in love with Gail Maddox, his transfer to the Long Island laboratories of the Dunbar Mines is at long last a blow in Belle's favor. Separated from Gail, constantly in touch with Belle, will Lorenzo at last remember who is, and what Belle once was to him? Belle can only wait—and pray. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Fay has waited a long time for her happiness—waited to be sure Tom Wells and she were doing the right thing for both of them. Now she knows that, as far as she is concerned, Tom is right—that in spite of his writer's temperament and his sometimes too-sharp tongue, she wouldn't have him any other way. But is there something in Tom's work—or something arising from it—that creates a threat Fay can't foresee? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday's marriage to Lord Henry Brinthorpe has withstood many trials and many shocks. But will it be proof against the charming, experienced woman who and her marital difficulties somehow seem to affect the happiness of all those who come into contact with her? What can Sunday do to arm herself against the mysterious influence that seems to be leading her marriage to the brink of disaster? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Jim Dennis had his own long-range plans, when he suddenly decided to contest the adoption by Linda and Pepper Young of the baby boy Jim and his wife Gloria were once eager to be rid of. Jim was prepared for a long, hard court battle, but neither he nor anyone else was prepared for Linda Young's startling decision. Her words have a profound effect on more lives than she realizes. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PERRY MASON Almost at the end of a long, tortuous trail, Perry Mason fuses to admit the possibility of failure as Marc Cesar once again threatens to slip through his ever-tightening net. Cesar's final weapon—the so-called "living death"—is in some ways the most formidable Perry has ever had to overcome. For its secret seems buried in the mists of antiquity. But is Cesar really the only man alive who knows the answer? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

(Continued on page 96)

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THE SECOND MRS. BURTON
As usual, Stan’s mother has managed to cause trouble for his wife—innocently enough, this time. Mrs. Burton’s chairmanship of the Dickson Music Festival leads directly to Terry’s meeting with maestro Darrel Masterson, for it is Terry who ends up doing the actual chairman’s work. Has Terry enjoyed her New York whirl as much as Masterson thinks? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS
Stella’s instinctive distrust of Hanley Fraser is triumphant—justified in time for her to save her son-in-law. Dick Gravensnow, from Fraser’s plot against him, and Stella once again settles down to her sewing shop, secure in the knowledge that she has saved her daughter Laurel’s happiness. But the unforeseen result of Stella’s help is a new, difficult problem which she will need all her wits to solve. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE
Almost convinced that her efforts to help Robert Sargent’s daughter are hopeless, Nora is only persuaded to go on by her old friend Dr. Jensen, and comes to Grace’s aid, despite the warnings of Fred Molina that the girl is involved with a drug syndicate. The situation approaches its tragic climax when Grace and Cass Todero, who loves her, try to steal drugs from the hospital supply room. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN
Wendy, rejoicing in the restoration of her husband’s emotional balance, is delighted when his healthy spell of work produces a play that looks likely to top the success of his last one. But she cannot help agreeing with their friend, actress Maggie Fallon, that the young beginner who will be made a star by Mark’s new play is not entirely worthy of his great enthusiasm. What will be Pat’s real place in Mark’s life? M-F, 12 noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
Madame Renault remains a threatening part of Joan Davis’ life, even though neither Joan nor Harry can be quite sure what the sinister Frenchwoman has to gain. Can she hurt Joan through her sister, Sylvia? Or will she find her weapon ready-made somewhere in the fearful tangle that Clare O’Brien managed to make of her own life and Harry’s until Joan came back to restore normalcy and happiness to the Davis home? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE
The strong, enduring pattern of a successful family life emerges more clearly with each passing month as James and Jessie Carter watch their children breaking away to lead the adult lives they are now entitled to. For, though Sandy and Clay and Virginia and Jeff are no longer children, they are still part of the family circle when any crisis arises. Is the pattern perhaps too strong for them to find happiness outside it? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE
Bitter, violent, suspicious young Pete LaGatta seems able to help everyone but himself. Trying to help him, Dr. Jerry Malone has answered some important problems in his own life, and Jerry’s mother has become a wiser, more tolerant, more complete human being than ever before. But will their efforts, even combined with those of young Jill, be enough to put Pete permanently on the right road? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN
In spite of the difficulties in the way of their marriage, Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring have been faithful for years to their engagement, hoping that one day they would be able to achieve the happiness they hope for. But now Anthony’s unfounded jealousy threatens disaster as he rashly acts on a plan that may force Ellen to marry him in spite of her children’s opposition. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.
"Banish Fear From Your Life"

(Continued from page 33)

Not even the sound of a human voice. At my desk alone, I had sort of an eerie feeling. And then fear. Fear had been with me all my life, but now it seemed to me that it was a living, terrifying thing. Maybe... maybe I'll never work again.

I'd think to myself, I'd be afraid, terrified, I'd never act again, never be able to write.

"At this low ebb, I took the train. I was testing for a part in the Warner Brothers film, ’All the King’s Men.’ I hadn’t heard the results of the test—that made me feel that I wasn’t going to get the part. I was on my way to do a radio program—the first in many months, and it seemed to me that the train was going to be late, being a veteran. I knew I couldn’t be late. But the train that morning was slow. It jerked. It poked. It had spasms. Then it stopped dead in its tracks. My heart nearly did the same.

"As I sat there, beside myself with fear, I heard a voice saying quietly, 'We’re right on time!'"

"I looked up to see a stranger, a complete stranger, standing in the crowded aisle beside me. A priest. I had never seen him before, but here he was smiling down at me, assuring me the train was on time.

"It didn’t occur to me to ask 'How, when we’re at a standstill, do you know we’re on time?' I don’t know why. But it didn’t. With a most curious feeling of relief, out of all proportion to the circumstance, I said, 'Oh, thank goodness! I was afraid we were going to be late!'"

"Then he said the important thing: 'Take that word, the word fear, right out of your vocabulary.'"

"At that moment, I didn’t know—it never occurred to me—that those quietly spoken, almost unspoken words were going to mean a whole new life, or way of life, for me. I just felt that strange relief... reliance, you might say, on something—or someone?—wiser than I... and a sensation, as I recall it, of something cooling and soothing..."

"Then he said another fabulous thing: ‘Start with the little fears, such as fear of missing a bus, fear that it’s going to rain, that you’ve left the coffee pot on the stove... later, you can eliminate the big fears.'"

"Even as he was speaking, the train started, picked up speed and, right on time, we rolled into Grand Central Station. We came in on the lower level, and there another frustration, another delay, confronted me. The platform was jammed solid with people and luggage carriers. No way to get through. I’d be late after all! What would I do? What could I do?

"Then, I heard that quiet voice again—amusement in it now—'Don’t you know,' he said, ‘that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line?' He took my arm, helped me mount the nearest luggage carrier, mounted it himself and started up. Together we walked, on top of all the lines of luggage carriers, the length of the lower level—and out!

"I made the broadcast on time, and it was highly successful. I got the part in 'All the King’s Men.' Soon I was back on radio again, playing Lily Boheme on NBC’s The Magnificent Montague series; later, as a free-lance, doing—as I’m still doing—a real virtuoso’s job, meaning parts of all kinds, on Armstrong’s The Theatre Of Today. In addition, of course, to playing myself on NBC’s My Secret Story.

"I never saw him again, my little priest. I don’t believe I’d recognize him if I should see him. Little and fat, I remember him, but that is all. Yet he meant more to me..."

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**79**
There were other stories—of the time my mother, at the age of three, was taken to see the ‘family friend,’ Edwin Booth, in ‘Hamlet.’ Just as the curtain fell on the last act, Mr. Booth asked ‘Baby May’ to take a curtain call with him. To which Baby May’s reply was an uncompromising, ‘I don’t want to.’ My mother was therefor described as ‘The only actress who ever refused to take a bow with Edwin Booth.’

“In the family homestead in South Buxly, Massachusetts, where I spent summers, most of the talk was theatre talk. Reminiscences. Bits and pieces of advice: ‘Never go to a rehearsal with your slip showing, you never know when the smallest imperfection and you’re more conscious of it than of what you are doing.’

‘I have very large hands and, painfully conscious of them, used to sit on them—especially when there was company. ‘Use them normally,’ Grandmother Seymour would counsel me, ‘use them proudly and no one will know they are big!’

‘I was brought up strictly, but not too strictly. I think my family took it for granted I would behave like a lady. I’m inclined to believe they were right in thinking so.

“Which reminds me of Great-Aunt Fanny, who had, of course, all the make-up in the world. Yet, when she went out for a walk on Fifth Avenue, or a drive in the Park, she never bothered them on her cheeks. ‘Ladies,’ Great-Aunt Fanny said, ‘do not wear make-up in the streets’.

“Her Anne’s ‘spell’ at the American Laboratory, her first professional engagement was with the Jitney Players. "This was," Anne elevated one smooth dark brow, “in 1929.” Her Broadway debut was a walk-on at the Curtains, during which the director told her she was "a born comic." In person, at home, with her friends, Anne has a fund of amusing stories, a robust sense of humor, and the gift of laughter. On stage, on radio, and on TV, however, she gets few opportunities to wear the mask of comedy because of her ability to convey strength, tenderness, compassion, depth—in short, all the emotions which make her a natural in serious dramatic roles.

“In 1932, I made my radio debut.” Anne relates, “on Station WVL in Cincinnati. I dubbed songs for singers, did a gossip column, at the conclusion of which I’d be told, ‘You are going to be Lady Macbeth at the Playhouse this afternoon!’ A year later, with a pretty complete radio repertoire under my belt, I starred on Grand Hotel from Chicago and, in 1940, moved to New York.

Anne was one of the first daytime serial stars, on The Puddle Family (WLW), for instance, and Mary Martin, which she also appeared in.

“While playing Mary Martin, I had,” Anne says, “one of my first big fears—the
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**Chosen Children**

(Continued from page 61) and gentle. The voice of her son—higher, shriller, and rarest of all. Then Ned’s. Then silence. Nothing.

This was a moment she and Ned had dreaded. Is this the time to tell him? How much should she reveal? In this moment, they faced the questions all "adopted" parents face, and they knew they must find their own answers. There are no rules. No books.

Tonight was one of those times when Barbara needed the right words. This was the night when she and Ned wondered if they could measure up to the moment, or if they would fail. The boy, who seemed now always to have belonged to them.

"We asked for Chris. He didn’t choose us," Barbara said. "That’s the way it is, isn’t it?"

Dreaded. Barbara, and Ned, and the boy, who seemed new to both of them.

But without another word Chris stopped crying. He ran into the living room, and they could hear him and Barbara talking to him playfully about the moment. All that evening, he was noisier than usual, louder, working off emotions he didn’t even understand—but which had made him feel very sad.

Not understanding. The boy’s

...
time, too, Barbara was making more money than he was—and Nick wasn’t going to marry any woman more financially able than himself. We were both very definite about that.

Then, after dinner in Barbara’s apartment one evening, they were casually discussing the hurried, informal wedding of a mutual friend. Then I married.” Barbara commented, “I’m going to have a wedding with all the trimmings. After all—a girl only gets married once. It’s nice to remember,” she said. “I refuse to leave out anything,” Nick said. “You would if you married me,” she said. “All right,” he agreed.

“We were both a little startled,” Barbara laughs now. “We were holding a hypothetical conversation about two entirely different people. But it was a good thing, Nick was so shy—it probably wouldn’t have been a success. And so, on September 18, eleven years ago, they were married—and formally . . . the bride a dreamy vision in slipper satin, the groom suitably attired—even unto the stripped pants. The following month, he enlisted in the Coast Guard, and Barbara would fly between radio shows to wherever he was stationed. She finally had to go out of ‘every port,’ she says. Their careers later brought them to the West Coast.

“We wanted children at once,” Barbara says now. But when, after five years, they had none . . . and, although they were assured by doctors there was no reason they couldn’t have children, the blame was going over in her mind. ‘psychological block’ of wanting them too much . . . they decided to adopt a baby. Their friend, Pat Buttram, who’d been through the whole-adoption process, said there were the parents of an eight-week-old boy. They had no phone, and the home had notified Barbara’s mother, who drove straightway, very specially, on a mattress in the middle of the living room floor, and we couldn’t imagine what had happened. Mother was at the door crying, ‘Did you think I could tell it to the boy,’ she said. Mother had been hoping for a girl. She wanted a granddaughter.”

Even in her own overjoyed state, Barbara was a little disappointed to find Chris was eight weeks old. “I wanted a little one,” she said. And adds laughingly now: “Little did I know how little one would be. With a nurse, a——”

A nurse from the home was flying in with Chris in six days, and they would be registered at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. “Tell me how we worked like beavers getting the house ready. ‘We stayed up all night, the night finishing Chris’s room.’ But, even without sleep, Barbara was too excited to be too exciting. ‘We’re baby crazy now,’ she said, and she called the room breathlessly. ‘Don’t get excited, young lady,’ the calm drawl said. ‘We’ll be down right away.’”

To Barbara and Nick, watching opposite the elevators for somebody matching the voice and carrying a small bundle, it seemed forever before the nurse came. Then, at last, there was a knock and placing the bundle in Barbara’s arms.

Barbara looked at Chris with starry eyes and a heart too full to speak. “I thought he was so beautiful! Now I know he was at that time the homeliest kid who ever lived anyplace,” she drawled. But it was this she couldn’t see. “He’s the most beautiful baby in the whole world,” she breathed.

Nick assumed the nurse would go home with them and stay a couple of days at least and familiarize Barbara with motherhood. “But she just handed him to me and said, ‘Here’s his formula. He eats in two hours, drinks every four, and is good luck.’ And left me standing there. I was afraid to even hold him, and there I was, in one minute, a mother. Of course, the nurse warned us that he wasn’t going to be on his own, you and a mother immediately—you’ve got to be.” With Nick protectively beside her, and Barbara holding Chris tightly, they stepped out of the hotel lobby. “By the next day, I was carrying him around in one arm as though I’d been a mother forever,” she laughs now.

Friends had planned baby showers for her, and—since Chris arrived ahead of expectant time—had one for Nick also. “I was young only . . . from the very first,” his dad says informatively. “A fantastic kid.” Although at first the crib seemedly swallowed him, by the time he was eight months old, Chris was climbing the top and up and down like an embryo fireman. “We had to put up a ladder so he could go up and down without falling on his head. He was always falling on his head or his back or his arms. But, he just couldn’t be good for him,” his dad laughs. Adding, “And when he began to talk—Chris just plain started talking. He never said one word of baby talk. Biddy’s three and a half years old now—and you still need an interpreter to understand her. Women!” he grins affectionately.

They had early decided that Chris should know from the very beginning he was adopted. For weeks Barbara rehearsed the story of the “Chosen Child”—more carefully than she’s probably ever rehearsed the story of a baby boy. “I was adopted by a mother and daddy who wanted a baby so badly they went out into the world and looked everywhere for him. He couldn’t be found—a little baby boy. Out of all the babies they saw, they’d chosen him. “I walked the floor, rehearsing it over and over and over. ‘Now, Chris without crying. I wanted to make it sound very happy and gay—but I kept breaking up. I kept trying the lines: ‘And there we were looking for one little boy—and we found this little baby—but a very special little boy—to come live with us. Then one day we found you.’ . . .”

Even remembering it now, her voice can’t at times fill. “Sorry—I haven’t told it in a long time,” she says quickly. . . . Before Chris could talk, she told him the story. Then, as he grew older, this was told in the house. “Chris, we’re going to tell you about the little boy. How Daddy and Mommy went out and looked for the little boy,” he would say. “Chris, knew, that little boy. And he was very pretty, too.”

When Chris was three years old, he was so thrilled to find out a little girl they’d been “looking and looking for” was arriving, too. They’d had their application for a year, when the good word came that a nurse was flying out with a six-and-a-half-week-old girl for them. She would be their baby for her mother they decided. She would be “Biddy Little,” and

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and her mother would be "Biddy Big."

Chris made the trip down to the Biltmore Hotel with them. "She was his baby," his parents smile now. And from the moment he was brought home, beautiful little doll with the wide-open hazel eyes and those long, long eyelashes—Chris was thoroughly charmed.

"Today, regardless of how the other kids insist the stork is the prime instigator, Chris is personally sure all babies come from the Biltmore. Furthermore, the whole procedure seems so simple, he can't understand why they don't do it more often.

"Mommy—why don't we get some more babies?" he asked recently. "I don't think they'll let us have any more," his mother said. "Why not?" he persisted. "All you have to do is go to the Biltmore."

A very impressed Chris went down to the courthouse with them—a year later when they took the oath that makes all actions final. When his mother and daddy raised their hands and swore they would raise Biddy as their own child in every respect, Chris held up his little hand, too. He was taking no chances. He was adopting her, too—personally. "Now nobody can take her away from us," he sighed, relieved, as they left the building.

Just how soon Biddy's adoption oath, they discovered not long ago when he decided one night to leave home and take Biddy with him. Irked at some disciplinary measure, he announced he was going to leave her and go somewhere else.

When his parents inquired where, he said, "Well—I think I may go to Greg's house," referring to a little friend who lives a few blocks away. They were already pretty crowded there, his mother said. "Well—two more won't hurt," he answered. "Two?" she asked. "I'm taking Biddy—she's my baby," he said. "But we can't allow them, Biddy's ours, too," his mother reminded him.

Chris was considering going on and coming back for her later, when he observed, "It's a awful dark outside." He could use his daddy's flashlight, her mother said quietly. "I can't go in my pajamas. I'll catch cold," he said. "You can put your robe on," she suggested. "Oh, Mommy—you don't really want me to go out do you?" he asked, genuinely worried now. "No, I don't. But if you're not happy here with us, we wouldn't want to make you stay," she said. Then she turned toful out. "Maybe you'd rather wait until tomorrow." He was a very relieved little boy. "Yes, I think I'll stay tonight—and wait until to

But Barbara worried about it. "I thought I must have failed somewhere—that Chris should want to leave us. Then the lady across the street had a little baby. They pack regularly twice a week and really leaves—for a relative's, she laughs. They haven't worried quite as much about Biddy. Chris suppose you always worry about the first one more. Then, too, Chris is much more sensitive, and he takes more reassuring than Biddy does. Biddy just loves us and this is her home."

But, although it's very evident that Chris and Biddy were very lucky to be "chosen" by Barbara Luddy and Ned LeFevre—and to grow up in a house so rich in love and laughter—their parents still worry occasionally. "After all, they aren't blood. Both of them might have done better. They didn't ask to come here. We worked real hard to get them here. Their happiness is our only worry. Fortunately, we work in radio—which allows us more time to be home with our family."

How much it means to their youngest to have been "chosen" by them was pretty evident the other night when Biddy accompanied her mother to a rehearsal of First Nighter at NBC. "Now don't make any noise, darling," Barbara admonished her. "Why not?" he purred. "All you have to do is go to the Biltmore."
Helen Trent's Dream House

(Continued from page 44)

every possible moment at what, for a number of years, might have been described as 'Underhill's Wilderness.' Why so many wonderful people put up with more than I can, I don’t know. Most city-dwellers like the country to one degree or another, I must admit I ran into very few who liked it as much as my husband, Charles Underhill. Not I didn’t. And frankly, it wasn’t until I married Charles that I realized how much of an outdoor girl I really was.

So, my heavenly ten-year chase of my life started the very day after Charles and I were married. At the time we were married—January, 1944—I was doing a Broadway show, so our honeymoon consisted of a day’s drive down the eastern—oh, hell, she was in New Jersey, and there was no performance. On the way back to the city, Charles took off on a little dirt road near Armonk, New York, to show me a spot he had seen during the war, and the thought was just about heaven. When I saw it, I had to agree. It was just about the most glorious spot I had ever seen. It had a lake, a little field, and a high spot that would be just ideal for a house. And—just in case—Charles knew the name of the man who owned the property. It was a word in my opinion of ownership.

"Up to this moment, I had always felt I didn’t want to be tied down to anything just because I owned it. I always wanted to be free of all entanglements. And, much as I loved the spot on sight, I was not entirely willing to give it up. If I was going to the most valuable spot on a bit of a show. So, when Charles casually—casually, as not to upset my show—suggested that it might be interesting to write the owner and find out how much he might want for his acres, and for how much, I just as casually agreed. It might be interesting. But then we didn’t receive a reply to our query. The more time went on, the more depressed I became. I soon realized that I felt considerably more than a casual interest in this divine plot of ground, and by the time spring came—and my husband window—"So, one weekend when Charles was in New York on leave—this was during the war, when he was in the Navy and stationed in Washington, D.C. We took off to be with him, his den turned out, the owner had answered our letter, but we had not received the reply. Well, to make a long story short, he suddenly turned to me and asked why heaven’s name, we wanted to buy property in wartime? The direct question rather took me off guard, so I simply replied that up to the moment I had seen the property I had never wanted to buy or own anything—but I had fallen in love with it, and that that was why I wanted it. I think if I had said anything else, I tried to present sensible, rational reasons—

Then and there, he crux of Julie's madness—love. When you really love something, you would never dream of under other circumstances. Do things that may be considered odd, by other people's standards—and do them heartily. Heeding to me, you discovered 'I was married... And, of course, now there’s Nancy to think of. In reality, it was the arrival of Nancy that set us to actively planning for the house. We were new to this acreage—which, by the way, has expanded considerably since our first purchase back in June of 1944. Expanded three times in fact, until we now own eighteen acres of woods and a house—"While Charles was attending college, explains Julie, "he worked in an architect's office and, even though architecture was only a hobby, he had picked up from his school a quite a bit of useful information and experience. So, when we finally arrived at what we thought were our requirements, Charles blocked them off on paper—even more so than the model he was designing. We had a lot of work, but we would be living and working on it, part of it, day and night.

“Anyway, Charles worked out the plans for the interior and, if I do say so myself, did a spectacular job. Living room, dining room, and den are blended into one large room with a high, slanted, beamed ceiling and a picture window overlooking the lake. Three of the walls are pickled pine, with the fourth one being white plaster. Off the dining-room section of the main room is the kitchen—completely equipped with electric dishwasher, stove, and appliances—and the mudroom. Off the living-room end is a hallway which leads to two bedrooms, a bath, and guest powder room. Speaking of guests—our old prefab toolhouse was torn down and took the place of the woods, and has become the guest house.

"As for the outside of the house," continues Julie, "we left that pretty much up to the architects and are very pleased with their finished product. It's a wooden structure painted a pale gray-green—the color must have a name, but what it could be escapes me. Its simple, white trim. Or, to put it another way, which runs the length of the house, we have blue and white furniture. Next year, we’ll put up an awning over the porch that will either harmonize with the house. This interior is a mixture of New England farmhouse pieces, and the contrast is exceptionally satisfying. Outside, the house has the simple, crisp, and clean line in the architecture. Inside, it has the comfortable, well-lived-in look of Early American life: large pieces
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Whirlwind Marriage

(Continued from page 69)

said, "let somebody say, 'Mrs. Ferrer,' and I look around to see who they're talking to. I haven't gotten used to my new name yet."

"Yes, but Rosemary's and Jose's names were worth a laugh at the wedding," added Morgan.

"It was the morning of July 13," recalled Rosemary, "when Jose and I drove from Dallas, Texas, to nearby Durant, Oklahoma, to be married in the local courthouse."

The couple gave the judge the wedding license. Looking at the two names, he asked Rosie, "How do you pronounce your last name?"

"C-I-o-o-n-e-e-y, Clooney," she answered. "Hum," he muttered, peering closely at her, "That's a new one."

Then he gave me to Jose Ferrer's florid handwriting.


The wedding ceremony moved along without further interruptions until the judge pronounced the beautiful words, "I now pronounce you man and wife!"

"Hey, wait a minute," spoke up Rosie, "you forgot to mention the rings!" When we turned upon Jose pulled out a wide band of interlocking gold links.

"That's fine," said the judge. "I now pronounce you man and wife!" Jose kissed Rosie.

"That's when I knew I was married," recalled Rosemary. "Funny the judge had trouble with our names. We'll never forget his or the clerk's: Judge Cephalo Shoemaker and County Clerk Dewey Red Pap Currin."

The simple wedding ceremony in Durant, Oklahoma, was the climax to Rosemary's love story. Details of the courtship are unimportant, because the important thing is the finale—marriage and the beginning of a new life together.

Since Ferrer was not legally free to marry until this past summer, Rosemary had not considered her plans for publication.

"We really didn't have any plans," she laughed, "so it wasn't difficult to keep them secret."

Rosemary, after taping radio shows ahead, found time during July to join Ferrer in Dallas, where he was appearing in "Kiss Me Kate." She also had with her a very special sult that had been designed by Edith Head and finished just the day before her departure from Hollywood. It was a light gray herringbone tweed. The material had been a gift from Ferrer during his last year's trip to London. It was to be her wedding suit.

"I just kind of felt," she explained, "that this was to be it. But I honestly didn't know for sure."

Following the ceremony in Oklahoma (chosen because of the lack of pre-martial waiting time), the bride and groom returned by auto to Dallas, Texas. The wedding party, consisting of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Frings, and Rosie's manager, Joe Schley, had time to celebrate. Ferrer was due to give a performance that night and also host a cocktail party for Olivia de Havilland.

"And I'm afraid it all off," grinned Rosie, "I had to return to Hollywood the next day."

This hectic confusion is nothing new to the Ferrers. Take their two new houses as an example.

"I'll bet we're the only couple in Beverly Hills," joked Rosemary, "with two swimming pools! Golly, we can use one pool to just rinse in."

The swimming pools go with the two houses the Ferrers possess at present. It seems that Rosemary's lease on her former home was up just before the wedding. Since she had to have a place to live, she leased the big, charming Spanish house formerly occupied by Judy Garland and Sid Luft. She didn't officially move in until her return from Dallas—only to move right out again when the beautiful home bought by Ferrer just blocks away was "I didn't even bother to unpack," she said, "just walked my belongings along the corridor."

Since Rosemary has taken a year's lease on her house, she plans to sublet it.

"But that can't be for three months," according to the lease. However, the house won't go to waste, because my brother Nick has been staying in it while here from Detroit on a vacation. We just sort of pile friends and relatives in.

An official honeymoon will have to wait until the newlyweds have more time. Both Rosie and her groom have commitments in Hollywood, plus Rosie's radio show and Jose's stage shows.

"I think," she mused, "we just might have two days free next month to go to Canada."

Rosemary, who knows the value of a full and happy family life, wants to get started on a family of her own soon.

"A funny thing happened the day I returned from my wedding. A neighbor down the street approached to suggest the name of a governor who used to work for the Duchess of Kent."

"Thank you," I laughed, "but I don't need a governor yet. I've only been married two days!"

"Well, my dear," the neighbor said, "it doesn't hurt to know about these things!"

"And it doesn't," said Rosemary, in her straightforward manner, "because I plan to have six children—as soon as possible!"
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Mother Eve

(Continued from page 31)

the house, she surveys the morning’s havoc: toys and clothes, marching arm in arm from the kitchen’s back door, through the only American dining room, down the steps to the living room and into the nursery. The picture-view window in the living room frames a Raggedy Ann doll, as well as the pine tree by the pool. A child’s shoe on the antique serving table and a crayon drawing book lying open under the Grandma Moses painting help the thought of old and new to mingle in Eve’s mind.

It’s all so contrasting,” she says, “seeing the youngsters’ clothes against a background of antiques. And thinking of them, how they grow and learn about life, so eager and unafraid and promising. If you’ve ever wondered what makes the world go round or what makes spring, and never knew for sure, I think that children give thoughts like that a meaning. . . .”

Guests enter the living room and back in the nursery, the one empty rose and gray crib makes Eve think of new son Duncan. She remembers the reaction of her two daughters when they heard that she and husband Brooks were looking for a new addition to the family. Sitting around the breakfast table, waiting for the school bus, the conversation had been carried by the girls.

“A boy, a boy! I want a baby brother...” nine-year-old Liza had chanted. It had been played so consistently, the baby brother tune sounded like the top song on the Hit Parade. But Connie didn’t agree.

“No,” she puckered up her lips to lip, “a baby thither. I wanna baby thither!”

“I remember thinking,” continued Eve, “if the new baby were to be a boy, I’d feel guilty—because he wouldn’t have a brother to play with. That would mean we’d need to adopt another boy. But I’ve always wanted to end up with a girl. That would mean we’d have to get another girl since I’d feel guilty about her not having a playmate! Oh, well, six is a nice family. . . .

And it looks as if air will be, not counting Eve and husband Brooks West, because Liza’s baby brother has arrived. When Eve looks at the rose crib now, she knows there will surely be another few years of happiness beside it. Of course, she’ll have to paint it blue—and if the playmate brother arrives, the second crib would get the blue treatment, too.

From the nursery to the kitchen is just a short step. The kitchen is also redolent with memories for Eve. She doesn’t think so much of the roast any more, as she does of the outcome of the recent birthday party she was preparing for Liza. She had just come in from the store, the set, the groceries and the roast on the table, when the phone rang. Brooks, standing in the door said, "I'll get it."

It was Eve’s sponsor. She was needed to re-shoot a TV sequence that was going to New York that very afternoon. Could she please come downtown? Of course, but who’d do the cooking for the party? "All right," said Brooks bravely, "I’ll leave it to me. I’ll call my rehearsal for tomorrow, you go ahead." Of "Darling" Eve had said, "I’ll love you forever. I know you’re not at home in the kitchen, but don’t worry. It’s easy. Just put the roast on at . . .

Brooks raised his eyebrows when Eve said, "... not at home in the kitchen." It was like a challenge. But he only said, "Don’t fret. Just leave everything to me." She set about right then and there picking up the retakes. She looked in the oven—no roast, no potatoes, no nothing!

"I knew then how a calf feels seconds before the slaughter. I had visions of the kitchen going wood chips off the Early American furniture," said Eve. "Then

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Brooks came into the kitchen. "Hello, sweetie."

"Hello," gulped Eve, "where's the roast?"

"In here," he pointed to a five-gallon pot simmering on the range.

"What's it doing in there?" said she, feeling a bit dizzy. That was the soup pot! He hasn't boiled that red beef she thought. Or has he?

"That's the goulash. There wasn't room in the oven for the meat and the cake."

"Goulash! Cake! What cake?" she said, with her heart in her throat. She remembers thinking: it's good my heart is in my throat, because that's probably all that will get in there before tomorrow morning's breakfast!"

"Yes. Goulash and cake," said Brooks. "This is a birthday party, isn't it? And who ever heard of a birthday party without a cake?"

"Her heart was on the kitchen floor. But Brooks looked so confident. "Where's the cake?" Eve asked weakly. "There was nothing in the oven when I looked."

"It's cooling, and that's where you should be. Now you just go upstairs to dress and leave everything to me. I'll start the cake frosting. It has to be made at the last minute if it's to be good!"

"That did it," said Eve. "Everything was simmering, cooling, or being made at the last minute. I felt trapped. I'd never been able to get a complicated menu like this together in all my life! I usually miss my timing by fifteen minutes. And, to top it off, everyone at the party wanted to know who did the catering?"

"Order the kitchen out of its fondest and humorous memories for Eve. Likewise, the den. In the den, Eve keeps her fan-mail—a good part of it from teachers. She recalls one letter in particular that helped her realize that Our Miss Brooks was more than just an entertaining show."

It also served the purpose of straightening out one fifth-grader who had a penchant for playing tricks on his teacher. "The semester wasn't complete," wrote the teacher, "unless darling little Brady had dropped at least one lizard down some girl's back, hid a gopher snake in my right-hand paper file, or closed a wary bullfrog in the key drawer. The other teachers warned me that the bullfrog episode usually came at the end of the term. "At any rate, the frogs always managed to leap out at us waving their paws, popping their eyes, and croaking all in one! After an 8:00 A.M. bell, and only one cup of coffee, this can be more unnerving than a lizard down your back. Each time it happened to me, I had visions of retire-

ment... only twenty-two years away. Let me tell you, Miss Arden, that the last few days of May and the whole month of June were spent on the edge of our seats. "But the Brady boy has become a TV fan of yours. He's come to sympathize with your problems, and, thanks to you, he's come to sympathize with our problems. No more lizards, snakes, or frogs."

"Oh, yes," said Brady, "and that is that he's gone too far to the right. He's become our protector and guards us against all the other young gentlemen in the school. Last week he ordered bees destined for our principal's (Mr. Pfiefer's) desk, and in the ensuing melee, the jar was smashed and the bees released. Our school had a happy afternoon holiday session on the lawn while the maintenance man and Mr. Pfiefer bravely attempted to clear out the bees."

"Unfortunately, their nests were too coarse. Though they managed to shoot out a great number, the rest have been too cagy for them, living in our biology teacher's (Miss Perefield's) indoor garden. The second night after classes were out, dear Mr. Pfiefer tried to smoke them out, but only managed to start a small fire in the basement. Apparently there was a queen in the hive, and one maintenance man reports a hive is building up.

"But the bees have proved a boon—we have used them as a shining example of what to do with them. It's helped young Brady come back to the center and won over the rest of his gentlemen friends. Now, once again, thanks to you, Miss Arden, everyone cooperates."

Still other letters are piling up memories for Eve today—these in French, from the thirteen-year-old lad she adopted through Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc. Young Daniel, who lost his father during the war, is living in France of course, with his widowed mother and brothers. But it's a happier, more hopeful and more educational letter to Mr. Pfiefer, rossier Daniel, too—thanks to the Foster Parents' Plan and Eve's generous interest in his welfare. She visited him in France, this past summer, and the memory of his beaming face, his fine progress now in school, has been added to all the others.

So each day as Eve walks from the den, with its letters, through the kitchen to the Early American living room and the babies nursery, she is surrounded by a friendly army of memories and pleasant thoughts. Thoughts of Brooks, of her thankful fans of her diligent co-workers.

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Marriage Is a Precious Thing

(Continued from page 37)

only fitted in, he seemed to just blend right in with New Hampshire, with the mountains and the lakes, the fields, the orchards, the red barns, the green grass— and with the people—especially my people!

"Of the various boys I'd brought to the farm, Terry was the first one Mother and Dad had ever really liked. You see, him like a nice enough chap, Dad had said of the others in that tone of voice, with reservations in it, that parents use when," Jan laughed, "they don't. But there was no change in their voices when they said, 'We like Terry!' They were plain crazy about him. As we were leaving on the Sunday night, Mother took me aside and said, 'You father and I have been happily married for fifty-two years. I think that you have met...', She paused, searching for the right words. She didn't find them. She didn't need to. I knew what she meant.

"So, in the spring, we spent almost every weekend working on the farm. We moved and ploughed and planted, and Terry put in a new driveway. The one was too close to the house and spoiled the line. He dug down and put in a heavy rock base topped with stones and gravel. He did, alone and single-handed, what would normally have been a job for a gang. And he built up, also by hand, the old, beautiful stone walls on the place. When, once or twice, he got me out with a sledge hammer, I'd take two strokes, then go indoors and get out the paint brush! Anyone with a house knows what a lot of keeping-up it takes. Always painting something! In the autumn, in the winter, I can do my share of manual outdoor work, and often have. But, being a freckle-faced blonde, hot sun kills me!"

Kindred spirits though we are, however, in our jobs and in our shared feeling that country things—fields and apple orchards, animals and the work of the hand and back—are the things that matter most, we didn't marry for two years after we first met. Some while before I met Terry, shortly after my first marriage ended, in fact, I'd made a resolve never to marry again, no matter what the provocation, until I had known the man for a good two years. I stuck to my resolve. I never dated anyone again and don't believe Terry did, either. By the time that first summer ended, he was calling me every evening at six to ask: 'Shall we have dinner?' By the time the summer grew into autumn, our evenings together had got to be such an understood thing that he'd simply say, 'Where shall we have dinner?' And always he would be where and, to the minute, when he'd said he would be. Dependable, always dependable, that's one of the things I learned, and loved, about him.

"A wonderful cook, too!" Jan beamed. "He taught me how to cook. He bought a rotisserie and when, now and then, we'd have dinner here in the apartment (and still does) the most wonderful dishes. Barbecued whole chicken. Small ones. Saffron rice. Beautiful curries. Shish-kababs. To me, who had always been a plain meat-and-potatoes girl, he gave a gourmet's palate. Only thing I ever brought on the table that he'd never had before, and loved—Indian pudding!" Jan laughed.

"And then, one evening, 'Well, looks like we've known each other,' Terry said quietly, 'for a couple of years. Think we get along pretty well. Let's get married.'

"Be very proud, I said, 'to be Mrs. Terry O'Sullivan!' "No sooner were the words out of my mouth than Terry was calling his dad in..."
Kansas City, who said, 'Oh, that's great! Why don't you come out here?' So we flew to Kansas City, and then were married.

"If ever the part of a bride is assigned to me on TV and I play it for real, the viewers will view, I'm afraid," gone a "total blank. For blank is the way, the few days before the wedding, I both felt and looked. During the ceremony itself, I felt a part of it, without thought."

"Oh, I went through all the proper motions. I ordered my wedding dress—

from Ellen Herbert, who does all my clothes—a simple silk and a
dress, raw silk, Mediterranean blue. I bought the matching blue velvet hat, a tiny sliver, with beige veil, and the beige velvet slip-
pers. I acquired a pretty pile of lace-
trimming, and all the trimmings of the thing old, something new. 'The 'something old' was an irrevocably work of lace-hander-
chief given me by my good friend, Mrs. Davidsson, which Mrs. Martin, who lives here in the building. Mrs. Davidsson calls me 'The Butterfly,' I call her 'The Hermit.' In the note accompanying the handkerchief, she wrote: 'It is very old—like 'The Hermit.' I shall cherish it for as long, I hope,' Jan said, "as she has. The 'something blue' was a kidding gar-
gift, gift of Ellen Herbert. The 'something new' was everything from the skin out! Since Mother and Dad were unable to make the trip, Mother's good friend, Caroline Chalmers, represented my family and flew out with us. From Caroline, Jan line came the 'something borrowed'—a thin gold bracelet. Terry's best man con-
tributed the 'sixpence' (it was a shiny new day) for her.

"And so, with just our two old friends and Terry's immediate family present, we were married.

"It all went (my numbness notwithstanding) smoothly and sweetly.

"It's still going smoothly, and sweetly, our marriage, I mean. And hummingly,' Jan laughed, 'like in a hivel'

"I'm a fellow who is very strenuous. Terry does Blind Date and Date With Judy; he does China Smith and the Du Mont TV panel show, Where Was I? In addition to Hilltop House, I'm on The Fal-
cos and Ma Perkins, and am also doing some television. Had one of the best parts of the year—"I'm pleased to say—when I played opposite Charles Weston on Robert Montgomery of 'The Door,'

In addition to our schedules, we go

every Monday night to Don Richardson's
casting class. Terry and Ma Perkins

turn on TV, and I turn on the class. But, if it were not the class, it would be," Jan smiled, "twenty other things, for one of Terry's convictions is that, just as idle hands get into mischief, so do idle minds. And the mentally as well as physically, we'll have a pretty safe grasp, he says, on our marriage.

And on life.

"Objects beautiful and physical, are Terry's panaceas," Jan continued, "for all human ills and problems, both of the body

and spirit. And we have 'em aplenty."' "Currently, we're engaged in building a wagon on the "Morrow Farm." Between plans for the new wing and for the cabin Terry is building in New Jersey, there isn't breathing space," Jan said, happily.

"My projects, both mental and physical, are Terry's panaceas," Jan explained, "for two reasons. Mostly, Terry's planning for

winter when we're not always able
to get to the farm. He's also planning it for the kids. They're getting old.

Live here with us: Colleen, who is fifteen, Kathleen, fourteen, and Molly (called "Molly-O"), who is ten. And all three of them terribly needed, I have to say, a safety and affection, "perfectly beau-
tiful. So lovely to look at, that all the time they're with us, I'm done up," she laughed, "in curls and cold cream!"
North Carolina, and all the others who asked about Red Foley: Red has been making personal appearances so he has not been on the Grand Ole Opry show for some time. But he may return to the program later in the season . . . A.F.H., Sr., Reading, Pennsylvania: The character Ann Malone, of the Young Dr. Mal- lone daytime serial, has been gone from the story for several months. She disappeared after an accident. . . . To all of you who have written about the dancing cigarette packages on the Chance Of A Lifetime show: It seems the sponsor is very touchy about releasing any information on the double pair of pretty underpinnings that cavort through the commercials, so for the time being, at least, they'll have to remain Legs Anonymous. . . .

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Kay Kyser, one-time top name bandleader and emcee of the College Of Mu- sical Knowledge radio show several years ago? Kay, who hasn't been in good health for some time, is more or less retired from show business and is living in his home state, North Carolina.

Hans Conreid, who was Professor Kro- potkin on My Friend Irma? Hans has been in New York, where he has one of the featured roles in the Cole Porter musical, "Can-Can." He has also been appearing on I'll Buy That, the CBS-TV daytime quiz.

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 an-
swers.

(Note: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel).

What's New from Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 19)

Dave Garroway will soon be back with his former TV show on NBC.

Read—

"MY BEAUTY SECRETS"
By Marilyn Monroe

"WISH YOU HAD A DATE?"
By Robert Wagner

"MEET THE CHAMPS"
Hollywood's shirtless heroes

"PHOTOPLAY'S PICTURE GALLERY"
Jane Russell, Alan Ladd, Stew-
art Granger, and others

Get America's Largest-Sell-
ing Movie Magazine

PHOTOPLAY
At Your Newsstand NOW
New Designs for Living

IRON-ON DESIGNS
IN 3 COLORS

7119 No embroidery—just iron-on these luscious roses. Twelve motifs in two shades of red and one green. Washable. Transfer of 12 motifs from 1 x 1 to 4 x 3½ inches. 25¢

585 Iron-on designs in red, orange and green. No embroidery—washable. Thrifty way to beautify your linens. Six motifs, each 4¾ x 4½ inches. 25¢

7299 Crocheted chair set in modern design of leaves gracefully arranged in fan shape. Crochet this set in No. 30 cotton. Fast, easy-to-follow directions. 25¢

553 Have new doilies ready for the next club meeting at your house. Your guests will admire them. Crocheted in No. 30 cotton, large doily is 18 inches. Crochet directions for doilies in two sizes. 25¢

7120 Beautiful bedset, easy to make. All the embroidery is done in simplest stitches—then you add ready-made eyelet ruffling. Transfer of one motif, 5 x 19½; two, 3½ x 14 inches. 25¢

837 These cheery chicks are jiffy embroidery and they brighten up your kitchen. Embroider a set of towels or an apron for you and for gifts. Transfers of 6 motifs 6 x 6½ to 9½ x 7 inches. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Roto-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 ..........................................................
CITY OR BOX NO. .................................................. STATE ..................................................
An additional twenty cents will bring you the Needlecraft Catalog with free patterns included.
New Design Modess is wrapped in a whisper-soft fabric that's smooth, gentle... cannot chafe... stronger, more absorbent than gauze!
Tell us why you like the new luxury of Camay

Just finish this sentence in 25 additional words or less:

“I like new Camay with cold cream because…”

Here’s exciting news—on two counts. First, Camay. The Soap of Beautiful Women, now contains fine cold cream. It’s the only leading beauty soap that brings you this precious ingredient. Second, this wonderful new Camay brings you a wonderful new Camay contest—20 chances to win as much as $11,000 in cash! It’s so easy. Just try new Camay with cold cream. It’s at your dealer’s now in the same familiar wrapper. Then finish this sentence in your own words, using 25 additional words or less: “I like new Camay with cold cream because…” Read the simple rules at the right, and send in as many entries as you like. Just be sure that you send three Camay wrappers with each entry.

This sample sentence will help you get started!

“I like new Camay with cold cream because it’s wonderful to get all that gentle Camay mildness, rich lather, and delightful fragrance plus the new luxury of cold cream for complexion and bath.”

It’s easy to win up to $11,000 in cash!

20 CAMAY CONTESTS in 20 days!

Look! You can win these cash prizes every day:

1. $1,000 FIRST PRIZE EVERY DAY
2. $100 SECOND PRIZES EVERY DAY
25. $25 THIRD PRIZES EVERY DAY—
AND OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE
$10,000 CASH

for best prize-winning entry in the entire contest!

just finish these simple rules!

1. Complete this sentence—“I like new Camay with cold cream because…” in 25 additional words or less.
2. Get an entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print clearly your name and address.
3. Mail to: Contest, Dept. H, Box 3, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Send 3 copies of your entry with each entry.
4. There are 25 separate contests, each with an identical list of prizes. A new contest each day (except Saturdays, Sundays, and Sept. 7th) from Aug. 31 to Sept. 29, 1953, inclusive. The winners of the grand prize of $10,000 will be selected from the winners of the first prizes in the 25 daily contests. Entries received before midnight, Aug. 31, will be entered in the first day’s contest. Each entry received on or before noon of the day it is entered in that day’s contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will be entered in the contest for the following Monday contest only. Entries received after the close of the 25th contest must be postmarked before midnight, Sept. 29, 1953, and received by midnight, Oct. 1, 1953.
5. Prizes awarded each day will be—
   • First Prize: $1,000 cash
   • Second Prize: $100 cash each
   • Third Prize: $25 cash each

Grand Prize: $10,000 cash. Prize is awarded to the highest bidder in the contest. Entries will be judged, and winners will be notified by mail. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, Sept. 29, 1953, and received by midnight, Oct. 1, 1953.

Except for the 21st contest, the first-place winner of each contest will be notified by radio or newspaper. The first-place winner of the 20th contest will be notified by telephone. The first-place winner of the 20th contest and the grand-prize winner will be announced in each radio and newspaper announcement. The first-place winner of the 20th contest will receive a certificate for a prize of $1,000 cash. All prizes will be notified by mail. Prize-winning list will be available on request approximately two months after the close of the contest.

 Enter Today! Contest closes September 28
Try thrilling Prell just once and you’ll fall in love forever! That’s because Prell does such wondrous things for your hair . . . leaves it angel-soft and smooth as satin . . . gleaming with a young-looking, exquisite radiance you never knew it had!

Yes, radiance comparison tests prove Prell leaves your hair gloriously, “radiantly alive”—more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo! You’ll love Prell’s emerald-clear form, too—it’s wonderfully different! So easy to use—no spill, drip, or bottle to break. So economical—no waste. So handy at home or traveling. Try marvelous Prell this very night—you’ll love it!
It destroys enzymes that cause tooth decay and bad breath—

NEW WHITE IPANA® WITH WD-9

...and you get 25¢ for trying your first tube!

New protection against tooth decay and mouth odor—Ipana with enzyme-destroying WD-9!

We’re so sure you’ll like it better than any other tooth paste, this quarter is yours for trying it.

Every single brushing helps stop tooth decay!
Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!

Here's the new miracle for your mouth—WD-9 in new white Ipana. Brushing regularly after meals with new Ipana containing WD-9 actually removes acid-producing bacterial enzymes which cause tooth decay and bad breath.

That's why we're making this cash offer—to get you to try new Ipana for 30 days and see for yourself.

You'll find, for instance, that a single brushing with new Ipana stops most unpleasant mouth odor for as long as 9 hours. Even after smoking... and eating anything except foods like onions and garlic.

And good news for your gums! Brushing teeth regularly after meals with new Ipana containing WD-9—from gum margins toward biting edges—helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

What's more, Ipana also brings you a refreshing new minty flavor preferred by thousands of men, women and children in actual taste tests.

So take us up on this try-it-yourself offer. Buy new white Ipana with WD-9... get 25¢ cash in the bargain. Look for the yellow-and-red striped carton.

NEW WHITE IPANA
Contains Enzyme-Destroying WD-9*

*Ipana's special type of Sodium Lauryl Sulfate

ACCEPT THIS SPECIAL OFFER—TODAY!

1. Buy a giant (47c) or economy-size (63c) tube of new Ipana at any drug counter. 2. Mail the empty carton with your name and address to:
Ipana, Dept. U-113F,
Box 100,
New York 17, N. Y.

Twenty-five cents in cash will be promptly mailed to you, Offer expires Dec. 31, 1953. Limited to one per family. Take advantage of this cash offer now. (Offer good in continental U.S.A. and Canada only.)

Student nurses are needed... Inquire at your hospital
PERIODIC PAIN
It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

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Cover portrait of Frank Parker by Ozzie Sweet
LISTERINE Stops Bad Breath
4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

Nobody—not even your best friend—will tell you, when you’re guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And, when you do offend... good-by romance!

Isn’t it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath instantly, and keeps it fresh and sweet and agreeable usually for hours on end?

Four Times Better than Tooth Paste in Clinical Tests

In recent clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Bacteria Like This Instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath... the kind that begins when germs start the 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. Brushing your teeth doesn’t give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine Antiseptic does. Use it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

Every week
2 different shows, radio & television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for times and stations

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!
New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ... stops odor all day long

**Proof!**
New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

Amazingly effective protection from under-arm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near!

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

A Product of Bristol-Myers

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**MARION MARLOWE**
A complete life story on America's most fascinating songstress

**DON McNEILL**
The master of ceremonies of the Breakfast Club tells the things he believes

**YOUNG DR. MALONE**
Dr. Jerry Malone faces human problems not often within a physician's province

**GORDON MacRAE**
Sheila, Gordon's lovely wife, tells the story of a marriage which is as beautiful as one of Gordon's songs

**MA PERKINS**
Don't miss Ma Perkins' autographed color picture in this issue

Plus many, many more new stories and pictures on your favorites!

December

**RADIO-TV MIRROR's Magazine**
on sale November 11
Look at these Features:

UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC HEAD. Same type of head used on dolls costing $25.00 and more.

EXCLUSIVE. "Betsy Bright Eyes" is 20 inches tall. She has rosy cheeks, cute open mouth showing pearly white teeth, and real eyelashes over beautiful blue eyes. Arms, legs and head are movable so she can sit up and assume many life-like poses . . . even call her mommy.

SARAN MAGIC BRAIDS. Her soft shimmering hair is miracle Saran—may be set in any style.

SHE SLEEPS, SHE SITS, SHE CRIES.

SOFT SKIN FEELS REAL! Mystic Skin Latex arms and legs filled with miracle foam rubber—soft to touch and easy to clean with a damp cloth.

DRESSMAKER WARDROBE. She is all dressed up in lace-trimmed flared 2-tone pink and blue ninon dress, cotton slip, rubber panties, white socks and simulated leather shoes.

AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE! So perfectly molded her arms and legs are enchantingly dimpled.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Rush amazing "Betsy Bright Eyes" doll with Saran hair and Mystic Skin, Curlers and Hair Style Booklet at $4.95 plus C.O.D. postage. Full purchase price refunded if not 100% satisfied.

NAME
Address
City . State

☐ Send COD plus postage
☐ Send heart-shaped gold finish locket necklace to fit doll or little girl, only 50c extra.
☐ To save postage I enclose $4.95—ship prepaid. ☐ $5.45—include necklace.

© 1953, Niresk, Inc., 4757 Ravenswood, Chicago 40, Ill.
“FEARLESS,” FROLICKING FUNSTER

THERE’S been some mighty strange things going on around the studios of KHJ-Don Lee in Hollywood lately. Each weekday, as the clock nears 2:30 P.M., engineers frantically begin removing all delicate equipment, the maintenance staff battens down everything breakable, and ushers warn all pretty girls not to linger in the vicinity of Studio 10. For there, anything can happen—and usually does—as “Fearless” Fred Forgette lets loose with his dynamite-packed disc-jockey show that brings listeners a carload of good music and a bag full of gags that would make even a wooden Indian laugh.

Believe it or not, Fred Forgette, who is responsible—and irresponsible—for the Fearless Follies show, is actually a quiet, mild-mannered fellow off-mike. He began his cheering-up campaign as an Army sergeant serving with Armed Forces Radio Service’s Far East Network in Tokyo. Working under that burdensome title, Fred beamed his “Follies” to the men in the front lines. The G.I.’s loved the way he gagged-up the all-too-grim situation, and they specially went for the products he plugged: “Fearless Fox Holes,” “Fearless ‘K’ Rations,” etc. Consequently, Fred’s program was soon number one on the “bayonet network.”

Then, when Fred was discharged earlier this year, he brought his wife, Mary Alice, and his four children back to California. Next, he rounded up an old Army buddy, Stan Bohrman, and proceeded to convince KHJ’s executives that they couldn’t do without a daily hour and fifteen minutes of The Fearless Follies. And how happy are the station masters now when they see the mountains of mail these funny men draw.

While he’s broadcasting, Fred is a combination pixie and tornado. Occasionally, he’ll buttonhole some unsuspecting visitor to play a part in the “Fearless Drama of the Day.” One time, armed with over 100 feet of microphone cable, Fred fol-

owed a pretty model down the hall, trying to talk her into buying him a cup of coffee. The interview came to a quick end, however, when he saw her boy friend—a football player—waiting in the lobby. “You should have seen ‘Sam’ reeling in the microphone cord,” Fred quipped. “He looked like a yo-yo on the rebound.”

So goes the frollicking Fearless Follies and the never-ending business of “living it up.” Working at home, where his wife acts as chief critic, Fred turns out three- to four-thousand-word gagful scripts each day—in between tending his four lively youngsters and raising orchids, his one big hobby. No doubt, Hollywood listeners would like to say to him: “Orchids to you, Fearless Fred!”
Bobbi is perfect for this casual “Ingenue” hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this “Cotillion.” And you get your wave where you want it.

What a casual, easy livin’ look this “Minx” hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

Bobbi’s soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new “Capri” style. No “nightly settings.”

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.

By JILL WARREN

Danny Thomas displays wounds he received when "Laddie," dog in his TV series, bit him. Really!

WHAT'S NEW FROM

GEORGE JESSEL SALUTES is the name of a brand-new radio show on ABC Wednesday nights. It's an hour-long program, complete with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, guest stars, and Jessel as the head man in his familiar role as toastmaster. The show will be broadcast from actual banquets of national organizations, such as the Elks, Kiwanis, Lions, etc. . . . CBS-TV has a new half-hour dramatic series beginning Sunday night, October 11. It is called The Man Behind the Badge and is based on authentic case histories taken from the files of prison wardens, probation and parole officers, postal and sheriff's offices, and similar sources. No one star will be seen regularly, but the cast will

Dave Garroway of NBC's Today won't be doing Garroway At Large, but he can still play darn good golf with bandleader Sammy Kaye.
Youthful Guy Madison appears with his fans at club rally to celebrate the opening of "The Charge at Feather River" (a Warner Bros. picture) in Dallas, Texas. He's adored by youngsters.

