TV RADIO MIRROR

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STORIES:

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MIRROR'S  N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

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at teenagers really want to know!

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of the George Gobel Show

CARMEL QUINN
Godfrey's Songbird

BOB CUMMINGS
Blessed Event

HERB NELSON
The Brighter Day
Now be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

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WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

In hairdos, today's look is the soft look, and Procter & Gamble's wonderful new pin-curl home permanent is especially designed to give it to you. A PIN-IT wave is soft and lovely as a pin-curl set, never tight and kinky. PIN-IT is so wonderfully different. There's no strong ammonia odor while you use it or left in your hair afterwards. It's easy on your hair, too, so you can use it more often. And PIN-IT is far easier to give. You can do it all by yourself. Just put your hair up in pin curls and apply PIN-IT's Waving Lotion. Later, rinse and let dry. With self-neutralizing PIN-IT, you get waves and curls where you want them... no resetting needed... a permanent and a set in one step. For a wave that looks soft and lovely from the very first day and lasts weeks and weeks—try PIN-IT!

Perfect for new, softer hair styles
... gives you that lovely picture-pretty look!

PIN-IT BY PROCTER & GAMBLE... for the curl of your dreams...

look for it in the smart gold-foil package
Small-fry experts at work...testing NEW IPANA — the best-tasting way to fight decay

Here's a break for the sub-sub deb set: the tooth paste that's so wonderful for their teeth now has a brand-new flavor! It's minty and marvelous — invites pint-size experts to brush often (the best way to save pretty teeth).

And new Ipana with bacteria-fighter WD-9 gives extra protection to precious teeth. This new formula destroys decay bacteria measurably better than any other leading tooth paste . . . even better than fluoride!

So with every happy brushing, your family's teeth get Ipana's extra protection . . . the pleasantest way — good reason to change to Ipana today! It's at all toiletry counters in the yellow and red-striped carton.

**New-Formula IPANA®**

WITH BACTERIA-DESTROYER WD-9

Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulphate).
adds egg-stra sparkle to your hair!

See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky... so manageable! Conditions any hair. That's the magic touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! Try it! 29¢, 59¢, $1.

JULY, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR
N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

VOL. 44, NO. 2

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Cover portrait of Peggy King by Elmer Holloway (NBC-TV)

buy your August copy early • on sale July 5
DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

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Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!
Everyone Goes for

"Sir Silken Speech" becomes silent and pensive as he relaxes over a game of chess, one of his many favorite pastimes.

After 31 years in broadcasting
Norman Brokenshire, the man of many firsts, continues to delight audiences with his wit, charm and versatility

Harry Snow, Broke, and Jett MacDonald join talents on WRCA-TV to present a happy fare of comedy and music.
Nowadays, around the WRCA-TV studios in New York, everyone is talking about "The New Norman Brokenshire," WRCA-TV viewers. However, know it's the same Norman Brokenshire—king of the ad-lib—of radio fame, and the "new" applies to his hour-long funnest, The Norman Brokenshire Show, seen daily at 1 P.M. Aided by the talents of beautiful Jett MacDonald and handsome Harry Snow, "Broke" presents a round of songs and comedy sketches, strums on his ukulele, and dances everything from a schottische to a Highland fling—all of which are spiced with his incomparable charm and wit... From the beginning, Broke's audience and fan mail have been growing by leaps and more leaps, which is only natural for the man who holds a record of firsts in broadcasting. Some of these include broadcasting the first program from a plane in flight, first to announce a horse race, first free-lance announcer, and instigator of the radio serial. The latter occurred back in 1924 when—owing to bad weather, a scheduled act failed to appear at air time—announcer Brokenshire in desperation grabbed a book of short stories and read to the unseen audience. When the entertainer finally arrived, Broke stopped at the crucial point of a story and spoke those now-famous words: "Tune in tomorrow to find out what happens..." Not only did listeners tune in the next day, but for many days after, to hear what became a regular series of short-story readings by Broke... In addition to gaining fame as a special-events announcer, Broke became a commercial announcer of the highest order, appearing with such radio immortals as Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby, Will Rogers and Major Bowes... Born in Murcheson, Canada, young Mr. Brokenshire served in the U.S. Infantry prior to crashing radio, in 1924, via Station WJZ. One of his first friends was the station manager's secretary, Broke well remembers his first date with Eunice: lunch in Central Park. Romantic, perhaps—but also practical for the struggling young announcer. Before long, Broke was dictating his scripts to Eunice, who typed them up on her boss's time. "This became such a valuable service," Broke confesses, "I couldn't afford to lose it, so I married her." Today, Broke and Eunice share two homes: A comfortable penthouse apartment in New York and a wonderful home on Long Island. Broke's weekday hideaway is the penthouse. "It's exactly what I've always wanted," he says. "There's a wonderful view of the river and a delightful breeze in the summer." Broke lives for the weekends when he can spend all his time at his other home on Lake Ronkonkama. Twenty-two years ago, Broke fell in love with the site and determined to build a house there—which he literally did, mostly by himself. He still enjoys "fiddling and fixing things at home," and is also handy in the kitchen, though he defers to Eunice, who has written two cookbooks. Broke's favorite "original" recipe is French Fried Liver, which is prepared by cutting liver in strips, rolling in a mixture of curry powder, pepper and salt, and frying in butter... When Broke began his present TV show, he succumbed to his cautious nature and decided to rely on a tele-prompter rather than ad-lib in his inimitable style. But, on the very first show, he discovered the prompter was too far away—and he had to ad-lib. This has proved to be the best, because it has always been his warm, friendly naturalness, his great "gift of gab," that have made millions "go for Broke."
Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Soft Talk" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

**NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS HERE!**

These hairdos were made with Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for softly feminine hairstyles

Now your hair can be as soft and natural-looking as the hairdos shown here. Just give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

A Bobbi looks soft and natural from the very first day. Curls and waves are exactly where you want them—wonderfully carefree for weeks. Pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special lotion. A little later rinse with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away your hair has the beauty, the body of naturally wavy hair.


With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this bewitching new "La Femme" hairdo.

Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi gives you the kind of carefree curls needed for this gay "Satin Sweep" hairdo.

Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Honeycomb" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.
STEVE ALLEN’S
TURNTABLE

Well, spring has sprung, so before you take off for summer romance and fun, let’s give a listen to some new records.

“Play Me Hearts and Flowers” was a big hit for Johnny Desmond, and now Coral has used it as the title for a new album by Johnny. The Desmond croon style comes across fine on such new tunes as “I’m So Ashamed,” “A Woman’s Loveliest When She Is Loved,” “If I Could Only Tell You,” and “Wayward Wife,” among others. For good measure, Johnny has tossed in some of his recent single releases—“My Own True Love,” “Song from Desires,” “The High and the Mighty,” and of course, “Hearts and Flowers.”

Eddie Fisher’s new twosome is most timely, to say the least—“Heart,” and “Near You”—because this is the month he and Debbie Reynolds plan to hear wedding bells. Both tunes are from the new Broadway musical, “Darn Yankees,” and either side could be another Fisher classic. Victor must think so, too, as they have already shipped a half-million copies to record stores.

Patti Page has waxed “Near to You” also, but the backing—“I Love to Dance with You”—sounds more like the big side for Patti. She uses her familiar multipurpose gimmick on it, and to excellent effect. (Mercury)

Columbia is releasing a big special album, “Love Me or Leave Me,” starring Doris Day, who also stars in the M-G-M musical movie of the same name. It’s the love story of Ruth Etting, the famous popular singer of early radio and recording days, who is now retired. In the album, Doris sings all the tunes she does in the picture, including such all-time favorites as “It All Depends on You,” “At Sundown,” “Mean to Me,” “You Made Me Love You,” and the title song, natch, Percy Faith, who also scored the movie, conducts.

Columbia is also issuing an album of original recordings done by Ruth Etting, with some of the same tunes, made about a quarter of a century ago.

Here’s “Love Me or Leave Me” again, this time in the Billy Eckstine style, assisted by Lou Brin’s orchestra and the Pied Pipers vocal group. On the reverse, Billy sings “Only You,” giving it the slight rhythm-and-blues treatment, but still managing to retain the flavor of a ballad, which is a neat trick these days. (M-G-M)

Les Paul and Mary Ford don’t have to worry much about trends, as their individual style of recording does right well by them. On their latest, the Mr. and Mrs. Guitar team do a beat thing called “Genuine Love” and the plaintive “No Letter Today,” which is sort of a country-Western classic. (Capitol)

Two more original-cast albums of Broadway musical comedies are coming out any minute, courtesy of Victor. The first is the complete score of “Darn Yankees,” which stars Gwen Verdon and Stephen Douglas, and the second is “Three for Tonight,” with Marge and Gower Champion and Harry Belafonte.

Rosemary Clooney lends her pretty voice to “Love Among the Young,” one of the loveliest ballads of the year, and it should be a lovely hit for Rosie. On the coupling she does “A Touch of the Blues” and, in her own words, “I picked this one just to prove I can still swing a tune.” And does she! (Columbia)

“In the Wee Small Hours” is the title of a new album by Frank Sinatra, and a wonderful title it is for the collection of torch standards he sings—in excellent voice, too, by the way. There are sixteen songs in all, including such favorites as “Just One of Those Things,” “Mood Indigo,” “The Glad to Be Unhappy,” “Deep in a Dream,” “I See Your Face Before Me,” “Can’t We Be Friends?” and “I Get Along Without You Very Well.” Lush arrangements and fine orchestral backing by Nelson Riddle. (Capitol)

Betty Madigan, the little singer who started off in high gear on records with her “Joey” hit, continues to move right along in the vocal sweepstakes. She does a fine job on her latest release of two pretty ballads, “I Had a Heart” and “Wonderful Words,” accompanied by Joe Lipman’s orchestra. (M-G-M)

Evdie Gorin and Steve Lawrence, two of the singing youngsters on my Tonight show, who often record together, have come up with what I think is their best offering to date. Steve and Evdie give the rhythm treatment to the new tune called “Close Your Eyes” and back it up with an old favorite, “Besame Mucho,” done in a Latin tempo. Dick Jacobs conducts on both. (Coral)

Speaking of Tonight, I’m happy that so many of you folks liked my album, and I’m also pleased that Coral is releasing a single record of the song “Tonight,” done by that talented baritone, Buddy Greco. Capitol has signed the cute little French singer, Line Renaud, and they’re mighty excited about her first record, “If I Love,” a ballad, and “Pam-Pou-De,” a music-hall type of thing. Both tunes, by the way, were written by Line’s husband, Louis Gaste, who is one of France’s best-known composers and guitarists. Line is the gal Bob Hope discovered in Paris; she appeared with Hope on his TV show.

Sammy Davis, Jr. has only been in the record big-time for little over a year, but he has become increasingly popular as a wax personality. And now Decca has put together an album called “Starring Sammy Davis, Jr.” It includes some of his previously released singles, such as “Hey There,” “Birth of the Blues,” and “This Is My Beloved,” as well as some well-known standards, “Easy to Love,” “September Song,” “My Funny Valentine,” “Because of You,” “Lonesome Road,” and “Stan’ Up an’ Fight” (from “Carmen Jones”).

James Brown, otherwise known as Lieutenant Rip Masters of the Rin Tin Tin TV show, has made his second record following his successful debut with “Davy Crockett.” James sings “The Berry Tree,” the big song from the movie, “Many Rivers to Cross.” Adults as well as the kids should like this one. On the coupling he does a straight ballad, “I Lost When I Found You.” (M-G-M)

Speaking of Davy Crockett, the lad has been such a click that Columbia is issuing the original Davy Crockett stories—as performed on the Disneyland TV series, with Fess Parker, Buddy Ebsen and George Bruns’ orchestra—“Davy Crockett Goes to Congress,” “Davy Crockett, Indian Fighter,” and “Davy Crockett at the Alamo.”

The complete soundtrack of the musical score from the M-G-M musical, “Interpreted Melody,” has been put into album form by M-G-M Records. The movie is the life story of the famous operatic personality, Marjorie Lawrence—whose active career ended when she became crippled and was confined to a wheelchair—with Eleanor Parker playing the Lawrence role. Also in the movie, and on the album, are Glenn Ford, Roger Moore and Cecil Kellaway. However, Eleanor Parker’s “voice” is dubbed, and beautifully so, by the well-known soprano, Eileen Farrell. The musical emphasis is on light-classical selections, but there are some popular songs included as well. Walter Ducloux conducts the M-G-M Studio Symphony and chorus.

Well, it’s time to go, and speaking of life stories in the movies, I’m about to leap to Hollywood to try my luck with “The Benny Goodman Story” at Universal-International. A musical, natch. See you next month.
Mary Wilson keeps the airlines and airwaves buzzing—in a plane, or as WPTZ’s gracious, vivacious “first lady”

THOUSANDS of viewers within sight and sound of Philadelphia’s Station WPTZ know Mary Wilson as the charming hostess of Pots, Pans And Personalities—the show that combines Mary’s famous recipes with zesty dashes of music and personality interviews. Seen Monday, Tuesday and Friday at 2:30 P.M., the show also features singing-comedian Jack Wilson (no relation), who joins Mary in feting the entire membership of a woman’s club on each program. . . . Well over a thousand requests for recipes come Mary’s way each week. But, as housewives walk to the corner to mail these letters, many would be surprised to know that the jet plane zooming by overhead might very well be piloted by the same Mary Wilson. Jets are new to Mary, who is the second woman ever to pilot one. But flying itself is a long-time hobby and the blonde, gray-eyed TV hostess has more than 50,000 flying miles to her credit. Her instructor is her husband, Gill Robb Wilson, editor and publisher of Flying Magazine. Mary boasts that she was able to land a plane the first time she tried flying one, but she adds that a perfect landing is something she hasn’t achieved—“yet.” . . . Mary has cooked for some of the world’s most famous people, including President Eisenhower—to whom she served “baked beans made from scratch and baked all day.” Last St. Patrick’s day, Mary wanted to talk with Premier John A. Costello of Ireland and so, as casually as most women go to market, Mary flew to Dublin, recorded the interview, then flew back . . . After graduating from Rider College in Trenton, Mary spent six years in the business world, rising from secretary to vice-president of a large Newark department store. She met her husband while he was a Presbyterian minister in Trenton. They were married in 1931. Their daughter and two grandchildren live in California, but this distance means little to the flying Wilsons. . . . Mary and Gill share a modern Philadelphia apartment, which boasts of 950-square-foot oil painting. The color pink is used throughout the five-room apartment, even to the ironing-board cover and the bird-cage cover. In her spare time, Mary plays golf, does little-theater acting and, of course, cooks. Mostly though, Mary Wilson likes heading skyward—in the very same direction as her popularity rating with Station WPTZ viewers.
“Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” says Joan Crawford. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin ... foams into rich lather, even in hardest water ... leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America’s most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries—it Beautifies!

Joan Crawford

starring in

“FEMALE ON THE BEACH”

A Universal-International Picture
The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

She's the belle of the beach... even the waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl you think it's impossible to be... (you're wrong!) She's the girl who never slips into a bathing suit or summer dress, pair of slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex Panty Brief!

Introducing the New Playtex High Style Panty Brief

And now, newer than new, and waiting for you is the Playtex High Style Panty Brief! Magically slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside, and a lovely non-roll top. Comfortable, flexible... and not a seam, stitch or bone to show through—anywhere! Washes in seconds, dries quickly, and works miracles—no matter what your size.

Look for Playtex® High Style Panty Brief in the slim tube in department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

And for extra control, the famous Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief with hidden “finger” panels. Only $6.95. The bra on the wall is the new Playtex Living! Bra”... “custom-contoured” of elastic and nylon. $3.95

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
RACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble’s efforts to forget her husband’s involvement with actress Elise Shephard has plunged her into a difficult situation with Hollywood producer Malcolm Devereaux, who has promised her a starring career in movies. Believing Malcolm’s promises are prompted by his love for her, Mary refuses his offers, but she is unprepared for the clever device by which he hopes to separate her completely from Larry. NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY New Hope project for erecting a great Youth Center has led the Reverend Richard Dennis down some dangerous byways and into some strange company. Just what is the situation between Lydia Herrick and her brother-in-law, Don Herrick, the temperamental architect who may—or may not—plan the Center? Will Lucius Devereaux regret sponsoring him? Or will Dr. Dennis be able to help still another troubled soul? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Ever since her meeting with dynamic Jim Gavin, Maggie Marlowe has been unable to regain the tranquillity she sought so eagerly. Now the death of Jim’s estranged wife has opened a new chapter of heartache for Maggie—heartache and perhaps other emotions as well. Although she cannot deny her strong feeling for Jim, will this latest tragedy stand in the way of any future happiness they wish to share? NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR’S WIFE An unexpected problem enters the Palmers’ lives when young Dr. Fred Conrad falls in love with Julie. But the difficult, spoiled young girl who loves Fred is hardly the kind to discourage easily. How much of a hand can Julie herself take in turning Fred toward Eileen? And is Dan just a trifle overconfident about his conviction that his young assistant’s feeling for Julie is unfortunate only for Fred himself? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE From the first day of Zach’s friendship with Petey, Laurie knew that she was the kind of girl who means trouble. But not even Laurie anticipated the kind of trouble Petey would bring to her marriage—the trouble that exploded into Zach’s trial for Petey’s murder. Knowing that her husband must be innocent, Laurie begins the tortuous unraveling of Petey’s past. Where do her suspicions lead? NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT In most large communities a woman doctor is no longer an oddity, but in a small town there is still a certain amount of skepticism, and Dr. Eve Allen has had an uphill fight for the acceptance she has finally won. Will an accident for which she is not responsible result in the loss of ground she cannot hope to regain? Can she continue to accept Dr. Stone’s help under the circumstances? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Some time ago Bertha warned her friend, Kathy Lang, that it was a mistake to expect that Dr. Jim Kelly would continue trading his devotion for the careless friendship which is all Kathy has offered. But Kathy cannot forget her former husband, Dick Grant, or her stubborn feeling that despite Dick’s disappearance, there is still something ahead for them. Will she throw happiness away? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS Ever since Lona and Dr. Floyd Corey married, they have met and solved one problem after another in fairly perfect accord. But Lona finds it hard to be patient when Floyd deliberately flouts advice about his own health in order to continue looking after that of his patients. Will he drive himself too far unless Lona insists? And if she does insist, what will happen to their relationship? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Fortunately for Julie Nixon’s peace of mind, orphanage problems for which she is responsible keep her from becoming too intimately involved in the threatened breakup of her cousin Nina’s marriage. Though she knows that the unstable Nina is heading for trouble, Julie has never believed that outsiders, however affectionate and interested, should interfere between man and wife. But what will stop Nina? CBS Radio.

THE INNER FLAME Dorie Lawlor faces the most difficult decision of her life when she agrees to leave town in return for her grandmother’s putting up the money for Walter Manning’s trial. Will three months away from Walter cure Dorie’s love? Does Walter’s wife Portia really believe that she has lost him to Dorie? It’s Portia’s nature to fight—but as a lawyer she knows a hopeless fight when she sees one. CBS-TV.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. As is always the case with older sisters, Joyce feels a big responsibility toward her star-struck young sister Kitty, who thinks she wants to be a dancer instead of marrying the nice young man who has asked her. Will Mike Hill’s sponsorship of Kitty embarrass him? How much of Kitty’s ambition is mere envy of her big sister, whose success as a doctor has not prevented her from developing as a woman? NBC-TV.

JUST PLAIN BILL For a long time Bill Davidson has dedicated himself to helping others, and all of Hartville looks upon him as a man to whom friends can bring their troubles. But as Bill finds that more and more of late he must involve his daughter Nancy and her husband, Kerry Donovan, he begins to wonder if he is justified in allowing danger, which he himself does not fear, to come so close to them. NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle’s long fight to help Lorenzo regain his memory and re-instate their marriage receives a serious setback with the murder of Roger Caxton. Fearful that this tragedy will drive them further apart, Belle accepts the help of Denis Scott, even though she knows that he is in love with her. Will the young writer be true to his promise to help, or has he some other scheme of his own to win Belle herself? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE In a misguided desire to protect Vanessa, Paul Raven has fought desperately to prevent a meeting between (Continued on page 22)
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7158—Easiest stitches (mainly quick cross-stitch and outline) make the prettiest designs ever. Transfer of embroidery motifs; twelve ballet dancers, 5 1/4 to 7 1/4 inches tall; 32 flowers, 1 to 3 inches. 25¢

705—Mom, be thrifty: Use remnants for boy-or-girl play tops and pants. They’re cool and comfortable! Pattern pieces in sizes for 6-month, 1-year, 18-month babies. Transfer of embroidery included. 25¢

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7272—Add a touch of real luxury to your room. Crisp, dainty pineapple-design crochet forms a new and different lacy chair-set. Directions included. 25¢

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874—One hexagon (20 inches diagonally, point to point)—pineapple design—makes a centerpiece; two a scarf; seven a cloth! Crochet a 20-inch hexagon in No. 30 Mercerized cotton; larger in knitting and crochet cotton; smaller in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New

Easier-Faster
CASUAL
PIN-CURL PERMANENT

SET IT!

Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!

Apply CASUAL lotion just once,
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing.
There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...

CASUAL is the word for it... soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

$1.50 PLUS TAX
EARLIER this year, when Alice Jackson was in a hospital with virus pneumonia, her WJAR-TV viewers sent so many cards and letters they had to be brought in to Alice by the basket-full. "The attendants and nurses were amazed," Alice recalls, "and I was, too. I always knew I had a wonderful audience for my television program but their personal interest in my welfare certainly thrilled me." .... This month, Alice marks her fifth year as the star of Let's Go Shopping, seen weekdays at 1 P.M. During this time, her sincere and lively charm have endeared her to Rhode Island viewers, both young and old, male and female. A family program, Alice's half-hour features good buys in clothing and household products, fashion shows, and a guest-room portion where Alice interviews representatives of various community organizations on their up-coming affairs. .... Alice, who attended the University of Hawaii and majored in home economics at Cornell University, served as a dietitian at the Rhode Island School of Design before her entry into radio and then TV. On or off camera, her life is closely allied with the life of her community. Active in church affairs since the age of six, Alice closes her Friday programs with an inspirational message delivered alternately by a minister, priest and rabbi. .... Whenever it is humanly possible, Alice attends the bazaars, entertainments and numerous other events she discusses on her programs. "I don’t like to disappoint anybody," she says seriously. She is a charter member of American Women in Radio and Television and is currently TV director of the New England Chapter of that organization. A member of the Providence Players for the past several years, Alice has served on the "front of the house" committee for eight seasons. "Everything I love is right around me," she says of her home on Providence's historic Benefit Street, "my church, the Players, the art centers." Alice's busy schedule is that of a woman with a zest for life. She loves to travel, and her favorite vacation spot is Block Island. "If I ever decide to leave the States," she says, "I'll go to Hawaii. Why, I've even started to brush up on the uke for my visit there this summer." Wherever she travels, her many WJAR-TV friends wish Alice "Godspeed."
Did you say TOM MOORE?

Yes...it's FLORIDA CALLING!

LISTEN to this...listen every weekday to the MUTUAL program that ships Florida sunshine all over the country—through the sparkling style of its emcee, Tom Moore, and his star performers and musicians. Be at your phone with the right answer to an intriguing question he'll ask you. WIN a 10-day, all-expenses-paid, Florida vacation for two. You'll be glad you listened...glad to be alive...glad of FLORIDA CALLING.

Mondays through Fridays 11:00 to 11:25 NYT
Presented coast to coast by The Florida Citrus Commission
(See local listings for time on your MUTUAL station)

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM—a service of General Teleradio Inc.
What's New from Coast

• By JILL WARREN

Proud parents Dick Van Patten and Pat Poole have their son baptized Richard Nels by Father Scanlon. Dick is Nels on Mama.

Musicomic Victor Borge, a Person To Person grad, punctuates a pet story for Edward R. Murrow at New York's Barberry Room.

Summer brings Julius La Rosa to CBS-TV with his own daily show.

ON JUNE 12, NBC Radio will launch an exciting new program called Monitor, which is reported to be the "last word" in broadcasting. Monitor will be heard continuously from 8 A.M. (Eastern time) Saturday to midnight, Sunday, and will be divided into ten four-hour segments. An elaborate two-way communication system has been devised to pick up interesting and up-to-date reports from roving correspondents throughout this country and Europe. In addition to giving the latest news, sports, weather, local and special features, Monitor will present a wide variety of entertainment—from comedy and drama to music and celebrity interviews. There will even be live pick-ups from NBC's weekend television shows—for example, on Saturday night, Monitor listeners might hear, via radio, part of The George Gobel Show, or on Sunday night, a song by Dean Martin on the Colgate show.

Julius La Rosa is all set to start his thirteen-week summer series on CBS-TV, the night of June 27. Julie will replace Perry Como, Jo Stafford and Jane Froman—with a musical show, of course, to be seen Monday through Friday, for fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, Perry Como is deep in plans for his new hour show, to be seen over NBC-TV. The show is scheduled for Saturday night, opposite Jackie Gleason, and will start some time in September.

Good news for Ethel And Albert fans: The popular domestic comedy will be a part of CBS-TV's summer schedule, replacing the vacationing December Bride series on Monday nights, as of June 20. Peg Lynch, who also writes the show, is Ethel and Alan Bunche plays Albert.
Those Whiting Girls is the name of CBS-TV's brand-new show which will replace I Love Lucy on Monday nights during the warm months. It's a musical-variety half-hour, starring Margaret and Barbara Whiting. This is the first time the sisters have worked together professionally.

The energetic Sid Caesar will be his own summer replacement on NBC-TV—but as a producer, not as a performer. Sid's summer stint will star comedian Phil Foster as a bus driver, and will combine variety along with a story line. In the vocal spotlight will be baritone Bill Hayes, who was formerly featured on Your Show Of Shows, and Bobby Sherwood will be the orchestra leader. Carl Reiner, a familiar performer on Caesar's Hour, will direct the hour-long proceedings which start Monday night, June 27.

CBS Radio has come up with an ambitious new musical show called The Woolworth Hour, featuring Percy Faith's orchestra and chorus and Macdonald Carey as emcee. The theme of this Sunday-afternoon offering is "What's New in Music," and will cover everything from Bach to ballet, swing to grand opera. Weekly guests will include leading personalities from the music world.

Another new tune show which debuted on CBS Radio in April is Disk Derby, heard Tuesday through Friday nights and featuring strictly popular music. Fred Robbins is emcee-disc jockey, and the Norman Paris Trio provides live musical accompaniment for guest artists. On each show, Fred also plays brand-new recordings and the favorites are chosen by studio-audience applause. (Continued on page 20)
Success Story

Would you give us some information about Carl Reiner, the “second banana” on Caesar’s Hour on NBC-TV?
S.Q., Darien, Conn.

“I started at $12 a week and, through my own ingenuity, hard work and perseverance, I ended by making $8 a week.”

This is Carl Reiner’s story of his brief business-world career following his graduation from Evander Childs High School in New York. His show-business career is a more orthodox success story. After eight months of drama school, Carl, at 17, was acting opposite Virginia Gilmore in a little-theater group. . . . In 1942, Carl went into the Army and was stationed in Hawaii when he auditioned for Maurice Evans, who was passing through with his G.I. version of “Hamlet.” After the audition, the company toured the South Pacific with Reiner-written revues and skits. . . . Out of the Army, Carl won a road company lead in “Call Me Mister,” then appeared on Broadway in “Inside U.S.A.” and “Alive and Kicking”—the latter being a musical on which Max Liebman did considerable work. When Liebman became producer-director of Your Show Of Shows, he remembered Carl and hired him. Then, when Caesar and Coca got their own shows, Carl went along with Sid for Caesar’s Hour. . . .

Carl is married to the former Estelle Lebost, an artist, and they live—with their two children, Robbie, 8, and Sylvia Anne, 6—in an apartment in New York. “The Bronx!” Carl says proudly.

What’s Up, Doc?

I would like to know about Richard Boone, who is host on NBC-TV’s Medic.
D.N., Moorhead, Minn.

Richard Boone’s first encounter with show business came after the war when he attended New York’s Neighborhood Playhouse. Before that, the native Californian had been a boxer at Stanford University and the San Diego Army and Navy Academy, spent eighteen months in the oilfields, and operated a charter fishing craft. During the war, he served as a Navy air crewman. . . . At the Playhouse, Richard became interested in modern dance and appeared in three terpsichorean productions. He performed in six new plays in New York and about 150 television shows before heading for Hollywood. His film credits include “The Robe,” “Violent Men,” and “Dragnet.” . . . Coincidentally, at the time Richard was playing the lead in Medic’s pilot film, about a doctor performing a Caesarean section, his own wife was in a Santa Monica hospital giving birth to their first child, also by Caesarean.

Familiar Voice

I seem to remember the voice of Verna Felton, who now appears on CBS-TV’s December Bride, from many former radio programs. What roles did she play on radio?
F.H.T., Levitt, Me.

On radio, Verna Felton was Dennis Day’s mother and Red Skelton’s grandmother. The veteran character actress has also been the voice behind many Walt Disney creations and last season played Dean Bradley on Meet Mr. McNulty.

Sherlock Holmes

Would you tell me about Ronald Howard, who plays the title role in NBC-TV’s Sherlock Holmes series? I love his “so very English” look.
V.P., Kingston, N. Y.

Star Ronald Howard and the Baker Street detective he portrays have several things in common. Both graduated from Cambridge University, where both began to play the violin for their own amusement. Ronald, like Sherlock Holmes, collects books as a hobby and has the same charm and fine sense of humor as the famous detective. Unlike Holmes, Ronald Howard is married and has three children.

. . . Born thirty-six years ago in London, England, Ronald was two years old when he was brought to the United States by his famed actor-father, the late Leslie Howard. At ten, Ronald returned to England, and he has since shuttled between both countries. Before war broke out in 1939, he had worked as a journalist in England. He gave this up to join the Royal Navy for almost seven years and, after the war, resumed his theatrical career with the BBC television in London. Among the films he has appeared in are “Street Corner,” “Queen of Spades,” “Dark Interlude” and “Glad Tidings.” His favorite acting role was as Tom Wrench in the stage play, “Trewanley of the Wells,” and his future acting plans include devoting one full year to acting in Shakespearean roles with England’s Old Vic Company.
Doctor's Treat

Would you give me some information on Patricia Wheel, who plays Peggy Regan on The Guiding Light, on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, and also stars on The Doctor's Wife over NBC Radio?

W.D.F., New Orleans, La.

Slender, dark-haired Patricia Wheel loves commuting between the hospitals on TV and radio, as a nurse in The Guiding Light and as a medic's spouse on The Doctor's Wife. In fact, Pat says, if she weren't already an actress, she'd enter nursing school. In private life, Pat is the newly-wed wife of Eric H. A. Teran, an industrial designer. She has been an actress for nine years—or since the age of fourteen, when she finished school. Determined to be an actress, Pat spent four years, part of the time overseas, as an understudy and in summer stock. She broke into radio on a local station in her native New York. Her Broadway dream came true when she played opposite Jose Ferrer in "Cyrano" and with Maurice Evans in "The Browning Version." Her TV break was a part in an early serial.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not to TV Radio Mirror.

Steve Allen Fan Club, c/o Phyllis Myers, 21 Maxine Pl., Akron 5, Ohio.

Range Riders Fan Club (Jack Mahoney and Dick Jones), c/o Joanne Collins, 3890 Bradley Rd., Westlake, Ohio.

Roy Rogers Fan Club, c/o Sharon Filipa, Rt. 2, Boyceville, Wis.

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

Are you really lovely to love?

Is there an air of freshness about you...always?

A sweet, appealing air of freshness...is yours, always...when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh keeps you free from embarrassing underarm odor and stains. Underarms are dry! For Fresh contains the most highly effective perspiration-checking ingredient now known to science.

When you open the Fresh jar you'll discover...its delicate fragrance...its whiteness, its whipped cream smoothness. Not a trace of stickiness. Not a trace of greasiness. Gentle to skin, too.

For an air of freshness use Fresh Cream Deodorant every day—be sure you are lovely to love, always.

Fresh is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.
Warner Brothers and the American Broadcasting Company have signed a long-term contract which calls for the Warners studios to produce a series of thirty-nine full-hour features solely for television. The weekly series will premiere on ABC-TV September 13 and will be based upon three full-length Warners movies—"King's Row," "Casablanca," and "Cheyenne." Members of the casts have not been announced as yet, but they will undoubtedly include some up-and-coming new personalities.

The reactions to Arthur Godfrey's "mass firing," as it was called in broadcasting circles, have quieted down—at least for the time being. Marion Marlowe is happily fulfilling her contract with Ed Sullivan on Toast Of The Town; The Mariners are busy with their many concert dates; Haledoke is back in the Hawaiian Islands—or due to leave for there any minute; and Arthur's three dismissed writers are now working for Garry Moore. In the middle of all the rumpus, Carmel Quinn, the new Little Godfrey, announced that she had been married for two years to her manager, Bill Fuller, and that they have a baby daughter. (A complete story on Carmel can be found on page 52.)

Meanwhile, a few predictions on the future status of Mr. Godfrey and his friends: Janette Davis will soon forsake her singing chores and will be assigned a production job on the Godfrey shows; Lu Ann Simmons will not return to the Godfrey programs following the birth of her baby in September; and it's only a question of time before the McGoire Sisters and Frank Parker part company with Mr. G. . . . I could be wrong, but we'll see.

This 'n' That:
Songstress Betty Clooney has joined the Robert Q. Lewis cast as a regular member of his Monday-through-Friday TV show and will also be heard on Bob's radio program. Betty took over for Jaye P. Morgan, who left the Lewis leviats to go on a personal-appearance tour.

Dennis James and Old Gold Cigarettes have discontinued their partnership—at least for the time being—but it's strictly a friendly affair. Because he is so busy with his other shows and was doing only commercials for them, Dennis and Old Gold agreed to part company until this fall. Then, Old Gold plans to come up with a show of his own for Dennis, as they consider him one of the best salesmen they ever had.

Eleanor Powell's West Coast show, Faith Of Our Children, may go network soon over ABC-TV. This popular religious program for youngsters won an Emmy Award for the former dancing star, and it would certainly be a welcome addition to the coast-to-coast TV schedule.

Betty Johnson and Dick Noel have been signed as regular vocalists on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. After Johnny Desmond and Eileen Parker left, Don experimented with different singers every week, and has now chosen Betty and Dick for the permanent spots.

Joan Alexander, of The Name's The Same, and her husband, Arthur Stanton, are beefing over the arrival of their first visit from the stork, a baby boy whom they have named Adam. Joan also has an eight-year-old daughter, Jane, by a previous marriage.

Ralph Edwards knows where his paycheck is coming from, for at least the next five years. He has just signed an exclusive contract with NBC for his personal services and for the This Is Your Life series for that length of time.

The sponsors of Mr. Peepers are dropping the show sometime this month, after three years of telecasting. Unfortunately, the ratings have been down, even though the show is still quite popular. Wally Liberace's name on the dotted line means he'll play the dramatic film role of a pianist in "Sincerely Yours" for Jack Warner of Warner Bros.
to Coast

Cox’s future plans are still indefinite at this point, but his producer plans to experiment with a change of format for him. Our Miss Brooks will be a full-length movie soon, with Eve Arden in the star role, of course. Production is set to start this summer, while her popular TV show is off the air.

Steve Allen has added another accomplishment to his many talents—a book, called Steve Allen’s Bop Fables, which is comprised of four hop-talk fairy tales: “Goldilocks and the Three Cool Bears,” “Three Mixed-Up Little Pigs,” “Crazy Red Riding Hood,” and “Jack and the Real Flip Beanstalk.”

Mulling The Mail:

B. B. Pomeroy, O.: Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson have no children of their own, though Faye has a son, Scoop, by her first marriage. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cincinnati, O.; Rin Tin Tin, the dog star, does his own barking on the television show, which is filmed, but on the radio program, actor Frank Milano "imitates" Rin. Mrs. J. J. M., Cheyenne, Wyo.: Les Paul's and Mary Ford's baby was born prematurely but, unfortunately, lived only a few days. Mrs. H. E., Baby- lon, N. Y., and others who asked how to get tickets to TV and radio shows: TV Radio Mirror has no way of obtaining tickets for readers. The best way is to write in advance, directly to the show you want to see, or to the Ticket Department of the network or station broadcasting the program. Miss Y. O'C., Memphis, Tenn.: You are right, Mary Martin's "Peter Pan" production will be repeated by NBC-TV, but not until the coming Christmas season.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Pat Marshall, who until recently sang on the Tonight television show? Pat left the Steve Allen program in order to prepare a night-club act, which is presently being written for her, and she hopes to tour the country during the summer.