COAST TO COAST

Consist of well-known actors from television and the legitimate theatre. ... After an absence of about two years, Leave It To The Girls is back on television again, this time over ABC, on Saturday nights. ... CBS-TV came through with a daytime television show for Bob Crosby. He's seen Monday through Friday afternoons, with fifteen minutes of music, comedy and a bit of audience participation. The Modernaires vocal group, the Crosby band, the Bobcats and guest stars are also on the show. ... Celebrity Table is the name of a new radio program now being heard on ABC. This program, an hour long, will originate in Chicago, Hollywood, New York, and possibly Florida. The network (Continued on page 10)

Dennis James and his pretty wife Marjorie at N.Y. International Airport. His Chance Of A Lifetime went off the air for a while.
What's New from Coast to Coast

My Favorite Husband (7): Joan Caulfield has a TV spot with "hubby" Barry Nelson.

plans this as an interview show using popular personalities who are appearing about the country, and a different big name will be heard every week. . . Another new radio show on ABC is Hollywood Love Story, a fifteen-minute dramatic program—sort of a daytime serial at night—with a continuous story line. Lots of your favorite radio actors and actresses will be heard on this show. . .

Peter Potter's Juke Box Jury has been one of the most popular TV shows in Hollywood, and now it's on the regular Sunday-night ABC network schedule. This is a panel program on which celebrities discuss advance releases of recordings in the popular music field. . . Another Jury— the Juvenile one—moves from NBC to CBS as of Sunday afternoon, October 11. . . Garroway At Large, which was all set to return to NBC-TV, won't after all. Pontiac was to sponsor the program, but NBC was unable to come up with any open time spot except Monday nights, and Mr. Pontiac refused to put his show on opposite I Love Lucy and buck that terrific rating. . . Another situation—comedy series has been added to CBS-TV's Friday-night schedule. It's Topper, based on the popular Thorne Smith stories, and it stars Leo G. Carroll, with Anne Jeffreys, Robert Sterling, and Lee Patrick in featured roles.

This 'n' That:

Eileen Parker, the new singing gal on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, got her chance to audition for the show when former B. C. vocalist Clark Dennis wired McNeill and recommended her for the job. Peggy Taylor, whom Eileen replaced, left the program to go to Europe on a long vacation, and then she plans to return to New York City to make a career for herself as a soloist.

When Danny Thomas filmed his October 6 television show, he had an amusing scene with the family dog, Laddie. But what the viewers didn't see was a scene (it landed on the cutting room floor) in which Laddie actually bit Thomas. Fortunately, it turned out to be only a surface wound. Thanks to Danny, Laddie is set to be in the script for quite a while. Thomas has had a heart-to-heart talk with the dog (and his trainer) to be sure the canine doesn't "overdo it."

A little bird around the CBS studios in New York has been whispering that Robert Q. Lewis is cooking up a new show for himself and that his feminine musical support will be the Chordettes, the very popular vocal quartet who formerly were members of the Arthur Godfrey organization. Incidentally, Robert Q. has been dating Elizabeth Montgomery, Robert Montgomery's attractive actress-daughter.

Bob Hope has a fifty-two-week contract for his new NBC Radio show on Friday nights. And this season marks the comedian's sixteenth on the air.

The influence and popularity of NBC-TV's Ding Dong School is reaching out to other fields. Rand McNally is publishing Dr. Frances Horwich's book for adults, Ding Dong School Book, and, in addition, is also putting out six of her books for children. Also, RCA Victor has recently released five "Ding Dong School" records.

When National Donut Week is celebrated this month, the National Donut Association will welcome Marie Wilson, Jimmy Durante, Red Skelton, Groucho Marx, Sid Caesar, Abbott and Costello, and Donald O'Connor into their dunking society, which now numbers twelve million members. What a lot of donuts!

Hoagy Carmichael has signed Ricky Vera, the ten-year-old Mexican-American lad who appeared with him on Saturday Night Revue during the summer, to a five-year personal contract. Hoagy feels the boy has a terrific future in show business, and he plans to help him toward a vocal career.

Lynn Thatcher, thirteen-year-old radio and TV actress, recently featured on Let's Pretend, was awarded the first Nila Mack Scholarship at the Professional Children's School. This is the scholarship set up in memory of the late "Fairy Godmother of Radio."

Mrs. Bill Henry, the Mutual Network's popular newscaster, recently celebrated his thirtieth anniversary as a radio newsmaker. Among the many congratulatory messages he received all over the world were one from Vice-President Richard Nixon, which read, "There is not a newspaper man in Washington who is more highly respected, both among his colleagues and among those whom he covers, than Bill Henry. I have followed him from the time when he used to write one of the best sports columns in the country. Whatever he does, whether it be radio, television or newspaper writing, Bill has always been tops in every respect."

Congratulations, also, to NBC on their recent eighth anniversary of their news-film coverage from all over the world.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. E. P., Montclair, New Jersey: You are right, Vera Vague is married, but her married name is Mrs. Norman Morrell. Her daughter, Joan, who is a student at the University of California, is Vera's child by a former marriage to the late radio actor, Barton Yarborough. . . Mr. J. F. C., Lorain, Ohio: How old is Kukla? His creator, Burr Tillstrom, says that he really doesn't know. "Kukla has no age—or, if he has, he won't tell it, like most actors." Actually, however, Burr and Kukla began their association about eighteen years ago, long before their popular television show came to be. . . Miss K. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: No, singer Don Cornell and his wife didn't have a baby of their own, but they are making plans to adopt one. . . . Mr. and Mrs. M. R., San Diego, California: You may find all the information you wanted on Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz in the new TV-Radio Annual, on sale at newsstands now. . . . Mr. P. O'N., Springfield, Massachusetts: No, the McGuire's are not triplets, nor are two of them twins. And they are (Continued on page 28)
Blemishes*: "Noxzema's routine is so refreshing," says June Conroy of Jacksonville, Fla. "I'm overjoyed at the way Noxzema brightens my skin and helps keep it free of blemishes!"

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 skin — here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you keep it that way!

Results are thrilling

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. For this famous medicated beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that lifeless half-clean look of so many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to help your skin look fresher, smoother, prettier? Then, tonight start this Doctor's Home Facial:

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

2. **Night cream**: Smooth on Noxzema to help your skin look softer, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them — fast! Noxzema supplies a protective film of oil-and-moisture that helps keep your skin looking fresh and lovely.

3. **Make-up base**: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again. Then apply soothing, greaseless Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. Noxzema helps protect your skin all day long!

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems to have lovelier looking complexions. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! *externally-caused

Look lovelier offer: Big 85¢ jar of Noxzema only 59¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters. Limited time only!
New Designs for Living

IRON-ON DESIGNS IN BRIGHT COLORS

662 Newest, prettiest accessory! Pansies, buds, leaves— for corsages, for matching earrings— made from discarded nylon hose. Cost almost nothing to make. 25¢

780 Bright yellow, green, blue flowers to iron on your kitchen and guest linens—no embroidery; washable. Transfer motifs for 6 baskets (2½ x 4 to 4½ x 9½ inches), 8 flower sprays (1½ x 1¼ to 1 x 3). 25¢

7026 Decorate your kitchen accessories with these color-bright designs in red, yellow and green. No embroidery. Iron on. Transfer of 18 motifs—eight averaging 3½ x 4 inches; eight chicks, 1 x 1½ inches. 25¢

524 Gayest, prettiest, most unusual potholders! Fun to make! Easy! Use scraps, rickrack, binding and embroidery thread. Transfer motifs for seven potholders. 25¢

716 An 11-by-18-inch chairback in a pretty combination of stitches is the perfect pattern for large chairs or sofa—scallops add a dainty touch. Matching doily included. Use No. 30 cotton. Crochet directions. 25¢

7311 One-a-day motifs are easy to embroider on kitchen towels. Fun to do, fun to display. Seven different transfers for a full week, each about 5 x 7 inches. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to:

Radio-TV Mirror, Needlecraft Service
P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y.

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(Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.)

An additional twenty cents will bring you the Needlecraft Catalogue, with free patterns printed right in the book.
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Amazing New Easy Way Quickly Puts Pounds
And Inches Firm Solid Flesh on Scrawny Figures
NO CRAMMING WITH SUGARY TONICS, NO
FISHY OILS, NO RICH FOODS YOU HATE

Not a Medicine! Not Merely Vitamins!
Instead a Brand New Concentrated Food with
Easier to Digest Super Calories

If you are skinny, thin and underweight mail the coupon for this latest discovery of modern medical science. It’s called WATE-ON and anyone in normal health may quickly gain 5 lbs. in one week; 10 pounds, 20 pounds and more so fast it’s amazing! This isn’t candy, it’s not a fishy oil. Instead WATE-ON is a new and different formula that’s pleasant to take after meals and is loaded with concentrated calories so prepared as to be far easier to be used by the system in building wonderful body weight. Cheeks fill out, neck and bustline gain, arms, legs, thighs, ankles . . . skinny underweight figures fill out all over the body into graceful curves that draw admiring glances. WATE-ON, too, gives quick energy and often causes a marked increase in appetite. And you can test WATE-ON yourself simply by taking the first step and mail the coupon now.

Easy Weight Gains of 5 Pounds in 7 Days Reported

DOCTORS—
Your recommendation and approval is invited. Write for professional samples.

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Each daily dosage is as rich in calories as many a skinny person’s regular meal. Mail the coupon.

For Men, Women, Boys,
Girls and Convalescents
WATE-ON is entirely safe, contains no drugs, no stimulants, nothing but a brand new concentrated food formula that’s EXTRA RICH in easier to assimilate calories. Mail the coupon.

EAT WEIGHT MAINTAINING MEALS and Take WATE-ON
While WATE-ON often increases the appetite its main function is to provide supplement meals with a source of concentrated, high potency calories far easier for the body to use in putting on weight. Mail the coupon.

WATE-ON COMPANY
Dept. 239
Chicago 1, Ill.

Want an attractive well rounded figure in a few quick weeks? Then simply supplement weight maintaining meals with WATE-ON . . . put firm, good looking, healthy flesh on face, neck, bust, arms, hips, thighs, legs and ankles. Why be skinny . . . why let life slip by without trying WATE-ON. If condition persists see your doctor.

SEND NO MONEY TEST AT OUR RISK
Mail the ON APPROVAL coupon below to send for your generous size bottle of new WATE-ON. On arrival pay $3.00 plus C.O.D. postage on the guarantee if the first bottle doesn’t increase your weight to your satisfaction all you need do to get your money back is return the empty bottle. Now today . . . mail the coupon. Youngsters, get mother or dad to order for you.

— MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY —

WATE-ON CO., Dept. 239
230 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send one bottle WATE-ON. I’ll pay $3.00 plus C.O.D. postage or arrival on guarantee. I must be satisfied with first bottle or money back when I return the empty bottle. (Cash orders mailed postage prepaid.)

(1) Put X here if you want 2 bottles for $5.50.

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Address…………………………
City…………………… Zone State

R M
For more than twenty years, radio and TV audiences all over the country have been faithfully following Harry Wismer and his vivid play-by-play broadcasts throughout the sports world. Now they have the added pleasure of hearing him five times a week on Mutual's Wonderful City, the program which proves New York is a city with a heart. Harry also has a nightly radio and TV sports show. And he still has time to broadcast some of the major sporting events of the year!

The beginning of this hectic but happy career occurred in 1934, while Harry was at Michigan State. Then he was Sports Editor of the Michigan State News, and later Sports Director of the Michigan State station, WKAR. Next, he went on to Station WJR in Detroit—even when he had to commute, via hitchhiking, 150 miles a day—and eventually became executive vice-president and general manager of that station, as well as of WGAR in Cleveland, and KMPC in Los Angeles. Most recently, he has been Sports Director for the American Broadcasting Company, covering 200,000 miles a year with his special-assignment broadcasts, from the Sugar Bowl classics to the National Lawn Tennis Association matches.

Harry has a wonderful philosophy about sports: "I believe that proper presentation of all types of sporting events will materially influence the thinking of the youth of America, to show them the value of playgrounds, the value of sportsmanship, the real democratic attitude that will make them true Americans."

And, since charity usually begins at home, Harry has supported this philosophy and furthered his enthusiasm for sports with his children, Henry, 12, and Wendy, 8. He spends as much time as he can with them and Mrs. Wismer on their 100-acre farm in Ypsilanti, Michigan. He has hopes that Henry—who can swim five miles at a time now—might someday be on an Olympic team. Still on the sports side, Harry's own favorite form of relaxation is golf.

How he manages to do so much—and so well—no one dares ask. But everyone is just too happy that this personable, all-around guy can give them so much time!
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15
The Man behind Medallion Theatre

William Spier, in real life, lives behind a beard—in make-believe life, he's lived behind some mighty great productions. Remember "Sorry, Wrong Number," with Agnes Moorehead? This was just one play in his Suspense series, which had listeners glued to their radio sets. Before that, he was creating the documentary flavor which gave March Of Time its top ratings. And then there was Adventures Of Sam Spade, which made a man you know as Howard Duff one of the Hollywood glamour personalities. Now there is Medallion Theatre for the Chrysler Corporation. Its first production starred Henry Fonda in "The Decision of Arrowsmith," a right fine dramatic production last July 11. This fall, Bill Spier is continuing the production of fine TV drama for Medallion Theatre on Saturday nights at 10 P.M. over CBS. . . . Bill has been a music critic, pianist, composer, writer, film director, advertising executive, talent scout and director-producer in both radio and television. He is a member of the Society of American Magicians (he can pull rabbits out of hats, honest!) and is married to actress June Havoc. Until recently, they lived in Malibu, California, but right now they're making their residence in New York City. . . . He was born in New York City, attended public schools in and around the Fordham district and, at seventeen, became a music critic for Musical America. He was with them five years, having become chief critic and associate editor. He spent the next twelve years with an advertising agency, then on to CBS, where he produced the famous Columbia Workshop. Now, Medallion Theatre. . . . Bill's a bit of a slave-driver. He works his actors and actresses in rehearsal right up to the moment they go on the show. He likes to keep them keyed up for the actual performance—and it doesn't give any of them time to think about how frightening the eye of a camera can be. . . . Bill Spier is truly a man of magic—he it sleight-of-hand for his own amusement, or radio-TV productions for the entertainment of millions.
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions.

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. The next time you buy a shampoo, choose the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and shining.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.

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New York - Chicago - San Francisco - Ottawa Canada
Sandpaper Hands feel Caressable in 10 Seconds!

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . "Sandpaper Hands" are smoothed and softened to lovely "Caressable Hands" with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they're romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet "fragrance men love"!

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet French Type Lipstick!

Stays Moist! Stays Bright! Stays On!

25¢ and 47¢

Information Booth

Dear Editor:

Please give me information about Gene Autry, his wife, and where he lives.

Miss M. A. V., Calhoun City, Miss.

Gene Autry was born in Tioga, Texas. His wife, Ina, was born in Oklahoma. They met in Springfield, Missouri, were married in Chicago, Illinois, and now live on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, California. As you can see, Gene's a much-traveled man. He has to be, what with all his activities—six pictures and at least a dozen records each year, aside from radio, TV, rodeo and personal appearances all over the country—not to mention his three years in the Air Force and Air Transport Command during World War II, when he flew just about everywhere our troops were stationed in the Pacific and Far East! He still likes to fly his own plane and averages about as many hours in the air as any commercial pilot.

A Question of Family

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if Fred Van Deventer and Florence Rinard are really husband and wife? And if Johnny McPhee is their son? They are all on the popular quiz show, Twenty Questions.

F. F., Lexington, Mass.

(Continued on page 27)
"HITS for the Missus"

WHENEVER you want to chase away those mid-morning blues, or make a bright day brighter, grab yourself a cup of coffee and tune in to Ric Thomas's Hits For The Missus over Station KLIQ from 9 A.M. to noon. For this energetic young man is guaranteed to bring music, fun, and prizes your way daily. And, in case you sleep late, you can catch him again from 4:00 to 6:00 P.M. on his Ric Thomas Show.

It all started a little over a year ago, when Ric made Mr. Greeley's "Go West, young man" a fact and left behind Pennsylvania and eleven years' experience in radio and TV. Apparently, he believed in taking the long way around, for three years in the U.S. Air Force took him to China, Burma, and India. But now that he's reached Portland, listeners and friends hope to keep him there.

There's mighty good reason for Ric's popularity at KLIQ, for he constantly keeps in mind the idea of entertaining his listeners. His morning show, Hits For The Missus, is aimed right at the housewives, and Ric has a lot of fun with the ladies, "slurping" coffee, singing to record backgrounds, and playing lots of smooth pop music. High spots on his show are such features as "Coffee Slurpin' Time" and "Music to Beat Your Husband By."

In spite of his five hours of broadcasting each day, this enthusiastic fellow ably performs additional duties as Program Manager of KLIQ. This only involves supervising station programming, traffic and personnel.

Yes, Ric practically eats and sleeps radio these days, and, what's more, he loves it. However, he does manage, in his few spare moments, to squeeze in some golf, listen to his favorites, Debussy and Rimsky-Korsakov, and read any book that, he says, "is considered good." Still a bachelor at twenty-eight, Ric readily admits he's a ham and an extrovert and therefore prefers his dates to be warm, feminine and "unphony." A mighty fine catch for some lucky girl would this fellow be—if he ever gets "unbusy" enough to be available!
Tampax does so much for you!

We might have said: "Tampax is sanitary protection the wearer can’t even feel."

We could have said: "Tampax avoids embarrassing odor."

We thought of saying: "Tampax is so easy to dispose of."

But Tampax does so much for you that it’s difficult to single out any one advantage. We want you to learn about Tampax, know about Tampax, try Tampax—because we honestly believe it makes "those days of the month" much easier for women.

Tampax is worn internally. It’s not only invisible, but actually unfelt, once it’s in place. No more bulky external pads—no more belts, no more pins. You can even wear Tampax while you’re taking your shower or tub.

And how refreshingly different it will be to have sanitary protection that’s so small you can actually carry a month’s supply in your purse. Do try Tampax! It’s available at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

AUNT JENNY To a stranger, Littleton might seem a quiet, commonplace town. The man and woman walking down the street, the teenager heading downtown in the family car, the "For Sale" sign on a neglected gatepost, would look like the most ordinary, everyday events. But, to Aunt Jenny, each one of them is the key to a story—stories that might be hidden behind the quiet doors of any town across the USA. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Broadway star Larry Noble suspects that there is something unsavory about Lucius Brooks, but is unable to convince his wife, Mary, that her friendship with Brooks is dangerous. The arrival of a mysterious woman in Rosehaven brings an unexpected threat to Mary, who has innocently become a pawn in Brooks’ confidence game. How much does the vengeful actress, Dolores Martinez, know about the strange woman? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE BENNETTS Wayne Bennett would describe himself as the most unsensational of men, with his successful legal practice, his happy home life, and his secure place in the community. But lately Wayne’s legal activities have tested his capacity for friendship, his reaction to personal danger, and his estimate of himself. Both he and his family are wondering a bit nervously what his next case will bring. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

THE BRIGHTER DAY The Dennis family is increasingly involved in the trouble confronting Three Rivers, as Grayling, Patsy and Bobby, in their separate ways, form friendships and develop ideas that to some extent conflict with those of their father, the Reverend Richard Dennis. Is Babby too young to understand Roy Wilmot’s true character? Is Patsy mistaken in Alan Butler? What will Grayling learn about the recent murder? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE DOCTOR’S WIFE Julie Palmer and her husband, Dr. Dan, learn how small-town public opinion operates when they champion the young ex-convict, Richard Johnson. Firm in their belief that Richard means to go straight, Julie and Dr. Dan find themselves in an awkward position as his old associates make it hard for Richard to stick by his word. But neither Julie nor Dan likes being pushed around, by the right people or the wrong ones. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART Torn between the conflicting ideals of her worldly mother and her idealistic father, who have long been separated, Julie Fielding finally decides to break her engagement to wealthy Harry Phillips, knowing she has her father’s support. How much does the young scientist, Peter Davis, figure in Julie’s decision? Will she find her half-formed hope for the future blocked by a charming girl called Georgie? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Whether he wants to or not, a newsmen specializing in crime stories is going to find himself getting ideas about solving the crimes he’s supposed to be merely reporting—at least he is, if he’s as bright as David Farrell. With the help of his wife, Sally, David has applied his sharp eyes and wits to good purpose in saving many a handy suspect from paying for a crime he did not commit—and in running the real villain to ground. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT What happens when a man like Bill Bauer—with talent, a fine young family, and every reason to look ahead to a happy future—starts to drink? Bill’s sister Meta and his father stand by aghast as Bill appears determined to run his life down into the ground. Meanwhile, Meta helplessly sees another problem taking shape as her stepdaughter Kathy continues to be blind to what is happening to her marriage. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HAWKINS FALLS Running a small-town newspaper, Lona Drewer keeps a sympathetic, intelligent finger on the pulse of the town she loves. After the death of her husband Nat, she found solace and
help in her work, and it has come to be vital to her whole way of life. Should her marriage to Dr. Corey be allowed to change this? Or is it the marriage itself that Lona isn’t too sure about? M-F. 1 A.M. EST. NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE How does a woman become reconciled to the inevitable loss of the man she loves? Reed Nixon’s death sentence, pronounced by an eminent physician, hangs over him and Julie like a lowering black cloud. Can any moments of happiness be wrung from the time remaining to them? Is there a way to prepare the heart and soul for such a dreadful trial? Julie discovers new truths about herself and life during her darkest days. M-F. 3 P.M. EST. CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson’s friend, Leonard Drake, undergoes a shock when his daughter—of whose existence Bill was ignorant—leaves her husband and comes to live with the father to whom she is virtually a stranger. How does Leonard react when he realizes that Gale came to him, not with love in her heart, but blackmail? How will Bill go about helping Leonard without ruining his daughter? M-F. 5 P.M. EST. NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi is often so deeply involved in the dramatic developments in her friends’ lives that she makes light of her own problems. But now Chichi faces a crucial time in her life, a decision so important that it can be the making or breaking of her happiness, and she realizes the full truth of one of Papa David’s remarks—that there is no such thing as perfect happiness. M-F. 3 P.M. EST. NBC.

LORENZO JONES Unable to help restore Lorenzo’s memory, Belle concentrates on her work with producer Verne Massev, wondering if she can really substitute a career for the happiness she and Lorenzo once knew. Lorenzo, unable to recall anything about his marriage to Belle, sees only that this woman who claims to be his wife is apparently very fond of Verne, and cannot understand why she will not set him free to marry Gail Maddox. M-F. 5:30 P.M. EST. NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE Young Vanessa has few illusions about her sister Meg, but loyalty is a reflex with Van—in spite of all she knows about Meg’s deviousness, she still hopes to keep Meg from being her own worst enemy. However, when Van finally learns the truth about the money missing from the travel agency, and realizes to what lengths Meg may go to win Matt, she stops to take stock—with serious results. M-F. 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS From an entirely unexpected quarter, the threat of disgrace and unhappiness comes to Ma’s family, as Willy is suspected of theft by his employers, the Hoffmans, Thus Willy’s glamorous new job at the Hoffmans’ hotel comes under examination for the first time, and Tom is free to express the peculiar ideas he has long entertained, in silence, about the Hoffmans. Is this another case

Say Beauty Director

CANDY JONES

Head of the Famous Caneover School in New York

"As a beauty director," says Miss Jones, "I always recommend Cashmere Bouquet Soap, because I consider it the most effective complexion-care. It’s wholesome for the skin, and it leaves a look of natural beauty—the kind that no amount of make-up alone can achieve."

Do as beauty expert Candy Jones advises. Use fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly. Its rich lather is so mild and gentle, leaves your skin with such a naturally fresh, radiant look...you’ll be saying, "my skin thrives on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

"Daily Cashmere Bouquet Care, Helped These Girls to New Careers"

—Says Candy

PAULA STEWART
Television Actress

ELEN WILLIAMS
College Secretary

Here Are Candy Jones’ Personal Beauty Tips For You!

1. Stained or discolored hands clean beautifully if you’ll pour 2 teaspoons of fresh lemon juice into your palm, half-filled with Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion. Massage well, repeat every other night for 2 weeks.

2. Complement your daily beauty care with eight hours’ sleep...and start each new day with a thorough beauty-cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

More later, Candy.
DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 21)

of an ill wind blowing some good? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY In spite of Sunday's long friendship with Dr. Julian Abbott and his wife Charlotte, Sunday is surprised to learn that there is much about Julian that she does not know. When his conniving wife, Connie, arrives in Fairbrooke, Sunday invites her frequently to Black Swan Hall, unaware that this friendship may soon give her cause for bitter regret. Just what is behind Connie's visit, and what is Julian's secret? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Simple, honest courage has just seen Linda Young through a heartbreaking experience, and has gained for her and Pepper the permanent legalized possession of their adopted son. Can Pepper's sister Peggy face her own marital problem with some of the same direction and courage shown by Linda? As Mother Young knows, a parent can only guide her children, and hope for the best. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON Pursuit of an arch-criminal is not lawyer Perry Mason's primary concern, though he finds that the protection of his own client involves him in the most desperate chase of his career. As a lawyer, Perry's chief interest lies in bringing his case to a successful conclusion. Is his case air-tight, or will he have to resort to some legal sleight-of-hand to achieve justice? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS There are many important people around Governor Miles Nelson who wish heartily that his wife, Carolyn, would content herself with purely worldly duties, and leave the affairs of state to those with axes to grind. But it is precisely those axes that Carolyn's acute mind perceives, perhaps more clearly than Miles is capable of doing. Will her enemies succeed in ruining her marriage just when Miles needs her most? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE ROAD OF LIFE The close relationship between Dr. Jim Brent and his foster son, John, is shaken for the first time when their Aunt Reggie tries to take control of both their lives. Jim and his new wife, Jocelyn, too mature and perceptive to be deceived by Aunt Reggie's disarming helpfulness, are aware that she prides power, but John really believes Aunt Reggie's advice is sound. Will she ruin his career and his marriage? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC, M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The tragic turn of events at Eagle's Nest has justified all Helen Trent's instinctive distrust of her association with Kelsey Spencer, but has left her more uncertain than ever before about her own future. Her friendship with Gil Whitney cannot assume the significance both she and Gil would like it to have, since he is still married to the possessive Cynthia Swanston. Must Helen make her own happiness? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Can a whole town really be convinced by a lie? As Bill Roberts' paper approaches the climax of its campaign to expose the gambling racket, Edgar Duffy's efforts to prevent Bill from learning the truth become frantic. The frame-up which he arranges is particularly cruel in the ways it makes advantage of the big mistake Bill once made. How can Rosemary help Bill through this dangerous crisis? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW With her daughter finally restored to her, and her son, Harvey, having some hope of success, widowed Joanne Barron feels she should be looking ahead to a brighter future. She is very much annoyed with herself when she finally admits her mixed feelings toward her partner, Arthur Tate. Has any place in her life? Particularly when she believes she is completely one-sided? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Small-town gossip can be the most ruinous thing in the world, and Terry Burton has a hard time with it as the aftermath of the Dickson Music Festival and her association with saxophonist Dick Matsen, the conductor, Stan, of course, never for one moment loses his complete faith in Terry's good sense. But what question lingers at the back of his mind as he recalls how brilliantly Terry handled the Festival? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella Dallas has always found her greatest comfort in the knowledge that her beloved daughter Laurel has made a safe and happy marriage. But Laurel's mother-in-law, the autocratic Mrs. Grosvenor, once again finds a way to disrupt the contentment Laurel and Dick would otherwise enjoy. Can Stella manage to keep Mrs. Grosvenor's bungling from doing any permanent damage? And will Mrs. Grosvenor ever forgive her? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora believes she has made real progress in her efforts to help young Grace Sargent, when she persuades the girl's divorced parents to cooperate in an attempt to reestablish Grace in a decent, orderly way of life. But neither Robert, Vivian nor Nora herself realizes the full extent of Grace's danger, for it is not until another narcotics theft occurs at Page Memorial Hospital that Nora suspects Grace may be involved. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.
THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN In a crowded, impersonal city, a lonesome boy meeting a lonesome girl is often the beginning of something important to both of them. But, when lovely model "Boko" Thurmond meets the young writer who lives in the same rooming house, the path of her romance is not nearly so simple. If it were not for the three foundation stones on which she has built her faith and her life, Boko might come close to losing hope.

M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC-11.

WENDY WARREN Pat Sullivan, the young actress in whom Wendy's husband Mark has so much faith, makes the serious mistake of subordinating love and friendship and honesty to the pursuit of her career. Wendy has an uneasy feeling that Pat is not only less talented than Mark insists but also a hardened little opportunist, but she knows that Mark will have to discover this for himself. What will this do to Mark's new play? M-F, 12 noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Can Clair O'Brien's sinister influence affect the lives of Joan and Harry Davis, even after Clair is no longer living? Joan, fighting to throw off an almost superstitious dread of Clair's evil power, has cause to wonder if there is some explanation for Clair's disappearance less simple than the one which everyone now believes. Is Joan on the brink of a discovery that may change her future? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Sandy Carter's first marriage ended in the tragic death of her husband in Korea—and her own bitter realization that they had been much too young to make a go of it, anyway. She feels that her second marriage will be a certain success, for the brief first experience taught her many important things. But her mother wonders if Sandy knows quite as much as she thinks. Does anyone ever know that much about marriage? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Like all new babies, Mary Horton's infant has an important impact on several lives. To her father, Dr. Paul Browne, it brings new excitement about the future. Dr. Jerry Malone and his mother are hopeful that the birth of her daughter will help Mary herself to organize her ideas about what she wants to do with her life. But what will the baby mean to the dissolving marriage of Mary and Ernest Horton? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN There have been many obstacles in the way of Ellen Brown's marriage to Dr. Anthony Loring, but Ellen finally agrees to marry Anthony at once in the hope that they can face these obstacles more successfully if they are together. She knows there is trouble ahead, however, when Anthony's sister Victoria introduces a young, beautiful girl into Simpsonville society. Is Anthony's interest in the newcomer merely politeness? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Are you in the know?

What solves your family gift problem?
- Charge 'em to Dad
- I.O.U.'s

You'd plant really different (and wonderful) presents under the family tree? Write L.O.U.'s! One to Mom, promising you'll take over some household chore daily for 3 months. To Dad your pledge to deliver 20 shoe shines on demand. And Sis? She'll prefer the present to future service; get something glamorous, "grown-up." But one day you can do her a service—by helping her get the sanitary protection that keeps her confident: Kotex. Those flat, pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

For mistletoe bait, why not try—
- Formal flattery
- Goofless lipstick

You, too, can be a Lorelei in your holiday formal—even if you're built on the lean and hollow side. A gently draped bodice, a gossamer stole, can make a dream dress perfect for you. So too, a girl's calendar needs should be exactly suited to her. That's why Kotex gives you a choice of 3 absorbencies. Try 'em! There's Regular, Junior, Super.

Want to winterize your chassis?
- Add anti-freeze
- Change oil

Snow weather sets your teeth a-chattering? Heed both hints above. Keep your radiator (circulation) "hot up" with such "anti-freeze" as outdoor sports, wholesome meals, ample H2O and juices. And chapp-proof your pelt; change to richer beauty creams. On "those" days, you'll radiate poise with the comfort Kotex gives: softness (holds its shape!), plus extra protection to thaw all chilling doubts.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins.

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?
- Romeo & 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!
New Patterns for You

9296 Smart coat dress to make in any fabric. New flared skirt, smart off-center buttoning. Misses' sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢


4829 Festive apron, pretty in any fabric, with scallops and embroidery. Small, 14-16; medium, 18-20; large, 20-22. Small size; Bib apron takes 1¼ yards 35-inch fabric; half apron, 1½ yards. 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.)
What's New from Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 10)
really sisters. Their ages are: Christine, 25; Dorothy, 23, and Phyllis, 22. . . Miss A. Y. Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Johnny Desmond is on a two-month leave of absence from the Breakfast Club program, so he can make personal appearances. He is due back on the show October 23. . . Miss J. P. San Antonio, Texas: Yes, John Daly is married, and has been for many years. I'm afraid you have your Dalys mixed up. Incidentally, John recently signed a long-term contract with the American Broadcasting Company as a vice-president in charge of news. He will continue to be the emcee on What's My Line? however.

To all of the readers who wrote about Frank Dane, who played Knap Drewer on the Hawkins Falls show: Frank is no longer on the program because the part of Drewer was no longer in the script. Knap chartered a private plane to fly from London to the Isle of Man, in the story, and was killed when the plane crashed into the Irish Sea.

Whatever Happened To . . . ?

John Beal, the movie actor, who used to appear on the Freedom Rings TV show? Since leaving this show, John hasn't been on any regular program, but has been seen from time to time as a guest star on some of the television dramatic shows.

Dorothy Claire, the songstress, who was on with Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney last season? Dorothy has temporarily deserted video for vaudeville, and recently completed an eight-week engagement at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles.

Harold Peary, who was the original Great Gildersleeve? Peary has not been heard on radio for ages, and inquiries into his present whereabouts or activity have brought forth no concrete information on him. So, Gildy—wherever you are—please drop us a line and give us the word so your many fans will be satisfied.

Margaret Lipper, radio actress formerly heard on Big Sister, Young Dr. Malone, Portia Faces Life, and many other daytime shows? Margaret has returned to her home town of Rochester, New York, and is heard on station WHAM-TV.

Thanks to those of you who wrote in with information on Clayton Moore, formerly of The Lone Ranger. We've had so many letters asking about Moore, and still haven't been able to contact him directly. However, one reader from Cambria Heights, New York, writes that he recently appeared on the Hopalong Cassie and the Alfred Hitchcock shows. And another reader from Louisville, Kentucky, reports he is living in Tarzana, California. One of these days, we may yet find the missing Mr. Moore.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to any 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.

(Note: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel.)

---

exciting new pictures!

Off-Guard Candids of Your Favorite Movie Stars

★ All the selective skill of our ace cameramen went into the making of these startling, 4 x 5, quality glossy prints.

★ New poses and names are constantly added. Keep your collection up to date by ordering from the convenient list below.

ROBERT WAGNER

DORIS DAY

SUSAN HAYWARD

Circle the numbers of your choices and mail with coupon today. Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for $1; 6 for 50c.

1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Alan Ladd
4. Gregory Peck
5. Rita Hayworth
6. Esther Williams
7. Elizabeth Taylor
8. Cornel Wilde
9. Frank Sinatra
10. Rory Calhoun
11. Peter Lawford
12. Bob Mitchum
13. Burt Lancaster
14. Bing Crosby
15. Shirley Temple
16. Sada Evans
17. June Haver
18. June Allyson
19. Ronald Reagan
20. Glenn Ford
21. Gene Autry
22. Roy Rogers
23. Sunset Carson
24. Monte Hale
25. Kathryn Grayson
26. Gene Kelly
27. Dolores Day
28. Montgomery Clift
29. Richard Widmark
30. Mina Freeman
31. Wanda Hendrix
32. Perry Como
33. Bill Holden
34. Bill Williams
35. Barbara Lawrence
36. Jane Powell
37. Gordon MacRae
38. Ann Blyth
39. Jeanne Crain
40. John Russell
41. John Wayne
42. Yvonne De Carlo
43. Audie Murphy
44. Dan Dailey
45. Janet Leigh
46. Farley Granger
47. Tony Martin
48. John Derek
49. Guy Madison
50. Ricardo Montalban
51. Mario Lanza
52. Joan Evans
53. Scott Brady
54. Bill Lawrence
55. Vic Damone
56. Shelley Winters
57. Richard Todd
58. Vera-Ellen
59. Dean Martin
60. Jerry Lewis
61. Howard Keel
62. Susan Hayward
63. Betty Hutton
64. Coleen Gray
65. Arlene Dahl
66. Tony Curtis
67. Tim Holt
68. Piper Laurie
69. Debbie Reynolds
70. Penny Edwards
71. Jerome Courtland
72. Gene Nelson
73. Jeff Chandler
74. Rock Hudson
75. Stewart Granger
76. John Barrymore, Jr.
77. Debra Paget
78. Dale Robertson
79. Marilyn Monroe
80. Leslie Caron
81. Pier Angeli
82. Mitzi Gaynor
83. Marlon Brando
84. Alfonse D'Agostino
85. Tab Hunter
86. Robert Wagner
87. Rusty Tamlyn
88. Jeff捆t
89. Mars Pavan
90. Marge and Gower Champion
91. Fernando Lamas
92. Arthur Franz
93. Johnny Stewart
94. Oskar Werner
95. Keith Andes
96. Michael Moore
97. Gene Barry
98. John Forsythe
99. Loni Nelson
100. Ursula Thiess
101. Elaina Stewart
102. Hildegarde Neff
103. Dawn Addams
104. Zsa Zsa Gabor
105. Barbara Ruick
106. Joan Taylor
107. Helen Stanley
108. Beverly Michaels
109. Joan Rice
110. Robert Horton
111. Dean Miller
112. Rita Gam
113. Charlene Holtson
114. Steve Cochran

WORLD WIDE, Dept. WG-1153
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose $ for candid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

Name

(please print)

Street

City Zone State
Mmm, Good!

Four magic ingredients make Chef Milani Hollywood's favorite

According to Chef Milani, whose genial, gusty good nature is available for viewing daily from 1:00 to 2:00 P.M. on Station KTTV, his appearance on Station KOMO twenty-five years ago marked the beginning of radio cookery. Since then, he hasn’t been off the air more than three days at a time!

In spite of his vast experience as a chef, Mr. Milani didn’t begin his professional life in that field. When he was fourteen, the Chef “moved” from his home town of Naples, Italy, to Chicago. There he worked for a jeweler—until he got his first pay check. Then, when he saw how tiny it was, he flung the check back at his employer, vowed he would rather wash dishes than toil for such a menial wage, and walked out.

True to his vow, he next landed in the Palmer House—washing dishes. But seven years and a few dreams later, at only twenty-one, he was the proud owner of three restaurants. However, this dynamic fellow needed more of a challenge, so off he went, first unsuccessfully to Hollywood, then successfully to Seattle. But again dissatisfaction crept into his system, and he hit the road—this time conducting cooking schools across the country. It was at this point that a flour mill executive asked the Chef to appear at KOMO in Seattle. Thus began an exciting, ever-different career for the vibrant, always-happy Chef.

Now, in Hollywood, the Chef is a “character” in his own right and the confidant and friend of top radio, TV and movie stars. Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, and many others frequently mention the Chef on their shows. There are four magic ingredients that make him and his recipes so successful: love, sentiment, philosophy, and an appreciation of beauty—things you’d least expect to find in a kitchen. But Chef Milani uses them often and well with sincerity and originality. All of which makes him one of the most “delicious” entertainers to please the tastes of televiewers.
Information Booth

(Continued from page 18)

Fred and Florence are truly Mr. and Mrs., and their own son, Bobby, was once a regular panelist on the show. When Bobby went South to attend Duke University, his place was taken by his good friend, Johnny McPhee—who was a student at Princeton, right handy to the Van Deventers’ home and program.

Young Pal Joey

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me where I can get a picture of Joey Walsh and also where I can send fan mail to him?

L. B., Jackson, Mich.

You’re not alone in wanting this talented teen-ager’s address—seems as though almost everyone who read our Joey Walsh story in the August issue has written in to find out how they can get in touch with him personally! Here’s the official reply: Write Joey Walsh in care of his manager, John Ross, 323 West 74th Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Larry Storch

Dear Editor:

Is it true that Larry Storch has a brother also in show business who uses another name? Can you please supply information concerning this wonderfully talented newcomer?

A. S., Battle Creek, Michigan

Larry Storch was born in the Bronx, New York, January 8, 1923 and always wanted to be a comedian or a baseball player. One fate-inspired day, Larry was offered a catcher’s job on the Giant farm team and an opportunity to join a traveling road show as its comedian. He was seventeen and he took the traveling job. He’s played with USO units, was four and a half years in the Navy, played Ciro’s nightclub in Hollywood, and the Copa in New York. His stint with Cavalcade Of Stars made him a TV star. His brother is named Jay Lawrence. His real name is Storch.

Fan Club Information

Dear Editor:

May I please join a Julius La Rosa Fan Club? He is my favorite singer.

M. T., Los Angeles, Calif.

Joan Kennedy of 3 Everett Avenue, Dorchester 25, Mass., has written us that she is starting a Julius La Rosa fan club. You may enter into correspondence directly with her, or get in touch with Julius La Rosa, c/o Arthur Godfrey office, CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Don Hastings

Dear Editor:

Please let our town know all there is to know about Don Hastings, who plays in the

DONNA REED 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 Donna Reed—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 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.

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.
You're looking at the most popular bra in America!

It's Exquisite Form Style 505—The miracle bra with double-uplift control—the secret of its fabulous success. Stitched under the cup...reinforced under the cup, for the most beautiful uplift that stays on the up-and-up. See for yourself how this fabulous bra shapes you to an exquisite figure...how it holds you, molds you gently, firmly, comfortably. Ask for style 505 at your favorite store—today!

A, B, C and D cups in fine broadcloth, acetate satin and nylon taffeta.
Bandeau styles: $1.50 and $2.00
Long line styles: $2.50 and $3.00

Exquisite Form
BRASSIERES

The Bra that's a beauty treatment

(Continued from page 27)

Video Ranger—we're all curious about him.
R. T., Stet, Missouri

We can't tell you all—that would take volumes. But here is a thumb-nail sketch. Don is 18, and has been acting since the age of six when he first sang and acted on a children's show for radio called Coast To Coast On A Bus. At seven he joined the national company of "Life With Father" and from there went into the New York company of "I Remember Mama." Don lives with his parents in St. Albans, Queens. New York, goes "steady with a girl" and drives a very earthy Plymouth back and forth to work.

Liberace

Dear Editor:
Will you please give me information on that talented pianist Liberace?
R. B., Darien, Conn.

All the information we can give you on this popular young man will be published in a future issue of the magazine. His very own mother has promised to "tell all" on Liberace.

Frankie's Back

Dear Editor:
I would like to know what ever happened to Tom Corbett, Space Cadet.
Miss M. J., Alexandria, Va.

Tom Corbett, Space Cadet returned to the airwaves just recently and can now be seen over WABD and other stations of the Du Mont Television Network every other week. The program, of course, still stars Frankie Thomas, who's been a headliner on Broadway, in movies, on radio and in TV, for most of his twenty-three young years.

Frankie Thomas
Zabach

Dear Editor:

Where can I send for a photo of Florian Zabach?

B. M. J., Irvyton, Conn.

Write to Ken. R. Williams, 124 West 55th Street, New York City. He'll help you.

Matrimonial Mixup

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me if Randy and Bess, on The Big Payoff, are husband and wife?

Mrs. A. T. H., Indianapolis, Ind.

The queries keep coming in: "Are Bess Myerson and Randy Merriman married?" And the answer is: "Yes—but not to each other!" In private life, Randy's happily wed to Evelyn Kuehn, with whom he sang in a quintet which broke up when they were married in 1934. They have a college-age daughter named Sue and two younger sons, Michael and Tom. Bess married Allen Wayne, then an Army captain, just a year after she won the title. Miss America of 1945. Their little girl, Barbara Carol, was born on a New Year's Eve—December 31, 1947.

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.

Enriches your hair with beauty

... instead of drying it

TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN is the reason

Gives hair twice the twinkle. Leaves it so manageable your comb is a magic wand! Even in hard water, gets hair so clean you can feel the difference—soft and sweet as love's first kiss. Come on, give your hair a fresh start in life... with the shampoo that gives you twice as much lanolin as any other leading brand. Try it today.

Helene Curtis creme shampoo
also NEW LANOLIN LOTION SHAMPOO
HER PETAL-SOFT SKIN GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS HEART!

Pamper your beauty with new Camay! Wonderful for complexion and bath!

Here’s wonderful news about complexion care! Now Camay contains fine cold cream. And Camay alone among leading beauty soaps brings you this luxury ingredient.

More delightful than ever before! Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay leaves it feeling exquisitely cleansed, wonderfully fresh. And Camay with cold cream brings new luxury to your Beauty Bath, too!

You still get everything that’s always made Camay a treasure... the softer complexion that’s yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that velvety Camay lather, famous Camay mildness, and delicate fragrance yours only in Camay.

LOOK FOR NEW CAMAY IN THE SAME FAMILIAR WRAPPER. It’s at your store now—at no extra cost. And there’s no finer beauty soap in all the world!

NOW MORE THAN EVER... THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
He once turned
his back on stardom,
then charmed Lady
Luck into giving
him a second chance

By MARTIN COHEN

FRANK PARKER, one of the
Little Godfreys, has lived.
Hollywood couldn't improve
on the Parker story. In thirty-
three years of show business,
Frank has known silk and sack-
cloth, the dazzling heights of
stardom and the dull wasteland
of despair—all climaxed by a
mighty comeback in a business
where he landed, in the first
place, by sheer accident.
It was a case of mistaken iden-
tity, and it occurred in August
of 1921. Frank describes himself
as a fresh, cocky youngster in
those days. In his impatience for
quick success, he had quit high
school. That first year he had
worked as an apprentice roofer,
a commercial artist, and a de-
delivery man. When August came,
he was jobless again.
One day, he was killing time
with a friend who was looking
for a vaudeville job. They
stopped in a casting office, but
Frank Parker—Fascinating Bachelor

All lined up to rehearse for a Chevrolet program, twenty years ago: Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Alois Havrillo, Frank Parker and Frank Black. Benny was then comparatively new to radio, Parker a long-time star.

In those days, he was one of America's best-dressed men, had everything from polo helmets to top hats. Then he was also a headliner in movies (above, with Tamara, in "Sweet Surrender") and on Broadway (below, in "Follow the Girls").

the agent was out. They were about to leave, when a man burst through the door and gave Frank a big hello. "Where have you been?" he asked Frank. "I've been looking all over for you."

Frank was speechless. He'd never seen the man before. "Meet me at two this afternoon at the George M. Cohan Theatre," the man shouted and rushed on.

Frank, bewildered, turned to his friend. "Who was that?"

"He's the casting agent I came to see."

"Let's get out of here," Frank said. "The guy's crazy."

Frank had no more thought of acting than of flying a plane non-stop around the world. But, around two o'clock that afternoon, he drifted toward the theatre. He stood in the alley, just outside the stage door, staring curiously at the dance chorus in rehearsal. If it hadn't
Today, Parker's wardrobe is simple—except for trick costumes he wears in skits with Godfrey. Inside, however, he's still the same headliner who wasn't too proud to say a special "thank you" to a certain redhead with a local program.
Love that OZ and HARRIET!

By PEGGY TOMLINSON

ANY FAMILY who's been through it knows that there's never a dull moment with two normally healthy and active teen-age boys around. But most of us can only imagine the chronic state of chaos which exists in such a family as the Ozzie Nelsons, in which "the boys"—David, now a tall and handsome sixteen, and Ricky, thirteen and devilish—are not only around, but an important part of the act.

They will play themselves in forty TV films this year, and in forty radio broadcasts of The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet. This impressive work schedule they will have to squeeze into a full school (Continued on page 97)

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.


Everything good that can happen takes place in the Nelson household—and with good reason

20th ANNIVERSARY STARS
Young as he is, Dick can look back on some difficult days getting "established" in New York.

Dick York of This Is Nora Drake was almost a "has-been" at the age of 20

By JANE KING

Nowadays, he's "arrived." In fact, he's so busy that such moments as these are doubly precious . . . strolling with his sweetheart-wife, Joey . . . playing with their daughter, Kim.
to keep trying—

N 1950, Richard York came East, to the big city. He'd been acting in Chicago for ten years, since he was a little kid, but he might as well have hailed from Podunk, with the grass still in his ears. In New York, they don't care about out-of-town credits; half the time, they think you made 'em up.

Dick moved into a YMCA, then batted around for six months.

"Your audition for anybody and everybody that'll hear you, and every day is a little worse, until you get discouraged and almost sick—" Dick can still remember.

Now, in 1953, he's arrived; he's prominent in daytime dramas, such as This Is Nora Drake and Rosemary, he's opening soon in a Broadway play—but, while he loves his work, you can't sell him the phony idea of its glamour. To Dick it's a serious business, even when you're successful. "You do your show, take your check—and go home and wait for the phone to ring. And always you keep on trying—"

He's got two words of advice (Continued on page 90)
KATE SMITH SAYS:

"Thanks for Listenin'!"
The Kate of today remains humble, a woman with warmth in her heart as well as in her songs.

By FRANCES KISH

There have been songs and laughter—many, many songs, sung straight from the heart. There have been untold kindnesses and loyalties. There has been success, financial and artistic. There has been drama—and there has been much plain, everyday contentment in living. All of these the ingredients of the fabulous story of Kathryn Elizabeth Smith, known to the world simply as Kate Smith.

Twenty years ago, in this magazine, Kate wrote a part of that story for our readers. In it, she revealed some things about herself and the way she felt about what she wanted to do with her life. Many times since then, Radio-TV Mirror has published other stories about her, always on the same theme of achievement and continued simplicity, of triumphs and humility.

The Kate Smith of today can remember being introduced to the visiting King George and Queen Elizabeth of England by the then President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, with the phrase, “This is Kate Smith. This is America.” And she can be equally proud and happy to remember the countless boys in servicemen’s camps and veterans’ hospitals to whom she needed no introduction except her hearty “Hello, everybody,” and her rich, fine voice.

She can remember the four tiny orphans she “adopted” one day when she spent her birthday at an orphanage singing for the children, providing them

Kate Smith and Ted Collins entertain at an old-fashioned barbecue. Kathy and Susie Stein watch Aunt Kate while Dorothy Day helps. Kate’s sister, Helen Stein, serves Kate’s neighbor, Hughie.
The Kate of today remains humble, a woman with warmth in her heart as well as in her songs.

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KATE SMITH SAYS:

"Thanks for Listenin'!"

with an ice-cream-and-cake birthday treat instead of having a party for herself. (RTVM got hold of that story, too, and published it, although Kate Smith and Ted Collins, her guardian-angel manager, would never have publicized this kindness. We told this story of the two little boys and two girls who tugged so tightly at her heartstrings that she began at once to contribute to their upkeep at the orphanage and to visit them with toys and candy and souvenirs of all the trips she made. And we told how her funds for these children made it possible for the home to care for four other children in their stead.)

The Kate Smith of today can look back upon her beginnings as a singer ... first as a sensitive but poised teenager in the city of Washington, where she grew up and where she had planned to become a nurse—and actually started her training ... later, in musical comedy on the New York stage, where Ted Collins found her at seventeen in a singing-dancing comedy (Continued on page 100)

The Kate Smith Hour, featuring Kate's songs and Ted Collins' "Cracker Barrel," seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 3-4 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Flowers belong in Kate's design for living.

Today, she plays croquet for fun—not in that teen-age spirit which distinguished an early game of handball.
Kate loves driving her car through country roads, speedboating on the lake with youngsters.

A "find" of Kate's antique hunting. On the beam are priceless plates—on settee, 16-year-old Freckles.
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"Thanks for Listenin'!"

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A "find" of Kate's antique hunting. On the beam are priceless plates—on settle, 16-year-old Frackles.
Every day's a House Party, with a teenager like Jack in our home!
I love having children on my show (perhaps because I have five of my own at home).

By ART LINKLETTER

What would you say or do, as a parent, if your oldest teen-age child walked up to you slam-bang one day and said: "Dad, I'm almost sixteen; do you think I'm old enough to start necking?" . . . or, "Hey, Pop, do you think it's okay for me to start smoking?" . . . or (casual-like), "By the way, Dad, I'll need an extra $4.50 over my allowance this week for a big date—okay?" The problems which children encounter at different ages (infancy, childhood and teen-age) are much alike; but the teenagers seem to have a rare brand (Continued on page 98)


Jack thinks I'm his "banker"—but some of our business transactions have me wondering.

Wrestling with a son more than six feet tall is something—but it never settles our problems.
Roy looked as if Janet had actually struck him. Someone had to help!

I played "Fairy
They were so young, so eager...
I couldn’t help but wonder what Wendy Warren would have done for them

By FLORENCE FREEMAN

WENDY WARREN, as you know, is a reporter. And, since I’ve been playing the part of Wendy for quite a while now, I suppose I’ve developed my “nose for news” from this role with which I’m so intimately involved. However, even as Florence Freeman, wife, mother and contented suburban homemaker, I’ve always had a fairly sharp eye for the human drama around me. That doesn’t mean I can do very much about the things I see—as Wendy sometimes can. Normally, one can’t do more than observe, and sigh or smile, and pass along. Which is what makes the story of Roy and Janet Brady stand out so sharply in my memory. For that was a time when, like a good reporter, I suddenly saw the relationship between two entirely unconnected stories... and was able to do something about one of them almost as efficiently as Wendy herself might have done it.

I’d been (Continued on page 91)

Wendy Warren And The News is heard M-F, CBS Radio, 12 noon EST, for Maxwell House Coffee and Post 40% Bran Flakes. Star Florence Freeman is seen at far left.

Godmother” to Love
They were so young, so eager...
I couldn't help but wonder what Wendy Warren would have done for them.

By FLORENCE FREEMAN

Wendy Warren, as you know, is a reporter. And, since I've been playing the part of Wendy for quite a while now, I suppose I've developed my "nose for news" from this role with which I'm so intimately involved. However, even as Florence Freeman, wife, mother and contented suburban homemaker, I've always had a fairly sharp eye for the human drama around me. That doesn't mean I can do very much about the things I see— as Wendy sometimes can. Normally, one can't do more than observe, and sigh or smile, and pass along. Which is what makes the story of Roy and Janet Brady stand out so sharply in my memory. For that was a time when, like a good reporter, I suddenly saw the relationship between two entirely unconnected stories... and was able to do something about one of them almost as efficiently as Wendy herself might have done it.

I'd been (Continued on page 91)

I played "Fairy Godmother" to Love
ETHEL'S
“Family Obligation”

By MADGE HOLDEN

THE FACT that Washington did or did not sleep at ‘Witchstone,’” points out Peg Lynch, originator, writer and star of the popular NBC-TV series, Ethel And Albert, “had nothing whatsoever to do with our buying it. No, it was simply that two years ago, when we were house hunting, my husband, Odd, and I were merely looking for a place that looked like home—and when we found ‘Witchstone’ it looked like home. That is, it looked like home to me. At first glance, it looked to Odd just like an old red house with a peculiar ski-jump type of roof . . . surrounded with an acre of rocky ground that would present terrific landscaping problems, to say nothing of mowing problems. In fact, I'm (Continued on page 98)

Ethel And Albert, NBC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., EST, for the Sunbeam Corp., makers of electrical appliances.

Both heart and home bless these three with a sense of "one-ness": Peg, Odd, and their daughter, Elise Astrid.
Peg Lynch of Ethel And Albert happily admits: "Home is how you look at it."
Jayne and Audrey Meadows are mad, gay girls who succeed by trying anything—once

**TWO WACKY DARLINGS!**

By CHRIS KANE

To begin with, nobody believes a word either of them says. The rumor goes that they rent their mother from a casting agency, that they sit up nights thinking of stories with which to outrage, startle and amaze people, that one of 'em lies and the other swears to it. Jayne and Audrey just don't care. They know things happen to them that don't happen to other people ("Normal people," Jayne says pityingly). Take the case of the dog-man. Or the man-dog. Or whatever he was. Once, several years ago, Jayne was sitting on the subway. It was late at night; she was the only person in her car except for a man 'way down at the other end. Suddenly her ears were assaulted by barking sounds. (Continued on page 83)


Many dates for both—nothing serious for either.

There's always chaos in the Meadows household—luckily, there's also Tessie to straighten up and iron things out! (To avoid further confusion, that's Audrey in the light blouse, Jayne in the dark one, in all these candid glimpses.)
STARDUST

Fickle fans? Forgotten headliners? These were the stars in our first issues — this is how it was with them, two decades ago . . .

MAYBE you’ve forgotten. Maybe you’re too young. You won’t believe it, but if you were to tune your radio back twenty years—the first year Radio Mirror was published—you’d hear Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor and Kate Smith. Honest, we’re not kidding. There was Phil Harris, too, and Milton Berle, Jack Benny, Walter Winchell, Amos ‘n’ Andy, and The Goldbergs. Did time stand still? Are you feeling younger by the word?

Just to be mean and shatter the illusion of eternal youth, let’s go into a little more detail. The hit songs were “The Old Spinning Wheel” and “Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?” Does that take you back? Hoover had been defeated and F.D.R. was in. Right after you turned the cover of the first Radio Mirror, there was a full page ad of a skinny woman and a busty woman announcing: “Skinny, Scrawny Folks Add Alluring Pounds.” Yes, women were trying to put it on rather than take it off—and that was a long time ago.

Things have changed and things have happened—like jet planes and the UN and Marilyn Monroe and king-sized cigarettes. But many of the great stars of twenty years ago are still with us—people don’t change, not much. Stars are born and stars are made—made of a homey wisdom, innate humor, talent and colorful idiosyncrasies that they never lose.

Whom do you think a critic was describing in RM twenty years ago:

Continued
OF TWENTY YEARS

JACK BENNY
He didn’t think any comedian could last in radio.

JANE FROMAN
She showed her courage, even in those early days.

BURNS and ALLEN
Air success made their dearest dream come true.

BING CROSBY
Women admired his voice—and so did our editor.
JANE FROMAN
Toast of Broadway—in "Ziegfeld Follies of 1933."

FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA
An intimate candid from one of our very first issues.

BURNS and ALLEN
Teamwork blew a "horn of plenty."

BENNY and LIVINGSTONE
No "toupee" for Jack (just a hat).

EDDIE CANTOR
As though Eddie and Ida had to count—it's always been five daughters!

"He will meander into the studio in his vague way and his gosh-awful clothes to rehearse just for the timing of it. But you can't get him within one-eighth of the stew over it that he gets into over his golf game." And Harry Lillis Crosby is the same today.

Then, Bing was just beginning his fabulous career, a little doubtful about the whole thing, for his real ambition was to write the Great American Novel. Even then he was known for his wild apparel, but the world hadn't gotten used to his shirts or his name. In England, they called him Byng Crosby; in Milwaukee, it was Max Crosberger; in Minnesota, Bim Corsland; and in the Bronx, Bang Crosby.

He had the women gaga, cuddled around their radios every Monday night, and the RM editor referred to him as the best voice on the air. But there was a storm being raised about this, for our editor added—"contrary to what others may think."

Der Bingle, father of all crooners, had a wee son named
Gary but admitted he didn't trust himself to sing to the baby. About fifteen years later, Gary reversed the procedure and crooned to his father on records that were best-sellers.

And in the early RM was the answer to the puzzle of the key-jangling, happy-go-lucky balladeer who became world-famous in spite of his indifference to success. The Crosby philosophy had been handed from father to son.

"Never try to move Heaven and earth for anything, Bing," his father had said, "or, when you get it, you will be sorry. The things that come naturally are the best, if you make the best of them."

The man who discovered Bing working in a coffee-and-doughnut vaudeville team was the King of Jazz himself, Paul "Pops" Whiteman. As today, when Pops is star-making, he makes no mistakes. Twenty years ago, Pops was the biggest man in show business, musically and (Continued on page 77)
He may be the two-headed kid on Benny's program, but he's plenty bright at home
By PAULINE SWANSON

ON JACK BENNY's radio show, he's a "schnook." Listeners know Dennis Day as "that two-headed kid" who cuts Jack's grass, does his laundry, and throws in a song or two—all for a squeezed-out quarter—a stumble-bumpkin who submits meekly to the merciless domination of a gravel-voiced lady wrestler of a mother.

Starring in his own Friday-night RCA Victor Show on TV, he is more recognizably human, still a bachelor in Hollywood, still naïve, still stumbling himself into jams with only the best intentions—but not two-headed ("That's a little hard to visualize," Dennis says), not nineteen and/or mother-ridden, and still funny but not farcical.

But even in his TV impersonation—which has evolved slowly over two seasons from the original Benny character—Dennis Day, as his followers know him, is a far cry from Eugene Denis McNulty in person. As far a cry as from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde.

Now that the next (Continued on page 76)

Dennis Day is heard on The Jack Benny Program, CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, for Lucky Strike Cigarettes. He stars in The RCA Victor Show, as seen on NBC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST.

Baby Margaret is Peggy's and Dennis's first girl-child. Her brothers are Patrick, 5, Eugene Denis, Jr., 4, and Michael, 3.

Clever Dennis teaches his boys to mend the fence—then locks the gate to keep them away from the pool while Daddy takes a nap!
Vanessa was a “brain” who grew up to be a beauty

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

THE OTHER FORENOON, a young man brought a homing pigeon to the CBS Television studios in New York and offered to sell it to Vanessa Brown. Vanessa is the ex-Quiz Kid—who is now a tremendously popular young star of movies, stage (“The Seven Year Itch”), radio, and TV (I’ll Buy That).

The TV show mentioned is going great guns because it has one of the cutest gimmicks anyone ever thought of to keep it fresh and lively. People bring real gone—or “most”—gadgets to the studio and try to sell them to a panel consisting of Vanessa, Hans Conried, Albert Morehead, Audrey Meadows and, occasionally, Robin Chandler.

Of course, the panel is supposed to guess, from the questions they ask, what the object is. If you’re the audience, you can’t go wrong, because they’ll buy your offering, anyway—but you get more money if you stump the panel.

And the experts do get stumped. They got thoroughly stumped (Continued on page 87)

Vanessa Brown is one of the regular panelists on I’ll Buy That, over CBS-TV, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 2 P.M. EST. First 15 minutes are sponsored by Air-Wick and Nylast.

East meets West: Dr. Robert Franklyn “commutes” from California to New York to see his lovely wife—Vanessa.
MARY NOBLE is learning what many responsible citizens before her have found out—that the end does not necessarily justify the means. Mary, completely in love with her actor-husband Larry Noble, made up her mind some time ago that she would somehow or other earn the money to buy out Roy Shephard, who is backing Larry's current play. On the one hand, she believes this is absolutely necessary to her happiness because Roy's daughter Elise has shown that she is madly in love with Larry, and Mary is intent on saving her marriage. On the other hand, Roy, a shipping magnate, is completely annoying about re-writing the play, having more of a hand in its production. This, Mary could stand . . . if her womanly intuition had not warned her it

See Next Page→

Mary Noble knows a woman’s despair: Can she keep her husband’s love, save her marriage from the scheming of a younger woman?

1. Mary Noble can see nothing wrong with the stocks which Lucius Brooks wants her aid in selling. For a small commission, she agrees to help.

2. William, Lucius's manservant, does not approve of Lucius becoming involved with wealthy widow Catherine Carlisle. Lucius still proposes marriage!
Mary is hopeful that the Bakers will find Lucius’s stocks a good investment as she delivers them to her next-door neighbor.

would be better for all concerned if Elise were removed from her understudy role before her girlish attempts to attract Larry succeeded. . . . At this point of decision, Lucius Brooks had entered Mary’s life and persuaded her to sponsor him with her wealthy acquaintances—in return for a commission on the stock which they would sell as a result. Larry instinctively dislikes Lucius, but Mary tosses aside Larry’s convictions because she is so intent on doing the one concrete thing she can think of to save her marriage. Events move swiftly, and when the play’s tryouts are held in New Haven . . . and, instead of Mary drawing happiness closer to her, things take dark turns indeed. While Mary has been busy gathering commissions, her very good friend—and Larry’s, too—Catherine Carlisle, a wealthy widow of whom they are both very fond, has invested in Lucius’s stocks and has also fallen in love with him. Meanwhile, Dolores Martinez, a seemingly serene actress in Larry’s company, who hates Larry for cutting down the size of her role, is working hand in glove with Lucius in his scheme to get investors for his shady (to say the least) stock deal. Mary thinks Dolores is one of her best friends and her ally. . . . Lucius, charming and suave, is riding the crest of his wave when he receives a telephone call from Rosehaven, Long Island. William, his servant and henchman, tells Lucius that a mysterious man has called and made inquiries about the “stockbroker.” The man refused to leave his name, although he seemed very interested in finding out all about Lucius. Lucius makes up his mind to leave and hurriedly departs for Rosehaven,

3. Roy Shephard (seated) is determined his daughter will stay in Larry’s play. He refuses to listen to Tom Bryson, the author.

4. Mary is hopeful that the Bakers will find Lucius’s stocks a good investment as she delivers them to her next-door neighbor.

5. Lucius has an ally in Dolores Martinez, who hates Larry but whom Mary believes is her friend. Many of Mary’s heartaches are due to Dolores.
6. Catherine Carlisle is radiantly happy as she's escorted past Mary's and Larry's table on the arm of her fiance, Lucius. Larry disapproves heartily and blames Mary for maneuvering the match.

leaving Catherine upset. At this point, Larry suddenly becomes aware of the situation between Catherine and Lucius—he discovers she has not only involved her heart but has also invested heavily. There is one person to blame in this whole situation... his wife Mary, who has insisted on having Lucius around! Instead of the situation clearing for Mary, she and Larry have an unhappy scene which drives the two further apart. When Catherine Carlisle and Mary leave to drive back home to Rosehaven, the last glimpse Mary has of her beloved husband is enough to make any wife furious—Elise Shephard is standing next to Larry in front of the theatre, clinging to him as if life were not worth living without him. In Rosehaven, Lucius has decided he must act quickly. He wants Catherine to invest still more money in his stocks, and gives her the final persuasion—he proposes marriage. Catherine, radiantly happy for the first time in years, agrees to marriage, agrees to invest her money—agrees to everything. Lucius doesn't know it, but he has firmly set his foot on a path which is sure to lead him to trouble, and more trouble. For, in trying to clean up his fortunes rapidly by getting Catherine to marry him, Lucius is playing with fire... Doubly ironic, in this situation, is the fact—which Lucius soon discovers—that the mysterious man who caused him to speed up his attempt at a stock killing, is none other than Walter Baker, Mary's neighbor. Walter's wife had been nagging him to buy stock from Lucius and, innocently enough, Walter had gone to Lucius' home, met his man servant William, and merely forgotten to leave his name. Mary is reluctant to let Walter invest his meager savings, but Lucius is not one to pass up a dollar. Torn between relief and amusement at William's super-caution, which led him to these desperate lengths, Lucius reconciles himself that all will come out well for him in the end. He gives Mary the stock to deliver to Walter Baker and is ready to forget the incident... Meanwhile, Mary makes a killing in the stock market—with the money from the...
Backstage Wife

commissions reinvested, she at last has enough to buy out Roy Shephard's interest. Mary should be deliriously happy. But, instead, she dreads the trip to Boston, where Larry's play is having its final tryout before opening in New York. When she arrives, she must negotiate with Roy, but far more difficult in her heart is the message she must carry to Larry—Catherine is going to marry Lucius. With fear of Larry's reaction in her heart, Mary tells him about Catherine. And she was right to fear—Larry is beside himself with anger. Cutting her pride to the quick, Mary realizes, too, that Elise has been a witness to this unhappy scene backstage between herself and Lucius. Larry, white with fury, leaves the theatre and heads for his hotel room. Without his knowledge, Elise follows him. Dolores, sensing her opportunity to create trouble for Larry, sends Mary back to Larry's hotel, knowing full well that Elise is with him there. . . . In the meantime, Elise is trying to make the most of her opportunity. Throwing caution to the winds, Elise pleads with Larry to leave Mary, to love her as she loves him. As she is ending her impassioned plea, Mary opens the door of Larry's room and there finds Larry comforting Elise, who has crept into his arms. White-faced, unhappy, Mary turns on her heels and walks from the room—this time, she feels, she must go home. Trying to untangle the threads of emotion which run through her mind, Mary, on the drive home, realizes that there is more at stake here than just her happiness. If she now has the money to buy out Roy—and she has—it would be unfair to Tom Bryson, the playwright, who has been hounded and beaten down by Roy, to leave him in a situation from which she could save him. Mary calls on Roy, and Roy allows Mary to buy out his interest. This was to have been the

7. Mary buys Roy Shephard's share in Larry's play. Mary should be elated, for now Elise could be forced to leave the play—if Larry hasn't already fallen in love with her!
moment which Mary has waited for—but it is an empty victory indeed. As she explains to Tom, she feels she cannot force Elise out of her understudy role—after all, perhaps, Larry does love Elise. . . . It is a few weeks later, in New York, that Larry finds that Mary has bought out Roy's interest—a fact which stuns Larry, for he cannot understand where Mary could have gotten her hands on so much money. Mary, her mission accomplished, can now tell Larry the truth at last. She frankly confesses that she's been making commissions on the sale of Lucius's stock. Mary's sense of relief is short-lived, however—for, in Larry's eyes, she has been dishonest, and he is once more driven from Mary, instead of being drawn closer to her. . . . Will Mary be able to escape the inevitable results of being mixed up with a man of Lucius' doubtful character? Will the comfort of Elise's company blind Larry to Mary's real motivations and further widen the breach between Larry Noble and Mary, his backstage wife?

8. Elise watches enviously as Larry lights Dolores' cigarette backstage. Will Elise be successful in breaking up Larry's marriage to Mary? And Dolores—will her scheme for revenge work?

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Mary Noble ........................................ Claire Niesen
Larry Noble ........................................ James Meighan
Lucius Brooks ..................................... Horace Braham
Elise Shephard .................................. Andrea Wallace
Roy Shephard .................................... Arthur Maitland
Walter Baker ..................................... Bernard Burke
Florence Baker .................................. Elizabeth Council
Tom Bryson ........................................ C. S. Webster
Catherine Carlisle ............................... Katherine Anderson
Dolores Martinez ................................. Sarah Burton
William ........................................... Arnold Robertson

Backstage Wife is heard on NBC Radio, M.F, 4 P.M. EST. It is sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer.
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Evah's last birthday party

For Evah, there had to be enough gifts for a life-span of birthdays—and there were. Walt Framer, producer of *Strike It Rich*, shows her that there's even a gentle little pony!

*Stairway of stars:* Warren, Bozo the Clown, Nancy Steele, Iris Lynn, Connie Mavis, Hollis Burke, Jan August, Robin Morgan, Walt Framer. At right, Evah's mother holds a doll as Gloria DeHaven helps Evah open other gifts.
By GREGORY MERWIN

A cancer-stricken little girl, Evah Conley, had a million-dollar birthday party when Warren Hull and producer Walt Framer, of Strike It Rich, took upon themselves the heart-rending task of bringing a full measure of happiness into the last weeks of her life. It wasn’t Evah’s real birthday, but another little girl made it official by lending hers to the six-year-old.

Televiewers throughout the country will remember the appearance of Mrs. Gladys Conley on a Wednesday-night Strike It Rich. To Warren Hull fell the difficult job of interviewing Mrs. Conley, an attractive young mother.

Warren, numb with emotion himself, put his questions gently. He learned, along with the nationwide audience, that Evah had been desperately ill for a year… that the malignant growth had spread to many of the girl’s vital (Continued on page 101)
"When I grow up"
Now that she's sixteen, Natalie loves her new lipstick . . . the phone . . . and her pets (that's "Gregory Peckwood" perched at left).

Natalie Wood at sixteen is the Pride of Her Family and a typical teenager, to boot

By POLLY TOWNSEND

You wouldn't think a girl who had been a featured motion picture actress since she was seven . . . and a star in films since she was ten . . . and who, at sixteen, had just signed up for a big TV series . . . would give more than a passing thought to the future.

But, like every other teenager in the world, Natalie Wood—blonde, brown-eyed, angel-faced star of TV's new Pride Of The Family series—expends a goodly portion of her considerable energies in dreaming of the golden, far-off age "when I grow up."

The really important things in life must wait for that lovely "everything goes" period, she thinks (and tries valiantly, but vainly, to convince her listeners) . . . things like wearing makeup and grownup clothes, playing big, dramatic parts and "being a big, dramatic actress," and thinking—seriously thinking—about Romance.

In the meantime, at (Continued on page 95)
MARIA RIVA, daughter of Marlene Dietrich, is a CBS-TV star in her own right. Maria came to this country from Berlin when she was six (she was born December 13, 1924) and received her elementary education from private tutors. At fifteen, she entered the Max Reinhardt Academy to study acting. Following her graduation, Maria remained at the academy as a teacher of acting and directing. She directed some fifteen plays, acted in some forty-three during those years. She transferred her teaching talents to the Geller Workshop (she's one of its founders) in Los Angeles, then decided to come to New York—where, during the war years, she played in a Broadway production with Tallulah Bankhead. Later she joined the USO to entertain the soldiers in Germany and Italy in the play, "The Front Page." Shortly after the war, she entered television and became one of the first to be signed by any major network as an exclusive star. Maria is married to William Riva and has two sons—John Michael, five, and John Peter, three.

FELICIA MONTEALEGRE is the classically beautiful girl who frequently plays on Studio One and who, in real life, is the wife of the young conductor-composer Leonard Bernstein. Felicia made her professional stage debut in her native Santiago, Chile. When she came to America, she was determined to succeed on the New York stage and enrolled in the New School, where she studied everything pertaining to the theatre. Her first stage appearance was at the Provincetown Playhouse in "Five Years Pass." From little-theatre work, she gradually made her way to the famed Broadway theatrical section and played in "Swan Song." These days it is but a step from the theatre to television and, once she was spotted by NBC television producer Worthington Miner as a likely prospect for the TV cameras, Felicia began working for all the major dramatic productions. Besides Studio One, she's been in Ford Theatre, Philco Playhouse and Suspense productions. Believing in making good use of her "leisure time," she also plays in summer stock, where she has gained tremendous amounts of dramatic experience.

BETTY FURNESS is the lady who gives the Westinghouse commercials on Studio One. Betty started out professionally as a motion picture actress—made some thirty-five pictures in all. Today, she is one of the best-known TV commercial announcers.

Maria with Murray Matheson in "I Am Jonathan Scrivener."

Felicia with James Daly in "Along Came a Spider."
Richard with June Dayton in "They Came to Baghdad."

Fletcher Markle congratulates John for his fine acting.

RICHARD KILEY, handsome dark-haired young star of many a TV drama, was born in Chicago and, while still attending Loyola University, made up his mind to be an actor. He won a scholarship to the Barnum Dramatic School in the Windy City and, to support himself during those days, auditioned for and played a number of roles in daytime dramas. In 1943 he joined the Navy, became an aerial gunnery instructor—an occupation which lasted a full three years. After the war, he was in the national company of "A Streetcar Named Desire." Meanwhile, he met a charming girl and married her. Today, he has two sons and a daughter. He first attracted attention on TV when he starred in the title role of "The Champion," for the Robert Montgomery Show, June 5, 1950. Since then, he's played on almost every major dramatic show. In between times, Richard appears in summer stock, makes motion pictures (he's been in "The Mob," "Eight Iron Men" and "The Sniper"), does Broadway shows. One of his best Studio One plays was "Flowers From a Stranger."

JOHN FORSYTHE is the handsome young man who always gets the girl, be it on Studio One, Danger, or Suspense. Born in Penngrove, N. J., January 29, 1918, John didn't mean to get into the theatre at all—he thought that was "sissy stuff." At college, he went in for sports (basketball and baseball were his specialties) and, after college, was a public-address announcer for the Brooklyn Dodgers. He liked this work and thought radio was his field. He was right. He did a series of daytime dramas and then toured the country with a children's theatre. When he returned, he looked for work on Broadway, got it in a series of plays. He entered the Army Air Force and, during the war, met and married Julie Warren, former musical-comedy actress. After discharge, he went into TV, then played the lead in "Mr. Roberts" when Henry Fonda left the Broadway run of that play. He sails a seventeen-foot Comet, paints in oils, and loves teaching anything and everything to his son Dall, 9, and his daughter Page, 2. His ambition is to direct and produce plays and let others act in them.

Studio One is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation.
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who's who in TELEVISION

STUDIO ONE—a gathering place of local charm and talent

MARIA RIVA with Murray Matheson in "I Am Jonathan Scrivener."

FEILICIA MONTALEGRE with James Daly in "Along Came a Spider."

Fletcher Markle congratulates John for his fine acting.

Richard with June Dayton in "They Came to Baghdad."

Betty Furness as the lady who gives the Westinghouse commercials on Studio One. Betty started out professionally as a motion picture actress—made some thirty-five pictures in all. Today, she is one of the best-known TV commercial announcers.

Studio One is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation.
This has been a Sterling year: First, in June, Jack's marriage to Barbara (his once-upon-a-time secretary).

It couldn't happen to
Luck's been a lady to Jack Sterling—and everything's going to be all right

By GLADYS HALL

He was a three months' bridegroom, the day I talked with Jack Sterling in his smart modern office—complete with pictures of the bride—at CBS in New York.

"Everything nice that can happen to a person has happened to me," Jack was saying. "Barbara. Our marriage last June. My new panel show, Make Up Your Mind—which, since it made its network debut over CBS Radio on Monday morning, August 17, is now, I hope a going concern."

And everything nice (Continued on page 103)

Jack emcees Make Up Your Mind, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes, and is ringmaster of Sealtest Big Top, CBS-TV, Sat., 12 noon. Jack Sterling Show on WCBS, Mon. through Sat., 5:30 A.M. All EST.

a nicer guy!
Joan Davis could hardly believe her eyes as she and Harry and the rest of the courtroom audience looked at Clair O'Brien. There were the brief moments of her entrance—dramatic, intense, electrified moments—and then suddenly Clair slumped to the floor in a dead faint. Joan thought back over the past action-packed year and sighed heavily. Clair had always signified trouble for Joan and, now that they all knew the reason for it, Clair was once again refusing to help herself and would probably cause them all still more anguish! There had been the trouble that Joan had gone through with her mother when her mother was hinting heavily that Harry and Clair, his secretary, were having an affair. Harry, innocent, faithful husband who had stood by so staunchly all through Joan's disappearance in France, would have been horrified to know the extent to which Joan's heart had been torn by her mother's constant accusations. Then had come the assault by Clair on Harry's heart when she had thought the news of Joan's death in France was true. And last—and perhaps the most devastating damage of all—had been Clair's disappearance, which had placed an innocent woman in the position of defending herself from a murder charge! Surely, Clair must be made to see that her actions were not those of a woman in full possession of her faculties, not the actions of an emotionally or physically well person. With her quick mind, Joan Davis realized all these things, and yet her heart hesitated. Clair's instability stemmed from a brain tumor, and as long as the pressure persisted she would remain this unpredictable, unhappy woman, grasping at things which were beyond reach, behaving badly under any kind of emotional strain. Once the pressure was removed, Clair's chances of blossoming into a wonderful woman were almost unsurpassed—for basically Clair had talent, ability to use her brain, everything a career woman could want. But, of course, there was the danger. In anything so
Come what may, Joan thought, it's good to have the comfort of Harry's arms. 

Delicate as the balance of the mind, there was always danger . . . and Joan was filled with self-doubt as she thought of urging Clair to make a decision which placed her in the shadow of death. Joan knew, too, that in her heart she hoped Clair would have the operation because she was confident that even Clair's attentions to Harry would cease, once she looked upon her infatuation in the cold light of sanity and the rather sizable fact that Harry was a married man. "Can any human being ever tell another what is good for him?" Joan thought desperately. "Am I right, is Harry right, in urging Clair to take this major step—perhaps to change her personality for life, perhaps even endanger her very existence?" Joan was lucky, for she didn't have to voice these thoughts aloud to Harry. He seemed to understand her sufferings since Clair had come back into her life. There was comfort in the way he held her in his arms, comfort in his deep, reassuring voice when he spoke of even the most casual things in their lives. . . . It was wonderful to have the love of a man like Harry! Joan smiled to herself when she thought of all the objections her mother had made about Harry—he wasn't good enough for her, he would never be on the same social level, he just wasn't the type of man for her daughter. Perhaps all these things had been superficially true, Joan thought, but Harry's strength, his good character, his gentleness, his understanding, were the things that Joan had married him for—things which he now gave freely when she needed them most. Only time would be able to answer the question of Clair . . . what Clair's final decision would be must come later and, in the meantime, all Joan could do was grasp and hold tight the faith which she had in the old axiom that this trouble, too, would pass away and the future would resolve the problems one way or another.

Pictured here, as heard on the air in their original roles, are:

Joan Davis . . . . Mary Jane Higby
Harry Davis . . . . John Raby
Clair O'Brien . . . . Amzie Strickland
This is the exceptionally beautiful ring—a brilliant-cut diamond—that Marion Benton Thomas of Ocala, Florida, has worn since May.

She's Engaged to Harrison Givens, Jr. of New York. Now, by letter and phone, they are excitedly making last minute plans for their wedding in Florida, and for their home in New York. Marion, who is an accomplished pianist, is going to continue her studies for the concert stage after she marries.

She's Lovely—with the shining dark hair, the clear, fine complexion that give her the coveted description—"a true southern belle."

She uses Pond's—"I discovered that nothing makes my skin as thoroughly deep-down clean as a good creaming every night," Marion says. "Pond's Cold Cream does wonderful things for my skin!"

Marion, like so many girls today, began using Pond's Cold Cream in college.

"Clearer, finer—that's how your skin can look—almost overnight!" Marion says.

The real cause of dull, "pore-y" skin is hidden dirt. Dirt that goes deep into your pore-openings, hardens—encouraging blackheads, large pores.

Pond's Cold Cream is unusually effective at clearing off deeper dirt that less efficient cleansings just skin over.

This famous cream is specifically designed to soften and lift out the destructive dirt that sticks in pore openings. Each Pond's Cold Creaming cleanses deep-down... makes your skin look fresher, smoother, finer in texture.

Quick, easy, sure beauty care

1. Every night—circle fluffy fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream up and out from throat to forehead. This circle-cleansing releases embedded dirt. It stimulates lazy circulation. Tissue off well. 2. Now, "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly—leaving invisible traces of the cream to soften and protect your skin.

"Don't forget—a Pond's Cold Creaming every night!" Marion says. Get Pond's Cold Cream today in the large jar. It's nicer to dip into, and compared with the smaller jars, you will average a third more cream for your money!
No Mr. Schnook is Dennis Day

(Continued from page 55)

younger brother, Dr. James Vincent McNulty, is wed to actress Ann Blyth, there are no bachelors left in the vast McNulty clan.

Patrick and Mary McNulty raised five boys—of whom Eugene Dennis was the second. The other four—Felix, Roger, and John—all have married. Their brood of seventeen grandchildren—"When the family gets together, there's aotta squallin'"—is the way Dennis puts it. This summer, only the McNultys are together.

Dennis himself has been happily married for more than five years to the former Peggy Almiquist, is the father of four children, Denis, Eugene, Jr., four, Michael, three, and Mary Margaret, just a year old.

"We finally got our girl," Dennis sighs, relating with no indication that his and Peggy's determined contributor twice expansion of the McNulty dynasty is at an end.

The family lives in a big (necessarily), nellored, New Englandish white frame house, with green shutters and green gardens to match, where Peggy (no nurses for the McNultys) cares personally for her young children's household with the help of one servant. Dennis is slightly aggrieved that his high-pressure work schedule keeps him out of the garden chores, which he loves. They employ a profession gardener, but, Dennis' rate days off and during his brief summer respite from the radio-TV-picture grind, Dennis puts blissfully around the place, supervising the spraying and hoeing, repairing the diving board in the swimming pool, cutting back the tangle of vines on the back hillside which are "awfully pretty" but also awfully poison-ivyish.

The pool is intricately fenced off from the other grounds against the danger of wandering small fry, a precaution which is increasingly unnecessary.

Three-year-old Michael already swims and dives like an Olympic hopeful, and Patrick, though still in the dog-paddle stage, remarks efficiently aloof. Even Michael's performance has set off a wave of panic in the household. The other children are picture, repairing the diving board in the swimming pool, cutting back the tangle of vines on the back hillside which are "awfully pretty" but also awfully poison-ivyish.

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Stardust of Twenty Years

(Continued from page 53)

physically. The physical avoirdupois, a mere 303 pounds, didn't bother Pops—but it did bother titan-tressed beauty Margaret Livingston.

Margaret was a popular, sought-after actress, and Pops had the temerity to court her. With all four chins jiggling, he asked her to marry and give up her career.

Pops was a wonderful man, good-natured, a brilliant musician and underneath it all, a handsome man. Margaret said, in effect, "It's only a question of what you love better, food or me?"

Pops did the impossible. He lost 150 pounds and won the fair lady's hand.

Jane Froman was another of White- man's finds. Today, Jane dazzles you on television with her charm and beauty, but in those days it was different. She was shy, painfully shy. Pops got Jane her first radio broadcast and, noting the beauty that matched her voice, suggested she make personal appearances.

Jane wouldn't do it. She would sing, but not in front of people or a camera. She would sing to a microphone, but she wouldn't read lines. She refused to show up at a studio when her part called for her to read a script. And then a New York columnist heard of it and wrote, "Poor Jane Froman—her unfortunate drawback, her terrible handicap, will ruin her career."

Jane read the paper and got furious. She drove to the studio, smashed out her demand for the scripts and proceeded to read her lines perfectly.

This early act of courage comes as no surprise now. Almost everyone knows of her bravery after the plane crash that nearly took her life. Jane underwent twenty operations—and five years in a hospital bed—to get back on her feet. And, when someone remarked she couldn't do a video show with her new handicap, a leg in braces—well, you know the answer. Just turn on your TV set.

There was another show in those days so popular and so loved that the House of Representatives once adjourned so the congressmen wouldn't miss it. A U. S. Senator even ran for re-election and won by styling himself as "The Kingfish." That show, of course, was and is Amos 'n Andy. Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) was forty-three then, and Charles J. Correll (Andy) was thirty-three. Their show today is one of radio's classics and TV's delights. The reason is simple.

Their secretary told of how the men worked. Whether a script took an hour or a day to put together, she could overhear them sweating out loud. Then, as now, they lived the trials and tribulations of every character in the plot. Many times, in the outer office, she actually believed Madame Queen and Lightnin' and the others were real people in the room. Amos 'n Andy has never been less than a show based on honesty.

Comedy was just coming into its own twenty years ago, making a real dent in the many hours of broadcast music. If Jack Benny were really thirty-nine, he would have been nineteen then. But he was somewhat older—he already had years of experience in vaudeville. After his first radio broadcast, a one-shot with Ed Sullivan, he said, "A comedian can't go on week after week. There aren't that many jokes."

But Jack did, and today he's an institution. Then, as today, he was one of the most generous men in the business, contrary to his comedy routines. He gave credit for his rising popularity to his writer, and his writer was the highest-paid in the business. While other male components of a husband-wife team put their hard-working wives on allowances, Jack gave Mary Livingston an outright salary.

Mary and Jack had been married six years, and Mary had one fear. She was afraid Jack would be picked up for kidnaping. He was always stopping on the streets to play with a child or buy candy for a gang. The Bennys couldn't have children and they wanted to adopt one, but their life in vaudeville was insecure. When Jack got his first contract for a whole year on radio, Mary went to Chicago and adopted a little girl. That was in 1935. Joan is a lovely brunette of nineteen today.

Mary's close friend, Gracie Allen, was on that trip, too. Georgie had wanted a boy but, naturally, Gracie won. And was Gracie any different in those days? Judge for yourself. In explaining how to keep a husband happy, she recommended surprises, like her surprise layer cake. She mixed the batter blindfolded and, when Georgie cut into the cake, he would be surprised to find muffins and old razor blades that had been missing for days. She told of keeping Georgie interested by hiding the telephone so that when it rang they could play hot and cold together. But this was for laughs. The Burns-Allen marriage is an enduring one, and their acceptance of family responsibility came out after their adoption of Sandra. They immediately set up a half-million dollar trust fund for Sandra and the second child they were to adopt. They started it

pennies saved
are pennies earned...

and panties of Spun-lo
are still only about 69¢*

* Sizes full-cut for comfort
  Always nice next to your skin... never clingy or clammy
  Dry quickly... never need ironing
  Wear superbly... come in your favorite pantie style

Spun-lo
RAYON FABRIC
the knit with the fit where you sit

INDUSTRIAL RAYON CORPORATION, Cleveland, Ohio
Producers of Continuous Process Rayon Yarns and Tyron Cord for Tires
$5,000 PRIZE STORY!

True Story proudly presents its 1953 $5000 first-prize story in its $40,000 cash contest—"Not Like Other Girls." Here is the unforgettable, heart-breaking story of a woman who struggled all her life to win the joys most people take for granted. Read "Not Like Other Girls" in November True Story Magazine At Newsstands Now

NEW!
TRUE STORY FAMILY FEATURES
"Does Infidelity Ruin a Marriage?"
"Vital Truths About Your Bosom Beauty"
"Reader Recipes"
For the greatest true stories in America, plus important and helpful home, food, and fashion articles, get November True Story Magazine At Newsstands Everywhere

off with $35,000 and, since their success has continued for the past two decades, it's a sure bet the fund has grown to full size.

You can't talk about children without thinking of the man who starred in Sunday's choice hour. At 8:00 P.M., the entire country chanted, "We want Cantor. We want Cantor!"

Eddie, although one of the big names, would cut out any big yak in his script if it offended an occupational or minority group. But he never had any qualms about kidding himself.

"Mention the name of any girl," he said, "and there's a Cantor to fit it."

Now a grandfather several times over, Eddie hung a placard over his wife's bed when she was lying in for their fifth child. The card read simply, "Boy Wanted." Of course, their fifth and last child was another girl.

Family was everything to Eddie. One of their daughters was born in New York while Eddie was working in Chicago. Eddie was near-frantic to see the baby. Ida, understanding this, hopped a train and took the baby to him.

Eddie was always telling stories about his kids. There was the time Janet had been soiled and crawled under a bed. She wouldn't come out. Eddie came home and crawled under with her. Janet asked, "Is Mama after you, too?"

Listeners hardly stirred from their sets after the Cantor show, for shortly afterward were heard the dynamic newscasts of Walter Winchell. And WW whizzed, wowed and whammed them in those days, too. The Broadway columnist was scooping and predicting with the same fervor and accuracy as he does today. He was the first to announce the approaching birth of the Lindberghs' ill-fated child, and later came up with regular scoops during the pursuit of the kidnapper. And then, as now, Walter was just as preoccupied with charitnable drives as he was with Broadway gossip.

One of the choice bits of conjecture in those days that no one, including Winchell, passed up was the Ozzie Nelson—Harriet Hilliard romance. The very first issue of RM said, "It's just a matter of time before Harriet and Ozzie make a Mister-Missus tie-up." It turned out to be a matter of weeks, months—a couple of years.

Ozzie was the sweetheart of thousands of girls, and Harriet the dream girl of the boys. Ozzie led a popular dance orchestra and Harriet was the vocalist. When they sang love songs, the throb was there and they cast long, ardent glances at each other.

"We're not getting married," Harriet insisted. "This is a lot of nonsense."

But Harriet turned down an offer from the "Ziegfeld Folies" just to remain with the band.

"It's a lot of silly talk about our getting married," Ozzie said. "I'm just her bandleader."

And every few months, RM asked: Will they or won't they? The romantic pair insisted they wouldn't. And finally—when everyone was beginning to believe them—they did.

"A romantic proposal?" Harriet grimaced at the time. "We were dead on our feet after a one-night stand, and Ozzie said, 'I think I've got enough money now. Let's get married.'"

Today, they and their teen-aged children put on one of the greatest family shows in radio and TV.

There was another girl singer, as glamorous but not as famous as Harriet, in those days. She sang with the "Vagabond Lover"—Rudy Vallee, natch—and the gorgeous blonde was Alice Faye. She hadn't met her husband Phil Harris yet, but he was apparently quite a dreamboat himself.

One of the feature stories in the first issue of RM was about the "wavy-haired maestro with the faraway blue eyes, eel-chin and the come-hither voice." To boot, Phil was billed as "The Darling of the Debbies."

He and Alice were to travel alternate routes to stardom before they married in 1941, but their marriage has resulted in greater popularity than ever and two lovely daughters.

It's downright amazing, finding our stars of today in the chronicles of yesteryears. There's an RM picture of Milton Berle in boxing trunks, and the picture is captioned: "Berle defends his gags"—and he's still defending them. (He co-starred with Harry Richman on Sunday evenings.) The Fred Waring aggregation was just as big in size and popularity on those Sundays. Don McNeill's Breakfast Club was coming out of Chicago. Fred Allen was laughing up the airwaves and even then he had that crinkly twitch of flesh below his eyes—he led a quiet life with his wife, Portland Hoffa, just as he does now, and had a passion for derbies.

There were quite a few others around, too: Drew Pearson, Al Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Walter O'Keefe, Morton Downey, Lanny Ross and Lowell Thomas. A dazzling brunette named Dorothy Lamour sang three times a week out of Chicago—but she, of course, only makes guest appearances now with Bob Hope. (Hope? He was a member of a morning party, called The Atlantic Gang.)

And, when you see the names of all those giants of radio and video in old copies of Radio Mirror, you begin to doubt whether twenty years have passed. Just about the only big name missing is Godfrey's. Well, there's no one bigger today than the Z's. That brings it home. Maybe twenty years have really passed.
### Morning Programs

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<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>U.N. Is My Best Keesler AF Base Chorus</td>
<td>Back To God</td>
<td>Light And Life Hour</td>
<td>8:35 Invitation To Learning</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Sammy Kaye</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>College Choir</td>
<td>Latin American Story</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Eternal Light</td>
<td>Voice Of Prophecy</td>
<td>Message Of Israel</td>
<td>Howard K. Smith</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Sunday Favorites</td>
<td>Bill Costello, News</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>University Of Chicago Round Table</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Lutheran Hour</td>
<td>Adventures In Science</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
<td>Frank &amp; Ernest</td>
<td>Marines In Review</td>
<td>UN On Record</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Music For Relaxation</td>
<td>Featured Artists Across The Blue Pacific</td>
<td>Time Capsule</td>
<td>Christy Fox Show</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Elmo Roger</td>
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### Afternoon Programs

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<td>12:00</td>
<td>Critic At Large</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Christian In Action</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Youth Brings You Music</td>
<td>Bill Cunningham</td>
<td>Dr. Oral Roberts</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>Trans-Atlantic Briefing</td>
<td>BBC Bandstand</td>
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### Evening Programs

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*All Times Listed Are Pacific Standard Time.*
### Monday

#### Morning Programs

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#### Afternoon Programs

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### Tuesday

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#### Afternoon Programs

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<td>Mary Lee Taylor</td>
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<td>National Farm And</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Home Hour</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<td>Ruckers Reports</td>
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<td>All Hefler, Sports</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<td>Hawaii Call's</td>
<td>Musical Tiptons</td>
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<td>Grand Ole Opry</td>
<td>Latin Rhythms</td>
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Two Wacky Darlings

(Continued from page 48)

She looked around for a dog. No dog. Naturally, she said to herself. They don’t allow dogs in the subway. The barking went on. Well, they’ve allowed this dog, she thought nervously, and began to search for signs. The barking grew more fierce. Slowly, terribly, Jayne began to realize that the guy down at the other end was the cocker spaniel. She was telling herself it took all kinds, as she got out of the train. The barker followed, arf-ing softly. He barked all the way up the steps, and Jayne fled into a taxi, a trifle unhinged.

Even Audrey had trouble swallowing that story. Until two years later. Two years later, she, Audrey, was standing on a corner, waiting for a bus, when she heard a bark. She looked down. Where was the dog? She looked up, straight into the face of a man. He was barking.

That night, she related her experience to Jayne and a bunch of friends, including comedian Phil Foster. “I didn’t know what he was trying to say,” Audrey complained.

That’s easy,” said Foster. “He was just asking, ‘How’s your sister?’”

Their life is all like that, according to the Meadows sisters. They don’t know what to blame it on. Maybe being born in China. Their father, the Reverend Francis Cotter, was a missionary, and when he finally brought his children home to the United States, they—the children—were already unique.

Picture two small girls—one, Jayne, even had slant eyes—speaking only Chinese, and living in Connecticut among kids who were “Orphan Annie” fans and saved the box tops from dry cereals.

Jayne figures the reason she and Audrey ended up on the stage was that, once they’d had a taste of being the center of attraction, it was too sweet to give up.

Audrey was two years younger, so Jayne embarked on her theatrical career first.

It was an accident.

There was a stock company functioning nearby, and somebody in the Cotters’ town was giving a big party for the members thereof. Jayne’s brother Edward not only had an invitation, he also grandly offered to take sister Jayne.

She was a ham, anyway. “I loved anything that was the opposite of the minister’s daughter,” she says. She got herself up for the party in artificial fingernails, black-red lipstick, and the darkest pancake makeup she could find in the five-and-ten. Only on the face. The neck was still snow-white, but who noticed your neck? She screwed on long amber earrings she’d dug out at a rummage sale in the church (“When they had a rummage sale, Audrey and I really rummaged—”) and then she presented herself to brother Edward. “We’re going early. Not that, I’m staying till the last guest leaves—”

That he’s a kind man, she has no doubt. He never even laughed.

They arrived at the party—it was held out on a wide green lawn—and Jayne spied a chaise longue. She made a wild dash for it, the long earrings tickling her neck as she ran. She never stirred off the chaise for the duration of the afternoon, and in her heart she was Cleopatra.

The director of the stock company showed up, took one look, said to the host, “Who’s the little girl playing The Actress?”

Then he marched over and offered her a part. As an extra—“A young Italian mother.” She swelled under his warming words. Here was a man who could sense the seething power in a girl—nay, a woman.

She got to the first rehearsal, only to discover that every one of her friends was also playing a young Italian mother in the new play. What could she do? Be younger, and more Italian?

In the end, the play’s run over, she was kept on in the company. There was a drive in her that the other girls didn’t have; there was a power of imagination, an instinct for theatre. She was young, gauche, a little ridiculous, but you could tell.

A lady in town who had a florist’s shop used to drive to New York every morning with a load of manure, and Jayne and Audrey’d hitch a ride down with her, determined to make rounds of agents’ offices. (Audrey could only tag along in the summer; she was in school.) They’d air themselves out before they approached anybody, but aroma wasn’t the only problem. The truth of the matter was that they didn’t know anything about getting in the theatre.

Eventually after Jayne was on Broadway (“through a fluke,” she says), she wasn’t what’s referred to as “hep.”

She’d met a girl in the Rehearsal Club (New York residence for struggling actresses) who’d introduced her to an agent who’d introduced her to Guthrie McClintic who’d hired her without a reading. So there she was, in “Spring Again,” when Audrey finished school and came to New York, too.

“You just have to stay with me,” Jayne said, “so we have to get you a job.”

(Continued on page 56)
Who is your favorite

RAY BOLGER - THURSDAY

DANNY THOMAS - TUESDAY

ARLENE DAHL - FRIDAY

GEORGE JESSEL - SUNDAY

PAUL HARTMAN - FRIDAY

ROBERT Q. LEWIS - TUESDAY
star on ABC Television?

WALTER WINCHELL – SUNDAY

OZZIE AND HARRIET – FRIDAY

BRANDON DeWILDE – MONDAY

MARY HARTLINE – SUNDAY

PETER POTTER – SUNDAY

STU ERWIN – FRIDAY
It was good she was fond of Jayne, because Jayne's got ideas about medical science that could drive strong men crazy.

She's a faddist. If you've got a pain, she lets you in on whatever's curing her pains these days. She's been through self-hypnosis, yoga, and, in California, something called Radiotics.

Despite Jayne's curious medical experiments, Audrey recuperated, though her siege was a long one. On the West Coast, she met Arthur Schwartz, auditioned for him because she was anxious now to go back to work, and she wondered if there might be anything for her in Schwartz's "Inside U.S.A.", which was about to come to Broadway.

Schwartz liked Audrey. "I don't want to say to go to New York," he said. "But go to New York."

She went to New York, wound up not in "Inside U.S.A." but in the road company of "High Button Shoes" and, when she got back from that, Phil Silvers put her on his TV show, and she's been going strong ever since.

When Bob and Ray were interested in her for TV, they demanded to know if she could play the harp. "Yes," she said. How about the violin? "Fluently." She couldn't play either one, but she wasn't about to worry. "No matter what you ask Audrey, she says—"yes," her sister reports wonderingly. "Some day, she'll find herself in a cage with nothing but a chair between her and three lions—"

Jayne herself got into television by accident. She came East to do some publicity for "David and Bathsheba," in which she played David's first wife, and, offered work in New York, simply stayed.

Jayne and Audrey don't feel in competition with each other, because theirfortes are very different. (Despite the fact that they both appear on TV panel shows.)

Audrey's really in love with comedy; she's completely relaxed as long as her tongue's in her cheek. She handles the young wife assignment on the Jackie Gleason Show with one hand tied behind her, usually waiting till dress rehearsal to learn the lines. The Bob and Ray chord's a ball, too. Once, doing a satire on lady beauty experts and TV commercials, she smeared half a pot of lambblack on her face, then asked her audience sweetly, "Notice the difference?"

Jayne, on the other hand, can tear a passion to tatters with the most emotional actresses around; she's a good dramatic type, and glad of it.

As they've never competed for a role, so the sisters have never competed for a man. They don't like the same types at all, and that is simply that. Audrey insists that Jayne is child-like, and lives in a world of imagination . . . while she, Audrey, is shrewd and realistic. Audrey never cries . . . Jayne weeps at sad stories, or if someone looks cross-eyed at her. "I know he doesn't like me," she'll insist.

On the other hand, "child-like" Jayne isn't the one who bought a Polaroid camera and had her sister photograph her in every possible costume so she'd know which one would look best when she left for Europe. And "child-like" Jayne didn't line up seventeen friends to wave her an adoring farewell, either. No, that was little Audrey, off on her six-week vacation. She took it very big.

A friend would call. Jayne would hear Audrey on the wire. "Yes, darlin', going to Europe tomorrow. Well, my first trip as an adult, dear—"

Jayne's lived in Paris; she's lived abroad a good deal during the past few years, having been married to a producer-director named Milton Krims who prefers life on the Continent. The marriage is finished, all but technically, though Jayne can't say enough good things about Krims. He's a lot older, but "kind, charming, intelligent—"

"In the marrying kind," Jayne admits. She meets a man and, if she likes him, she's mentally married him, had three kids, and picked out their colleges before the evening's over.

Audrey's not only never been married, she's never been engaged. She's never even thought of being engaged. Romantic Jayne, stars in her eyes, seeing Audrey to the plane, whispered, "Maybe you'll meet someone—"

"Are you out of your mind?" said Audrey. "I've got a career, a lot of laughs, money to pick up and go where I please—no man could possibly give me anything."

But a lot of men are sure to try, you have the feeling.

The Meadows girls are fun to run after, even if you don't catch 'em . . .

Even as children, Jayne and Audrey could go into an act for the camera.

than usual. More practiced job-seekers came with accompanists. Not Audrey. She stood Jayne on the stage, went over, hit a note on the piano, got her pitch, hummed it all the way back to Jayne's side, and then, together, they burst into a frightening rendition of "Farewell, Wesleyan-ah," one of their brothers' college songs.

"If they'd had jobs for two idiots, we'd have got them—"

But despair these girls didn't know about. Business was bad? Then it could only get better. And they were right. Jayne got a bid to Hollywood. Swell, but what about Audrey, she wanted to know. Her agent, who occasionally felt he was handling Siamese twins, mentioned a USO company of "Mexican Hayride"—"Audrey'd be cute in it."

Audrey, by now determined to be cute in something, anything, went home and took the problem up with her mother, Mrs. Cotter's a tiny, wispy lady who talks in a kind of song, like Josephine Hull. She's never had a drink, smoked a cigarette, or used cosmetics. (New York friends of the girls, meeting her, really were convinced she'd been hired for the occasion!) Gentle and unworthy though she is, Mrs. Cotter can still rise to an occasion! She made Audrey's "Mexican Hayride" audition dress. It was black satin, and there never was a dress cut so low, or fitted so tight. Mike Todd, the "Mexican Hayride" producer, looked at Audrey enthusiastically throughout her audition. Whether he listened to her has never been ascertained.

She got the part.

Their lovely mother and their father, the Reverend Francis Cotter, were doing missionary work in China when Jayne and Audrey were born.
Vanessa Brown

(Continued from page 57)

when somebody brought in an 8-ball from a ball pool. She was angry and they didn't come anywhere near identifying a full set of burglar tools.

(All right, how did a legitimate-type little woman recognize an honest face and a soft voice, glom onto a set of burglar tools?

Answer: She and her husband woke up one night, scared away a burglar, and found he'd left the tools on the floor beneath a jimmied window. Okay?)

But the panel has managed to treat the question on such items as a sour pickle, a foghorn, an unpaid gas bill, a toupee, and a folding bed—of which more later.

At the moment, we have to get back to that homing pigeon and Vanessa Brown, who is the enchanting point of this entire story. Vanessa contacted the owner of the pigeon after the show and said, "Look, we'll pay you for the pigeon, but you mustn't give him up."

"Why not?" asked the man.

"Well, you just don't sell a pet like that! Especially a homing pigeon. I mean, what has a homing pigeon got except a home? And, if you sell him, how will he ever know again where to go, or where his home really is?"

"Look, Miss Brown," the man said, "this homing pigeon is not of the home-loving type. In fact, he only comes home to rest at night. He's a bed-homing pigeon—and I'm selling him, and you're welcome to him."

This is probably the first time in fifteen years that Vanessa Brown could think of nothing to say.

Vanessa is her own creation. She didn't just happen. With the exception of the help of nature and God in giving her beauty and a (Brown) she has turned out the warm, lovely, occasionally sophisticated, sympathetic, often sentimental, gay and charming—and, when need be, down-to-earth—artist that she is today at twenty-tw...
woman who speaks French and German and Italian as well as she does English, who talked knowingly of modern architecture, symphony orchestras, music, books, fashion, and art. Her husband—Dr. Robert Franklyn, plastic surgeon—joined us and she instantly stopped being anything except his wife. It is a sort of wife an eminent surgeon should have beside him in a restaurant.

And the next evening I went to the Fulton Theatre and saw a Vanessa Brown who was thin and rather grey and not the brightest little thing in the world, but certainly one of the funniest girls I've ever seen in the American theatre.

As Vanessa explained it to me, "People always ask what I was doing all those years when I wasn't working, and there's no answer because I was always working. I started when I was too young. It was just one thing after another, radio and tours and movies and so on. Only it wasn't work, in the sense most people use the word. It was my whole life, and it was fun, and I loved it all, and always will. For instance, you might think it would get to be a drudgery, saying the same lines in a play, every night, but it isn't—every line is a little different, a little better, and that's an absorbing game. And the TV show is such fun, you never know what's going to turn up or what people are going to do or say. I'm fascinated every waking moment."

She certainly has a use for every waking moment, with the TV show every morning at eleven o'clock. The bedroom is eight-thirty, not to mention matinees, guest appearances, interviews and sittings, wardrobe fittings, and heaven knows what else.

At present, Vanessa has two homes. One of them—while she lives in New York, plays in "The Seven Year Itch," and does her TV show—is an apartment in a Central Park South building. The bedroom is air-conditioned, the living room has a superb view over the Park, and it is furnished like any smart hotel suite in New York. It is comfortable and undistinguished—and, since she spends little time in it, she couldn't care less.

But in Holmby Hills, toward Santa Monica from Hollywood, there is a modern little house, the sort of which is built together—and that is another matter. This is what she refers to when she speaks of "home." This is the house where her beautiful German shepherd, of the cable nose and ears and the eager tail, waits for her. The pool zigzags happily in front of the den, and the steps leading to the den proceed through walls of glass into the living room, which is on two levels. And everywhere the house seems to grow from the earth, in wood and stone, and great areas of glass defy the weather, yet bring the garden into the house.

Here, under the green cement floors, coils of radiant heating keep the interior warm on the coldest nights, and music plays all day, and the siren's call was always just around the corner, that is to say, in New York, of the month. Vanessa is giving up a lot to do "Seven Year Itch," but it is worth it. Worth it many times over, because it has done incredible things for her career.

In order to understand just how much, you must take a look at what Vanessa's life and work were like before this succulent plum fell into her lap. Only this makes the measure of the transformation—her little girl named Smylla Brind who had been brought to Vienna and tutored all over Europe by her parents (both Ph.D.'s). Her father is a linguist and writer, her mother a psychologist, and Vanessa's I. Q. is a whoppin' 169, so nobody was greatly surprised that she turned out as she did.

When Dr. Brind, after taking a sharp look at the activities of Hitler, hastily packed up and brought his family to America, Vanessa was cast in a role in "Watch on the Rhine." Then she appeared on a radio show called Children Are People, made her television debut a year later, and finally emerged on the Quiz Kids show, as bright and sassy as you please.

That's the thing to remember, because for a long time she thought she would never live it down. She did a lot of other things before she turned up as the toast of Broadway last year in "Itch," but it would take half the pages of this magazine to list them all, and for our purposes most are ancient history. She was signed by David O. Selznick, later went to Twentieth Century-Fox, and made a lot of pictures. She was in "The Bad and the Beautiful," "The Heiress," "The Fighter," and practically walked away with "The Late George Apley." And you were forever hearing her on radio and television. She was in Philco Playhouse and Lux Video Theatre and Lights Out and Robert Montgomery Presents, plus dozens more.

And, all the time, she was trying desperately to get the public to recognize the fact that a Quiz Kid can develop a figure and a lovely face and sex appeal, and not go on forever being that little appallingly endearing appearance of brains and baby cuteness.

She was already married when the opportunity came to prove her point, once and for all, that she was the woman that were offered her, and chose "The Seven Year Itch" because he thought it wouldn't run very long and thus the period of their separation would be relatively short.

Vanessa is still laughing about that one.

The "Itch" gave Vanessa exactly the role she was looking for. The girl in this play was never any Quiz Kid. The critics, while unanimously raving about Vanessa's performance, found the script a little too fresh and charming with those of daisies and wild violets. Surely the character had that, and a good thing, too, because the giddy creature ends up by having an affair with her neighbor, a married man whose wife is away in the country.