Ransom Sherman, one-time popular emcee on the old Club Matinee radio show and on many other programs? Ransom has been operating a magic-gag-gift shop in Hollywood and hasn't been active at all in radio. However, he is doing some TV film work, mainly supplying commercials, some of which he has already shot and which will be shown this fall.

Walter O'Keefe, the well-known quizmaster and emcee, who last appeared as a summer substitute on Two For The Money? Walter has been working on a new night-club act while living in Hollywood, and recently tried it out in California. He hopes to play supper clubs soon and eventually would like to do guest shots on TV.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, I don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so please do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they will not be returned.

When an argument gets hectic, should you—

☐ Tape record it  ☐ Break it up  ☐ Take the loser's side

One man's politics (or ball club or disc collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter—tactfully. Maybe with music; or a funny story; anything to change the subject and save the party from bogging down. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time, as well. For when you choose Kotex*, you're getting the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.

Quick way out of your hero's heart?

☐ Confess you can't cook  ☐ Kiss and tell  ☐ Be a mambro maniac

All those sweet nothings he whispered in her ear, last night . . . all cancelled, in nothing flat! Why? Because today a complete playback reached his blushing ears! Only a chrome dome babbles to her crones. It's a fatal mistake. On certain days, you need make no mistakes about sanitary protection—not with Kotex. For this napkin can be torn on either side, safely; and you get special softness that holds its shape.

Is the longer torso line strictly for—

☐ Beano pole stature  ☐ Chubby contours  ☐ Little middles  ☐Laughs

That long, lean midriff look—got it? Better get with it, especially if your competition's hand-span waisted! Do bending, stretching exercises that pull in your tummy. And of course avoiding greasy or gooey goodies can help whittle your middle. At "that" time, too (even in a slim skirted dress) you can meet all eyes serenely—what with Kotex and those flat pressed ends preventing telltale outlines. Try all 3 sizes of Kotex; learn which suits you.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Made for each other—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! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two . . . for a change!
Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 11)

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENTE
Looking forward at last to the possibility of a future with Gil Whitney, Helen Trent is disturbed by the obvious effort Gil’s secretary, Fay Granville, is making to attract him. And Brett Chapman, watching for every chance to patch up his own broken romance with Helen, may succeed in convincing her that she cannot possibly make the right decision concerning Gil. Will Helen turn to Brett once again? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY
As a result of Bill’s fight against the narcotics racket in Springfield, both he and Rosemary have received threats that have disturbed Bill more than he will admit. Rosemary, meanwhile, knows she is complicating life by her increasing attachment for little Betsy, niece of her neighbor, Diane Thompson. Just who and what is Betsy’s father, Ray Calder? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW
When Nathan Walsh was defending her on a murder charge, nothing was further from Joanne’s mind than the fact that she was the confessed and contrived murderer. Even during that time, she could not have imagined that she and Nathan could form parts of a triangle from which she might be excluded altogether. Now, Arthur Tate, the third Will Nathan be able to keep Arthur, his best friend, from learning how she feels about Joanne? Will Stu and Marge Bergman, in their affectionate efforts to help, make everything much worse before it’s better? CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND
The many problems that beset a remarried widow are complicated for Diane Lockwood by the resentment her children feel for her husband, Wayne. Though Ted and Mimi love their mother and wish for her happiness, they cannot bring themselves to accept completely Wayne’s position as their stepfather. Will their jealousy and lack of cooperation be a serious handicap to this new marriage? CBS Radio.

SECOND MRS. BURTON
In order to provide his autocratic mother with interests that will take her mind off the Herald, so that he can run it as he sees fit, Simon concoctes Stella that he has received a letter from Peter’s daughter, Susan, who has some ideas of her own. CBS-TV.

THE SECRET STORM
The hatred of his frustrated sister-in-law has finally trapped Peter Ames in a more serious dilemma than he believed she was capable of creating. With Pauline’s social and financial influence turning the whole town against him, Peter’s hopes for reinstating his good name seem dim indeed. But Joe Sullivan, the young reporter who is so much attracted to Peter’s daughter Susan, has some ideas of his own. CBS-TV.

Matched Talc and Toilet Water! ...

...Co-Stars in the fragrance used by more women than any other in the world! Created to keep you delightfully cool all through the summer months, these Evening in Paris Co-Stars are available at cosmetic counters everywhere.

For limited time only!

BOURJOS—Created in France ... Made in U.S.A.

Daily Diary

Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 11)

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For limited time only!

BOURJOS—Created in France ... Made in U.S.A.
Dexter and her son, Stanley Warlick. Can Stella prove that Ada Dexter is insane? NBC Radio.

**THIS IS NORA DRAKE** With the confession of Dan Welch that he murdered Fred Molina, Nora feels that her debt to the past is in some measure paid, and that now she must force herself to accept her doctor’s advice and make new friends to take the place of her dead husband. David Brown is more than ready to aid in this project, but Nora soon realizes this young man is not quite what he seems. Will David’s sister let Nora in on the mystery? CBS Radio.

**VALLANT LADY** It was shock enough for Helen Emerson to learn that her love for Chris Kendall was hopeless because he had a wife in a mental home. More upsetting to both is the sudden news that Linda, long considered beyond recovery, has made such strides that she may become an out-patient. How will Chris make a home for his young son under these circumstances? How will Helen weather the shocking news from her daughter Diane? CBS Radio.

**WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS** Wendy’s job as editor of her hometown paper is big enough to take up all her energies, but she cannot help finding time—more and more of it—for the charming Dr. Dalton and his even more beguiling little daughter Gretel. Will Gretel’s devotion to Wendy lead to great unhappiness for the child? Or does she suspect something that the grownups are a long way from realizing? CBS Radio.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** The long, hard fight to defend Harry on a bribery charge gets off to a brave start, for Joan Davis cannot believe that anyone who knows her husband could imagine for a moment that he might be guilty. But gradually she and Harry learn the full extent of the opposition and begin to suspect how far-reaching is the plan of which Harry has become one of the earliest victims. How will they fight this unfamiliar enemy? ABC Radio.

**THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** As Jessie Carter knows, bringing up a family requires a variety of talents. Over the years she has done a pretty good job of exercising them all. But perhaps the most important one has only been called upon since her children have grown up—the ability to point out to them when the time is right for them to stand on their own feet. Will she discover that some of them are not able to do it? NBC Radio.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** The one person in whom Jill Malone confides these days is David, and now that he is legally her adopted brother her father, Dr. Jerry Malone, hopes he will have more influence with her. For if someone doesn’t change Jill’s resentful attitude toward her stepmother, Tracey, there will be trouble, and Jerry feels helpless to avoid it. What happens when Jill inadvertently finds a weapon in Tracey’s past? CBS Radio.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** Knowing that her husband, Dr. Anthony Loring, is still in love with Ellen Brown, whom she tricked him into jilting, Millie Loring lays a complicated plan to discredit Ellen. But the plan backfires in such a way that Anthony himself is seriously involved, and in order to save her marriage Millie Loring finds herself working for Ellen’s happiness by promoting her marriage to Michael Forsythe. NBC Radio.

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**Get ready for summer with this extra special offer**

**Helene Curtis spray net**

---

No other hair spray holds a wave in place so softly yet so surely...no other hair spray manages your hair so naturally. And now laboratory tests show that Helene Curtis spray net is one hair spray that’s never, never sticky. No wonder so many millions of women insist on genuine Helene Curtis spray net.

Now when you need spray net most (remember summer’s wilting weather is all but here) Helene Curtis brings you a spray net Special that takes care of all your hair care problems. Both hair spray and shampoo for only $1.25, plus tax. Don’t wait another minute for your Bonus Package.
new bareness in bathing suits

old friend in Tampax

Tampax really is an old friend to millions of girls who throng the pools and beaches during the Summer. They've learned that no matter how scanty the bathing suit is, Tampax can't possibly "show." In fact (because Tampax is internal sanitary protection), it doesn't absorb any water when you swim.

Even without the boon of swimming, however, Tampax would still be the ideal hot weather protection. It does away with bulky, irritating, chafing pads, and substitutes pure surgical cotton...firmly stitched cotton that's so soft and comfortable, you can't even feel it when it's in place.

Tampax has other advantages that make it appeal especially to fastidious women. There's no disposal problem, for example. Wearer's hands needn't even touch the Tampax during insertion or removal. And there's no odor problem!...Get your choice of 3 absorbency sizes of Tampax (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

New Patterns for You

9120—Juniors: Note the flattering neckline, contrast inset in bodice, whirling skirt, open-side jacket. Jr. Miss Sizes 11-17. Size 13 dress, 3½ yards 35-inch fabric; ½ yard contrast; jacket 1 yard. 35¢

4523—Half-sizes: Keep cool in this easy-to-sew, easy-to-slip-into style. Cut to fit the shorter, fuller figure. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 1½ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

9146—It's a beachcoat for surf-time, an apron for cleanup time. See the big handy pockets, tabbed-to-nip waistline. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 2½ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.
FEATHER YOUR NEST
Contest Winners

Here they are! The twenty-five lucky—and clever—winners of TV RADIO MIRROR's exciting Feather Your Nest Contest, along with the prizes they won. Pictured below is the handsome grand prize—the Circle "D" living room. The Editors wish to thank those contestants who expressed their enjoyment of the contest—and of TV RADIO MIRROR.

FIRST PRIZE
Circle "D" Living Room

24 RUNNERS-UP
Morgan Jones Bedspread
Mrs. John Jeskey, R.D. 1, Amsterdam, O.
Mrs. Charles Lamich, 726 40th St., Kenosha, Wis.
Mrs. Joseph Sobczak, 715 Wayne Ave., West Reading, Pa.
Mrs. Gordon H. Smith, 32 E. Austin St., Duluth, Minn.
Mrs. Frances Burns, 116 Oak St., Bath, Me.
Eloise D. Greene, 2604 Indiana St., Topeka, Kans.
Mrs. Stewart P. Crowell, 11 Mt. Vernon St., Reading, Mass.
Mrs. Charles Godshall, 136 Branch St., Sellersville, Pa.

Sight Light Floor Lamp
Mrs. Virginia A. Hahn, R.D. 1, Kirk Rd., Canfield, O.
Mrs. Richard Horr, Box 291, Monticello, Minn.
Mrs. Kathleen Duncan, 3939 S. Delaware St., Englewood, Colo.
Mrs. Anna Kutz, 2548 S. Bronson Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mrs. Ruth E. Rose, 517 Rollstone St., Fitchburg, Mass.
Nona Weber, 909 W. Iowa St., Evansville, Ind.
Mrs. William Mundhenk, R.F.D. 4, Box A34, Kingston, N. Y.
Mrs. R. Probst, 2228 Kitley St., Indianapolis, Ind.

16-Piece Stangl Ware Set
Mrs. Fritz Schoeb, R.R. 2, Douglass, Kans.
Marjorie H. Guiles, Mulberry Pt., Guilford, Conn.
Mrs. Myra Todd, 311 Christopher St., Warrensburg, Mo.
Mrs. Margaret Brown, 143 Rutgers St., Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Orison M. Weaver, 610 Ada Dr., Ada, Mich.
Mrs. Donald Odom, 816 14th St., Onawa, Iowa.

Winner's choice: Circle "D" living room in sturdy ranch-style chestnut oak.
At Twenty, Robert C. McAllister is the sort of older brother any youngster might wish for. His head is filled with games, funny stories and magic tricks. He has a happy-go-lucky cowboy puppet named Chauncey DePue, who has a penchant for practical jokes. Another puppet, Seymore the Snake, lives in a basket, sings with Bob, Chauncey and their young friends, and changes the words of popular songs to include his favorite expression: "Yok, Yok." And Bob has just created a new puppet, Prunella the Plunger—a man-chasing spinster who will probably drive Chauncey to fulfill his pet threat: "I'll sock you right in the nose." . . . Happily for Virginia youngsters, Bob plays older brother-magician-ventriloquist-emcee on the Bob And Chauncey Show, seen weekdays at 6 P.M. on Station WVEC-TV. The show has a Western motif and more than 10,000 youngsters from the ages of three to fifteen belong to Bob's Ranch House Club. . . . Born June 2, 1935, in Philadelphia, Bob went to Granby High in Norfolk and then to the Richmond Professional School. His high school assembly programs led to appearances at charity affairs and then to professional dates. Bob's big break came during a visit to New York when he stood in front of the big window of the NBC-TV studio, where Today is televised, and casually chatted with Chauncey. Dave Garloway noticed the interest he was creating and invited Bob and Chauncey inside for a TV interview. Then, with the help of the people involved in the Today show, auditions were arranged for Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour, where Bob and Chauncey became two-time winners. Next came a radio program on Richmond's WRVA and then, a year ago, their present show on WVEC-TV. . . . Bob lives quietly with his parents in a ranch-type home on Shenandoah Avenue in Norfolk. The house is filled with comic gadgets such as a squirting telephone, dribble glasses and ice cubes with bugs in them. Bob loves to amaze youngsters and oldsters with his magic tricks, double-talk and gimmicks, and visitors never fail to laugh when, with Bob's assistance, his cocker spaniel Taffy says "Hello" to them or suddenly declares, "I'm hungry!" . . . Vice-president of the Local Ring of International Brotherhood of Magicians and the Children's Magic Organization, Bob recently won a trophy for the "Best Comedy Magic and Ventriloquist Act" at the Convention of Magicians Alliance of Eastern States. From all indications, Bob's thousands of young viewers delightedly second the verdict of the professionals.

WVEC-TV's Bob McAllister finds his greatest happiness in entertaining the young in years and young at heart.

Costumes of Faraway Places was just one of Bob's contests for his studio audience.

Director Don Kreger and Bob confer with Seymore the Snake on the day's enchantment for their WVEC viewers.

Bob hardly can get a word in edgewise as he relaxes at home with Chauncey and his cocker spaniel Taffy.
It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new High-Chroma Formula gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Coral you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni.

Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.
at last!

A LIQUID SHAMPOO

that's EXTRA RICH!

IT'S LIQUID PRELL

FOR

'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather . . . rinses like lightning . . . is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satiny soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!

JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!

Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery . . . some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair...

now available 2 ways:

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle! And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family . . . won't spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes further!
A Family to Cherish

Laurel Ann is the newest little Cummings—and were Bob and Mary glad she wasn’t susceptible to measles!

Bob Cummings is a most unpredictable man. He began life as a poor farm boy, son of a small-town doctor in Joplin, Missouri...and today he’s internationally famous as a star of many motion pictures and his own Bob Cummings Show over NBC-TV. He first wanted to become an aeronautical engineer, studying at Carnegie Tech...then suddenly found that he was an aspiring young actor, studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. His public knows him best...
A Family to Cherish
(Continued)

Foreground: Sharon Patricia, Mary Melinda, Mary—and "Emmy." Background: Bob—who brought "Emmy" home.

Professionally, as well as personally, Bob always values Mary's advice—particularly when it comes to scripts.

Bob Cummings gets far more attention from his young ones as a companionable father than as a famous actor.

as a light-hearted comedian, in his regular TV role of happy-go-lucky Hollywood photographer Bob Collins ... but he won this year's "Emmy" Award from the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for his powerful performance in a deadly serious drama, "Twelve Angry Men," on Studio One.

Unpredictable as always, Bob appreciates this honor from the bottom of his heart, but talks about it in the typically light-hearted manner his public knows so well. "Up until now," he grins, "I've been the most successful failure in Hollywood—never on anybody's list or recommended for anything. They used to say about me, 'Oh, he's a nice fella, a pretty good actor'—but that was all. So, when I got the telegram from the Academy announcing my nomination for the award, I was flabbergasted. And then to sit there the night of the awards—and win—well, that was inconceivable!"

Busy in Hollywood, Bob hadn't even been sure he wanted to take time off for the Studio One performance in New York. "It was a tough part," he recalls, "and I knew I'd really have to put myself out to do it. At that time, I looked on it as a 'one-shot.' It would probably cost me money to take the role. After all, I'd have to be in New York for ten days. And, by the time you travel back and forth, and pay the hotel bills, there isn't much left from the check.

"Then my wife, Mary, got hold of the script. 'It's good,' she said. 'It could be great. You've got to do it.'"

Mary's encouragement means a lot to Bob, and he has never really shirked any opportunity to keep even busier than he already is. From childhood days on the Missouri farm, his philosophy (Continued on page 90)

The Bob Cummings Show, over NBC-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes.
Family stroll outside the house which Bob and Mary planned with such loving care for their children's protection.

Safety first: They all learn to swim—and to drive. That's young Robert Cummings at the wheel of the miniature car.
Lovebirds: Peggy and her husband Knobby Lee with their pets, including "Mr. McGoo," the dog. Peggy and Knobby practice music together, but Knobby does the gardening—and both love that tomato sauce which started Peggy's success!
Peggy King rose from heartbreak and hardship to find her own Prince Charming—and The George Gobel Show

By GORDON BUDGE

Hard-bitten cynics may sneer, "There aren’t any Cinderellas nowadays," but this is one subject of which George Gobel himself would never say: "You can’t hardly get them no more!" There’s a real Cinderella, right on The George Gobel Show—his featured singer, Peggy King, just five-feet tall, red-haired, green-eyed, and prettier than even a fairy princess has a right to be.

The original Cinderella used a pumpkin on her road to fame, and a glass slipper pointed her way to happiness. Peggy King used a can of tomato sauce, and it was her magic voice which opened the palace doors. But Cinderella and Peggy started out with two things very much in common: They were both poor—and they both believed in "dreaming beyond your means."  

The George Gobel Show, NBC-TV, three Saturdays out of four, 10 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Armour & Co. and Pet Milk Co.

George Gobel hired Peggy for his show before they’d ever met, but it proved a happy decision for them both.

Record fans: Trumpeter Knobby, of the Liberace band, chooses Harry James—but singer Peggy holds out for musical comedy. Below, right: Peggy with her parents, who had the loving faith (if not the money) to help her dreams come true.
Live up to your Dreams

Phonorama Time gets a royal welcome from Johnny's fans everywhere—like these eager autograph-seekers at Mary Louis Academy, Jamaica, N. Y. Gathered around the piano before that broadcast, left to right: Tommy Leonetti, singer; Anita Stenz and Barbara Lamberta; Johnny; Lois Thompson, Irene Lounzen, Annamarie Lamberta, and Bill Silbert, popular deejay of WABC.

Johnny Desmond learned—the hard way—how to be a guiding star to teenagers, on Phonorama Time

Above, some very special entertainment by Bill Silbert, Johnny, songstress Dolores Hawkins and Tommy Leonetti. At right, a personal interview by Jane Marik, student editor, at the Mary Louis Academy.
By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE HIGH SCHOOL press conference was cool, hot or groovy, depending upon one's age, ear, or addiction to jive. By their eager questions, Philadelphia's teen-age reporters were letting Johnny Desmond know: "We dig you the most." And, by his frank answers, Johnny was returning the compliment.

Speaking with that technical knowledge which makes so many young people music experts today, they talked of pop tunes and classics, LP's and hi-fi. They analyzed the styles of singers and sidemen. They exchanged opinions about what music business calls "r & b"—rhythm and blues—and about "c & w," which means "country and western."

Things were rolling, man, rolling, for the moment was just right—at this historic conference—for these youthful reporters to share the achievement of a favorite star. On the previous Sunday, Johnny, cast in his first
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See Next Page
At 3, Johnny was just listening to music—with love.

But, by 13, he was singing and acting “professionally.”

straight dramatic role on Philco Television Playhouse, had introduced a new tune, "Play Me Hearts and Flowers." His Coral recording of it had been released on Monday morning and, at the end of the day, 100,000 platters had been sold. By Friday, the total reached 250,000. Then, on that Saturday morning, just before their press conference, Johnny had launched his new disc-jockey show, Phonorama Time, on 565 stations of the Mutual network.

In view of such a week, one girl’s question, "How do you get to be a success in music?" was to be expected.

But the tone of Johnny’s answer surprised them. With his feet planted firmly, his thumbs thrust into the pockets of his scarlet weskit and a rebellious lock of black hair falling down across his forehead, he gave them a reply some young jazz fans would label “square.”

Playing it straight, he told them, "You get to be a good singer or a good American or a good truck driver or a good anything else in just one way. You work at it. With discipline."

Later, he had this comment: "Sure, I knew they hoped for a magic formula. Any kid does. When you’re in high school, you want all your daydreams to come true instantly. The future seems like something which adults have locked behind iron bars. You look for something big and quick to make people notice you. You want the overnight success."

Johnny Desmond’s Phonorama Time. Mutual, Sat., 11:30 A.M. EDT, is sponsored by the Philco Corporation.

He paced back and forth, his intensity mounting. "Well, I could have told them that, twice in my life, I’ve had the overnight success—and, both times, it cost me. It cost me a licking the first time, and the second time, I took a real beating. It took six years of hard work, plus wise coaching, before I recovered. But I learned. Man, how I learned."

It was a story which Johnny had long kept to himself, but now, headed again toward important billing, he was at last ready to talk about it, out loud and for publication.

“A kid,” said Johnny, by way of introduction, "is three people: The child his parents think he is, the pupil the teacher sees—and, in his own mind, the person he wants to be with his own friends. Well, once in a while he gets tangled up..."

For Johnny, such a tangle occurred back in Detroit. Eight years old and as cute as he was bright, he had already learned how to get his own way. He begged to study piano and, although the Depression had made the income from the Desimone family grocery store slim, his father scrimped off the weekly fee for the teacher.

Johnny made phenomenal progress. "He’s practically a genius," his delighted teacher told his doting parents.

But then came the day when Johnny refused to take his lesson. He also refused to say (Continued on page 86)


Songbird in the sky: Johnny toured with the late Glenn Miller, in World War II.

Big day: Graduation from Northeastern H.S. in Detroit.
Today, Johnny and Ruth have two little skylarks of their own—Patti, 6, and Diane, going on 9.

Loyal home folks: Brother Harry (right) and Mom—who saw to it that Johnny kept at his music lessons. Johnny’s grandfather (center) is mighty proud of him these days—and so is Johnny’s stepfather, Tony Buccalato (left).
The NAME'S The SAME

Roger Price, Walter Slezak and Laraine Day aren't too surprised at the special attention Audrey Meadows gets from Messrs. Elliott and Goulding on the TV panel program—Audrey's a sweet girl-graduate of previous Bob and Ray shows!

Bob Elliott and family live in a city apartment and "go shopping" in picturesque Greenwich Village.

Bob's hobby is painting—painting pictures good enough to be exhibited in New York City galleries.
Two moderators on a show, two minds on the track of laughs—they’re still the “one-and-only” Bob and Ray

By PETER CHARADE

WOULD YOU LIKE to be a big-shot? ... Now, at last, you can pull big jobs, be a person of means—the pillar of your community.” ... If you happened to hear this come-on for a TV give-away, you know that it went on to describe the “Jim Dandy Burglar Kit,” which included a mask, Jimmies, crepe-soled shoes, canvas gloves, the plans of three banks, and “a list of aliases you can use over and over again” (including such names as Benjamin Franklin). In fact, it was “the only complete burglar outfit offered today.”

To receive this and other “handy little kits,” you were urged to write to “Thieves, NBC.” And, each week, from 750 to 1000 listeners sent in for the items. When the address was changed to “The Smithsonian Institute,” that august establishment received some 300 letters asking for the “Home Surgery Kit—complete with instructions on how to take out your own tonsils.” Only one hundred humanitarians were interested in the Institute’s “Kind Hunter's Kit—for soft-hearted people who love to hunt but hate to kill.”

Continued on page 75

The Name’s The Same, ABC TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the Ralston Purina Co. Bob and Ray are also heard on WINS (New York), Mon. thru Sat., 6:30 to 10 A.M.

Song fest: Bob and his wife Lee and the girls—Colony, 8, and Shannon, 5—raise a little harmony.

Ray Goulding and family have a house on Long Island—which means rising at 4:30 A.M., a speedy breakfast, then off to the city for the Bob and Ray radio program.

Ray’s hobby is photography, and his favorite—and most willing—models are his wife and children. Left to right, below: Thomas, 6; Liz Goulding; Barbara, 3; Raymond, 9.
Off TV, "Willy the lawyer" is a whiz of a homemaker. June cooks with skill—either plain or fancy—and does all her own decorating.

This Life I Love

As Willy on TV, as Mrs. William Spier at home,

June Havoc has found her heaven-on-earth

By MARTIN COHEN

Husband Bill, the producer, brings supplies to his favorite chef.

Author's note: If you're crazy about June Havoc, you'll like Willy—and if you aren't crazy about June, you're nuts. (End of a very sincere commercial—and start of a very honest story.)

June Havoc, starring in the title role of CBS-TV's Willy, isn't just another woman, another actress, another show. She's great—and different. She is at once as sophisticated as a diamond bracelet and as elusive as a butterfly. She can be as frothy as an ice-cream soda and as hearty as a good steak. There are so many sides to June. She is so many people. Actually, she is basically shy. Or was. Or will be. You never know exactly. Once, she was shy because she was scared. Now, she can be scared without being shy.

"I've never been as afraid of anything as I am of this television show," she admits. In the past, making a success of something has always been a personal matter. (Continued on page 77)

Willy, on CBS-TV, Thurs., 10:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Mills and CBS-Columbia.
THE GREATEST GIFT

When she moved to the small town of Ridgton, Dr. Eve Allen took the biggest and most decisive step toward her life-long dream of becoming a general practitioner. Thereafter, her medical activities had been centered about laboratory work and, although she was acclaimed for having discovered the antidote to a virus which had killed her fiancé, the glory of her accomplishment was dimmed in the light of her unrealized dream. Eve's settling in Ridgton, however, rekindled her fondest hopes, for at last she saw herself becoming the kind of doctor she had always wanted to be. But even the happiest occasions can be tinged with trouble, and Eve has found her situation is no exception. From the beginning she has had to fight the inherent prejudice against women doctors. And, since she finally won an appointment on the hospital's staff—though not without an intense and bitter struggle—her capabilities as a doctor, and as a woman, have been tested constantly. Obstacles, however, are nothing new to Eve; she has met and overcome many along her life's path. Although each one has left her with an invisible scar, they have also continued to make her life—and the lives of those she deals with—more meaningful and rewarding.

In her battle against prejudice and selfishness, Eve Hunter (Anne Burr) has received invaluable help, comfort—and love—from Dr. Philip Stone (Phil Foster).
Although fame and fortune have always been envied and sought after, they can prove to be poor substitutes for happiness and love—as actress Maggie Marlowe knows only too well. Today, Maggie can look back on many successful years as a leading lady. But all the glamour and notoriety with which she has been showered have not been able to wash away the emptiness and unhappiness she has experienced. Now, Maggie yearns more than ever for love and the security of a happy home. . . . Twice in her life, Maggie has lost the one she loved: When she was a young girl, her husband died suddenly. More recently, tragedy struck when, on the eve of her marriage to Roger Anderson he, too, passed away. . . . Bitterly unhappy, Maggie decided to continue on in the theater, finding her life once again filled with surprises and complications—especially since she met and fell in love with Jim Gavin, well-known international lawyer. Unhappily married to a woman who would not grant him a divorce, Jim became free to marry Maggie after the recent death of his wife. . . . As she contemplates her marriage to Jim, Maggie’s heart rejoices, for now, at long last, she is finding her dream of love and security becoming more of a reality with each passing day.

Concerning Miss Marlowe is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, sponsored on alternate days by Tide (Procter & Gamble).

HAWKINS FALLS

Hawkins Falls is a small Midwestern town, located 160 miles from a large city. It is a typical American community, overflowing with the life, laughter and love of its proud residents. Anyone who has lived in a small town finds a special kinship with Hawkins Falls, for its people and activities mirror the life and ways of every Smalltown, U.S.A. . . . Particularly outstanding in Hawkins Falls are Lona and Floyd Corey, who usually find themselves in the center of the most interesting and exciting local activities. In a town as small as theirs, it is scarcely possible to keep a secret—at least, not for long. But, because he is a doctor, Floyd Corey has many times had to be a keeper of secrets. Consequently, he—and Lona—have been thrown into the midst of conflicts which have had both happy and tragic outcomes. . . . Although Lona and Floyd dearly love Hawkins Falls and all it stands for, the frequent difficulties they encounter serve, not only as a lesson in life, but as a reminder that their town is not heaven—nor are its residents angels. But, after all, it is their town, their friends—and that’s what makes it home . . . sweet, satisfying, and enriching.

Hawkins Falls, written by Bill Barrett, NBC-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT.

See Next Page—

Maggie Marlowe (Helen Shields) sees her dream of love about to come true with Jim Gavin (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.).

Good friends get together: Dr. Corey (Maurice Copeland) and his wife Lona (Bernardine Flynn) entertain Mitch Fredericks (Jim Bannon), Millie Flagle (Ros Twohey) and Sue Rigga (Toni Gilnan).
Working tirelessly with Quentin Andrews (Frederic Downs) on the development of a new jet engine, Zach James (Tod Andrews) is often ruthless, and his wife Laurie (Pat Barry) tries to temper his over-zealousness with patience and tact.

FIRST LOVE

Any phase of living, when pursued to an extreme, is bound to create problems, as young Laurie James has learned in her marriage to Zach. When she became Zach’s wife, Laurie left behind the loving warmth and comfort she had known with her parents, and ventured into a life of unpredictability and possible insecurity. At first, love triumphed over all, and the waters of the James marriage flowed clear and smoothly. But ahead lay a deadly whirlpool, revolving about the Andrews Aeronautical Corporation and Zach’s engineering job there, developing a new type of jet engine. . . . Zach is a man who is completely and wholeheartedly devoted to his work and, although he loves Laurie, it seems that nothing can stand in the way of his profession. The results of his uncompromising attitude toward his work have often made Zach appear ruthless and heartless. His behavior has provided many lessons in patience and understanding for Laurie and, the more insight she gains into his nature, the better she is able to help Zach by tempering his over-zealousness with prudence and restraint. . . . But there came a time when Zach’s extreme single-mindedness proved to be too much for Laurie and she left him. The separation was only temporary, however, and Laurie returned in time to stand beside Zach while he was being tried for a murder he did not commit. . . . Even though Zach’s innocence is upheld, the air has not been entirely cleared of trouble. Many more turbulent seas will have to be crossed, but it seems now that they will be mastered with greater wisdom. For, although they still have far to go, Laurie and Zach have come a long way in learning to live and grow—together.

First Love, written by Manya Starr, is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M., EDT, for Jergens-Woodbury products and others.

Album of DAYDRAMAS

(Continued)
Humorous surprises are usually in store for Mr. Sweeney (Charles Ruggles) when he starts problem-solving—especially when grandson Kippie (Glenn Walken) and his mother (Helen Wagner) are involved.

Mapleton could be anyone’s home town—provided it is small and has a general store run by a beloved “cracker-barrel psychiatrist” like Cicero P. Sweeney. Although Mr. Sweeney has never set foot outside of Mapleton, he possesses an uncanny worldliness and wisdom that make him the townfolks’ most sought-after adviser and dearest friend. As he lives each day, getting himself humorously involved in others’ affairs, Mr. Sweeney’s gentleness and charm provoke a delightful nostalgia which adds sunshine to the dullest day.

Charlie Ruggles in The World Of Mr. Sweeney, NBC-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by R. T. French Mustard and other products.
In choosing a home, the Nelsons followed their hearts—and couldn’t be happier.

Man of the House

I can remember the dreadful flu epidemic at the end of the first World War. I was about five then, and—except for my father—the only member of the family still on his feet. With hundreds of things to do, my father sat down for a talk with me. He explained that he had to go out for a while, and that made me the man of the house—in charge while he was gone. I have never been so proud. Here I was—head of the house at five, and during a time of real peril. The job was only temporary, but even so it just about fulfilled my dreams of glory.

Since he was five, Herb Nelson has always sought his “brighter day” in the sunshine of his own home

By ED MEYERSON

Family life has always meant more than careers to Herb and his wife, Joan DeWeese. They enjoy remodeling their “new” house, and are thrilled with the extra play space for their children: Dawn Ley, Erika Joan, and baby DeWitt.
Man of the House
(Continued)

It might be Max Canfield, that tower of strength in *The Brighter Day*, describing his own philosophy of life. For, as a leading citizen of New Hope and editor of its newspaper, the *Herald*, in CBS's popular daytime drama, Max feels a strong sense of responsibility for the welfare of the entire community.

Actually, however, it wasn't Max doing the reminiscing, but Herb Nelson—who is Max Canfield on radio and TV. And, while there's nothing unusual about a healthy youngster in a happy family dreaming of glory in terms of his own home, in real life Herb was to choose the one profession that makes such dreams the most difficult to fulfill. What actor has ever been guaranteed a normal life, or even the security it takes to establish a home and family?

But another childhood memory indicates the kind of actor Herb was to be: "So help me, I recall distinctly that, somewhere in my third year, a cousin or something of my mother's—an impressive, bulbous gentle-

man named Sven Ring—paid us a visit. I took the floor and sang him a beguiling little ditty which was very well received. He forced a nickel on me."

Which made Herb a professional actor, even at the age of three. He wasn't just posturing before a mirror or dreaming of one day being a star. He was actually putting on a performance good enough to get paid for it. And today, after twenty-four years in radio, TV, films and the theater, Herb is a professional in the finest sense of the word. He has all the security he needs. And as for that home and family. . . .

"Well, it happened in New York," Herb recalls. "It was the first day of rehearsal of a new play. We were waiting for the leading lady to show up. Finally, I heard the smart click of heels coming down the long hall to the rehearsal room. Something about the rhythm told me this was the girl. It was."

And so, Herb Nelson married Joan DeWeese. But if no one actor has ever been guaranteed a normal life, what about two actors? There is not only the problem of conflicting careers, but of keeping house with crazy hours and no possibility of a regular, scheduled existence. To make matters more difficult, Joan came from a home in Mississippi where there had always been plenty of household help. She was an excellent artist, and she had studied drama under Maude Adams at Stevens and at the Yale Drama School, but no one had ever taught her how to boil an egg or wash a dish.

And yet, some seven and a half years and three children later, the Nelsons have more than proved that they can successfully combine two theatrical careers with a normal, happy family life.

How do they do it? Well, like all actors caught without a script, they improvise, feeling their way through a new situation until they know they've got it right. And, like all persons mature enough to know themselves, they are content to be themselves. Their yardstick has never been how other people live but how they themselves want to live. And, somehow, it's always come out right.

Herb has more room to play, too, in their New Jersey home. A bit of "golf practice" can really build up an appetite for one of Joan's family-size steaks.
Dawn Ley and Erika Joan will also be enthusiastic homemakers someday, and are already practicing on miniature furnishings of their own. But even the biggest pieces of furniture can't dismay Herb, who does his own refinishing.

Herb calls it "playing by ear," and cites examples to explain what he means: "When Joan and I were married, we had no plans except to set the time and the place. We let the rest of the arrangements work themselves out, and as a result had a simple and beautiful ceremony much more memorable than anything we could have designed."

He also recalls the way they bought their home last August. There was an ad in the newspaper describing a house for sale in Leonia, New Jersey. Shakespeare, wherefore art thou? It was headlined. "Oh, no!" Joan winced, but they went to look, anyway. Leonia was an ideal community for their purposes—just thirty-five minutes from Manhattan, with an excellent elementary school for the children.  

(Continued on page 85)
Sunlit waters at Miami Beach are a perfect setting for Steve and Jayne to prove that two can be mighty good company.

Steve Allen’s show, Tonight, delayed his wedding trip with Jayne Meadows—then made up for it with a glorious...
Honeymoon in the Sun

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

IN HIS BIG MANHATTAN APARTMENT on Park Avenue one bitterly cold evening this past winter, Steve Allen was going over his notes for the upcoming Tonight show and waiting for Jayne Meadows, his bride of a few months, to finish dressing.

"I'm just putting on my face," she called from her dressing room. "I won't be a minute—"

The phone at Steve's elbow rang. "Hello? What? You mean the whole show? For a week? I don't know. Who'll pick up the tab for the extra cable expenses? What about the plane fares?"

Jayne came running in from her dressing room. "What—what—what?" she cried. "Take the show where for a week?"

Steve covered the mouthpiece with his hand. "We're invited to go to Miami for a week, the whole outfit, and do Tonight from there."

"Miami!" whispered Jayne, ecstatically. "Yes! The answer is yes!"

Into the phone Steve said. "The answer's yes," and hung up.

"Now tell me," he said to his bride. "why the answer's yes."

"You wonderful dope, it's our honeymoon! The one we never had. We've been trying for three months to get a day or two free for our honeymoon, and here it is (Continued on page 88)

Tonight, starring Steve Allen, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EDT, 11 P.M. CDT, under participating sponsorship. The Steve Allen Show is seen over WRCA-TV (New York), M-F, 11:15 P.M., for Knickerbocker Beer. Jayne Meadows is seen on I've Got A Secret, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Winston Cigarettes.
the magic of Erin

Sure, 'twas the Little People
gave Carmel Quinn the gift of song
and made her a Little Godfrey!