Dr. Franklyn accepts this sort of thing with a deep sigh. He's been married—hired because he is an eminent surgeon, and eminent surgeons do not generally get publicity—and amusement because who could resist a woman like Vanessa taking over a role in a play, particularly when you're lucky enough to be married to her?

They first met in Hollywood four years ago, when Dr. Franklyn was brought to her parents' home by a mutual friend. Dr. Franklyn got into a heated discussion with Vanessa's mother over whether or not plastic surgeons give patients enough psychological relief. They never spoke again, and Vanessa simply left the house, remarking that she had an engagement. How this sort of introduction should inevitably lead to their marriage a year later is Vanessa's secret.

It's plain enough to see why Dr. Franklyn fell in love with Vanessa, and after you have met him it becomes obvious why a girl like Vanessa would want and need such a man for a husband. He is a few years older than she is—naturally, since, at nineteen, a precocious girl like Vanessa would have placed her without much boys her own age. His work fascinates her, and he is himself a vital man, strong enough to complement her own personality without being dominated by it. They respect each other in all things, aside from being deeply in love, and it is upon such foundations that a sound marriage is built.

Vanessa herself knows her mind and sets out with utmost determination to get what she goes after. So does her husband. They once discovered a certain green stone that was perfect for use in their house, for fireplace and other construction. No other stone would do. Upon inquiry, they learned it came from a quarry in Arizona and that they couldn't buy it until the company that owned it shut down. No business. The stone was too expensive.

"I've got to have that stone," Vanessa said, another day. "We'll get it," he said grimly, "if I have to buy the quarry." He didn't have to buy it, but he did have to take an expensive ninety-nine-year lease on it. At last, it came to light that someone on the faculty of the fire-place they want, and one superfluous quarry.

On the evening when Dr. Franklyn joined Vanessa and me at Sardis, she was wearing an exquisite leather coat, the leather itself so fine that it looked and felt like silk. She was as enchanted with it as she would have been with a diamond

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bracelet—Dr. Franklyn had brought it from the Coast that morning for their third (leather) anniversary. He has an eye for the kind of clothes he wants his wife to wear. When they met, her tastes inclined to sweaters and skirts. Now Oleg Cassini does her wardrobe and she looks it—he has given her, in the matter of dress, a kind of simple, young elegance that becomes her new slimmness and the special radiance she has lately developed.

Sometimes, when a person is as many-faceted and diverse as Vanessa, it is better to sum her up by turning the gem in a strong light and letting facets sparkle (or not) just as they happen to catch the reflection. Such facets are:

Vanessa wears size 7A shoes, a size too large because she's too busy to bother with having her feet hurt...

She cannot cook, not because she couldn't learn, but because she can't see any point in it when you can eat at the best restaurants in the world. At home in Hollywood, she has a cleaning woman a once a week. Her modern house is easy to keep in order the rest of the time...

During the two years that she was touring with two plays, she was understudy much of the time and used the time to advantage. The first year she learned how to know intimately every city she visited: She just set out in her too-large shoes, and walked. The second year she got culture, and learned everything she could about all the great symphony orchestras...

When she was getting her degree at U.C.L.A. she worked on the college paper and reviewed movies. Occasionally, as Smylla Brind, she reviewed the performance of an actress named Vanessa Brown. Once she praised the performance, and once she said Miss Brown showed bright promise... She,
You've Got to Keep Trying—

(Continued from page 37)

for all young hopefuls who want to come to New York and not be burning to get on the radio. "Stay home" are the words. Unless you know somebody, or have money. Knowing somebody and having money, you may still break.

To him, a job's a job, and the best thing is finishing up, and going home at night to "a wife who loves you, a beautiful baby, and a line of credit that you can call your own." With most of his time in New York, financially and personally, behind him, Dick's learning to relax a little. If somebody doesn't hire him today, he no longer takes it personally in his work and play.

It's taken him a long time to get to this stage, because—aside from talent—he has none of the usual equipment you expect a man to have. And in comparison it's only one step from slit your competitor's throat (just so you don't get blood on the rug), he's an anachronism. He has old-fashioned ideas of honor. In a world where guys let their hair grow long and wavy, and call everybody "darling," and make entrances (even at the orange juice stand), you wonder what this boy's doing. He has a gentleness and a sort of shyness that took the breath away of the softy to waitresses; he helps women across streets, his hair's crew-cut, his humor's slightly cynical. He's an old twenty-five, but he's been a performer for fifteen years.

Dick York was born September 4, 1928, in Fort Wayne, Indiana. When he was five, the family moved to Chicago. Dick went to St. Mary's of the Lake grammar school, and, at the age of nine, started working with the Jack and Jill Players. His first role was a fish, in "Water Babies." Bernard and Betty York, watching their butts off, signed him up, and (after a hundred-forty-five pounds then), may have had no idea that the whole thing wasn't just fun and games to Dick, but produce work. He first walked—or, rather, swam—outage, his fate was decided. He was an actor.

He went to De Paul Academy, and later studied drama at De Paul University, but he had to work his radio all during his school days. He and a boy named Art Young were the two most used juvenile actors in Chicago, and one director out there knew the kid in Chicago. He insisted on calling them Art York and Dick Young.

Art and Dick would meet in the hall of a Chicago high school, the former waiting for the latter to come in, and they'd go on a show for So-and-So the other night. "Art would say, and I'm sure he meant you, it was comedy, not my kind of thing—" Or, Dick, who did mostly funny roles, would arrive for rehearsal all doped. He had a straight part. "Are you sure I was supposed to be here?" he'd ask the director. A doubtful look would cross the man's face, and Dick would handle it in his sleep.

In 1944, Dick got his first big break. He starred in a radio series called That Brewe-

ter Boy. Two years later, the show was finished.

"I was supposed to be on my way," Dick said to his parents, discouraged. "So now where am I?"

"Washed up," said his mother. "With your hair a mess and wrinkles, you'll never get another chance—"

He was grinning sheepishly when the phone rang. A man on the other end was offering him the role of Billy on the Jack Armstrong show. "Well, I was thinking of going to New York," Dick said grandly. "Well, just until you go," said the man.

Six years later, Dick was still playing Billy. Right up until Jack Armstrong went off the air. Dick recalls a fluff he made on one show that had co-workers, engineers, and listening audience convulsed with helpless laughter. The line he was supposed to read went, "We'd better get Jack out of there; he'll be eaten by the alligators." It came out, "We'd better get Jack out of there, he's all the alligators.

Which reminds Dick of the time he bought his mother a bird that probably could have eaten alligators. He saw a parakeet in a window, and it was a handsome creature, but when he got it home, it started acting ornery. "We'll make her," Mrs. York said. "Maybe that'll improve her disposition."

They put the parakeet in a cage, put him in the cage with La Belle Dame, and she nearly murdered him. Pulled out all his tail feathers, and howled with glee. She attacked several other potential mates until she finally got one she could halfway tolerate. Safely mated, she proceeded to lay an egg, but then wouldn't sit on it. She made the male bird do that. The Yorks were confounded. "If we take the male out, she'll feel more motherly toward the egg—"

The male was removed from the cage, with upon the female, the end to the murder, calmly ate the egg.

The Yorks traded her in, not long afterward. There was no romance in her soul.

The Yorks were speaking of romance, let's get back to our boy.

Dick had started, while still in high school, going with a girl named Joan Alt. She was a transfer. He met her on the Jack Armstrong show, when she came in to do the commercial. "She was so good, I decided to buy the product—"

They'd talk about getting married, eyes full, but they really weren't married. Dick was going over Lake Michigan, and the world their oyster.

Then Jack Armstrong folded. And suddenly they had money, they weren't any work for Dick in Chicago.

"I guess New York is the place," he said to Joan.

She looked at him "Something will come up—"

"No," he said, "Joey, I have to go after it."

In the end they agreed that he'd go first, get set in a job, send for her.

At which point the nightmare began for Dick. The Y, and the endless auditioning, and at the end of six months nothing but a skiing trip on Helen Trent, delivering a telegram, or some such thing—he doesn't really remember. He only got that because Ernie Ricca, a good friend, was the bookie. Dick figures he would have never broken into New York radio at all if Ernie hadn't personally taken him around, kind of getting him started. "And I'd been in radio ten years, working steady, before he sent me to this city."

Those were the scared days, the sick days. A few jobs started coming in, after the Helen Trent hit broke the ice, but Dick still worked his Chicago office as a sales office of his being in New York, and Joan's being in Chicago, and he said the heck with it. He called her. "Come here," he said. "A lot to talk over our chances. I want to get married—"

They'd been waiting for four years; it seemed long enough.

Joan came East, they straightened out various complications, and on November 17, 1951, they were married. But he'd told Joan he couldn't find a thing; they were going to have to stay with friends in New Jersey. That's what he told her.

If she was disappointed, she didn't show it. She just looked at him, her eyes on the moon, if he'd asked her to.

The wedding over, he said he had a little present. Some friends had loaned them a small apartment in the hotel where he was staying, a honeymoon, place, for two weeks. He took her home. And after she inspected every stick in the establishment, and said she was crazy about it, he told her it was hers.

So she sat down and bawled for an hour. "You're not supposed to cry," he said. "Shut up," said his wife, sniffing happily.

That was a Sunday. On Monday, he had to report for work, and he's scarcely stopped working since. Currently, he's Bueno Mountain, the Ding, one of the boy friend of Grace Sargent on This Is Nora Drake, and he's been a no-good car thief on Rosemary.

Dick and Joan have an eight-month-old daughter named Kimberly Ann, whom they recently took back to Chicago to visit both their families. Dick's only sister, Vicki Ann, is nine years old, and the baby's only sister, also named Kimberly, was very big. Carried the baby around, called on all the neighbors, discussed care and feeding with anyone who'd listen.

In a scene in Twin Peaks, Joan, who's also an actress (she's done bits on the Roy Rogers and Don McNeill shows), got a funny feeling—as though, in her view, she saw herself again. Vicki'd start playing music on the phonograph, and it was the same old stuff he used to play when he was nine. John McCormack, It's a Long Way to Tipperary, The Shannon Four Vicks Him, Georgia Weight, His Eyes were on the boys; Dick was remembering his own problems with roundness. "She doesn't want to be the biggest girl in her class. It's funny how you always want to be right in the middle—"

Kazan knew where Joey got the name, says Joey's (husband) has brown eyes, and looks like both parents. This is partly because her parents closely resemble each other, though Joan has blue eyes, Dick has brown.

The young Yorks live in Kew Gardens now, and Joan's chief problem is how she's ever going to get a job. To Teas and Sympathy opens, "Tea and Sympathy is the Broadway show he's to be featured in, and he got his part in a roundabout way. He'd played an insane banjo player in a Michael Shayne show—the Michael Shayne writer was excited by what Dick had done with the part—and, when 'Tea and Sympathy' was casting, he, the writer, sent Dick a note to send him to Elia Kazan, who was directing the play. Kazan hired Dick. "It's not the part in the play," Dick tells you, "I think I got hired by Elia Kazan, who was voted the best young actor of the year for his work in 'Bernadine,' is the star—"

Dick thinks it will be good for him to work in the theatre. But it's a real blank for him. "I can go from ten in the morning till one the next morning every day—"

A friend, watching him grab lunch at about two o'clock, in between his radio hours and a "Tea and Sympathy" rehearsal, asked if the pace weren't killing.

Dick stirred his coffee, shrugged. "Work's work," he said. "You gotta take it while it's there. After all, you've got to keep trying to—"
“Fairy Godmother”

(Continued from page 45)

in the habit of dropping into Roy Brady’s sandwich shop whenever an errand in town took me near it, and I’d known Roy from the time he was just a big, gangling boy, trying not to get in his father’s way, to the exciting days when he decided to take over the place when his parents retired. I’d been one of the “regulars” who had been privileged to see the cherished snapshot of Janet when it first took its place in his wallet. And when I met her, shortly after their marriage, I was satisfied by the glow in her dark eyes as they rested on Roy. There wasn’t quite the same dazed adoration that shone when he looked at her, but there was enough to make one feel warm and happy over joy ahead for two people really in love.

Janet was more than just a pretty, loving wife, too. After a few weeks, she started helping out at the cash register in the sandwich shop, making it unnecessary for Roy to pay part-time help during his busy hours. “It’s just wonderful to be able to help,” she told me earnestly. “This way I feel like Roy’s partner, not just his homemaker.”

“But homemaking’s fun, too,” I said, smiling. “I know I wouldn’t enjoy my radio work half so much if it meant I had to give up any part of my family life.”

“But it’s different for you, Miss Warren—I mean Miss Freeman,” Janet giggled at her slip of the tongue. “If I had a home like yours, beautiful and perfect, Roy couldn’t get me out of it with a derrick. The way our place is, I’m glad of a chance to get out of it!” Her eyes clouded, and she sighed. “Oh, well, it’s not forever.”

Roy, drawing a cup of coffee near us, glanced over and grinned. “Don’t be too sure of that, honey. By the time I get this place the way I want it, we may be too old and doddering to go out looking for another apartment—much less a house.”

They looked at each other for a moment, and it should have been a warm, affectionate look. But an uneasy feeling remained with me as I left. Janet’s eyes had wavered too soon. Instinctively I knew that this matter of the apartment had come up before, and that, to Janet, it was no smiling matter.

I had never been in the Brady apartment, but I knew it was the top floor of a two-family brick house in a worn-out section of our town, and I’d been in enough places of the kind to know why Janet felt hopeless about it. Roy’s family had lived there for many years, till they moved to Florida, and it was so low-priced that in these days of booming rents I could understand why Roy and Janet just had to stay on till they stumbled over something else they could afford. Roy had once been looking at the new garden apartments going up across town—and their prices. “We just can’t consider it now, not with all the improvements I’ve got to put into the restaurant. I just hope Jan won’t be too uncomfortable—or too impatient,” he’d said wistfully.

I hoped so, too. But I know what it can do to the most light-hearted of brides to feel that her home is a place to be ashamed of. There are some places so old that all the flowered chintz in the world can’t mask their dreariness. And, when you’re young and very inexperienced, you can’t laugh, sometimes, just at the wrong time. Something that might be taken in stride by a couple who had really settled down to each other could so easily leap into unforeseen, unmanageable importance. Magnified out of all proportion, twisted into significance it simply doesn’t warrant...

Coming back from a broadcast on the four-forty-eight, one Friday, I was surprised to bump into Janet. Her small, elfin

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face, under a citified little hat, was pale and preoccupied. She didn't turn from watch-
ing the tunnel walls slip past the train window until I said, "Hi, Janet. Been shop-
ping in the city?"

"Window shopping, Miss Freeman." Her
smile was forced. "I did go in to look at a
table, but Roy ... well, I guess he's right. It
doesn't really pay to try to fix up our
place. It's just money thrown away—and Roy
wants every cent for the luncheonette
right now."

She kept twisting and turning a small
pad in her hands, and I noticed that every
item on the list she'd written there was
crossed off. For something to say, I re-
marked, "Your list looks very efficient."

"I guess it does—everything crossed off
because I didn't buy it, not because I did.
It's astonishing the number of things you
can do without." All at once, as if she just
couldn't hold them back any longer, two
fat tears spilled down over her cheeks. She
bent her head quickly, rubbing at them
like a child.

"Janet, I'm sorry," I said uncomfortably.
"Is something wrong, dear? Can you tell
me about it?"

She bit her shaking lips hard. "You'll
think I'm a complete drip, but—oh, hon-
estly, Miss Freeman, I'm so miserable! It's
not the apartment. Don't think I'm so
spoiled and selfish that I'm having a fit be-
cause I can't have everything on a silver
platter right now, right after we've just
gotten started! I don't mind the dreary tiny
rooms or the cracked linoleum or all the
rest. I know it won't be like this always."

I patted her hand. "What is it then, Jan-
et?"

"It's Roy!" she burst out. "It's the way he
doesn't seem to see how dismal the place
is! If I felt he agreed with me, if he hated
it, too, and couldn't wait to get out of it, I
wouldn't mind it nearly as much! But we're
so different, Miss Freeman—we don't feel
alike about it at all!" She hesitated, and
her eyes grew wide and tragic with the
shattering importance of what she was
about to confide. "We're not really com-
patible at all," she whispered. "I just don't
know what to do!"

To my credit, I didn't laugh, although for
a dangerous second I wanted to. She
couldn't be serious, I thought, and then
swiftly reminded myself that she certainly
could. Janet couldn't be any more than
nineteen; Roy, I knew, was twenty-three.
At those ages, you could be serious about
the darnedest things.

As the train rumbled along, Janet told me
little by little the things that were bother-
ing her. There was quite a list, for such a
short marriage ... the way Roy shrugged
off the first burnt roast—not blaming her,
she was careful to explain, and realizing it
was the fault of the oven, not the pan—
refusing to see what a tragedy it was to have to
work with such a monster. The way he frowned
unhappily over the new bedroom draperies
she'd worked so hard to make up. "It's true
they didn't really shut out the view of that
brick wall next door. They didn't do a
thing for that room. Nothing could! But
shouldn't he have given me credit for try-
ing, instead of just mourning over the ten
dollars I spent for material!" she said, in
a passionate climax, "He doesn't try! I
didn't know Roy was a man who would
just give up, the kind who shrugs and says
it can't be helped!"

Poor Roy—he had probably had those
dollars earmarked for new sugar bowls
for the luncheonette! I wondered briefly if
I ought to try explaining to her that, be-
cause Roy didn't complain about what he
couldn't alter, it didn't mean he was com-
pletely satisfied with the way they lived.
And I wondered, too, if I ought to warn
her that it seemed to me she was taking
this far too seriously. I wanted to say, "Ride
with it, Janet. Don't build it up into some-
thing it isn't." But I didn't. Partly because,
though my daughters are much younger
than Janet, I know what happens when you
tell them they're taking themselves too
seriously.

It was on my very next visit to the sand-
wich shop that her swollen eyes and Roy's
grim young face told me the trouble hadn't
blown over. There was only one other
customer—I'd come in very late—and, as
soon as he'd left, Roy leaned over the
counter, his face turned away from Janet
down at the other end, and asked me hesi-
tantly if I wouldn't please try to talk to her.
"I wouldn't have the nerve to drag you into
this if she hadn't told me about meeting you
on the train the other day," he said. "If I
guess she told you a lot of things she
doesn't tell me, Miss Freeman. Things just
aren't good. You know, she keeps listening
to that program you're on, Wendy Warren
—she's not down here, she tunes you
in all the time—she keeps saying that
maybe it's better for people to recog-
nize when they've married the wrong guy,
instead of trying to make a go of some-
thing that isn't there. I'm getting dejectedly
with his napkin at the shining counter,
"That girl on your program ... is she in
trouble?"

"Well," I said cautiously, "Wendy has a
brilliant, temperamental writer for a hus-
band. It makes a special kind of problem.
Roy shook his head: "It all adds up to
what you've got a problem, period. But I sure don't know
what to do with mine. What would you do
with a gal who woke up crying at night
and weeps all alone?" Gosh, if it was the apartment, I'd move heaven
and earth to get her out of it! But she
keeps saying it isn't. She talks about how
it's more fundamental, and how maybe
we're incompatible. Don't we get hys-
terical every time a roach crawls out of the
darn baseboard. It's an old house—you
can't keep the roaches out of that old
plumbing! Just because I don't have a bill
every time I see one, does it mean I'm in-
sensitive or something? I've got plenty
of other things on my mind!"

As by some kind of half-blind eye I saw Janet
half-rising, her face flaming with anger.
"You ought to be ashamed, Roy Brady! Bothering Miss Freeman with our trou-
ble!"

"Who bothered her first, I'd like to
know?" Roy, driven beyond restraint,
faced his wife belligerently.

"That's not the point," Janet retorted.
"You should have faced the situation from a different
approach to life between you and me, that's
all, and this apartment thing is only one
part of it!" Her hands clasped and un-
clasped. You lie down under things and
let them jump on you. But if I try to do
something about them, you think I'm a
complainer! You know something, Roy
Brady? If we weren't fighting over that
apartment, I'd be happy! Woman's right
else! We're just not right for each other!"

Roy looked at her as though she really
had struck him, and under cover of the ar-
vival of a new customer I slipped hurriedly
out. When we met the young
Brady's was really serious, I told myself, I
couldn't possibly mix it into ... but I
couldn't put them out of my mind. I kept
thinking: how could it be smoothed
over—in spite of Janet and her "funda-
amentals." If only some fairy godmother
would give them a fresh, new apartment,
at a price they could pay. She'd stop look-
ing for trouble, which was just what she
was doing now, because she was unwilling
to admit even to herself that she could be
so disturbed about detail like the place in
which they lived.

It was the oddest sensation to wake in the
middle of the night and realize that the "fairy godmother" might be myself! For
I had met Jed Mantell.

Jed Mantell was a building contractor
who owned the biggest chunk of the new
garden development outside our town. He
was something else as well—a middle-aged
bachelor with a crotchety reputation and a
peevish manner that made him much dis-
liked. Only my husband knew why I al-
ways remarked, "Oh ... perhaps he's not
as unpleasant as he tries to appear," when-
ever Jed Mantell's name came up. For only
my husband knew about the discovery I'd
made one day; quite a while ago, when
hurrying along to the Terminal on my way
to a rehearsal, I'd fairly crashed into Jed with his hat in his hand, staring
down into the eyes of a pretty, middle-
apartment woman, who'd been getting back up
him with a wistful, affectionate smile. Just
as I reached them he bent and kissed her.
and she turned and disappeared into the crowd, and Jed looked up and saw my stunned eyes taking it all in. Even then, of course, we might simply have exchanged a stiff hello in passing. But I'd caught Jed in a sad, nostalgic mood, longing—most unlike him—for someone to talk to. He found a cab, joined me in it on my way up to CBS, and on the way told me about Emma Ridgell, the girl who twenty years ago had married another man because Jed didn't feel he was making quite enough to support her. "I never got over the loss of her," he said wearily. Then, smiling, he added, "But I wonder what her husband would think if he knew she phoned me every time she came into New York! I guess Emma hasn't quite forgotten me, either. Seems as if that feller was right who said youth was wasted on the young! Kids can sure mess up their lives."

Even armed with that memory, I wasn't quite sure how I'd go about carrying out the plan that sprang full-formed into my mind that night. Making an appointment with Jed was the easiest part of it. When I finally sat in the expensive leather visitor's chair, looking at his lined, long-chinned face and his gimlet-sharp gray eyes, I had a slight sinking sensation. But two memories rallied me—one, the bewildered shock on Roy Brady's face as he had heard Janet say, "We're not right for each other!" And the second—Jed himself, and his bitter "Kids can sure mess up their lives." Taking a deep breath, I plunged.

There was only a moment of tension. A moment of uncertainty, as I talked, during which his poker face showed absolutely nothing. Then, magically, I knew it was going to be all right. There really were two sides to Jed Mantell, and the side I'd counted on reaching—the Jed who had kissed a middle-aged woman gently and tenderly, as though she were still the girl he'd said goodbye to twenty-years before, the Jed who understood the full bitterness of a mistake made in youth that could never be undone—that Jed began to emerge right under my eyes as I told him about the young Bradys. I made my story brief, and I hardly had to my request into words. When I'd finished, Jed nodded at me, and said, "You're a remarkable person, Miss Freeman. I'm glad I've never had to do business with you—you see and understand entirely too much. Send your friend along. I'll take care of it."

As easily as that, it was settled. I could hardly wait until I dropped in at the luncheonette the next day, and said casually to Janet, "Roy once mentioned that you two had looked for an apartment out at the new garden development. Do you still think you'd like living there?"

"At those prices?" Janet laughed shortly. "I don't believe in fairy tales, Miss Freeman."

Trying not to look smug, I told her that I'd heard a rumor that a couple of those apartments were renting for something less than the regular price. Something about them made them less desirable, I said; I didn't really know the whole story but, just for the fun of it, why didn't she go along to this office—I gave her Jed's name and address—and see what happened? I made it so casual that I'm sure Janet took the slip of paper and thanked me out of sheer politeness, perhaps not even intending to follow it up. After all, nobody does believe in fairy tales! Thinking it over afterwards, I've wondered if I took rather a risk over Janet and Roy. It just might have been true that they were "not right for each other," that Janet wasn't really miserable over the place they lived in, but over some irreconcilable difference in their whole approach to life. In that case, all my neat little plan would have been useless, and I would have made a complete fool of myself in Jed Mantell's eyes, as well. But—well, I took the risk, and I wasn't wrong. Not if little Roy Junior is any insurance against a broken marriage. We dropped in just the other night to pay a baby visit to Roy Junior and his bustling—pink affair. They've got that apartment fixed up like a magazine ad. It's taken them over a year, because it had to be done slowly and economically. But, as Janet said, getting the place at the rent they're paying—just five dollars more a month than their old place was costing—they would have been happy to furnish it with orange crates if they had had to. "It's funny," she said to me the other night, "we've asked the neighbors, in a tactful way, and darned if we've ever found just what there is about this apartment that makes it cost less than the others. Mr. Mantell—that nice man you sent me to—he said they just couldn't get rid of it. Well—who looks a gift horse in the mouth?"

Roy's hand was on her shoulder, and she put her own over it as she spoke. There's nothing wrong with that marriage. All Janet needed was a home she could be proud and happy with, and all she needed to get it was—well, a little fairy-godmothering. I wondered, as we drove away, if there would be someone to do the fairy-godmothering for me, some day, if ever I needed it ...

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Frank Parker—Fascinating Bachelor

(Continued from page 33)

didn’t stop until Saturday, when Frank picked his bag. They didn’t believe it until then, for all, Frank himself could hardly believe it.

No one in his family had ever been remotely connected with the stage. Frank’s parents, who emigrated from their native land a keen appreciation of fine music but not even semi-professional singing experience. Frank’s father, therefore, when he was in the United States, had passed a civil service exam and was employed by Federal Customs.

They lived in a tenement section in west Manhattan, and the neighborhood was rough. Just a few blocks away was a wealthy residential section. Frank remembers he used to look with envy on the rich boys with their gleaming bicycles, when he and his gang were lucky to afford the luxury of a ball to play “catch.”

“I was aware from the beginning that there was a better life,” Frank recalls, “but I knew that I would have to make it for myself.”

It was in school that Frank got his early voice training, and he hated it. Singing in the choir was such a chore, Frank tried anything, even singing flat, to get out of the choir, because his buddies thought it was sissified. Frank had never taken a dancing lesson, but the Waltz craze was such that he had to learn how to dance it at home. Such limited preparation accounts for his passing the audition. For ever after, he was thankful for that case of mistaken identity. As he notes, he might have gone the hard-boiled way of some of his youthful friends and wound up in trouble with the law.

The Parkers began changing almost immediately in his new work as an “actor.” In the beginning, he figured that, since he had given the impression that he was a veteran of the theatre, there was no reason why he should correct the impression.

He kept his eyes open when the troupe went to Boston, and followed the other chorus boys to the stage, the dressing room, the wardrobe. For the dress rehearsal, he had to apply make-up for the first time in his life. He went about it with false assurance, imitating the others.

When Marion Marlowe, his stage mother, he shouted, “Parker, that’s what you supposed to be?” Frank looked horrible. And then he confessed he’d never seen a star before. And he learned, too, that the director had realized it shortly after he was hired.

“You can’t be a phony,” Frank says. “That was the first and best lesson I learned. You fool no one but yourself.”

With that lesson, the crust cracked, and Frank found he got along very well with people by being himself.

Frank discovered he was expected to have his own music. Gambling, he picked up the top score on the piano and sang a number of tunes. That was the beginning of his friendship with a guest shot on The Eveready Hour.

“You’ll get fifty dollars for one song,” he was told.

Frank muttered to himself, “How long has this been going on?”

The one song led to a permanent spot on the show, and that was the last time Frank appeared at any audition prepared. From then on, his motto was: “Be ready!”

In short time, Frank was in radio’s big time. For six years, he sang with the A. & P. Gypsies. He was in the Cities Service Show with Jessica Dragonne, the Will Rogers Show, the Gentleman Jim Corbett Show—when the studio orchestra included such youngsters as Tom and Jimmy Dorsey and Artie Shaw. Frank also starred in the G. E. Show, the Fleischman Hour and the Maxwell House Show. Frank was one of the undisputed Kings of Sing.

He was training hard, too, taking two-hour vocal lessons every day and even sandwiching a trip to Italy, between commitments with an intensive three-month study of voice.

But, in 1933, things were changing in radio. Music was giving way to comedy—too much so, Frank thought. And that same year, Frank joined the Jack Benny Show.

Frank established with Jack the comedy patter between the comedian and his singers. Frank didn’t play the “mother’s boy,” as Dennis Day does today. Frank’s give-and-take was similar to the part later played by Phil Harris.

The Benny-Parker combination was a big hit. Frank found Jack to be generous and good to work with. However, Jack went out to the Coast for a couple of months, and Frank decided to stand on. Frank had contracts to fill back in New York and returned, leaving show permanently.

As World War II, Frank continued on top flight shows: he starred on the Chestfield Hour with Andre Kostelanetz, on the Louella Parsons show, and for three years worked with Burns and Allen. He made movies in operetta and headlined in night clubs.

“I lived for the day in those years,” he says. “I didn’t stint on anything.” And Frank had been lucky to have two suits, one for work and the other for church. As the reigning romantic tenor, he dressed to the hilt and was a regular fixture in the best-dressed man. For street hockey, he substituted polo and owned his own horses. He had a luxurious summer home with an archery range, tennis courts. He led a gay life and was a foot-loose-and-free Andersen.

Came World War II, and he went into the merchant marine. He came out to do the Libby-Owens radio show with Eleanor Steffens. In 1944, he went into business for himself, opening a radio transcription service and buying into a Florida night club. In 1948, both businesses collapsed and Frank was practically penniless.

“| had made the complete cycle, but I was a lot wiser and a lot more understanding,” Frank says. And he never lost his gratitude. Frank was ready to start all over again.

Frank was well-liked and had made good friends. Many men he had once believed were strangers, have become good friends in radio and television. He went to each of them individually and told his story. They were very nice but, in effect, “Frank, we know you’re doing in years and can’t do anything for you.”

In desperation, he went to Arthur Godfrey. He told Arthur the story, and Arthur said: “You get the chance to be on the next Wednesday-night show.”

Frank recalls, “Arthur didn’t even ask me to audition.”

Godfrey and Parker were not usual strangers. They had first met in 1928. Frank was then singing the lead in a light-opera company which played Washington, D. C., for one night. Frank found the theatre filled to capacity, with people at the box office clamoring for the privilege of standing.

You can thank Godfrey for this,” Frank was told.

He learned that Godfrey was a radio announcer with a two-hour morning show over a local station. For a week, Godfrey had been plugging Frank and the opera. Frank went over to his small studio, that endears him to everyone—made it his business to express his gratitude. He spent the night in Washington and, at six in the morning, went to the station to thank Arthur in person. Thereafter, whenever their paths crossed, they visited one another.

“Arthur was surprised when I told him how desperately I needed work,” Frank reminisces. “He thought I was retired and living comfortably.”

For six years, Frank sang on the telecast of Arthur Godfrey’s His Friends. He was magnificant, and the cast and studio audience responded with spontaneous enthusiasm. “I was overjoyed that night,” Frank says. “But, you know, I think Arthur was even happier.”

Godfrey asked him to come back the following week and the week after. Frank began letting his Marion Marlowe, the Marlene Dietrich of radio, know which have since become the high point of the broadcasts. Now, in Frank’s own words, he has a contract that is “one of the greatest.”

The Frank Parker of today is different from the star of the Thirties. Today, he lives in a modest bachelor apartment. He has no summer home, no polo ponies, no boats, and only a modest wardrobe. Yesterday, a show meant stepping to a microphone after a short rehearsal, singing for a few minutes, and picking up his check or his work in the night club. Today, his work is more confining than a factory job. He is up at seven o’clock, five days a week, for the Godfrey morning broadcasts. He gets his work in for a couple of hours, and at two-thirty reports for video rehearsals. On weekends, he usually makes guest appearances out of town. After such exhausting days, he’s content to rest and read.

But there are some things about Frank Parker that have never changed. Frank has never been big-headed or stuffy. Frank isn’t too big to show his gratitude. Frank has never given less than his best on any show.

Today, he is more popular and better known than ever. That is the Frank Parker story, with its happy ending. And it’s the kind of a story that will go on ‘happily ever after’.”

Red Letter Date:
December 15th of
on sale November 21

Radio-TV Mirror
"When I Grow Up"

(Continued from page 67)

each birthday milestone, there are—thanks
to her understanding mother (and best
dad), Maria Wood—no complications.

At sixteen, for instance, three earlier
taboo's were removed. She could have
coffee (diluted, but still coffee), lipstick,
and her first taste of champagne.

The champagne was a let-down. "Noth-
ing happened," Natalie complains. "May-
be I didn't have enough.

"In a few sips, only," her mother puts in
quickly. "They drank it," Natalie retorts, "and
it was my champagne."

But the lipstick was a kick. She had
learned it for so long and watched the
make-up men glorifying the grownup stars
with such unabashed jealousy, that it
too seemed to be true. The whole birthday
night was gone,所得 by run-the-

and surprise party arranged by her
Van Nys High School friends, with a cake
which she was too excited to eat, and presents.

And a ring, from her best boy friend,
Jim Williams, like herself a junior at Van
Nys High. The ring is a ruby, her birth-
stone, set in a plain gold band. "Nothing
serious," Natalie assures you, indicating
that she wasn't very keen. "Anything
serious must wait for growing up.

But Jim is sweet—"the sweetest."

He's from Texas—and thinks she
should be, with the big brown eyes and
yellow hair—and his family isOccasionally,
"He takes me to premieres and things like
that."

Her dates are strictly teen-age stuff—
"Miniature golf, and shows, bowling—
now and then, on 'late nights,' an evening
of dancing at the Palladium... and
they are strictly under parental control.

Wherever she is, in New York or
Asheville, she must eat every hour on
the hour to report. Otherwise,
"Mother would get to worrying."

This system of checking-in came about
as a result of Natalie's very first date—
the milestone which made the Van Nys
No. 15. Her escort for the evening, Brett
Brethrouwer, was "an older man," a
college pre-med student. They were to go
to miniature-golf, home by run-the-

But," as Natalie explained, "when we
were through golfing, it seemed like a
good idea to go to a show, and after
the show it seemed like a good idea to
stop by a pizza place for some food, and it
got to be one-thirty."

They arrived home to find the house
ablaze with lights, the neighbors—in
nighthawks and night owls—confronted
comforting the frantic Woods, and Father
Nicholas Wood just about to call the police.

"So now I call home," Natalie says.

In Pride Of The Family, Natalie is a
level-headed teenager who tries to
keep a slightly screwball father, Paul
Hartman, on the beam. In actuality, the
roles are rather in the reverse, although
Natalie has made an uncommonly success-
ful adjustment in blending her dual roles
of professional actress and typical high-

schooler.

When she works, she is tutored on the
set—the law requires a four-hour work-
ing day, plus four hours of supervised
education, for professional minors. Her

and her keep up with
her class. Between pictures (her current
TV films were all shot during the summer
vacation), she goes to school like any
other school-year-old, recites in class
along with the others—though usually be-
ing picked first to declaim Shakespeare,
in deference to her theatrical experience.

Her friends are not too impressed with
her eminence and are only occasionally
embarrassed—like the time at the Pa-
ladium, when she was surrounded by
servicemen wanting her autograph and
got hopelessly separated from her escort.

Her teachers say she is a good student
and extremely unself-conscious. Mrs.
Mun-
scher, her English class instructor, chose
her to play the partj' in the Memorial Day
play written by Natalie and wire-recorded
by the class for sub-

mital in a contest—and it won first prize!
Natalie herself was more impressed when
an article she wrote for Seventeen, she
thought, "just the publicity"—was
rewarded by a check.

"They paid for it," gasps the wide-eyed

girl, who has been getting paid, and hands-

omely, for more than half of her life.

The Wood family is brimming over
with talent, to hear Natalie tell it. Her

elder sister studied opera and "would
have been great," except that she fell
in love and got married and had two boys.

Her "baby" sister, Lana, who is seven,
Natalie thinks will be an artist. "She's
always drawing." Lana's drawing started
at the close of a long siege in bed after
she was thrown by Natalie's horse, "Powder,"
and emerged with two serious skull frac-
tures.

"I loved Powder," Natalie says, "more
than almost anything. Why, we moved out
into the country just so I could have a
horse. The day Daddy brought him home
I cried and cried. I was so happy and

But I cried harder when Lana was hurt.
Of course, Powder had to go.

There were no horses now—and won't
be until Lana, too, "grows up"—at the
Wood's one-acre Northridge ranch, but
Natalie and Lana have other companions:
Two dogs—Cricket, a "white and tan mutt"
adopted from the Humane Society (since
then, Natalie's favorite charity), and Asta,
a big German shepherd—plus one cock-
teel, five parakeets, and two finches.

If that group doesn't make for enough
confusion, there's always the friends.
Natalie's girl friends rotate at the
scheduled overnight; teen-age capture anywhere,

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Father and Son, Inc.

(Continued from page 43)

of their own.

I should know. I have five children, two boys and three girls. Jack, my eldest, who will soon be sixteen, can scout around and come up with sixty different problems in as many minutes. Fortunately, like me, he like to rear hisw on a fork. He has had his eyes fixed upon one form of action which keeps many of these problems at bay. That is, "setting a good example.

That is, kind of bent, can opener—by that I mean "setting a good example" sometimes works and sometimes it doesn't! For general problems—like teaching responsibility, cooperationness and honesty—"setting a good example"—it works fine, probably because these are personal characteristics which are built up over a long period of time. Setting a good example, therefore, has to be a continuous affair.

It works well with some of the specific problems of teenagers, too. Take smoking, for example. Neither Lois nor I smoke. But teenagers travel in crowds and want to do the things the crowd does. We've told Jack that to be one of the crowd is not always a distinction. Since Jack's interest in smoking is due to his respect for other smokers—" Floyd, that smoking wasn't for him.

With the problem of smoking in mind, I made a date to meet him at the gym one afternoon of the next week for a father-son game of handball. I was going to show him what clean living would do—even for an old man of forty. "Are you going to come to it?" he said, when we go on the court.

"Keep your eye on the ball," I said, "and just count the score." It shouldn't take long to demonstrate my point. I figured to beat him by one or two games. He came out fine, of course. Jack didn't know how to play handball.

I found that out. But six feet, one-and-a-half inches of athletic prowess—at sixteen, that is—will give you a head start. The game was mine, 21-love. The second game was mine, but it was 21-8; he was learning very fast. I won the third game 21-19. Playing the way he was making me work tired.

Tired? I was dead! Fortunately for me, Jack's mother had taught him diplomacy. "You know," he said, without breathing hard, "you play a pretty good game of handball. But it's getting late and I have to go out and run ten laps around the track. Coach says I gotta stay in shape for next season."

On his way through the door he tossed one last remark over his shoulder. "I never intended to start smoking. anyhow. Cuts into my biology.

However, setting a good example with some of the other specific problems of teenagers—like money, driving a car, a steady girl, money, necking, late hours, and money—is not so simple. We've found that the magic age of sixteen gives birth to these problems (and a covey of others) all at once.

I should have known that young Jack was going on for the first time.

I remember one day when he was about five and I saw him out in the front yard. He was hosing an orange crate beside a baby carriage. "That's my nickel," he said. He had his hand poked out, and every time a stranger came by, he'd jump out and say something.

The stranger's reaction was always a wide-eyed "Oh!" Then followed a performance I couldn't quite make out. There was a brief conversation and, about half the time, Jack would scurry back behind the hedge to his orange crate, wait a few seconds, and then run out. In the meantime, the stranger would examine the house and yard with a critical eye.

When Jack reappeared there would be some "You must be a stranger" but the stranger would smile, put him on the head, say something, and trot on.

I was fascinated by these goings-on, so I went out the back door and, Indian-style, threw a pebble to my young son from behind the hedge. I only had to wait a few seconds before a housewife came by on her way to market. The program began when Jack jumped out in front of her.

"I'll bet you didn't know I'm Art Linkletter's son," said Jack.

I was taken by sudden attack from the gate, the lady said, "Oh, you are!" That accounted for the round-eyed look I'd seen from the window.

"Here's a picture of my dad," said Jack. "He'll be known, in a few years. I can get it 'audigographed' for a dime."

"My," said the stranger, "what industry!" And she looked up at the house, probably and probably the parent of an enterprising roadside bandit. That look explained the close scrutiny of the grounds by the passers-by. With no rescued piggy bank in sight, the stranger offered the ransom (Jack was blocking the sidewalk) and said, "All right, Mr. Linkletter, I'll take the 'audigographed' copy."

With these words, Jack scurried behind the hedge, pulled a公布了 through a pile of daughters, scratched a few illegible lines on it, waited a few seconds, and then ran out again. With his clothes, an awkward young Jack on the head, muttering, "What a wonderful business you're going to be," and trotted down the street.

When she was well down the block, I proceeded to break up Jack's little badger game! When one of our children steps out of the bounds, we believe in discipline. The greatest secret about having well-behaved children is to let them know you mean business when they are six months old. We feel the correction or reward should come when your four dimes times "home" or "next weekend." We don't believe in being unfair, but we do believe in being firm.

Jack's badger game apparently had been going on for two hours. He had a box full of nickels and dimes. We had a long and serious discussion, then and there, about the fact that there are no special privileges which go with being a celebrity's son. It doesn't make any difference what you do for a living, each job has an integrity of its own. He had no reason to compete.

As for money, he was wealthier now than he'd ever been. But we had to show him what honest effort was. I impressed him with the fact that a "gentleman" doesn't fiddle which go with being a celebrity's son. It doesn't make any difference what you do for a living, each job has an integrity of its own. He had no reason to compete.

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Love That Oz And Harriet!

(Continued from page 34)

calendar and an anything but quiet social life.

"It makes for problems," Harriet Nelson will tell you with more pride than resignation. "Right now, we're shooting around the Hollywood High School football schedule."

After that will follow basketball, baseball, track, ...

David, a "four-season man," has played quarterback for the Hollywood High 'B' football team for the past two seasons; in this, his senior year, he has reached the sufficient age, weight (160 pounds) and height qualifications to make him eligible for varsity. When the season is over, he also is moving in on a fifty-dollar prize promised him when he matches his father's five feet, ten inches of height.

Their four-year success in the entertainment field has had remarkably little effect on the personalities of "the boys." They like their jobs, and are pleased when their friends see or hear them and break out with a compliment—but would be horrified at the possibility that acting for a living might set them apart from "the other guys."

"Watch it... you're acting like a child actor" is the reproach at the wrongful disposal, Harriet says, which "will really bring them down to size."

The deep-seated urge to be "one of the guys"—normal for any age group among any place—has been a valuable stabilizer for these two. So has belonging to a family which—no matter how high the ratings or how inflating the press notices—keeps a minimum of air cushion between the feet and the ground.

Their handsome but homey Cape Cod Colonial house in the Hollywood Hills, within ten minutes of the radio and TV studios where they work, is a mixed-up kind of Grand Central Station, where a half-dozen writers can be working with Ozzie in the study, agency big shots from the East having tea with Harriet in the living room, yet half of Hollywood High School and Ricky's pals from Bancroft Junior High disporting themselves noisily in the pool... as a rule... as the boys go off to the store and Mom worried about nothing more crucial than the apple pie for supper.

Ozzie has learned to work against a backdrop of the kids and objects which would deafen an ordinary man. Imagine figuring out cost sheets to an obligato of hot jazz records accompanied by Ricky on his trap drums, or going over the new script while David and performers gruntingly over a football in the garden just outside the window.

There are quieter moments, when David may be back at the garage, taking apart and re-assembling his prized 1947 Ford—reward for reaching the advanced age of sixteen. The Ford's own advanced age is well concealed beneath a coat of fire-engine red paint and every chromium gadget available in the local auto supply store. David's allowance is about the same as his classmates' (the boys' earned income is invested for their future education), but the demands on his pocket change are still limited. Girls are still something in David's life to be dealt with en masse—at his school clubs' Friday-night dances, for instance. But "no steady deal" as yet, and the Ford gets the A treatment.

Ricky's money goes for records (his father supplies his instruments—drums, clarinet, and saxophone, so far), and occasionally, when he is feeling sentimental, he'll shell out for a new collar for his devoted pal, Sox, an "alley dog" given to Ricky by a neighbor and named for the objects he takes special delight in destroying. Ricky had to put up a real fight to keep Sox... not because of the hound's chewing proclivities, or because he is noted for wallowing first in mud puddles and then on Harriet's white pile rugs... but because the whole family was so broken up a year ago—when Sox's predecessor, Soxie, died of food poisoning—that Ozzie vowed their house should forever after be dog-less. Once allowed to stay, however, Sox promptly became one of the family. Probably, as Harriet says, "we'll end up by writing him into the script."

From August, when their TV filming starts, through June, when their radio program winds up for the season, everything that happens around the house ends up in the script. All those shows eat up a mighty pile of material.

Last year, the Nelsons' debut season on television, the grind also—to hear Harriet tell it—"ate the people."

The grownups, at least, were so exhausted at season's end that they canceled their tentative plans for a prolonged vacation in Europe and limped off to lie in the sun and—after a few days of complete coma—to swim a bit at their holiday cottage at Hermosa Beach. During their vacation, seeing people other than their fellow workers for the first time in months, they began to find out what happens when you make yourselves intimately at home in millions of living rooms every week.

One weekend morning soon after they hole up at Hermosa, Harriet answered a ring at the back door, bright and early, to find three smarmy, if not and aged, all unknown to the Nelsons—wondering: "Can Ozzie come out and play?"

At a dude ranch where they went for a week, Edler Bergen's daughter, Candy—whom they'd never met—greeted them: "Hi, Oz! Hi, Harriet! How are the boys?"
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(Continued from page 46)
not sure Odd ever really saw the house for what it really was until after he moved in—he was so engrossed with the rocks . . . which I never really saw until after I had stumbled over the first dozen.

Be that as it may, it is now quite safe to say that both Peg and her husband are blissfully happy with their new-old home—a nice home indeed. There was, after all, the entire two-story Nelson house, complete with garage and garden, a complete small-town street with interchangeable store fronts, and houses in the neighborhood.

The next day, we found Peg and her lady friend "Ethel" would maneuver a guest around her home, Peg enthusiastically conducts her own grand tour—starting in the most logical spot, the front door, which she puts family and guests in and out of. "Ethel" had a house with a Dutch door . . . it was one of the things that sold me on the house even before I saw the inside.

Once inside that Dutch door, two centuries suddenly evaporate and you realize what Washington missed. A center fireplace—rich and blue and amber—-is the focal point and acts as the divider between the living room, dining room and den. This is the first floor of the original building; the rooms, walls and most of the black walnut trim were those that were installed by some craftsman back in 1728. "The house is listed as having been built in the early 1730's," Peg explains, "when we were repairing the fireplace we uncovered a cornerstone marked '1728.' Not that, at this stage, a few years may make any difference . . . except that I get a bang out of being the only one here the white people in the last hundred years or so to know the exact year the house was built."

To the left of the fireplace is the cozy living room. "Moving from a small New York apartment to an eight-room house presents quite a problem in furnishing, particularly when your apartment was quite modern, and your new home quite Early American. There was nothing to do but start from scratch. In the interest of not putting us in debt for the rest of our natural lives, we bought reproductions rather than authentic Early American furniture. In fact, there are only one or two really authentic pieces, perhaps two or three. Some day, I hope to have more, but right now I'm quite content to be furnished without being broke. I think you'll find the only thing in this section of the house that is out of character with electricity and children's up-to-date toys—is the TV set. Under the circumstances, I think the original owners, the Ferrises, will forgive the intrusion of science.

To the right of the living room, and in front of the fireplace, is the dining room with its rag rugs, ladder-back chairs and oval dining table. One wall is a lovely china cabinet filled with blue and white English woodland-scene china. Blue and white plates arranged on the stark white walls add color to the room. In another wall is a Dutch-door glass cabinet and bar. This was the original staircase to the second floor. When that was added, this sharp and steep staircases was shut off and a less precipitous one put in off the rear of the living room. Odd turned the old stairwell into the cabinet and installed soft indirect lighting in both the glass and china cabinets. We think the lighting in two otherwise fairly dark corners is quite effective.

"And don't you just love the black an- tiqued wrought-iron door hinges against the white walls and woodwork throughout the house? Odd did that, too. "Believe it or not, I didn't really marry
Odd because he was so handy around the house... in fact, I didn't know about these talents of his until we moved out here. The apartment we had in Grampeler Park gave him very little opportunity to display his hammer-and-chisel dexterity. And the fact that he's a mechanical and chemical engineer doesn't necessarily guarantee that he's a whiz with a bucket of white paint. Certainly, the one potted geranium which bedecked our New York flat that never aroused any suspicions as to the very active green thumb he possesses—although I suppose I should have guessed it, since Odd Ronning was born and raised in Norway and, as everyone knows, Norwegians as a whole love the great outdoors and everything connected with it. Now that the inside of the house is finished, just let the sun even pretend to shine and Odd is outside like a flash working on the lawn, preparing new flower or vegetable gardens, trimming trees... doing just about anything required to keep an acre of ground looking well-manicured.

"Besides that, he's got the disposition of an angel—considerable influence on me when I get ten or so until show problem. Television presents many problems for Ethel And Albert that were never in evidence when the program was on radio. Try as I do to keep my business problems separate from our family life, every once in a while I get tied up in a mental knot, and it takes Odd's even disposition and common sense to straighten me out. To think I almost missed the boat with Odd—actually did miss the boat—well, there I go into another knot!"

And miss Odd's boat is exactly what Peg did... You see, Odd and Peggy are third cousins who had never met until 1946, when Odd came to the United States to take some additional engineering courses at Syracuse University. Norwegian relatives had written Peg, telling her about the Norwegian missionary ship that boat—and when Odd would arrive. But, somehow along the line, information went away and, when Peg arrived at the pier, the boat had long since docked and dispersed all passengers. So, it wasn't until the next school vacation period that Odd put in an appearance at a family dinner. In the course of the next few years, a family obligation turned from friendship to love and, on August 12, 1948, they were married at the famous Little Church Around The Corner in New York.

"The combination of my radio commitments and the fact that Odd had to return to Norway to fulfill some personal obligations," continues Peggy, "postponed our honeymoon until the following summer, when we went to Norway—by way of London and Brussels—to visit our mutual relatives, none of whom I knew. It was a trip I shall never forget! It was food I shall never forget! People always ask me about Norwegian food... that is, what the average Norwegian family eats. Having spent a full summer in Norway, I still can't answer the question where we went, there seemed to be multitudes of the Ronning clan with but one thought in mind... feed the cool.

"But, all joking aside, the trip and the people were wonderful. And, if I never have any other Ethel And Albert fans— heaven forbid—I have a solid block in Nor- way. Actually, I really enjoyed the show. But, at their request, when the show returned to the air, I sent them a couple of scripts—now I have to send them all. Which pleases me, because it indicates that they accumulated enough material to do... write a show that had universal appeal... real meaning, regardless of nationality or walk-of-life."

It is in the peace and quiet of "Witchstone"—a name derived from the flat stone covering over the chimney, which was supposed to keep witches away—that Peggy writes her Ethel And Albert scripts... reading the final drafts to Odd for his opinions and suggestions. "On the second floor of the original house," continues Peg, "there is a little l-shaped room which I use as my study and writing room. There's a beautiful view to work at home and yet not feel I'm disturbing the family! In a three-room apartment in New York, this was quite a trick—especially after 1943, when Edit Astrid joined the family. It was at this point that Odd and I seriously set about finding the home we had always talked about... the house that would fulfill our needs and requirements. I had a particular something to do with the raising of our daughter. The comparative safety of the country is a great comfort to a mother who cannot always be home to watch over her."

"Comparative safety," because occasionally it seems to be a toss-up. For instance, is a skinned knee from a city street really any worse than a scratch from the course of a dog on your leg? Well, at least there's no traffic problem.

"One other thing that I wanted in my home was a modern, roomy kitchen—one that was as far away from an apartment kitchenette as a bed of periwinkles is from a potted plant. Once again, 'Witchstone' answered my prayer—the kitchen is a dream. In fact, it's a sore temptation when I know I should be pounding a typewriter. It's roomy, light and airy, and has a stove that defies error. It's such a cheery room that I don't even mind dish-washing. To boot, it's right off the terrace-in back porch where we all live during the summer months, and when I'm in the kitchen I can still partake in what's going on with the rest of the family. You know, I've often thought that modern women who represent their kitchens is because the kitchens are usually tucked away in a remote corner far from the center of family activity. Not so in our house. The kitchen is located in such a way that the only room you can't see from it is the first-floor bedroom.

"In fact, one of the charming features of the house is that, no matter where you are on the first floor of the original structure, you're really always in the same room, the chimney merely acting as a divider without actually partitioning off the rooms. In some subtle way, it makes for a feeling of oneness—of always being together. And perhaps, without realizing it, that's why I thought 'Witchstone' looked like home.

"But then, home is how you look at it, isn't it?"

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Kate Smith Says: “Thanks For Listenin’!”

(Continued from page 40) role in “Flying High,” introduced himself as a recording-company executive—and sold his dream wedding to the first admirer of the butt of the comedian’s jokes about her size, when it was her glorious voice that people would really care about. Time and Ted proved this to be right. But, when they did, it is the kind of good fortune to which he was to manage her professional life, an agreement that has stood for twenty-two years and is still going strong, she could have signed for crooked right. And she can remember how his directness and sincerity impressed her then.

The Kate of today can remember dozens of cases where her organization has lent millions of dollars, of which she continues to serve. Patriotic causes of all kinds during war years, fund-raising drives to battle disease and disaster which do not respect class or color.

She can remember all her wonders years in radio, beginning in the early 1930’s, first as a singer whose introductory runs were even more sensational, with a hybrid called “the Mountain,” became her well-known trademark all over the country. (Later, she launched Irving Berlin’s “God Bless America” on its sensational success and it, too, became hers.)

As she branched out, under Ted’s guidance and with Ted as co-commentator, she contributed her own commentary and philosophy to her radio broadcasts, but always her singing dominated everything else.

With the advent of television, she became the singer-mistress-of-cerebral and was randomly produced daily Kate Smith House, on which some of the greatest names in entertainment, in government, science and the arts, have made appearances—these latter usually on Ted’s “Cracker Barrel” portion of the program.

“I am thrilled by Ted’s Cracker Barrel discussions,” Kate recently said of them, “because he realizes come and walk of life, and it is exciting and enlightening to hear them talk so informally about the great things they believe in and are working for. For instance, Ted has talked with one state governor who has told him that the ever-uncasing war on illicit narcotic traffic, which is imperiling so many of our young folks. In the same week, we may be writing letters to our congressmen in office, a senator sponsoring a bill which will affect the lives of every person listening to us, a writer whose latest book is causing unusual comment. Nominations for the Presidency of the United States have come on the show to discuss issues with Ted, completely unrehearsed. I consider it a liberal education for myself, and our listeners and viewers have shared in my appreciation of it.”

It is somehow characteristic of the Kate Smith of today that, while she recognizes the need and importance of a fund current affairs, the portion of the program she really enjoys the most is still the singing part—especially the informal “Singing Sessions.” Perhaps it’s because she knows that music is a language and that the simple songs appeal to everyone. Perhaps it’s because these sessions provide an opportunity to sing to one unselected and a million others.

“I definitely do feel a closer contact with my audiences during these sessions,” she explains it. “I feel I may be giving a response singing for the one who asked for the song, and, beyond, to the many others who will also enjoy it. Also, it gives me the chance to introduce members of my organization who would not ordinarily be seen, but to whom we owe so much, and I thoroughly enjoy this.”

The Kate of today can remember something, with a laugh in her voice as she tells the story. “One sunny day Kate and I, and grinned at it as they started out rigging to deny it, going on to say, “because you’re not the type, Kathryn Smith.”

In time, he found out my real name,” she says, “and offered me jobs which were for frappes and sundaeis and things like that—and I guess I’m not the type for that, either.

But the Kate of today is no more concerned with the fact that she is larger than average than she was at the beginning of her career, when only the fact that some others found it amusing made her briefly unhappy. Now, she has learned that Ted was right, and that her voice is the important thing. Somehow or other, she wouldn’t be Kate Smith if that big voice didn’t belong.”

Kate Smith has recently announced that she is about to launch a new program, a program that will be heard in every heart, in every home, in every heart, in every quarter. It was an announcement that Kate Smith had heard in every heart, in every home, in every heart, in every quarter.

Kate Smith’s last major announcement, however, was one which she made in her personal life. Kate Smith has recently announced that she is about to launch a new program, a program that will be heard in every heart, in every home, in every heart, in every quarter.

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Evah's Last Birthday Party

(Continued from page 85)

Woodrow Wilson Conley—was found to be a soft-spoken, serious young man. Mrs. Conley was the kind of woman who won the respect and good will of all other women on the block. She was a good housekeeper, good mother, and always bright and cheerful.

It was the first year the Conleys lived in the new block that Evah was born. She was a pretty blonde baby with blue eyes. Woody thought she resembled his mother. Evah was a delicate little girl. The neighbors' doors were always open to the child. She would frequently go visiting with her dolls and sit in a kitchen where the windows were baked. Little Evah loved to sing and gave full payment in music for her sweets.

But, as you can see, there was nothing unusual about Evah or the Conley family as a whole. Woody went to work early, then returned in the evening to a dinner prepared by Gladys and an hour or two of play with his children. Some evenings, he built slides for children, and sometimes, for his younger ones, as Evah would brag, "Daddy can do or fix anything."

When the children were in bed, neighbors would come over to sit in the back yard and sometimes, to grill frankfurters. Sundays, the Conleys went to the Baptist Church. Until a year ago, the Conleys were just another average family and Evah was a chubby, healthy girl.

It was a year ago that Gladys Conley, while bathing her daughter, felt a lump in Evah's arm. The mother was no alarmist, but the lump was odd—not a bruise, but a strange, cucumber-shaped thing under Evah's skin. The next day she took Evah to the doctor. She didn't get an immediate answer.

For the Kate of today still likes to share her enjoyment of life with her audiences, and they in turn show an interest in everything she does. Her fan mail is about double what it was when she appeared only on radio. It averages between sixty and seventy thousand pieces a month, and covers comments on her hair, her clothes, everything that goes on during the shows, and her songs, of course, in particular.

Viewers ask her why she wears long sleeves, even in formal clothes, and she tells them it's because she thinks they are more flattering to a woman her size. They comment on the way she uses trimming on gowns, which are otherwise plain in color and simple in line, so that they look youthful. "Many large women have told me they thought they had to wear absolutely untrimmed dresses, but as soon as I realized I had found the skillful use of trimmings was a help," she says. "They suggest sometimes that I shorten my dresses, but I tell them that little matters are better for my height. I did take a suggestion last winter about my hair, however, and had it cut two inches shorter. But, whether or not I agree with the writer, I love to get to know new people personally, and about the program. It shows an interest that I deeply appreciate, and as long as I have a professional life on the air I shall decide to take your suggestions and comments. It is they who buy the products of our sponsors, thereby keeping us on, and I am eternally grateful to them."

The Kate of today remains humble, and open to suggestions and to criticism, if she thinks it is just. She remembers how, back in the days when she was playing at the New York Palace Theatre (where, incidentally, she established a long-distance record of fourteen consecutive weeks of performances without missing one), she used to play handball next door, in between shows, with one of the little girl dancers in the show. The girl was a whiz at the game, but Kate herself has always been fine at practically every sport, and she disliked not being "best" at anything. So, one day, she determined to win at handball, and insisted that the other girl play until she won, almost making her cry. But in the end, Ted Collins scolded Kate roundly at the time. "Kathryn," he said, "it's time for you to grow up. Yes, you're still a little show-off at heart when it comes to sports."

"I knew he was right," Kate admitted. "Just as he has been right many times since. I think it was probably the last time I ever really showed-off like that, however."

With the Kate of today it is asked what the deepest satisfactions are that come to her in the twenty years RTVM has been writing about her, and what she has now learned from life, her answer is as great as her heart.

"I think what we call success can never be measured by one great achievement, or by the amount of money earned. For me, it is measured by the simple things: the love of my children, the happiness of friends, the kindness of strangers in every walk of life. I never think about what the future may hold. I am just thankful for the present. Content to work, to help others, to love, to keep faith with people."

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The doctor suggested an operation to diagnose the cause, and they were told that the Conleys were told that Evah had cancer.

"I know it's true," Gladys told her neighbor. "I know doctors don't joke about such things, but I can't believe it. I just can't believe it.

Anyone watching Evah teach her dolls to play a toy piano would have thought the doctor mad, for Evah was a picture of go and done. And it was an uphill journey.

Woody and Gladys were stunned. From that day on, they were to face the most trying times of their lives. At once they were plunged into the first of many difficult decisions. To check the growth of the cancer, the doctor could use X-rays or amputate Evah's arm. He couldn't pronounce which either way, but Gladys had to decide which it would be. She decided against the amputation.

Realistically, Gladys reasoned that amputation would mar what little happiness and normality was left in Evah's life. Never could she explain such a drastic operation to a child, and Evah's whole days would be nightmares.

It was at this time that the neighborhood began to realize the character of the Conleys. It would not have been surprising if Woody and Gladys had become hysterical. But through it all, although their anguish and suffering were evident in the lines at the corners of their mouths and the sleeplessness that shadowed their eyes, "Just do it," Gladys said to Mrs. White. "It's God's way, but we can't understand why it must be Evah."

And the child was just as magically courageous. While Evah was undergoing the operation, Woody underwent six operations and countless X-ray treatments that left her scarred and uncomfortable. The disease took its toll but she became salivary and spindly.

The Conleys followed every course medical science offered, they prayed to God and beyond that, determined to make Evah well again. But they were handicapped. After medical bills, there was little left for toys and pleasures for Evah. And then, in the latter part of the year, they murdered the weather that strikes the Eastern seaboard. Meanwhile, the cancer had spread.

"If you hadn't seen her in six months," Mrs. White wrote Warren Hull, "there was a symphony birthday.

Evah wanted a seaside vacation. Of course, many little girls want one, too, but she had a twin among them. And then Mrs. White wrote Warren Hull.

Writing Warren was no accident, for Strike It Rich is one of the favorite shows in her neighborhood. Even little Evah was a regular fan and one of the neighborhood's most faithful. She would sit by the receiver prompting contestants as well as Warren.

Mrs. White's letter caught the eye of the star Faye. Faye contacted Mrs. Conley and arranged for her to fly up for the Wednesday-night show. That night, Mrs. Conley answered all questions correctly and earned Evah hundred dollars.

She said then, "Evah has never seen so many things we couldn't afford. It will be different now."

The Heartline began ringing, too. A hotel owner offered the Conleys a free month at any one of his resorts, with nurses in attendance. It was then that Walt Framer and Warren were struck with a thought—since Evah was expected to live to her next birthday, why not move the date up immediately and give her a gala party?

A week later, on a sunny morning in July, a million dollars' worth of talent from radio, video and Hollywood made its way to La Guardia Airport in New York. There were actress Gloria DeHaven, pianist Jan August, little Robin Morgan (who plays Dagmar on TV's Mama), Bozo the Clown, Metropolitan Opera singers, and a host of other entertainers.

A man at the airport with a real heartache was Warren Hull. It was he who had helped plan the party, and he couldn't go. He was emceeing "Strike It Rich but The Big Payoff," too, with three programs that day. Warren told Walt, "Give the little girl a big hug and kiss for me."

Evah had been up since sunrise, excited and pleased about the party. But the doctors asked that the entertainers put on their show quickly, for Evah couldn't take too much excitement. Then Woody carried Evah outdoors.

Wearing only pajama bottoms in the midday heat, she lay on a blanket under the spreading oak tree. The entertainers gathered around a piano moved into the back yard.

There were gay songs and tricks from the Broadway stage, the birthday cake with a little girl-doll on the top wearing a huge hoop skirt that was all confection. There were toys enough to make Evah's dreams pop: records and phonographs, candy and stuffed animals, dolls and cowboy suits, a beagle dog and a bicycle.

No child ever had a birthday party with so many toys and stars before. But after all, there was to be a lot of birthdays rolled into one.

Everyone took comfort from the doctor's explanation that Evah had had so much joy and happiness. The professor reminded the younger's generosity when her mother unwrapped one gift and found a watch.

"I just bought her one of the other day," Mrs. Conley advertised.

Evah immediately asked, "Who shall we give this one to?"

Then the doctor said Evah had had enough and was to take into the house. About an hour later, the stars filed through her bedroom to wish her goodby. She was tired, dazed by all, but very happy. After all, Evah was the only one who could have recognized the star who didn't know this was her last birthday.

Robin Morgan told Evah she would like to show her around the television studios someday and Gloria DeHaven said she must come and play with her children whenever she visited New York. Walt Framer was the last to go in, and he said, "For Warren's sake and my own, I hope you will think of this as one of your happiest birthdays.

"Thank you," she said, and smiled. Then she added, "But, you know, I'm not having any fun.

It was a somber, serious lot of stars who returned to New York. All had been impressed by the bearing of Evah and her mother. And, when Warren mulled it over, he said, "We thought we were giving Evah something wonderful, but I think she gave us a lesson in courage that we'll never forget."
(Continued from page 71)

he doesn't oversleep, he has six alarm clocks in his apartment. They go off at five-minute intervals—so that, if he ignores the brassy throat of one, five others follow. Enough to baffle the average morning disk jockey show—and greater challenge has no troupier met than this!

For the man who succeeded the one, the job was made for him. He had met the musicians and the producers and the people who write the music and the promotions and the managers. He had made the listeners like it—proved his mettle there and then. He had knocked the socks off the stars of Broadway and the show business world and the radio airwaves. He was known coast to coast as Arthur Godfrey.

On Saturday mornings, immediately after his early-morning show, Jack travels to Philadelphia (but no longer alone—his bride, he said, was to accompany him) and then to Big Top, the CBS-TV circus program on which (resplendent in red coat, complete with black-spangled lens-ops, long trousers, silk hat, jeweled whip, and a dressing-ringmaster. And now he has the five-a-week, 11:30 to 11:45 A.M. Make Up Your Mind, the CBS Radio panel show on which Mr. Sterling was the urbane, mettle-morning, as well as a little nervous. Never get over being a little nervous," Jack said, "especially when starting something new. Most especially on Make Up Your Mind, for you always hope you'll get that network radio show, and when you do..." the six-foot Sterling crossed his fingers, shivered.

Mr. Godfrey, of all people, should be nervous—why he should have been nervous in the very first place—is a problem the panelists on Make Up Your Mind should one day attempt to solve. The visitants often come from his program's Don't study. Mr. Sterling, a newcomer to New York when he first succeeded Godfrey, is no newcomer to show business.

Born, according to his own account, on June 24, 1915, in Ma Brown's Theatrical Boarding House in Baltimore, Maryland, he was on the road trouping with his parents, Jack Sexton and Edna Cable, and sister Betty, some three or four weeks after he bowed in at Ma Brown's. At the age of seven, he won his first show and made his theatrical debut as Little Willie in "East Lynne." At the age of seven, he was in Hollywood, playing on the same vaudeville bill as his parents, but in an act of his own. A minstrel act.

"In the beginning, I just tried," Jack recalled, "in blackface make-up. I opened with a comedy song. This was followed by a political stump speech, a take-off. I could not do a fast tap dance. I thought I was a star.

"One night, director Tod Browning came backstage, told my folks he thought I could use him in a picture he was about to make. Long story; I leave me to Hollywood. But Mother didn't want me to leave me. We were a traveling family and we traveled, we said, together. The part Todd wanted had in mind for me, because the part Jackie Coogan played so unforgottably with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid."

"I often think," Jack smiled, "how different my life might have been if Mother had left me in Hollywood. Makes you realize how potent is one little word, one small yes or no."

"Believe me, however," he grinned again, "no even that common denominator in the theatre, a 'child prodigy.' But—brought up from my first breath, in a theatrical atmosphere—I learned early to know my way around a line, a gag, a song. My dad had a male quartet, the Garden City Four. Soon after he organized it, it was booked with a musical show which

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went on the road and played—among many towns, large and small—the relatively small town of Hornellesville, New York. In Hornellesville, a girl by the name of Edna Cable, who was working at the time in a five-and-ten store, saw as a chorus girl—and joined my father, soon after, as his wife.

"Later, many folks had their own stock company, and during the summer months my sister and I joined them and worked with them, wherever they were playing. We were schooled by private tutors and in public schools. We took two special courses at Ripon, Wisconsin, boarded with a family there, while the folks were on the road, and went to school. The longest stretch, he added, "was in any one school." When Jack was fifteen, he struck out on his own. He felt he'd had a world of stage experience. And so, for a fact, he had. But he didn't look it. Although six feet tall then, he was skinny, all elbows and knees, a typical "beardless boy"—and the mustard he wears today is a throwback to the one he grew (not without sweat and some tears) when, as a road agent, he was trying to make himself look older. "I wear it now because I'm used to it."

At seventeen, he was juvenile lead (thanks in part, perhaps, to the five-o'clock shadow on the up-and-coming) with the John D. Winninger Stock Company, which played many small cities and towns—including Ripon, Wisconsin! He became a leading man with other names such as, for instance, the George Robeson Players. With one stock company, he not only played leads, he also sold candy, sang between acts and played in the orchestra.

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His biggest character lead, during those stock company days, was the one made famous by Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'."

Then came the depression, and Jack, like just about every other man—Jack of those lean days, did odd jobs... "Sold silk stockings for a one time," Jack told me. "It was a summer vacation and I was in Janesville, Wisconsin. I worked the small towns out of Janesville. I also worked all the angles. One of them, the sharpest, was of the front door—providing, of course, you'd get your foot in the front door!—fasten it securely, then try to chin yourself with it. This proved to me and I must honestly say, I often proved—how strong it was! Another blow in the face of sales—resistance—you always carried a nail file with you at the doorstep to the prospective customer, pulled it, by the point, the length of the stocking. This, too, I used, not unsuccessfully, until I met my come-upance in the person of a customer who, in heavying the neighbor woman what a bargain she'd got in half-a-dozen pairs of indestructible hose, used a paring knife—not at an angle—and cut the whole thing through!

"I seem to remember that she sued the company, and I," Jack laughed, "wound up in vaudeville on the West Coast. I guess I did what was needed," he made a funny face for all vaudeville forever. After that, I was a night-club emcee. I never have figured it out, but somehow I landed in Peoria, Illinois. An announcer friend of mine at WCBS—asked me to be guest on his show. Little did I guess that I was to be, on radio, a long-staying house guest! I was paid seven-fifty for the guest spot. An anchorman for a series on dramatic and variety programs. Then came a break which was to be, in the light of later developments, The Break: I went to WTDW, at Quincy, Illinois, as assistant program manager and programmer. This did it

I liked it. Liked radio. And decided to make it my career.

"From Quincy, I went to KNOX in St. Louis as producer, and director, and emcee for some of their top shows, including Quiz Of Two Worlds, Open House, The Land We Live In, Saturday At The Chase and Quiz Club.

"In November, 1947, I was called to WBBM, Chicago, as production director. When WCBS was searching for a man to take over the station, the CBS's Director Sexton was asked to submit audition records of his station's top local talent, including one of his own. It hadn't occurred to me to try, I knew myself as a candidate, largely because I'd decided to stay on in the executive phase of radio. But, when WCBS Radio asked me to, I cut a record—"I'm Jack Smith"—as Jack smiled again, that happy smile, 'I'm Jack Smith.'"

"It was after I came to New York, by the way, that I changed my name from Sexton to Sterling. Or, rather, we changed it, CBS and I. For the reason that CBS wanted a new name and I jointly owned them by them and by me—thus making sure I was not going to turn up," Jack winked, "on NBC! I've always been grateful, by the way, to change the initials on my luggage, fountain pen, et cetera.

"It sounds very simple, come to think of it, to say: 'I cut a record and now I'm here.' What was that six or seven years of radio experience gone to?—and, although, when I cut it, I didn't expect to hear of it again—I'm glad the WCBS executives liked it. Glad because, if I had had this chance and failed, I think I would have been content as an executive, would have said, 'An exec is your role, old boy, carry on!' I'm pretty sure I would never have been really happy, or quite settled in, if I hadn't had the chance. I know I could never be completely happy away from show business. I was raised in it, I know nothing else. Whether or not grease paint is in my blood, who knows? But I kind of like to put it on," Jack grinned, "and very much like an audience, seen or unseen. I'm glad I had the chance and didn't fall.

"Glad, too, because—it's not easy, as I've pointed out, to follow in the footsteps of a man of Godfrey's stature—it's been great experience, and because I'm happy to be in New York. Glad most of all because, if I had not come to New York, I might never have met Barbara..."

"Barbara," said Barbara's bridgroom, "was my secretary for a short time here at CBS. After working for me about two months, she came to me one day and told me her family was moving to Washington, D. C. Since she would eventually be joining the White House, and because I'm in it."

"I thought this was so nice of her, so honest, so thoughtful, and decent, I took her out to lunch. And that," Jack said, a glint in his dark eyes, "is when the romance began.

"Hadn't I ever noticed her before? Oh, sure, I had. She's a very pretty girl, very pretty, so pretty she couldn't escape notice. But, beyond the appreciation any man accords a charming-looking, well-dressed young woman, I hadn't gone beyond that and almost automatic table from one another at Giovanni's! This was shortly after Christmas, 1951, and we were married, a little more than a year later, in June."

"I forgot the date, pretty 'steady.' Barbara went to work, pending her

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parents' move to Washington, for Margaret Arlen, who was using two secretaries at the time. Since Margaret is also here, in the CBS building, Barbara and I went out to lunch together a couple of times a week. In the evenings, we usually went to the theater. We both love the theater, especially musicals, and I think we must have seen, in the space of a few months, all the musicals on Broadway. Although she'd been living in East Orange, New Jersey, and worked in New York, Barbara had never been to the Copa, or the Latin Quarter, or any of the gilded night spots, and I took her out a kick out of taking her—to most of them.

"I'm very fond of horses, and one night, after the theatre, thought it would be romantic to drive around Central Park in one of the old, nostalgic horse-drawn buggies. When we came back from the drive, Barbara's eyes, I noticed, were filled with tears. Touchèd, I asked the reason. Guess, Jack laughed aloud, "what the reason was! Not sentiment. Not nostalgia. Not moonlight and magic—she is allergic to horses! On our honeymoon in Bermuda, we skipped the horse-drawn carriages!"

"Why Barbara?" Jack repeated the question, "Why, of all the pretty girls I've met, and meet daily, was Barbara the one? Well, for one thing she is, let me repeat, a very pretty girl. Also, she is one of the most even-tempered, best-dispositioned young women I have ever known in my life—and this is, let me say, a potent factor in a woman's appeal to a man."

"She is also—as I suspected before we were married, and know now—a competent and, at the same time, casual housekeeper. And an excellent hostess. People like her immediately, and she, as immediately, likes people. Whether or not she's an artist in the kitchen, I don't know. Only room in a family for one cook, and I. Jack chuckled, "am I! Cooking is my hobby. I've a great collection of cookbooks—German, Italian, Swedish, Chinese, Filipino cookbooks of all countries. Have the real copper cooking utensils and the wooden spoons and, certainly, a liberal spice shelf. I do my own marketing ... I like to do authentic Chinese cooking, in preparation for which I go right down to Chinatown, to the Wing Fat Company, where I have some very good friends who see to it that I get the authentic ingredients."

"Come to dinner some night," Jack said, with the slant eyes, "and we'll start out with appetizers of Chinese barbecued spare ribs, served with mustard and a sweet-and-sour sauce. The spare ribs will be followed by a Wan Ton soup. And then—oh, shrimp, probably, with lobster sauce. After the shrimp, beef with Chinese vegetable tables. And, for the sweet, almond cookies and Chinese tea."

"As a cook, however, I change pace with every meal. Last weekend, at Spring Lake, New Jersey—where Barbara and I were staying with her family, who have a summer home there—I did stuffed pork chops, sage dressing, a red wine sauce . . . and, speaking of Spring Lake, it was in Spring Lake, Jack said, "that Barbara and I were married."

"We said our vows in St. Catherine's Chapel, back of the Hotel Monmouth, which faces the open sea. A full formal wedding, with Barbara in white satin, old lace veil, orange blossoms—she just looked like a little doll!—and I in the traditional striped trousers and cutaway, but looking unlike the traditional bridegroom ... for I wasn't pale, wasn't nervous—just proud, just happy. A full battery of photographers from the New York Times and other papers were on hand, and there were pictures and descriptions and announcements. After the wedding, a reception at Spring Lake's Homestead Country Club, with some four hundred guests. After the reception, we drove to New York, spent the night at the Hotel Pierre, and flew, the next day, to Bermuda, where we stayed at the Princess Hotel, played golf, swam, drove (not behind horses) and felt like heaven on earth!

"The night before we were married, my associates at CBS and a few of my other friends in town gave me a bachelor dinner—aboard," Jack laughed, "a tugboat. In the Hudson River. We chugged up the Hudson, back to Coney Island, had an evening replete with piano player aboard, good food and much hilarity."

The boys at CBS, the boys I work with on the shows, gave us a Bell and Howell movie camera as a wedding gift. There were many wedding gifts, all fabulous, but none more so than the camera that the crew I work with—and who work, what is more," Jack laughed, "with me! But I think our best wedding present was the new network show which was 'delivered' to me just six weeks after I'd said 'I do.'"

"As a final fillip to this felicitous state of affairs, we've found an apartment on East 54th Street, which means I can just roll out of bed—at 4 A.M., what else would the poor guy do but roll?—" and into the studio here on East 52nd. The decorators are in the place now—by the way, it has a big kitchen—Barbara is running around for them and with them . . . and, by the time these words are being read, we'll have left the Westchester–Biltmore, where we spent the summer months, and will be," Jack said, his voice deepening, "at home."

"As you can see, everything nice that can happen has happened to me!"
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D Heart-shaped gold finish locket necklace to fit doll or little girl, 50c extra.
D To save postage I enclose $5.95—ship prepaid   $6.45—include necklace.
Once upon a time, not very long ago, a little girl named Marilyn Mitchell lived with her five brothers and five sisters in Meadville, Pennsylvania. Came a rainy day, she would keep the family happy by reading and acting out stories. Little did she realize that someday she would be doing the same for thousands upon thousands of other youngsters. Not until she graduated from high school, as an honor student, did Marilyn decide to enter the entertainment field. Then she packed her belongings and ventured to New York to study drama and radio acting at Hunter College and the Academy of Dramatic Arts. By 1952, Marilyn had amassed a wealth of experience as a stage actress, having appeared in numerous off-Broadway productions, and as a model. Then, on July 4th of that year, she met her Prince Charming—Ray Barron, an agent and artists' representative who was active in radio and television productions. Realizing Marilyn's natural talents in his line of work, Ray placed her on the Fun And Fashion show over WPIX-TV. After much deserved praise from viewers, Ray and Marilyn journeyed to Boston and became proud additions to Station WCOP's family. Quicker than you can say Rumpelstiltskin, Marilyn found her way into the hearts and imaginations of thousands of youngsters all over New England. The magic wand that brought her such popularity is her Saturday morning program, Young Timer's Club. Each week, for 55 minutes, Marilyn weaves a wonderland of delight with stories, games, surprises and prizes. She also sponsors the Young Timer's Club (the only requirement for membership is to lend your ears and imagination to her), sends autographed pictures of herself to her "little" admirers, and daily reads and answers countless letters the small folk write. Because she loves her "Young Timers" so, and because they feel the same about her, it would seem that Marilyn and Ray will live happily ever after in Boston and at Station WCOP.
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.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new “Star-lite” style. No nightly settings needed.

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.

Casual, carefree—that’s the “Skylark,” thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give soft, lovely curls and waves right from the start.

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.
It’s highly improbable that there’s a movie, radio, or TV fan alive who hasn’t seen, heard, or been entertained by the unlimited talents of Morey Amsterdam, master joker and jokesmith. For over twenty years, he has entertained millions at everything from cello playing and song writing to movie, radio and television writing, directing, producing and acting. Nowadays, he daily makes merry on WNBT’s Breakfast With Music, and offers great TVariety each Saturday night.

Above and beyond the gag world, Morey’s great pride, after his wonderful family, is his beautiful 14-room Colonial-styled home in Westchester. Four years of extra-special interior decorating by Kay Patrick, Morey’s beautiful, vivacious wife and former Conover model, has produced a dramatic showplace that shines almost as brightly as the Amsterdam family, which also includes young Gregory Morey and cute-as-a-button Catherine Jennifer.

Often, the Amsterdams can be found out on their back lawn practicing golf, a hobby the whole family enjoys. In fact, ten-year-old Gregory far outshoots Papa. But Morey seeks solace from Cathy—only two and a half, she offers little competition...now.

Another hobby of Morey’s is photography. He has a home studio, replete with all kinds of equipment, plus a viewing room which Kay uses, too—for Saturday night suppers with friends. Morey’s favorite hobby, however, is and always has been gags, gags, and more gags. “After all,” boasts the fabulous funster, “they built my home!” And what a wonderful home!
This holiday season

Be a lovelier, smoother “You”

with

Helene Curtis spray net

Just one magic moment
keeps hair softly in
place wherever you go,
whatever you do

... and only Helene Curtis spray net
beauty-treats your hair with

Spray-on Lanolin Lotion (adds silkiness, won't dry hair)

Here is a new kind of hair-beauty protection—to keep you looking your loveliest all through the holiday season. A magic mist that keeps hair softly in place around the clock ... naturally ... without greasiness. Can’t dry hair ... actually adds silkiness.

What’s more, Helene Curtis spray net “beauty-treats” your hair every flattering hour you wear it. For it contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion to impart a shining, silky look. Won’t dry hair. Invisible, colorless. Won’t harm hair. Brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis spray net today. Avoid inferior substitutes. Ask for it by name.

Regular Size, $1.25
Giant 11 oz. $2.00 Size (2½ times as much)
LIMITED TIME ONLY $1.79

Stardust
BONUS GIFT FOR YOU

Here’s holiday magic for exciting evenings ... tiny, jewel-like “sparkles” for your hair. Just sprinkle Stardust on hair, apply spray net to hold the glitter in place. It brushes out instantly, later. Gold or silver! Hurry ... offer for limited time only.

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons
Kathi Norris tells husband Wilbur Stark of her new job as commercial girl for General Electric.

Wedding bells for Marguerite Piazza will shorten her professional hours.

what's new from Coast

• By JILL WARREN

Robert Q. Lewis Show is the name of a new Saturday morning program which has found a regular place on the CBS Radio network. It's a fifteen-minute romp with Robert Q. handling the ad libs, supported vocally by those very popular young ladies, The Chordettes. The quartette, who were so well-liked when they were on the Arthur Godfrey shows, will also be making guest appearances from time to time, both on radio and television.

NBC and Pontiac finally got together on a suitable time spot for their boy, Dave Garroway, and the Garroway night-time television show is very much on the network's fall schedule. The sponsor originally objected to placing the program opposite I Love Lucy on Monday nights, but eventually gave the okay for a Friday evening period. NBC just extended Garro- way's contract, which was to have expired in 1957, to run through to Sep- tember of 1960. In addition to his new program, Dave will continue his two-hour daily Today task on TV and his Monday-through-Friday Dial Dave Garroway on radio. He says NBC

If all goes well, Bing Crosby (here with son Lindsay), who so often has said no to TV appearances, may soon change his answer to yes.
Robert Q. Lewis is featuring The Chordettes on his new radio show.

**to Coast**

should give him an endurance crown, because, with his rugged schedule now, he may have to give up sleeping entirely.

Bing Crosby, who has said no to so many television offers, may finally say yes—and to his present sponsor, General Electric—for a series of appearances on their Sunday-night spot on CBS-TV. There’s also talk that Bing may emcee their hour-long Christmas TV program.

Speaking of television deals, Jo Stafford has just made a whopper. CBS-TV has signed Jo to a four-year contract which is said to call for her being paid $1,000,000 for the period, and she’ll be on salary whether she is actually working or not. Under the terms of the deal, Jo will give up all radio activities, but will continue to make records for Columbia. CBS is currently working on a couple of musical formats for Jo and hopes to get a TV show set for viewing this season.

Frank Sinatra, whose radio and TV career seemed on the wane last year, has certainly bounced back with a bang this season. (Continued on page 92)
Who's Mrs. Calabash?

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me who the person is that Jimmy Durante says good night to on all his shows?

D.P.J., Glens Falls, N. Y.

For many years now, on radio and television, Jimmy Durante has ended his programs with the wistful salutation: "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are." Thousands of other listeners have wondered through the years just who this person is, but, sad to say, only Jimmy knows the answer, and he's not talking. Even his friends are in the dark. Some say she is an old friend, or just a gag. Whenever Jimmy is asked, he just cocks his head, smiles, and replies, "A fella's got to have some secrets, ain't he?"

Mrs. Gurney

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me the name and something about the lady who plays the part of the scatter-brained teacher, Mrs. Gurney, on Mr. Peepers?

N.T., Lynn, Mass.

The charming and hilarious role of Mrs. Gurney is portrayed by Marion Lorne. Although born and brought up in Pennsylvania, Miss Lorne was a star of the English stage for more than twenty-five years, often appearing with such notables as Sir Godfrey Tearle and Sir Aubrey Smith. She was married to Walter Hackett, a well-known newspaperman and playwright. Soon after they returned to this country in 1942, Mr. Hackett died, and Miss Lorne has remained on this side of the Atlantic ever since. Audiences throughout the nation had the pleasure of seeing her for five seasons as the sister in the Joe E. Brown company of "Harvey," and in Alfred Hitchcock's "Strangers on a Train." When she began appearing as Mrs. Gurney on the Mr. Peepers show, Miss Lorne established herself firmly in the hearts of millions of Americans. She now lives in New York City, and her favorite hobby is "going to the theatre." For, as Miss Lorne says, "Show business is still the most exciting thing I know!"

Johnny Dollar

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me something about the person who plays Johnny Dollar on Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar, and print a picture of him? B.S., Butler, Pa.

Handsome screen and radio star John Lund plays the fabulous insurance investigator Johnny Dollar. He was born in Rochester, New York, on February 6, 1913, and has worked at everything from ditch-digging to advertising. However, his greatest achievements have been scored in the theatrical world. His first appearance on Broadway was in "As You Like It." Along with his stage work, John wrote, produced, and acted for radio. He also collaborated on the screen play, "Appointment with Danger," starring Alan Ladd. In 1942, John married Marie Charton, an actress and top Conover model. His favorite hobby is hypnotism. Other interests include Duke Ellington's music, porterhouse steak, swimming, the color blue, sport clothes, and heavy drama.

Theme Song

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me the name of the theme song on the Voice of Firestone program? Is it possible to obtain a record of this song in any music store?

I.K., Eureka, Calif.

The Voice Of Firestone has two theme songs: "If I Could Tell You," which is heard at the opening of the program, and "In My Garden," which closes the show. Both were written by Ida Belle Firestone, the widow of Harvey Firestone, and both have been recorded by RCA Victor. They should be available in any well-stocked music shop.

Susan Douglas

Dear Editor:

I would like to have some information on Susan Douglas who portrays Kathy on The Guiding Light. Would you print a picture of her too, please?

M.F., Quantico, Va.

Doll-sized Susan Douglas (five feet tall, 98 pounds) was born Zuzka Zenta in Vien-

(Continued on page 96)
Now...Control those "Calorie-Curves"!

Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

Just as the hands of a sculptor fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold your figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."

New Playtex® Magic-Controller!

Now available in all 3 styles:
Garter girdle—Panty with garters—Panty brief

With freedom and comfort you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—gives you "Calorie-Curve Control!"

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under sleekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.

Playtex Magic-Controller...Now in all 3 styles

Garter Girdle...with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95
Panty Girdle...with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95
Panty Brief, $6.95

Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from $4.95
Other famous Playtex Girdles, from $3.50
Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex...known everywhere as the girdle in the slim tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.
“Doctors’ tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative
CHECKS WOMEN’S SPECIAL 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* Chlorophyll 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 ever did. And they’re safe!”

Never before has it been so easy to avoid embarrassing body odors at that “certain time.” All you do is take 3 or 4 pleasant-tasting “ENNDS” daily—a few days before and continuing 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 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.

For free booklet, “What You Should Know About Menstruation” (mailed in plain envelope), write “ENNDS,” Dept. TS, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y.

*Darotol is a valuable chlorophyll derivative found in “ENNDS”.

SAFE EYE-GENE EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!

Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief....
Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in seconds—dramatically lifts up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 3.5¢, 60¢, $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.

Follow Your Heart: Society girl Julie Fielding (Sallie) wants to wed the man of her own choice—her mother (Nancy Sheridan) has other ideas.

HAPPEST young lady around NBC-TV these days is pretty actress Sallie Brophy. Green eyes a-sparkle, brown hair a-flying, she explains: “I feel like I’m living the actual life of Julie Fielding on Follow Your Heart. I come to the studio to play my role, just as excited as the audience to find out what happens to Julie each day!”

Almost from the time she was born—twenty-four years ago, in Phoenix, Arizona—Sallie wanted to be an actress. She started in amateur plays at the local high school, continued at Sacred Heart Convent in Menlo Park, California—where she played boys’ roles “because I was tallest,” says trim, five-foot-six Sallie.

When she went on to the College of New Rochelle, New York, Sallie worked as an apprentice, during the summer, at a playhouse run by the Theatre Guild in Westport, Connecticut. When her father went to London, she tagged along—and got herself admitted to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

From the start, Sallie’s love of the theatre and talent for acting have attracted the attention of show-business greats. It was Sir Cedric Hardwicke who helped her get an audition at the Royal Academy, and director George Cukor...
In her own life, actress Sallie Brophy has always known what she wanted to do.

coached her for the actual test. Back on America's own Broadway, Sallie acted as understudy to Tallulah Bankhead in "Private Lives" and, later, to Margaret Phillips in "Second Threshold."

She's found her niche in TV theatres, too, playing many a role in the Robert Montgomery, Kraft and Philco drama series. Sallie just couldn't be happier that she "followed her heart," and only hopes things will work out every bit as well for Julie Fielding!
“Miss Frances” rings the bell
for members of the tricycle set

There’s nothing else like it on TV.
In fact, when Ding Dong School
was first launched on Station
WNBQ, an NBC executive in Chi-
cago said: “It’s either the worst show
we ever pitched up, or the best.”
Within weeks, it was on the network
—by popular demand—and now it
has a sponsor, numerous awards, and
many a pat on the back from grate-
ful mothers . . . for the very thing
that had everybody worried at the
start: Ding Dong School is aimed
straight at its three- to five-year-
old audience, rather than their par-
ents. Low-angled cameras see every-
thing at Lilliputan eye-level, stories
and activities are paced at the slow
rate just right for small ears and
hands. Most startling of all, a real,
live schoolteacher is “cast” as the
TV teacher . . . the small fry’s be-
loved “Miss Frances” holds impres-
sive degrees in education, has done
much practical teaching—and is
really Mrs. Frances Horwich, who
was born on July 16th (some forty
years ago) in Ottawa, Ohio, met her
future husband when they both
taught Sunday school in Chicago,
and was married in 1931 . . . When
husband Harvey returned this fall
from Korea—where he’d been civil-
ian historian with the 8th U. S. Air
Force—they took a happy second-
honeymoon trip to the Bahama
Isles. He was somewhat amazed,
when the fourteen children aboard
their plane sang the Ding Dong song
all the way to Miami—and absolutely
Youngsters hang on every word she says, happily learn to finger-paint and make toys from spools and boxes.

SCHOOL

convulsed, when the native orchestra burst into the same theme at their Nassau hotel (complete with calypso verses about "Miss Frances" and "Mr. Frances") . . . but, to "Miss Frances" herself, the greatest proof of her TV success is the mail that pours in, bearing small tokens of her audience's esteem—a favorite toy, pressed flowers, a treasured (though crumbling) cookie and, of course, examples of the simple objects she's taught them to make or draw. No children of her own? Why, "Miss Frances" has a million of them—all just the age for Ding Dong School!

Ding Dong School is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, sponsored by General Mills.

ADD-vantage with invisible padding...$2

So good when you slip on Lovable's padded ADD-Vantage. You look better. You feel better! The hidden foamette curves and firms, adds beauty without bulk, can't lose its shape. And it's light-as-a-whisper...both on your figure and your budget! Ask for Lovable's ADD-Vantage, only $2 everywhere.

Other fine Lovable styles, padded and regular, from $1 to $2.50...Also in Canada.

Look for the heart...for the Lovable look.

The Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. TS-12, 180 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
New Patterns for You

9399

SIZES
14½-24½

9271

SIZES
12-20
40


9399  Look slimmer, trimmer, taller, in this half-size step-in—you'll be delighted with the perfect fit! Half-sizes, 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4½ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

4524  Your baby's growing up—you want these adorables for her now! Toddler sizes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Size 2 dress takes 1½ yards 35-inch fabric; playsuit, 1½ yards. 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.

with a complete inside lining that improves uplift, comfort

At last... a 4-section bra that positively assures better uplift... rounds out the figure beautifully... creates an entirely new conception of fit in motion.

But more—the unique petal-smooth inside lining of self material eliminates chafing and irritation, guards health as well as beauty! Discover what Stardust's 4-Section Bra can do for you!

Rich acetate satin or fine preshrunk cotton; A, B, or C cups.

Stardust 4-SECTION BRA

GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

Write for name of nearest store.

STARDUST, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., N. Y. 1
Come in, America...

at the sign of radio-plus!

This new sign of plus radio entertainment now marks the Mutual point on your dial, where more than $1,000,000 worth of great new programs have been added to the long-run favorites already provided by your neighborly Mutual station. To enjoy the biggest improvements in all radio today... just tune to Mutual and relax. You're welcome!
Come in, America...

you're welcome, all day long!

EDWARD ARNOLD
Spotlight Story

ARLENE FRANCIS & BILL CULLEN
Spotlight on Humor

DAVID ROSS
Anniversary Spotlight

Ladies Fair

Curt Massey Time
Dawn to dusk, your Mutual station has long been dedicated—as comfortably and as dependably as any good neighbor—to brightening every hour of your day with laughter and counsel, entertainment and news. Today, a host of new stars awaits your pleasure. Try just a sampling of all that's been added:

Duncan Hines for better living... Joe King for celebrity music... David Ross for anniversaries in Americana... Edward Arnold for yarn-spinning behind the scenes... Arlene Francis & Bill Cullen for easygoing banter on news oddities... Al Helfer for novel sports-star interviews—all these and more, now added, mind you, to all your regular reasons for tuning to the nearest MBS station. You can still count on those morning-and-midday highlights: "Ladies Fair" with Tom Moore, "Queen for a Day" with Jack Bailey, and nobody-else-but Curt Massey! Stay tuned to your Mutual station and enjoy it. You're welcome!

For MBS schedules in your town, see local listings—and for exciting news of what's new on MBS at night, see the 2-page message elsewhere, this issue.
Fred enjoys interviewing celebrities John Carroll and Anne Francis at a recent Sophie Tucker Golden Jubilee Dinner.

Fred Nahas is many things to many people all across the land. The members of Station KXYZ in Houston, Texas, admire him for his ceaseless activities as Executive Vice-President and General Manager. Listeners praise him for his crack news commentating on his daily program, Tomorrow's History, and for his genial emceeing of many civic and philanthropic functions in Houston. From Hollywood to New York, he is known as the brain behind the popular Saturday At The Shamrock, ABC's show that weekly brings the nation outstanding stars appearing at Houston's fabulous Shamrock Hotel. To his family—wife Alice, thirteen-year-old Gail Ann, and Fred Jr., who is eight—Fred Nahas is a husband and father well-loved and proudly respected. Even Silver Clipper, the family's affectionate cocker spaniel, shows great admiration for his master.

Dynamic Fred Nahas has never failed at anything he set out to do.

"Silver" especially takes delight in the family's sports activities, including tennis and weight-lifting.

Behind the fast-thinking, fast-acting character that symbolizes Fred Nahas is the guiding philosophy of hard work, sincerity, and above all, "heart." These shining qualities began to twinkle when Fred left Tulane University in his native New Orleans to take over a public relations post with the Gulf Oil Company. His sturdy physique and nimble mind, sharpened by athletic and debating contests, soon made him Gulf's outstanding public relations expert. From there, he graduated to the position of Glenn McCarthy's right-hand man ... and it is often said that McCarthy is the only person who can outdo Mr. Nahas in sheer physical stamina. Likewise, when Fred came to Houston and KXYZ, he wasted no time in proving himself a man of endless talents.
Fred and the children are off for a bit of sailing.

and energy. His outstanding contributions to the life of the city and his active leadership during the war earned him the Junior Chamber of Commerce’s highest award of Outstanding Young Man of the Year in 1945. Often referred to now as “Houston’s Grover Whalen,” Fred has also taken the lead in such projects as the Variety Boys’ Club, which recently was praised by FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover for its work in combating juvenile delinquency.

With his infectious grin and fast pace, Fred Nahas has made himself an integral part of Houston and radio, and it looks like it’s only the beginning for this fellow who’s a whiz at everything. At present his talents are dipping into television and a new channel in Houston that shows promise of a big, bright future—as big and as bright, perhaps, as Fred Nahas’s is and will undoubtedly continue to be.
New Designs for Living

500 Shrug this little chill-chaser over all your clothes—it’s light, easy, smart! Styled for fuller figures, no fitting worries. Crochet directions for small (36-38), medium (40-42), large (44-46) included. 25¢

7060 Popular old-time auto designs in yellow, red, black, to iron-on kitchen and guest towels, place mats, tablecloths. No embroidery. Washable. Transfer of six designs, each about 4 1/2 x 4 inches. 25¢

673 A lovely design for a chair set or for your buffet. It’s worked in plain crochet with petal-mesh. Crochet center, then add border. Use No. 30 cotton. Directions. 25¢

7239 Into the clown’s tummy go the children’s pajamas every morning—clever way to teach youngsters to pick up, put clothes away. Use scraps, the gayer the better! Pattern pieces, cutting guides, directions included. 25¢

7355 Iron-on butterflies in vivid yellow and blue—they’ll look hand-painted! No embroidery. Washable. Transfer of 14 motifs: six butterflies about 3 1/4 x 4 inches, eight from 1 1/4 x 1 1/4 to 1 5/8 x 3 inches. 25¢

684 Feathers-in-a-fan strike dramatic note in any living room—for buffet or luncheon sets, too! Crochet two doilies, 22 and 13 inches, in No. 30 cotton. Directions. 25¢
Playtex
HAPPY Pants
Non-Allergenic... New Charm...
New Texture... Adorable Pattern...
Irresistible Colors!

ANNOUNCING... GAY NEW

5 Lollipop colors for a smart wardrobe choice!
Mix and match with baby's every outfit.

PROVE IT—with your own hand! Stretch Happy Pants. Prove they simply can't cut circulation! They're off, rinsed, patted dry with a towel and on again... in seconds!

No baby pants more comfortable!
No baby pants more charming!

Nothing in this world compares with the dainty texture, colors and charm of these new PLAYTEX Happy Pants. Only PLAYTEX Happy Pants are made with actual texture, color and pattern right in the tissue-like creamy liquid latex... can't fade, chip, crack or peel.

The miracle-stretch material is so sheer—it's transparent. So strong—it stretches over four times its size! That's why it can't bind, chafe, irritate. Yet its protection is perfect!

Give your baby what no ordinary baby pants will give—the long-lasting, waterproof, happy comfort of cool-vented, flower-scented PLAYTEX Happy Pants. 98¢ ea., 3 for $2.94. At your favorite Department Store or wherever Baby Needs are sold.

More mothers buy PLAYTEX than any other make!
I dreamed
I rode in a gondola in my maidenform bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's new Elude in fine white broadcloth
or nylon taffeta, in AA, A, B and C cups... from 2.00.
There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.
ARTHUR GODFREY'S SONGSTRESS—

Marion Marlowe

By MARTIN COHEN

Everyone knew Marion was talented and beautiful—everyone except Marion.
Every day seems like Christmas to Marion, now that she's one of the Little Godfreys, along with Tony Marvin and Haleloke. (But, better than any gifts she receives herself, she loves giving things to her faithful family.)

encouragement and love, and gave up personal luxuries so that Marion might have the chance to study music and dancing.

The story begins not many years ago. It was on March 7, 1930, that Marion was born in St. Louis. When her father died a few years later, Marion and her mother lived with her maternal grandparents. Their home was in the old north section of St. Louis. It was a modest frame house with a bit of a yard that boasted a variety of rosebushes, her grandfather's special delight. And it was here that Marion grew up.

Marion's mother was a ballerina who danced professionally with the Metropolitan Opera. She will tell you that Marion had rhythm from the beginning, so much so that she often wiggled out of her diapers when she heard music. At the age of four,

Marion Marlowe sings on Arthur Godfrey Time, CBS Radio, M-F, 10-11:30 A.M.—CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-11:30 A.M.—for the Kellogg Company, Kleenex, Snow Crop, Esquire Boot Polish, Star-Kist, Toni, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, and Chesterfield; Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed. 8 P.M., for Toni, Pillsbury, and Chesterfield; The Arthur Godfrey Digest, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Fiberglas. (All EST.)
Marion began to study voice, dramatics, ballet, tap, and creative dance.

"My folks had to pinch pennies to make it possible," Marion says. "They never went out to dinner. No movies. They bought new clothes only when it was a necessity."

Marion's grandfather, whom she has always affectionately called "Bullfrog," worked in a steel mill. He had started out as a screw boy—something akin to a messenger—and worked his way up to the top job of superintendent of the plant. But his income was always moderate, allowing for few "luxuries."

"My earliest wish was to do something for them," Marion recalls. "As a child, I dreamt of becoming rich and giving them a mansion by the sea."

Marion's first public performance was at the age of five, singing "Ave Maria" at the grand Moolah Temple in St. Louis. She was paid ten dollars for this. What she remembers best is her first formal dress: pink with ruffles all the way to the hem. And that same evening the folks presented her with a corsage of pink rosebuds. (Continued on page 79)
My own awkwardness as a youth, my own desire to "belong," makes me particularly interested in the Boys' Clubs around Chicago—and makes it a pleasure to entertain members at the special camp site on the grounds of my summer home.

That interest began in 1934, when we "picked up" a party Babe Ruth gave young visitors at the Yankee training camp.

This is not a sports story, although it's going to start out with a baseball game. The place that game was played was Sheboygan, Wisconsin, between St. Clement's Primary and the First Ward School. As I recall it, the score was 7 to 6 in favor of St. Clement's, and it was the last half of the ninth inning, with First Ward at bat. The tying run was on third and the winning run on second base, with two out, when the First Ward batter popped one up to left field. It was the kind of fly ball you could catch in your shirt pocket, but the skinny stringbean (Continued on page 94)

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club is heard on ABC Radio, Monday through Friday, from 9 to 10 A.M. EST, as sponsored by Swift & Co., Philco Corp., and The Toni Co.
Helen Trent’s Romantic Man

By FRANCES KISH

LISTENERS to The Romance Of Helen Trent know Gil Whitney as a man who has been hopelessly in love for years, in love with Helen herself. Although married now to the scheming Cynthia—a loveless marriage into which Cynthia persuaded him—Gil still remains the one person Helen turns to when in trouble.

The man who plays Gil—who gives the role his own depth of understanding, his kindness and sentiment, is a good-looking six-foot bachelor named David Gothard, who in real life has had scant time for romance. And his co-workers on the radio program don’t approve of this state of affairs at all.

“It seems such a waste for David not to be (Continued on page 99)

David Gothard is Gil Whitney in The Romance Of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, for Hill’s Cold Tablets and Aerowax.
When I first met Red, he was rehearsing "The Ho Ho Song," with his hand around one ear. I sat at the piano and—well, we're still doing that song!

Red has an amazing instinct about what's "right" for him, whether it's a bit of comedy, a line of dialogue, costume, set, or make-up.

I think Red is a terrific guy.
One of the best. A natural.
But what a worrier!

By ELLIOT LAWRENCE

I perhaps know Red a little better than some who work with him—because, in addition to being musical director of the Red Buttons Show, I work with him on all his recordings. (I never saw a fellow as untrained in music as Red who has such a natural "feel" for it. Nor anyone who could flip through a recording date so fast and expertly.)

He's a big success now, record-wise and TV-wise, but Wednesdays through Monday nights he never stops worrying. Tuesday, after the television show is finished, he's an entirely different person. Relaxed. Happy. Spending the day with Helayne, his wife, taking her out to dinner, maybe to the theatre, maybe going to the fights, which he's crazy about. Maybe just sitting around enjoying their apartment, which he's also crazy about. (It's bright and cheerful and handsomely decorated, with a magnificent view of the East River and the Queensborough Bridge which connects Manhattan to Queens, Long Island, and it's completely air-conditioned in summer, and has a terrace where they can sit out under the stars or stretch out on sunny days.)

Red and Helayne are my (Continued on page 86)
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One of the best. A natural.
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Red and Helayne are my (Continued on page 86)

Red Buttons Show, with Elliot Lawrence as musical director, on CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 p.m. EST, for instant Maxwell House Coffee.
Young Dr. Jerry Malone slowly removed his hospital gown and shrugged his way into his business coat before opening the door to the hospital corridor. He knew, before he heard the click of the latch behind him, that facing Crystal Williams was going to be one of the most difficult things he'd ever have to do in his life. He could still hear her voice when she was under the anesthetic and he was bringing forth the child which he knew meant so much to her—an anguished plea for Gene to be with her, for her husband to share this moment which should have been such a glorious one for her. . . . Even as Jerry stopped to chat with one of the nurses who was regaling him with a tale of her patient in Room 505, his mind was on Crystal's still white face as she caught her first glimpse of the child she had borne. A face that tried to be brave, tried to hide the hurt and bewilderment in her soul. Jerry knew that, if Crystal was to have a chance—if her child was to get a real start in life—as a doctor, if not just as a human interested in the welfare of a good friend, he had to help Gene understand his own short-comings, understand what a burden he was placing on Crystal and their child.

Jerry had seen too many tragedies result from emotional instability—Gene's own mental upsets have already caused many—not to know that Gene could be helped as others had been in the past. Gene had already lost his job at the factory and then, to make matters worse, instead of trying to help himself, he'd walked out on Crystal just when she needed him most. . . . Even with his hand on the door to Crystal's room, Jerry paused.

Medicine teaches you that there is help available for everyone—but I wish more people realized that they can really help themselves. It was as if Crystal had read Jerry's thoughts as he came through the door, for her face radiated a smile and her voice was bright with good cheer. As he took her hand and gave it an encouraging squeeze, Crystal said, "I hope I didn't make too much of a fool of myself—I seem to recall having some conversations about Gene just as I went under. But I've been going over things in my own mind and I just know that everything can come out all right. It has to come out all right, with you helping me—with everyone being so kind. You will help me, Jerry, won't you?" Jerry smiled quickly and released her hand. With a professional air, softened by his grin, he replied, "Yes, I'll help. In the meantime, you are under strict doctor's orders to do no more worrying—you're to spend the next few days painting the future of a human being which you want to be the happiest that ever lived. Your child deserves this, and I shall insist upon it." Crystal laughed for the first time in weeks. "Yes, doctor!" And, as if she were whispering a prayer, she added, "God willing, Gene will come back and help me make it so."

Young Dr. Malone, CBS Radio, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST; sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Crisco and Joy. Sandy Becker and Eileen Palmer are pictured here in their roles as Jerry Malone and Crystal Williams.
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Triumphant triumvirate of today's Jackie Gleason Show (opposite page): Audrey Meadows, Art Carney and Jackie himself. Not so long ago—about 1945—Jackie was throwing his weight around the Broadway stage, co-starring with such musical luminaries as Gertrude Niesen (seductive in slit skirt) and Frank Parker (dignified in Navy blues).

BIG-HEARTED JACK

Everything about Gleason is larger than life—his heart, his purse, his dreams

By JANE WELDON

BIG-HEARTED Jack. It's a label most people won't quarrel with. Because everything about Jackie Gleason is slightly more than life-size. His heart, his bulk, his budget, his rent, his overcoats, and his underwear. When he was growing up, even his dreams were huge...

Go back to Brooklyn in 1916. Herkimer Street and Rockaway Avenue. The day's February 26th. And John Clemens Gleason is getting himself born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gleason. It's a tough neighborhood; it's a cold day. A lot of his early life is destined to be tough and cold. . . . (Continued on page 87)

Jackie Gleason Show, on CBS-TV, Sat., 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, Sheaffer Snorkel Fountain Pens.

Graduation day: Young Jackie was just a speck—with a speculative look—in the Class of January '31 picture at P. S. 73.
My Son, LIBERACE

Faith in God saw us through
the tragic days when it seemed that
Lee might never play again!

By MRS. FRANCES LIBERACE

"You’ll have time for everything else, if
you have a little time for prayer."

My mother said that, when I was a little
girl, and I’ve remembered it all my life. It
sustained my faith and carried me through the
desolate periods that seem to come so suddenly
in everybody’s life: the sad time of my
husband’s death; the long period when I was
left alone to raise my four children—George, Lee
(whom you know as Liberace, but whose
full name is Walter (Continued on page 98)

The Liberace Show can be seen in most major cities of
the U.S. Check your local paper for time and station.