By FRANCES KISH

The Leprechauns must have been whispering to her about things to come, because—all the time Carmel Quinn was growing up in Dublin—she used to imagine herself in America, singing and dancing for huge audiences. When her daddy and her two brothers and sister weren't around to hear, Carmel would go into the pantry of the big house where they all lived (her mother had passed away when she was only seven) and go through her whole repertoire of songs. If anyone caught her, singing and dancing alone in the freezing-cold room, Carmel was dreadfully embarrassed, for this longing to sing and to entertain and to make people's faces light up with joy was a secret which—for a long, long time—she shared with no one.

Not that she had to hide the fact that music was in her very heart, because all the Quinns understood that. They were all music-loving, and there was hardly an
evening when the old organ wasn't giving off sonorous and beautiful hymns and delightfully lilting Irish melodies. Carmel's daddy is an excellent violinist, and some of the children would always be ready to accompany him on one of the other musical instruments they had around—everything from an accordion and mouth organ to quaint hand-fashioned instruments which had been in the family for years. And they would always sing, the men of the family in deep, rich voices, and Carmel and her sister Betty in high, sweet tones.

"The neighbors used to think we had parties all the time, but it was only the Quinns enjoying themselves," she says of those wonderful family concerts of childhood memory. "One of us would pick up an instrument, perhaps Daddy's violin, and he would say, 'No, you don't do it this way'—and, before you knew it, he would be playing and, suddenly, we were all crowding into the little room."

No one could have guessed then that this younger of the Quinn sisters would one day win a Talent Scouts contest on the other side of the vast Atlantic, with none of her homefolks there to witness her triumph, or to see her become one of the famous Little Godfreys. No one could have guessed that—in addition to the television and radio (Continued on page 95)

New World magic: On the great day honoring St. Patrick himself, Carmel gave a concert in fabled Carnegie Hall. And oh, the lovely things to be seen in the shops of New York! Then, during a Godfrey-show rehearsal break, the delight of listening as the McGuire Sisters—Dorothy, Christine and Phyllis—demonstrate those quaint folk songs of modern America.
the magic of Erin

(Continued)

Between programs, Carmel shows Frank Parker and Tony Marvin how to "do it in jig time."

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Never a dull moment

Larry's wife Judy is a TV actress, son David and daughter Jay have vivid imaginations—and even the dog is full of tricks.

Take Mrs. Lawrence Weber's word for it—Valiant Lady's Chris Kendall makes a very exciting husband!
By GREGORY MERWIN

SOME OF THE THINGS to be said about Lawrence Weber are obvious. He is six-feet-one, dark and handsome, with a scattering of prematurely gray hair at the temples. His eyes are a dynamic brown and, when aimed at women, have an effect comparable to a brace of Buck Rogers disintegrator guns. Or so it has been said.

"But not by me," Larry grins. "That's a lot of hokum."

"It's not hokum," insists wife Judith. "I remember when we first met. It was like shaking hands with an earth tremor."

They've been married since January 16, 1941. They have two blond and blue-eyed children, a home on Long Island and a tree which produced two apples last summer. Their garden, however, is one of the most beautiful in Valley Stream—thanks to Larry's back.

"I spaded the front lawn in three (Continued on page 93)
Mitzi Green is a very proud mother, I can tell you! Here I am, parading just outside our house, with my four little "J's"—left to right, Jay, Jeff, Jan and Joel. There's also a fifth "J" bouncing along beside us—Junior, our dog.

Recognize this typical schedule? Homework with Jan—naptime for Jay (then Jeff)—after-school snack for Jan and Joel.
I've been here before. But now
I'm back, with Joe and our babies, and
know how right my grandmother was!

By MITZI GREEN

MITZI, CHILD," my grandmother said to me one day,
"there may be times when we don't understand why
certain things happen. But remember: They
always happen for the best!"

As a child, those words didn't mean much to me. But
today they have become almost a philosophy of life. In
fact, they had a very special meaning on three of the
most important days of my life: The day I signed my first
Paramount Pictures contract. The day I signed my first
television contract as the star of So This Is Hollywood.
And the day I first met Joe Pevney.

I met Joe in the summer of '39. I had gone to
Ivoryton, Connecticut, for summer stock, and had looked
forward to a pleasant combination summer work-
vacation. But, the first day there, it seemed as if everything
were going wrong and I was in for a summer of misery.

First, I met a most irritating young man who didn't
think I was right for the part of the (Continued on page 88)

So This Is Hollywood is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for

Before even looking at a script with Virginia
Gibson and producer Edmund Beloin, I know I'll see plenty of action in So This Is Hollywood.

Curls were my childhood idea of movie glamour
when I played Becky Thatcher and Jackie Coogan
was Tom Sawyer (above). Today, I find that just
being with my husband Joe—even when he's
fishing (left)—beats all the glamour in the world.
Where the Heart Belongs

For Cathleen Cordell, it proved to be her homeland of America and the very human drama of Second Husband

By MARY TEMPLE

Listening to Second Husband, on CBS Radio, no one can doubt that Cathleen Cordell, who plays Diane Lockwood, is a girl of vivid personality. It spills over into the microphone, although listeners cannot see the vivacity of her face when she speaks, the shimmer of gold-red hair, the greenish-blue eyes, long slim legs and slender figure.

. . . Cathleen's beauty is a mixture of American-Irish-English ancestry. She was born Kathleen (spelled then with a K but now changed to a C) Kelly, in Brooklyn. And she is the first of her family, as far back as she knows, to become an actress.

Cathleen is a girl of contradictions, of unexpected and interesting opposites. A glamorous woman who loves all the luxuries of life and yet adores working and can't imagine not being busy at something all the time . . . working hard, too, and putting her whole heart into it. A girl who wears simple clothes with elegance and elegant clothes with simplicity . . . who has lived in many foreign countries—India, France, England—and is at home practically anywhere in the world, yet brings a distinction of her own to a bachelor-girl, one-room hotel-apartment in New York. A girl who loves parties and fun, dining (Continued on page 69)

Cathleen's bachelor-girl apartment is a single room, but boasts a private terrace and a compact refrigerator (right).
Her stage career has been an exciting one, both here and in England, but Cathleen appreciates the rare leisure which acting in daytime dramas has given her. There's time now to relax at home, reading or listening to the radio—to play with "Maya," pampered pet of the neighborhood—to dress for a date, knowing the whole evening is free just to have fun.
This Is Nora Drake

1. Stunned and heartsick over the death of her husband, Nora Drake avoids a breakdown by working to bring his murderers to justice. Then Nora begins to pick up the threads of normal life once again—and, at a party, meets publisher Alan Miller.
When Nora accepts an invitation to the Miller home, she hardly expects to stumble on an argument in which Alan angrily warns his wife Diana: "Stay away from that man. Stay away from David Brown!"

Life catches us up in its activities. Nora Drake mused, calling us with a strident, insistent voice to come out of ourselves and meet its demands. This was a blessing, she knew, for only by catching up the threads of her life once again had she avoided the despair which had almost consumed her when Fred Molina died so tragically. Nora's few months of marriage to Fred had been the happiest she had ever known. But, even before their marriage, Fred had been threatened by the underworld Syndicate run by Lee King and Dan Welch. Together, Fred and Nora had tried to destroy the Syndicate, and had eventually succeeded—at the cost of Fred's own life.

Heartsick, Nora had determined to bring Fred's murderers to justice. Eventually, Dan Welch had confessed, and Lee King—in trying to escape from justice—had been killed in an automobile accident. Only Wynne Robinson—the wealthy, attractive socialite who had aided Welch and King—had avoided trial by fleeing to Europe. But Wynne doesn't escape punishment—for, when she arrives in Marseilles, she is penniless, and her once-glamorous life is no more. With these tragic events now in the past, Nora sets about starting a new life. She throws herself into her work as a hospital nurse, which helps ease the pain in her heart. David Brown, the crime reporter who has become Nora's friend, also helps her find new interests. He persuades Nora to attend a party where she meets his publisher, Alan Miller. Invited to Miller's home, Nora meets
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This Is Nora Drake
(Continued)

3. Reporter David Brown, now Nora's friend, is assigned to a big story and works with Detective Ca'udill (left) to track down the murderer who scrawls this strange message.

his wife, Diana—and later overhears a quarrel between Alan and Diana. "Stay away from that man," Alan warns. "Stay away from David!" Puzzled, Nora wonders: What is Diana's interest in David? And what is it about David that makes Alan warn his wife? . . . Although both Alan and David's parents feel David should switch to writing editorials, David insists upon remaining a crime reporter. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are frankly worried about David, and Nora wonders what lies behind Mrs. Brown's anxious remark: "If David goes on as a crime reporter, he may find out the truth about himself." . . . Currently, David has been working on the case of a series of shocking murders which have completely baffled the police—particularly because, near the body of each victim, the murderer has written: "Please stop me before I kill again." . . . In tracking down every lead, David's trail of clues takes him to the hospital and one of Nora's new patients, John Dallas, who has shown definite signs of being mentally disturbed. David suspects Dallas is the psychopathic murderer, and seeks information about him from Nora. When—true to medical ethics—Nora denies David's request, they argue sharply. . . . But—if David is right, is there danger in Nora's workaday contacts with John Dallas? And what about David himself? What is the mysterious "truth" Mrs. Brown fears her son may discover? . . . As Nora Drake becomes more absorbed in her new life, is there a chance that in time she will find new happiness, to replace the love she has lost? And, even if the future may hold brighter promises, will it also reveal even greater danger than Nora has ever known before?

4. Meanwhile, Wynne Robinson, the socialite involved with the Syndicate that murdered Fred, flees to Europe and meets punishment as she arrives penniless in a strange land.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Nora Drake...............................Joan Tompkins
David Brown.............................Michael Kane
Alan Miller..............................Craig McDonnell
Wynne Robinson.......................Claudia Morgan
Detective Charles Ca'udill...........Paul McGrath

This Is Nora Drake is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Toni Company and Bristol-Myers Company.

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5. David's hunt for the psychopathic killer leads to a patient under Nora's care. David demands that Nora allow him to question the man and, when she insists on guarding her patient, they quarrel sharply. David's concern is over more than a newspaper headline. If his guess is right, is Nora in serious danger?
3. Reporter David Brown, now Nora’s friend, is assigned to a big story and works with Detective Coudill (left) to track down the murderer who scrawls this strange message:

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This Is Nora Drake (Continued)

**PLEASE STOP ME BEFORE I KILL AGAIN!**

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THE LONG WAY HOME
Tom had known from teen-days that marriage to "Bo" would be his dream of happiness.

The truth about Tom Moore's marriage—and re-marriage—is as old as time,
as new as man's first love for woman

By HAROLD KEENE

Tom Moore stood at the water's edge in Cypress Gardens, Florida, staring out across the mirror-like surface to the far vista of flower-hung trees and deep green hammocks. A speed-boat towing a pair of water skiers, a boy and a lovely girl, sped past, but Tom's eyes didn't move to follow them. In fact, he wasn't even seeing the water or the glamorous setting.

Instead, strangely, he was watching himself as a younger man back in 1939, not gray-haired then, but certainly gray of face as he paced the hospital corridors waiting for Bo to have their baby. They'd been married six years, by then, and this was to be their first and—as it turned out—only child. And when at last he'd been allowed to go in to her, and she had told him wearily but triumphantly that she'd given him a son, it had seemed to him that he had achieved the greatest happiness a man could know.

Yet, twelve years later, he and Bo had been

Florida Calling With Tom Moore is heard on Mutual, M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, for the Florida Citrus Commission. Tom also emcees True Or False, on Mutual, Sat., 8 P.M. EDT.

See Next Page
divorced. Now, tonight, when he returned to the gay stucco bungalow in near-by Winter Haven, it would be to a different girl, the pretty and charming Willie Lou, whom he had married shortly after he and Bo had parted. Now Tom, Jr., sixteen and already six-foot-three, was in a military school up North—and Bo was alone, he supposed, in their old house in Northfield, Illinois, and—well, Tom Moore was a confused and unhappy man.

He knew that, when he walked into his bungalow in another hour or two, Lou would be waiting for him, as she always had during the more than three years of their marriage. She would have done everything possible to arrange for his comfort and convenience, and she would be ready with laughter, or understanding, or patient silence. She was a grand girl, and a good wife.

But there was a loneliness in Tom's heart, a need that only one woman could fill, and that woman was Bo. Tom had known it for a long time. At first he had tried to deny the knowledge, forget it, put it out of his mind. It was a good try, but it couldn't work, because Bo had been a part of him too long, their love too much a part of Tom's entire adult life.

So it was that, when I talked with Tom in Winter Haven, not long ago, he dropped a bombshell in front of me and nearly knocked my ears off. I had known him only during recent years, since his Ladies Fair show had moved to Florida. During that time he had seemed to be immensely happy with Lou, especially during the weeks when young Tom could be with them. Then they had given the outward appearance of a perfect family group—smiling and busy, active in sports, completely devoted.

I said to Tom, "I know we ran a story about you and Lou only a little over six months ago, but your fans are screaming for more." And I added, innocently enough, "Anything important happen recently?"

Tom is nothing if not direct. "Yes. Lou and I have arranged for a divorce, and Bo and I are going to be re-married. In the same little church where we were first married in 1933, with the same minister officiating. We're only waiting till summer because then our son will be out of military school and can stand up with us."

When I had regained my voice, I said one word: "Why?"

He answered, simply, "Because I want to go home."

The story of Tom and Bo and Lou, and of the almost tragic mistake in which all three were involved—as Tom told it to me that afternoon—has had its counterpart in so many American homes that almost any person can understand some of the emotional turmoil of each of these thoroughly nice, very human beings. This is no casual Hollywood-type scenario of marriage, divorce, and reconciliation.

Tom, Bo, and Lou are people like you and me, trying to do their best, making mistakes, working hard at the pursuit of elusive happiness, and often, in the words of Thoreau, leading "lives of quiet desperation." We know them. They are our neighbors, they are ourselves.

Well, maybe Tom represents an exception, in that he was born in a trunk in the dressing room of his vaudeville parents, while they were touring a circuit. That meant that he grew up in show business and that his conception of home life was, even into his adolescence, a hopping succession of moves from one town to another. Seemed perfectly normal to a (Continued on page 92)
Where the Heart Belongs

(Continued from page 60)
out in good restaurants and good company, going to the races, travel ... and yet is perfectly content to stay home alone many evenings and to read, or listen to the radio.

Even her tastes in food are contradictory. Since her events took her overseas when she was only five (her father was an engineer whose work sent him to many parts of the world), Cathleen has been exposed to all varieties of foreign cooking, and she now lives in a part of New York that is honeycombed with fine restaurants. Yet the little refrigerator in her apartment (disguised to look like a modern-design TV set because it has to be out in plain sight) holds only such things as cottage cheese and salad, gelatin and fruit, milk and eggs. And the waiters at the Stork, "21" and similar spots tell you that their orders for exotic dishes never come from Miss Cordell. ("I really like toasted cake, when it's a little stale, and overdone omelets," she says.)

She’s a pushover for biographical books but doesn’t care at all for books written about the theater: "It's odd, I suppose, but I don't." She was a "reader" for several London publishers when she was quite young, combining one of her favorite pastimes with some extra money to live on while she was learning her way about the theater.

Word games, like Scrabble, fascinate her, but figures frighten her. "I really can’t add at all, and if it were not for my wonderful mother, who helps me with my accounts, I wouldn’t know what was happening to my money. She sees that I invest some of it, and she keeps all the accounts straight."

Travel still beckons to Cathleen, but she has had to remain in New York the past three summers, and this one promises to be no exception. Friends with winter homes in sunny climes urge her to join them in winter. Friends with homes at the shore ask her out for summer weekends. But, because of her work, Cathleen has found it easier for some time to lounge in comfortable lounging chairs on her outdoor terrace high above a street in the East Fifties, a terrace planted with greenery and flowers and made gay with bright cushions.

She loves animals, especially dogs, but because of her busy life she has had to compromise for a place in the affections of a beautiful tawny boxer named Maya, who belongs to a restaurateur friend in the neighborhood. Whenever she has time, she borrows Maya.

Her apartment has such limited closet room that Cathleen has to park some of her wardrobe at her mother’s larger apartment, some with near-by friends, and store some there are always half a dozen cocktail and evening dresses hanging in her own small wardrobe space, because she is a popular girl who is asked out a lot. She likes straight-line, simple, dark clothes, and she is wearing in full-skirted filmy frocks with tight bodices. Her favorite colors are gray, and blue and green to go with her eyes. She wears either a size 9 or 10.

Englishmen appeal to Cathleen strongly, but she doesn’t want to marry an actor, even an English one. She admires Irishmen, too, thinks that Sir Cedric is the director of Second Husband, is "an utterly charming man and a wonderful director." She knew the late George Bernard Shaw and says she will never forget his special charm, the interesting face, the bright blue, piercing eyes.

The Star Candids

NEW ENLARGED LIST!

1. Lana Turner 81. Janet Leigh
2. Betty Grable 82. Farley Granger
3. Ava Gardner 83. Tony Martin
4. Clark Gable 84. John Forsythe
5. Alan Ladd 85. Tony Martin
6. Tyrone Power 86. John Derek
8. Rita Hayworth 88. Maurice Chevalier
9. Esther Williams 89. Mario Lanza
10. Elizabeth Taylor 90. Kirk Douglas
11. Cornel Wilde 91. Lauren Bacall
12. Frank Sinatra 92. Richard Todd
13. Rory Calhoun 93. Mario Lanza
14. Peter Lawford 94. Maria Montez
15. Bob Mitchum 95. Rossano Brazzi
16. Burt Lancaster 96. Richard Widmark
17. Bing Crosby 97. Robert Mitchum
18. Dane Andrews 98. Robert Mitchum
20. Gene Autry 100. Richard Widmark
21. Roy Rogers 101. Gary Cooper
22. Sunset Carson 102. Robert Mitchum
23. Kathryn Grayson 103. Richard Widmark
24. Diana Lynn 104. Richard Widmark
28. Elisha Cook, Jr. 108. Richard Widmark
30. Jane Powell 110. Richard Widmark
31. Gordon MacRae 111. Richard Widmark
32. Ann Blyth 112. Richard Widmark
33. Jeanne Crain 113. Richard Widmark
34. Jane Russell 114. Richard Widmark
35. John Wayne 115. Richard Widmark
37. Audie Murphy 117. Richard Widmark
173. Fernando Lamas 143. Anthony Quinn
174. John Forsythe 144. Anthony Quinn
175. Loren Nelson 145. Anthony Quinn
176. Ulla Nisbet 146. Anthony Quinn
177. Elsa Lanchester 147. Anthony Quinn
178. Ursula Thiess 148. Anthony Quinn
179. Elke Stewart 149. Anthony Quinn
180. Rita Gam 150. Anthony Quinn
181. Charlotte St. Johns 151. Anthony Quinn
182. Steve Cochran 152. Anthony Quinn
183. Richard Burton 153. Anthony Quinn
184. Julius La Rosa 154. Anthony Quinn
185. Luella Winter 155. Anthony Quinn
186. Richard Todd 156. Anthony Quinn
188. Richard Egan 158. Anthony Quinn
189. Jeff Richards 159. Anthony Quinn
190. Rosemary Clooney 160. Anthony Quinn
191. Guy Mitchell 161. Anthony Quinn
192. Pat Crowley 162. Anthony Quinn
193. Robert Taylor 163. Anthony Quinn
194. Jane Simmons 164. Anthony Quinn
195. Richard Anderson 165. Anthony Quinn
196. Audrey Hepburn 166. Anthony Quinn
197. Eva Marie Saint

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Audie Murphy

69
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as they are useful . . . tiny
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It was Shaw himself who was partially responsible for changing her name to Correll from Kelly, when she was about sixteen and beginning her acting career in England. He, and a well-known producer.

"I rebelled at first, and I didn’t like the name Mr. Shaw suggested for me in a letter he wrote while I was doing his 'Major Barbara' in England, for the films. His choice of name was Kitty Kordant. I thought it had a harsh sound.

"At that time, I had lived abroad so long that I didn’t know there was a wonderful and famous actress in America by the name of Katharine Cornell, so it was quite by accident that I chose a name so like hers. I should never have done it by design. It happened that Cordell Hull was much in the London headlines and I liked the name Correll. I took it as my last name and replaced the K in Kathleen with a C. I am amused sometimes now when I ring people up and give my name, and get a reception out of all proportion to their interest in me, until they find out I am not Katharine Cornell!"

Except for a brief visit back to her native America when she was fifteen, Cathleen was largely influenced by the British stage. She went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, and it was there that Shaw came to direct them in a performance of "Heartbreak House.

A long apprenticeship followed, in a repertory company in the north of England—very much like our summer stock, except that this was an all-year-round company."It was cold and foggy and I was often miserable, but it was good theater and I was learning some of the things I very much needed to know about my craft." It led to the London stage, to good parts in fine plays. When World War II broke out, Cathleen was in "Design for Living," with Rex Harrison.

These were times when everyone in England was called upon for special effort and, as a member of the BBC (British Broadcasting) repertory company, Cathleen was asked to join a group that was being sent out of London to a secret destination in the heart of the country, there to broadcast to England and the Empire. They did everything from wartime documentaries to gay musicals to help keep up morale. They worked hard, lived simply, almost austerely at times. When they were shifted from country living to the city of Manchester, some of them were housed in a building which had been a shop, and Cathleen slept in a room which was formerly a show window. She had only to pull the curtains apart to find herself practically in the street.

It was in England that Cathleen did a British version of "Gaslight," playing the role which Angela Lansbury did in Hollywood. It was her first movie, and she thought it a terrific break because the film was to be shown in her native America. But it never got to this country until quite recently. She did "Major Barbara," the movie directed by Gabriel Pascal, but her part was cut down after filming was finished because the picture ran far too long. There had been one long speech of which she was very proud—and that was completely cut. The scene had been filmed near London Bridge, and when she did it, all the extras and the crowds that swarmed around the docks had burst into spontaneous applause as she finished her speech, and Mr. Pascal had told her she'd never get a greater compliment.

Cathleen's film career was terribly disappointing, but there were many stage successes and she was doing marvelously well—when suddenly she decided to come back to this country. For one thing, her father's health was not good. (He died a
little later. Her only brother, who was in the Air Force, had been killed during the war in the skies over England.) For another, this was her homeland. It was fine to be home. But, after a while, Cathleen began to realize that if she wanted to work—and she simply could not imagine a life without her work—she would have to get out and do something about it. Cathleen Cordell had been a rising young actress in England, but New York was not completely aware of her. Once started, she was in Broadway shows after show, but there were drawbacks to this: "They were all flops, even if extremely distinguished flops. I had a good part in Terrence Rattigan’s ‘The Sun Shines,’ but the play had no run. I was in ‘Sheppy,’ with Edmund Gwenn... in Guy Bolton’s ‘Golden Wings’... ‘Yesterday’s Magic,’ with Paul Muni, which was written by Ben Hecht and ran for six weeks—a record run for me on Broadway... and my last one, Priestley’s ‘Linden Tree,’ produced by Maurice Evans."

Radio was rather like breeze, a sweet and lovely breeze that never stopped blowing. "I have never had what you would call a ‘slump’ in radio. Not from the day I started. A running part in The Romance Of Henry Frenart had to be given up only because the time conflicted with my work in Second Husband. For almost two years, I have been Millicent Loring on Young Widows. Even on television I have done many of the dramatic shows, such as Studio One, Kraft and Philco. I played a running part on Search For Tomorrow during its first months on the air. And I have done parts on many of radio’s big dramatic programs."

"I used to do many German parts, countesses and the like. And French girls. And, of course, British. But, oddly enough, I am not particularly good in Irish roles, in spite of the fact that I am the daughter of a Patrick Kelly."

Cathleen thinks she is very lucky to have worked with many different directors, each of whom “saw” her in a different sort of part. A few still think of her only as an “English actress.” Actually, she can talk as American as anyone when she tries, forgetting the years she spent in England. "After all, I was born in Brooklyn, and I am an American."

Cathleen sometimes thinks she might have gone far in radio, that she had not fitted into radio with such ease. And, considering her English successes, she probably would have. But now she loves her life in radio, the regularity of her day’s schedule, the time it gives her for a full and satisfying social life, and the way she can arrange her time for all the things she wants to do. There was a period, however, when she grew very tired of being cast always as the “other woman,” and it has been a real joy to find a sympathetic role in Second Husband."

"In England, we were usually sympathetic, but here I have been rather dreadful,” she says. "Now, at last, I am a loving wife and a mother who is trying very hard to do her very best for her children. It’s fun, when you grow very tired of being cast always as the ‘other woman,’ and it has been a real joy to find a sympathetic role in Second Husband."

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*Note: The schedule includes various programs from different networks, with specific times and genres listed.*
Monday through Friday

7:00 2 Morning Show—Jack's up to Poor Job & 3 Today—Getway with Garroway
9:00 4 George Skinner—AM Variety
10:00 2 Larry Moore Show—Larry's great GA Dig It—TV nursery
10:30 2 Arthur Godfrey Time—He talks good
& 4 & Way Of The World—Drama
11:00 4 Home—Arlene Francis, homemaker
Remme TV—Keeps the kids quiet
11:30 2 & Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
Wendy Barrie—She'll delight you
12:00 2 Vanillant Lady—Day drama
& 2 & Tennessee Ernie—Music & fun
12:15 2 Love of Life—Story of a widow
12:30 2 & Search For Tomorrow—Serial
& 4 Feather Your Nest—Bud Collyer
& 7 Entertainment—Midday open house
12:45 2 & The Guiding Light
1:00 2 Inner Flame—Portia faces life
4 Norman Brokeshow Show—Fun!
Claire Mann—For beauty & health
1:15 2 Red Of Life—Serial
1:30 2 Welcome Travelers—Frn. Chi., Here's Looking At You—Beauty tips
2:00 2 & Robert Q. Lewis—Lives it up
2:30 2 Linkletter's House Party—Très gaul
3:00 2 & The Big Payoff—Nice prizes
Ted Mack's Matinee—Homey
Ted Steel—Music and relaxed talk
Bob Crosby Show—Joint's jumpin'
Great Gift—Fm media
3:45 2 & Concerning Miss Marlowe
4:00 2 Brighter Day—Daytime drama
& 2 & Hawkins Falls—Serial
4:15 2 & Secret Storm—Serial
First Love—Story of new-ways
4:30 2 & On Your Account—$5 quiz
Mr. Sweeney—Ruffles with chuckles

EARLY EVENING

7:00 2 Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Whimsy
7:30 2 News—The day reviewed
Million Dollar Movies—June 7-13, 7-20, "So Young, So Bad" June 14-20, "One Big Affair" June 21-27, "Symphony'; June 28 July 4, "Happiest Days of Your Life" July 5-11, "Nick Cahn."
7:45 2 Songs—Como, Stafford, Froman, Be-
The Name's The Same

(Continued from page 39)

with the proper vitamins for animals, which just dropped to the ground when shot.) All of 1000 listeners, however, wrote in requesting the "Handy Home-Wrecking Kit." Bob

Elliot and Ray Goulding, who used to feature such give-aways on their network TV show, were invariably disappointed that they didn't sell. They often sold a fairly small, but that anyone wrote in at all. They have no objections to people being literal, of course, but when they're so literal that they actually write in... - w-w-w! As for the Smithsonian Institution—that foundation for the increase and diffusion of knowledge—it sent a dignified letter to Bob and Ray demanding that, henceforth, they not call it a Smithsonian museum as an address for premiums.

The boys stopped, but orders continued pouring in at a new address—this time for something that just didn't hit his eye from Bob and Ray's "over-stocked surplus warehouse." The hottest item turned out to be the sweaters with "O" on them. "If your name doesn't begin with 'O,' the sales-pitch usually works, and then you're legally changed for you. Sweaters come in two styles—turtle-neck or V-neck. State what kind of neck you have.

For a growing cult, however, life didn't really get serious until Bob and Ray left the air. To their fans—as well as to most critics—this apathetic, dead-pan pair were the funniest people on radio or TV. They could not only make you laugh at them, they could make you laugh at yourself. And if people were no longer able to do that if half were suddenly no room for these two in network programming—then we were truly lost, and something clean and sweet and refreshingly tonic had vanished from the airwaves.

Last April 11th, however, the world could breathe easier. Civilization was saved! Bob and Ray returned to network TV—their first important show in three years—as dual mood hosts for the popular panel show, The Name's The Same.

While their own names are not the same—and they certainly don't look alike—there is something about the speakers—which is Bob and which is Ray. The reason may well be that they act alike. Each has the same bland stage personality—even the straight-faced, hands-on, delivery, and the professional wit's horror of ever being caught laughing at his own jokes. Although they have burlesqued an amazing variety of characters in their radio and TV shows, either could take the other's roles or speak his lines. For—unlike other comedy teams, where one plays straight and the other gets the laughs by insulting him... Bob and Ray do it together. They are as one, for their battle is not with each other—it's with all the stuffed shirts of the world. Like the Katzenjammer Kids—only which is Bob and which is Ray? In the case of Bob and Ray, the surest way to tell them apart is to look for the one with a mustache. That's Ray. He is also the taller, darker, and older of the two. Born in New York on March 20, 1922, he was seventeen when he was graduated from high school and got a job as an announcer at a local radio station. (Salary: $15 a week.) A year or so later, he visited near-by Boston and auditioned for two stations there. When he returned home, two telegrams were waiting—"Yes, we hired him. Ray took the job at WEEI because it paid five dollars
more a week. By 1942, when he left to enter the Army, he was already a veteran announcer.

It was at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where he was instructing in the Officers' Candidate School, that Ray met Liz—only she was Lieutenant Mary Elizabeth Leader then, a dietitian. "We got married on a three-day pass," Ray recalls, "at a little spa in Indiana. A sweet little church around the corner—around the corner from an arsenal!"

A year later, in 1946, Ray Goulding returned to Boston, joined Station WHDH—and met Bob Elliott.

Bob was born on March 26, 1923, in Winchester, Massachusetts. After graduation from high school in 1940, he attended the Fesig School of Dramatic Art in New York City. "I thought I might become an actor," he explains. A year later, at eighteen, he auditioned at Boston's Station WHDH and got a job as staff announcer. (Salary: $18.50 a week.) In 1943, he joined the Army, serving three years with the 26th Infantry Division.

Ask him about his Army career, and Bob reacts as a war prisoner who's only obliged to give his name, rank and serial number. "I was a T/S in Regimental Special Service," he says.

"Oh, you entertained troops?" you say.

"I ran movies," he says.

And then Ray, who understands Bob's reticence in speaking about himself, tries to help. "He was a malingerer," he says. You have to consult the record to find out: Bob took part in the Battle of the Bulge.

After his discharge in 1946, he returned to WHDH, where he was given two disc-jockey shows—one in the morning, one in the afternoon. Ray Goulding was assigned to do the newscasts on the morning show. After completing his chores, he got in the habit of hanging around and kidding with Bob. That's how it began—casually, impromptu, without scripts or rehearsals, but just for fun. And that's how it continued ever since.

Soon, their off-hand remarks had expanded into ad-lib sketches, then into a daily half-hour show ("just before the ball game")... and, finally—to meet audience demand—another show had to be added in the morning. After five years of this in Boston, word of the new comedy team reached New York. It was in July, 1951, that the audiences of two network shows started hearing: "Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding take pleasure in presenting the National Grocer's Company, which presents The Bob and Ray Show."

Two months later, they were given the morning show on NBC's local station in New York. Then two more network shows were added to an already impossible schedule. But even Bob and Ray can no longer remember all the shows they appeared on for NBC—both local and network, radio and TV—until the spring of 1955. Many of these shows were on daily—five to six times a week—so that, for sheer quantity, Bob and Ray set some sort of record. But there was quality, too. In 1952, they won the Foster Peabody award for "best in radio entertainment." And even more gratifying, according to Ray, was the testimony of returning GIs from all over the world who continue to report The Bob and Ray Show among the most popular on the Armed Forces Network.

To explain their popularity (about fifteen million people every week), it is necessary to explain the Bob and Ray brand of humor. They practice an art that has almost vanished from our time: the art of satire. It's the highest form of comedy and the healthiest, for it uses humor to expose the follies of the times. For example, you have only to listen to some Bob and Ray commercials to know what's wrong with TV and radio advertising. But you don't get mad about it. You laugh. It's criticism, but it's good-natured.

Since Bob and Ray work without a script, many of their most inspired moments are unrecorded. One critic, however—Philip Hamburger, of The New Yorker magazine—happened to be listening with pencil in hand one night. "Bob and Ray generally finish up their program," he wrote, "with a plug for one of their seemingly endless supply of (imaginary) products. The other night it was Woodlo, a product 'all America is talking about.'" Speaking rapidly, Bob and Ray said that Woodlo was the sort of product 'that appeals to people who.' Moreover, it was 'immunized.' You can buy Woodlo loose! one of them cried. 'Yes, mothers and dads!' cried the other. 'Available at your neighborhood!' cried Bob. 'Drop in on your neighborhood!' cried Ray.

In a simpler venue For the fellow who can brush his teeth only once a year, we recommend steel wool.

But Bob and Ray not only lambaste advertising, they lampoon the programs themselves. Playing all the roles, their "dramatic interludes" have included such genre mix-ups as Mr. Trace, Keener Than Most Persons (with one thrilling episode, "The Leaky Refrigerator in the Efficiency Apartment Murder Clue"), Jack Headstrong, an American (he was making an inter-planetary motorcycle), and Mary Backstage, Noble Wife (the daytime drama that has supplanted The Life and Loves of Linda Lovely, since they killed off all that one).

Then there's Mary McCom, the compote of all women commentators and home helpers. Her cure for a cold? "Goose—"

Curiously enough, no one has ever objected to their satire. In fact, the victims are delighted. Edward R. Murrow, for example, vowsthat if ever there's a mechanical or other thing going wrong on his Person To Person show, he's going to run a kinescope of the take-off Bob and Ray did. Instead of going inside the "set," he used the Bob (a character named Sturley in their shows) went outside his first celebrity's home. It was a "human fly"—and visiting him, person to person, the TV camera man would slight building and there, on top, was the "speck of a guy." The second celebrity visited was a "guy in jail." Showing the TV audience moments, the Bob-and-Ray TV camcorder pointed out the writing room, the warden's office, the place where the celebrity received visitors, etc.

For a while at 1950, Ray had to augment their cast of two to include an actress for the women's parts. Making her TV debut with them at NBC was Audrey Meadows (Jackie Gleason's wife in The Honeymooners) who was now one of their permanent panelists on The Name's The Same.

In 1953, Bob and Ray switched to WABC-TV (New York) for a five-times-a-week show. In the summer of 1954, they took over the early morning show (6:30 to 10:00) at New York's Station WINS, which they still continue in addition to their current TV shows. While this is still a very hectic schedule for Ray—after their marathon performances of several years ago—it is like a vacation. And now, there is time at last for the one thing that both take seriously.

Last June, Bob married the former Lee Knight—a beautiful non-professional. They live in a charming Greenwich Village apartment with their children: Two by a previous marriage, and a baby born this May. Bob's one hobby is painting—water colors and oils—and he has had some exhibited at the Contemporary Galleries in Manhattan.

Ray, on the other hand, goes in for photography. His main subjects are Raymond, age nine; Thomas, six; and Barbara, three—none of them to keep an official record of his children's "growing up." Mostly, however, he and Liz enjoy putting around their new home in Pundome Manor, Long Island.

If Ray seems a more contented man than most, it is because he has had proof—while still alive—that he is not only loved, but they face each activity follow him on radio and TV. He said Bob while doing a burlesque of Truth Or Consequences. Ray did not know the answer. For his consequence, Bob nestled him up in a box and posed him on a window ledge—ready to push him into the Hudson River below. Ray's children never waited to see whether Bob pushed the box or not. They were already running out of the living room to save their daddy.
This Life I Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

But Willy must make good for my husband and for Lucy and Desi, too.

Willy is a Desilu Production—and not by chance.

"Lucille Ball is one of my oldest and most violent friends," June says. "The violence refers to Lucille's-supercalifragilistic-expialidocious enthusiasm. Lucy has definite ideas about what her friends should be doing and never stops promoting until they get to doing it. "She gives not only advice but opportunity, too. While she's selling you on doing a show, she's selling a producer on hiring you."

Lucy gets credit for promoting quite a few people into stardom. The list includes Van Johnson, June Allyson and June Havoc. In the Forties, Lucy thought Miss Havoc should come to Hollywood, and so Miss Havoc made it.

More recently, Lucy decided June should have a television program, so she and Desi got together with June's husband Bill Spier, who is a famed producer in radio and TV. Together, they tailor-made Willy for June. It is comedy-with-heart about a pert, gentle woman lawyer.

"But the decision to make Willy came so suddenly," June recalls, "we were about to settle in a new house." The house is a brownstone in "Buskin Hill" in Manhattan. The street, off Park Avenue, is fast becoming an actors' colony—Marla Riva and Alfred Drake live there. The idea is to get a theatrical friend to buy into the block every time a "civilian" sells.

"Bill had been paying about $350 a month rent and so I asked myself why shouldn't he be paying me, instead of a stranger, and I bought the building." Her building has an apartment on every floor, and the landlady has the first floor. It has not yet been furnished—yet. For, exactly one week after its purchase, June and Bill came to Hollywood to film Willy. Since June has been spending most of her time in either New York or Hollywood, she bought a second house—this time, in Beverly Hills. It's a two-story, gray stucco with white trim. June is in love with it and calls the architecture "forever style." It is a large house with so many windows June had to store most of her paintings.

There's a reason for all the glass," June says, "the former owner spent twenty-thousand dollars on plants, shrubs and landscaping. He wanted to enjoy it whether he was in or out of the house."

She takes no credit for the gardening, but the interior is all her doing. Perhaps most striking is the drawing room, furnished in black and white contrasts with just a little tangerine for accent. June does all of her own redecorating and decorating, and just about makes the furniture herself. A lot of her stuff came from Barker Brothers' Basement, a kind of second-hand shop in Los Angeles where everyone sells their own furniture and buys someone else's.

"I got an impossible Jacobean style that no one in the world would want," June notes. At home she stripped down the chairs and sofa and put on new fabric covers so they would mix with modern. She figures the average cost per chair was about five dollars.

June will buy no more houses, for she has no desire to be a realtor. To her, as to most actors, a house represents security, and that is about as far as she wants to try to be fair," she says. "I charge Bill only a single rental. Just for the home his wife lives in."

Bill Spier, in the words of his wife, is "tall, dark and woolly." He has a crewcut beard which conspicuously covers

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TINTZ CREME COLOR SHAMPOO

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And this is the guts of the story, for June was almost swallowed up by the Frankenstein monster she had created. She began hating her flip, flashy role. She became depressed. She withdrew. She dragged herself to parties, then hid in corners. One evening at a party she was trapped by the late Gertrude Lawrence—"She came up and introduced herself just as if everyone didn’t know who she was."

Miss Lawrence praised June for her performance and then said, "The way you
play comedy makes me think you have the makings of a fine dramatic actress.

June was a partner in a shop and then spattered Miss Lawrence with tears. The great lady said, "I knew something was wrong. Let's make a lunch date and talk." When they met, June opened up. She told all about herself and her problems, personal and professional. Miss Lawrence understood. She had suffered a similar experience. "Don't say things because people expect you to be so quiet. Be yourself," she counseled. "And, for the next eight or ten years, take only dramatic parts and starve a little."

June took the advice, but she never starved. She proved to be as effective in drama as in comedy. She has received high critical praise for her performance in "Broadway," a small-town lawyer. She is also an Oscar for her supporting film role in "Gentlemen's Agreement." She put an eye in the coaxial cable with her TV rendition of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie." Of course, she has played many other lead roles, but has only done some directing. In the latter job, she had her sister Gypsy as one of her stars. (June and Gypsy are very close, although both are stamped "Handicapped." Either can be explosive or convulsive.)

Off-stage, June's taste in clothes is simple. She favors plain, tailored clothes with a feminine touch—maybe a bit of detachable lace—slightly flare to her skirt. She hasn't time to sew these days, but continues to design her clothes.

June is as concerned about Willy's appearance as she is about her own. Because Willy wants a small-town lawyer in the beginning, she didn't dress for tomorrow. Letters from the female audience—whom June refers to as "my ladies"—complained about Willy looking a bit dowdy. They wanted smarter clothes and June gratified them. They didn't like her ponytail, complaining about the wiggle. In its place June has a chignon.

There is nothing pat about June's reaction to the audience. Like all fine performers, she respects her audience and is dedicated to giving her best. She belongs to that breed of show people who keep going so long as they can walk.

During a Broadway run, some years ago, June asked a performance that when she left the theater, she collapsed on the sidewalk. She was so exhausted that she couldn't even identify herself at the moment. And there was the year of 1925, when she was playing in "Affair of State" on Broadway, as well as appearing frequently on the TV program This Is Show Business. She was pregnant and terrible ill. In spite of a fever, she played a Saturday matinee and an evening show. She alerted only the stage manager. After the night performance, they hurried her off to the hospital. She missed the Sunday-night program of Show Business, but that was unavoidable, for she was under anesthesia—and had lost her baby.

If you read Broadway columns, you know that June has a teen-age daughter who, like mother, aspires to the theater. Her name is April and she is studying dramatics at New York, but insists that she doesn't want to trade on her mother's prestige. June respects this and does not speak of her for publication.

"I do give April advice. I don't give anyone advice," she says. "Nothing is going to separate someone from this business if they love it. I am personal proof of that." She adds, "When I'm eighty-five, I want to be on the stage and be a first-rate actress."

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Cinderella with a Song

(Continued from page 33)

From the time she was four, Peggy dreamed beyond her means. “I was born in Greensburg, Pennsylvania,” she says, “in a house in the country. There was only one factory in the town, and, when they went on strike, that was it. Half the time, my father was out of work.” But poverty didn’t stop her from dreaming. “When I was four years old and friends or relatives asked me, ‘What are you going to be when you grow up, Peggy?’—I always answered, ‘A movie star, and I think it was my first complete thought.’

Peggy remembers the struggle that goes hand-in-hand with the Cinderella tale. First, her dad was on relief, and later he worked on the small detail. This early memories involved two early hardships: The winter cold and her lack of proper clothing. “Nothing gets so cold as morning snow on the ground; the reason behind her family’s need was that the kids had snow suits—at least, coats and bottoms that matched. I didn’t have a few old leftovers. One of them had a hole in the back, and my mother mended it, without realizing, she made the patch in the shape of a heart. You’ve heard of people who wear their hearts on their sleeves—I sat on mine.”

When she was ten years old, Peggy’s family moved from Greensburg to Ravenna, Ohio. Peggy remembers that trying to make family ends meet was imperative. For every item bought, it seemed the family had to give up two of something else. But when, at age five, Peggy had showed great talent for singing, her mother got together scraped up twenty-five cents a week for dancing lessons. Before the first recital, Peggy’s teacher wanted to display this talent with a solo. “I was thrilled,” says Peggy, “but the twenty-five cents a week had taken all the money. We couldn’t afford the costume.”

After school, the other youngsters spent their homework seeing a local theater. But little Peggy couldn’t afford even this small luxury. “I was always the one left at the desk,” she says. It was here that Peggy learned the massive rewards of dance and amusements. Since she couldn’t afford to be entertained, she decided to become the entertainer, and soon was cast in the lead of the school play. Even here, there was early heartbreak for Peggy. Shyly, she promised her parents, she came down with a bad cold. “My family couldn’t afford to send for the doctor,” says Peggy, “so I even had to miss out on this show. I was thrilled, but the twenty-five cents a week had taken all the money. I couldn’t afford the costume.”

Peggy’s parents, Margaret and Floyd King, always felt their daughter had great talent, but they encouraged her toward a show-business career. They felt that, to succeed, “You had to know something about it.” Peggy grew older, still dreaming of a Hollywood career, and her father would gently discount her, saying, “Baby, don’t dream beyond your means.”

In spite of her father’s continued discouragement, Peggy didn’t give up dreaming: “I can’t remember the time when I didn’t want a career. I have always wanted to sing and act. I have to sing and act—I have to perform. I would sacrifice all my family’s disapproval of her dreams. Her father told her then, “I always knew you had the talent, Peg. But I hated to think that if you continued to try—and failed—some day you’d end up with a broken heart.”

Peggy’s family had always had great faith in Peggy. There was a constant feeling of protection that they had tried to dissuade her. Peggy says, “In spite of the discouragement—which I now understand —my father helped me. He did it without my knowing it. We may have been poor—that was a big enough obstacle for them to overcome—but what we lacked in money we made up in love.”

From her experience, Peggy learned that it’s not only good to dream big dreams, but even more important to be specific about those dreams, knowing what you want, right down to the last detail. This helps you realize your dreams, because it puts first things first. For instance, Peggy saw that, if she were to become a professional in Hollywood, she must have a wardrobe. How was the money coming from?

Following high school graduation, Peg went to Boston Business College in Ravenna. She worked then as a secretary, continuing to sing “at all the doings, and with small bands.” At one of these affairs, she was spotted and signed—after her first graduate date—at the Bronze Room of the Cleveland Hotel in Cleveland. But she still didn’t have enough money for a wardrobe. She was liberal when it came to what was true for Peggy. Every Cinderella has a fairy godmother. Peggy’s was Miss Sorki, the owner of a small Ravenna dress shop. Miss Sorki’s was fair—she had an ability, and for Peggy’s first job advanced her three gowns.

“My first pair of high-heeled shoes,” says Peggy, “and my first borrowed dress. I became quite professional career. Peggy, at this point, was very much like Cinderella—if she had lost one of those slippers, she’d have been out of a job. Peggy managed to keep her wardrobe by changing the three dresses around each night, adding flowers and different accessories. Peggy never forgot Miss Sorki’s help, though it is only recently that she has been able to fully repay her first fairy godmother.

The low spot in Cinderella’s own story always comes when she’s returned to the scullery. In Peggy’s life, this moment had to come, too. Not long after she started singing in the Bronze Room, she also won a job on Cleveland’s radio station, WAG, as the result of a contest. Peggy found herself riding a wave of success—two jobs at once!—though she had to work harder than an average Cinderella. For her first, 2 A.M. singing show at the hotel, Peggy arose at 8 A.M. daily for the Open House show on WAG.

Then there was radio. Peggy lost both jobs at the same time. During this disheartening period, she returned home to Ravenna. But she continued to tell herself, “I’ve dreamed along this far—and I’m not going to give up.” With her last five dollars, and some money borrowed from her parents, she started all over again for Cleveland to make the rounds.

Again, Peggy is in—in—as it must, in every Cinderella story. First, Peggy missed her connecting bus to Cleveland and had to stay overnight in Akron. Then she remembered that Akron had anything she’d searched out the little hotel she’d so often heard them speak about. Next, while at the hotel, she picked up the evening paper, and read that Fred Lowrey was performing at the large Akron hotel directly across the street.
Lowrey had heard Peggy at the Bronze Room and had written a glowing letter to his friend, bandleader Charlie Spivak.

Feeling lonely, Peggy called Fred and his wife. They immediately invited her over, and Fred asked her to stay an extra day to see his show. It was at 6 P.M. of this second day that the phone rang. It was Charlie Spivak. He was in town for a one-nighter, he had received Fred’s letter—he wanted to see Peggy about a job!

When Peggy signed with Spivak, she thought her Cinderella dream was truly coming within reach—for his band was world renowned—but there were still some four or five years of struggle ahead of her. After eight months with Spivak, Peggy was film-tested at Twentieth Century-Fox. Everyone encouraged the move.

But nothing came of the test, and Peggy once again found herself playing small club dates in Cleveland. It seemed to her then, that for every step she took up the ladder of success, she slipped back two.

Prince Charming came into Cinderella’s life at this time, in the person of Knobby Lee, a young trumpet player with Ralph Flanagan’s band. Peggy too was noticed with Flanagan. She says: “When I was introduced to the members of the band that first day, I thought Knobby was cute. The second and third day, he really began to look at him. And by the fourth day, I decided he was the man I would marry!”

“This is how it happened: The first night we travelled four hundred miles on the bus—you can’t help getting to know someone well when you sit beside him from Stillwell, Oklahoma, all the way to Phoeniex, Arizona! Knobby made his first big impression when everybody woke up the next morning and he was the only one on the bus who wasn’t groggy. The second morning his rating went even higher in my book, when he said, ‘Are you still tired? Can I get something for you?’ It isn’t hard to see how I knew by the fourth day that Knobby Lee was the man for me!”

Once again, Peggy’s dream was coming within reach. She and Knobby went to New York with Flanagan’s band. Then she sang with Mel Torme, did the first color TV tests at NBC, and was again spotted by the studios, this time by M-G-M. In 1952, she went to the West Coast for tests.

And, this time, she was signed by the studio, beginning immediately to study dramatics, dancing and singing in their classes. “In the Fiat Office Department,” says Peggy, “needed extra help in Culver City and New York to handle the mail Knobby and I sent back and forth.”

Six months later, after working toward his union card in New York, Knobby came to Hollywood. They were thinking seriously of marriage, when Peggy went to Korea to entertain the troops over Christmas, 1952—and, once more, the ladder seemed to have been pulled out from under her. Korea was colder than the snowdrifts in Ravenna, Ohio, had ever been. Entertaining the troops on open stages, with the thermometer dipping to five below zero, was too much for Peggy. Still she sang for the boys in khaki up to the day she passed out.

Peggy was so sick she very nearly died. Confined to her room in Tokyo’s Imperial Hotel, she desperately fought the virus which nearly robbed her of her hearing. Debbie Reynolds, Peggy’s close friend, stayed with her in Japan, nursing her back to health.

Cinderella and her Prince Charming finally got together on Peggy’s return in 1953. Their marriage took place February 2, in the Little Brown Church in San Fernando Valley, attended by a small gathering of friends. “We only knew about thirty people at the time,” says Peggy. “Since my father wasn’t able to be here,

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Mr. Reynolds, Debbie's father, gave me away, and Debbie stood up with me. "At the church, poor Knobby thought I'd changed my mind. He was left waiting at the altar for eighteen minutes—we were halfway there, with Mr. Reynolds driving, when Debbie remembered we'd left the flowers at home. We were all so confused, and when he got back to the church, that Mr. Reynolds accidentally drove up on the lawn."

Although M-G-M dropped Peggy after her return from Korea, she had agreed to go on one of the shows after her marriage. Jimmy Stewart, Vera-Ellen, Bob Ryan and about thirty other people were on Peggy's and Knobby's five-day honeymoon flight to Denver. Romance wasn't exactly foremost in their minds, but their marriage still had an old-fashioned ring to it. In real life, Peggy's Cinderella story was just about to come true.

And it was a pumpkin that did it. It was a can of tomato sauce! After recording the now-famous Hunt's commercial jingle, which was immediately a great hit with listeners, Peggy was called by Columbia's vice-president, Milt Berle. But, when he introduced himself over the phone, Peggy thought she was being kid- ded. "Oh, yes?" she said, "And this is Snow White?"

What she should have said was: "This is Cinderella. Peggy's first record with Columbia was "The Hottentot Song," another immediate success."

It was then that Peggy had to make a momentous decision. "I was offered a huge sum of money for a program of crossover music," she explained. "They wanted to go on a new television show." The new program was "The George Gobel Show," which had not yet been seen by the American public.

Peggy naturally decided the decision with Knobby. They had long ago reached the point in their marriage where they did not give each other another advice in regard to their careers. "If a decision involves two careers like ours," says Peggy, "you cannot be running around giving advice to each other. I learned this early from Knobby, when I wanted to sign with an agency. He felt that I shouldn't, because of his own experience with them. But he told me to go ahead, because if I didn't, I'd never be able to come back."

Peggy says, "For your peace of mind, sign, I did, and I turned out to be right, and I had nothing to blame myself."

"So Knobby and I 'discussed' taking the George Gobel Show--he made me make the decision on my own. He did point out that being part of a network TV was more important than anything else—including the fantastic offer I already had. Knobby liked the idea of the Gobel show, but the decision was still mine."

"And now," says Peggy, "suppose Knobby had advised me not to take the Gobel show? And suppose I proved on one occasion that such a chance happened to her that has happened to me! Then what would I have done ... ? Well," she says in mock seriousness, "I'd probably have shot him!"

Actually, it is more than a touch of magic in the way Peggy was signed for the George Gobel Show. George, who was then unknown to TV, had been looking for a singer to sing the songs for "I'll Remember April," but had not wanted to audition some 300 singers, explaining: "After the first three, they all begin to sound alike."

It was George, who wrote in Chicago that Cinderella Peggy's second fairy godmother, Ethel D'Accordo, columnist on the Chicago Daily News, heard Peggy sing. Knowing that George was looking for a songstress, she suggested to George they get together. "Have you heard this little girl named Peggy King?" she asked George one day over lunch.

"No," said George. "I haven't!"

Then Columnist D'Accordo, "you're in luck. She's guesting on The Saturday Night Review."

"All right," said George, "I'll watch her."

In the show, George called his producer: "Peggy King--I want her for the show." Peggy was signed—although she'd never met George. Their first meeting took place later in Hollywood at his Pantages Theater. Peggy says: "I'd been rehearsing all morning—I was a physical wreck. But, when I walked in and saw this darling little face, I knew I'd made the right decision!"

Today, as a result of the George Gobel Show, Peggy and Knobby are settled in their own little North Hollywood home. Knobby is now leading Columbia's Liberace band—but since the latter is on the road only two or three times a year—he and Peggy are together constantly.

"In fact," says Peggy, "we're the greatest 'together' family you've ever seen. We paint. We practice. Knobby plays his trumpet for me—it's the only rehearsal I get for furniture together. I'm a great one for decorating—I even like to decorate the closets! Knobby is responsible for the outside of the house—it's got a sea-green thumb. If I get a new hat, I'll get a new hat. It's fun!"

"For 'family,' we've got Mr. McCoo, our short-haired miniature dachshund, and temporarily we also have the long-haired Brando, one of the dogs for Arthur Hamilton (he wrote my new record, 'Any Questions?') then found that Arthur was allergic to long-haired dogs! Now that she's been with us for a few weeks, I'm trying to figure out some way for us to keep her. Our business manager says she's too expensive for us to keep. But Knobby has a birthday coming up; maybe I can swing it that way."

"We've fallen in love with Brunilde. Knobby says now, that if Brunilde goes, he goes with her. I'm sorry to say that Ms. Brunilde is a trendsetter. She's been last week sleeping outside, under Knobby's rose bushes. Brunilde has her bed indoors!"

As for a family, Peggy says, "Yes, Knobby and I want children very badly." Children are very definitely part of Peggy's dream. And there is one other part of the dream. Peggy has realized: Peggy still wants to be a movie star. If her recent test at Paramount is any measure, Peggy's dream will soon come true. It's time to realize that her already hard-earned success as a television singing star has made her as popular with the fans as one hundred mo- tions pictures. The Hollywood Academy Awards, when she was chosen to sing "Count Your Blessings" on NBC's Oscar show. The moment she stepped from the car into the famous Hollywood's Pantages Theater, the fans raised a great cry of "There's Peggy King!" The photographers clamored for pictures and more pictures. For Peggy, the road to stardom has been a long one, but she finds her way of singing . . . I hadn't even figured on being recognized?"

"Dreaming beyond her means?" has paid off to the advantages of Peggy. Cinderella-like, she has had hard work and disappointment in her struggle for success, but she has always kept the grand dreams foremost in her mind. For Peggy King, the grandest dreams have developed a happy habit of coming true.
Honeymoon in the Sun

(Continued from page 51)

handed us on a platter, for free. Miami, Nassau, Havana...

"As a matter of fact, it's Miami Beach and the Sea Isle Hotel—period—and five shows to do. This is a honeymoon?"

"Oh, you don't work all the time. Just being away from New York together is a honeymoon," said Jayne.

That, in essence, is why you watched Steve Allen's Tonight show telecasting from the pool and private beach of the Sea Isle in Miami Beach during the second week in January, and incidentally caught some of the most famous acts in show business—acts which would have cost you a fortune in night-club tabs to see and hear.

Since I was in Miami that week, the editor of TV Radio Mirror wired me to hurry over to the Sea Isle and find out how Steve and Jayne were faring. The story published just after their marriage had deplored the fact that the Allen's had not had time for a proper honeymoon. Now, though belatedly, a sequel to that story was obviously indicated.

At the Sea Isle, I was whisked ten stories to the desert of rooftop high above the Miami Beach waters. "Just follow the path to Penthouse A," the elevator operator instructed, and sank abruptly out of sight. Across acres of gravel, I followed a boardwalk to a gate in a cypress fence, trucked on through, and found Penthouse A, a fenced and patioed bungalow straight out of the latest architects' annual.

As befitting a suite which, during the fifty-five-day Miami Beach season, would rent for several hundred dollars a day, this one had an enormous living room complete with everything—including an indoor garden, kitchen and bath, bedroom and dressing room, and a solarium patio the size of most people's back yards, all walled for privacy so that the occupants could get tanned all over, if they chose to do so.

In the bathroom, Jayne, clad in a light blue bathing suit and a smidgen of a sweater, was washing up a pair of Steve's shorts in the basin. Another pair hung from the shower rod. "Hi," she said. "I'm just beating the laundry situation—he didn't bring enough shorts. He's out there in the sun. Holler if you guys want tea or anything."

Steve, in swim trunks, was basking on a lawn couch. They were having their honeymoon, all right.

Steve looked as if he had nothing more on his mind than the magazine he was holding. And, as I sat down, I could hear Jayne singing merrily as she sudsed away at his shorts. She had spent three days in Nassau, preceding Steve because he was tied up with the show and business matters, then had flown to Miami to join him.

Steve's earlier prediction that, with five consecutive shows to do, he wouldn't have time to play at a honeymoon turned out to be wrong. The talent that happened to be in town at the time—Milton Berle, Gordon MacRae, Henry Youngman, Debbie Reynolds, Vaughn Monroe, Gene Blyso, George DeWitt, Patti Page, and dozens of other top stars—had all been so generous with their time that Steve hardly had to work at all. Evenings, he'd kick the show around with his writers and directors until show time, then just let it roll. This had left Steve and Jayne the daylight hours for just fun and relaxation.

"Of course," Jayne explained, "he got off to a typical Allen start. No sleep the night before he got here—because he can't sleep on planes. Then a day of conferences. And then, when anybody else would..."
This document appears to be a combination of two articles. The first article, titled "PERIODIC PAIN," discusses the challenges of menstrual pain and includes an advertisement for Midol, a pain reliever. The second article, "JEAN'S WRETCHED," is a personal story about a trip to the Bahamas and the experiences of the author, Jean DeWitt, during that time. The story includes various anecdotes about the events and interactions that occurred during the trip.
At sixteen, after graduating from high school: "I loathed for a month or two, then went to work as an usher at the Riviera Theater in St. Paul. I can remember making a bet with the doorman, who wanted to be a fighter—possibly because his name was John L. Sullivan—that I'd have my name on a Broadway marque before he won a title."

In 1930, Herb acted in a production of "Michael and Mary" put on by the Little Theater in his home town. "The night of our only performance," he recalls, "a bat got loose. The dead man came to life to see what was going on and then expired again. And a wonderful time was had by all." Herb also enrolled in the University of Minnesota so he "could get into their little-theater group. These were Depression days, but ever, and he only remained a year. . .

In addition to those early jobs as a newsboy and a theater usher, Herb has also been a caddy, tobacco-store clerk, house-to-house salesman, cab driver, bus driver, house painter, counter clerk at a Glaciers Park hotel, lumberjack in the CCC, government livestock reporter, odd-jobs man, sergeant-major in the Army, radar repairman, rifle instructor, and manager of a theatrical company. "Once," he adds, "I was offered a job as a flagpole-sitter during that craze, but I turned it down, feeling that it was work suitable only for a recluse—which I am not.

Most of his life, however, Herb has been able to make a living at the business he likes best. It was only those first six years that were mighty lean, and mostly a sideline to regular work." In 1930, he auditioned for a staff job at Station WCCO, Minneapolis.

"I floundered through a tremendously erudite book-review and wound up last," he recalls. "A similar audition at KSTP, St. Paul, several years and some experience later, resulted in the suggestion that I consider some other line of work, because there was a quality in my voice that would cause cheaper sets to vibrate. In 1932, I joined a tent repertory outfit playing 'Toby shows' out of Fort Dodge, Iowa. I was handed a bundle of sides that would have choked a horse, and also informed that I would have to do a specialty in the between acts 'ole.' I came up with an uncertain rendition of 'St. James Infirmary Blues,' with gestures and tramp costume, which stunned both audience and producer. I stayed three weeks, got homesick and quit."

By 1934, Herb was in St. Paul and Minneapolis, broadcasting livestock reports, as well as appearing in local dramatic shows. Three years later, he felt he was ready to try his luck in Chicago. At Station WGN, a radio producer recognized him as an Englishman for a part in a daytime serial. Herb sat through four showings of a David Niven movie, then auditioned—literally "playing it by ear." He not only got the part, but played it for two years.

"The producer subsequently used me for all of his English parts on other shows, and was mighty surprised some time later when he found out I was from the Midwest, not Middlesex."

For the next three years, Herb acted in some twenty daytime serials, then moved to New York, where he hoped to "have a go at the legitimate theater on Broadway." One year later, he was the juvenile lead in S. J. Perelman's "The Night Before Christmas." The following year, he was in Arnold Sundgaard's "The First Crocus."

Meanwhile, he continued on radio, play-
ing in everything from Stella Dallas to Just Plain Bill, Portia Faces Life to John's Other Wife, The Prudential Hour to Lincoln Highway. It was during this period that he acted his most difficult radio role—that of a woman.

"At one point," Herb remembers, "the director instructed me to achieve the effect of a green fog rising slowly up from a swamp. So I buckled down...."

Drafted into the Signal Corps in 1942, Herb was made a sergeant-major in charge of a hundred-man administrative staff, and was stationed in England, France and Germany. At the end of the war, he toured the ETO in a Soldier Show Company production of "Golden Boy." Discharged in 1946, he joined the Barter Theater in Virginia, touring for the next three years in twenty-eight states through the South and Midwest. He played everything from Patsy in Three Men on a Horse to Hamlet to the Duke of York.

Returning to New York, he continued his career in radio and broke into TV. In addition to his regular role as Max Canfield in The Brighter Day, Herb now acts in all the top dramatic shows. As a super-star, in between TV engagements, he manages to do some summer stock as well as a smattering of film work. And recently, he was invited to play one's favorite roles: "His and Hers," with Celeste Holm, and "The Seven Year Itch" with Mitzi Gaynor.

That Herb has done so well in so highly competitive a profession is a tribute to his acting ability rather than to his ambitions. He has none, except "to live to be a hundred and to die happy."

"I am not a subscriber to the success theory," he says. "I feel that if you get in there, you get in the way of enjoyment of life." Enjoying life, he has never been unhappy enough to want "to give his all" for the theater. But, although he has parked the drive, he did have the direction. For a man, part of the enjoyment of life is enjoying the work he does, so that Herb's goal has always been in the theater. And, just as he has guided his horse, "playing it by ear"—so with his career.

"Whenever I come to some crossroad," Herb says, "when I have a decision to make today, I think: 'Which one of these is the path to my goal?' There's a monitor in me which acts as a direction-finder. 'Hey, Bubl!' it warns—any time I'm about to get off the main track, I've strayed from my goal!"

And today, Herb has reached his goal. He has found success, not the kind that ends in a penthouse on Park Avenue, New York, but in a nine-room house on the road to Liberal, Kansas. He has a wife and three children, and his own workshop in the basement—so he can do a bit of carpentry once in a while, like his father, and "live life by ear, Herb has found, one often gets a melody that's new and fresh and all one's own.

Live Up to Your Dream

(Continued from page 36) why. Vainly, Mama DeSimone reminded him that the lessons had been his own idea and that the family was making sacrifice to pay for them. Johnny simply balked.

His vivid recollection of the stress of that moment could still put emotion into his voice. "That was the day I decided—amounted to declaring—I was no longer going to be a good for nothing. If I was, I had been faking. I had a terrific ear and I was quick to mimic what anyone did. I'd watch while the teacher played a piece, and I'd learn it. I can still do that. But I had not learned to read a single note of music. She was bound to discover it. I knew I had outsmarted myself.

Her patience exhausted, Mrs. DeSimone had asked, "Johnny, go take your lesson." Johnny gave a flat refusal. "I won't."

Ruefully, he recalls, "My mother locked the door. She snatched off her slippers. And she took after me. For more than an hour, we went 'round and 'round. When that was over, I don't know who was crying the most; that, my mother or me. But I do know that is when I realized that everyone has to answer for something and I had better start doing it.""
Out of such husband-wife conversations came a plan, based on a do-unto-others principle. To put it into effect, Johnny, with the backing of his sponsor, the Philco Corporation, began organizing what they call "Phonorama" clubs.

A fan club, Johnny believes, should do more than feed a star's ego. The way he looks at it, a fan club should, first of all, give its members an opportunity to have fun listening to music together. It should also encourage them to develop their own abilities and talents.

"What every kid wants more than anything else," Johnny says, "is recognition. That's the way it ought to be, for the most important part of growing up is learning to use your imagination, talents and abilities. Yet, too often, it is easier for a kid to get noticed for doing something violent than it is for him to find an opportunity to do something worthwhile. Well, we're looking beyond those juvenile delinquency headlines on the front pages to search out the small headlines on the back pages—the ones that tell when a kid has achieved something."

For such young winners, there's a weekly interview on Phonorama Time, an award of the month, and, at the end of the year, a college scholarship, presented by Philco, for the grand champion. Says Johnny, with satisfaction, "There's that chance for a kid to stand in the spotlight."

But, in the planning, Johnny has not overlooked the advice, based on his own hard-earned lessons, which he gave to the Philadelphia girl reporter. "If you want to be a successful singer—or anything else—work at it."

He's suggesting to club members that they develop their civic muscles by par-ticipating in community drives. In his opinion, "Teenagers constitute a tremendous community resource. When they pitch in, they can put over anything, whether it is fund-raising or a clean-up campaign. They have the energy, the enthusiasm, the ideas. You'd be surprised what they can dream up while sitting around listening to a stack of records."

He bets his own stack of platters—the new releases which the recording com-panies send out to disc jockeys—on a different club each week. "I'm sending them along for the kids to enjoy and I expect, in turn, to hear about their achievements," he said.

For Johnny, too, the achievements again are impressive. As this is written, there's talk of a role in a movie. Then, on August 15, he goes into rehearsal for a Broadway show by George Axelrod and Jule Stern, entitled "Tinsel Time." Johnny Desmond, taking his own advice, is finding that his personal formula for success—"Work at it"—is working just swell.
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So This Is Hollywood

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There's no other way to cool.

No other way to cool.

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I remember, after I learned Aunt Sadie’s routine, I also picked up a skirt from Moran and Mack, the “Two Black Crows.” Pretty soon my reputation had reached the booking-office—they wanted Mother and Dad and me out and when we were named for them, my dad forgot his lines and I cued him. It panicked the office. Needless to say, we were all on the road together.

Later, I played a girl in a Paramount. One Sunday, in the hope of spotting new talent, the “brass” from Paramount studio came to watch the show. Elsie Janis saw me doing a Fannie Brice imitation—a demand and thought I’d be great for a picture the studio intended making called “Paramount on Parade.”

But it took a year and a half to get around to making it—and I was broken-hearted. After all, I was growing! But I really should have known better, for it hadn’t been too long before that my grandmother had said the now famous words: “Everything happens for the best.”

And it did. Because I was free at the time—and lucky—I signed my first contract with Paramount. It happened this way: “The Marriage Proposal,” another picture, was being cast. With a change of clothes over her arm, my mother took me into the casting office to test. My heart sank. There were a million children waiting and there I sat, a very plain Jane with bangs and a tailored dress. But, when the director finally saw me, he said, “That’s the little girl!” No test, no nothing, just a contract.

I became part of the Paramount studio’s “stock company,” meeting people like Will Rogers, Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, Gary Cooper, Eugene Paulette, Clara Bow. To them, I was just a little girl. Wherever we went on the lot, I met people who knew my mother and father. Everybody loved them. Those days at Paramount are still bright in my memory.

I went to school on the lot, too. Our teacher, Rachel Smith, made school ing a pleasure—everything I know, I owe to her. When there was a big picture-shooting, our classroom was converted into a set. And one day, I went to class with Ida Lupino—fresh over from England—Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, Junior Durkin and Jackie Searle. But, finally, there were just two in the class—Jackie Cooper and me. From getting started—

"Tom Sawyer" was made while I was at Paramount, and playing Becky Thatcher was one of the highlights of my career. They gave me a lot of those parts of girlhood days that made me look, I thought, just the right size. I had always wanted to look! Oh, I was so glamorous—and all of ten years old.

So, again, I can say everything happens for the best. If it hadn’t been for the delay in starting “Paramount on Parade,” I might never have been signed for my first picture, “The Marriage Proposal.”

“Everything happened for the best,” on So This Is Hollywood, too. I was in one of my “go-to-work” moods and had been preparing another act for the Latin Quarter in a Florida hotel. It was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving, and Joe was in San Diego, scouting locations for a new picture, when I got a call from his studio telling me that agent Lester Linke wanted to know who Sadie was. We had something he wanted me to see.

I called my agent to find out what was up. “A TV show is cooking,” he said. and I knew I’d be perfect for the part. Would you like to look at the script?”

“Oh, I said. A copy of So This Is Hollywood came over immediately. Sure, it was a cute idea, a cute script. I liked it very much—and I told the agent so.

“That’s fine,” he said. “Glad you’ll do it. It starts shooting Friday!”

But, I waited a minute! I said, “I haven’t said I’d do it. I’ve got to talk to my husband. What do I know about television?”

So I made him wait until I talked to Joe. I finally reached him on a phone somewhere in the San Diego harbor. I was worried about signing the TV contract and the short time—and it was a new medium and, naturally, I was a little bit afraid. Joe said, real matter-of-fact, “Oh, if you like the script, go ahead and do it.”

But every new venture makes me nervous, and on Wednesday morning I still hadn’t made up my mind.

Then Wednesday night the producer, Ed Elmark, said, “Listen, Mitzi, we’d love to have you and I know you’ll be happy over here.”

“Yes,” I said, “but I still don’t know...”

“Look, don’t worry about a thing. By the way, what size are you?”

“I’m a ten; but what has that to do...”

“That’s fine”—I still hadn’t said “yes,” but he continued—and “I would like you to do it here. I’m glad you’re going to do it!”

“...But...”

Tomorrow morning, I want you to see our production man. We’ll probably run through the second and third...”

But...”

“And you’ll want to have your hair fixed. I’ll set an appointment with Florence Erickson. You’ll love Florence, the greatest hair stylist in the business...”

I got in one last “But...” before he hung up. The next day, instead of cooking a turkey—as most Thanksgiving housewives were doing—at 9 A.M., I was sitting in the studio chair having my hair done. We rushed through things so fast that, Friday morning, I was being hit on the head by a breakaway bottle—by a man I’d never even been introduced to!

Since then, of course, I’ve fallen out of buildings, into rivers, been hit on the head with every movie prop in the house. I was asked if I was still daydreaming—like most people at work. "But... but..."

Actually, television is a lot of fun. In fact, it’s proved to me once again how true my grandmother’s words were: Everything happens for the best. It does. Look, for example, how I got into motion pictures; how, at first meeting, I didn’t like my future husband; and how, in the beginning, I fought television—now I wouldn’t give it up for the world!
A Family to Cherish

(Continued from page 30) has always been: "Work—hard work—and do the best you can." So, with Mary's blessing, he decided to return to Texas. He sold his interests in Chicago, New York and one of the most coveted honors in television.

"If you want to understand Bob," says Mary Elliott Cummings, his wife of ten years and mother of their four children, "you have to go back to his early life in Joplin, Missouri. His father was a small-town doctor, making a honest living because of the little money he made, and he was too kind-hearted to keep much of even this meager income. The first years of the Depression only magnified their financial problems."

Bob, early interested in aeronautical engineering, soldo when he was still in high school, became a flight instructor at sixteen, and, two years after that, went to Carnegie Tech to study engineering. "The Depression stopped me cold in the middle of my last year," says Bob. "Until then, I had worked my way through school as a Champagne waiter, making a small fortune."

Instructor, a Sunday airplane bus pilot carrying passengers at $5 a ride, a soda jerk, and in school, as 'busboy' and carvings man behind the showroom table. He'd been dinnertime Thursdays for two years. During the Depression, Thursdays were always my fattest days.

The opposite sides of Bob's character were his love of life and his life's left school to take a job as a student actor in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts—fully intending to save his money and return to engineering. The acting job was as diametrically opposed to his attitude for engineering as any job could be. Says Bob: "My roommate, a would-be actor, found the job for me—it paid $14 a week. The Academy had 100 girls for every boy. In order to put on their plays, they had to pay men to come there to study."

After the dramatic school ended, Bob tried his luck as a professional actor. "That was during the 1929-to-1935 period," he says. "Unless you were British, you couldn't get cast in any of the Broadway shows. On our wave of British plays on the American stage—'Journey's End,' 'Berkeley Square'—everything was British. Except me. I was too American.