He enjoys music, his new home, his dog Suzette
—and gives me more credit than any human could
claim for saving his hands when doctors despaired.

Lee ("Liberace") was only seven when the great
Paderewski gave him this miniature golden piano.

For George (at right), it has always been the
violin—and I couldn’t be prouder of either son.
NOTHING'S EASY

Jack Webb has found many a difficult detour on his road to fame and happiness

By FREDDA DUDLEY

During the days when Jack Webb was a student at Belmont High School in Los Angeles, his friend Chuck Anderson organized a pick-up band of fellow Belmontites. Jack was retained as emcee to introduce each number, giving some background information about the tune and in general adding to the interest of the melody and its performance.

The band did very well in a sub-income sort of way. Although it was much in demand for school parties and occasional fraternal affairs, the average take for an evening was around 85¢ to $1.00 per man. In an effort to step up their buying power, the combo—loyally abetted by Chuck's father—decided to cut a series of records and mail them on an advertising basis to the program chairmen of various social groups.

The day of the platter-cutting was a larynx-parched one for all members of the band. Even the juiciest were dry, and those most recently progressed beyond adolescence were insisting (in falsetto) that everything would be all right. The cuttings were to be done in an old dance studio converted into a concert hall by the simple device of hanging ancient rugs from ceiling to floor. This gesture toward better acoustics added little to the cheer of the room or the confidence of (Continued on page 89)
Baby Lisa knows that Daddy Jack is really quite different from the "matter-of-fact" police sergeant he plays on Dragnet.
By JERRY ASHER

WE ARE looked out for, if we have faith and put ourselves in God's hands. The way will be shown."

Ann Sothern, whom audiences know as Susan MacNamara, Private Secretary, says this with all the conviction the human heart can hold. She knows it's true, because she was put to the test... not necessarily out of choice—she was driven by desperation. So often in life, Ann believes, the rewards are waiting. But first we must open the door ourselves to receive them.

Fate, in the form of a prolonged illness, was the master hand that revolutionized Ann's thinking world and endowed her with a new-found philosophy. While she was lying flat on her back for three long, lonely years, there was nothing but time for taking mental inventory. The result was Ann's manifold appreciation for daily blessings which she had taken for granted—until they grew beyond her reach.

"There are compensations even in a serious illness," (Continued on page 97)
taught me!"

Ann Sothern appreciates the daily blessings she once took for granted.
We were not too young for love

GORDON AND I KNOW THE ECSTASY—AND HEARTACHE—OF EARLY MARRIAGE

By SHEILA MacRAE

THOSE KIDS are too young to get married,” I heard the TV producer say. “Just because one can sing and the other can dance, they think they’re in love. It takes more than a ‘high C’ and a high kick to make a marriage. I’ll bet they don’t last out the season!”

He was partly right. It does take more than a high C and a high kick to make a lifetime of happiness. It takes common backgrounds and common goals. What the producer didn’t know was that those two kids had it. They’d been in the theatre all their lives. They knew where they were going. Besides, they were youngsters, and I personally believe in young marriages.

Under today’s conditions, I think that young marriages have a better chance of working out. That’s because young people have more stamina. They’ve got hearts like golf balls—hard on the outside and resilient on the inside. They can stand up under the iron blows of our modern world and bounce back without showing any scars. They also have shorter memories. For teenagers, time and sad experiences move with jet-propelled speed and are soon forgotten.

I know that, when Gordon and I were married, I was seventeen and he was just twenty, and

Continued
naturally we had problems to adjust to.
To begin with, both our parents were against our marriage like Sherman vs. Lee. They wanted us to wait a year—till Christmas at least. But Gordon and I have always felt that, if you want to do anything, now is the time to do it. So we went ahead and got married.

Like the two youngsters on the TV producer's show, we had something of a common background to begin on. Gordon knew that he wanted to be an entertainer. In fact, when he was six, he knew he wanted to be a singer. Not a fireman nor a policeman—but a singer. At eight, he was on the radio and, at twelve, he was emcee of his own show.

I wanted to be in show business, too. I wanted to be a dramatic actress one day, a writer the next, and maybe a designer the third. I didn't know what I really wanted, but I knew I'd find myself somewhere in show business. So we had that much in common.

However, that's where the likeness ended. It turned out that Gordon's personality and mine were as opposite as two ends of a seesaw. He was a complete extrovert, easy-going, happy-go-lucky, and carefree. He was the leader of the crowd and always had ideas as to what we should do. And he never thought before he spoke.

On the other hand, I still wanted to be a dramatic actress. I have always felt dramatic actresses have different personalities than singers and entertainers. I was shy and introverted. Everything I knew, I'd gotten out of books. Then we joined Horace Heidt's band. Right off, my books tagged me as a "square." The band's reaction was: "Ah, what do those guys know with their books?" Music was a business they knew well. But poetry and romance held no interest for them.

In this new situation, I grew resentful and unhappy...resentful, because we had not had a honeymoon yet, and I felt that the band was an intrusion...unhappy, because of our ages—we were the youngest members of the band—and we felt out of place. With five shows a day, six on Saturday, packing every Wednesday and moving every Thursday, I grew insecure. In addition, I was interested in my books and Gordon spent his spare time on the golf course. I had been looking
Here's how the youngsters got into the act with Gordon and me—singing (or giggling) three choruses of "Doggie in the Window." They did it so well that Gordon complimented them quite sincerely before they trotted off to bed.

for romance in show business—but, instead, I'd found it was all business, one I didn't fit into.

Because of my big problem—shyness—I never stayed out front with the band. Instead, I sat backstage and waited for Gordon. But I couldn't escape the music. The eighth-notes and half-notes rained on my ears like an eternity of frightening thundershowers. And I couldn't escape the crowds. I didn't understand them and I feared them. Every night, when we went out the front exit, they pushed around us like a mad herd of buffaloes, snatching at our sleeves and asking questions for which I was too young to have the answers.

"What do you do?" (Continued on page 95)
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT is a

Night before Christmas, we gather 'round the fireplace—daughters Chris and Laurie, my wife Barbara, and son Gary—to hear the wonderful story of the Nativity, with its inspiring messages of love and peace on earth and good will to all men.
Living Thing

By RALPH EDWARDS

It's a time for joy,
a chance to share all things
with everyone

Some people say "Christmas is for kids," and their
derisive tone of voice indicates they are fed up with the commercialized aspects of
Yuletide presents and parties.

Let's face it. The fun part of Christmas is for children. But the warm joyousness of it is a family affair. Don't most of us remember our childhood Christmases as being (Continued on page 71)

Ralph Edwards emcees Truth Or Consequences, NBC Radio, Thurs., 9 P.M., for Pet Milk Co., and This Is Your Life, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M., for Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick. Both EST.

Yuletide bird of honor, from savory roasting to serving-time, is the turkey (it was a goose, in my own farm boyhood).
Ray Milland once
Today, Ray has found in himself the things that make life an exciting adventure

By JAMES ATWATER

In Neath, County of Glamorgan, Wales, where Ray Milland was born, the boys are sturdy and stocky, but not particularly tall—except in special cases. Ray was a special case.

At ten, he towered head and shoulders over his classmates. Instead of thinking it a distinction, however, he was consumed with abhorrence because he attracted attention. He felt different—and he didn't want to feel different.

One Sunday (Continued on page 101)

Meet Mr. McNutley, starring Ray Milland, every Thurs.—on CBS Radio at 9 P.M.—on CBS-TV at 8 P.M.—both EST. sponsored by General Electric.

It's a new home, a new outlook, for the Millands—Danny, Ray, Vicki, Mal—since Ray solved the riddle of his "aloneness."

Like the professorial Mr. McNutley, Ray prizes fine books and first editions—but also enjoys helping Vicki with her reading.

walked alone
There is no happiness without faith

The gentle face of Ma Perkins, with its frame of gently waved white hair and its revealingly humorous, bright eyes, reflects a woman who has lived richly and gained much from experience. This morning, as she busied herself with making her morning coffee, Ma was in a reflective mood. Evey, her first-born daughter, had given Ma Perkins her second grandson, Jackson Perkins Fitz, and now Fay's marriage to Tom Wells meant that Ma's second daughter would face the miracles that come from love and companionship in marriage—and also the trials that must necessarily be faced by any two people who struggle to make their way in the world. . . . If Ma had a philosophy which she could sum up in one sentence, it would probably be: "There are two forces in the world—the force for good, the force for evil." In order to live richly, to wrest from life the best, every person must have a faith in the essential goodness of people.

CONGRATULATIONS TO MA PERKINS

December, 1953, is the 20th anniversary of the network debut of Ma Perkins and her Rushville Center friends!
Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Ma Perkins .............. Virginia Payne
Shuffle Shoher ........... Charles Egelston
Willy Fitz ............... Murray Forbes
Evey ..................... Kay Campbell
Fay ........................ Joan Tompkins

Orin Tovrov is the writer who records the stories of Ma and Rushville Center.

Ma Perkins, over CBS Radio, M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble's Oxydol.
MA PERKINS

Strongly fortified with the common sense which makes everyone in Rushville Center appeal to her in times of trouble, Ma Perkins had done a noble job of communicating her philosophy to her two grown daughters. . . . Both Evey and Fay have seen their mother, with just the rare weapons of tolerance and patience, struggle against the forces of evil and defeat them. Too, they've seen her take unto herself every experience, learning from it, enriching her life because of it. However, without Ma Perkins' experience, neither Evey nor Fay has yet learned that despite day-to-day difficulties and defeats and despairs, life is completely worthwhile. It was this last fact that bothered Ma as she foresaw that, in the future, both her daughters would be called upon again and again to face serious crises and overcome them. . . . Looking back over the past few months' events, however, Ma smiled her reassuring smile—the girls were learning, she felt, deep in her soul. Evey, for instance—she had been worried to distraction because her husband Willy Fitz had

2 For Evey, life has brightened with the return of her beloved husband Willy after so much false accusation and misunderstanding.

3 In fact, with the birth of their second son, Jackson Perkins Fitz, Evey feels that no woman could ever be happier than she is now.

been accused of stealing $400 from the cash drawer in Frank Hoffman's hotel, where he'd gone to work in order to earn extra money for the newly expected baby. Evey had almost lost faith in everything when Willy became frightened at the charge and ran away. . . . Ma Perkins remembered the times when Shuffle—dear, wonderful Shuffle, who's seen Ma through so much—talked over what could be done. Of course, it had been Shuffle who finally succeeded in bringing Willy back home. What joy they had all felt when Jackson Perkins Fitz was born to Evey! A feeling of security had descended upon the household when Willy got a new job selling insurance; the baby was well and healthy and Evey could look Ma in the face once more without bursting into tears of shame. . . . And then there was Fay, for whom Ma wished all the happiness in the world. Every girl goes through some of the moments of anguish that assailed Fay in her romance with Tom Wells. Tom had all the temperament of a novelist, and, thank goodness, Ma thought, all the talent. Then there had been Tom's New York literary agent, Deena Carter, who had pursued Tom openly, even back to Rushville Center. Doesn't every girl face a rival for her man's heart at some time or other, Ma thought to herself! And, with
Fay is glowing these days, too, with the unfolding miracle of her approaching marriage to Tom Wells. Busy with her trousseau and wedding plans, Fay buries the heartaches caused by Deena Carter's determined pursuit of Tom, hopes to gain the assurance and serenity with which Ma Perkins has always faced life and the appearance of evil.
Fay has always taken such a keen interest in Tom’s writing and developing his promising literary career, Ma Perkins is sure she will be a true helpmeet to Tom.

Deena, once she’d understood that Tom was not for her, she had willingly returned to New York City and her work. . . Having wiped up the kitchen and put away the breakfast things, Ma sat down to address Fay’s wedding invitations. As she wrote out the address of one of her oldest friends, she thought about the time that had elapsed since last they met. This wedding would be such a pleasant surprise to so many, Ma mused, as she went on with her task. Ma Perkins thought with pleasure of the trousseau Fay had bought, of the honeymoon trip she and Tom were planning to New York, as she placed one name in particular on an envelope—it was almost as though she were having a premonition. Then, shrugging her shoulders, she thought: The forces of evil can’t be present at a time like this; we must have faith in human beings, faith in the future. . . But was Ma’s premonition really the foreshadowing of coming events—events in which she and her two daughters, as well as their loved ones, will have their faith tested to the utmost? Time reveals all things and, at the moment, time holds fast to its key to the future.
With the faithful Shuffle Shober by her side, Mo Perkins looks forward to a future which seems to promise nothing but happiness for all her nearest and dearest. Yet, from the wealth of her experience comes the knowledge that no one can ever be smug—somewhere around each corner lurks the danger of evil interference in the best of plans.
BARRY NELSON—

Favorite Husband
Men aren’t really so helpless, says Barry—it’s just that there are some things a wife can do better!

By BETTY MILLS
MAKE your voice heard. Use your vote. The annual Radio-TV Mirror Awards ballot offers you your only opportunity, in a recognized, nationwide poll, to express your preference for your favorite radio stars, for your favorite television stars, for the programs that please you most on radio and on your TV screen. Cast your vote. Make your voice heard. And do it now. Fill out the ballots and mail them in, postmarked not later than December 11, 1953. You need not sign your name. Mail your ballot today.

Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television
(Write name of one star in each column for each classification)

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<th>CLASS</th>
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**Awards for 1953-54**

**Vote for Your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television**

(Write name of one program in each column for each classification)

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(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1396, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)

Voting in this, the-seventh annual Radio-TV Mirror poll, will end December 11th, 1953. At that time, a staff of independent tabulators will go to work to add up the votes you cast for your favorites. Then the May issue of Radio-TV Mirror will carry the announcement of the winners, along with colorful pictures of the shows, exciting pictures of the winners, their families, and new stories on the people you've voted most popular. The only way your favorites can win the coveted Radio-TV Mirror gold medal is for you to use your ballot—mail it now.
Like any businessman living in the suburbs, Garry rides "commuters' specials" weekday mornings and afternoons.

**By ROBIN KLEE**

It's the simplest thing in the world," I said to Shirley Reeser, Garry Moore's Jill-of-all-trades, the other afternoon in her office. "Six years ago I did a story about Garry for Radio-TV Mirror—spent the best part of a day with him, and wrote my impressions. Since then I haven't seen him once. The idea is to check up on him again, now that he's so all-fired terrific on TV, and find out what time hath wrought with this guy. A cinch, hey?"

"I don't know what Garry was like six years ago," Shirley said, "but right now he's a businessman with about nine sponsors. He commutes from his house in Rye, keeps business hours from ten to five, and commutes out again to lead a pleasant home life with his wife and children."

"I beg your pardon?" I said, unable to believe my ears.

"Yes," she said firmly, "and, furthermore, his ruling passion is a 35-foot yawl called The Red Wing, which he sails constantly all summer and putters at all winter, and he has a springer spaniel named Sam. They romp together."

"If this is true," I said, "time has certainly (Continued on page 105)"
kind of guy named Garry

Being a celebrity is the one thing Garry's never quite got used to, but he can't help responding to people. He's just a natural kind of fellow, whether he's wearing shorts for comfort on his show or relaxing on his beloved boat, The Red Wing.
Harry Babbitt brought me back on stage to show what his program had done for me.
How I first appeared on the show.

By
GRACELYNNE LEE

GLAMOUR Girl is NBC’s TV show that fulfills every American woman’s dream of becoming glamorous. Life is very much like the dramatic masks of comedy and tragedy. If you are lucky enough to win on Glamour Girl, it’s like throwing away the tragic mask and, from that day on, looking on life with a smile. It’s a smile that springs from a newly gained confidence in yourself—in your new beauty and new charms. If you are lucky enough to win on Glamour Girl, you can expect a complete metamorphosis.

I know. It happened to me.

I had many reasons for wanting to be made glamorous. Of the two most important reasons, one was for myself and the other for my husband, Leland. (Continued on page 82)

Glamour Girl, with Harry Babbitt as master of ceremonies and host, is seen on NBC-TV Monday through Friday, at 10:30 A.M. EST.

My son Miles found picture books more exciting, during my session with Frank and Joseph, hair stylists. But, afterward, the look in his and my husband’s eyes told me how completely my dreams had come true!

more like my American sisters—more than that, I longed to be beautiful in my husband’s eyes.
A great fear welled up inside of Sally, as she watched her husband stand in front of the audience at the Crystal Theatre—it was an audience of autograph fans, brought together through the efforts of Mildred Parker, the press agent for the theatre. As Sally stood in the wings, tensely waiting, listening for the terrifying sound of a gunshot, she reviewed the case in which David had become involved. . . . Two murders had taken place in plain sight of thousands in this very theatre. First had been the murder of Gary Cummings—handsome, famous bandleader, idol of millions—who had been giving a performance on the huge stage of the Crystal. He had been leading the band in a novelty number which featured whipcracks punctuated with music, and the sound of the shot had been taken for a whipcrack as he slid to the floor in front of the audience. . . . David had found the first clue—a slip of paper bearing Cummings' autograph. The angle of the bullet established that the killer had stood in the wings when he fired the shot. Mildred Parker had said that, shortly before the killing, she had escorted a large group of fans back to Cummings' dressing room before the performance—Cummings had given each his autograph before going on stage. David had told Sally that he figured the killer had mingled with the fans and thus gained access to the wings. . . . Sally had been with David when he met the first suspect—beautiful, glamorous Avis Harwood, a society girl whose reputation for thrills had led to shocking newspaper headlines. Avis's worship of Cummings had been the talk of the theatre when she got herself a job as an usherette in order to meet him and pursue him. Finally, Cummings had become annoyed with the headstrong girl's attentions, and she had been fired. Avis could have been tagged as a thrill-killer, but something about the whole case made both David and Sally hesitate. . . . The second suspect was Liza Redfield, hot-tempered girl singer with the band. Cummings had brought her to prominence from nowhere, and then threatened to send her back into oblivion unless she was "nice" to him. Liza had been heard to threaten to kill Cummings if he ever pulled such a dirty trick. (This information had been given to David by Dick De Marco, another famous bandleader, who once worked for Cummings.) Cartridges that fitted the foreign-make murder pistol had been found in Liza's dressing room. . . . The third suspect was Lester Jeffries, once a successful ar-
as her husband David faced death to unmask a ruthless killer!

Unknown to Sally and David, the murderess watched their every move as they pondered the clues David had found.

See Next Page
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Front Page Farrell, heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 5-15 P.M. EST, sponsored by Chef Boyardee, Aeronaut and others. Staats Cotsworth and Flanner Williams are pictured here in their radio roles as David and Sally Farrell.

Unknown to Sally and David, the murderess watched their every move as they pondered the clues David had found.

See Next Page
After 70 David. Avis. Mean—David. Later, I escaped the luck, but De Marco found Liza him mings autograph Dick backstage, afraid reason; dressing claimed took the street appeared. strong read: in Cummings. shot fans picion, thrill-killer, and used the press in theatre, both and dressing Jeffries' room, and had attacked David on a street corner while David was shadowing the singer. The murder weapon had been found in Jeffries' room, but he claimed he took it from Liza to help her out—and Liza claimed that Avis had tossed it into her dressing room after the murder. Meanwhile, both Avis and Jeffries had been annoying Dick De Marco—she, for an unknown reason; he, for a job. De Marco had been afraid to open his engagement at the Crystal, but decided to go through with it. Watching backstage, David had almost been killed when the crazed Jeffries dropped a weight from the flies—and, during the excitement, Dick De Marco had been slain mysteriously, shot in practically the same manner as Gary Cummings. Liza, Avis; and Jeffries were all in the theatre, and any of them might have done it. . . . David had found De Marco's autograph backstage. Over his signature, it read: "With Best Regards—to Avis." A strong case now existed against Avis as a thrill-killer, but Liza was still under suspicion, and so was Jeffries, who had disappeared. And so, tonight, Mildred Parker, the press agent, had arranged a meeting of fans in the theatre. . . . David was speaking from the stage. Sally, terrified that the killer would strike at him there, listened intently. Suddenly, David provided the big surprise. He announced publicly that he knew who the killer was! The fans mobbed him and clamored for his autograph, while Sally stood helplessly by in the wings, fearing the "autograph killer" would strike once again. But nothing happened. . . . Later, someone got hold of David's autograph and used it to forge a note gaining admission to the Farrell apartment in David's absence. However, by this time, David was ready, and he and Sally used this as a trap to catch the killer. Mildred Parker was the murderer! She was Gary Cummings' wife, but he had insisted that they keep their marriage secret to preserve his popularity. Mildred had killed him out of jealousy because he played around with other women—and she killed Dick De Marco because he was the only one who knew about their marriage. At first, she had intended to throw the blame on Liza, whom she hated. Then Avis had dropped the autograph accidentally, touching off the whole business of a thrill-killing, and Mildred had decided to play along with that by writing Avis's name above De Marco's signature and dropping it deliberately at the time of the second murder . . . . After the case was over, Sally couldn't help but snuggle up to David with a heartfelt sigh of relief—her husband was safe, and home had never looked lovelier.
Christmas Spirit
Is a Living Thing

(Continued from page 51)

"best" And then, when we have children of our own, isn't there a recurrence of that joy in their enjoyment? The true meaning of Christmas, of course, is religious. It is the greatest gift of all. The ever-new divine tidings of peace on earth and good will toward men is the light and hope of our troubled world, and as we hear them repeated we feel more staunch in our faith.

We all have a need for the fundamental values of Christmas. I remember last year hearing a little crippled girl in a children's hospital say with great sincerity, "God is very close to us at Christmastime." Certainly this is the time to give thanks for our good fortune, for kindness of man to fellow man, a time to give thanks for the security and warmth and love in family life.

To me, Christmas is a family day. Christmas is not merely giving; it is sharing. Sharing is so much bigger; it involves thought and time and even dreams—more than money.

Such sharing was the basis for my happy childhood Christmases. Until I was twelve, we lived on a farm three miles out of Merino, Colorado—population 149. There was little money for presents. But Mother had such wonderful imagination and inspired Dad and my two older brothers, Carl and Paul, and me to all sorts of lengths—to share. Our family celebrations were happy, joyous, mellow.

We had plenty of snow there; the country wasn't hilly and picturesque like New England, it was prairie, and we had king-sized blizzards. There were only three rooms in the farmhouse, and every year our Christmas tree, which we often cut ourselves, filled about half the main room, truly a "living room." It's a wonder it didn't start a fire, for we used real candles—we never did have electricity on the farm. But we were careful.

For days ahead, we three boys made popcorn and cranberry strings and paper chains for the tree. Then, on Christmas Eve we trimmed it, sang carols, and we had the ritual of Dad's putting out a big wash tub full of hay for Santa's reindeer, right by the front door. And Mom would put out pie and coffee on the table for Santa. They were all gone by daybreak. And we were convinced that Santa surely had been there, for the food had disappeared and there were sleigh tracks in the snow.

I can't remember much about presents we received then. They were, as you can imagine, utilitarian, with very few toys. We made our own fun without many toys, spurred on by Mother's imagination. We were always a great game-playing family. But one present I remember clearly. Paul had started to play basketball and I felt, if I had a pair of basketball shoes,

(Continued on page 74)

A DATE TO REMEMBER:
Your newsdealer will have your copy of the January
RADIC-TV MIRROR
on sale December 9
Be sure to get it!

"It was fascinating to see the change in my skin!"

Your skin can look very nearly perfect

No more muddy, "pore-y" look!

If your pores are looking large, your skin looking dull—skin doctors will tell you that you haven't been cleansing your skin properly. You must get out the dirt that works into pore-openings—and hardens and sticks. Your first Pond's Cold Creaming will show you it does more than the usual, superficial clean-up. For Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed to soften and float out embedded dirt. Your skin is made fastidiously clean and shows it—with a clearer, fresher, finer look.

It makes rough skin look so smooth!

Every day—skin-softening oils and moisture are stolen from your skin by dry indoor heat, outdoor exposure, by normal tensions and fatigue. You must replenish these softeners every day or your skin looks dry, coarsened—takes on an older look. Each Pond's Cold Creaming goes back to your skin the oils and moisture your skin needs to look velvety smooth, have a young suppleness.

The quickest, easiest, surest treatment—it works wonders!

1. Circle Pond's Cold Cream briskly—up—out—from throat to forehead. This frees embedded dirt. Stimulates circulation. Tissue off well.

2. Now—-a snowy "rinse" with fresh fingersful of Pond's Cold Cream. This time, tissue off tightly—leaving a little invisible cream to soften and protect your skin. Get Pond's Cold Cream in the large jar today—nicer to dip into and, compared with the small jars, you average a third more cream for your money!

The Duchess of Sutherland says: "I always use Pond's Cold Cream, I don't know a better cleansing cream in the world."

The Princess Murat says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin glowing, so smooth. It's my most necessary beauty help."
Come in, America...

you're welcome every evening!

PERRY COMO
MADELEINE CARROLL
GEORGE SANDERS

Mickey Spillane's Mystery

GABRIEL HEATTER
Tonight, and every evening, as families throughout the 48 states mark a daily reunion in kitchen and parlor, most of them include radio in the doings. And to all the millions tuned to the nearby Mutual stations, every night marks a better-than-ever program lineup. Established favorites, sure: Gabriel Heatter...ace-high mystery and drama...news-in-the-making everywhere. But now hear what’s been added—for your greater enjoyment: The matchless music of Perry Como...the tingling suspense of “Counterspy”...George Sanders in “High Adventure”...Sir Cedric Hardwicke in “Bulldog Drummond”...Peter Lorre in “Nightmare”...Madeleine Carroll in “Starlight Theatre”—these are a few of the fabulous new productions which now enable your Mutual station to bring you “the biggest improvements in all radio today”...tonight. Stay tuned to MBS and enjoy it. You’re welcome!

For MBS schedules in your town, see local listings—and for exciting news of what's new on MBS in the daytime, see the 3-page message elsewhere in this issue.
Soda serves more ways than any other household product!

You'll find baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) saves you time, work and money in more than 101 ways. Keep a package in the kitchen to make light of dozens of household chores...a package in the medicine cabinet for first aid and dental care.

An economical tooth powder! Brush your teeth regularly with bicarbonate of soda (baking soda). It's the most economical tooth powder you can use...cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. Soda neutralizes enamel-eating acids and removes bad breath that starts in the mouth.

A soothing gargle and refreshing mouthwash! For aches and toothache, dissolve one or two teaspoons of soda in a glass of water and gargle. Soda helps sweeten breath, leaves your mouth feeling clean...so "wide-awake" fresh.

New handy size with metal pour-spout!

Now—you can get Bicarbonate of Soda in specially designed, water-repellent package, just the right size for your medicine cabinet...convenient for traveling, too! Available in health and beauty aids departments of grocery stores.

(Continued from page 71)

perhaps I, too, could play. So I asked Santa for the shoes. I received a pair with a note explaining that these were for football! What they were, really, was a pair of practical school shoes, which I happened to need at the time. But I always felt they would be fine for football—if I played. And it didn't occur to me until later that the handwriting in the note was remarkably like Mother's.

Her glowing imagination would bring us a touch of Christmas throughout the year, too. One time, there suddenly appeared on our table a very fancy new kerosene lamp with big red real wax candles on the globe, and beneath it a note that said it was from Santa to all the Edwardeas. That was in July. Of course we went to church, and my brothers and I performed, as all kids seem to, as "wise men" and "angels" in the Nativity plays. Then, on Christmas Day, there was a big family celebration at our house or some relative's. Turn on a farm was common, so, to make the day more festive, there would usually be a big, plump goose as an extra—and all those fruits and gluten pies. Family, feast, fun—all this was part of our lore and why I feel so strongly that Christmas is a family day.

We moved to California, when I was thirteen, and from then on, until I was eighteen, I always was involved in producing the Christmas plays, or being Santa Claus, at St. Stephen's Methodist Church. I became known as such an enthusiastic Santa, though young, that when I was seventeen I was offered five dollars to play St. Nick at a movie theatre in Fillmore. We had to take it.

That, I thought, would be great, and an easy fee to earn. So I reviewed all the games I could play with the kids in the area. I knew that I did particularly, in influence was already creeping in, I guess) and borrowed the Santa suit from the church. On arriving at the theatre, I asked the manager how much he wanted me to take on the stage.

"Oh, you'll just stand outside at the door and shake hands with the kids as they come in!" he assured me. And that's what I did, I learned later, to my surprise. My hat was made of red crepe paper. Perhaps I overdid my exuberance. Anyway, I began to perspire, the dye in the paper began to run down my face and several parents began to say, "poor bleeding!" I made my five dollars, but the games would have been easier.

From eighteen until I married Barbara and we had our children, there was, admitttedly, a lull in my enjoyment of Christmas—and my appreciation of the day. Now it all takes on that old glow, through our children's glowing eyes.

Our home, the Beverly Hills, has electricity and comfort. But we make just as much fuss over trimming the tree and putting up decorations as we did back in Colorado. And as inasmuch as Barbara's Christmas background was similarly steeped in family happiness, you can see the double-barreled effect it has in our home.

The children—Christine is 11, Gary, 9, and Laurie, 7—have always been taught to share, even with the decorating, which they love.

As we did on the farm, they help trim the tree and are given "levels" which they can reach without pulling over the whole production. For days they, too, string popcorn and cranberries and make paper chains, although we also have other ornaments.

The tree is truly a family project. Barbara selects the tree itself—always so large it must be cut "way down and it still fills the entire bay window and reaches to the ceiling, even after being truncated. Then we put it on the hearth. Next the children fill in their levels with ornaments, with Barbara and me putting up the market which can't reach. Then we all have a new thrill for, and look forward to the Christmas morning.

In addition, the children pin popcorn with bacon tips on the outdoor evergreens for the birds. And we leave pie and coffee on the hearth for Santa. Here in California, we have no snow and no need for a bucket of hay for the team, but somehow the ashes in the hearth are always disturbed by Christmas morning.

Perhaps we have more ways to make Christmas dear to our hearts, and we have fewer traditions for Christmas. Ours have many facets, but trimming the tree and putting up the other decorations, including a Nativity scene, are the usual events of Christmas Eve.

A note to myself: I must take the kids out caroling with me this Christmas Eve. I've just remembered, writing this all, how much we used to do in Oakland. Now that the kids are old enough, I think we'll all go out and give the Crosby clan some competition!

I'm meaning we are very serious about this all, but joyous. Everything we do, we do together. Christmas is a family affair in which we blend religion, good will, and fun.

Since earliest childhood, our kids have been taught to share. They realize there are some children less fortunate than they, in a material way. They have learned—not just through making kids —to share their possessions with less fortunate children each Christmas. They do it very willingly. We never press them; we just suggest it. They do not feel hurt and become sad thinking about other kids who are not so happy as they is. But they all are aware of the spirit of Christmas.

So sincerely do I feel that Christmas is a family affair that, whatever my radio and TV schedule, I make time to participate in our family preparations. Actually, I have two busy programs at this time: one in the morning, when I am home, and another in the evening. The kids have the day off from school, and church.

A Household Treasure

Why buy a number of different products to do a number of different jobs when baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) does them all and costs only pennies a box?

Inside Radio

Saturday

Morning Programs

8:30 AM
Howdy Doody
Local Programs
News Summary
Renfro Valley

9:00 AM
Farming Business
My Secret Story
9:45 AM

10:00 AM
Woman In Love
Show, Mel Blanc
No School Today
Galen Drake
Robert Q. Lewis

11:00 AM
The Big Preview
Coast Guard
Front And Center
Newspaper
News, Mail Shedal
11:05 Central Station

11:30 AM
Modern Romance
Farm News Con-
ference
Little League Club-
house
Give And Take

Afternoon Programs

12:00
News
12:05
Dude Ranch
12:15
Jamboree
Coffee In Wash-
ington
12:30
Man On The Farm
12:45
Fifth Army Band
American Farmer
101 Ranch Boys

1:00
National Farm And
Round Table
1:15
Home Hour
1:30
Round Table

2:00
Football
2:05
Headline News
Football

3:00
Football (con.)
3:15
Football (con.)
3:30
Football (con.)

4:00
Football (con.)
4:15
Football (con.)
4:30
Football (con.)

5:00
Football (con.)
5:15
Football (con.)
5:30
Football (con.)

Evening Programs

8:00 PM
News
8:15
H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30
NBC Symphony
8:45

7:00 PM
NBC Symphony
7:15
NBC Lecture Hall
7:30

8:00 PM
College Quiz Bowl
TBA

9:00 PM
Know Your NBC's
9:15
Grande Ole Opry
9:45

10:00 PM
Eddy Arnold Show
10:15
Pee Wee King Show

Sunday

Morning Programs

8:30 AM
Jack Arthur

9:00 AM
World News Roundup
9:15 AM
We Held These
9:30 AM
Carnival Of Books
9:45 AM
Faith In Action

10:00 AM
National Radio
10:15 AM
Pilgrimage
10:30 AM
Art Of Living
10:45 AM
News, Peter Roberts

11:00 AM
Saturday Morning
Viewpoint, U.S.A.
11:15 AM
U. M. Is My Best
11:30 AM
Frank And Ernest

Afternoon Programs

12:00 PM
Sammy Kaye
12:15
The Eternal Light
12:30
College Choirs
12:45
Gloria Parker

1:00 PM
Mind Your Manners
1:15 PM
Univ. Of Chicago
1:30 PM
Fred Van Deventer
1:45 PM
Lutheran Hour

2:00 PM
The Catholic Hour
2:30 PM
Better Living Clinic
2:45 PM
Bible Study

3:00 PM
Golden Treasury
3:15 PM
Golden Voices, With
3:30 PM
Tune In Today

4:00 PM
Weekend Newspaper
4:15 PM
Under Arrest
4:30 PM
Mr. District Attorney

5:00 PM
Weekend In The Air
5:15 PM
The Shadow
5:30 PM
News

Evening Programs

6:00 PM
Bob Considine
6:15 PM
Ask Hollywood
6:30 PM
NBC Star Playhouse
6:45 PM

7:00 PM
NBC Star Playhouse
7:15 PM
The Marriage
7:30 PM

8:00 PM
Hollywood Story
8:15 PM
Our Miss Brooks
8:30 PM
The Six Shooter
8:45 PM

9:00 PM
Strike Of Fate
9:15 PM
25 News
9:30 PM
Royal Theatre
9:45 PM

10:00 PM
Last Man Out
10:15 PM
Meet The Press

11:45 AM
12:05 AM
12:20 AM
12:45 AM

1:00 AM
1:15 AM
1:30 AM
1:45 AM

2:00 AM
2:15 AM
2:30 AM
2:45 AM

3:00 AM
3:15 AM
3:30 AM
3:45 AM

4:00 AM
4:15 AM
4:30 AM
4:45 AM

News
News, Bill Downs
5:55 Cedric Adams

Light And Life Hour
Renfro Valley Sun-
day Gathering

Music Room
World News Roundup

Voice Of Prophecy
Pentagon Report

Message Of Israel
Church Of The Air

Fine Arts Quartet
Salt Lake Tabernacle

Herald Of Truth
Twentieth Century

National Vespers
Symphonette

Heavenly News
N. Y. Philharmonic

General Motors
M. Y. Philharmonic

The World Today,
Don Hollenberg

Music For You

Mysteries
Quotations

Bob Considine
Nick Carter

Monday Morning
Headlines

Gene Autry
Our Miss Brooks

Jack Benny
Ama 'n Andy

Bing Crosby
My Little Margie

Hailmark Playhouse

Edgar Bergen Show

Paul Harvey
Man Of The Week

Edgar Bergen Show

Paul Harvey
Man Of The Week

News, Ed Morgan
Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 8
Make way for dawn and Garroway with news, interviews, film reports, assisted by Lescoule, Blair, and Muggisie.

9:00 A.M. Morey Amsterdam Show • 4
Gag-men's sophistication to the highest keyed by DeLug's music.

10:00 A.M. Arturo Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)
Mr. America and his Little Godfrey's simulcast of radio show.

10:00 A.M. Ding Dong School • 4 & 8
Miss Frances with her nursery school for kids three to five.

10:30 A.M. Glamour Girl
Harry Babbitt quizzes lassies striving for chance to be renoted from toes to tresses by fashion and beauty experts.

11:00 A.M. Hawkins Falls • 4 & 8
Day-by-day story of human events in a typical small town.

11:15 A.M. The Bennetts • 4 & 8
Blond, six-footer Don Gibson in trials of a young attorney.

11:30 A.M. Rich Strike & 8
Help for those in need—up to $500. Kindly Warren Hull emce.

11:30 A.M. Three Steps To Heaven • 4
Broadway actress Phyllis Hill as pretty hayseed in big city.

11:45 A.M. Follow Your Heart • 4
Story of society girl who longs for man who doesn't "belong."

12:00 Noon Bride And Groom • 2
Only quiz show on air where contestants know the answers and the quizmaster is a minister. So come to the wedding.

12:15 P.M. Love Of Life • 2 & 8
Peggy McCay plays the successful but compassionate careerist.

12:30 P.M. Selma for Tomorrow • 2 & 8
Story of emotional growing pains that adults experience.

12:45 P.M. The Guiding Light • 2 & 8 (at 2:30 P.M.)
Herb Nelson stars in beloved, popular serial of radio-TV.

1:00 P.M. Journey Through Life • 2
Mister and Missus tell of incidents that contributed to happier, successful marriages. Tom Reddy, emcee-quizmaster.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 8
Garry's gang with a cheerful, funny, tuneful half-hour.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 8 (M.W.F)
Bert "Mr. Energy" Parks with his mile-a-minute quizzerooney.

2:30 P.M. Linkletter's House Party • 2
Artful time with Art's quick zips, fascinating interviews.

3:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 2 & 8
For women only—fantastic prizes in wardrobes, mink, trips abroad, but it's hubby or boy friend who takes on the quiz.

3:00 P.M. Kate Smith Hour • 4 & 8 (at 3:30 P.M.)
It's a glistening evening of entertainment that Kate serves up in her daily full hour of variety and music.

3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show • 5
Laughter and lilting songs (on record) with Sis, Wanda, Paul.

3:30 P.M. Bob Crosby Show • 2
Bing's brother Bob and the famous Bobcats and Modernaires.

4:00 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4 & 8
People on the move pause to visit genial Tommy Bartlett.

4:30 P.M. On Your Account • 4 & 8
Win Elliot as friendly banker "lends" money in $10-$100 quiz.

7:30 P.M. Kathryn—Dinah—Eddie • 4 & 8
Mon., gracious Kathryn Murray with capsule-sized variety; Tues., Thurs., lush thrushin' by Dinah Shore; Fri., & Sat., Eddie Fisher with heartfelt songs that go to your head.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como—Jane Froman • 2

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 8
Get together with Swayze for brisk report of day's events.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Jamie • 7
Tender, touching story of an orphan, starring Brandon DeWilde and featuring well-known Ernest Truex and Polly Rowles.

8:00 P.M. Burns And Allen Show • 2
Gracie's stupendous stupidity makes for stupendous hilarity.

8:00 P.M. Name That Tune • 4 & 8
Melody quiz with Vicki Mills, quiz-musician Red Benson.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 4 & 8
Arthur gives wings to performers grasping for star billing.

8:30 P.M. Voice Of Firestone • 4 & 8
Weekly festival of great music featuring truly great voices.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 8
Rib-sticking fun as Lucy balls up the works for hubby Desi.

9:00 P.M. Debusniis • 2 & 8
Tenor Dennis doubles in laughter as befuddled bachelor.

9:30 P.M. Red Buttons Show • 2 & 8
You may pop a button as Red rocks you with comedy sketches.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
From farce to melodrama, Mr. M. guarantees fine story telling.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 8
Excellent full-hour video theatre. Felix Jackson at the helm.

10:30 P.M. My Favorite Story • 4
Debonair Adolphe Menjou is narrator of thirty-minute films.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Cavaclade Of America • 7
Stirring drama saluting famous events in American history.

8:00 P.M. Milton Berle—Bob Hope Show • 4 & 8
Milton Berle with humor and laughter variety. Every fourth week (Nov. 17) Hope bobs up with gags, gals, guests.

8:30 P.M. Life Is Worth Living • 5
Inspiring, non-sectarian talks with Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.

8:30 P.M. Red Skelton • 2
A whacky circus with one of the nation's favorite clowns.

9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2 & 8
Stars entertain and get the business from Kaufman, Levenson.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Gene Raymond, handsome host to engrossing teleplays.

9:00 P.M. Make Room For Daddy • 7
Love comedy with Danny Thomas in laugh-splashed comedy series.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 8
Doomed and bedeviled heroes in this shock melodrama.

9:30 P.M. Armstrong Circle Theatre • 4
Story time for the family with real, wholesome situations.

9:30 P.M. U.S. Steel Theatre • 7
Dynamic, distinguished drama. Nov. 24 & Dec. 7. Alternate weeks, more full-hour teleplays on Album Playhouse.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Dick Stark genial host to melodrama that generates suspense.

10:00 P.M. Judge For Yourself • 4 & 8
Variety and panel stuff starring sparring wit of Fred Allen.

10:30 P.M. Person To Person • 2 & 8
Inimitable, intimate interviews of famous by Edward R. Murrow.

10:30 P.M. The Name's The Same • 7
Robert Q's quizotic quiz featuring people with famous and amusing names. Panelists: Bill Stern, Joan Alexander, others.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Mark Saber • 7
Exciting mystery adventure. Suave Tom Conway in title role.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 8
The mighty monarch of TV with mighty, wonderful variety show.

8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
King-sized laughs from Joan Davis and Jim Backus.

8:30 P.M. My Little Margie • 4 & 8 (at 9:30 P.M.)
Gale Storm, actually mother of three sons, plays breezy, glamorous Margie in comedy hijinks with Charlie Farrell.

9:45 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 8
People who deserve a break get it from helpful Warren Hull.

9:45 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
High-rated, highly entertaining full-hour, live teleplays.

9:45 P.M. I've Got A Secret
Garry Moore tries to keep it who Audrey Meadows, Faye Emerson, Henry Morgan, and Bill Cullen try to make him tell.

10:00 P.M. Blue Ribbon Boxing • 2 & 8
Tomorrow's headline sport news. At ringside, Russ Hodges.
TV program highlights

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Meet Mr. McNulty • 2
Ray Milland as harried professor in laugh-situation series.

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 8
Contestants earn real $$$ while reeling to Groucho’s wit.

8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2
Hollywood stars take turns at lead roles in original teleplays.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men In Action • 4
Fast-paced dramatizations of actual cases handled by T-Men.

8:30 P.M. Where’s Raymond? • 7
Ray Bolger, great dancing comedian, in new musical-comedy.

From Hollywood, star-cast teleplays that really satisfy.

9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4 & 8 (at 8:30 P.M.)
Jack Webb spins one for criminals in his famed police series.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Cruising newsman (Pat McVey) in high-charged adventure.

9:30 P.M. Ford Throes • 4 & 8
Highly recommended dramatic fare cast with Hollywood stars.

9:30 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 7
Full-hour dramatic presentations, original or adapted stories.

10:00 P.M. Playhouse On Broadway • 2
Drama series from N.Y.C. with top stars of stage—screen.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 8
Brown-eyed Mark Stevens, in title role, whammies killers.

10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 (at 11:00 P.M.)
James Daly stars as overseas reporter in high-tension drama.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
Stu is in one and put there by partly domesticated family.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 8
Peggy Wood, Judson Laire in heartwarming family series.

8:00 P.M. Dave Garwood Show • 4
Dave’s so-seasional and so-great variety with Skitch Henderson.

8:00 P.M. Ozzie And Harriet • 7
The beloved, delightful Nelsons’ story of their own fun.

8:30 P.M. Topper • 2
Thorne Smith’s frivolous tales videoized with Leo Carroll.

8:30 P.M. Life With Riley • 4 & 8
Tough and tender William Bendix stars in this happy series.

8:30 P.M. Pepsi-Cola Playhouse • 7

9:00 P.M. Playhouse Of Stars • 2
Name stars in teleplays adapted from famous short stories.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 8
Absorbing dramatizations of true experiences of reporters.

9:00 P.M. Pride Of The Family • 7
Broadway star Paul Hartman as bluff, bewildered family head.

9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Eve Arden in madcap adventures of a swirly schoolmarm.

9:30 P.M. TV Soundstage • 4 & 8
Live from Manhattan studios, unusual, tingling teleplays.

9:30 P.M. Comeback • 7
Georgie Jessel presents one-time greats attempting comeback.

10:00 P.M. Mr. Peepers • 2 & 8
Marie Wilson’s mirthful role of a beautiful, brainless sten.

10:00 P.M. Caculate Of Sports • 4 & 8
Jimmy Powers is at the mike with the weekend’s festive event.

10:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
Ed Murrow’s imaginative, stimulating video news magazine.

10:30 P.M. You Got It • 5
Delightful panel session of “Hang The Butcher” with Dr. Evans.

10:30 P.M. Liberace • 11
The handsome, romantic pianist with songs and mood music.

Saturday

2:00 to 3:00 P.M. College Football • 4 & 8
Starting times vary depending on region of gridiron clash: Nov. 14, Michigan State vs. Michigan; Nov. 21, Southern Cal. vs. California; Nov. 26, Utah vs. Brigham Young; Nov. 28, Army vs. Navy; Dec. 5, Notre Dame vs. Southern Methodist.

7:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Paul Whiteman’s irrepresible, enjoyable juvenile variety.

7:30 P.M. Beat The Clock • 2
Couples race against time performing tricky stunts for prizes.

10:30 P.M. Where’s Raymond? • 7
Charming Ezzio Pinza as widower bridled by brood of eight.

10:30 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 8
Ted Mack introduces hopefuls on this springboard to fame.

9:00 P.M. Two For The Money • 2
Wabash with Herb Shriner emcees thousand-dollar quiz-biz.

9:00 P.M. Your Show Of Shows • 4 & 8
All hail Caesar, Imogene Coca and magnificent 90-minute revue.

Weekly fourth week (Nov. 28) spectacular All Star Revue.

9:30 P.M. My Favorite Husband • 2
The year’s new hit comedy. Ex-Petty gal Joan Caulfield as Liz Cugati; Barry crop, well-meaning, domesticated hubby.

10:00 P.M. Medallion Theatre • 2
Live from N.Y.C. Great stars in world’s best-loved stories.

10:30 P.M. Mirror Theatre • 2
Hollywood luminaries in new 30-minute teleplays on film.

10:30 P.M. Io91’0in’i 
Sparkling, lavish productions of hit tunes with Dorothy Collins, Snooky Lanson, Gisele Mackenzie, Russell Arms, others.

Sunday

2:00 P.M. Professional Football • 7
Red Grange with home games of Chicago Bears and Cardinals.

4:00 P.M. Andy Hardy • 14 & 4
The nation’s favorite puppets with Frank Allison, Burr Tillstrom.

5:00 P.M. Omnibus • 2
A variety of our greatest living entertainers, actors, singers, dancers, superbly produced in fascinating 90-minute show.

5:00 P.M. Hall Of Fame • 4
Sarah Churchill as host to excellent full-hour drama series.

6:30 P.M. George Jessel Show • 7
The Toastmaster General with a banquet of sumptuous variety.

7:00 P.M. Life With Father • 2
Life in the Day family adapted from famed Broadway play.

7:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4 & 8
Paul with dance, comedy and side kick. Jerry Mahoney.

7:30 P.M. Jack Benny—Private Secretary • 2 & 8
Benny rides Nov. 15 & Dec. 5. Other Sundays, Ann Sothern.

7:30 P.M. Mr. Peepers • 4
Wally Cox as mild-mannered, highly-amusing school teacher.

7:15 P.M. Notre Dame Football Games • 7
75-minute films of what happened to Fighting Irish yesterday.

8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 8
Ace-high vaudeville with Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour
Clowns colossal tickle the nation: Cantor, Durante, Martin and Lewis, Abbott and Costello, Donald O’Connor, others.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring—GE Theatre • 2

9:00 P.M. TV Playhouse • 4 & 8
Exceptionally fine, all-true, full-hour theatre.

9:30 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5

9:00 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7
Stop-press news, intimate Broadway items, WW’s editorials.

10:00 P.M. Man Behind The Badge • 2
Exciting, honest dramatizations of real police heroism.

10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
Swift, simmering melodrama of people fighting for life.

10:00 P.M. Letter To Loretta • 4 & 8
Loretta Young in stories based on problems of her admirers.

10:30 P.M. Who’s My Line? • 2 & 8
John Daly makes panelists toe the line in job-guessing game.

10:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 4
Brains and brawn (Ralph Bellamy’s) overwhelming law-breakers.
Arthur Godfrey's Songstress—Marion Marlowe

(Continued from page 29)

At the age of eight, Marion made her radio debut and sang "The One Rose" and "You'll Never Know." From nine to thirteen, she had her own weekly fifteen-minute song session and appeared on a Saturday morning dramatic show, where she played character roles from foreign-tongued spies to aged grandmothers.

But Marion was not being pushed. Her mother, whom she calls "Mike," told her time and time again that she was to do in life only that which made her happy. Marion, however, from her earliest years wanted to be in show business. She would go out by the rosebushes and talk about it with her grandfather. He would tell her, "You want to aim for the moon, Marion, and you'll at least land on a star. People who aim only for a star usually hit a tree."

Far greater than the lessons was the love her folks gave so freely. Marion will tell you it was this understanding and affection she needed most throughout the years. In spite of the fact that she was endowed with talent, Marion had problems that extended beyond adolescence.

It was too serious and too shy, she recalls. "I had very few friends and only one who understood me."

When Marion was five, she underwent twenty-five operations for a mastoid. When she recovered, she gathered weight the way a magnet draws nails. She was five-foot-two and weighed one-hundred-and-sixty in her early school days.

"I looked like Porky the Pig," she says. "And by the time I went into high school, I was at the other extreme—a beanstalk with big feet."

She was then five feet and seven inches tall. She took a lot of teasing from schoolmates about her big feet. She was no good at sports and couldn't enter into games. Much of her time after school was taken up with dance and music lessons. Other children mistook her timidity for shyness.

Marion's mother was in many ways a companion as well as a parent. She would pack sandwiches for a picnic in the park. She taught Marion to roller skate, swim, and dive. She made clothes for Marion and prepared the family's dinners in the late afternoon, for it was Marion's grandmother who took her to dance and music studios.

The folks were devoted to Marion.

"And they never once complained about the skimping all done for my sake," Marion says. "Oh, how we had to budget! I remember that, as my graduation gift from grade school, I asked to have dinner out. And it was the first time I ate out, for we couldn't afford it."

That evening also was the occasion of her first date. There was a fine-looking boy in the neighborhood named Billy, who was just as scrappy, tall and shy as Marion. Whenever Billy and Marion passed on the sidewalk they both nodded and blushed furiously.

"Mother coerced him into the date," Marion says. "He couldn't possibly back out."

The folks took Marion and Billy to a department store cafeteria for dinner and then to a movie. Both had a good time but were so bashful they spoke only two words during the whole evening, "Hello" and "Goodbye."

Marion had her first real date when she was sixteen, and that was a humdinger, as eventful and climactic as anything a girl could expect.

First, the "date" was twenty years old and therefore a "man." Second, they were going to a real night club for dinner and dancing.

Marion really fixed herself up. She borrowed her aunt's fur coat, her mother's hat and shoes.

"I was a sight," she says. "I could have stopped a clock."

They went to the dinner-dance restaurant, then on to a movie. Afterwards, she and her "man" went for a walk in the park. It was a warm night and their spirits soared high. When they found a fountain, they did what comes naturally. Marion and her date took off their shoes and went wading.

"We were having the time of our lives," she remembers, "until a policeman came along."

They had broken a city ordinance by wading in the pool, and the policeman unceremoniously hauled them off to the station. Her "man," now a boy, was frightened to tears and Marion was bawling out loud.

"I'll never forget the desk sergeant calling up my folks," she says. "I heard him say, 'Your daughter has just been arrested.' Then the sergeant began clicking the phone, turned to me and announced, 'Your mother must have passed out.'"

Fines were paid for the two young "criminals" and, as Marion says good-humoredly, "I learned my lesson and I've gone straight ever since."

The date occurred on the occasion of her high school graduation and marked the beginning of a new period in Marion's life. All her performing since the age of five had been for experience. She was now ready for professional work. She contin-

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So insist on new smear-resistant Tangee. 9 come-hither, stay-with-you shades—from the most pleasing Pinks to the most dramatic Reds.

No matter how much you pay, you cannot buy a finer lipstick than Tangee.
London producer who told her about a show he wanted her to star in. "Everyone talks so big in Hollywood," Marion confided, "you can't easily distinguish the glitter from the dirt."

So Marion listened politely and thought nothing more of it when the producer returned to London. Four and a half months later, a cablegram—complete with passage money—telling her to be in London in ten days.

"I was elated," she says, "but the voyage over was just a forewarning of what was to come."

On board ship, she was seasick constantly and lost seven pounds. During her eighteen months in London, she suffered a broken ankle, jaundice, anemia, and just about every other discomforting illness. For a year and a half, she gave two shows a night and recitals on Sundays.

She didn't tell the folks about the sickness and the austerity diet of potatoes and bread and the long hours. They wrote every day, and their first concern was Marion's welfare. Marion wrote them about the musical revue, "Sauce Tartar." She had a starring role and was cast as a South American type and wore her hair in ringlets. Arrived in Afro-Cubano numbers were the hit of the show. She wrote them, too, about her closest friend, Audrey Hepburn—who has since become a film star—and Marion recently had a reunion in New York.

But, after eighteen months, Marion quit the show. She came home sick and homesick.

She arrived in New York on September the seventeenth and on the nineteenth stepped to the altar in her short-lived, unfortunate marriage.

Marion went back to St. Louis to see the folks and found things had changed there, too. Grandfather's roses had just about withered away. He didn't have the energy to devote to them. It was a harsh reminder of Marion's early hopes to give them a grand home. And she hadn't yet been able to contribute so much as the down payment.

"And then I didn't make a professional appearance for a long time," she recalls. "I was depressed frequently, and I'm easily depressed when I don't sing."

Marion's big problem (and by then she had known it for years) was a lack of self-confidence. Marion was a lovely woman, but Marion didn't think so. Marion had a lovely voice, but didn't believe it. And the shoes she wore, which may appear to us very glamorous, were symbols of her attitude. She always wore flat shoes. She was tall to start with, and fashionable high-heeled shoes—she thought—made her even taller.

The turning point in her life and career came in Florida. It was luck and it was a personal miracle. It came about when a producer decided Marion should sing at a private party. He offered her fifty dollars to do three songs at his hotel for just one night.

She came on at dinnertime when the guests were reaching for tumblers and forks and rolls. Marion walked to the mike and, as she sang, no bread was butted, no forks were raised. Everyone was spellbound by her voice. One of the diners was Arthur Godfrey, and four days later Marion was seen by millions of television viewers on Arthur Godfrey And His Friends. They were impressed, and Marion was offered a contract and membership in the exclusive Godfrey family.