"In utter desperation, I took $883 from a life insurance and bought a round-trip steamer ticket on a slow boat to England. I stayed there twenty days—long enough to pick up an authentic British accent. I bought a British suit, hats taken in, then wrote to New York producers, saying I was 'Blade Stanhope Conway, the youngest actor-author-manager-producer in England.' I added that I was particularly interested in money, but only wished the experience of playing before American audiences. In my letters, I gave the day of my arrival, a Park Avenue address (of a friend) —and then left for New York."

The ruse worked. Within a week, "Blade Stanhope Conway" was in rehearsal for Galsworthy's play, "The Hoof. His timing in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts stood Bob in good stead—he opened to good notices.

After five years of being a professional Englishman, playing in England, plus playing on radio as straight man, Milton Berle, Bob came to Hollywood on tour. Here he decided to make a try at pictures. Unfortunately, he was caught in a trap of his own making—only Westerns and adventure pictures were being filmed, and Englishmen were no longer in demand.

So the man of opposites changed character another. "Can you imagine?" says Bob. "When I tried for 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer,' the casting director said he thought I should try for a Texan. I ran off to Texas, stayed there long enough to garner a Southern accent, and then returned to Hollywood."

"And everyone I was from San Angelo, suh, a real rootin', tootin' Texan. In twenty-four hours, I had a role as a Texan in 'So Red the Rose.' After that, Hollywood began to see me as an English picture. 'Lloyds of London' was one I read for it but naturally wasn't accepted—because I had just played the role of a Texan. Tyrone Power got the part. And me with the Southern accent."

"And that took me two years to become my American self again."

World War II came along. Bob entered the Army Air Force as a pilot instructor... and, shortly before his discharge, he met Mary Elliott. "Photographer Paul Hesse," says Bob, "was always trying to pair me off. He called me one day, saying: 'I've just got pictures of a girl you have to meet. I'm having a party tonight—how about coming over?' So I did. But, when I got there, Mary had already worked up the nerve to ask me out."

"And I think I said hello to her just once in the entire evening. Hesse asked me the next day what I thought of her. I said, 'What I saw of her.'"

"Six weeks later, Bob continues, "I flew a batch of performers to Muroc Air Base for a show. We were flying on instruments, trying to get up out of the mountain and on the way why the plane wouldn't climb! I asked the co-pilot to look back aft. He returned, saying, 'The whole gang has formed a dance line and is playing their routines!'"

"Well, of course, that couldn't go on much longer or we would all be doing our routines—with wings. I had them pile forward and sit down. In the crunch, one of the girls wasn't understanding why the plane wouldn't climb! I asked the co-pilot to come in—she gave me up her seat—and we talked for a few minutes. But I didn't recognize her. Mary had been too busy flying the plane, and she didn't recognize me because I had my earphones on."

"After the show, the air base commander thanked the troop, then announced that we would give a round of applause to the pilot who flew you up here tonight—who is also a motion picture actor—Robert Cummings!"

Mary and Bob were married the afternoons and said, 'Hi! How are you? Remember me? I'm the girl at Paul Hesse!' That's how we met—again. I called her when I came into Los Angeles on leave a week later. She said, 'I was too busy then. I was doing a picture.'"

"And a month after that, we were married!"

Bob and Mary were married by Bob's mother, Mrs. John H. Conway, on March 5, 1945, in the Flyer's Chapel at the Mission Inn in Riverside, California. "I was doing a picture at Paramount," Bob adds, "We had the whole afternoon off for the wedding. No, in the next two 'days,' he says, 'there wasn't a vacant house, a vacant apartment, or even a vacant room to rent. Believe it or not, in order to find a place to live, Bob and I had to buy an apartment house.'"

Bob's and Mary's first child, Robert Richard, was born in 1946. The small family lived in the apartment for two years while planning the home they intended to build.

The home which they built was carefully planned from the lowest cement basement step to its highest shingle. The
thought which went into this planning is a direct contrast to the scatterbrain thinking with which Bob has so long been associated on the motion picture and TV screens.

The house was built with childhood ills in mind, for the protection of the youngsters—and their parents, too. As Bob says, "You have to protect the goose that lays the golden eggs." He utilizes the analogy, he thinks it is rather apt: "It was Mary's idea and she is right. When an actor is ill, he's out of business. I just can't afford it, so I've taken it into my own hands and we've put on an 'isolation ward'—a special kitchen upstairs, special silver, special cups and saucers, everything for the kids' needs. And I haven't had a cold since we've lived here."

"Of course," Bob adds, "we still suffer along with every childhood ailment. Recently, they came down with the measles. First, it was Robert, now nine. Then it was Bob's half-brother, nine-month-old, Laurel Ann, then only one month old, has a built-in anti-measles machine—she was not supposed to get it, according to the doctor, even if exposed."

As opposed to the comic character he plays, Bob leads a quiet, well-ordered life at home. But there is one aspect of the Bob Consul character that does not mirror his real life: His sense of responsibility for others, which is touched on lightly in the script, through his relationship to his "sister." At home, with his wife and children, he's responsible for the protection of the children. "When you have children," says Bob, "your attitude on life automatically becomes more intense. As a grown-up, I can go by the slightest suggestion of immorality. I don't mean to say that you become a prude. But, when you hear people talk about teen-age delinquency and similar problems, you say to yourself, 'That could happen to my child.'"

"As a consequence," adds Bob, "you try to protect them in every way you can. Even with the more menial jobs in life, I try to make sure that they are protected from accidents. They all learned to swim—underwater, too—before they could walk. We have safety belts in our car. And, as soon as they are old enough to hold a wheel, I teach them to drive."

The complete thoroughness with which Bob is approaching this program of training is evident in direct contrast to the light-hearted comedy he plays. But thorough he is "The little car," says Bob, "is a gasoline-powered Eggomobile built by a man who had an ideal: He thought, 'If every child could learn to drive before he was ten years old, twenty years from now we would be able to eliminate all highway accidents.' By introducing children to power-driven autos at an early age, the edge is taken off the sudden excitement of having a car at sixteen—and another untutored, murdering, roaring juggernaut on the highway is reduced to a minimum."

"All of the children, except the baby, can drive. They have no fear of the auto. In fact, they learn in about five minutes. When they can steer, I set up an obstacle course of aluminum chairs and we practice figure-eights around them, much as the pilots did during the war."

"Speaking of airplanes, everyone in the family is an 'air-flier,'" adds Bob. We all take weekend trips in our seven-place Beechcraft. Mary's had five hundred hours in the air, and she is a good navigator. As with swimming and driving, the children fly as soon as they can get their hands on Mary's arms and are old enough to go out of the house for a weekend. We don't make a production out of it—we just do it, and I think my kids and I are the only ones who air travel as if it had been going on since Pharaoh's time. As far as they're concerned, it's the thing to do. Robert, only nine, can land and take off as well as I do—if not better. And because he's been introduced to airplanes early in life, as with the car, he won't be a daredevil. He'll be more cautious and probably a better pilot than I will be—and I've been flying since 1927."

In addition to his children, Bob is also interested in his fellow man. This is another facet of his serious side which the TV audience does not see. Bob is a crusader for safety belts in every American car; he hopes to educate the public through the distribution of William Harper's book, Mangled Millions; and he has a very special little crusade to have all legal holidays fall on Monday.

"I ordered a new safety belt for our car," says Bob, "and it's one of the shoulder harness type. Right now, there is a bill before Congress to make it a federal law that all automobiles engaged in interstate commerce must be equipped with safety belts, and the passengers must wear them. Life-insurance companies, I think, will soon offer lower premiums as an inducement to people to wear the harness-type belts. I know I would gamble twelve to fifteen dollars to cut my chances of being killed in an accident by six hundred per cent! I'm not interested in dying. I'd like to be 150 years old."

"Physicist William Harper has written this forty-page booklet, Mangled Millions, to tell the public about the dangers of driving. We want to make it available to as many people as possible, I think that, if enough people read it, it will make much more difficult for them to forget that 100,000 die each year—and literally millions are mangled!"

Bob's last crusade, putting all legal holidays on Mondays, is a subject dear to his heart. "Take July Fourth for example," he says. "Why should we celebrate it proudly on the fourth? After all, the Declaration of Independence was signed on June 23. Think of what regular scheduled three-day holidays could do to our national economy."

"I think if people read it, it will make much more difficult for them to forget that 100,000 die each year—and literally millions are mangled!"

Bob's last crusade, putting all legal holidays on Mondays, is a subject dear to his heart. "Take July Fourth for example," he says. "Why should we celebrate it proudly on the fourth? After all, the Declaration of Independence was signed on June 23. Think of what regular scheduled three-day holidays could do to our national economy."

But it doesn't make any difference to Bob—the man of opposites, the man of many talents—whether he's working on his crusades or on being a family man, or on entertaining his fans. Whatever it is, he's always working. "Work, hard work, that's the stuff for me," he says, with a happy grin. 'I'll be satisfied as long as I can entertain and the best I can with every job I've had.' And the greatest job of all is loving and cherishing his family.

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The Long Way Home

(Continued from page 68)

boy who had never known anything else.

At three, he was doing a song-and-
dance routine with Field’s Minstrels, and
at fifteen, he was a member of his company on the Mississippi. His folks, however, did like a little town in Illinois, named Mattoon, enough to settle there for
increasingly longer times between tours.

Just before he was ready to "call it
down" periods in Mattoon, when Tom was
fourteen, that he went to a kid’s party and
met Bernice Wood, then an already pretty, mutual succeeds, she was patient and
something blue, her skirt a good deal longer than her mother’s (it was, after all, 1920), and from the time he got to the party he couldn’t keep his eyes off her.

He was after her head and her tonèed shoes. He looked like a real sheik.

By ten-thirty that evening, the party had progressed to the “post-office” stage and Tom, in the dark, planted a firm kiss on her lips and said, “You may not believe this,
Bo, but I am going to marry you when you get old enough!”

There is no record of her reply. Possibly she giggled and said, “Write it on the ice,” or “So’s your Aunt Emma”—very hip replies in those days. She紧缺s quite a few, because he kissed her again on her front porch, and made a date with her for the following Saturday.

It was also around ten years after that evening when, bringing Bo home from a movie to that same front porch, he sat on the top step beside her and said, “You’re old enough now, Bo. How about it?”

She seemed to be thinking about it, but she had to play hard to get, just a little. “Old enough for what?”

“For me, Well, Bo!”

“Why else,” she said then, abandoning all pretense, “have I been sitting here
waiting, these seven mortal years?”

It wasn’t quite as simple as that, of course. Bo had always been a homebody, a girl who wanted a stable family life, with a husband of whose whereabouts she could be sure of, and a house she could keep and tend and make a home in, and children to care for. She was pretty sure, not that she’d put him up, he’d tell her. Tom had been in Mattoon long enough to finish high school, Marion Military Institute, De Pauw University, the University of Illinois, and twenty-two months in Annapolis.

And, for a long time, it seemed that her security was real. Tom got a job in radio, first in Tuscola, Illinois, and later in Chicago, on a big-time network. The baby finally came along, at last, about the time Tom began making more money.

The little family was supremely content. As the years passed, Tom, Jr. grew tall and started showing signs of being a fine athlete. So Tom took him through a home in Northfield, and Tom worked at his job, and there was laughter at midnight and in the mornings when Tom and Bob were told they

And then it happened. “I don’t know quite how to explain it,” Tom told me, ruefully. “It was one of those things that happen when you’re in this business. Sudden impressions and happenings, and having so many things on my mind and so much to do, that Bo and I just never seemed to be together any more. We’d always been so very close, so very close to one another, physically and emotionally, so sure of the warmth of their companion-
ship and love and shared happiness—too
terribly dependent on one another—that they saw their new situation as out of the question. Most married couples, less interdependent, less deeply in love, could have accepted the changed circumstances in stride.

It didn’t work for Bo and Tom. He began to feel that the marriage was coming to a

fashionable divorce, ahead of Bo’s wishes and her requirements as a wife and mother. Bo, bewildered by a situation she had never before encountered, was slow to react. She was furious, until finally she didn’t know what to do. There were a few tor-
ment months of wrangling and deep misery. Then, by mutual consent, they parted and sold or gave away their marriage.

Tom Moore is not the kind of man who can live alone. Still bristling with pride and, perhaps, a sense of outrage, he becontinuous with his wife, the widow of R. Schiffman’s, and built up a new family. He

it seems evident enough now that all Tom wanted was to go home, even then, but he was too proud and stubborn to admit it. Instead, he married Lou, and for almost three years it seemed as if he had exchanged one degree of happiness for another. Tom had not even seen the girl from Georgia whom he had known and liked for some time. I don’t think it’s any discredit to Lou that Tom says, now that he is sober and free of his divorce, that he is glad he couldn’t have. Bo. She looked a little like her, and he was always laughing, just as Bo was—

So, this summer, when Tom, Jr. finishes at Shattuck Military Academy in Minne-
apolis, he will stand with his father and

mother in a little Illinois church while the minister who married his mother and father twenty-three years ago again re-

unites them in a marriage that was meant from the beginning to last forever.

Then Tom and Bo will have to decide about their future, Tom’s contract with Mutual will still be in effect; he will still broadcast on radio to more than 500 station outlets across the country. And, besides, he’s bought a radio station in Winter Haven, and is beginning to build a house for living.

That means they may not be able to spend as much time as they used to in the old Northfield house, but no matter. Bo has had time to do some thinking on her own, and they are in a much better settlement with her. But Tom has the an-
swer to that little problem, too. “I’m build-
ing Bo a new house here in Florida,” he
did. “Northfield or Florida, wherever Bo will come to, I’m in a few months, that’s where I’ll be... home.”
Never a Dull Moment

(Continued from page 57)
days,” he says, “and then, ten days later, I got out of bed and did the back yard.”

Their ranch-style home is painted in Pennsylvania-Dutch red with white trimmings. Their furnishings—like Judith herself—are noted for an air of serenity. Put it all in a picture-postcard and you’ve set the scene for the family of a successful and happy businessman, rather than an actor. But...

It’s a complex but Larry is a serious but never somber, imaginative but not overly lively, likable kind of guy. “He’s volatile,” says Judy. “There’s never a dull moment with him. He makes decisions on the spur of the moment. He walks at a rather leisurely unhurried half-way. If he’s tired, he takes a ten-minute nap then snaps back like a rubber band.”

“The but has to do with the actor’s ego,” Larry says, which keeps you living in a couple of most wonderful places when I was overseas in an anti-aircraft outfit and, the first night we were in combat, I climbed out of the control dugout where I was assigned to an officer in the movies, I figured my place was with my men. And then one of the men came up to me and said, ‘Lieutenant, we can’t fire you. We need you more alive than yesterday—more common than the rest.’”

His voice teachers were most enthusiastic. In Larry they thought they had a great big, strong tenor, and in the operatic buffo—they have been doing things about his voice. “You know, people would hear me sing and say, ‘You’ve got a fine voice. You should do something about your career.’

“His voice teachers were most enthusiastic. In Larry they thought they had a great big, strong tenor, and in the operatic buffo—they have been doing things about his voice. “You know, people would hear me sing and say, ‘You’ve got a fine voice. You should do something about your career.’

One of the teachers insisted that Larry beg, borrow or steal to get to Paris and make his start as a tenor in French opera. She said the public would be very much taken in to prove a point, so Larry sang for John Fearnley, who was auditioning the musical for the “South Pacific.” Mr. Fearnley listened and then said, “Mr. Fearnley, I'm going to sing you a little song by Mr. Weber. We will consider you for the understudy of Ezio Pinza.” And, as the world knows, Ezio Pinza is quite a baritone.

At that precise moment, Larry gave up his thoughts of opera, but he’s never stopped studying voice, for one of his ambitions is to become a tenor. He hopes that, of one of these days, Chris Kendall may have a chance to sing. “Chris is one of my favorite parts,” he says. “A story like Volland Lady is concerned with beauty and the arts.”

There is a lot of excitement in playing the role of an airline pilot, and it isn’t all in the make-believe. Things happen. For instance, there was the day that Flora Campbell made her debut as Helen Emerson. “I remember telling her how extremely well-coordinated and smooth the production was,” Larry grins.

On that day, the script called for Flora to be at the airport anxiously awaiting Larry’s arrival. Larry was piloting his plane from Johannesburg and was in somewhat desperate straits. Both he and co-pilot were blind, lost over the ocean. They were in one of the worst storms of the season. They hadn’t much fuel—maybe enough to fill a half-dozen jelly glasses. And the radio wasn’t working.

And one engine was on fire.

There was a camera on Flora at the airport, and two on the cockpit of the plane itself. There were eighty boxes of ninety “camera cues” in eleven minutes of script—or an average of about one cue every seven seconds, which calls for mighty quick reactions and great coordination. Naturally, nerves were on edge and the situation was very tense.

There was a humorous side to this, for I had told Flora that I was going to be late was, but she was amused, too. After it

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was over, she asked, 'Now what do we do for an encore?' (Incidentally, during the whole, pure performance, there was no cue missed or a line of dialogue lost.)

Larry’s previous television experience, to mention a few shows, includes Kraft Thea- ter, Lux Radio Theatre and Love That One Year with Bert Montgomery.

To trace the first meeting of Larry and his wife Judy, you must go back to the very early days—1938. In 1938, they were both acting in stock companies. The circumstances were not unusual—but the people were.

"We were rehearsing for a summer theater at Wilkes-Barre," Larry recalls. "Most of us were together for the first time." He and Judith Cargill were complete strangers, but she didn’t want to keep it that way. At any rate, she introduced herself. "I remember my reaction," Larry says. "I remember turning to a friend, after Judy went back to her corner, and saying, ‘I wonder what he’s going to do?’"

The "old girl" was barely twenty-one and fresh out of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She had been raised in Milwaukee by a non-show-business family. She was a brilliant student who broke scholastic records and won scholarships everywhere. But, when Judy graduated from the Academy, she had a notion she was the only character passing out handbills. She dressed like one. "At rehearsals," Larry recalls, "she was usually over in a corner half-hidden behind oval glasses and a bonnet.

Luckily, they were to play summer stock. Summer meant hot days, and hot days meant that, when they arrived at Wilkes-Barre, one of the first things the company did was go for a swim and then go on a swim. "And when I saw Judy in a swim suit," says Larry, "I knew positively that she wasn’t an old girl.

By fall they were officially engaged. The following summer, Larry had a diamond stickpin of his father’s converted into an engagement ring for Judy. In January 1940, they were married. Then they moved into a small apartment until Larry was drafted.

As an enlisted man, Larry was stationed mostly of his first two years in Panama. As an officer, he spent the next couple of years in Europe. His outfit was on the beach at Normandy and then, for a few weeks, he was "Battled out of Europe." After returning to Paris, finally moving to the much-bombed port at Antwerp.

Judy was working in a noisy medium, too—though in quite a different sense—for that was her first big way. Today, she is among the top ten or so "most employed" television and radio actresses. In the past few months, she has been seen on Justice and the Perry and Ford dramatic programs, to name a few.

Since stock days at Wilkes-Barre, she has appeared in two Broadway shows, "Years Ahead," and "The Great Lady," as well as "How to Wonder," with Raymond Massey.

Judy Cargill Weber is a stunning young woman who could be a living testimonial for either of Larry’s sponsors on Valiant Lady. She is lustro-splendid brindle-brown hair, which should be a smiling matter for Toni, and she bakes delicious chocolate cakes—which certainly shouldn’t make General Bailey run away. "And she’s got it up here," Larry says, tapping his forehead. "When we tuned in to the old Information Please program, there was a section on registration. I knew it was Jerry and me, but the most of the time she answered questions they couldn’t!"

There are three other members of the Weber household. At home, they do the job of a kind of miniature Doberman pinscher every time Larry comes on TV. Jay was legally named Judith, after her mother and so, for a while, they called her Judith, Jr., then J. J. and now, simply, Jay. Whenever Jay is reprimanded by her mother, she turns to Judith, Sr., and says, ‘You’re upsetting your mother too much! ’ and whenever Jay thinks Larry is singing too softly, she says, ‘Larry, it’s time to get going!’

As for living in the suburbs, Larry says, ‘My wife and I prefer the city, but we moved out for the children’s sake,’ David was born in Manhattan, and it has discovered that all you do to kiss a girl is ask her to say, ‘Pruners!’—and he is improving the diction of most little girls in the neighborhood.

For economical reasons, the Webers enjoy do-it-yourself projects. They painted their house, dug vegetable and flower gardens, converted a dining table into a cof- fer—everything decor and decoration for the kids’ rooms. Perhaps their most in- genious do-it-yourself project was making do without a television receiver. That was during the first war in the country, when they sat on the lawn and focused binoculars on a neighbor’s set.

“We found his taste in shows agreeable,” Larry recalls, “but he hadn’t made any progress with that kind of work when summer passed, so we had to move inside and buy our own set.”

Their home is furnished in a pleasant potpourri of modern and Victorian and needlepoint. This is that much of their furniture has been inherited.

As you come through the front door into the foyer there is a pair of Dickens silhouettes and Judy’s favorite crest from Rolleston-On-Downs. About this time, if you are partial to olives or grasses, you feel at home—for Judy is partial to green. All of the aspects and parts of the walls in the living and dining rooms are green. There are two antique mirrors on the parlor wall—and symbol of Judy’s view of England—a decor- ative map of London.

The bedroom walls are papered in cheerful blues and yellows. David has plaid and Jay has pussy willows. The master bedroom boasts a couple of massive, state- ly English bureaus, with marble tops, which Larry inherited from his father. The bedroom also serves as the music room: We have to just go into the bedroom, close the door and sound off.

Larry enjoys music and will sing when he’s showering or when he’s weaving the garden. It hasn’t damaged the plumbing, and the Weber’s doziers did well except for the aforementioned apple tree.

“This is a different kind of life,” Larry observes, “at odds with the kind of show business world. It’s not just the fooling around with cucumbers and rutabaga. There’s the continual pattering and repairing of the house, as well as the teaching of Sunday school. There’s the house work, the house work—six or seven-thirty, a time when self-respecting actors could have gone to bed. Larry and Judy take turns getting the other up in the morning. He says that every other day one parent gets to sleep until eight—except on days when Larry is in Valiant Lady. Those days, he has to be in rehearsal. Then they have the eight-thirty rehearsal in Manhattan.

But Larry’s not complaining about the hours or the uncooperative apple tree or the lack of seats on his commuter train. "You know, you say artists are supposed to suffer," Then, more seriously, he adds: “I’ve got a lot to be grateful and happy about...”

As Judy has phrased it, “There’s never a dull moment with Larry.” But it makes for peace and contentment in the Weber family, and that’s just the way they love it.
The Magic of Erin

(Continued from page 54)

programs—her Columbia album of twelve recordings would carry her voice all over America and even back to her native Ireland. That she would sing in American night clubs where songs and daughters of Erin, long years away from home—but not ordinarily frequenting American night clubs—would come hesitantly but hungrily to hear the old melodies, feeling almost as if they were back across the sea once more, moved by the memories Carmel's songs stirred up in them.

There had been dancing, too, in those days of Carmel's growing up. Some of her relatives disapproved of her wanting to dance, but this was also in her heart, and she could no more keep her feet from following the music than she could her voice. She used to slip off to dancing classes, worrying her sister Betty—a year and a half her senior—who, while she sympathized with Carmel's ambitions, felt an older sister's responsibility toward her.

Carmel would love every minute of the classes—until there came the inevitable day when the teacher would begin to prepare the pupils for some little charity performance or a hospital benefit. "Public performances meant costumes, and that meant exit, for me. Because of them, I left more dance classes than I can remember. Without confessing to the family, there was no way of my getting a costume. But, up to that point, I always had a marvelous time."

Singing, of course, was something different—as long as it wasn't professional. So Carmel went on singing, all the years she was becoming a pretty and slim young woman of five-foot-six, with masses of waving auburn-red hair, gentle blue eyes, and a speaking voice so soft and melodious it would charm a bird off a branch. (Even now, when she comes out on the stage of the television theater, audiences gasp a little at how much prettier she is in person than she actually photographs. "It's better that way, than that they should be disappointed," she says.)

Then Carmel's sister Betty married Christy Keough, who knew people in the theater, especially in Dublin's famous Theater Royal. Christy heard that the Royal was looking for a girl singer, and he told Carmel about it. She was appointed for an audition, and off they went.

Her voice still carries some of the excitement of that first audition, as she talks about it. "Up to this time, I was just fooling around with my singing, but this was a real job and I got more scared every minute, as we waited my turn. There were a lot of girls ahead of me—and, about three quarters through, I suddenly ran out of the theater, with Christy at my heels, urging me to come back. It was dreadful of me, after getting the appointment. He made another one for the next day, and I promised to see it through."

"There was another long line-up of girls, all sopranos, all singing bits of operatic songs, the same as the day before. This man who was listening, an Englishman who is a fine musician and showman, kept stopping them short in the middle of a song and saying, 'Leave your name and address, please.' He seemed to be getting more and more bored. I could see it was the same old story to him. I wondered what would happen when my turn came."

Memories of that afternoon surfacing through her mind, Carmel says: "The less you know, the simpler life is. Now I am learning that it isn't as simple as I thought then. I was so very young, so green, so inexperienced. I had walked in, without music—the other girls all carried music cases. My hands were thrust into my coat pockets. The other girls were dressed up. I wore my simple everyday clothes. No one at home even suspected I was auditioning for a job."

"I was the last of the girls that day, and I could see how tired this man was getting. He asked what I was going to sing for him, and I answered, 'Anything.' Can you imagine anyone saying such a thing at an audition? When he wanted to know what music I had with me, I had to tell him I had brought nothing."

"You must be wonderful," he said, and I heard the sarcasm in his voice. 'You can sing anything, and you need no music! Do you know Brahms' Lullaby?" I had learned it at school but, because I had never taken singing lessons, I had never been coached in any songs. I said I could sing it, and he asked what key. 'Any key,' I told him. Now he was really annoyed. 'You must be marvelous!' He looked toward the organist who was going to accompany me. 'Play it,' he said."

"To this day, I don't know what inspired me to sing an octave lower than the accompaniment, which was keyed to a soprano. Perhaps it was because my voice is naturally lower than that, but

Carmel and her husband Bill first met in Dublin when she sang in one of his ballrooms, were married in 1953, and have a "wee baby."
more probably it was because I, too, was tired by then of listening to all those high notes. I listened attentively, and some of his boredom seemed to fall away and he let me finish. And he gave me the job.

It was the beginning of famous successes and of forgetting herself in her music, of learning to remain completely natural on any stage. After the Royal engagement, she sang in other theaters and ballrooms in Dublin and in London. In Dublin a young man named Bill Fuller gave her a job in his Crystal Ballroom, and later Carmel sang in his London ballrooms. Today, Bill says he fell in love with Carmel the first time he saw her, but she was too career-minded then to think of romance. Two years later, however, Carmel said yes to Bill’s proposal and they were quietly married in London on April 10, 1933.

Of course, Carmel was still devoted to her singing. She had long engagements with Johnny Devlin’s orchestra and the famous Ambert orchestra, and she made her radio debut on the BBC.

All the while, however, the leprechauns went on whispering, telling her to save her money and go to America. Bill’s own business interests kept him going back and forth across the Atlantic and he felt sure that, if Carmel could get over her fright about American audiences, she would do very well. There were close friends of the Quinns with whom they could live in New York and—while Bill was over there to help her get started—she decided to chance it and fly over—for a visit, at least. That was in March of last year. Her family was almost too excited to realize she was really going, and she wasn’t feeling any too calm about it herself—especially since she was expecting her first child in three months.

Not having sung professionally for a few months before leaving Ireland, she decided she might need coaching before she faced new audiences. Freddie Romano, a voice coach, listened to her one day and liked her voice. “But now we must teach you a nice, popular item,” he said.

She went to him several times. “He was a very good coach and very kind and helpful to me, and one day he telephoned to say my name was down for a Talent Scouts audition, on the following Wednesday. He said that he felt I was ready for it.

“I had been listening to radio and watching television and wondering if I would ever have a chance to sing on them. I was thrilled—and scared, too. We rehearsed and rehearsed the number I was going to sing—a popular melody, “What Is This Thing Called Love?” It was the first song Mr. Romano had taught me. But, when it came time for the audition, Esther Stoll of the Godfrey staff—a wonderfully expert and understanding person—suggested that a girl from Dublin ought to do an Irish song.

Carmel looked at the pianist, Graham Forbes. He had never heard the melody she named, but he followed her flawlessly and everyone seemed pleased. They asked her to return the next day to sing for some of the others.

Jack Carney (Art Carney’s brother) was one of them, and he suggested a little song she knew. She said she knew it, too, but she sang it in Gaelic, the only way she had ever sung it at home. They didn’t seem to mind that, at all, and she was asked to return that night for a third audition. So, once more, she sang some of her Irish songs, and then they told her she would be on the Talent Scouts program the following Monday, October 18.

“I was a wreck by this time, Carmel smiles, “after three auditions in two days! The excitement was getting me down. I had never dreamed they would put me on so fast. Others had waited months before the right spot for them opened on a show. Here I was, going on before I scarcely knew what was happening to me!”

Mary Corrigan, Carmel’s cousin, who had come to America a year before she did, acted as her Scout—and made such a personal hit on the show that Carmel thought she herself would never get a chance to perform. “I thought Mary would be shy, but she felt at home with Mr. Godfrey right away and he liked her and they got along famously. She is one of fourteen children, and they talked about life in a big family of kids in Ireland. I was the last to appear—and there I was, waiting, wondering if they would ever get finished before the time was up.”

Carmel finally came out, and sang “How Can You Buy Killarney?” The audience loved it and, when it came to the “curtain calls” of all the talent — and of course Carmel was last again—she never even got to open her mouth because of the applause. She couldn’t believe it was happening, and she just stood there crying with excitement and happiness.

“Mr. Godfrey saw how it was with me, and he came over and patted me and put his arm around my shoulders. I can’t find words by how good he was then, and how good he has been ever since.”

Even with all the help and kindness Carmel has had from everyone—from Godfrey and all the others responsible for the programs, from husband Bill, who has been magnificent all this time, it is still just a bit overwhelming for a girl in her twenties who has been in this country only a little more than a year and has shot right up to the top and become a personality known to millions. When the St. Patrick’s Day program of Arthur Godfrey And His Friends was made, they wanted to know how she could possibly be good enough to live up to all the things that were expected of her.

The next evening, March 17, she gave a St. Patrick’s Day concert of her own in Carnegie Hall—a name synonymous with great musical talent for several generations — and, once more, she was told that she couldn’t live up to it. But, on both evenings, the thing happened that always happens to Carmel Quinn — she faced all those people and forgot everything but the joy of making music and knowing that it was bringing joy to others.

When Carmel came here, her brother-in-law Christy warned her that New York is a hard place and she must not let anything get her down that wasn’t reasonably could. She hasn’t found it hard, but she sometimes misses the long walks she look at home, and the window-sitting, and the tea with which she used to talk to the girls while they talked about the new clothes they had bought. Now she scurries from place to place in taxis, and buys clothes wherever she can, on the run. That said, she was getting up at 6:30 A.M. for early rehearsals at the CBS studio, and going to bed at 9:00 P.M. so she can look and do her best the next morning. It’s a tough life but every weekend, however, are devoted to her little daughter, Jane Ann, who is just one year old. With true motherly pride, Carmel has named her John and very good a name it is, too. “And I’m so pleased that Jane looks exactly like Bill,” Carmel is sure Jane will be musical, too. “Already,” she says, “when we put Jane near the television set, she dances in time to the music.”

Carmel and Bill now have their own apartment in uptown New York, within easy driving distance of their work. In addition, Bill was recently made manager, Bill owns a restaurant called The Dublin, which is located in mid-Manhattan.

Sometimes this summer, Carmel hopes to go back to Dublin for a visit. To see the green of the Emerald Isle like no other green in the world.” To see her daddy, who is so excited about her success—and can hardly wait to see little Jane—that her first name is Jane. To see Beef and Christy and their little girl, and her brother Naoish and his wife, and her brother Kevin and his wife and children.

At first, I planned to surprise them with the news, but I thought it would be dramatic to walk in unexpectedly. Now I know that would not be fair at all. But when I go back, if I can’t walk in and sit on one of the little green armchairs and talk, and then do the things I always did at home—like sweeping the floor and helping with the dishes and all the things like that—it will not seem like home.

I want to just how I felt, so long ago, when I stole away to sing and dance in that cold little pantry—and saw myself in America, up on a stage. And the thought of all the wonderful things that have been happening to me ever since, and to take time to be grateful for them.’

Sure the leprechauns must be waiting there for Carmel Quinn.
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Cover portrait of The McGuire Sisters by Jay Seymour

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THE WNEW airwaves crackle with hilarity as Gene Klavan and Dee Finch conduct

Recipe for merry mayhem: 1 radio, dial set at 1150—Station WNEW—tuned in, with moderate volume, Monday through Saturday from 5:30 to 9 A.M. Stir in Gene Klavan and Dee Finch, then prepare for a round of music and chatter spiced with some of the tangiest and most explosive wit to hit any airwaves. Aply called Anything Goes, this recipe-for-fun show has long enjoyed a top rating in the New York area.

Perhaps the greatest reason for Klavan's and Finch's success—other than their talents—can be found in their opposing natures and backgrounds. Easygoing Dee Finch has always approached life with a devil-may-care attitude and, since boyhood days, has known, and gotten, exactly what he wanted. By the time he was ten, Dee was broadcasting over Station WNBF in his home town, Binghamton, New York. After graduation from high school, he became a staff member at WNBF for four years, followed by one year at WAGE in Syracuse. Then, Dee felt he was ready for the "big time." "Big-time deejays and New York's WNEW," he says, "meant the same to me, so I figured I'd get my first refusal at the top." True to the Finch luck, he was hired—almost on the spot—as a staff announcer at WNEW. Four years later, Dee was summoned into the Army. Upon his discharge, he returned to New York, wondering if he still had a job at WNEW. He did and, just a few months later, when Jack Lescoulie left the station, Dee took his place, co-starring with Gene Rayburn, next Gene Klavan . . . Dee's good fortune spills over into his personal life: he married Bette, whom he met in junior high school and decided then she'd be his wife, and has the family he hoped for—Greg, 3½; Virginia, 1—and a comfortable home on Long Island. His main hobby is operating his ham radio set. His one big indulgence, he says, is a 31-foot cabin cruiser. Bette sums up Dee's happy state in a nutshell by saying, "Dee goes to work like a lot of people go to golf." One of the nicest things about Dee's good fortune is that he has never taken it for granted.

On the other side of the mike is Gene Klavan, whose life has been filled with the unexpected, and who—even though he's "arrived"—can't stop worrying if he's going to stay there. Born in Baltimore, Gene decided to try law as a career and was studying at Johns Hopkins when the Army requested his services. He became a radar engineer in the South Pacific. Once out of the service, Gene took a fling at being an assistant editor on Coronet Magazine, then resumed his law studies at the University of Maryland. Finally, he went to work at Station WCBM in Baltimore. "The reason was simple," says the complicated Klavan. "I had to make a living and was able to talk someone into paying me for being a disc jockey." Next, Gene went to WTH, then
moved to Washington and WTOP—to fill the vacancy made by one Arthur Godfrey—and was a tremendous success there. Then, one day, after Gene Rayburn had left WNEW and Dee Finch was looking for a partner, Gene was asked to audition. After that, there was no doubt in anyone's minds that Klavan and Finch were "meant for each other"—and for WNEW listeners.

At home in a Cape Cod cottage on Long Island, not far from the Finch residence, Gene and his wife Phyllis—whom he met while they both were students at Johns Hopkins—keep busy with their two children, Ross, 4, and Andrew, 1. An amateur shutterbug, Gene has taken "thousands" of pictures of his children. When asked to describe Gene "at home," Phyllis' reply is, "It depends on what minute you're talking about." One minute he's happy, the next he's worrying.

While Finch tends to be the calmer, "straight man" of the two, Klavan sallies forth with a madcap approach, using the dozens of dialects or "character voices" he has mastered. The boys are backed up by a recorded "gimmick" file of 750 different sounds. And, believe it or not, Anything Goes is completely unprepared.

Close friends at work and in private life, Gene Klavan and Dee Finch provide happy proof that, although they may be opposites, they are two of a delightful kind when it comes to pleasing WNEW listeners.
WHAT’S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

• By Jill Warren

He’s a whirly bird: George Gobel takes a helicopter ride while in Fort Worth to entertain the Texas Bankers Assn.

Our Miss Brooks: On a visit to New York, Eve Arden gives her year-old son Douglas his first lesson in "penmanship."