"But the Marion Marlowe who started working hard in New York was a bit different from that gal today," she says.

Today, Marion is a lot more satisfied with her appearance. Arthur gets the credit for her slender, well-toned figure, her new make-up, and her new hairdo.

"And he never told me to do anything," she says. "We would just sit down and have a long talk."

She knew from the beginning that he had faith in her ability, and this gave her self-assurance. Before she couldn't even discuss her problems. Everything was kept confidentially.

"Arthur has the knack of getting you to talk," she says. "He doesn't give advice. He just listens and lets it come out, and you're so happy among yourself and feeling better and stronger."

Marion's first awareness that she was gaining self-confidence came the day she was given a dress and bought it in New York.

"She wore it."

"The McGuieres are all tall and I was surprised at how statuesque and beautiful they looked in high heels," Marion recalls. Marion had previously been aware that he was a little short. McGuire was petite and, as a result, she felt as if she stuck out like the Empire State Building. But the McGuires helped with the final transition. Marion bought three-inch heels.

The new personal buoyancy is not all that Marion achieved. She has begun repaying the love and sacrifices of her folks. Two years ago, she brought them a new cottage and they spent their honeymoon there. They now have a little ranch in Florida, and they are expecting a little grandson some time soon.

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Favorite Husband

(Continued from page 61)
of the city, high above the Sunset Strip. The realtor said the asking price was $28,000. Barry and Teresa, fresh from New York, didn't know too much about real estate prices in California, so they decided to call the ex-owner, Tony Martin, and ask his advice. Martin was playing a date in Las Vegas at the time.

Both Teresa and Barry were crazy about the house and were ready to pack up their bags and move right in, if Tony said it was a good buy. Barry got him on the phone to ask if this was a right price for the house. That's when the confusion began.

"Hello, Mr. Martin?"
A sleepy "Yes" from the phone.
"This is Barry Nelson and I wanted to ask if you felt twenty-eight-four was good for that old house of yours?"

Long silence, then, "You'll never be able to make it, Nelson. How would you pay for it?"
"I said twenty-eight-four, and cash, that's how!" Barry was getting exasperated.
A sneering laugh on the phone. "You'll never make it up that hill in a '28 Ford!" said Tony Martin and hung up.

By the time Barry had straightened things out and called back, the house had been sold.

"So you see," said Barry, "confusion can strike anybody, anytime. I woke up Tony Martin. We had a five-minute bizarre conversation as a result. He thought somebody with a '28 Ford was trying to buy his house!"

Barry and his pretty wife, Teresa, met when they were both under contract to M-G-M. After release from the studio, Barry was cast in the Broadway production of "The Moon Is Blue." On opening night, he and Teresa Celli were married.

Comedy writers could make a kaleidoscope of confusion out of a situation like this. But Barry, who prides himself on being an average American husband, proved he was such by making a typical American husband's remark in describing that night.

"Sure, it was opening night. But I didn't see any reason to get excited. There was plenty of time in the afternoon to get married—and still have time for dinner, too! Well—we got married." No fuss, no furor, no nothing!

With their marriage, Barry and his bride Teresa moved into a small apartment at 80th and Park Avenue in New York. Both have a passion for collecting furniture and knickknacks, so the small apartment was soon straining at the seams.

"We found that we got more discriminating with our purchases as time went on," said Barry. "That was especially true with our furniture 'buys.' Fortunately, we had a small apartment and there wasn't room for too much of what I call our 'early judgment' furniture."

Barry is the shining example that proves his point that American husbands are not all thumbs. His thesis is that men can do most things right—even become competent with "women's work." Home decorating is one example. After their little apartment burst at the seams, Barry and Teresa found a penthouse in Greenwich Village. Twenty floors up with a panoramic view of all Manhattan, the Statue of Liberty, and liners on the Hudson, this new place was a decorator's delight. There was so much you could do with it!

Barry and Teresa did it. Barry installed a high-fidelity amplifying system to play Teresa's favorite operas and his favorite symphonies. Together they selected the color: mustard yellow walls, charcoal gray drapes, billiard green rugs. They dis-
cussed each piece of furniture and its relation to the apartment before they bought it.

As soon as they finished decorating it, Barry's part in My Favorite Husband came up and they moved to Hollywood! In searching for a new place to live, they went through the Tony Martin incident but finally found another Spanish-type home which had recently been modernized. "The decorating is starting all over again," says Barry. "But we haven't given up the New York penthouse. We've got $250,000 invested in that and I don't want to rent it. We'll just have to pay two rents until I decide what to do."

We presented it to 'one of these nice little men from the U.N.,' but I decided against it. It would have been our luck to have him turn out to be the kind who threw vodka bottles into the fireplace. And that's where I've hidden part of our high-fidelity amplifying system! So, in not renting it, I guess you could say I'm the cautious type.

For the new Spanish home, Barry is collecting Aztec figurines. The matte finish and subdued colors fit in beautifully with his Spanish architecture and modern furniture. "Unfortunately," says Barry, "the Mexican government doesn't like to have any of their relics more than one hundred years old taken out of the country."

One aspect of the American male which the comedy writers ignore is imagination. With four figurines Barry laboriously dug up with his own hands in Taso, he was sure he had broken through the plane and out of the country. It was like a high-school cafeteria trying to get through the defense of the Los Angeles-dodgers. But the customs men hadn't taken Barry's imaginative powers into consideration when they inspected his luggage.

The Mexican customs officials are not nearly so strict with their relic rules as the American airplane officials are with payment for overweight luggage. However, the two share stalls side by side in Mexico City. Therefore, it's necessary to convince them both that the bundles you carry on board are neither valuable nor heavy.

Barry's four figurines weighed about ten pounds apiece. He wrapped them in newspapers and stuffed them into a golfer's stricken old straw bag with string handles. At the entrance to the customs and the plane counter, he took the string handles and showed two of them to the officials. They checked through the luggage, pointed to the bag, and Barry answered, "Oh, just some stuff I picked up in Taso." He didn't think the official would bother with a beat-up old straw bag. They didn't.

Barry was still holding the straw bag by two fingers to make it look light at the plane weigh-in stand. By the time he left customs and approached the stand, the strings had turned into razor-sharp scissors. The clerk looked at the perspiration on Barry's forehead and asked, "What's the matter, you feeling sick?"

Barry grimaced in pain, his white teeth showing. "Gah!" he said. The clerk bustled about the grimace a smile and the "Gah" a "How was it?" and he tagged the luggage and passed them on. "Next," he said as Barry hobbled toward the plane.

There was one incident where imagination paid off. However, Barry will be the first to admit that imagination will not be the answer to every problem. That is, magical thinking. I have never been able to find myself in water that's over his head.

One day in Mexico City, for example. Barry went out by himself for a haircut. He usually went out shopping with his wife, Teresa, who had the knack of making herself understood in Spanish. But for a simple thing like a haircut Barry didn't think he'd need Teresa to act as an interpreter. He could easily rely on the signs which read, "English spoken here."

Unfortunately, the boss ("English spoken here") was out when Barry stepped into the barber shop and sat down in the chair. "Around from the edges and on top," he said.

"Si, señor," said the barber, but he just stood in front of Barry with an uncomprehending expression on his face.

"On top," said Barry, "on top. Go ahead, you can begin."

"Si, señor," said the barber, but he still just stood there with the embarrassed smile.

Barry realized the barber did not go with the sign in the window. He'd have to make himself understood with his limited Spanish. Unfortunately, the verb "to eat" (comer) and the expression "on top" (cumbre), where he wanted his hair cut, can be confused. When Barry said "on top," the barber simply smirked. To make it even more confusing, Barry "on top." He is not all thumbs, as some comedy shows would make him out to be. He even has the imagination to smuggle Aztec figurines under the noses of custom officials.

But Barry will admit there are times when it's nice to have your wife around to keep things straight. Especially if you want a haircut and not a sandwich!

Glouram Girl!

(Continued from page 67)

Land and I were married by an Army chaplain in Shanghai, and I came back to America almost immediately. I was born in San Francisco; the twenty-two years I had spent in Shanghai made me a stranger in the land of my birth. I knew my clothes were wrong, that I disgraced the place. And Lee was a photographer. I knew that with his trained eye he would be especially aware of the many differences between me and the other women around him. This was one reason why I wanted to be Americanized. The other reason was for myself. I wanted to belong.

Because I was unsure of myself in America, I have always felt apart. When I compared myself with other mothers and housewives, I felt foreign. They did the simple little things, like shopping and reading bus transfers, so much more quickly and better than I could ever hope to do, that I felt self-conscious. For the first few years I couldn't explain how I felt—but the word I used was "unconscious," not "self-conscious!"

There were times in those days when I wish I had a magic wand that could have given anything to be like the women around me; they were so easy-going and sure of themselves. But, instead, I mouthed the "philosophies" of the time—"The place of a loaf," and each mistake made me more self-conscious. My self-consciousness made me even more confused.

Lee will never know how thrilled I was when we won a Greyhound Sweepstakes one day with tickets for "Glamour Girl." I had seen the changes that "Glamour Girl" had made in other women, but I never dreamed that I would ever have a chance of even being in the audience.

That was at the center of our dining room (since Lee is fresh out of school we don't have a dining-room set yet) and, when I touched the tickets in Lee's outreach, I'm sure I felt an excitement that I've never felt outside expectation, and it stayed with me until the afternoon when I walked into the "Glamour Girl" studio with the other women.

At the door, each of us was handed a card to fill out. It's funny but, when I handed over the tickets and took the card, the warm feeling the tickets had given me and in its place was a cold void. It was a feeling that stayed with me all the while I wrote on the card. Name (Gracelyne Lee) , age (30) . . . . address and phone number . . . . and a big white square. . . . and they wrote "reason" for wanting to be made glamorous.

There were so many things I wanted to say—but I felt I didn't know how to explain how I felt. With all the other American women around me. I felt that, if I were like them, then Lee would love me even more. But I didn't write what I meant. In fact, all we were asked to write was "I don't want to be glamorous. I just want to be Americanized."

No matter what I wrote or thought, no one could hear that I had no dream to come true, my thoughts told me the card was meaningless and would bring my dreams to nothing. There are too many other women out there, they know their English language so much better than I. Even though there were more than a hundred people in the auditorium, I know I never felt so much alone. I felt sure I had no chance of being called. And I wasn't. It is a misfortune to be a powerful force. I had felt sure about those tickets. Had they lied to me? Had my woman's intuition played tricks and let me down? When the show was over and I walked all the way home, I felt the emptiness, the feeling inside of me out into the sunlight. I stood there for a few minutes. I still felt that, somehow, something would happen. But nothing did. After a while, I walked over to the bus stop and took my disappointment home.

Lee was waiting for me with our baby boy. She handed me the card and long face, and said, "What's wrong, Mommy, are you ill?" I couldn't keep a long face with that remark. I felt a warmth surge up in me and my disappointment was gone. I really had nothing to be sad about and I should be ashamed of myself for wanting to be given something as rewarding as glamour overnight. The women who were there were the real ones. I had a husband and better than that, I had consolation myself. Besides, I had two people to love—my husband and my child. I had never heard others say things like I did. We were, and are in love. You never have to worry about anything, if you have that.

Lee interrupted my thoughts as he rushed in. "The studio just called," he said casually. "They saw your local address and decided to hold you over. They want you to come back next week as a contestant."

So my intuition was right! I could barely contain myself for the next six days.

Then the six days were gone and I was
again at the studio. Mr. Babbitt came backstage to talk to all together. I knew he was trying to make us all relax. But, with me, nothing could relax the tightness I felt in my heart. Then the program was on the air and we started going out on the stage, one by one. I was number three and, as I waited for my turn, the seconds stretched to an eternity.

At last I was on stage and Mr. Babbitt was asking me about my parents and my reason for wanting to be glamorous.

"Where were you born, Gracelyne?" he asked. He had to speak very slowly for me to understand, because I was so nervous.

"In San Francisco," I said.

"But you were raised in Shanghai?"

"Yes. When I was born, my father went to a palmist. He was worried about my family. I was the last-born and so far he had five girls. He wanted a male heir. The palmist told him to go back to Shanghai. When I was eighteen months old, we sailed on a giant ocean vessel and I lived in China until I married Lee in 1946."

As I stood in front of Mr. Babbitt, I remember thinking about my father and my marriage. My father had been against it. He warned me that it would be hard. In America, I would have to work—but under his roof we had a housekeeper and a cook. I would not be prepared, he said, to keep house or cook for my husband as American women do. But I was in love...and when you have love, nothing else matters. I remember thinking my father had been partly right. It had been hard. After our marriage, we had come by ship to America and then by train to Chicago, where Lee’s sister lived. It was a great country. Great in size and great in freedom and in spirit. But I was homesick right away. It was too big, too great, too different for me.

But then, there I was on the stage. Now, if the audience was willing, here was my chance to be glamorous. Better still, if they wished, they could Americanize me and make me feel really at home. It was up to their applause.

I knew I held my breath as the other women took their last turns in front of the cameras. The noise from the audience was deafening and there was a great roaring in my ears. I never did hear what was mentioned nor did I hear the applause. It wasn’t until Mr. Babbitt came up to me and led me out alone that I realized that the beginning of my career had come. They had chosen me to be glamorous...to have the “American beauty” look.

The next twenty-four hours were a whirlwind of activity. The way was cleared around, it was like a sale day at Magin’s, where I worked while Leland went to school. First we met Mary Webb Davis, who took me under her wing. Not only did I visit classes at her modeling school, but I learned tricks of glamour—how to walk, talk, and carry myself.

Then we went to pick out my new glam-our wardrobe (part of my winnings), which was like having Christmas in the middle of the year. Finally, the next day—when I was to appear before the TV audience. I had a real glam treatment, including a session with Frank and Joseph, hair stylists, who created a coiffure just for me, and a lovely make-up job by experts.

Winning on Gloom can set a new horizon in your life. It’s changed me completely. It’s fulfilled my dreams of belonging and given me confidence that I needed so badly. As Miss Davis said when I walk I now “lick in my tummy.” It keeps my head high. I wear my cincher belt. It gives me a wasp waist. This makes a difference. But I knew I had arrived when I came in from shopping and put my parcels on the table and my son, Miles, said, “Gee, Mom, you look just like Miss Jones down the street!”

And that's what I wanted, above all.

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96. Elaine Stewart
97. Hildegarde Neff
98. Dawn Addams
99. Zsa Zsa Gabor
100. Barbara Ruick
101. Joan Taylor
102. Helene Stanley
103. Beverly Michaels
104. Joan Rice
105. Robert Horton
106. Dean Miller
107. Rita Gam
108. Charlton Heston
109. Steve Cochran
ROBERT MONTGOMERY is sort of the dean of all drama talents—he acts, directs, produces, and frequently narrates the dramas he presents. He was born in Beacon, New York, the son of a well-to-do rubber company executive, and toured England, France, Switzerland and Germany when still a lad. His father died and, when the estate was settled, Bob and his brother Donald were penniless, so they went to work. In 1929, Bob Montgomery became a movie star. Ten years later, he was one of the first of the motion picture colony to go to war—he went to France and volunteered as an ambulance driver. He went into active naval duty in the summer of 1941 and, three and a half years later, was honorably discharged as a commander. In 1944, after a bout with tropical fever, he returned to Hollywood to appear in "They Were Expendable." He then directed and produced pictures and, as a result, joined NBC to become the "well-rounded" expert on all matters technical and dramatic in some of the greatest of the TV shows. He's married to Elizabeth Harkness and lives in a farmhouse in upper New York State.

Each week, Robert Montgomery Presents (on an alternating basis): Your Lucky Strike Theatre and The Johnson's Wax Program; NBC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST.
JOHN NEWLAND was born thirty-four years ago in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the tall, handsome man began his professional stage career at the age of sixteen. Chicago burlesque lured him, and he was everything from the voice backstage to straight man for comedians. This latter training came in handy when he toured the vaudeville circuits (the ones that no doubt put vaudeville in its grave) singing, dancing, and playing straight man to Milton Berle. Once he became serious about drama and enrolled in a New York school, only to find the study of stage work did not coincide with his burlesque training (and a little matter of making money). If and when he bursts into song, this is natural—he's sung a thousand carnival dates, made a hit in "Lend An Ear," "Ziegfeld Follies." Currently, he's in practically every dramatic show on TV.

MARGARET HAYES was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on December 5, 1922, and as a child she appeared in pioneer experimental TV shows. Graduated from Forest Park High School, she enrolled in Teachers College of Johns Hopkins University and in the Hopkins Barnstormers, the campus drama group. After college, Margaret stormed the drama citadel in New York, got minor roles, was signed for Hollywood, where she spent the next few years. Returning East for "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Margaret then was signed for the road company of "The Voice of the Turtle." Love canceled the tour. She met and married Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr. in 1946. Margaret "retired" to become fashion editor of a magazine, then gradually entered radio work and finally TV. She's the mother of three children, Nan, Herbert III, and Tracy.

ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY was born April 15, 1933, in Los Angeles, where her father, Robert Montgomery, was then a motion picture star. She therefore attended the Westlake School for girls, along with Shirley Temple and other starlets or daughters of stars. In her junior year, she moved to New York to attend the famous Spence School, from which she was graduated in 1951. She was a student at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts when she decided she needed practical experience—and she's been given plenty in her father's summer stock company and now in regular dramas on TV. Her debut came when she was eighteen, on NBC-TV, playing her real father's daughter in "Top Secret." Elizabeth's engaged to Frederic Cammann, production assistant on the Robert Montgomery program. She's an expert horsewoman—but her father can beat her at tennis.

VAUGHN TAYLOR was born on February 22, 1911, in Boston. He attended public schools in Lowell and returned to Boston to major in accounting at Northeastern University. He worked at accounting for one year—long enough to save money to attend the Leland Powers School of the Theatre for two years. He spent six years thereafter touring the country in various stock companies. In 1942, Taylor enlisted in the Army and became an officer in Anti-Aircraft Intelligence. He was discharged in 1946 with the rank of captain. Since 1949, Vaughn has been kept busy on both radio and TV, along with making motion pictures. He is married to Ruth Moss Taylor, actress and fashion commentator. The two have managed one fleeting week's vacation in Bermuda since their marriage, but they don't mind, for they're two happy people, anyway!
neighbors now, since I moved into the same building, so much more than ever I see the change in him from Tuesday to Wednesday. As soon as Wednesday morning comes, he has only one thing on his mind, and that's the next Monday's show and how to make it the best one he possibly can. Each day, as it gets closer to Monday, the tension mounts. Until the time for dress rehearsal on Monday afternoon, when it begins to slow down. Meanwhile, we have all bothered him as little as we can. Even Helayne, who lives to make Red happy, is careful to make few demands on his time as Monday nears. She understands his need for concentrating when he's memorizing his long script, because he works without cue cards or other memory prompts, even on the long sketches. She knows when he's especially worried, and she respects his silences when he's trying to figure things out.

At dress rehearsal, Red often tries out his stuff on the boys in the band, sometimes walks away from the cameras to play to them and watch their reactions. He is enormously fond of the musicians, knows they do a lot of other shows and are good judges of material and will be honest with him. When they laugh loud and long, then he feels he's good. Sometimes it's hard for me to get them to go on playing because they're enjoying Red so much. Some of his best ad libs, the ones that stay in the show, are delivered at this time, but they tell him when they don't like a bit or a line. They make a great sounding board.

It's always amazing to me to see how Red senses what will be right or wrong for him as soon as he looks at it. He'll say, "That's good, but it's not for me," and he'll be right. This goes for lines, actual bits and sketches, costumes, sets, right up to the people who are suggested for guest shots. And to the music, too, which is where I come in. I will write a cue to close or open a sketch and Red will listen attentively a minute, and say, "No, Elliot. It's beautiful, but it doesn't give me a mood. It just isn't right for me."

He is especially particular about the choice of guest singers. Most comics might not care too much who comes on, as long as it's a big name. Red asks first, "Is this the kind of singer that kids, as well as grownups, would like to hear on the show?" He feels the kids believe in him and, therefore, he has a big responsibility toward them. One of his worries is that something might creep in which would be in bad taste for children to hear or see. Not one "blue" line or piece of business ever has, and Red bends backward so it shouldn't. He is always trying to figure out things to do that kids will understand and like.

Their enthusiasm for him is a lot like the early days of the Sinatra furor. Maybe it's because he, too, is small and rather thin. Girls seem to want to mother him, and the boys feel he's a pal of their own age. Especially when he does a bellyboy or errand boy bit. The kids sometimes get too pale-sy when they come to watch the show in the theatre. This could be a big worry, if Red didn't like them so much and knew how to appeal to them. He comes out before the show gets on the air, and when the kids start shrieking their approval, he tells them to go ahead and laugh and have a good time but not to get into the script with him while the program is on the air. "Wait until we come off, and then you can yell and whistle and join in the whole thing, and we'll have a swell time," he says, and you would be surprised how well they respond.

With stars that he admires, Red gets enthusiastic, too. When he knows there's one of his favorites in the audience, he's thrilled. When Jack Webb, who's a friend of Red's, occasionally comes, Red thinks it's wonderful.

Except when he's with a bunch of the other comics, who get together at places like Lindy's—and they're a sort of special clan in which Red is completely at home—he is a quiet fellow when he's out. I couldn't tell him no one who has knocked around in this business as he has—in burlesque, on the Catskill Mountain circuit (more familiarly called "the road") all over the country, in vaudeville and personal appearances—could really be shy any more, even if he started that way. But there is a quietness about him that is unexpected, instead of being a sign of studied things out for himself. Even at meetings, like those with his writers, he will sit silently and listen to everybody's opinions ever has, and Red bends backward so it shouldn't. He is always trying to figure out things to do that kids will understand and like.

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all knew who he was and had seen him perform.
I have done record dates during the past eight years with all kinds of singers, and I know what they go through to get a hit record (even the best of them, sometimes), but Red's first one got across instantly. Red did both sides—"The Ho Ho Song" and "Strange Things Are Happening"—in about an hour and a half, went through each one only about twice, and it was more fun than any recording I ever participated in. Incidentally, that first Columbia disc is still having a fabulous success, with more discs recorded last August, and more success to come.
Red himself takes all this with an air of: "Let's not get too over-confident, kid. You know, I'm sure, now, you could be back playing the Mountains, and glad of the chance." As if he were afraid that even now all this might not last.

The reason I believe it will, the reason I believe he will continue to be a success and will go on and on, is because Red himself knows what is good for Red Buttons to do. Because he knows how Red Buttons should act. Because he thinks of his audiences—the kids and their parents and uncles and grandparents who watch from homes all over the country, and tries to please them.
Because he has a marvelous spontaneous wit and a great gift for ad-libbing, but once he sets the show at dress rehearsal he never pulls any show out of the basket. Because he comes through with a finished performance himself, and because he key's the whole show to the same terrific pace and standards.

And because he's such a little guy who has worked hard for everything he's got, but never takes his good luck for granted.

Big-Hearted Jack
(Continued from page 39)

When Jackie was three years old, his brother died, and his father was away.

When Jackie was eight years old, his father, an insurance auditor, simply disappeared. Jackie kids about it today. ("As far as I know, he's never seen again."

If he's still alive, I guess he doesn't like my show, or I've heard from him.")

But the kiddin' doesn't erase the picture of the boy with the big, blue eyes and slant-faced woman, waiting in the night, first scared of being alone, later ashamed of having been deserted.

Mrs. Gleason was Irish, and proud, and her problem was simple: no food in the house. So she went to work. She got a job making change in a subway change booth.

On her salary, she couldn't buy caviar, but she kept herself and her child off relief, and she gave him—the child—a lot of things money can't buy, if you'll pardon a hackneyed phrase. There was love, laughter, understanding, between them. He'd come home from P.S. 73 full of wild schemes, immense plans: "I'm going to be the biggest comedian in the world."

"Why?" a comedian, darling?

"Because I can make the other kids laugh."

Mrs. Gleason, drinking hot tea, and gratefully feeling the draughty subway system succeed in making her child smile, would smile at her son. "You'll do whatever you want to do." What he wanted to do was make a million dollars and buy her a fur coat and a house and lot and a small car with a large chauffeur.

At the age of twelve, Jackie played "Little Riding Hood" in a dialect in the P.S. 73 auditorium; at the age of fifteen,
he entered an amateur contest in Brook-
yn's Halsey Theatre. He knew he was
good, but he was afraid the audience might
not be quite perceptive enough, so he
hauled in all his pals from the corner
candy store. They clapped hysterically,
and the theatre manager, fascinated, hired
Jackie as amateur-night master of cere-
monies. At three dollars a week.

That was the beginning.

Ultimately, he went into television, played
the lead in a show called The Life
of Riley (he won an award for that),
drew on Du Mont's Cavalcade Of Stars
(they booked him for two weeks, kept
him for two years), then was signed by
CBS.

He was not only signed by CBS, he was
surrounded by CBS. With the most money,
the gaudiest sets, the fanciest guests that
any artist had ever seen. Goodman Ace,
reporting that a sponsor would have to
give him $250,000 in cold cash to hire
Jackie's efforts for one season, rue-
fully echoed Billboard, a trade paper
which ran a headline asking: "Is 5-Mil Funny?"

To Jackie, 5-mil was hilarious. Last
season, he had a talent budget of $65,000
per performance, and any of that $65,000
not actually laid out for guest stars got
him between Gleason and CBS.

The proof of the success of Gleason's
comedy was in the steering. (One of his
catch-phrases, "And a-wa-ay we go,
" was that when a minor player on the
Berle show in 1952, and Jackie's never-for-
given Milton. Calls him "Uncle Guilty.""

Once Jackie explained why his show
was a hit. "We don't have dames running
around and kissing the audience. No
dames doing an old-time tap dance.
The folks in Podunk don't know from
etcherats. I found out what I consider
corny and what actors can't
get away with at all. Play the
messages always drop dead. I think
entertainment is escape."

A lot of the Gleason entertainment is in
his songbook contradictions—The
Poor Soul, the Loudmouth, Joe the Bar-
tender, Ralph Kramden in "The Honey-
mooners, Rudy the Repairman—seem
to have universal appeal.

When he's not working, Jackie lolls about
in a 10-room penthouse (rent: $25,000
yearly), designs his own suits (at last
count, he had 70), paints faceless pic-
tures of his daughters Geraldine (14) and
Linda (12)—"I like to do portraits but I
can't do faces"—or simply strolls through
Toets Shor's in a cashmere trenchcoat,
crying, "Make way for The Greatest."

Jackie's chief problem—aside from
working so strenuously that he often needs
a shot in his arm before he comes into the
wings—is weight. Once nearly three
hundred pounds, he now manages to stay
around two hundred, but it isn't easy. He
used to go into the hospital when he
needed to diet—"Every time I eat a
marshmallow, I gain ten pounds"—but
currenty he's relying on self-discipline
at a weight loss that involves beer and
graham crackers.

Jackie's acknowledged to have musical
talent, though of an unorthodox nature.
He's composed (and conducted what he's
composed), but the way he gets his music
written down is to blow the notes on a
trumpet and have his secretary take down
the numbers of the trumpet keys as he
operates. Jackie, when he comes out
tune; he even wrote his own theme song.

Besides more than his share of talent,
Jackie's got more friends than almost any-
body in show business. "He does a lot of
tool, generous things no one hears about,"
says his program's Audrey Meadows,
and Frank Sinatra will add a word or two of
tribute any time.

Last year Franky wanted Jackie to
guest-star on his show, but his budget
didn't allow for Jackie's guest-rate.

To Franky: "This one's for nothing, for old time's sake."
Big gesture—big heart, that's Jackie
Gleason.

Jackie Gleason's own night-club experience with spoiled playboys
inspired his Reggie Van Gleason III characterization (with Art
Carney and Zamah Cunningham playing the flustered parents).
Nothing's Easy

(Continued from page 42)

the performers themselves.

Wading through waves of fear and
gloom, Jack Webb stepped up to the mike
introducing the band's first number. His
script shook and some of his consonants
trembled, but in general he felt that he
had made his way through his first para-
graph without the sky falling in.

He reckoned without the gentleman in
the control booth, who signalled for delay,
strode onto the stage, and engaged in a
conference with Chuck Anderson and
Chuck's father. That concluded, the three
moved toward Jack Webb, their faces re-
gretful.

"See here, son," the radio technician
said as kindly as he could, "your voice is
too deep, too granular... too fuzzy to
record well. In case you have been hoping
for an announcer's job, you might as well
know now as later that your voice rules
you out."

It's some years later—the summer of
1953, to be precise—and a letter delivered
to the Hollywood office of Dragnet reads:
"Dear Mr. Webb: Our speech class wants
you to know that you have been voted the
radio personality with the most compelling
voice on the air."

This future refutation of a sound-mixer's
opinion was of no concern to Jack Webb in
that spring of 1936 when he was a vulner-
able sixteen. He dragged slowly home that
day, a tall (six feet), thin youth with a
shock of dark, unruly hair falling forward
over distressed dark eyes.

For a long time, he had cherished the
idea of going into show business, partly
because he felt that he had a knack for
amusing people (his work in school plays
had been praised) and partly because he
needed to earn a decent salary as soon as
possible. For as long as Jack could remem-
ber, his mother and his grandmother had
provided the Webb family livelihood
(Jack's parents were divorced when he
was less than two years old), so, of course,
Jack had the usual dreams of taking over
responsibility for the welfare of the family.

He had helped to support himself through
school by working in the school cafeteria.
His particular job was KP duty, involving
the polishing of thousands of dishes each
day. His corporal in this detail was an
antiquated automatic dishwasher which
cherished a resentment against the human
race, an attitude no unique among dish-
washers both animate and inanimate.

No matter how many ways of opening the
dishwasher Jack devised, no matter how
great his care or how swift his movements,
he was never able to get the lid open with-
out scalding himself. Other sanitary engi-
neers got dishpan hands, Jack got dishpan arms.

No one had any money during the thirties, but Jack had less than that. Acquiring a new pair of Bedford cords was strictly birthday stuff, and shirts and jackets arrived for Christmas and had to last until the buttons dissolved. Jack, always perceptive, looked around and noted that there was one way to make few clothes look many: buy only dark, conservative things and keep them immaculately clean, brushed, and pressed. To this day, it is likely that the Webb wardrobe is not more than half of that of most show-business figures of his stature, yet he always gives the impression of being newly outfitted from collar to shoes.

Other high school experiences made a profound impression on Jack. He was barred from athletic activities by his history of chronic bronchitis, yet he yearned to share in the sense of accomplishment which he believed that playing on a football or basketball team—or working with a track squad—must give each individual man. Possibly because he was an only child, group activities appealed to his naturally introverted nature. He liked to be in the midst of things, and his enjoyment only increased as he discovered that he seemed to be a natural leader and quickly found himself in a position of command. He had a good memory and an inventive turn of mind, so, before long, he was working up skits for Assembly and writing, directing and acting in school variety shows. This experience, like a hybrid tree, bore two different types of fruit: Jack found that he thrived on difficult and complicated material, and that he was not sanctified pattern for success. If one thing didn’t work, the sensible person tried another.

This explains why Jack majored in art, in spite of his show-business inclinations, and why he told himself, after his first broadcasting fiasco, “So I can’t go into radio! It isn’t as if that was the only thing I planned to do; I can still stick to my commercial art course.”

Although Jack’s high school training ended about five years pre-zoot suit, some of the kids Jack knew in school managed to parlay mischief into being hauled before a judge of the juvenile court. Occasionally, someone stole a car and got caught; someone broke into a neighborhood grocery, swiped the candy bars and rifled the cash register, leaving an excellent set of fingerprints; some of the more adventurous went down on East First Street to roll drunks and were in turn hijacked by professionals.

In most cases, the motivating force behind the thefts was the desire for money or for the things money could buy. Jack knew as much about poverty as any youngster in school, but he was never tempted to join in one of these forays. He had been drilled in an uncompromising ethical code by his English-Scotch-Irish mother and his Scotch-Irish grandmother. At that time, he hadn’t the vaguest notion that Dragnet was in his future, or that the program’s unspoken theme would be: Honest law-enforcement bodies are one of society’s vital lines of defense against primitive man. Jack was no great brain in school, but when he was graduated—after having served as student body president during his senior year—he was offered a scholarship to the University of Southern California and one at Chouinard Institute, one of the best art schools in the country. He had to reject both because of a draft through the family purse, which was open at both ends.

In 1938, this country was, as a man, wearing a belt and the trappings of a thing called The Recession (there was a difference between it and The Depression which had preceded it—the spelling). In defiance of all likelihood, newly graduated Jack Webb personally and constitutionally unable to sweet-talk a patron. If he thought one of his customers was on the verge of buying a blue worsted although the cheaper brown herringbone was more becoming, he stated his honest—and salary-slicing—opinion.

Sometimes, his simple candor was mistaken for complex laziness, indifference, or oddity. His fellow salesmen tried to talk him out of treating potential customers as if they were human beings; to climb the monetary ladder, they pointed out, one must regard anything that entered the store as an empty clothes closet with built-in billfold. The week following one such spirited pep talk, Salesman Webb outdid himself.

He earned a bonus of six cents ($.60). As a gag, he turned it over to one of his friends. It turned out that the Algier legend had not died.

Not long ago, the friend returned this check, framed, to Jack. It had been kept as a morale builder. The friend had been convinced that, once Jack found his medium, he would be able to write his personal check for six—followed by six zeros. Only the friend of Jack’s employers failed to share the confidence. During his department store experience, Jack, with thinning soles, made the rounds of radio stations and motion picture studios in search of work. Out of these ventures, it was revealed to Jack that radio engineering and picture sound-mixing had finally caught up with the Webb type of performer. Jack was told again and again: “Your voice is an asset. You’re a cinch for radio.” His first week of catch-as-catch-can employment netted him more than twelve times his best week in department store selling.

An even greater reward was Jack’s conviction that at last he was headed in the right direction. It didn’t occur to him that a double detour awaited around the next bend.

The detour was the Army Air Corps, which had abandoned its policy of accepting men with less than four years of college training, but which demanded that its felds be in excellent physical and mental condition and of unquestionable character. Character classification assumed the absence of any police record whatsoever. One small traffic citation, particularly for speeding, was enough to draw a rejection.

At that time, Jack had not been born, but he would have been pleased—in an official sort of way—to know that Jack Webb passed on all counts.

The Army Air Corps is roughly comparable to the love of a mother whose handsome only son was born in her forty-fifth year. The Air Corps taught him to fly; it took him out of his own city and state for the first time in his life; it actually made use of almost all Jack’s talents. It permitted him to do everything, from test-flying B-26’s over Texas to writing, directing, producing, and acting in Air Corps shows.

After three and one-half years in uniform, Jack Webb (and about ten million other officers and civilians) seemed pretty drab—after fifty-mission caps, Eisenhower jackets, paratrooper boots, “fruit salad,” brass buttons and other insignia—and found the competition for jobs (including Jack’s) to be more than anywhere. Careful Wien

Quickly assaying the radio situation in Los Angeles, Jack hopped a plane for San Francisco. No matter what the conditions—his test was a boy couldn’t be as congested as Hollywood and Vine. The Golden Gate lived up to its timeless promise. Jack went to work in a series that might be called “My True Story.” He found—lovingly, hope, fear, joy, and all the trappings of the belt, a rich vein of real-life problems of real-life people—people like yourself, your family, the folks next door. The heartfelt situations of love, hope, fear, joy, among them, was one of the stories that appeared in the week following one such spirited pep talk, Salesman Webb outdid himself.

“TUNE IN... "MY TRUE STORY" AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

For amazing, heart-throbbing reading, "Reckless Sixteen" in December TRUE STORY at newsstands now is tremendous.
was The Girl. So they were married.

Because Julie was getting a start in motion pictures, she had to remain in the south; Jack had to report for work each weekday morning in the north. The result was commuter housekeeping. The newlyweds would spend one weekend in Los Angeles, the next in San Francisco. With what cash was left over at the end of each month of hummingbird love, the Webbs began to furnish a Hollywood nest in sharp modern style. "Someday," they assured one another, "we'll both live in Los Angeles. Miss Julie London will be a topflight movie star, and Mr. Jack Webb will have a national sponsor and a thirty-minute Sunday show..."

The kids had just bought their fourth chair and were preparing to invite another couple over for dinner, when Jack lost his radio shows because of collapsed sponsor budgets. He hastened to Los Angeles to comfort Julie, whose picture contract option had been dropped. For a while, the Webbs got by on spaghetti, macaroni, beans and mayonnaise sandwiches supplied by the forty dollars fortnightly Jack was able to eke out of a minor radio show.

One luxury was allowed: they spent as many evenings as possible in fifteen-cent movies—the only dramatic school Jack ever attended. He was a "natural" to begin with, but these sessions, no matter how bad the picture, instructed him in timing, adroit methods of building suspense, means of establishing an air of authority, and provided him with a library of voice tricks which was to prove priceless.

As a direct result, he began to pick up more and more radio and motion picture jobs (he worked in twenty or so) and was regarded as a highly promising newcomer when he was cast in a police department documentary.

True to type, Jack spent his spare time talking to the police officers who were serving as technical advisers on the picture. He was impressed by their complaints about the standard motion pictures or radio mystery drama, in which the police work was so sloppy that an authentic plainclothes man or uniformed officer would have been kicked off the force for committing even one of fifty errors commonly permitted to occur in a dream-up script.

Furthermore, Jack admired the matter-of-fact manner in which officers discussed their experiences; many of them had the dignity and comprehensive knowledge of a college professor, the carefully disguised courage of a Marine sergeant, and the unresentful compassion of an aging bartender.

On one of those days spent in shooting the police department documentary, Sergeant Joe Friday was born—and Friday proved to be pay day.

Jack and three bona fide police officers worked up the first Dragnet show, recorded it, and submitted it to the Los Angeles chief of police for an opinion. He gave it a clean bill of health.

Next, Jack tried it on the NBC hierarchy and met with less enthusiasm. Not enough blood or blonde, they said. The public was accustomed to hearing the efferescence of champagne between screams and the thud of falling bodies. However, when not selling suits, Jack Webb is a hard man to discourage. He talked the network into giving him a four-week contract, which is probably where you came in.

The years since that first Dragnet broadcast in 1949 have been financially good to Jack. But the very fact of success has not brought the same amount of compatibility between Jack and Julie. Julie has filed for divorce after she and Jack tried innumerable reconciliations. But nothing has ever come easy to Jack Webb—even love.
What's New from

(Continued from page 11)

Following his critic raves for his work in the movie, "From Here To Eternity," he broke all records at the Riviera night club in New Jersey, and was deluged with sen-

sational offers from every branch of the entertainment industry. Milton Berle paid Frankie-boy $6000 for a guest appearance, and NBC quickly resumed contract talks, taking up where they left off last year when they decided at the last moment not to sign him. Presently they are planning a straight dramatic radio show for Sinatra, which he would probably transcribe so that he could do one or more of the mov-

ies he has been offered. M-G-M already has his signature on a contract to co-star with his beautiful bride, Ava Gardner, in a big musical, "St. Louis Woman," which will go into production as soon as the script is ready.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were thrilled with the overwhelming fan reaction in her recent run-in accusing her of having reg-

istered to vote as a Communist in the 1936 primary elections in Los Angeles. She was flooded with letters and telegrams from fans all over the country asserting they were on her side. Following complete in-

vestigation the House Un-American Activ-

ities Committee gave out the statement at a press conference, "There is no indication that Lucille Ball ever was a member of the Communist Party." And everyone seems to still love Lucy.

This 'n' That:

Comedian Steve Allen has signed a con-

tract with Capitol Records to make a series of kiddie records, which will be fairy tales in jazz-jive lingo, believe it or not. And

Allen will receive a very nice royalty be-

cause he's writing the material, doing the

narrations and playing the piano accompa-

niment.

Spilling of records, Eddie Fisher, who

seems to get more popular every week, was recently presented with his second gold platter from RCA Victor when his etching "I'm Walking Behind You" sold over 1,000,000 copies. Eddie previously re-

ceived a gold disc for his big hit, "Any-

time." Since the start of his career, Fisher has sold more than 10,000,000 recordings. That's a lot of crooning!

Columnist Hedda Hopper is the latest

personality to swing to television. Hedda, who was a veteran film actress before turning to the typewriter, is working on

her own half-hour video-drama series in which she will appear as hostess and also perform from time to time. Sponsor will-

ing it will originate from Hollywood, probably on film.

Congratulations to radio scripter Bill

Barrett and his actress-wife, Helen, on the

arrival of a baby daughter. Barrett is the

author of Hawkins Falls and The Bennetts. It looks like Betty Furness really started something when she opened and shut re-

frigerator doors so successfully, doing the

Westinghouse commercials. Now General Electric, Westinghouse's big rival, has signed Kathi Norris to a long-term ex-

clusive contract to be the commercial gal, good will ambassador, etc., with their products. And Candy Jones, the former

model and cover girl, has tied up with the

Colgate company to "glamorize" their mer-

chandise via radio and television.

Though comedian Jackie Gleason was

most anxious to switch his Saturday night

CBS-TV show to the Coast this season, he has definitely decided to remain in New

York. The main reason was that Art Car-

ney, his chief male laugh support on the

program, refused to leave the East.

When Lenny Ross returned to his Sun-

day-afternoon musical show over Mutual, followings his summer vacation, he started his sixth year with the network. He says it's hard to believe he has been on radio for twenty-five years. Lenny began sing-

ing on the air back in 1928 and his career has had only one interruption since—

U.S. Army service during World War II.

Have you had trouble with a Venetian blind lately? The producers of Dave Car-

roway's Today TV show had some light-

ing difficulties on the program which they solved with a Venetian blind. It's only the world's largest, covering the upper two-

thirds of the 27-foot-high windows of the

RCA Exhibition Hall on 49th Street in New

York. It took twenty-nine stainless steel cables to hold the 140 slats in place, the blind being 88 feet long and 18 feet high. Engineers can operate it by button controls which run the three electric motors. Oh, yes, there's a master switch to completely lower or raise it for cleaning purposes.

Songstress Helen Forrest won an inter-

locutory divorce decree from her husband,

Paul Holahan, in Hollywood. She may try a comeback via radio or television.

Eddie Fisher received another gold
disc for "I'm Walking Behind You."

Newcomer Marilyn Budgen is playing it smart with more than one job.

Fred Allen reports he's a cinch to get an Xmas present with a foreign accent this year. His wife, Portland Hoffa, is off on a whirlwind tour of Europe, accompanied by two of her sisters.

Marguerite Piazza, the beauteous oper-

atic vocal star, won't be seen on Your

Show Of Shows this season as often as last. Marguerite is cutting down on all her pro-

fessional activities because of her recent

marriage to William Condon. Her bride-
groom is vice-president of a snuff man-

ufacturing concern in Memphis, Tennessee, and he has bought Marguerite a beautiful home there. She'll commute to New York whenever she has a television or radio commitment, but will limit her concert activities this year.

Movie talent scouts are famed for dis-

covering future glamour stars sipping

seas at drugstore counters, but cute

Marilyn Budgen is convinced the best way to be discovered for a career in television is to be spied while working in a recep-

tion booth. That's just what Marilyn was doing at CBS' Sunset Boulevard studios in Hollywood when Guy della Cioona, vice-

president in charge of network programs for CBS Radio in Hollywood, took a second look as he was entering the studios. He decided she was pretty enough to be an actress—if she had any talent. Marilyn had an audition, and came through with flying colors. She had received dramatic training previously and took her reac-
Coast to Coast

tionist job with a radio career very much in mind. To date, she has had parts on Guns and Roses, Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar and Rogers of the Gazette. But, until she gets really established behind the microphone, she is staying behind the reception booth, just in case, and will act whenever anyone gives her the chance.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. J. K., Columbus, Indiana: I am sure the Gracie Barrie I referred to a couple of months back could not possibly be the Gracie King Barrie you mentioned. The Gracie I mentioned was a well-known radio singer several years ago who has recently been playing the night-club circuit. She played the Last Frontier in Las Vegas just a few weeks back... Miss M. N., Soda Springs, Idaho: Yes, Frank Parker has been married and divorced. His former wife has remarried, and very happily so, and Frank prefers her name not to be mentioned in any of his publicity... Misses F. T. and L. W. of Eagle Grove, Iowa, and all the other readers who wrote asking about Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe: No, they do not go steady, they are not engaged, and they are not secretly married to each other. Marion and Frank have good friends, they enjoy working together and, if they seem to be making eyes when they sing duets, maybe it's because a love song looks better that way on television... Mr. K. J. B., Butte, Montana: Tallulah Bankhead is not doing any regular radio show at this time. However, there are rumors about that La Bankhead is interested in freewaying an audience participation show being dreamed up by Mark Goodson and Bill Todman, the quiz gentlemen who do What's My Line, Two For The Money, Judge For Yourself, etc., Miss M. D., New York City: You are right and your uncle is wrong. Red Buttons did a long stretch in burlesque. At the age of eighteen, following graduation from high school, Red was the youngest comedian ever under contract to the Minks... Miss J. B., Allegan, Michigan, and all who keep asking about One Man's Family on television: The program is still on radio, but unfortunately still off TV. NBC says they would love to put it back before the cameras if they had the right time spot and, from the mail queries on this program, the viewers would love to have it back, too.

What Ever Happened To...?

Hope Emerson, well-known comedienne who used to appear on many radio shows originating in the East? Hope is at present in Hollywood, where she has been concentrating on movie work. At the moment, she is making laughs with Bob Hope in his new picture, "Casanova," on the Paramount lot, and there's a possibility that she will be back in New York later this year for a Broadway show.

Jack Lemmon, the popular radio actor who used to be heard on many programs? Jack is also in movietown, and doing very well for himself. He has been signed to play the top male role in the musical version of "My Sister Eileen," opposite Judy Holliday, and it was at Judy's suggestion that he was considered for the part.

Reinald Werrenrath, famous radio and concert singer of yesteryear? Mr. Werrenrath passed away early in September, in Plattsburg, New York, at the age of 70. During the early days of radio, he sang over Station WEA, in New York, which later became part of the NBC network, and he was a member of NBC's music staff for many years. His last public appearance was in October of last year, when he sang in a recital at Carnegie Hall.

Robert Haag, who used to play Bill on the Rosemary serial? Bob hasn't been playing the part for many weeks, and listeners were quick to pick up the change in voice. Bill is now played by another Bob—Robert Readick. Haag, however, is still Dr. Jeff Browning on Hilltop House.

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.

(Note: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station or channel.)

My Constipation worries are over!

Milks of Magnesia provides better relief—more complete relief than single-purpose laxatives which have no effect on the acid indigestion that usually accompanies constipation. For Milk of Magnesia relieves both conditions. Two to four tablespoonsfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling wonderful. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.

Frank Sinatra is scoring a great comeback in radio, TV and movies.
Everyone Wants to Be Wanted

(Continued from page 30)

of a kid out there in left field wasn’t you. Fact is, I just came out of the towered field, and I was a hero and end the game right there, he turned all thumbs. The hand inside the fielder’s glove seemed to develop a built-in stutter, and his feet moved for instance, both turned to hit him on the shoulder and then hopped off right between his outstretched hands, and rolled on the ground. Before the gawking kid could get his feet going out of field, the winning run was across home plate.

I know exactly how that kid felt, because I stood in that awkward fourteen-year-old stance. Oh, I can say I didn’t remember my mental anguish as I shuffled up the walk at home. At the moment, full of personal disaster, I dreamed that a day would come when I desired to be a hero, and I said, “I’m glad that was a poor athlete.”

I have nothing but admiration for people who can be athletes, but in my own way I have a lack of ability turned out to be the key to a full life of happiness. At the heart of the matter, of course, was a pair of kindly and understanding parents who helped me turn that key.

At the outset, I guess I was what used to be called the home child. I was one of a lot of patience for my folks to get me through those first years. But Grandfather and Grandmother pitched in, too, and between them shared the burden. What a burden it must have been, at the time, to know what it means for a parent to have happy, healthy youngsters. I have several of my own. That makes me all the more appreciative of the ability to be fathers and mothers of kids who don’t get off to a running start in life.

By the time I was twelve, they should have been solving some of the problem, but I suddenly became all hands and feet and began to sprout. By the time I was in the eighth grade, I was more than six feet tall, wearing shoes shown to be lighter than a Panama hat. Among youngsters of my own age I towered like a walking beano pole. Most of the games I was able to play were played at half-mast, because I had to bend double to get down on a level with other boys in my grade. Trying to play with older boys was almost as futile. While I had the necessary height, that was all I did have. My hands and feet just didn’t want to track right, and the necessary coordination was missing.

I was the typical case of the boy who grows up too fast. Unable to play baseball because my stringy arms didn’t want to reach out for the ball at the right time or place, I wasn’t able to participate because I didn’t have the energy. It was more energy than I had, and those big feet would get tangled together.

Up to this point in my personal story, I have told you about a kind of boy who is more familiar, not because his case is too common, but because there are enough like him so that people can recognize the pattern. It’s the pattern of poor adjustment, adjustment which it is always wise to compete in the regular pastimes of childhood. In other words, it’s the pattern for frustration. The truly remarkable fact about this boy was that he wasn’t allowed to become frustrated.

My parents urged me to play with other children on a normal basis, but when I came stumbling home, full of my various defeats, I was never once allowed to believe that those defeats were important.

One thing they taught me at a very early age is that everyone, in his own individual way, excels at something. There were people who bored the better, or run better. My folks told me that was fine, but if I tried I could be better than other boys in some other way. There was a boy who was a very good football center because he was so heavy none of the other kids could push him over. But, at the same time, this fat boy wasn’t as good at making the team because precise control of the season is on, it doesn’t make any difference what you did last fall in football.

Slowly, it began to enter my mind that my physical limitations didn’t make any difference. When I got home from fumbling that fly ball, Dad was there. He had come home early to bring some drawing materials he picked up downtown, before I had to time to let the other thing really hurt me I was deep in the wonderful world that opens up on a drawing board.

By the time high school came along, my folks had given me the kind of fortitude that admits no defeat. Other youngsters went out for football or basketball or track; that was okay with me. Let them. I went out for the class presidency and other kinds of school activities.

I want to digress in this story a little bit, but I think it’s worth mentioning in general. Everybody likes to be appreciated, children and grownups alike. Being appreciated is almost as necessary to us as air or water, and, I think, when you come right down to it, people around to be appreciated is behind every single success story that has ever been written. This doesn’t have anything to do with vanity; it is the fact that the basic human urge to be wanted. And, when that urge is strong enough, it overcomes adversity. The eye that was blinded by the sight of a handsome boy can be opened by the sight of a stupid; a man with one arm finds amazing skills developing in the remaining member; if shortness of stature is a handicap, men can go to school to train themselves a spiritual nine feet tall. All that is needed is the collateral understanding and help of people who are true friends. It’s as simple as that.

On the whole, I was beginning to take a slower way in finding my career was the discovery that every individual, regardless of who he is, has a story that’s worth knowing about. Because I couldn’t run, I had to walk—and, when you have walked, the pace is leisurely enough so that you can find out about people you would otherwise miss. At the time, of course, I didn’t realize that this situation was pointing to my own destiny. For years, I hesitated to get up in front of people for fear they would laugh. Today, it’s just the other way around. I have found happiness in just being a spectator, and now, my chief worry is that they won’t laugh.

And, while seeking ways in which I could shine in spite of physical handicaps, I stumbled, unwittingly, upon the roots of my present career. There wasn’t a humor column in the high school paper and so, laboriously at first, I tried to write on topics that didn’t have any connection to the school. But, even I don’t know why, I kept going. I didn’t set out to do although the gags were pretty laboried. But, stuffy as my humor must have been at some time, I was still the best at it. Children were really—(unalluded to unhallowed) victory!

Of course, I eventually grew up to fit my own frame. These days I take smug enjoyment out of being assigned on occasion beside such stellar golfing athletes as Bob Hope and Bing Crosby and making them look anemic. But I still have to put myself in the spectator category at the various kinds of sports events. For me, appearance can be irritant, active participation are still on the taboo list—and a pretty good example of why this is so can be found in the story of what happened to me in being. Of course, I suppose that nobody ever got the balance of that sports will present. I was lured into tossing a bowling ball for the first time while still in college and found that I could bowl with the best of them. Gradually, I even worked up to an average of 175, which is considered pretty good for a radio comedian or anybody else.

Then, a couple of years ago, I tossed one ball that turned around and tossed me into the hospital. I don’t know whether you’ve been strung up in a traction harness because of a hernia, but I can assure you it’s a revival of what they used to call “the rack” in days by yore. Of course, the atmosphere is more poetic, but it is still an ancient medical technique. Some ancient dungeon; the intern with his note pad isn’t quite the same thing as the man who used to “put the question” in those days. You’re on your own. They pull you out longer than you’re supposed to be, and eventually let you snap back into shape when the inquisitors are satisfied.

But, even while I was in the hospital, the fact that my bowling days were over didn’t fill me with any sense of woe. I knew by now that bowling was something now (and only half-suspected as a kid) that is the world that a big, wide place with plenty of opportunity in it. Also, there’s no necessity, really, to try to fit yourself into any kind at all, other than basis of his own individual skill. Almost every person, however humble, has some ability that puts him above the common level. All that it takes is the encouragement to make it appear.

But perhaps the best argument in favor of seeking natural channels is the undisputed fact that we are all so different from one another. It’s perfectly true that we are much alike in many respects, but right down at the core we are individual men or women or boys or girls. There is only one Sam Cowling, for instance, and I suppose that fact may not be an unmitigated catastrophe. But what I want to say is that when the individual is given a chance to develop along the lines of his own best talents. We can’t just shove everybody in the same mold like blobs of gelatin. It wouldn’t be a very interesting world if we did. I often think of how my own youngsters are developing and how different each one is. Sure, there are similarities of course, but in their ways they have a completely individual, with individual likes, dislikes, attitudes, and skills.

One of the secrets of the Breakfast Club has been our willingness to assume that the other guy is interesting. We haven’t been let down yet, because we take the time to stop and ask people about themselves. The result is always rewarding. There’s only one general rule we’ve ever been able to discover: “There are no unimportant people.”
We Were Not Too Young for Love

(Continued from page 47)

Are you in the band? Are you married? Go on, you're too young to be married! Are you his wife? Gimme your autograph!

Finally it got too much for me, and I started using the stage-door entrance. One night, Gordon left with me. The next day Horace Heidt told me point-blank that the "front exit" was part of the business. Autographs were good for Gordon. He felt sorry that I was afraid, but the crowd, after all, was the business. I would have to learn.

Horace was very kind, though. He explained to me that my fear was really just part of my personality. We can learn to control our personalities. I could learn to control my fear, if I worked at it. It's lucky my parents lived so far away, because I remember that—at the moment— I was close to packing my bags and giving up. That first year I must have packed and unpacked nine times!