Some interesting fare has been lined up by NBC-TV for their "summer specials"—or, as they’re being called, "spectaculars in slipcovers." On July 30, "Svengali and the Blonde" will be presented as an hour and a half musical adaptation of George de Maurier's classic, Trilby. Carol Channing will be Trilby, Basil Rathbone will be her Svengali, and Russell Arms, from Your Hit Parade, will play the romance. Ethel Barrymore will narrate the show, which will originate in Hollywood, with Alan Handley producing and directing. For August 27, NBC-TV has planned another super-duper, "One Touch of Venus," which will co-star Virginia Mayo and Russell Nype, with George Gaines. More details on this one next month.

The Lawrence Welk Show is a brand-new musical hour program seen on ABC-TV Saturday nights. The show originates in Hollywood, where Lawrence Welk and his "Champagne Music" have been a local television click for some time.

CBS Radio has signed another Godfrey—Katherine, by name—sister of the red-headed rebel, Arthur. She has just started her own radio program, called The Kathy Godfrey Show, heard Sunday afternoons for twenty-five minutes. Kathy serves as commentator, humorous observer and interviewer, and hopes to include among her weekly guests important figures in the world of entertainment, as well as people who make good news. Just for laughs she might invite some of the ex-Little (Continued on page 22)
"I've Waited a Long Time for a Woman Like You!"

—and I don't care if you belong to another man!"

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Crew-Cut Comedy

Would you give me some information on Gene Rayburn, the announcer on "NBC-TV's Tonight?"

B.L.S., North Truro, Mass.

Gene Rayburn, Tonight's six-foot-one announcer and buffoon, was bitten by the theatrical bug while still in grammar school in Chicago. As he recalls, "I was bitten so hard that when I first went on stage I couldn't say my lines." When Gene got his voice back, he was cast as George Washington, but in place of the scheduled stirring speech, he began "Lizzie Borden took an ax, gave her mother forty whacks."

After graduation from Knox College, in Galesburg, Illinois, Gene pounded the New York pavements, finally landed a job as a page boy and enrolled in announcers' school. He worked for Station WGNY in the Hudson Valley, then for stations in Baltimore and Philadelphia. In 1942, he joined Station WNEW in New York, then left for three years in the Air Force where he claims he made the world's distance record for holding the rank of second lieutenant. Back at WNEW, after the war, he did a morning radio show with Jack Lescoulie, then formed the hilarious team of Rayburn and Finch, which entertained New Yorkers for six years and, for a short while, had the whole country laughing on their night-time network show. When the team disbanded in 1952, Gene went on to star on several of his own shows and to appear also on "The Name's The Same," before taking his stand on "Tonight." Gene is married to Helen Telnor, a model who has been his personalty in her own right on a number of Gene's shows. They live in a Dutch colonial home in suburban Mamaroneck, New York, and have a twelve-year-old daughter, Lynn. Gene still likes to fly, spends his vacations on Nantucket. Remembering his own early hard-times, he has established a scholarship at Columbia University for career-minded page boys.

Mystery Lady

With the closing of Jimmy Durante's TV program, he always says, "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are!" Can you tell me who she is? A.B., Coopers Mills, Me.

Sorry, but Jimmy isn't telling about who Mrs. Calabash is. His answer to all questions about her is to grin and say: "Everybody is entitled to his secrets. This is mine!"

Next-Door Neighbor

Would you tell me something about the woman who plays Blanche Morton, Gracie's neighbor on CBS-TV's Burns And Allen Show? D.F., Birmingham, Ala.

Gracie's feminine foil is played by Bea Benaderet, who had her first fling at television on the Burns And Allen Show. But her long-time radio career on such shows as My Friend Irma, Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, The Great Gildersleeve and Fibber McGee And Molly has made her voice familiar to most Americans. Born in New York of Spanish-Irish ancestry, Bea studied voice and piano from the time she was knee-high to a piano bench. She participated in school dramatics, then studied at the Reginald Travis School of Acting. Next came stock companies, little-theater work and her first radio job at San Francisco's KFRC as actress, singer, writer, producer, announcer—"really a maid of all work," she recalls. She tried Hollywood and network radio in 1936, got her first big breaks with Orson Welles and Jack Benny.

A Good Start

Would you tell us a little about Kort Falkenberg, who plays Ma Perkins' son Joe in the CBS Radio serial? H.B., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Now that he's established as Joe Perk- ins, Kort Falkenberg claims that his acting career was launched during his first year of school, when his classmates applauded his debut as a song-and-dance man. But he was a senior in high school before he decided to capitalize on his dramatic talent. Meanwhile, he had learned photography at his father's studio, won awards for his work in fabric design and been active in a local church drama club. A few years were filled with summer stock, and off-Broadway experimental productions. To add to his meager stage earnings, Kort worked as a stock-exchange clerk, an usher, a mailman and a museum lecturer, and continued to study on a scholarship at the New School of Social Research. Then Uncle Sam made him an Entertainment Specialist, giving him a chance to do a national radio show every week before shipping him to the Pacific to organize, direct and perform in GI productions. When he was discharged, Kort enrolled in the American Theater Wing Professional Training Program. Soon his age and dialect characterizations began to be heard on such shows as Gangbusters, Crime Photographer and City Hospital. Kort is married to Gerry Lock, an actress. They have a two-and-a-half-year-old son and live in Manhattan. (Continued on page 10)
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Steve Gethers

Actor-Author

I would like to know something about
Steve Gethers, who is Hal Craig in Love
Of Life on CBS-TV.

Handsome Steve Gethers can work both
sides of a script. As a player, he's night-
club operar Hal Craig in Love Of Life.
As a playwright, he's been represented on
TV with "Baseball Blues" on U. S Steel
Hour and "Departure" on Kraft... The
versatile Mr. Gethers was born June 8,
1922, studied at the University of Iowa
and the American Academy of Dramatic
Arts. He toured the country in "Joan of
Lorraine," with Sylvia Sydney, and in
"Open House." During the war, he served
with the field artillery in the Pacific. Steve
has eight years of radio work behind him
and has been seen on such dramatic TV
programs as Lux TV Theater, Robert
Montgomery Presents and Suspense.
He lives in Manhattan with his wife Julia
and sons Eric, 8, and Peter, 2.

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The following clubs invite new members.
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FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's
something you want to know about radio
and television, write to Information Booth,
TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New
York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can,
provided your question is of general inter-
est. Answers will appear in this column—
but be sure to attach this box to your
letter, and specify whether your question
concerns radio or TV.
HERE I am in Hollywood, the land of sunshine and movie stars, and I must say it's fun to be "home" again, back where I started. We're just beginning production on "The Benny Goodman Story," but I brought my trusty turntable along. We've got everything from bounce to ballad this month, so let's lend an ear.

Gary Crosby's baritone seems to get better with each new record he makes. He sings right out on his latest, "Ayu, Ayu," a jump novelty which our critics recommend. Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town TV show. Gary backs it up with the swingy "Mississippi Pecan Pie," Buddy Bregman's orchestra and The Cheer Leaders vocal group supply the backgrounds. (Decca)

Leave it to Jackie Gleason to do the unusual, especially with his recordings. Now he has come up with an album called "Lonesome Echo," an instrumental set of sixteen great old tunes, such things as "There Must Be A Way," "Deep Purple," "Come Rain Or Come Shine," "Speak Low," and "Dancing On The Ceiling." The orchestrations are the most unusual, and feature cellos, guitars, marimbas, and twenty—count 'em—twenty mandolins! It all adds up to a terrific sound and a terrific album. Salvador Dalí, the famous surrealist artist, did the colorful cover, and you'll have to admit that Dalí and Gleason are some combination! (Capitol)

Decca has waxed the whole score of the new Broadway musical, "Seventh Heaven," with the original cast, which co-stars Gloria DeHaven and Ricardo Montalban, and they've also etched several single records of the top tunes from the show. Gloria has a platter of "If It's A Dream," and "Where Is That Someone For Me?" both pretty ballads. Kitty Kallen has also done "If It's A Dream," coupled with another ballad, not from the show, "Forgive Me," "Blessings" is done by Marian Caruso, Decca's young Philadelphia discovery, and Sammy Davis, Jr. croons "A Man with a Dream." (Decca)

Eydle Gorme and Steve Lawrence, the vocal kids on my Tonight TV show, have done up a cute duet called "Knickerbocker Mambo," inspired by our larger sponsor, "Old Father Knickerbocker." It's a cute tune, with kind of a crazy, mixed-up lyric. On the backing, Eydie solos on a lovely ballad, "Give A Fool A Chance." Dick Jacobs' orchestra on both. (Coral)

Davy Crockett is still with us, and a fine lad he is. "Be Sure You're Right" (Davy's motto) has been recorded by Burl Ives, and the song lends itself well to Burl's familiar folk style. On the reverse Burl sings all about "Old Betsy." (Davy Crockett's gun). The Ray Charles male chorus helps out with the lyrics. (Decca)

"Old Betsy" gets the Steve Allen treatment, too. But we lost our mind on the other side with something called "The Goo Goo Song," and the idea for this one came from those little Goo Goo dolls you may have seen on my TV show. We've got a lot of fun recording the thing, especially with the sound effects of the Goo Goo squeak, etc. Dick Jacobs conducted the orchestra and chorus. (Coral)

Buddy records comes forward with two new ballads, and does a terrific job on both. On the first, "Careless Lips," he gives us out with the sultry treatment in tango color with accompaniment by some of the Mystic Pipers. The second is "A Man Doesn't Know," one of the loveliest songs from the Broadway musical, "Damn Yankees." Lou Brin's orchestra. (M-G-M)

"The Beas of Pembroke" is the title of a new album by the famous song-and-dance man. The album has twelve sides, all re-issues of the tunes and numbers associated with Astaire during his long movie career. Included are such remembered songs as "Cheek To Cheek," "A Fine Romance," and "Dig It," and Fred tap—dances on some of the sides. This album will be a must for Astaire fans. (Epic)

Movie star Jeff Chandler made his debut on records a few months ago, and now he has added songwriting to his accomplishments. Jeff wrote a ballad, "Fox Fire," which, incidentally, is the title of his new Universal—International picture—and he has chosen the tune, natch, for his latest release, "Shinermaidel"—which means "beautiful girl" in Yiddish—also receives the Chandler ballad treatment, with the help of The Rhythmlores vocal group. Sonny Burke conducts both sides. Nice goin', Jeff. (Coral)

Ray Anthony has a fine new instrumental record, "Mmm Mamie" and "Learnin' The Blues." "Mamie" is an Anthony composition, in honor of Ray's movie starlet pal, Mamie Van Doren. There are tip—top Anthony trumpet solos on both, especially on the "Blues" side. This record is good for dancing—or just plain listening, as you wish! (Capitol)

"Pete Kelly's Blues"—with a narrative by Jack Webb—is the name of a new album put together by the Dragnet boy. It's a collection of standards played by a small jazz band, done up in the style of the Roaring Twenties. You'll hear such oldies as "Breezing Along With The Breeze," "Somebody Loves Me," "Bye, Bye Blackbird," "Sugar," and "What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry?" and others. Webb introduces the tunes, with some short patter about each. "Pete Kelly's Blues," incidentally, is also the title of Jack's forthcoming movie for Warner Brothers, and many of the album tunes are also in the picture. (Vipor)

Julius La Rosa has recorded a new Italian rhythm novelty, "Mama Rosa," which could ring the bell for him the way "Eh Cumparri" did. Julie sings part of the side in Italian, and there's also a fracascarletto solo for good measure. That's Italian for piccolo, they tell me. On the backing the La Rosa baritone is heard on a pretty ballad, "Domani"—which means tomorrow—and it's all in English. Accompaniment is by Archie Bleyer's orchestra. (Cadence)

Sister teams have really come into their own this past year, and now look—my wife and my sister-in-law have joined the parade. Jayne and Audrey Meadows have cut their first record together, hooray, hooray. The gals sing out in gay style on a couple of new novelties, "Hot Potato Mambo" and "Japanese Rhumba," with Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra on the Victor label. Now I won't be in trouble with the family for not mentioning their wax debut! (All kidding aside, it's a cute record.)

The Cowboy Church Sunday School has recorded two semi-religious songs, "Go On By" and "The Little Black Sheep," both written by Stuart Hamblet. The children's chorus, well-known in California, uses only an organ accompaniment. Their first record of "Open Up Your Heart" sold almost a million copies, and this, their second release, may do just as well. (Coral)

The "X" Label has signed a new instrumental group, The Back Bay Boys, and an amusing group they are. For their first two sides the lads play—and look out for these titles—"Rondo Chi Wutsi" and "Yogi Amo." The end result is sort of a cross between barrelhouse and razz-a-ma-tazz. Well, that about wraps it up for now, but I'll be coming at you from Hollywood again next month. See you then.
Master Cut-up

Dynamic Jim DeLine daily leads his “Gang” through three merry shows which keep WSYR listeners and viewers asking for “More!”

Wrrr a twinkle in his eye and an ear-to-ear grin, Jim DeLine provides Syracuse’s Station WSYR audiences with some of the best fun and music to be found anywhere in the Lake Ontario region. Starting at 9:15 A.M. daily, the Jim DeLine Gang breezes through a fun-filled hour on WSYR Radio. Next, the Gang hops over to WSYR-TV studios to present their noontime show. At 12:45, they all race back to the radio studio for their third merry show of the day at 1 P.M. A typical DeLine show—if any can be called typical—finds Jim kidding with members of the band or with vocalists Patti Hammond, Dick Workman and Fran Walsh. Interspersed with the songs and witty bantering are interviews with guest stars. Jim’s favorite guest is Pat O’Brien, “the only man the Gang hasn’t been able to talk down!” Himself a master ad-libber, Jim has coached the other show members in delivering their lines fast comebacks. The results have always met with unanimous audience approval. No “Jimmy-come-lately” to the entertainment field, the dynamic DeLine Gang finds his initial radio experience as a student at Syracuse University. After graduation, Jim says his first attempts to break into radio were “completely unsuccessful. I made many auditions—but never made the grade.” Finally, however, he did get a job at WMBO in Auburn. Four months later, he had moved to WFBL in Syracuse, where the original DeLine Gang was born. Then, in 1951, the whole Gang moved to WSYR where they have been making merry ever since.1,“I love the show and my work,” says Jim, recalling that, through his work, he met his wife Geri. This occurred when Jim was conducting an interview show at a Syracuse restaurant where Geri was a hostess. A very successful marriage resulted, and today the DeLines’ new split-level home in Bellewood houses four vigorous offspring: Jim, Jr., 13; Linda, 8; Charles, 5; and Dickie, 1. An avid, in-the-90’s golfer, Jim also likes to fish, but never does too well. His children, Jim says, “have mixed emotions about my work. However, I have overheard them brag that their dad has the best show on the air. I try never to correct them on this point!” Jim receives much mail from his audience—which extends into Canada—praising him for his “clean, wholesome program, ideal for children and adults.” And they all agree that the humor and good fellowship which typifies the Jim DeLine Gang is the perfect daily dose to happily “cure whatever ails you.”
NOW! SOFT, GLOWING HAIR IN 20 SECONDS!

"Liven-up" your hair with this Amazing Non-oily Hairdressing!

Now it's so easy to have soft, perfectly-groomed, glowing hair . . . instantly . . . always! Just a few drops of miraculous new SUAVE daily makes hair obey, tames wispy ends, stubborn strands. Yet leaves it soft, natural looking . . . adds satiny glow, not oily shine . . . relieves and prevents dryness and brittleness. Get New Improved SUAVE, with Helene Curtis' amazing new "beauty find"—greaseless lanolin!

GIVES HAIR HEALTHY-LOOKING GLOW—NOT OILY SHINE!

SUAVE makes hair sparkly as it should be—twinkling with new highlights! No oily look—ever! And never any oily feel.

HAIR DRY, BRITTLE, ABUSED? NOTHING WORKS LIKE SUAVE!

SUAVE solves hair woes—brings back softness, luster to dry, parched, frizzy hair instantly. Protects your hair!

MAKES ANY HAIR STYLE EASY TO ARRANGE! PROTECTS ITS CHARM!

No matter which of the new summer hair styles you choose—artfully casual yet neat . . . formal "sculptured" hairdo . . . or the new "loose classic" styles—SUAVE makes your hair eager to form into the hairdo you want . . . happy to shape into deep rippling waves.

EVEN AFTER HOURS IN THE SUN—KEEP YOUR HAIR SILKEN, SUN-SAFE!

You don't have to let the sun dry or parch the natural beauty of your hair. Just a few magic drops of SUAVE daily not only protects your hair—it actually recaptures lost sun-damaged beauty! Relieves frizz and dryness. Keeps hair soft, silken—radiant as the sun itself! Get SUAVE today!

HELENE CURTIS

HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

59¢ and $1 (plus tax)

NEW! With amazing greaseless lanolin
Only Mavis keeps you flower-fragrant, flower-fresh, alluringly feminine all over. This velvety imported talc, exquisitely perfumed, absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. With Mavis you are always your loveliest self ... in 29x-43¢ and 59¢ sizes at all toiletry counters.

**MAVIS TALCUM**

Irresistible you!

**Irresistible**

Men want to kiss the girl with Irresistible lips ... made thrillingly lovely with creamy, Irresistible lipstick. Try it ... and exotic Irresistible perfume — your invitation to romance!

**New Patterns for You**

**9238**

*Sizes*

12—20
30—42

Easy to sew — jiffy to iron. This is the dress you'll reach for most often. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4 yards 35-inch fabric, 35¢

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*Sizes* 14½—24½

Half-sizers: Three ways you can wear this style — as apron, sport jerkin, or terrycloth beachcoat. Cut to fit the shorter, fuller figure. Half Sizes 14½—24½. Size 16½ takes 2½ yards 35-inch fabric, 35¢

**9249**

*Sizes* 14½—24½

Designed to slenderize — the paneled hipline makes you look inches slimmer. Half Sizes 14½—24½. Size 16½ takes 4½ yards 39-inch fabric, 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.
NOW! Heavenly Comfort!

ALL DAY LONG...FOR EVERY SUMMER ACTIVITY

NEW PLAYTEX living BRA

At last, a bra so beautifully designed that it gives heavenly comfort and a gloriously youthful look to all sizes...A to D cups!

The bias-cut elastic side panels self-adjust to your every motion...give you complete comfort and a gloriously youthful look at all times.

Elastic and Nylon! It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to give perfect fit and comfort...no matter what size or in-between size you are! Sculptured nylon cups lift and lure, round and raise excitingly! Snowy white, wonderfully washable—without ironing. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

A, B or C Caps 32 to 36 $3.95
D Cups 32 to 42 $4.95
Each day is a challenge and an inspiration for Paula Carr and her Ohio-West Virginia friends.

New York doesn't have all the commuters," grins Paula Marie Carr, who conducts five programs on three different stations. She's thinking of the time the tape recordings for her Marietta, Ohio, programs were accidentally thrown away and she had to rise at dawn, race to Marietta to remake them, then speed back to Parkersburg, West Virginia, in time for a nine o'clock broadcast. "My schedule," she says, "is every bit as hectic as the one I used to have in Manhattan, where the cabs used to wait at the studio door to get me across town to another one—except that I'm now my own cab driver!" . . . Paula's current weekday schedule includes Meet Me At Millie's, on Station WCEF at 9 A.M.; Just Between Us, on Station WMOA at 9:30 A.M.; Over The Back Fence, Station WCEF at 10:30 A.M.; Five Till Noon, Station WPAR at 11:55 A.M.; and From The Scrapbook, Station WCEF at 3:45 P.M. . . . Always poised and good-humored, Paula can laugh even about the time, last March, when the Ohio River went on the rampage, flooding her hotel-basement studio in Marietta. The flood chased the station up to the second floor, but by the time all the equipment had been installed in the temporary broadcasting quarters, there was no room for Paula. Her program came out in the hallway. "I thought I'd have to do that one by boat," she recalls . . . Born in McConnelsville, Ohio, Paula has lived with her family in the same little white house in Parkersburg since she was six years old. As a child, she produced plays in the family garage, but, at Parkersburg High School and Marietta College, she intended acting as a hobby, teaching as a career. Then two school vacations in summer stock changed her mind and, after graduation, Paula went to work for Station WPAR. . . . Although all her present programs—except Just Between Us—are done "live," Paula still finds time to act as president and executive director of the Wood County United Cerebral Palsy Fund. She relaxes by collecting poems and inspirational bits for her fourteen scrapbooks. "If there were ever a fire," Paula laughs, "I'd save the scrapbooks first." When there's time, she also enjoys riding and golf. . . . Every day, to Paula, is a happy one, "just living and having my friends, my listeners and my family. I'm a very lucky person." And, she adds, "Each day is a challenge and an inspiration. That's not very dramatic, I know, but it's the way I feel!" Letters and phone calls from her many listeners in Ohio and West Virginia—and four little Parkersburg girls named after her—clearly show how everyone feels about talented and personable Paula Carr.
Wonderful New Super-Lather* Shampoo!

OUT-SHINES OTHER SHAMPOOS, SHOWS HAIR'S HIDDEN BEAUTY

"Lanolin-Lively" Foam...
Oceans Of It...Leaves Hair Gleaming, Obedient, Lovely!

Only the genius of Helene Curtis could produce such an amazing shampoo as Lanolin Lotion...a shampoo that brings such glimmering, shimmering radiance to your hair!
The secret lies in the lanolin-rich lather of Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. You've never seen such oceans of rich, velvety suds...suds which are actually twice as rich in lanolin!
And what this does to your hair is amazing to see! Suddenly any hair—even problem hair that's had its beauty oils dried or bleached away—captures new beauty, new polish, and a new manageability that makes your waves ripple into place.
Try Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo for a revelation in hair beauty!

*PROOF IT OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS

Highlights Are "Love-Lights"! Poise, charm—and romance—belong to the woman whose hair shimmers with dancing highlights. And how can you have this sparkle on every date? By using amazing new double-rich Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo! Try it and see!

Leave It To The Ladies...At parties, club meetings, over the fence...the word gets around: "Something new and wonderful is here!" Especially when it "does things" for your hair, the news spreads fast. So it's no wonder thousands are switching to "out-shining" Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo!

Get Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo Today! You'll find that never before has your hair had so much softness, so much beauty! 29¢, 59¢ or $1.
END THAT
"Certain Time"
Odor Problem

with
"ENDS®"

Tablets containing Darofol® that absorbs odors within the body—before they start!

Biologically most women, during certain calendar days, emit a particular odor. This has been so since pre-historic times—and the deodorants and perfumes of civilization have sought to cover it.

Now, however—after many centuries—a substance has been found that absorbs "certain time" odors within the body. This substance—Darofol®—is found only in "ENDS®" Tablets.

Darofol—one of the most potent essences of chlorophyll ever extracted from plant life—works by entering the blood stream through the digestive system. It is thus carried to all parts of the body—where it removes the odor from certain organic compounds before they are excreted through the pores as perspiration or as other waste material.

The regular use of "ENDS®", not only ends the worry over "certain time" odor, but also purifies and sweetens the breath—keeping it that way for hours.

For the assurance of personal cleanliness every day of the year, no woman should be without "ENDS®". At all Drug counters. Trial size only 49c. Larger sizes even more economical. "ENDS®" are also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know About a Woman's Problem of Odor Odious" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENDS", attention Kathryne Morse, Dept. TS-D, P.O. Box 25, Long Island City 1, New York.

Daytime Diary

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble, wife of actor Larry Noble, is almost happy over the trouble actress Elise Shepherd is causing for Larry. In an effort to make Larry increasingly dependant on her, Elise is undermining his self-confidence to the point where his career is in danger—and this means that he must turn to Mary for help and strength as he used to do before Elise came into their lives. Will this renew their love? NBC Radio.

THE GUIDING LIGHT The knowledge that her former husband, Dr. Dick Grant, is alive and apparently well raises an irresistible hope in Kathy's heart—a hope that Dick's friend, Dr. Jim Kelly, tries instinctively to discourage even before he knows about the new friendships and loyalties Dick formed in New York. Is Kathy to know hearthbreak again after realizing the depth of her love for Dick? And what about the Bauers' new domestic problem? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY On the surface, Don Harrick is a talented architect hired to plan the new Youth Center, and Lydia is his charming, devoted sister-in-law. But Reverend Dennis suspects the emotional strain underlining the project. Will he be able to help Lydia free herself from the bondage into which Don's selfishness has tied her ever since her husband's death? What happens when editor Max Capfield becomes important to her? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE When actress Maggie Marlowe first met Jim Gavin, she knew he was the kind of man who left his mark on the lives of those in whom he was interested. Money, position, and personal force man, it is impossible to consider him lightly, and Maggie was a little amused at herself but not too surprised when she fell in love. But the death of Jim's estranged wife—and its aftermath—causes Maggie to review her feelings. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Dr. Fred Conradi is a fine assistant, and Dan has no intention of losing him. Even the difficulty that might have arisen from Fred's feeling for Dan's wife Julie seems to have been smoothed away. But as time goes on a curious situation develops—a situation which cannot go unnoticed in a town as small as Stanton. Will Julie be making a mistake if she tries, with her usual efficiency, to handle it herself? NBC Radio.

THE INNER FLAME A wife facing the possible break-up of her marriage has a bitter enough problem, and Portia Manning has no illusions about the future even as she stands by Walter during his time of need. But Dorie Lawlor's problem is bad enough, not because she will stand accused as the woman who broke up the Manning home but because—though she will not admit it—her frenzied attraction to Walter has run its course. CBS-TV.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson and his daughter Nancy stand at opposite sides of an important question. Nancy believes everyone should mind his own business, and she pleads with her father to keep out of trouble by letting his friends solve their own problems. But Bill's deepest belief is that all men must help one another. Despite his love for Nancy and her family, he refuses to turn a deaf ear to any friend in trouble. Will he regret it one day? NBC Radio (Continued on page 24)
here is a MAN!

Yes, here is a man and probably one of the greatest in modern American radio—GABRIEL HEATTER. Monday through Friday his deep, understanding and accurate appraisal of events of the world in which we live and the people with whom we live, is brought into millions of homes throughout the United States.

Hear Gabriel Heatter on any of hundreds of easy-to-dial stations of the MUTUAL Network, the world’s largest radio network... the ONE network that reaches ALL America.

Tune in

Gabriel Heatter
on the MUTUAL Network

Mon. thru Fri.—at:
7:30-7:45 PM EASTERN TIME
6:30-6:45 PM CENTRAL TIME
6:00-6:15 PM MOUNTAIN TIME
6:00-6:15 PM PACIFIC TIME
7025—Combine dainty filet with regular crochet to make this doily or centerpiece. Use No. 30 mercerized cotton for 22-inch doily; No. 50 for smaller; bedspread cotton for larger. Crochet directions included. 25¢

882—Just two main pattern parts to this gay, cool maternity top. Trim with colorful embroidery. Maternity Misses’ Sizes 12-20. Tissue pattern, transfer. State size. 25¢

7360—Rows of pineapples, baby-size at the waist, grow bigger toward the hem. Crochet blouse and skirt of straw or wool yarn. Skirt, Waist Sizes 20-22; 24-26; 28-30. Blouse 32-34; 36-38. All sizes included. 25¢

7318—You’ll have baby’s new booties, cap and jacket finished in a jiffy. Made in open and closed shell-stitches in 3-ply baby yarn. Use white with pastel. Crochet directions included. 25¢

679—Jiffy-crochet this lovely set for your home. Use inexpensive rug cotton to make both bathroom rug and seat cover. Make one for your bedroom, too. 25¢

7037—Embroider the Bluebirds of Happiness on kitchen towels, pillowcases, and other linens. So pretty—and easy. Transfer of six embroidery motifs, 4¼" x 4½" to 5" x 8½"; sixteen, 2" x 3". 25¢

536—Daughter will be so proud of her new middy dress. Anchor motif is easy to embroider—sew another version without embroidery. Child’s Sizes 2,4,6,8,10. Tissue pattern; transfer. State size. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

Feel what's happened! More lather... gentler lather... kinder to your hair and scalp!

NEW White Rain

First thing you'll notice about new, improved White Rain is more lather. Not just some more lather, but loads more of the richest, gentlest lather that ever caressed your scalp. Makes you sure wonderful things will happen to your hair... and they do.

And New White Rain improves on everything this famous shampoo was famous for... like leaving your hair sunshine bright, soft and manageable, fresh as a spring breeze. Because this is an exciting new formula developed especially for you...

BY Toni THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOUR HAIR BEST!
Godfrey's over for a coast-to-coast chat. Also on the CBS Radio schedule is the new Gary Crosby Show, starring Bing's boy in his own half-hour every Sunday night. Gary will also continue his vocal spot on Tennessee Ernie's Monday-Wednesday-Friday broadcasts, and in the fall is set for several TV guest spots. There's the possibility of his own television show looming in the future, too.

ABC-TV has set a couple of hillbilly hoedowns on their summer schedule, both telecast live from Springfield, Missouri. The Slim Wilson musical show will be seen every Tuesday night for an hour, and on Saturday nights Ozark Jubilee will go network, also for an hour.

A few changes on the CBS-TV log: "Music '55," starring Stan Kenton and his orchestra, replaces the Ray Milland show on Thursday nights. Life With Father is moving to Sundays, replacing Lassie, until September 4. On that date CBS-TV has set a permanent time spot for Father for the fall season. Halls Of Ivy is switching from Tuesday night to Thursday night for the summer, with its fall berth still to be fixed. Comedian Sam Levenson will pinch-hit for Herb Shriner on Two For The Money Saturday nights, while the Hoosier humorist takes a summer vacation. Shriner will return on September 10. The U. S. Steel Hour will be seen every other week, alternating with a new dramatic show, Front Row Center. Songstress Lois Hunt, of the Robert Q. Lewis show, and her husband, writer Morton Hunt, are awaiting a visit from the stork, so Lois has given up television temporarily. Jane Wilson has taken her place on the Robert Q. programs. You'll remember Jane as the beauteous brunette soprano on the old Fred Waring programs.

The Arthur Murray Party is back on NBC-TV, on Tuesday nights, at least until September. As usual, the program will star Katherine Murray, the vigorous forty-eight-year-old grandmother, who does cartwheels for the cameras.

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen will switch from the Du Mont network to ABC-TV this fall and he will present his Life Is Worth Living series on radio as well. The actual figures of Bishop Sheen's "salary" have never been officially released, but he is said to have received $16,000 a week from Du Mont, with a promise of an increase from ABC—all of which, of course, goes directly to charity.

Butter—400 pounds of it—went into making this cow which was the highlight of Garry Moore's I've Got A Secret show when it featured a "country fair" theme.

This 'n' That:

NBC-TV has signed Maurice Evans to produce and direct the Hallmark Hall Of Fame series this fall, with the first hour-and-a-half production scheduled to be a musical adaptation of "Alice in Wonderland." Marlin Perkins, of the popular Zoo Parade TV show, is taking off for Africa in search of rare creatures for the fall series of the program. When he comes back through customs, Marlin hopes to have such cozy little specimens in his luggage as pangolins and rare snakes.

Congratulations to Lawrence Spivak and Meet The Press on the tenth anniversary of their news-making panel. Actor Gig Young has been set as the host for the forthcoming Warner Brothers Presents television series, which debuts this fall. Young will serve as emcee, and will also be featured in the "Behind the Cameras at Warner Brothers" segment of each show.

Looks like Imogene Coca won't have her own half-hour show next season, after her unfortunate experience this year. However, she still has a contract with NBC-TV and the network plans to spot her in selected guest appearances on some of their big shows. Susan Strasberg, the teen-age dramatic television actress, has been signed by Columbia Pictures to play the role of the younger sister, Millie, in "Picnic," which will star William Holden and Rosalind Russell.

Ex-Godfrey singer Marion Marlowe has been signed to a record contract by the Cadence label. Marion was formerly under contract to Columbia Records, but asked for and received her release. Cadence also has Julius La Rosa and The Chordettes on their roster, all former Little Godfrees.

Songstress Connie Haines has taken leave of the Frankie Laine filmed television show to become a mama, but plans to return to work later on.

Georgiana Carhart, the "Grand Dame" of Du Mont's Life Begins At Eighty show, recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday, and quite a celebration she had. Georgiana received congratulatory wires from Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, New York's Governor Averell Harriman, Even President Eisenhower telegraphed her: "Please accept my sincere congratulations upon your birthday. May good health be yours through many more happy years." "Young" Miss Carhart is starting her seventh year on television, having joined Life Begins At Eighty when she was a "child" of eighty-four.

Mulling The Mail:

Miss H.M.V., Cleveland, O.: You might write Bill Lawrence at Station WPIX, New York City. . . . Mrs. C.R., Ellinwood, Kan.: Yes, Charlie Appelwhite is married. And Jan Arden has been doing club work since she left the Robert Q. Lewis shows. Robert Q. departed The Name's The Same because of the pressure of his other television and radio work. View Street Neighbors, Oakland, Calif.: Mary Livingstone has not retired from show business, but she rarely appears on Jack Benny's television shows, unless they're filmed, as live TV makes her too nervous. . . . Miss W.W., Parrish, Ala.: For a picture of Julius La Rosa, I suggest you write him c/o CBS, 385 Madison Avenue, New York City. . . . Mrs. B.L., Ann Arbor, Mich.: Ding Dong School now originates in New York instead of Chicago because Dr. Frances Horwich, Miss Frances, has been given an executive position with NBC, as Supervisor of Children's Programs for the network, and this necessitated her presence in Manhattan. . . . Miss J.L., Troy, N.Y., and others who asked about Gene Rayburn: Gene has been off the Tonight TV show because of a bad bout with hepatitis. He is in the hospital at this writing, but hopes to leave the hospital soon, recuperate at home, and return to work sometime this summer. . . . Mr. M.R., Chicago, Ill.: The catchy theme song on The George Gobel Show is an original melody composed by conductor John Scott Trotter, and it is titled "Gobelues." . . . Mrs. L.N.McM., St. Louis, Mo.: The
Chicago Theater Of The Air was broadcast steadily for almost fifteen years, and only went off a few weeks ago, following the death of Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, who started the program on WGN in Chicago, the station owned by the Tribune.

What Ever Happened To...?

Jane Harvey, who sang on many television shows a few seasons back, and was also quite active in night-club work? Jane has more or less given up her career since she married Bob Thiele, director of artists and repertoire for Coral Records.

Teddy Wilson, the jazz pianist, who starred on his own radio show over CBS on Saturdays? Teddy's program went off a few weeks ago and he journeyed to Hollywood, where he has just started work at Universal-International, playing himself in "The Benny Goodman Story." He is not set for any radio or television work until the picture is finished.

Harry Prime, former vocalist with Ralph Flanagan's orchestra, who also sang on several network radio shows out of New York City? Harry has recently joined the staff of Station WCAU in Philadelphia and has been singing on local radio shows there.

Bob Hawk, one of radio's most popular emcees and quizmasters? Bob seems to have given up all plans for returning to radio or television. At the moment he is living quietly in Santa Barbara, California, where he is a partner in a building and construction company.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line, Miss Jill Warren, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.
LORENZO JONES Still suffering from a complete lapse of memory, Lorenzo feels that Belle is a threat to his happiness rather than the wife he once loved so deeply and—Belle believes—would still love if he could regain his memory. Only when Belle is on the verge of giving up and leaving does Lorenzo show any sign of recalling the past, but the vague flicker has never lasted. Is there any hope for Belle? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa's miscarriage takes second place in her thoughts as the full truth about Paul's first marriage is finally revealed—the truth Paul hoped she would never have to know. But the knowledge of the miserable fate of the child born to Judith Raven has a strange and unexpected effect on Van—an effect which may change her whole life and keep her marriage from foundering. CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS A problem unhappily reminiscent of one that King Solomon solved faces Ma as Gladys and Joe discover their missing baby—in the home of a young couple who innocently hoped to adopt her and have grown to love her. There seems no way of avoiding heartbreak, but fate takes a hand. What about the future of the young family so dear to Ma's heart? And what about the unexpected—problem? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY The death of Leslie Northrue removes the most serious threat that has ever menaced the happiness of Sunday and Lord Henry, for now Lord Henry's title and estates can no longer be endangered by Leslie's false claim. But Sunday quickly realizes that it has given way to another danger—Lord Henry had an excellent motive for wanting Leslie out of the way. What happens as suspicion gathers around Henry? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY While the Youngs search desperately for Peggy's husband Carter, Carter himself is clumsily trying to establish a new life for himself in New York, convinced that if he returns to Elmdale criminal charges against him will disgrace the name and fortune, and that wife Noel's new life is pretty, helpful Noel play in this life? And what of Peggy, who finds Biff Bradley and Dave Wallace taking up more and more of her time? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Sam Merriweather is a very wealthy, powerful man—and this, Perry knows, explains the strange events that have suddenly begun to upset the smooth efficiency of his organization. Is Sam's secretary Lois really losing her grip? Or is Sam's daughter Eve responsible for the odd force in both her public and private life? What ever the plot is, will it succeed before Sam learns that Lois is his real daughter, Eve an impostor? CBS Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent continues his attentions to Sibyl Overtor Fuller, hoping to unmask her role in Joce lyn's deportation. But Sibyl has deceived herself into believing that Jim really loves her and will divorce Jocelyn. What will happen when Sibyl tries to solve the issue and as she herself is subjected to pressure by those who know her secret? How will Jim react when he learns that Joce lyn, too, has a secret—the child she is to bear him? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Buoyed up by hope that Gil Whitney's divorce from his wife Cynthia will at last clear the way for his marriage to her, Helen refuses to take seriously the constant pursuit of millionaire Brett Chapman. But Chapman has vowed that he will recapture Helen's interest. Has he found an unwritten ally in Gil's own jealousy—and another in Gil's pretty secretary, Fay Granville? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Bill's newspaper campaign against the drug-pushing criminals who have been making trouble for Springdale's youngsters has brought him up against bigger opposition than he realizes. Time after time he and the police find themselves on the verge of success only to have it slip out of their reach. How soon will Bill realize that Ray Calder, considered a friend by Rosemary, has a lot to do with this? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Stu Bergman's boss unwittingly turns a hurricane force loose in Henderson when his Southern niece, Melissa, comes up for a visit. Reluctant and determined, Melissa has a single-minded plan to capture a rich husband for herself and the charm, when she cares to turn it on, to make this possible. Will it matter to her that the man she selects is married—or that she may indirectly aid an evil plot? CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND Despite her faith in Wayne's love, Diane Lockwood cannot help wondering if her second marriage will turn out to be a mistake. Her two children are still not completely reconciled to acceptance of the new man. The new Mrs. Young and her family have never given up hoping that her cousin, Claire Walcott, would become his wife. Will Claire, with the subtle help of Wayne's mother, manage to cause real trouble in this new marriage? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Perry's mother-in-law, the dowager Mrs. Burton, has so determined to run the lives of her children that she seems willing to damage her own interests to keep them from acting independently. In the recent fracas over Stan's marriage, the elder Mrs. Burton jointly owns, she very nearly defrauded herself as she tried to teach Stan a lesson. If she got married—as the family hopes she will—would she really be less of a problem? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Some time ago, after the death of his wife, Peter Ames decided to stay in the town where he had built his life, despite the fact that his sister-in-law's neurotic hatred of him promised little peace for the future. Now that Peter has found a new chance for happiness, would he be wiser to pull out before Pauline ruins not only his future but that of his children? CBS-TV.
The one—the only—the original Charles Antell—in the language—makes this special offer for beautiful hair!

Super Lanolin Formula 9 puts new life in dead-looking hair

Before Charles Antell came on the scene, you hardly heard of the word LANOLIN. Now there are hundreds of products for hair care, all trying to imitate the original.

But now they're all outdated! Old fashioned! Now there's Charles Antell Formula 9 with SUPER-Lanolin, that gives you a clean, healthy scalp and beautiful, lustrous hair. SUPER-Lanolin is actually three times more beneficial to hair and scalp because it retains three times the vital moisture and natural oils healthy hair needs.

To get you to try this new, improved Charles Antell Formula 9, with SUPER-Lanolin, we make the very special offer above. Try it! If you don't like it—your money will be cheerfully refunded!

Remember! There's only one Charles Antell! There's only one SUPER-Lanolin! Beware of imitations!

CHARLES ANTELL, INC., BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
Doubly Delightful

Never underestimate the wisdom of a child" is a motto quiet-spoken, gentle-mannered Bob Keeshan has lived by with tremendous success. As Tinker the Toymaker on Tinker's Work Shop, seen daily over New York's Station WABC-TV from 8 to 9 A.M., and as Corny the Clown on Time For Fun, at noon on the same station, Bob is the rage of the junior TV viewing set. Entertainment and instruction keynote both Bob's shows as he deals with everything from good safety and living habits to advice on how to dress, what the weather's like, and why youngsters should not "hide yourself in the refrigerator." And, of course, Bob tells stories, plays records, and features little comedy sketches. Scores of letters of approval and gratitude from children and adults testify constantly that Bob possesses an unusual and invaluable understanding of children. This is backed by nine years of continuous experience with little ones. . . . Bob had his first introduction to show business as an NBC page boy. After time out during the war when he served in the Marines, he returned to NBC, still as a page, and much of his work centered about Bob Smith's office. At the time, Smith had a TV show called Triple B Ranch. Later, when Howdy Doody was created, Smith asked Bob to join him as a special assistant. As a general "utility man," Bob would occasionally appear on-camera. Eventually, this led to his being dressed as a clown, and making regular appearances. For five years, Bob delighted children as Clarabell the Clown. Then he decided to branch out on his own. Eight months later, he joined WABC-TV as Corny the Clown and, a year later, he doubled his delightful efforts and became Tinker the Toymaker as well. . . . In addition to his understanding of children, Bob has always shown a great love for them. A model family man, he is the father of three: Michael, 4; Laurie, 2; and Maevée, 6 months. Bob met his wife five years ago when she was a receptionist at ABC. At the time, Jeanne was bent on a career in radio, but Bob soon changed her mind. The Keeshans now live in West Islip, Long Island, where Bob is active in community affairs, serving on the Board of Education and taking part in many civic activities. Bob's fondest leisure-time activity is gardening, which, he says, "I enjoy very much, though I'm not very good at it." Nine years as a youngsters' delight have convinced Bob that this is the kind of work he wants to keep doing indefinitely. It has long been obvious that his thousands of little followers hope he will do just that.
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New

Easier. Faster

CASUAL
PIN-CURL PERMANENT

SET IT!

Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!

Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...

CASUAL is the word for it...soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

$1.50 PLUS TAX
"I just love new cold cream Camay," says Mrs. William Albert Neff, a beautiful Camay Bride. "It's so mild and gentle, and it always leaves my skin feeling wonderfully soft and smooth."

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

With that skin-pampering mildness, exclusive fragrance, and luxurious lather, Camay with cold cream is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. And it can be the best friend your complexion ever had. Let it bring new loveliness to you. Change to regular care... Camay's Caressing Care.

You'll be delighted as your skin becomes fresher, smoother, softer. Remember, too, there's precious cold cream in Camay, extra luxury at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!
THE AMAZING STORY began with the arrival of Asa and Lily McGuire’s first little girl on July 30, 1928. Mrs. McGuire cradled baby Chris and crooned: “You’re so cute, you should have been twins.” About a year and a half later, Dot came along, and Mrs. McGuire put Chris and Dot together, shook her head in wonderment, and purred: “You should have been triplets.” A year later, Phyllis was born. Three little girls. No more, no less.

If Mr. McGuire had expected a boy—after all, his
brothers each had sons in their families—he has long since forgotten any fleeting disappointment. Today, he ranks first among the McGuire Sisters' fans, and the tuneful trio has fan clubs in such farflung areas as the Philippines, Mexico, Cuba, Japan, Holland, Brooklyn, and Texas. They have definitely arrived.

But, no matter how triumphant the McGuire Sisters have been, no matter how chic and sophisticated they seem, Chris and Dot and Phyllis are essentially a home product, like real corn fritters or old-fashioned angel cake. Before they ever left home, they had poise and dignity, discipline and endurance, faith and sincerity. Even their singing is a home product, for they began harmonizing when Phyllis, the baby, reached three and was old enough to memorize. The girls—with shingle bobs and fashionable bangs—sang for fun, as did their parents, who played the mandolin and guitar. Home was a frame house, always freshly painted in

Biggest part of their professional life to date, of course, has been their appearances on the great Arthur Godfrey programs. In the number below, Arthur himself "goes Dutch" with the McGuire Sisters for the all-seeing TV cameras.
Then back to their piano and their constant practice—this time, rehearsing for a song they'll record next day.

white with cream trimmings, in Middleton, Ohio. "Our living room was like a hotel lobby," Chris recalls. "People were visiting every night. There were always games and singing."

Chris, today a lithe beauty, was then the plump one and wore chubby sizes. Her early years were spent mostly in running away. "It's no trick for a young child to wake up first," she says, "so I quietly went about my own business—which was looking for China."

As a toddler, they'd find Chris sitting in the middle of the street in her nightgown. As her legs grew, so did her ambitions, and then she got as far as Main Street. Eventually, she reached her favorite highway, Route 25, still in her nightgown.

"When Chris wasn't hitchhiking, she headed for Mother's vanity," Dot says. "That's the picture of her I'll never forget. Very methodically she would powder each of her feet, her right knee and the top of her head until powder fairly dripped from her long eyelashes."

These delightful and sometimes delirious damsels are all the same height, five-eight. They wear the same size dress—ten—but they buy twelve for the length. They favor black pumps and gray or black skirts and harmonizing blouses. They are all brunettes, with brown eyes and brown hair, though Dot is a touch on the exotic side, with charcoal-brown eyes that smoke, smoulder or burn—take your choice.

Dot, too, is the only one who has retained the full flavor of their Dixie accent, which was picked up at home from their Kentucky-born parents. But you don't hear much of it, for Dot is quiet, just as she was as a child. "Mother used to say Dot was perfect," Chris remembers, "until she (Continued on page 89)"
MARTIN BLOCK's "Ballroom" is bigger and better than ever. Once its dimensions stretched merely from say, upper Connecticut to southern New Jersey, and west, perhaps, to points in Pennsylvania. Today—thanks to the ABC Radio network—his "Make Believe Ballroom" spreads its melodic enticements clear across the continent. A lot more listeners are pleased about this, and ABC Radio is right proud. Meanwhile, the United States Post Office—readily adaptable to sharp upswings in its work-load—has probably taken a philosophical view of Martin Block's expansion from local station to network status.

On Martin's desk, the morning batch of mail was stacked high. Correspondence from bandleaders and vocalists. Communiques from recording companies. A miscellany of press releases. But mainly, and in great numbers, letters from listeners.

Impeccably dressed in a slate-blue suit, soft-toned shirt and subdued tie, Martin leaned (Continued on page 81)
Above—Martin Block not only believes that teenagers deserve a chance for wholesome recreation. He does something about it, with his frequent high-school get-togethers. "I've got a personal ax to grind in this matter," he grins.

Below—Martin and Esther with their sons Martin, Jr., 14, Joel Christopher, 10, and Michael, six-going-on-seven.
As Martin Block spins the tunes, a third generation listens—and hears a message of service and devotion.

By IRA H. KNASTER

It's on the Record

Martin Block's "Ballroom" is bigger and better than ever. Once its dimensions stretched merely from say, upper Connecticut to southern New Jersey, and west, perhaps, to points in Pennsylvania. Today—thanks to the ABC Radio network—his "Make Believe Ballroom" spreads its melodic enticements clear across the continent. A lot more listeners are pleased about this, and ABC Radio is right proud. Meanwhile, the United States Post Office—readily adaptable to sharp upswings in its workload—has probably taken a philosophical view of Martin Block's expansion from local station to network status.

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The Martin Block Show is heard over the ABC Radio network, M-F, from 2:30 to 4 P.M. EDT. Martin Block's Make Believe Ballroom is heard over Station WABC Radio (New York), M-F, from 2:00 to 6:45 P.M., and Sat., from 9 A.M. to noon and from 6 to 7:30 P.M.

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Below—Martin and Esther with their sons Martin, Jr., 14, Joel Christopher, 10, and Michael, six-going-on-seven.
MEET LINDA PORTER

Alias Mrs. Jack C. Louis—Gloria at home with her husband, sons Ashley, 9, and "J.C.," 6, and daughter Tish, 1½.
Gloria Louis, wife and mother, speaks to all wives and mothers on Way Of The World and Justice

By ALICE FRANCIS

When Gloria Louis—who is Linda Porter on the dramatic TV programs, Way Of The World and Justice—goes home at noon to have lunch with her children, she slips back as easily into the role of wife and mother as if she had never heard of television. It's different with the kids, however. Nine-year-old Ashley, a "Davy Crockett" fan, may have put on his coonskin cap and thereby turned into that famous frontiersman. Six-year-old J. C. (called by his initials to distinguish him from his daddy, Jack C. Louis, Sr.) may have turned into his idol, "Superman" Clark Kent, and insist that his mother answer to the name of Lois Lane, Kent's girl friend. Only Tish (baby (Continued on page 88)
NEW STAR IN THE SKY

It’s hard to shine when your dad’s a whole constellation, but
Gary Crosby’s doing it—on his own

By MAXINE ARNOLD

NOT MANY MONTHS AGO, a husky blond young man drove away from his fraternity house and the tree-shaded campus of Stanford University and headed his red hardtop Mercury south to show business. Driving away, Gary Crosby had one regret: Disappointing a dad who’d followed that same magic beat which—like the Pipes of Pan—for Gary, too, was ever-beckoning.

For, like another Rhythm Boy before him, Gary Crosby was born with a beat in his very bones. A beat that wouldn’t be denied. Born to music inside him that wouldn’t stop. And he, too, was destined eventually to get (Continued on page 94)

Gary Crosby sings on The Tennessee Ernie Show, CBS Radio, M-F, 7:05 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes, Campana Cosmetics, and NoDoz. The Gary Crosby Show is heard Sundays over CBS Radio (check local papers for exact time).
Happy, Happy Time

Patti O'Neill, just turned 18, has her own role in The Secret Storm and a big date for the senior prom!

By LILLA ANDERSON

This is the summer when petite Patti O'Neill faces the most important question in any pretty young girl's life: Should she plan, next fall, to work, go to college, or marry? She was graduated from high school in June and on July 5 celebrated that super-important eighteenth birthday.

The O'Neill phone rings frequently. The male voice which asks, "Is Patti home?" may belong to a senior at Yale, a sophomore at Pennsylvania, a youthful actor in TV, the boy across the street, or any one of a half-dozen nice young men-about-Manhattan.

But because it may also belong to a big-name magazine photographer, a fashion coordinator or a television producer, the classic problem is intensified in Patti's case. Daydreams of future romance must compete with the excitement of a present career. She is Debbie Ness on the CBS-TV serial, The Secret Storm, and has had parts on big dramatic programs. In Mr. Peepers, she was one of the pupils, "until I outgrew it." She also has appeared in one Broadway play, "Anniversary Waltz," playing with Macdonald Carey.
Directors seek Patti when they need a pint-sized girl with a perfect figure. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred pounds, wears a size five or seven, junior. Her brown hair has auburn highlights, her dark eyes are expressive, and her warm, creamy skin needs little make-up.

Loving every moment of the studio excitement, Patti has almost ruled out college. "It would be nice to go away to school," she confides. "Living on campus sounds like so much fun. But I really don't like to study—and I hate to think of starting work all over again, four years from now. I'm just going to take a few general classes at Columbia."

The boyfriends add to her liking of the status quo. "They're all wonderful," she says. "And all equally important. Today, I mean. That may change tomorrow."

She did go steady for a while. "But then I went out on the road with 'Anniversary Waltz'—and I really don't think it is practical to go steady when you're in different towns, do you?" Then candor

**Above, Patti gives a fashion preview for her parents, John and Paula O'Neill, just before her date arrives.**

*And here he is—with an orchid corsage for Patti in that box—Eddie Benjamin, from the U. of Pennsylvania.*

*Meet the folks! Patti introduces Eddie to her parents—then it's off to the prom, for one enchanted evening.*
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Meet the folks! Patti introduces Eddie to her parents...—then it's off to the prom, for one enchanted evening.
Patti will always treasure these moments: Their arrival at the Delmonico, the dances with Eddie and her classmates at the Professional Children's School senior prom.

Overcomes her. "Besides, I was meeting so many interesting people and being invited to go so many places. I didn't want to miss that. I had such a happy time."

Happiness, perhaps, is that extra and distinctive quality which Patti has to offer audiences. It carries through in the sparkle of her eyes, the lilt of her voice, the quick grace of her movements.

Happiness, one also gathers during a visit to the O'Neill home, is a family habit. Their sense of humor keeps life in good balance. Patti's father, John O'Neill—a hearty Irishman, quick with a joke or a story—has worked twenty-six years for one of the major milk companies. Her mother, Paula, who has virtually been a partner in Patti's career, is endowed with a rare combination of gentleness, wit and good sense. Originally, there were five O'Neills, but Gloria and Vivian, the older daughters, have now married and left home.

Mrs. O'Neill has a vivid and quick characterization of their life together: "We have a hard time getting away from the dinner table before nine o'clock. We like to sit around talking to each other."
Their home is a comfortable two-story brick house in Queens, one of New York's least-crowded and most pleasant boroughs. Patti—who describes her father as "the original do-it-yourselfer"—proudly shows off the basement playroom which he tiled and the bathroom he rebuilt and decorated in a most luxurious fashion.

Together, the family has given Patti a heritage of security—the security which comes, not from wealth, but from love and peace of mind. Her earnings have never influenced their standard of living. She has never been under pressure. She has been free to grow and advance naturally. Says Mrs. O'Neill, "We have never put her on a pedestal. She does her share of the household chores. We're all members of this family."

None of them had any previous connection with show business. "It happened almost by accident," says Mrs. O'Neill. "Sometimes things just seem to be mapped out for you."

(Continued on page 77)

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Patti O'Neill is Debbie in The Secret Storm, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway.
Patti will always treasure these moments: Their arrival at the Delmonico, the dances with Eddie and her classmates of the Professional Children's School senior prom.

Book to work: Photographer Jerry Urge and producer Dick Dut.
TV's Welcome Travelers is welcome news, both to its singing host and to Jack Smith's many loyal fans

By ED MEYERSON

SOONER OR LATER, every American in Paris visits the Eiffel Tower. Here, he can not only see the French capital from the air, he can see all the other Americans in Paris, as well. So it was not surprising, when Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith entered a restaurant in the Tower, that friends from "back home" recognized them. "Hey, Smitty!" someone called, and soon there was a happy reunion in the middle of the restaurant. That's how the diners happened to notice that there was a celebrity in their midst. Back (Continued on page 70)

Jack Smith is host of Welcome Travelers, on CBS-TV, MF, 1:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Camay, Ivory Snow, Oxydol and Drift.

Hostess Pat Meikle helps Jack "welcome travelers" to a fun-filled, prize-packed show.
SMILE IN HIS VOICE

Jack met his "Vickii" because they'd been born on the same day—and friends later gave one party for both of them. They wed on the birthday when both became eighteen!

Vickii has been by Jack's side throughout his early cross-country tours to the triumph of that first show of his own and the purchase of their first real home—where "Buff" (above, left) has become very much a part of the Smith family.
Driving home from the hospital with her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, Julie's thoughts focused on the nightmare of events just passed. It had started at Twin Oaks—the home for cardiac children—where the roof had collapsed, critically injuring little Patsy Lewis. Again, Julie felt the dread of the anxious hours which followed. Patsy was taken to the hospital where Dan had assisted a noted brain surgeon in the fight for the child's life. Julie could not help feeling responsible for Patsy and the tragedy at Twin Oaks, which she herself had worked so hard to help establish. For she realized, with horror, that Peter Collette—the builder she had recommended—had not followed the specifications demanded. Julie had felt another pang of guilt at the hospital when Dr. Fred Conrad, Dan's assistant, tried to reassure her about Patsy. Fred was so deeply, unhappily in love with Julie—and for this, too, Julie felt responsible. The hours of waiting had preyed upon Julie and she had felt her usual confidence slipping away. Russell Swayne, head of Twin Oaks' board of directors, had resigned, placing the blame for the accident squarely on Julie and Dan. This meant that the Carver Foundation would probably withdraw its financial support, forcing Twin Oaks to close. Although many dear friends had remained loyal to Twin Oaks, Julie could not stifle her disappointment and apprehension about all the others who had withdrawn their help. The fears of the future, however, had been washed away when Dan emerged from the operating room to tell Julie, "The operation was a success. Patsy's a fighter and she's fighting hard for her own life. It's a lonely battle, but I think she'll win." When Julie looked puzzled, Dan explained: "Young or old, small or large, there are times when we have to fight alone, Julie." Now, driving home to her own Timmy, those words echoed in Julie's mind. She realized that, while brave little Patsy was fighting for her life, she—grown-up Julie Palmer—had been ready to give up, had almost lost the courage to fight for the life of Twin Oaks. A light came into Julie's eyes as she vowed: "Tomorrow, I will go to the Carver Foundation and beg them to continue their support of Twin Oaks. As surely as Patsy will live, I will convince them. I know I will." Moving closer to Dan, Julie felt more than ever, the wisdom of his words: There are times when we have to fight alone.

An anxious vigil in the hospital teaches Julie Palmer a new lesson in courage as a child fights for its life.

The Doctor's Wife

The Doctor's Wife, NBC Radio, M-F, 10:30 A.M. EDT, stars Patricia Wheel and John Baragrey (see facing page) in the roles of Julie and Dan Palmer, with Donald Buka (standing) as Fred Conrad.

At home with young Timmy, her husband Dan, and Fred Conrad, Julie Palmer knows that, somehow, Twin Oaks must be saved.
The Colmans of IVY

Ronald and Benita are very like Toddy and Vicky Hall—except that they have a child all their own

By BUD GOODE

As every TV watcher can see, The Halls of Ivy—better known as “Toddy” and “Vicky” Hall to both Ivy College and their nationwide audience—are quite extraordinary people. Dr. William Todhunter Hall is the only college president currently starring in a popular situation-comedy series. Victoria Hall is the only college president’s wife who was once a reigning belle of the British theater. And, aside from these distinctions, the Halls are also extraordinarily wise, extraordinarily witty, and extremely charming people to know.

This state of affairs is no surprise to anyone who’s ever met the Colmans of Hollywood—Ronald and Benita Hume Colman, who play the Halls of Ivy. The Colmans are also wise, witty and very, very charming. And nothing about them is ordinary. The way Ronnie and Benita live, work and play—their every attitude—is marked by a certain “uniqueness” which is the key to their combined personalities. (Continued on page 69)

The Halls Of Ivy—Toddy and Vicky—have only their students as "children" on TV. But the Colmans of Hollywood—Ronnie and Benita—have a ten-year-old daughter, Juliet!

Toddy and Vicky at Ivy College (above, left) have much in common with Ronnie and Benita in real life (above, right). At far left, Benita chooses the clothes for Vicky to wear.

The Colmans star in The Halls Of Ivy, seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by the International Harvester Co. and National Biscuit Co.
That's why Paul Dixon came back to Ohio, to the wonderful town Marge and Pam and Greg always call "home"
By HELEN BOLSTAD

In Broadcasting, the road to fame and fortune inevitably runs from west to east—or to the far, far west. The ambitious head for New York or Hollywood. And, when a performer at the peak of popularity reverses the direction and leaves the show-business capitals, it is "man-bites-dog" kind of news.

Yet Paul Dixon was doing it. Within six months of his New York welcome, and in spite of an impressive competitive rating, he was leaving the network. He announced he would return to Cincinnati and transfer his show to the three-station Crosley hookup in Ohio.

Why? Paul had a three-word answer: "Marge, Pam, Greg."

With the contented look of a man who has settled a major problem and is pleased with his decision, Paul leaned back in his chair and contemplated surroundings which were virtually a symbol of what he was giving up.

We were lunching in a fashionable restaurant in New York's swank East Sixties. The carpets were deep, the draperies rich, the view of an expensively spacious terrace was charming. The waiters were quietly attentive and you could get a good beef stew—if you were sufficiently bilingual to order it in French.

Yet the opulence was (Continued on page 79)

The Paul Dixon Show is now seen over the Crosley Broadcasting Corp. Stations, WLW-T (Cincinnati), WLW-D (Dayton), WLW-C (Columbus)—M-F, 3 to 4 P.M. EDT.

Packing and unpacking seemed like endless chores to Paul and Marge, Pam and Greg. But, this spring, it meant good news—for the Dixons themselves and for all their friends in the Midwest.
That's why Paul Dixon came back to Ohio, to the wonderful town Marge and Pam and Greg always call "home."

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Yet the opulence was (Continued on page 79)
HER LIFE IS A Song

Three happy notes from Betty's present day: Left, Robert Q. Lewis makes Betty an official member of the Lewis troupe—with a pair of "specs." Above, she looks at toys for sister Rosemary's son. Below, at home with her ever-helpful mother.

Betty Clooney finds her place in the sun on the Robert Q. Lewis shows and it's all simply "wonderful!"

By FRANCES KISH

There's always been a special kind of radiance about those singing Clooney sisters, Rosemary and Betty. But there's a very special kind of radiance about Betty Clooney these days, now that she's singing on Robert Q. Lewis's lively shows over CBS-TV and CBS Radio. It puts a light in her big dark eyes, which seem more a Latin heritage than a gift from her Irish forebears (but sure and 'twas the Guilfoyles on her mother's side and the Clooneys on her dad's, and what could be more Ould Sod than these?). It puts a gleam on the masses of thick, dark hair, and on the five feet, four inches and 110 pounds packed with energy.

"I'm happy," Betty says, as if that should explain everything. "Happier than I have ever been in my twenty-four years. Even though I am doing more than I ever did before. Working (Continued on page 86)
Flora Campbell’s proud to portray such a valiant woman as Helen Emerson. That’s one of many, many reasons why Flora is

Harmony is the keynote of Flora’s own home life. Her husband is Ben Cutler, of society-orchestra fame, and both Tommy, 14, and Creel, 5, love music as well as outdoor sports and other family projects.
A VERY LUCKY LADY

By MARY TEMPLE

If you walk down a certain elm-shaded street in a pleasant Connecticut town on a summer evening, your feet may start to shuffle to the sound of orchestral music. Following the trail of melody, you might find yourself in the living room of a converted carriage house—a house painted barn red on the outside, cheery and homey inside, with the lamplight highlighting a family musicale.

Standing close to the piano, where fourteen-year-old Tommy presides, will be Flora Campbell Cutler, playing her violin as if she had never deserted it for an acting career and starring role as Helen Emerson in television's daytime drama, Valiant Lady. Ben Cutler, a society orchestra leader by profession, will be doubling on the sax and trombone, and their five-year-old daughter Creel blowing a miniature horn—or forsaking it suddenly to do a twirl on her toes.

Creel will start to hum a little tune and Ben's rich operatic baritone will join her, filling the high-vaulted room, while Flo and Tommy join in. The neighbors will confirm that this is the way the Cutlers like to spend many an evening together. Even Fanny, the pet French poodle, is always ready to add a few well-pitched barks when the family music begins.

Flo, known on TV by her maiden name of Flora Campbell, is a slender five-foot six and one-half inches. Her eyes are blue and kind and direct, her features well-drawn, her burnished brownish hair simply arranged, her manner gracious and outgoing. Ben is darker, a half-inch over six feet, a handsome, friendly man who likes his work and his life. The kids are blond, Tommy favoring his mother in looks and Creel beginning to look more like Ben. Tom is wrapped up in sports and the Boy Scouts at the moment, and is learning to do a real rock 'n' roll on the drums.

Creel thinks she might like to be an actress, on television. She has been watching Bonnie Sawyer, the little girl who plays...
Kim on *Valiant Lady*, and can't quite understand why she can't be Kim, too—although she loves Bonnie dearly and knows she is only Flora's “pretend” daughter on the program. Creel even mimics some of Kim's lines, to prove to her mother, when she comes home after a show, that she herself is prepared to go before the cameras immediately!

The Cutlers are still working on their house, which they moved into the Christmas before last. Their big project this summer is the large back yard, which forms a pretty panorama from the picture window in the living room. When they moved in, this was nothing but mud and weeds, but gradually they are turning it into green lawn and gardens, with a corner dedicated to batting tennis balls around and for baseball and football practice by the men of the family. There is a barbecue for cook-outs and a terrace for outdoor eating.

The Cutlers used to live in an old farmhouse with a small living room, so this new, huge cathedral-roofed living room, once housing old family carriages, is their great pride. The fireplace of rough native stone is in an inglenook, flanked by twin modern sofas. There is a long, bright red couch in the main part of the room and there are many comfortable chairs and convenient lamps, and a harmony of color which starts with the soft yellow-green of the walls, is picked up in the rich fabric of the drapes, where it is mingled with bits of red and gold and other flecks of color, and set off by neutral shades in the carpeting.

The bedrooms reflect the tastes of their occupants. Creel has a dainty, light blue room. Tommy's is typical of an athletic teen-age boy, right to the sports wallpaper and the solid-looking furniture and all the pennants and paraphernalia that a fellow needs when he goes out for most of the teams.

The kitchen is large and bright and much-used in this home-loving family, and the den is comfortable and quietly inviting. There is a competent maid who takes over, except on the days Flo is home. Sometimes, on a Saturday, Flo will let the dishes pile up after breakfast and lunch so she can take care of some of the outside chores which come with home-owning. Ben will be out working at night, with one of his orchestras, Tommy off with his friends, and Creel in bed, and suddenly there will be all those dishes from three meals—waiting to be washed and put away—while there are a couple of TV programs she is simply dying to see. “It's my own fault, when that happens,” she sighs, “Later on, I can watch. Or read. I love to read, and do as much of it as I can.”

The family has to do without Daddy frequently on weekends when his orchestras (sometimes as many as ten at a time with from three to twenty or twenty-five musicians) are much in demand. That's when Flo spends as much time as possible with the children and catches up on all the home (Continued on page 84)

Flora Campbell is Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, for General Mills and The Toni Co.
It's a musical, multi-instrument family—and even Creel toots a mean horn, though her specialty is dancing.
No Time for LOVE

Young Eydie Gorme's having a ball as Tonight's Cinderella, but where is tomorrow's Prince Charming?
Tonight's singing star, Eydie Gorme, is more than a young, dark-haired girl with a smile and a singing voice that have a peculiar charm all their own. She's a shining example of today's TV business and its frantic pace—a lovely, warm, human girl who would like a husband, children, a home of her own—and who just doesn't have time to fall in love, now that her talents are finding nationwide recognition.

It was about a year ago that Eydie did a song for Coral Records called "Frenesi." Up until that time, she had been a hard-working, fairly successful singer with popular bands such as Tex Beneke’s, and she'd been doing a lot of night-club dates in New York and around the country. What Eydie Gorme had, she'd fought for, as all aspiring young performers must fight. And then the great, unexpected break that such hopefuls pray for—and secretly wonder if they will ever get—came to Eydie.

Steve Allen walked into the offices of Coral Records one afternoon and, after a couple of hours there, realized that from somewhere among the (Continued on page 91)
Jim and Jocelyn Brent pray that their love can bridge the forces working to separate them.

Jim and distance, as scientists have proved, are relative. And from Merrimac to the island of Jamaica is only eight hours by air. Jocelyn Brent, in her new job with a Caribbean airline, watches the planes wing in and out, knowing that in just a few short hours they will land in the United States. . . . These planes are barred to Jocelyn, who was deported because of an oversight in her papers when she first arrived in the United States—and because of a technical conviction for kidnapping after an innocent afternoon outing with Sibyl Overton Fuller's child. The time and distance between Jocelyn and her home in Merrimac, her husband, Dr. Jim Brent, and her stepdaughter, Janie, seem like a void that grows wider and wider with each passing day. . . . At first, when Sibyl had instigated the deportation proceedings against her, Jocelyn and Jim had thought Sibyl could be tricked into betraying her part in the hoax which had led to Jocelyn's kidnaping conviction. Sibyl's motives were clear: She hoped to separate Jim and Jocelyn and to win Jim for herself. . . . In order to unmask Sibyl, Jim had begun to pay her the attentions she had long coveted. Jocelyn in turn had encouraged Armand Monet's strong attraction to her, believing that he knew Sibyl's secret and could help prevent the deportation. Yet, both Jim's and Jocelyn's efforts had come to nothing. . . . Several incidents had prompted Jim and Jocelyn to suspect that Jim's continued presence in Merrimac—and his continued attentions to Sibyl—might soon reveal her secret. Therefore, Jocelyn had urged Jim to stick with his promising medical career while she took up what she hopes will be temporary residence in Jamaica. . . . Yet Jocelyn knows that Sibyl—whose desire for Jim amounts to an obsession—is nevertheless an attractive, strong-willed woman. Jocelyn cannot help but feel the danger to her marriage increases in the time Jim and Sibyl spend together. . . . In their separation, Jocelyn has kept her first important secret from Jim. She is to bear him a child, but has said nothing—will say nothing—until it is certain that they are to be together again. . . . Meanwhile, Jocelyn yearns for her family back in Merrimac and is forced to face the knowledge that, in her absence, Aunt Reggie is working to usurp her place in the lives of Janie and Jim. . . . Well-meaning but lonely, Aunt Reggie has nobody of her own whose life she can regulate and dominate. Yet she has very definite ideas as to what is best for other people. Now she has determined that it would be "all for the best" for Janie to forget Jocelyn and accept herself as a substitute mother. . . . Jim Brent is brought face-to-face with this problem when he comes upon Aunt Reggie as she is about to remove Jocelyn's picture from its place in their home. Aunt Reggie protests that it is wrong for the child to be constantly reminded of the mother who is so far away. . . . Even as Jim pleads with her not to tamper with the love that Janie bears for Jocelyn, he must realize that Aunt Reggie's influence is subtle and insistent. Amid the pain of his separation from Jocelyn and the maddening demands made upon him by Sibyl, Jim must also find a way to keep Aunt Reggie from insinuating herself in the place which rightfully belongs to Jocelyn. . . . Jim knows Sibyl is "sick," that her mind may even one day become unbalanced. She has lied to herself for so long about the possibility of a marriage between herself and Jim that now Sibyl can only preserve her sanity by persisting in these lies. Each day, her demands on Jim grow, as she convinces herself that now Jim will divorce Jocelyn. Sibyl half-longs, half-fears to force the issue, to propel Jim into declaring that he shares her love, and into setting an actual date for a divorce. . . . At the same time, in Jamaica, Jocelyn sees the tragic consequences of her friendship with Armand Monet. Restless and unhappy, Armand had fallen in love with Jocelyn during the days when she had accepted his admiration in the hope that he might help prevent her deportation. Now Armand impulsively walks out on a three-million-dollar musical because it seems that filming delays might keep him from seeing Jocelyn for many months. Despite the protests of Mook, a hanger-on who practically lives off Armand, and despite the phone calls and letters in which Jocelyn insists she doesn't love him, Armand flies to Jamaica. Feeling responsible for Armand's unhappiness and for the sacrifice of his career, Jocelyn cannot simply refuse to see him. Instead, she continues to insist that she does
I. When Jim finds Aunt Reggie about to hide Jocelyn's picture, she protests that young Janie and Jim are unhappily reminded of the absence of Jocelyn, who has been deported to Jamaica. Yet Jim cannot help but realize how far Aunt Reggie will go to replace Jocelyn in young Janie's life.
2. Despite Mooch’s pleadings, and Jocelyn’s letters saying that she does not return his love, Armand Monet forsakes his career to follow Jocelyn to Jamaica.

not love him and makes every effort to turn his love toward his estranged wife, Lil... Meanwhile, Jim flies to Jamaica, too, having learned about the baby Jocelyn expects. But, when he asks why Jocelyn had kept this a secret from him, she cannot explain the fears which made her want to wait until they were once again together—in Merrimac... As she and

3. Sibyl has deceived herself about Jim for so long that now, as she tries to get him to say that he loves her and will divorce Jocelyn, she half-fears forcing the issue.

Jim share a few precious hours on this exotic Caribbean island, Jocelyn wonders when that day will come—whether it will ever come. Jim stifles her doubts but he, too, wonders how long their separation will drag on. He also wonders about the problems that will still exist when Jocelyn returns—the continued schemings of Sibyl; Aunt Reggie’s growing influence on young Janie’s life; and even the difficulties that come hand-in-hand with the rewarding joys of Jocelyn’s pregnancy. As Jim returns to Merrimac and Jocelyn stays behind, both wonder how far each must travel before the road of life brings them together again.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Dr. Jim Brent.........................Don MacLaughlin
Jocelyn Brent........................Virginia Dwyer
Sibyl Overton Fuller....................Barbara Becker
Aunt Reggie..........................Dorothy Sands
Armand Monet........................Michael Kane
Mooch..................................Frank Behrens

The Road Of Life, CBS Radio, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV, 1:15 P.M., M-F, for Ivory Soap, Spic ‘n Span, Crisco, Drene, Ivory Flakes.
4. When Jim learns at last that Jocelyn is to bear him a child, he flies to Jamaica. He cannot understand why she has kept this a secret, but Jocelyn had wanted to wait until they were once again together—in Merrimac. Both wonder when this will be—and whether the forces keeping them apart will be a challenge even then.
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Those Whiting Girls!
Like all sisters, they borrow each other's clothes and kid on the phone—but they cook spaghetti for breakfast!