But I did get my mother-in-law on the phone. She'd always been wonderful about advice—that is, she'd never given too much. In the end I just couldn't find more to do. Go to museums, take up golf (Gordon's game), and work at liking the crowds. That's what Horace had said. So I set out to try.

I started going to more museums—without telling the gang where I spent my time. I got up at six A.M. to play golf with Gordon.

Here, again, it was the strength of youth that helped me. Golf is physical, and Gordon is a physical man. Yet there had been nothing in my books about golf! I had to work to keep up with Gordon, but I was eighteen years young and had the strength. I learned to play golf.

I also found that golf courses across this country are beautiful early in the morning. They're quiet. There are few people. And Gordon and I learned more about one another on the golf course, early in the morning, than we'd known in all the time up till then.

I had just begun to work at overcoming my shyness, when the war came. Gordon went into the service, and I was left to packed with $75.00 a month pay. So I needed a job.

The first thing I thought of was "dramatic actress," perhaps on radio. But when I went to the famous station in Springfield, Illinois, where Gordon was stationed, they didn't need me. However, one station manager said, "How about a commercial show? We might try you as a lady disc jockey."

With my heart standing still, I said, "Yes, I can do it."

"Good," the station manager said, "you can open the station tomorrow morning at five A.M."

Yes, I opened the station at five A.M. I turned the key that connected us to the Blue Network. Then I gave the morning news, ran the run-of-the-mill disc jockey show (four to five hours a day) and, in between, learned what makes a radio station go.

In the process, I was learning how to let down, to meet people and make friends. The stint at the station was great for my personality. My shyness began to melt.

When Gordon came out of the service, we had a night out together. It was a situation comedy. I wrote it and played a part on it, as a teenager. When I became too pregnant to fit the part, we had to give it up. But I remained it as our happiest years to that time.

With the arrival of Meredith, our first child, I gave up performing. Then, while Heather and Gar were arriving. Gordon was working at the studios. It wasn't until this present season, when we went on the road together, that I realized I was out of practice.

Because I hadn't been working at it, I was once again shy in front of an audience. I was eager to rehearse with Gordon all day, if necessary, in order to get my part of the script perfect—and in order to overcome my lack of confidence. But there wasn't time, because of Gordon's picture commitments. The first night we went on the stage, I trembled like a kitten in the cold. I knew something would happen.

It did. During a turn I broke the heel of my shoe. Crap! To me, it sounded like a pistol shot of doom. And, when the heel split, my confidence split with it. I stood there tongue-tied, thinking, 'I'll never go on the stage again!'

One thing early marriage had taught me was: you had to learn to adjust to new situations. You've got to be "elastic." With one shoe on and one shoe off, I found myself in a new situation. I would have to adjust—but what should I do? I smiled at the broken shoe and started singing to the tune instead of dancing. The audience thought this was great fun—and laughed. As far as I was concerned, that was the proper reaction.

I feel that "being able to adjust" is one of the most important things parents can teach their children. I think our children, Meredith, Heather, and Gar, are learning to do this just—I hope!

I remember once on the tour, the audience clapped for the children to sing along with us. Gar showed how easily he could adjust. The children had three choruses of "Doggie in the Window" prepared and, when asked, showed no hesitancy about performing. When they reached the second chorus, however, young Gar's memory failed him. But he wasn't bothered. In place of the words he laughed through the second and third choruses. I call that "well-adjusted."

Outside of this, and the shoe incident, nothing else dramatic happened during the first six weeks of our tour. Then, one day in Montreal, Gordon made a statement that completely threw me. "Shella," he said, "do you know that you haven't sung sharp or flat once in our first six weeks? Everybody in the band thinks it's terrific—especially for a beginner."

This was a case where ignorance was bliss. I had never realized that every singer gets "frogs" in his throat once in a while. As soon as Gordon said that, I began to feel the muscles in my throat contract.

"I wish you hadn't told me," I said. Before we went on stage that night, I knew I would get off key.

I did.

Gordon laughed. "You're flat," he said. "Oh!" was all I could say, but I felt like crying. Nobody else seemed to notice!

Next I used Gordon's favorite remedy—smiling. Smiling, I found, relaxed some of the muscles in the throat. I was once again on key.

So these incidents, I hope, go to prove my point. Young marriages are good for three reasons: Youngsters have more physical stamina—to open a radio station at five A.M., for example; they have shorter memories and forget last week's trials; the fact that they were going to run home to Mother; and finally, they can adjust easily. Their youth has fitted them to sing life's song. But, if they should forget the words, then—like my son, Gar—they are better prepared to laugh at the second and third chorus.

Scoop Close-Up!

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JOE AND MARILYN"

Are Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe married? Those in the know say yes—and no! Here, for the first time, the limelight-shy DiMaggio himself makes a statement. Read it in . . .

December

PHOTOPLAY

Magazine

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"Marilyn Monroe Pinup Calendar for 1954"

Dozens of beautiful color photographs and exciting stories will take you inside Hollywood in America's largest-selling movie magazine

PHOTOPLAY

At Newsstands Everywhere
na twenty-eight years ago. When she was three, her family moved to Czechoslovakia where they remained until 1939, when the Germans took over. In 1941, sixteen-year-old Susan came to America, determined to make her name here as an actress. After sixty auditions and endless persever ance, she got her first microphone role on CBS Radio’s School Of The Air. This led to a part in the serial Wilderness Road. Broadway claimed her in such plays as “Prologue to Glory” and “He Who Gets Slapped.” She also appeared in such movies as “Lost Boundaries” and “Forbidden Journey.” While making “Forbidden Journey” in Canada, Susan met a fellow Czech, Jan Rubes, a concert singer, whom she later married. Susan and Jan now live in New York and share common interests and hobbies which include sculpturing and painting, baseball, golf, dogs and horses.

Added Information

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me if it’s possible to purchase a book with the names, places, and years of birth of radio and television stars? T. M., Cambridge, Mass.

We certainly can, and there is! What’s more, it’s our own TV-RADIO ANNUAL, which gives a host of information, including vital statistics about radio and TV stars. It’s on sale now at newsstands everywhere.

Roberta Quinlan

Dear Editor:
Would you please give me some information about the beautiful and talented Roberta Quinlan. Is she married?
M. L. E., Little Rock, Ark.

This pert songstress started her career in St. Louis singing for a local station.

From there she went on tour with Will Osborn’s orchestra and, during the war, she organized her own all-girl band. While she and her band were playing for the workers of the Grumman airplane plant in Long Island, Roberta met an executive, Jack Quinlan, whom she soon married. After she and her husband returned from a stay in Europe, where “Bobbie” did radio and TV shows and entertained the Army in Germany and France, she concentrated on New York television. She became particularly outstanding on the Mohawk Show Room with Morton Downey.

Nila Mack

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me something about Nila Mack whom we heard for so many years on Let’s Pretend. Was she sick long?
Mrs. E. J., Centerville, S. D.

Beloved Nila Mack, known as “The Fairy Godmother of Radio,” died suddenly from a heart attack last January. She started Let’s Pretend on CBS in 1930 after a career in vaudeville and on the stage. She was married to Roy Bryant, who died in 1927. Throughout her radio career, Miss Mack received numerous awards for the best children’s program on radio. She was the first to cast children instead of adults in make-believe stories and was responsible for launching talented young stars such as Peter Donald, Skippy Ho meier and Donald Buka in their careers. Miss Mack also wrote many children’s stories for magazines, a book called Animal Allies, and a Let’s Pretend story book.

Handsome Hero

Dear Editor:
Will you please print a picture of Terry O’Sullivan who portrays Arthur Tate on Search For Tomorrow and tell me a little about him.
Y. L., New Orleans, La.

Born and raised in Kansas City, Terry O’Sullivan started his professional career acting in dramatic tent shows in the Middle West. From there he moved to radio announcing and covered a host of cities, including Kansas City, Oklahoma City, and San Diego. An eight-year stay in Hollywood saw Terry as a commercial announcer and actor. He appeared on shows such as Glamour Manor, the Jack Smith Show, and as announcer for Sam Hayes’ newscasts. Three years ago, Terry came to New York and has spent most of his time since then in television. Besides his role as Arthur Tate on Search For Tomorrow, he is an announcer on other programs, including Jan Murray’s A Dollar A Second and the Esso Reporter. He is married to Jan Miner, who plays Julie Paterno in Hilltop House. Terry especially enjoys doing handy-man jobs around the house and also likes to hunt, fish, and cook, all of which he does very well.

Beloved Beauty

Dear Editor:
I have always admired Betty Ann Grove who sings and dances on The Big Payoff. Would you give me some background information on her?
A. F., LaCygne, Kans.

Pretty and petite Betty Ann was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on September 9, 1929. She started taking dancing lessons when she was four and turned professional at eleven, when she sang and danced for local service clubs in her hometown. During high school, she performed at fashion shows in Boston department stores. Betty’s biggest hope was to appear on the Broadway stage, which she accomplished via television. After appearing on Stop The Music, she was offered the part of Bianca in “Kiss Me Kate” and was a great success. But, by then, the variety of TV appealed to her more than stage work, so she welcomed the offer of featured singer-comedienne on the Bert Parks Show. Her star of success has shone brighter than ever since she joined The Big Payoff, and she is rapidly earning the reputation of show business’ most versatile singer. Betty lives in New York City with her mother and Cyrano, her pet dachshund.
“The Lonely Years Taught Me!”

(Continued from page 44) says Ann. “Still, it seems so sad that it takes a drastic order to good sense to us into seeking the truth. Believe we are put on this earth for a purpose. The happy and fortunate ones know the reason, while the rest of us float in a vacuum... unknowning..."

“Until my illness, I wasn’t aware of the lack in my life. But, when you come close to the great beyond, an old adage hits home with tremendous impact.”

“It is later than you think, and something inside of you yearns to reach out into space and hold on fast. You believe you are going to die. When you know you are going to live, you recognize a need for that extra something to work for. And so starts the search.”

Being a basic person, a fact-finder possessed of patience, Ann began at the beginning. She looked into her own heart.

“I made a mental list of my blessings,” confesses Ann. “Included were devoted friends, a beautiful home, my adorable eight-year-old daughter Tish. I felt grateful. I felt rich. Where then, had I failed along the way, I asked myself. Something was missing in my life. Wherever it was—whatever it was—I tried to find it.”

“When I was anything but agnostic, my relationship with a Higher Power had been neglected, rather than ignored. So I read the Bible again. I read traditional books on philosophy, books written by great men who died still searching for the key to life and living. Why hadn’t I taken time for spiritual meditation before? Why? Why? Why? ’On the inside looking out’, I was beginning to see a new light.’

Looking at life in retrospect proved to be a revelation for Ann. Subjective thinking, false values, personal indulgences—with too much emphasis on material things—were all part of the pattern. With lives geared as they are today, Ann had felt compelled to move along at a catastrophic clip. God’s blessings—with good health heading a long list—alas, had been taken for granted.

The body is a machine and, when driven too hard, it gives out. Ann’s physical resistance was at lowest ebb when she was stricken with infectious hepatitis—commonly known as the “Yellow Killer.” A thyroidectomy and a major abdominal operation ensued in rapid succession. While medical science eventually fulfilled its inestimable role, Ann never would have survived without help from a Higher Court.

“Not until I was deprived of the simple things, the free things, did they achieve monumental importance in my life,” Ann believes. “When I recognized the truth, I felt ashamed and, from that moment on, I knew I must make each day count. How? With constructive thoughts, guidance, and direction. What had seemed to be so important in the past was unimportant to me now. Waste of any kind is a sin. I never want to be guilty of it again.”

Not only does Ann count her blessings daily, she gives thanks for them, too. Twelve hours a day, six days a week, are consumed on a television sound stage. As Susan Camille MacNamara, a Private Secretary who knows for sure the difference between shorthand and a long chance, she brightens the hearts and homes of viewers all over the country. If you knew “Susie,” like her intimates know “Susie,” you’d know the weekly telecast is a great source of satisfaction to Ann.

“During a long illness, even friends and family can’t always be with you,” she recalls. “So radio and television were my only contact with the outside world. I try to remember this, but when you’re exhausted—and I often am—it’s so easy to feel a little sorry for yourself. That’s when I think of the shut-ins, people in isolated places, and the world-weary ones, and I hope my comedies help them to forget their troubles. Pollyanna? Why not—if it helps!”

Having learned to appreciate the simple pleasures of life, Ann never wants to lose contact again. Despite her strenuous schedule she believes with all her heart that we can find time for things if we honestly want to do them. So she is doing them! She’s studying French again, painting in oils, driving along the beach, and lying in the sun. As a child, she loved to sew, so she’s back to making lamp shades and pillows. Once again, she’s rediscovered her music, and her voice has never been better.

“I wouldn’t exactly say I tackle some of these things under the most ideal circumstances,” laughs Ann. “‘Oh, midnight recently, I was out in my garden with a flashlight—planting tulip bulbs. With only my best interests at heart, my good neighbors called the police!’

Enhanced by her new-found philosophy, Ann’s capacity for gratefulness now knows no bounds. The serenity surrounding her is reflected in her happy household, and peace seems to permeate all who enter. Ann’s illness belongs to the past, she prefers to forget it. But, ironically, there are constant reminders which tie in with the present. Like that very special Christmas morning, for example—Ann’s eyes mist when she recalls it.

“It was the most memorable of my life. For the first time in six years, I was well enough to come downstairs. My reception had indeed been planned with tender thought and care.”

They were all waiting for her—Ann’s beloved mother, little Tish, good friend Richard Egan (Hollywood’s rising new star), and Ann’s faithful nurse. A recording of Richard’s deep, resonant voice floated up to Ann, and she clung to the banister and listened:

“Trust Him when dark deeds assail thee,
Trust Him when thy needs are small,
Trust Him when to simply trust Him
Seems the hardest thing of all.
Nothing before or since—ever—has touched so deeply the good person who inspired it.
It’s called—”A Prayer For Ann.”

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December

True Story

At Newsstands Everywhere

My Son, Liberace

(Continued from page 41)
Valentino Liberace), Angellina, and Rudy; and in the dark time when we prayed to God to save Lee's infected hand. Each time, my prayers were answered and we were pulled through by our faith. The time Lee almost lost his hand was, for him, most desolate of all the times. He was just sixteen years old, and the infection hit him when he was preparing for his first transcontinental tour. He had been practicing and working toward this day since he was four years old—and then it was almost stopped by an accident of fate.

Lee had never been a complainer. Though he had been working at his piano eight and ten hours a day and the pain from a torn hangnail must have bothered him—he never said a word. It wasn't until he came down with a fever from the infection that I noticed the red welt running snakelike up his arm.

We rushed him to the doctor's office in Milwaukee. After a few seconds of examination, the doctor said, "We'll have to cut off that finger. And I'm going to continue it off right now or he may lose his hand!"

The news was a shock. My first impulse was to reach out, to gather up my son in my arms and protect him from the doctor's scalpel. "No!" I said. "No, you aren't to touch him!" and I whirled Lee out of the office and back to our house.

I knew that a forgiving God would not punish a gentle soul so severely. The loss of his hand, or of a finger, would be enough to destroy twelve years' work in an instant—and right at the time when all his conscientious effort was about to bring success to him.

So I took his life in my hands and—praying to God that what I was doing was right—I got alcohol from the druggist and began bathing his hand. I remembered a compress my mother used to make with hot milk. I prepared a similar compress and kept the heat on Lee's hand till he couldn't stand it any longer.

Lee had put his fate in God's hands, but his faith in me wasn't one hundred per cent. When I pressed on the first hot compress, he winced and said, "Mother, milk will not help. You are surely going to kill me altogether!"

During the days we alternated with the alcohol and the compresses, I never once gave up my rock-like faith—even though the fever stubbornly did not break. As we waited, I had strange visions of the weeks to come, and the anger and used to think, my prayers were answered. The fever did begin to lose its power and the vicious fire in Lee's arm began to retreat. Though the fever was feebly beaten, it was weeks before he could begin practicing again.

However, Lee loved the piano and his hand was safe. Finally, in the middle of his sixteenth year, he was ready to make his first concert tour—and was an immediate success.

But for any success as big as Lee's, you have to overcome many obstacles. The first sudden pain was the loss of his father. With four children and no immediate income, I was hard-pressed to give the children even the barest of necessities. Piano lessons at this time of course, were a luxury.

However, I had not stopped to count my blessings; in this case, I mean my children. We found ourselves suddenly thrust into the grocery business, and all at once I became aware of four "silent" partners.

George, my eldest boy, whom you now see with his wonderful violin, used to get up at four A.M. to go down to the commission house in Milwaukee to do the buying. Rudy, my youngest, with his cheerful face, kept me smiling at the customers. Angelina and Lee made their first personal appearances as delivery clerks.

The period of hardship was soon over and the store was making a profit. I was then able to turn my attention and time to my family. Since all of my children (except Rudy, who was too young) were interested in music, I had them take lessons.

I never had to coax Lee. He'd been at the piano from the time he was four. In fact, I couldn't get him away from it. "It's time to dress," he'd say. "It's time to dress," never got through to him. I'm sure that if he could have slept on that piano bench he would have!

One of the shining moments of Lee's early life was the day he was visited by the world-famed pianist, Ignace Paderewski. Paderewski was an old family friend and had aided us with a visit, bringing with him a miniature golden piano as a souvenir. Lee was very impressed and Paderewski became one of his idols. As a result, we had to cut his playing to play for his TV audience—and to play with the symphony orchestras and on the concert stage as Paderewski did.

The most important thing I learned in this early life with my children was that you had to give love to get love. So many parents do not make time for their children to become their children. Mothers look for love and affection and they get answers like: "Leave Daddy alone, he's tired," or "Get out of here with your silly quilt," or "If you're hungry, run and get two dollars and "Get out" just as soon as they can. Then the parents, when they grow older, wonder why their children don't pay them any respects.

I remember, for example, the first time Lee was in Hollywood. I was thrilled to know he hadn't forgotten me when he wrote and said, "Mom, here I am living alone in this hotel and you're living alone back there in Milwaukee. I sure would like to have you come out here—we could get a place in the Valley. It would be swell, we together again!"

So, in one month's time, I packed up and moved to Hollywood, after living thirty-eight years in Wisconsin. Lee was wonderful to me. He knew that I would miss my old friends at first, so he went out of his way to introduce me to all of his friends. I soon had a wide circle of acquaintances. But of course, I should have had a hard time to see them all!

Time for the children was short and precious when I had the store—but my children were never in trouble. The main reason for that, outside of our love and understanding for each other, was that I kept them busy. When they came in from school in the afternoon, one would help me in the store, Lee would do his practicing on the piano, and the two oldest would do their homework. Then, in the evening, we would reverse our positions; Lee would take up his homework, and the older two would practice. It was like Musical Chairs.

I always gave my children a little freedom. Sunday, after church, was their day to themselves. Most of the time, Lee and George would get together with some friends and come back to the house for a party. I encouraged this and always baked my best cookies for them. I thought for a while that it was only the music they enjoyed most—but I have known people better. It was Mama Liberace's cookies, I heard, that were "out of this world." The cookies attracted the boys like honey
tempts a bear cub. All who wanted to, could come. So long as they stayed under the roof and in the yard, I knew what they were up to.

Lee, of course, has always made friends with everybody. Some of the young people he came home with were almost un-savory characters—even at their tender ages. But they were always welcome in my house. I found that they quickly adapted themselves to Lee's other friends—who were at that age about eating, desserts in particular. He will spend time doing things I would never think of. He has a lemon sauce for rice puddings that is, to me, just as far out as this world as my cookies used to be to him.

For this sauce, he prepares egg white and yolk, whips the white, mixes the yellow, I know he browned butter in a warm (not hot) saucepan, folds in the egg white and adds a dash of lemon juice—all of this for rice puddings that tastes won-derful just plain!

For his new home, which he is building in Sherman Oaks, Lee laid out the basic design himself, then brought in an architect to finish it. There are four bedrooms, three bathrooms, two den areas. It is U-shaped, and all of the rooms, in-cluding his music room, look out on the enclosed patio.

The new home is something of a sym- 

bol to Lee, a symbol of his arrival. It is a success, I might say, that he blames on me. I remember the time he introduced me to his new music director, and the concert. He said, "I want you to meet my mom. It's her encouragement and her faith that have done everything for me." It was a very impressive thing, and he says this, for it wasn't true at all. It was his hard work—it was my prayers for his fevered hand—but I think mostly it was our faith in God that has done it all.

Helen Trent's Romantic Man

(Continued from page 3)

married," insinuated Julie Stevener, who is Helen Trent. "He would make such a won-derful husband." Julie and David have played opposite each other for more than nine years on this program, and they were friends even before they dated. Trent is a frequent visitor to the home in the country where Julie and her husband Charles Underhill and their two-year-old daughter, Nancy, live. He's the most thoughtful per-son. The nicest man with children. He and our little Nancy Elizabeth adore each other."

Mary Jane Highy, who plays Cynthia, is in emphatic agreement. "We think he's radio's most eligible bachelor. The kindest, sweetest guy. Every one of us can re-member something extra-special he has done. I can remember how, when I audited for the role of Cynthia, he happened to be feeling very ill and shouldn't have been asked to do any additional thing. But with each actor who came in to audition for the part opposite him, he gave the read-ing everything he had, so that she would sound better. When it came to my turn, then asked if I would like to go up at the same time. And each time David was so wonderful, never letting me down for one moment."

Ann Loring, who plays Rowena Spenser, and Pat Holm, who plays Gladys and Shatkin, both agree with Mary Jane. In fact, every- one on the show has an instance of kind-ness to relate.

David didn't plan to be an actor—or a bachelor, either, for that matter! Both things just seemed to happen. He was born on January 14, in the little town of Beards-town, Illinois, where he lived until he was about eight, then the family moved to Los Angeles. When his father, who was a Polytechnic High School, he got two glimpses of the spotlight that falls upon an actor—one as a student in the drama class, and the other in a motion picture picture where his movie role was completely unplanned, unpaid, and unexpected. David was just an onlooker during a location shot, but the director mistook him for a schoolboy extraneous to the scene. When I gave you the cue, you walk up this way and then go to the end of that path and stop. Just that. But mind you do it right on cue. And don't hurry it, Saunter." David did, and got a pleased grunt in return. No money, because he hadn't really been hired and he was too shy to speak up and say so. Not even the box lunch that the other extras got. (Incidentally, Marie Wilson was in some of his classes and he still has a drama club group picture which she easily dominates as the prettiest girl in which he looks properly dignified as the newly elected president of the club.)

The death of David's father, leaving him alone with his mother and two older sisters. David, working with a drama group at Hollywood High and with the Beverly Hills Community Players, started his career in musicals and at the Knitting Factory at Hollywood. Although still in his teens, David soon found himself performing leads opposite skilled and experienced dramatic actresses before an audience of children, which made him sound even as much older. He felt that he was quite well launched as a promising young actor. Then, after a while, the roles began to level off.

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Good News For FATTIES

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

Science constantly marches on. Each day new developments are being advanced so that we might all live happier and longer lives. 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 eliminated 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. The kind of weight loss explains so many cases of weakness, anaemia, and other infections following a course of reducing diets.

No Rabbit Food Diet

Make no mistake about Dr. Munro’s Slen-
derizing Diet—it contains no rabbit food, such as carrots or salads. But it does like all 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 this modern-day book.

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Daniel C. Munro, M.D.

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into a sort of routine that was much too tame for a young and ambitious fellow, so David decided he would try his luck in Chicago radio, where so much was happening at the time.

He hit-hiked back to the state where he had been born, and got a job in a small Chicago radio station as an announcer. Now he was the man in charge, and the way could only go on and upward. And then an illness, which had come as the result of the shock of his father’s death, began to plague him, and he had to go back home where his mother’s careful nursing would bring him back to health. Afterward, he went back to radio in Los Angeles.

At about this time, he decided to open a little shop on Olvera Street, a tourist mecca, where he sold such things as hand-wrought silver pieces, unusual gifts, and some of the beautifully hand-made flowers which his mother created. It was fun to shopkeep, and it led to his meeting a group of puppeteers who asked him to join them. They were the struggling Yale Puppeteers, and they called themselves by the name of the street where they all worked—the Olvera Puppeteers.

"I heard the heavy voices needed for some of the characters, and I decided to work the puppets," David tells about this part of his career. "I did all the big voices. I was the big, bad wolf, for instance. And all the villainous, crooked and up to the Canadian border. We played all the upper western states, and came down through Los Angeles and the Southwest Territory. They even promised me to leave puppetry. I went back to see my mother and, not having too much money, hitch-hiked my way to Chicago and made speeches for a job in an announcer, winding up as the program director of a small station.

Rather apologetically, he says that this, too, bore no relation to the truth. He wanted to act. He didn’t want to run anything, not even a radio station. But he had fallen into a pleasant rut, and was wondering what to do about it, when he met a man he had once befriended. Now his good deed was to be rewarded, although neither realized it at the time. The friend simply said, “Look here. You’re an actor, David. Isn’t there anything you would like to do? Why don’t you let me see if I can arrange an audition?”

David thought about it, and the more he thought the more he realized that his friend was right.

When he was called to audition, there were twenty or more young fellows waiting to read for the same part, but David got it. It was not the part that he had been doing now—in The Romance Of Helen Trent, which at that time was being broadcast from Chicago. Gil Whitney hadn’t entered the David world; he had a role in the play. The part of playwright Philip King, who after two years of being portrayed by David was finally out of the script. In the series, Mr. Munro says, an elderly baronet is the hero. David regretted his exit, not dreaming that a few years later he would once more portray a leading character on the same program.

There are many other Chicago roles for David—in fact, in those years he played parts on practically every important program coming out of that city. It was a back of his which he cherishes, that he wishes to get to New York and try his luck on the Broadway stage.

"I had a few savings by this time, so I didn’t have to hit-hike any more. And I met people in New York who were wonderful to me. I fell right into some good opportunities. Through Marge Morrow, one of my oldest and best friends, I then was introduced to the top writer-producer-director in radio, who made me a narrator on some of his greatest shows. I was offered two parts in dramatic serials in radio. Many good things came my way. It was great, except that I kept me from doing the thing I really wanted to do."

I still dreamed of being leading man in a big Broadway hit! Now I can’t see why I was so keen about it. I like the way things have turned out."

In 1944, the Helen Trent program moved from Chicago to New York. A new Gil Whitney had to be selected and David was asked to audition for the part. At the audition, he was auditioned for the role of Helen Trent. And both have been doing them ever since.

David feels he has been very lucky in playing opposite great ladies like Julie.

And a fine person as well. Sometimes, Julie and I will sit down together after a show and just chat, and I get a whole new perspective on some of the things that are troubling me. She’s understanding and intuitive, straightforward, and kind.

For her part, Julie says a fellow like David is very hard to find. He has been around.

"He got us all started on such things as Double-Crostics and playing Scrabble, and I’m not sure I thank him for that, how-

So says considering I’m a housewife and busy as an actress with too little time anyhow.

All David’s friends say he’s the perfect weekend guest, with a talent for keeping an audience in a state of surprise, for gab- bing, for gardening, come summer. (he decided he’d like to be a florist, if he weren’t an actor). Also, there’s his recently discovered flair for keeping a small farm, where he has a small orchard and a garden. And he does some work in the ballet, under the title of "Casserole King" among his coworkers. His specialty is a spectacular af- fair made of frankfurters, corn, tomatoes, and salad, which is served as a first course.

The name of Goshard belonged to an early ancestor, and David took it when he was casting about for a professional name to go with his father, which is Dick Gosh-

David, the first he called himself David Thomas, the Thomas being a middle name that his family called him by instead of David. The use of his first name, shortly after, was "David" of course.

There was a David Goshard who had come to America with the early settlers and, with one "t" dropped for ease in pronunciation, his name ap-

Which is why he didn’t think the old boy minded my taking it," David says.

As you watch him, moving around the room as he talks, taking in everything going on as a man does who is sensitive to his surroundings and the people he meets—you realize that, away from the micro-

phone, he is far from looking like the typi-

And even his tone of voice may not be right."

And you realize that he has good feeling, and great loyalty, toward those he really likes.

You begin to think that the girls who work with him on radio are quite right.

And you start to run your mind over the list of girls you know—unmarried, nice girls, who fancy the title to you, and think just the right man.

But you can’t tell David Gosh-

ard this, because he would probably laugh and say, "Who, me?"
Ray Milland Once Walked Alone

(Continued from page 33)

morning. Ray stood praying in church. Flanked by diminutive worshippers—
who intensified his self-consciousness—
he closed his eyes tight to blot out the picture. Suddenly his nose began
to bleed. Terror gripped his heart. He
thought he was going blind. "I’m
two! I don’t want to live and have everyone
stare at me," he half-whispered to himself.
"I can’t stand to have them look—I can’t
—I can’t!"

As nearly as he can recall, it was this
adolescent, teen-age incident that marked
Ray’s life. From that moment on, an
overwhelming shyness was born within
him and he learned to keep moving and remain
unchallenged. Paradoxically, while faraway places beck-
oned his restless soul, another part of
him yearned for anchorage and roots. Conflicted
between these conflicting emotions, Ray
developed a shy, retiring personality
as he came of age. He felt unwanted, in-
férieur and insecure most of the time. On
the defensive, and his attention
was directed to a place where his
withdrawal actually made him more
concealed, unpredictable and aloof. In
many instances, the accusations were deserved,
but rarely were the reasons for his out-
ward actions.

Around Hollywood, Ray was known as a
man who walked alone. He tried to mix,
but even to his closest friends he remained
a mystery, a man they might like but
could never know. Ray’s concentration
was how he was searching for some-
ting and, despite his loved ones and his
worldly goods, until he found this some-
ting he would remain an unhappy, elu-
sive man.

Finally, at one point, his marriage hit
a brief break. There was no tangible
date or reason, which only increased the
pain. Once again, Ray just felt his
world was closing in on him and he was filled
with protest against conforming to a set
pattern of living. He didn’t know what
he wanted, but he thought he didn’t want
what he had. Fortunately, he found out
how wrong he was.

“The solution to it all was very simple.”
Rayban tersely. “To find out what I did was
find it—which only took about twenty-
five years! I had to learn to live
with myself—and, when a man learns how
to do this, he automatically knows how
to live with others. Then he becomes
a peaceful man.”

Mellowed, mature, Ray now not only
has peace of mind, but his capacity for ap-
preciating it knows no bounds. His
friends and family revel in the change,
because they’re so happy to see him re-
leased from the depression that threat-
ed to engulf his life.

In spite of himself, Ray is not quite the
man of himself, Ray has always been success-
ful, but today he’s a man who can appre-
ciate the simple things. In the midst of making
Meet Mr. McNutley, his first radio and television series. He’s
playing the character of a man with more
brains than he has, and the luck of a
professor in a college for women. Sometimes
this man is forgetful—when his mind is on
the better things in life (and it usually is), he walks in the clouds and his feet are
apt to take the wrong paths. Great co-
operation from the cast and crew of Meet
Mr. McNutley even enabled Ray to sand-
wich in a prize movie plum, director Al
Frank’s “Dial M for Murder.”

“Each day that I live, my life becomes
more precious to me,” confesses Ray. “I
have what I want, at last. In a certain
sense I was blind and deaf before, so I
miraculously pulled myself to a
reach. My search ended the day I
searched for something I could find
within myself. But until I had lived a lot
and learned the hard way, I couldn’t
recognize the source. In the meantime,
the going was pretty rough at times.
When you feel emptiness, lack of pur-
pose, just call it what you may—until you
learn how to live within yourself, there is no
peace. This full realization finally hit me
last year when I took my family to Swit-
zerland and was scheduled to take a pic-
ture and fulfill a great ambition. Plans
went haywire, but since we had a lease
on a Swiss chalet, we stayed on.

We saw no one. There were no night
clubs, daily gossip columns, ringing tele-
phones, or cocktail parties choked with
gay, giddy people—all trying to prove
something. After Mai—my wife Muriel—
did the shopping and bought the
horse-drawn sleigh. Each evening, Vicki
and Danny—our daughter and son
would ski down the slope to the little
village and pick us up. Each dawn, a
new blanket of snow enveloped our
world with silence and peace.

“Naturally, such an existence was
transitory, but it gave me time to do noth-
ing more than relax, with the
inventory—time to think and
think. One night, I took a long walk through the snow.
Home, Hollywood, the usual cares and
prizes were millions of miles
away. Instead of dreaming the return to
routine, however, for the first time I
looked forward to it.

Why do I suddenly feel this way? I
asked myself What’s come over me?
I’m calm, the pressure is gone. I feel like
I’ve found a buried treasure—and
I’ve found that too. My wife, my children,
their unassuming love—this knowledge that
we all belong together—this was it.
I belonged! This is what I’d wanted
and searched for most of my life. I had never
actually experienced the complete feeling
of belonging before. Now I knew I
could live with myself in peace.”

The Millands returned home in time
to celebrate their twenty-second wedding
anniversary. On the evening of that spec-
tial day, Ray made an announcement at
the breakfast table.

“Let’s drive down to Balboa,” he
beamed. “Wouldn’t it be wonderful if we
could find a house on the bay? We could
stay there weekends and whenever
I didn’t have to work.”

“I’d love it and it would be so
right for the children, too,” answered Ray’s
understanding
wife. “But please, dear, don’t
build up your hopes. Have you known houses
are at a premium on Lido Isle. I hate to see
which may disappoint you.”

“It’s right that we should have it,”
said Ray in return. “I have a feeling that we
will."

The house was waiting for them! They
bought it and had "the wonder time decor-
ating it. The day they moved in was the
happiest of their lives.

“We each have chores to do,” grins Ray.
“Men do the outside things, women the
inside. Vicki and Danny take care of
beef steaks, Vicki makes the beds, while
Danny empties wastebaskets and sweeps
the terrace. Sometimes we go to the
movies, but usually we watch television
and hit the sack by nine. It’s a great life,
but it took a long time. You know
that old one about not being able to see the
forest for the trees. That was my
problem. But now peaceful and clear the view
is now.”

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AUNT JENNY Littleton is a simple American town, the image of a thousand other towns across the country, except for one important difference: it has Aunt Jenny as its chronicler. Surveying the scene with understanding eyes, Aunt Jenny Patsy’s along the quiet streets and byways, telling stories of happiness, tragedy, love, and hate, proving over and over that not even the quietest life is entirely devoid of human drama. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE BENNETTS Lawyer Wayne Bennett isn’t looking for trouble when he stops in town to oversee his new place, the Cohbs, are progressing with their adoption. But both Wayne and his wife Nancy have a good eye and ear for phonies, and the helpful man who is so nicely arranging the adoption for Blaney and Meg Cobb doesn’t ring quite true to them. Blaney and Meg have another reason now to value their friendship with the Bennetts. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Is Alan Butler the right man for Patsy? Some of the Dennises think he is, and some of them aren’t so sure. But with all of them now, Alan’s romance takes second place to a simple desire for justice as they all go to work to prove Alan innocent of the murder of Elmer Davidson. What is Roy Wilmot’s real stake in the situation, and what is his purpose in making a friend of Bobby Dennis? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART Julie Fielding’s father has always told her that the important thing in living is to follow one’s true desires. And so, when Julie fell in love with Peter Davis, she thought the only important decision she had to make was whether or not to admit it. She was too sheltered and innocent to realize that Peter might not find his own decision so easy to make... or that there might be a girl like Georgie. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL When the New York Daily Eagle sends David Farrell out on a crime story, it is sending out not only a reporter but a detective. Sharp-eyed David and his ex-reporter wife Sally have a strong aversion to letting an innocent party pay for a crime while the guilty one goes unpunished, and whenever they turn up on a case, the police are sure to be led—or prodded—toward the right solution. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Secret guilt is the worst possible basis for a marriage, and Kathy Grant still believes that one day soon she will tell Dick the truth about their child, Robin. But the right time never comes, and meanwhile, Kathy’s concentration on Robin makes her an easy target for nurse Janet Johnson, who is quite ready to show Dick, at any time, the warmth Kathy denies him. Has Kathy lost more than she knows? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HAWKINS FALLS Life in a small town can be very satisfying, but sometimes Lona Drewer would be willing to give up the paper she runs in Hawkins Falls and disappear into the anonymity of a big, un- caring city. For Lona is finding it a burden these days to know quite as much as she does about the lives of her neighbors. And sometimes she doesn’t like their knowing quite so much about her own. M-F, 11 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE In the dark days when they first learned of Reed’s fatal illness, the Pateros would find the strength they both needed to face what was ahead. She did manage to persuade Reed to go through with their marriage, hoping that together they might salvage a little happiness from the time.
left to him. Julie has fought hard...but is her courage at last beginning to falter?
M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Phyllis Hunter, long a stranger to her father, suddenly turns up in his life with plans to reconcile him and her mother. But Bill Davidson suspects that Phyllis' motives are not entirely noble, since she is in love with Cornelius Townsend, the man her mother plans to marry. When the tense emotional situation finally explodes into tragedy, Bill tries desperately to help...but can he control the terrible climax?
M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi, who grew up in the hard school provided by the streets of a big city, is not the girl to lose heart too easily. But lately, something very important has happened to Chichi—something that might open a whole new world of happiness, or might, on the other hand, lead her to the gate right in her face. If that happens, will even Papa David's love and philosophy be able to help?
M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Still estranged from Lorenzo by his loss of memory, Belle sadly picks up the pieces of her life and enters upon a startling new career, acting opposite famous Wade Emery in producer Verne Massey's new play. Success will never solve Belle if Lorenzo, unable to recall their marriage, continues his romance with Gail Maddox. Is there no way in which Lorenzo can be made to remember their past happiness?
M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE During the past weeks, Vanessa Dale's life has undergone a complete revolution. The New York career she planned for so eagerly has gone down in a confusion of schemes and plots, engineered by her neurotic sister, Meg Harper. But at the same time something much more important has come out of all the trouble—Paul Raven's proposal. and Van's acceptance. Will Meg once again destroy Van's hopes?
M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS At last, Willy is cleared of the shocking accusation of theft made against him by his ex-boss, Frank Hoffman, and the new baby boy just born to Willy and Evie can face life unafraid—as Willy gloomily feared—that he might be pointed out in the persons and plots, and that all that was needed to clear the way for Ma's other daughter, Fay, and writer Tom Wells? What happens to a wedding too often postponed?
M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY In kind, sympathetic Sunday Brin thrope, young Connie Durant has found the perfect innocent bystander to help carry out her ruthless plan to destroy her husband. Brian, and acquire his fortune. But Sunday is far more astute than Connie imagines, and her sure instinct for good and bad will not long permit Connie to deceive her. But will Sunday learn the truth in time to wreck Connie's terrible plan?
M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Mother Young has never been set against any change that might bring added happiness to her beloved family. But change for its own sake is something else, and she casts a questioning eye on the big financial deal that has everyone excited. Meanwhile, Peggy Young Trent faces a different sort of problem as her growing son Hal creates an unexpected situation between Peggy and her husband Carter.
M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON Ever since lawyer Perry Mason's first contact with the Beekmans, Ed and Audrey have been harassed and haunted by mistakes made by the police. Now, with Ed finally out on parole with every chance to make a clean new start, the Beekmans share a passionate hope to give their beautiful daughter Kate a good life. Knowing this, Perry becomes particularly dangerous when a threat out of the past turns against Kate herself.
M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Kramer Nelson's efforts in behalf of the young man framed on a murder charge have brought her almost face to face with the ruthless enemies who are determined to ruin the political career of her husband, Governor Miles Nelson. But, ironically, Carolyn has been unable to convince one important person of the necessity for her activities—Miles himself. Will she save his reputation only to lose him?
M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Almost the day Aunt Reggie hit town, it became apparent to Dr. Jim and his new wife, Jocelyn, that the old lady's sweetness concealed a formidable determination to take over all the Brents. In fact, Jim's foster son, Dr. John, is the only one Aunt Reggie does manage to help, and John's wife Franey stands by in helpless fury as her marriage heads for the rocks. Still, Franey is a resourceful girl...
M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The murder of producer Kelcy Spenser has almost wrecked Helen Trent's life. Shaken and jobless, she must also contend with serious suspicions about her conjecture which are being cleverly planted around Hollywood by columnist Daisy Parker and by Cynthia Whitney, ruthless wife of the man who has never stopped loving Helen—lawyer Gil Whitney. Must Gil give up friendship with Helen for her sake?
M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.
ROSEMARY Bill Roberts, going through one of the most trying periods of his life, wonders bitterly if he and Rosemary wouldn't be better off if he had looked the other way when he first became aware of underworld activities in Springfield. Should Bill have minded his own business, instead of seeking to expose Edgar Duffy? Or—as his father-in-law reminds him—is it a man's duty to be true to his convictions? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Widowed Joanne Barron is making a brave fight for her own future and that of her small daughter as she struggles to build up her Motor Haven from its small but hopeful start. Is she right to insist that her association with Arthur Tate is purely business? Or would Joanne be willing to admit what she and Arthur both know—that they are in love—if Arthur met her half way? What is her secret trouble? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry Burton has worked out a more or less successful way of dealing with her tyrannical mother-in-law, but her sister-in-law Marcia doesn't have Terry's level head. Marcia's reaction to a quarrel with her mother is to go off and find an unsuitable man to lose her head over. Terry has seen Marcia through several such crises, hoping that sometime the man will be the right one. Has Marcia found him at last? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS New threats to the happiness of Stella's daughter Laurel come from an unexpected quarter when Laurel saves the life of wealthy, lonely Ada Dexter. In Laurel and her young husband Dick Grosvenor, Ada joyfully sees the companionship and new interest she lost when her only son died years ago. But Stella fears Ada's affection will lead to dominance of Laurel's life. Can Stella handle this delicate situation? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN “Poko” Thurmond's modeling career has gotten off to a pretty sound start. But her romance with Bill is far from being in the same promising condition for—to Poko's surprise, the very obvious tactics of Jenny Alden are getting astonishing results. Still, Bill isn't completely a fool. Even he realizes that there is something very strange about Jenny. What is the truth about her past? Who and what is she? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

WENDY WARREN Wendy's playwright husband, Mark Douglas, seems to have put his recent nervous collapse well behind him as his new play, the most brilliant he has yet written, appears destined for certain success. But Mark's protégée, the young actress Pat Sullivan, in a strange way holds Mark's future in her selfish hand. Both Wendy and her friend, star Maggie Fallon, sense trouble. But will Mark let himself be helped? M-F, 12 noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES All during the trouble that resulted from Clair O'Brien's disappearance, Joan had a strange feeling that she and Harry would never be able to forget Clair, even though death appeared to have ended her sinister influence. Now Joan's premonition becomes horrifying fact. What can Joan do to weaken Clair's hold on the lives of those she loves? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter haven't raised five children without learning at least one thing—there's always another crisis around the corner, even when their daughter Sandy has helped her husband Mike over his emotional snags...even after Virginia's troubled marriage quiets down again...Well, it may be Clay or Jeff or even young Pete who stirs things up. And, if it's Jeff, it's likely to be serious. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Jill Malone is really too young to have to cope with the problem of young Pete LaGatta, and her father, Dr. Jerry Malone, wonders how he can explain to her the place she has come to occupy in Pete's life. Meanwhile, Jerry has another emotional crisis on his hands as Mary Horton reviews her unfortunate marriage, and wonders where to go from there with her husband Ernest—or without him. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Dr. Anthony Loring's sister, Victoria, has finally managed to disrupt the romance of her brother, Dr. Bat Brown. When she brings lovely Millicent Randall to town, Anthony reacts by urging Ellen to marry him at once. But Ellen, taken aback, refuses to be hurried, and Victoria has the satisfaction of seeing Anthony turn to Millicent. Will Ellen have to stand by helplessly and lose Anthony to another woman? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.
A Human Kind of Guy Named Garry

(Continued from page 64)

wrought a change in the Garry Moore I knew. When I met him at his suite at the Gotham six years ago, he'd just come in from an all-night jazz session at Eddie Condon's place in the Village and was clearing his head with black coffee. The day sort of went on like that." I thought rather sadly of the devil-may-care, let's-get-going fellow of 1948, then got to my feet. "Maybe it's not such a good idea after all."

But, on the way out, I caught sight of a flare and froze in my tracks. "Oops!" I said. "Whose office is that?"

Shirley said, "Garry's, of course. Oh, you mean the stuff on it?" Well, it was painted the same dull green as everything else here at CBS and the other day he couldn't stand it another minute. Said it was too drab. Called in printers and had it painted that shocking pink. And, after that, the sword of Damocles on the wall with the label 'Sponsors' on it, and that crew-cut symbol of his, and—"

Then I could laugh. "You had me scared for a minute," I said. "He's the same old Garry. I wouldn't miss doing this story for the world.""

"The trouble is," Garry said a couple of afternoons later, twisting nervously in his Mansfield Theatre seat a few minutes after he'd finished his show, "the main trouble is that nobody wants to let me look the way I really am. They keep saying I have to look to the public the way the public wants me to look. They print everything about me but the truth."

It was an old complaint of great stars, only I'd never had it from Garry before. I'd never had anything except honesty from him. For a moment or two Garry and I recalled that other, long-gone meeting when we cured his morning-after blues and went on to lunch in 52nd Street and then wandered along Fifth Avenue on the way to his studio without a soul recognizing or stopping him.

Now, in 1953, Garry glowered morosely at me. "I couldn't spend an afternoon like that any more," he said. "Then I was only a name. Now I'm a face. Good Lord, do you know what happened a couple of days ago? I was on a two-week vacation. I took my wife and kids on the boat, and we sailed around the Sound and up to the Cape. At six in the afternoon we were all downstairs, the kids having orange juice and the rest of us having refreshments after a good day's sail."

"When I started up the ladder, I saw a lot of strange faces peering down at me. Up on deck, I discovered our boat was surrounded by little catboats, and the deck was crowded with people I'd never seen before—lots of kids, the workers. Somebody yelled, 'Hey, funny man! Man with the laughs!' I didn't know what to do."

Garry recognizes himself as one of the new Problem Children of TV. He is a man who has always enjoyed the salaries and the anonymity of radio without ever experiencing the nuisance of being a movie star.

When I say nuisance, I mean exactly that. Do you believe movie stars wear big dark glasses to attract attention to themselves? Nonsense. They are conditioned to being stars, and they wear the glasses in a forlorn hope that they may not be recognized. It's no fun to be recognized everywhere, wherever you go.

Garry has discovered this recently, and he is not yet able to cope with it. He even said to me, "I'm not kidding. If I hadn't known what being on TV would mean to me, to my private life, what it would mean to my kids—I'd have stood in radio. I'd have thought twice before I ever went into TV."

I gauged Garry's temper and decided that I'd known him long enough to say what was on my mind. "It's an old gag," I said, "but all you get out of it is a lousy fortune."

He smiled. It was a pretty weak smile, but he managed it. "You may be right," he said. "But who cares?"

He didn't just mean that what was left after taxes might not be enough to compensate for constant invasion of his privacy as a citizen and human being. He was thinking in terms of the boys and his wife, and with good reason. A year ago, for reasons which Garry naturally does not discuss, Nell Moore packed herself and the children and went to California for a while.

From my own personal impression of Garry when I met him six years ago, I'd think that if a separation had happened then, he would have been hurt and mad and upset—but not thrown completely off-base.

So much for the change in six years, because this separation really did throw Garry. He went on the air about it, in one of those between-you-and-me telecasts and sometimes features, in order to scatter the rumors and the snide gossip in the columns, and to state the fact that this was not a legal separation nor, he hoped, anything nearly so important.

After a few weeks and a number of very long-distance calls to California, Nell and the boys returned to the house at Rye.

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And at this point, everyone in the cast heaved a big fat sigh of relief, because Garry had not been himself all during their show. He had tried to give it every- up, to behave as if nothing mattered but his work. But his closest friends will tell you that there was never a more miserable man walking the earth while Nell and the children were away.

"The day they came home," one of Garry's friends says, "Garry bounced back into the house and it was like setting of fireworks. The funeral was over. Brother, I hope that never happens again!"

Had this trouble happened to Garry and Mary only a few years ago, doubt if he would have known quite how to cope with it. He was on a career roller, then. A show brought him to New York, so he flew to New York, while the family held the fort in California. Poor old Garry would soon be in a jiffy, he thought, when a new job would be offered in Holly- wood and he would truthfully book passage for both on the next plane to the Coast. Neither of them knew from month to month where they would live, or where they would try to make a home and raise the children, in some sort of security and peace.

Well, Garry was only thirty-two, then. It's even more difficult when the little kids are suddenly big boys of thirteen and fourteen, and Gage, not respectively. Add to that the fact that their precious privacy is destroyed along with Garry's own anonymity, and there is the fact that Garry might well have "stood in radio." The fact that the Moores can lead a normal, easy-going, cheerful life when the head of the family is suddenly a visual celebrity is due in no small part to Garry's head for work as a businessman instead of as an off-hand, sometime artist, straight-man and emcee, which is what he would have been.

In that old Radio-TV Mirror story about Garry, I reported a typical day of his. I knew how to report it because I spent most of it with him. As we got acquainted in his hotel suite, I realized that he probably hadn't slept that night. He had two or three appointments before the lunch we eventually dined at 3rd Street and, as we returned, he went into a long rehearsal that afternoon as coldly capable as any performer I ever saw. Frankly, I was beat by din- ner time. It was that night, and the other round of appointments, rehearsals, etc.

Today, he catches an early train in Rye, reads today's script on the way, and arrives at ten sharp at his office. 11:20, Clarence Schimmel, Herb Sanford, Shirley Reiser (his right-hand people) and he leave the office. Ten minutes later they are at the Mansfield Theatre on 57th Street.

They rehearse 1:30, showtime 2:00, end of the show. Until 4:00, necessary business, mostly with sponsors. At 4:00, staff shuttles and 5:00, general publicity except on Wednesday nights, businessman Garry Moore catches a train for home.

Five days a week, nothing on weekends.

Back to Nell, to the boat, to Sam the spaniel, to the boys. . . .

It had worried me, this business of how he was to have his three shows, and treat his work as if he were a stockbroker. So I went, one blistering day last fall, to the Mansfield Thea- tre."}

I stood backstage watching him work and he had never had greater charm. His audience of women loved him. It was the peak of the fort before, and he was write- ing shorter. He asked the gals in the audi- ence what they thought of them, and got gratifying reactions. Good pro-and-con stuff.

It's a nervous deal, standing backstage of a show like this. Twice I got hit in the head by the boom—the roving mike that wanders around-stage picking up voices. The first, with a nice, good-looking boy wearing a pair of swimming trunks. It seemed like sensi- tive attire for a stagehand in this theatre, when the temperature was over 100° and the humidity in the nineties.

A moment later I glanced at the moni- tor set, saw a girl singing away under a beach umbrella, and a husky chap flex- ing his muscles in front of her. I glanced hastily at the stage. The girl was indeed sitting there on a stepstool, singing, two stages away, the holding the cloth curtain tight behind her to give the impression of sky and sea, and the boy in the shorts was flexing his muscles like crazy. The "Indian boy," I said, thinking to.

When the number was over in the boy in the swimming trunks came off-stage, wiped his forehead, remarked, "Well, that takes care of Tarzan and left. The start of a really dull time, because they cut and came over to drop a couple of nickels into the Coke machine. And Garry, catching my eye, said, "Hey, wait! I'll get out of there. I've got a show for a pair of two."

Six years ago, Garry took his radio shows as money-making propositions and tried to amuse his audience. It never oc- curred to him to think of what he looked like when he did this. "Good Lord," he says, "I was just a medium-sized guy with a ragged crew-cut, and who cared? No- body."

It is still hard for him to understand why millions of women all over America wish to welcome him into their homes once a week. It is hard for him to believe that his^ kings, the bits, and the Garry skit are a substitute for Arthur Godfrey, while Godfrey was in the hospital.

Garry doesn't consider himself the home correspondent of the typical housewife. On the contrary. However, besides having so many sponsors he doesn't know what to do with them, Garry gets other things. He has a phone, a wire, and in asking him to keep himself muffled up and to avoid drafts.

He gave away a "fixed" skunk on the air. He got a hundred pets to replace it. (Thank goodness, he loves animals.)

"I should like to have an audience to whom he an- nounced, over the phone, that he had just been fired. He explained with all the candor in the world that his network, CBS-TV, had told him he had to replace his present "Gimmick" pro- gram, or they would replace Garry Moore with someone who wasn't so deeply con- cerned with his integrity. Garry thought a lot, as he went to do their work.

They fired him, all right, but one sponsor, Stokely-Van Camp, informed CBS-TV they'd better keep Moore on at least for the time being. Garry had to go to Hollywood, or they'd sue. "So there you are," Garry told his audience. "I'm a mouse who has temporarily swallowed a mountain." His show went on to continue as it was, he went on, they could do two things: write him a letter saying so, and buy Stokely products. "Buy beans till the end of your days. Eat peaches till you slish."

Fourteen thousand letters came that first week. There was the gentle sound of clapping throughout the house. Garry Moore had three new sponsors, with plenty more coming up, and is now completely sold out—with a waiting list of sponsors. Not to mention a "gimmick" pro- gram since.

The show has little skits and songs and gags, but the real show consists of just one man. He delivers very much as he pleases, and a good deal of what he does fits within the general pattern of a very elastic script. The day I watched from backstage, they had cut a complete skit during rehearsal five minutes, an hour of the time, because Garry decided it was bad. He simply talked through the blank space. (When this happens, incidentally, no performer loses out, because Garry is always ready with that minute change of mind, which cannot be said of many other top shows.)

As far as his audience was concerned, that tune upon his every word as if her improvisation had been rehearsed and planned.

This kind of attention from his audience is new to him. He says that when he was asked to Garry responded, "Yes, sir, I say, it, respects it. But, according to his as- sociates, it isn't always pure public rela- tions that motivates him. The outfit finds a thiteen, and that, if Garry and a business manager looks at and then cries over. Garry just can't resist reading his fan mail, and when he finds something that is his, his heart goes out. He who can't read, picking up a phone and saying, "Aw gee. Now what we gonna do about that?" The call is usually to a distant city. This isn't part of public relations, Garry really feels he might be of help.

Well, there we have him, this Moore man. A guy who insists the public is a problem in his private life, and who still can't seem to find time to be a decent human. A guy who will protect the privacy of his personal life to the bitter end, then explain a rift in it before a TV audience.

And a lot about Garry after six years and see if he had changed. The answer is yes.

I have to be honest, so I won't say he has changed. He is just a guy who, with all the other things he has to do, has to do it. I have been told that the one thing Garry Moore has never had is some happiness that success is supposed to bring, but, in the process of acquiring success, Garry Moore has become a mature, under- standing human being.

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