Life with Margaret and Barbara is a ride on a merry-go-round, but the ring of sisterly love is pure gold

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

By the time you read this, it will be possible for you to pull up your chair before your TV set on Monday night and laugh at the zaniest pair of sisters your eyes and ears have ever feasted on. Their surname is Whiting and their program, Those Whiting Girls, came about as naturally as a sneeze: Pepper was wafted upon the air. A friend, recipient of the "pepper," dropped in upon the Whitings on a routine day, listened, compressed his ribs, and announced from the top of the nearest hill that the sisters, Margaret and Barbara, could live a truly hilarious TV show. "More whimsy than Disneyland, more speed than Winchell," was part of his sales pitch.

After an almost imperceptible interval, two writers were ensconced in the Whiting guest (Continued on page 75)

Those Whiting Girls, CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Foods and Procter & Gamble.

Left, Barbara joins in, as Margaret "practices." Above, their mother plays, too. At right, Margaret's daughter Debbie is obviously queen of the household.
RALPH PAUL

To the millions of Strike It Rich listeners and viewers throughout America, Ralph Paul's warm voice is as familiar as an old friend's. Ralph himself is an old friend of radio, having spent half his life announcing, starting from the time he was sixteen. Born in Denver, Colorado, he worked at his hometown station, KVOO, and at the same time was a brilliant student at the University of Denver. That was during World War II, and Ralph had only one semester to go when he enlisted in the Army. Nevertheless, he squeezed in four special courses, acquired the necessary amount of points to graduate—and received a Phi Beta Kappa key. After his discharge in 1945, Ralph became a "rolling stone," announcing in cities from El Paso, Texas, to Baltimore, Maryland. When he reached New York, he landed a job as staff announcer with local Station WOR. Before long, however, Ralph decided there wasn't too much future in being a staff man, so he became a free-lancer, appearing on such programs as The Aldrich Family and Robert Trout And The News. He "struck it rich" in 1948 and has enjoyed his successful stay with the show ever since. Now, Ralph makes his home in Greenwich, Connecticut, along with many other TV personalities. Married to his childhood sweetheart, he and his wife Betty Jane have two lively young children, Marty and Susie.

Spotlight on

JACK LESCOULIE

Having worked both on and behind the scenes in show business since he was 7 and made his vaudeville debut, Jack Lescoulie now faces the TV cameras with complete confidence, ease and sincerity. Although today his big smile and suave voice are familiar to millions who have watched Today, The Buick-Berle Show, and The Jackie Gleason Show, Jack hasn't forgotten his struggles in getting to the top. Born in Sacramento, California, Jack finished high school, then became an announcer at Station KGFJ in Los Angeles. After spending three days and nights covering the Long Beach Earthquakes of 1931, he decided to return to school. He joined Los Angeles City College, then the Pasadena Playhouse, after which he landed a job in "Achilles Had a Heel," with Walter Hampden. His role? The off-stage voice of an elephant. When the show played in New York, it lasted but seven performances, and Jack found himself broke and alone in the big city. To keep from starving, he delivered clothes for a cleaner, was a soda jerk, had a few small parts in Broadway plays, then decided to return to Los Angeles. There he joined NBC and created The Grouch Club. World War II found him in the Air Force as a combat reporter in Italy. Returning to New York after his discharge, Jack teamed up with Gene Rayburn and was heard over local Station WNEW. In 1950, Jack moved to CBS to become a TV producer, then associate program director. When Today debuted in 1952, Jack was a part of the show. Since then, success has been his byword. Jack lives with his wife Birdie and their two-year-old daughter Linda Ann, on Long Island. For pleasure, he says, "I shoot a miserable game of golf, which I dearly love, and I'm a pretty good horseback rider—but I never do that any more."
Who's Who in Radio and TV

JULIA MEADE

A native New Yorker, lovely Julia Meade was born while her mother—a Shakespearean actress—was in Boston. When she was ten, her family moved to Ridgewood, New Jersey. There, as a high school student, Julia showed early show-business promise by winning a recitation contest two years in a row—once with a selection from "The Taming of the Shrew"; the second time with "something from 'Cyrano'"—and appearing in the senior class play. Diploma in hand, Julia headed for the Yale Drama School. Although this famous school is for graduate work, Julia was accepted after passing the entrance exam. After completing her studies, she spent several years as a TV actress, then received an offer to join Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town. At first she turned it down, but, a while later, she reconsidered and decided to try it—just once. She's still there, and happily so. "I love the show and I love Ed," Julia says. "He introduces me as though I were one of his big acts." Also familiar to viewers of Your Hit Parade, Julia has not given up acting entirely. Last season she appeared on Broadway in "The Tender Trap," and hopes to do another play soon. Married to Worsham Judd, a commercial artist, Julia and her husband share their Manhattan apartment with two cats. In addition to making home movies, she loves to cook and "adores" the Yankee baseball team.

Announcers

REX MARSHALL

Life, for handsome Rex Marshall, has been a series of gambles—some good, some not so good. Born in James- town, New York, the thirty-six-year-old announcer has had broadcasting in his blood since he was a young lad and worked for small and medium-sized stations throughout the East. After establishing himself in Boston as a capable announcer—salesman—emcee, Rex decided to try his luck in New York. After a series of menial jobs, none of which were in broadcasting, he returned to small stations. A few more years of developing his talent and stature on local stations, and Rex was again ready to gamble on New York. Uncle Sam, however, detoured him, and he entered the Air Force. The day he won his wings, he also took his home-town sweetheart, Barbara, as his bride. After five years of war flying, during which he survived four crack-ups, Rex resumed his "Invasion of New York Broadcasting" and finally landed an announcing job with the ABC network. Then, eyeing television in 1948, Rex took a chance and joined New York's Station WPIX before it even opened. Soon, he was on his way to the top, highlighting his stay at WPIX with his brilliant coverage of the 1948 political conventions. Offers began pouring in, and Rex was hired to handle the commercials, and later served as narrator and host, on numerous leading network shows. Suspense, Ellery Queen, Mr. Peepers, are only a few of the programs on which his friendly face and manner have appealed to millions. Often busy seven days a week, Rex still finds time to play some handball, go skeet shooting and make recordings for the blind. His happiest moments, however, are spent with his wife Barbara and their children—Pamela, 12, and Peter, 8—at home in Greenwich, Connecticut.
Ted Mack and his Matinee are dedicated to turning the spotlight on others—

The Honey Dreamers got their musical start in college—and two of them are now husband and wife. Left to right, the girls are Nan Green and Marion Bye (Mrs. Davis)—the boys, Bob Mitchell, Bob Davis, Stewart Vannerson.

Personal memo to Ted Mack fans: After years of devoting himself to America’s amateur talent, as emcee of the Original Amateur Hour, your Mr. Mack is now helping “undiscovered” professionals on this season’s new daytime variety show, The Ted Mack Matinee, over NBC-TV. That’s great news, for it means that . . . if you are a young and talented performer, amateur or professional . . . if you are young and talented in any art—or just young, and not quite sure what talent you may have . . . Ted Mack is your best friend.

Most people in show business are generous with their time and money, public-spirited, warm of heart . . . but, when you find a performer who doesn’t want to talk about himself, who can think of practically nothing to wish for himself, whose ambition is more for others than for himself . . . this is something new under that make-believe paper moon! For all his years on stage, before the camera, behind the mike, your Mr. Mack is that “something new.”

Because he is, it’s very hard to get a story about Ted Mack himself. One recent afternoon, I sat in the audience at the Ambassador Theater in New York, watching the Ted Mack Matinee, enjoying the singing of Dick Lee, Elise Rhodes, the Honey Dreamers. Enjoying maestro Mack’s enjoyment, too . . . taking note of the pleased and proud expression on his face as the audience
and it might be you

Most sincerely yours

By GLADYS HALL

Ted Mack couldn't be prouder of Elise Rhodes and Dick Lee if he were their dad!

See Next Page
Off-camera, Ted Mack would rather go riding than do almost anything else—particularly if his saddle-pal is that "wonderful Arabian horse, my good friend Khidaan.

applauded his talented youngsters ... liking the verbal pats-on-the-back he gave them when their songs were done. But when, after the Matinee, we repaired to his dressing room so that we might talk about veteran showman Mack himself—which was, after all, my purpose in being there—we didn't. That is, he didn't.

He talked about the youngsters then appearing on his Matinee ... about Dick Lee, his "Young Man of Song" who—Ted said happily—is rapidly becoming the No. 1 favorite of the nation's bobby-soxers. He told me that the twenty-four-year-old Lee was born in Philadelphia, the son of a Police Department detective. Boxing had been the boy's first love, and his sturdy build and lightning reflexes soon made a mark in amateur contests. Dick also loved to listen to music, all kinds of music from be-bop to classical, and thus discovered—and soon was testing—his own voice. Still planning on a boxing career, however, Dick made a successful start in the ring, was a Golden Gloves contender. But, when he fractured his nose in one of his bouts and his worried mother begged him to hang up the gloves, he decided to turn to his second love and become a singer.

Dick Lee's first professional engagement was at a small night club in New Jersey, where he was such a smash hit he was held over for twenty-six consecutive weeks. Since then, he has won first honors on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, his recordings under the Essex label (among them, "Infatuation," "Eternally," "I Thought You Might Be Lonely") have become favorites with disc jockeys and listeners, and his personal appearances at night clubs (Continued on page 92)
The Colmans of Ivy

(Continued from page 46)

Dr. and Mrs. Hall never make sensational headlines in the newspapers. Neither do Mr. and Mrs. Colman. Despite their long and distinguished careers in movies, radio and television, Ronnie and Benita have never been “good copy” for the gossip columns. Their attitude toward publicity about their private lives is just what one would expect from Toddy and Vicky themselves. As Benita sums it up, succinctly: “I’m sure the high life in the headlines is stimulating, but I doubt if it is nourishing.”

In Hollywood, this is a unique attitude indeed. But even the Colmans’ show is unique. The Halls Of Ivy might best be described as “sparkling entertainment—with a moral.” It is one of the first television series, in a comic vein, to comment on the structure and foibles of our society.

The TV Halls Of Ivy evolved naturally from their Peabody Award-winning radio series, brainchild of writer Don Quinn. Asked about the Colmans’ own contribution to the show’s development, Benita says: “It has been very much the three legs on one stool,’ with Don Quinn, Ronnie and myself, because many of the shows have developed from incidents that have happened to Ronnie and me. The episode we call ‘Traffic and Cocoanuts’ is an example. That’s the one in which Victoria gets into trouble over four traffic tickets. I was the one who was what might be called the ‘inspiration’ for that! Need I say more?”

As a family, the Colmans are unique in the fact that their ten-year-old daughter, Juliet, is not included in the show. In fact, Vicky and Toddy Hall have no children. “Juliet is doing her best to get in, however,” Benita laughs. “She keeps saying, ‘I don’t see why you haven’t got a child’.”

But the near future looks bleak for Juliet, in that respect—even if the Ivy script should miraculously produce a child for the Halls overnight—for the Colmans think school is a much better place for Juliet, just now, than a TV studio. “I don’t believe Juliet would think much of it,” says her mother, “if she had to stay on the set some eight hours out of each day.”

Ronnie and Benita have found that TV demands five times as much time as their one-day-a-week radio show. “It takes a lot more of getting up early,” Benita explains, “and learning and all that sort of thing. It is absolutely a 24-hour project. We get up at half-past six, arrive home at seven that night, and are in bed by nine. That is the story of our lives at the moment.”

However, though the hours are hard, Benita says the work itself is not. “It’s very gay on the set. We have a lot of fun.” As for working together, the Colmans enjoy it very much. “Nobody,” she adds, “blacks anybody’s eyes here!”

There is a very definite Colman touch to their lunch hour, too. Harry, a sort of handyman around the Colman household for nearly sixteen years now, prepares a substantial box lunch which has been ordered by Benita. This she lays out in her dressing room, and then the meal is shared by their producer, Bill Frye, and their director—either Norman McLeod or William Cameron Menzies. According to Benita, such a lunch, without all the time-consuming elements of a restaurant, is very functional. “We can,” she says, “spend the time running lines or discussing the action. It makes it easier when you are so terribly short of time.”

The Colmans’ home is in San Ysidro, near Santa Barbara, California. While working in Hollywood, they live in an apartment. Juliet, who goes to school in

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Is there an air of freshness about you... always?

All summer, every day, you’re confident, certain of your freshness—when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Your underarms are dry... stay dry! There’s not a trace of odor. No worry about staining lovely clothes. Why?

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient known.

Fresh has a wonderful freshness all its own. A delicate clear fragrance. A pure whiteness. A whipped cream smoothness. It’s never sticky... never greasy—always gentle to skin.

For an air of freshness use Fresh every day. You can’t help but be lovely to love.

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Santa Barbara, spends every other weekend with them in Hollywood. And, every ten days, they go to Santa Barbara for four days of relaxation.

Asked how she feels about the separation from Juliet, Benita says: “We miss her like mad, of course. We talk on the phone lots and Benita does go up one day a week.” She definitely does not think that their absence hurts their relationship with their child. “When we are together,” she says, “we are together all the time. I think that this four-day thing is受不了。”

The most unique thing about the Colmans is the manner in which they spend their four-day vacations on their San Diego ranch: “It is very private,” she explains. “They lie prone—or is it supine?—I never know. Anyway, we lie about in little heaps like uncounted laundry, waiting for time to put that starch in us again.”

“During these four-day ‘getaways’ we read piles of books in the back of the car, and everything at the ranch is set to receive us. The fireplace is burning, the record machine is waiting—and Juliet is playing the piano. At the moment, she is long on enthusiasm and short on repertoire. I play the piano myself, and we sometimes have very hot duets going.

“We are extremely ‘occupied’ people,” Benita continues. “We have no trouble in taking negotiations for a still-life. He paints. He paints rather well, though he’s apt to complain a bit. The light’s not right, he’ll say, or ‘The color’s bad,’ or ‘The perspective is a problem.’ Yet his landscapes and still-lifes are ‘so realistic’ and logic agree. The last I heard was a deal of haggling in the neighborhood of seventy-five cents.”

As for Benita’s own artistic endeavors, she reports painting “is an nice absorbing occupation. That is why I took up sculpture.”

Everybody was painting, so I thought I’d go off on a branch of my own. It turned out to be excecuably unweidy, because—once you’ve made something—you can’t take it anywhere. It is awful. And then, she adds wistfully, “all those naked models are so impractical for the average household and are apt to give the casual caller quite a turn! I finally had a piece of mine carried live by a private plane to Santa Barbara. It arrived cracked all over. But I think it is improved. The rough treatment lent it a slightly Pompeian air!”

Yes, this life of the Colmans is the most uneventful of all. In fact, it’s the very thing that they are so reluctant to talk about. But Benita has explained their feelings, their reasons for wanting to keep their private lives private. “You can’t talk about that with her. It’s only when she tells you just a little bit about this life together, that one gets more curious than ever.

“All in all, it’s a simple yet completely charming life. Perhaps it isn’t so surprising that the Colmans want to keep it so much to themselves!”

With a Smile in His Voice

(Continued from page 42) went their chairs, out came their autobiographies, and the rush was on.

Now, the friends who had gathered about the Franklin and Smith, and Franklin and Smith, and Franklin and Smith went outwards, and Bert and Annette Parks. The autograph-hunters, however, were only interested in Bert Parks—for the year was 1956, and he was the only one who had yet to get a TV show on a major network. Ralph Edwards and Jack Smith were two of America’s top radio personalities. None of their countrymen recognized them. Ralph Greenway was not needed. Jack was not needed. Each knew exactly what the other had seen. He had seen the handwriting on the wall.

If this same program were to take place today, the autograph-hunters would have a field day, for Ralph Edwards is now host and emcee of NBC-TV’s This Is Your Life, and Jack Smith is host and emcee of CBS-TV’s new Welcome Travelers series. And, while it all started in Paris, success didn’t come overnight—nor did it come easily. Ralph tried the first TV version of Travelers, a popular radio show, before really coming into his own with This Is Your Life. As for Jack—well, the story of his success would give Ralph a happy, heart-warming, but not entertainers.

Jack never came to giving his children names, however, Major Walter Smith was scarcely concerned how they might sound on radio or television. “My father was a New Englander,” Jack recalls, “descended from a long line of Smiths. And none of them had ever been actors.” The Major himself was a former Annapolis man who had transferred to the Army.

Jack was born in Bainbridge Island, Seattle, Washington—which explains why his middle name is Ward. “Dad didn’t try too hard,” Jack says with a good-natured chuckle. Son Walter Reed Smith—and he, too, was to become a performer, dropping the Smith when he went to Hollywood.)

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Win a valuable prize! Solve this easy Catch-the-Cash puzzle! The folks in the puzzle are catching $236 cash. You can see a $100 bill... $50 bill... $20 bill... and $1 bill. Now fill in the 3 missing amounts on the puzzle below to make a total of $236! Here's a hint. One of the missing bills is $10. Now do you know the other 2 missing amounts? Enter the missing dollars on the small puzzle below. Fill out the coupon, clip around dotted line & mail Now for your FREE GIFT!

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$50...$100...$500 & more
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We're looking for folks with bright minds to make easy, extra money! Just show fast-selling Merit 21 for $1 Christmas Cards & other best sellers to friends, co-workers, etc. They're such bargains they practically sell themselves! You make up to $50 per box! Easiest way to get QUICK CASH & plenty of it in spare time! Also, special fund-raising plan for groups. Check coupon below.

GET YOUR FREE PRIZE NOW!

HURRY—OFFER LIMITED!

Yours to keep—absolutely Free—Merit's full 21 Christmas Card assortment when you send the answer to our easy puzzle! We'll also send you FREE personalized stationery & other samples on approval. Costs nothing to try! Only 1 entry per family. We reserve right to reject entries mailed 60 days after the month printed on cover of this publication. So hurry! Rush your answer to: Catch-the-Cash

MERIT Greeting Card Co. 370 Plane St., Dept. 207, Newark 2, N. J.

PASTE ON POST CARD—MAIL NOW

Catch-the-Cash MERIT Greeting Card Co. 370 Plane St., Dept. 207, Newark 2, N. J.

Here's my answer. Please rush my FREE box of 21 Christmas Cards and envelopes, FREE Personalized Stationery and other samples on approval.

Name ___________________________ (Please Print)
Address ___________________________
City ___________________ Zone _______ State _______

☑ Check here for Special Fund-Raising Plan for Groups

$100 $20 $1
$50
$1

□ Send in another Christmas Card through this window and you can win a Christmas Tree, a trip to Hollywood, or any of the other marvelous prizes. November 20th, 1955.
### Inside Radio

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

#### Monday through Friday

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#### Morning Programs

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#### Afternoon Programs

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#### Evening Programs

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<td>Pop The Question</td>
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<td>True Or False</td>
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<td>Frank And Ernest</td>
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<td>News, Bill Cunningham</td>
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<td>Music From Britain</td>
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<td>Bob Condie</td>
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**LATE NIGHT**

10:00 | Millie's' Drive-In—Movie—Some schedules shown at 7:30 P.M.
11:00 | Libereca—CondeLABras and music
11:10 | Featureama—Short films
11:15 | Steve Allen Show—A ball

**Monday P.M.:**

7:30 | Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
8:00 | Burns & Allen—Coupled comedy
8:30 | Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 | Voice of Firestone—Summer recitals
9:30 | Those Whiting Girls—Comedy
10:00 | Arthur Murray Presents—Dancing Party
11:00 | Robert Montgomery Presents
11:30 | Edgar Guest—Serenading on the air

**Tuesday**

7:30 | Talent Hour, Country Style
8:00 | Life With Father—Leen Ames stars
8:30 | Halls of Ivy—Colmans in re-runs
9:00 | Arthur Murray Presents—Dancing Party
9:00 | Meet Millie—Elena Verdugo stars
9:30 | Klenex Theater—Absorbing
7:00 | Make Room For Daddy—Re-runs
9:30 | Red Skelton Show—Re-runs

**Wednesday**

7:30 | Disneyland—Repeat shows
8:00 | What's The Story—News-panel quiz
8:30 | My Little Margie—Comedy
9:00 | Kraft Theater—Fine plays as usual
9:30 | Lassie—Secret Panel quiz

**Thursday**

7:30 | Lone Ranger—Hurry, silver!
8:00 | Meet Mr. McNulty—Re-runs
8:30 | Life Of Riley—Comedy re-runs
9:00 | Men In Action—Crime catchin'
9:30 | Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
10:00 | Public Defender—Reed Hadley
10:30 | Lux Theater—From Hollywood

**Friday**

7:30 | Adventurers Of Rin Tin Tin—Arf!
8:00 | Fantom Quiz—Stoney's bit
8:30 | Topper—Comedy re-runs
9:00 | Life Of Riley—Comedy re-runs
9:30 | Men In Action—Comedy re-runs
10:00 | The Vise—Suspense from England
10:30 | Line-Up—Police in action
11:00 | Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
11:30 | So This Is Hollywood—Comedy
12:00 | Alec Templeton—Music-maker
12:30 | Mr. District Attorney—David Brian

**Saturday**

7:30 | Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
8:00 | Show Wagon—Heldin's talent salute
8:30 | Ozark Jubilee—90 minute hoedown
9:00 | America's Greatest Bands—Poul Whitman emcees this summer replacement
9:30 | The Soldiers—Comedy, starring Hal March and Tom D'Andrea
10:00 | Two For The Money—Sam Levenson
11:00 | A Musical Chairs—July 30 only: Spectacular
11:30 | Lawrence Walk—Champagne music
12:00 | Duarte-O'Conner Show—Re-runs
12:30 | George Gobel Summer Show—Compass—Filmed dramas
12:30 | Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
12:30 | Your Playtime

**Sunday**

6:00 | I Love Lucy—Repeat of early shows
6:30 | People Are Funny—Lillieletter
7:00 | You Asked For It—Art Baker, emcees
7:30 | Price Is Right—Comedy re-runs
7:30 | Spectacular—July 17
8:00 | Toast Of The Town—Variety
8:30 | Sunday Hour—George Murphy, emcees
9:00 | G-E Theatre—Donald Regan, host
9:30 | Motion Picture—Hour teleplays
9:30 | The Great Gatsby—Filmed dramas
9:30 | Life Begins At Eighty—Lots of fun
10:00 | Julius La Rosa—Musical
10:30 | Cameo Theater
11:00 | Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
10:30 | What's Your Line—Jab game

Those Whiting Girls!

(Continued from page 63)

accommodations and were freely taking notes on tape recorders, electric typewriters and celluloid cuffs. Madelyn Pugh and Bob Carroll, Jr., couldn’t believe what they heard, but they preserved dialogue and continuity with the incredible delight of a museum curator acquiring the funny bone of a dinosaur.

"People aren’t like that," said Miss Pugh.

"No, but the Whitings are," beamed Mr. Carroll.

"Next question—are the Whitings people?" asked his collaborator.

Mr. Carroll slid this query into the mixer and awaited a result, which proved to be a fine, smooth epigram: "The Whitings are a moment of laughter in the grim business of living."

As ideas for Those Whiting Girls began to congeal in the minds of the bemused writers, it seemed logical for the mother of the subjects to play herself in the TV show. Mrs. Whiting refused with a simple, uncomplicated "No." Pressed for valid reasons, she offered just one: "I have avoided show business all my life. Now, at this late date, why should I involve myself with a pair of theatrical comebacks?"

"Comeback is a horrid word," said Margaret.

"And a true one," said Mrs. Whiting, not budging an inch.

Margaret sighed. "True, indeed. I was a girl singer for fifteen years. As for Barbara, she was a midget child star for 20th Century-Fox longer than anyone except Mr. Zanuck’s grandmother can recall."

This crack, like most Whiting bon mots, contains just enough fact to give the fantasy authentic flavor. The daughters of famed songwriter Dick Whiting grew up in show business. When other girls were giggling over their high-school dance programs, Margaret was smiling upon her royalty checks from recording companies. Disc collectors cherish her platters of "My Ideal," " Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," "Sentimental Journey," "Slippin’ Around," "Moonlight in Vermont," and the more recent "End of a Love Affair," "The Moon Was Yellow," and "Stowaway."

Meanwhile, Barbara was living through one of the era’s longest adolescences in "Junior Miss," "Centennial Summer," "Home Sweet Homicide," "Carnival in Costa Rica," "City Across the River," and "I Can Get It for You Wholesale." Now in her twenties, Barbara looks fourteen, speaks with the wisdom of the ages.

When it became apparent that the actual Mother Whiting could not be persuaded to play herself in the TV show, the search was joined for a logical prototype. Seldom has a casting director been faced with such complicated a task: He must find a motherly woman, essentially sweet, but with a touch of lemon for contrast. She must not dither, neither must she turn wry. She must have an air of unquestionable authority, yet she must be flexible enough to roll with the tides set up by a breezy a pair of daughters as ever disengaged themselves from a whirlwind. She must be, in brief, Mrs. Whiting to the life.

Mabel Albertson finally won the role and, after the pilot film was shot, Margaret cornered her synthetic mother to demand suspiciously, "You didn’t abandon me in Detroit twenty-odd years ago, now did you?"

Like everyone whom the Whitings enjoy, Mabel Albertson has become a member of the clan, and is expected to take her place in all family festivities. This can be a confusing assignment. In the TV show, there is a four-year difference in the ages of Margaret and Barbara, although—factually speaking—between them there are seven years and a good deal of sisterly hijinks.

Barbara’s hair is now dark auburn, a color job useful under TV lights. When a friend complimented her upon her magnificently back, short, bright tresses, Margaret responded smoothly for her sister: "And just think: This color is forever—and a dye."

Barbara is the telephone kid. She is on the wire from morning till night, but most vociferously from four until seven each afternoon. In regard to this alternating dial-click and bell-ringing, Margaret has said, "To some, this is the children's hour. To others, the cocktail hour. To us, it is the dreadful hour."

Over the telephone—to whatever devoted buddy with whom Barbara happens to be carrying on one of those guarded but eloquent conversations filled with be-bop, backstage phrases, and pure slang—she counters Margaret’s assault by an offensive of her own. "In our TV show, my sister has to be beautiful—if you can imagine."

Margaret says, gazing into the middle distance, "A lot of young people—that’s you—have no respect for their elders. No appreciation of the things they might learn from relatives and friends. They could spare themselves a bad experience later on, but they won’t."

Barbara says to her caller, as if the comment fitted the conversation without...

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planning off the odd edges, "We think we have the very first musical TV show in which music is kept in its place. If a song advances the plot, Margaret sings it. Otherwise, she's my straight woman. An innovation—the first time a singer has stoged for a great dramatic actress."

"It may be the last," observes Margaret. "This is all from Chile," says Barbara. "I'll have to go now. Call me again when you're near a telephone."

Hanging up, she likes to make an announcement of devastating import. One afternoon, she explained that she had been looking over the scripts for the show "... AND, in the fifth episode, an elephant steps on your foot, Margaret!"

"Where are we going to get an elephant?" Margaret wanted to know.

"At the carnival, of course. Just after I get the paint spilled all over me!"

Volatile and animated, Barbara is inclined to illustrate every observation with a gesture. Old-time dramatic coaches would have loved her—an attitude not entirely shared by Margaret, who is more inclined to use her voice for effect.

In order to break Barbara of some of her more flaring gesticulations, Margaret sometimes assumes an exaggeratedly empty expression and windmills through one of Barbara's active exercises. In turn, Barbara will drop her voice to a sub-Tallulah register and imitate her sister's most effective vocal mannerisms.

To get the flavor of the home that Margaret likes to call Madness, Incorporated, one should be invited to Sunday dinner. First order is church attendance. "We are pretty religious about going to church," is the way Barbara states it.

But let us report the occasion exactly as a guest once told it in wonder and delight—and with love, as well. This chap was a business associate of the Whittings, had known them since they were worrying about whether Dior knew what he was doing with hemlines six inches from the turf.

"I was driving along Sunset Boulevard around noon," he reported, "when Margaret pulled up alongside of me in her Cadillac convertible with the top down, and called out, 'Come on up to the house for dinner.' As traffic was heavy and fans are always convinced of their essential desirability in the opinion of a star, Margaret found herself almost immediately tailed by three cars in addition to mine.

"Of this she was totally unaware. She pulled into the parking lot next to Schwab's, and darted into the drugstore while her admirers clutched up the traffic on Sunset considerably. Because I knew where I was going, I continued to Bel Air. Besides, I know Margaret at a drugstore magazine stand. She never leaves a display without ten to twenty periodicals under her arm. Sometimes she reads every one from cover to cover—she's a quick study. Sometimes she can't find what she wants. The next day—twenty more magazines, I'll bet she could win an Oscar for the best performance, annually, in the bound-paper chase."

"Once, at the house I found Eleanor—that's Margaret's mother, but everyone calls her Eleanor, including her children and her granddaughter—and Aunt Mag, who is Eleanor's sister. Aunt Mag is an author. She was the famous Margaret Young in the Terrific Twenties, and she introduced such songs as 'O, By Jingo' and 'Hard-hearted Hannnah.' They let me in on the fact that Margaret was scheduled to leave by air that afternoon to start a series of singing engagements in the South.

"They said that, first, we'd have dinner. Margaret, still tailed by a delighted queue, arrived thirty minutes later and we all sat down. All, that is, except Barbara. She would be along in a moment, Willie May said. Willie May has been running in the Whittings for years, and her word is law.

"At the table, there were the Whittings—Eleanor, Aunt Mag, Margaret and her beau, George Busch—a chap from Margaret's agency, an attorney, a photographer, and a beau of Margaret's. Everyone talked at once. Everyone seemed to be getting the full import—all except me, I missed a couple of cues.

"After a few moments, Margaret left the table, returned with a stack of numbers, passed them around the table. She said that she was going to take turns talking, and we'd have to wait until our number was up before we could voice an opinion. Order was maintained for all of five to seven minutes.

"Dinner over, the photographer began to set up his camera. Also, Margaret's masseuse arrived. Margaret stretched out on the floor in blouse and slacks while the masseuse did her thing. I went out and found one of the auxiliary lights too bright; he shrouded it by placing his pocket handkerchief over the bulb. He got it out of the way, right down to the plugger.

"About this time a delivery man arrived, carrying a portable radio which Margaret had had repaired. At first, she must have planned to take it on her trip. In any case, this was an emergency delivery. The masseuse studied the delivery man as he stood dejectedly at the door, waiting for Margaret to sign her delivery ticket. The masseuse started to work on the muscles of the delivery man's neck. 'You look pretty tired,' she said. 'I can fix you up in just a few minutes.'

"All this time, you must remember, everyone was talking. According to the radio, the telephone is ringing, playing, the telephone is ringing. Debbie is leading her dashahund around on a white leash. Margaret says, 'Don't lose that leash, darling. Mother had to sing two numbers. Margaret is the deliverer.'

"At this point, someone tilts a sensitive nose and says, 'Something's burning.' How true. The photographer's handkerchief is burning..."
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would have enough bookings so that we'd get our fifty dollars back."

Their luck was better than that of many other clients of this agency. Jerry Urgo's superlative photographs may have made the difference. Says Mrs. O'Neill, "Later we encountered plenty of illustrators who refused to book through that agent. Mostly, I guess, he did just collect commissions, but he was responsible for getting Patti her first assignments."

Number-one assignment was for one of the big mail-order catalogs. "That was a weird experience. The photographers, really a large and reputable firm, had just moved to an old mansion and its adjacent garage. The place looked like a haunted house. We were scared to go in—and just after we did enter. But we just kept daring each other to open one more door until we stumbled into the big room, which turned out to be a beautifully equipped studio."

With the ice broken, the O'Neills took the initiative. They made the rounds of the studios themselves. The Urgo photographs opened doors, and the O'Neills' own charm kept them open.

When she was twelve, Patti transferred to Professional Children's School. Her report at the end of the first day was: "Mother, these kids are too smart for me. They are 'way ahead of me."

Shortly, too, Patti found that some child actors save all their loveliness for the stage. When a little girl boasted of an important assignment, Patti naturally asked where it was. "That," said the moppet, elevating her nose several inches, "is a professional secret."

Wisely, Mrs. O'Neill advised the snubbed Patti: "For a while, you'd better keep your mouth shut and your ears open." The advice worked. Soon Patti loved the school. "The kids are fun and the teachers are wonderful. I think, too, that we work harder and learn faster than in public school. We take more responsibility."

A typical school day for Patti began when her mother called her at 7:45 A.M. Sleepy-eyed, she washed her face and headed for the kitchen to ask, "What's in the refrigerator?"

"She's a weird one, this kid," says Mrs. O'Neill with a laugh. "She doesn't want cereal, she wants sandwiches."

Back upstairs, Patti put on the lipstick, peering a little nearsightedly into a mirror which has the usual schoolgirl me-mentos thrust between glass and frame. There are matchbooks, dance invitations and a cherished note from Mrs. Macdonald Carey thanking Patti for the gift she sent to the Careys' new baby.

Patti dressed carefully. "None of us could risk being sloppy," she says. "A call might come in at school. One of us wore socks and flats. I think, too, our skirts were shorter than a lot of girls wear to public school. They're more becoming."

Patti's own wardrobe is simple, but ample. "The new network showed us all in white and let our dresses slipper on until she is ready to leave the house. Her mother's parting injunction is usually: "Put your shoes on."

Patti used her subway riding time to catch up on her required reading. So that she could avoid toting a ton of stuff to an assignment, she had two sets of books, one kept at school, the other at home. She was in class from 9:45 A.M. to 1:00 P.M. She endeavored to return home and have her homework done by 5:30 P.M. "But some days I spent too much time in the coffee shop, talking to the kids."

Patti still helps get dinner—"I like to eat and I like to cook"—and is responsible for the dishes. After watching TV, she spends a little telephone time talking to friends, then is in bed by eleven.

No time was allotted for the usual extra-curricular activities. "The school cut them out. We had all too many work assignments and that's what we cared about."

Dates are still restricted to weekends.

She usually sees at least one Broadway play a week. "That's both study and fun. I'm lucky. The boy across the street, Robert Lee, is an actor, too, so we come home together. We buy the cheapest seats in the theater. We can hear just as well and we watch through opera glasses."

There have been a number of extra-special dates, too, such as a football game at Yale and the inter-fraternity weekend at Pennsylvania. Biggest of all, of course, was Patti's own senior prom. For it, she got "the prettiest formal yet—all white nylon tulle, soft as chiffon. The prom was at the Hotel Delmonico. We had just a perfect time."

The major milestones, so far, are her parts in The Secret Storm ("I hope, I hope, I hope they keep me in the script") and her six-month stint on Broadway in "Anni-

versary Waltz" ("I grew up on that show.")

The play's break-in tour was her first time away from home. "My roommate was Mary Lee Deering. Her father was my tap- dance teacher. We spent both our allowance money having our mothers wash our socks and lingerie and get our clothes ready. It did us good to take care of ourselves."

Holly living had lost its sheen for both girls by the time Patti transferred to thewhy-thought Philadelphia, so they found a little housekeeping apartment. Macdonald Carey, male star of the show, was their second dinner guest. "We shared a steak that was just enough to shut with a chair. We planned a meat loaf for our big dinner. But, when I got home, I discovered the refrigerator didn't work too well and the meat had spoiled. He kindly, I mean a little. I didn't know what to do. But we did have some liver because Mary Lee had said it was good for us. I can't tell you how we worried about whether Mr. Carey would like it. But he assured us he just loved liver, so we all had a real good time."

Wally Cox, too, holds a special place in Patti's heart. "I just wondered what he was like."

While we were waiting around during Mr. Peepers' rehearsals, he would sit and talk with the kids in the show and he'd play games with us. We all just loved him."

The Secret Storm has won Patti's genuine respect. "I learn so much just watching her. She's such a fine actress. Patti is always most careful to address the starleters by the proper "Mr." or "Miss." As she says, "I just don't think it is right for us kids to call someone like that by a first name."

Her courtesy is sincere and genuine, and the stars, when they meet the camera men, approve her face and figure, directors and producers approve her manners. Again, Jerry Urgo admits to some early coaching."I taught her, "Mr. Twomey, you don't turn into a snob like some of these brats around show business."

But I didn't really need to. Patti is just as sweet and modest today as she was when she told me, at ten, she was the prettiest girl in school."

Dick Dunn, producer of The Secret Storm, comments on her maturity as well as her manners. "Her poise was the first thing I noticed about her. "Mr. Twomey, your baby doesn't turn into a snob like some of these brats around show business." But I didn't really need to. Patti is just as sweet and modest today as she was when she told me, at ten, she was the prettiest girl in school."

And the experts? The production people who know her best are too busy to indulge in wild predictions, but it is significant that they are constantly describing her: "She's a lady." "She is competent. She knows what she is doing." "She has charm, beauty, focus."

A few years ago, some of those same people were using the same phrases to describe two other young actresses. Their names were Grace Kelly and Eva Marie Saint. This year both won Academy Awards."

No one knows yet whether there's an "Oscar" in Patti's future. But she's found her own rewards on TV. And, at eighteen, it's such a happy, happy time to be alive and simple and knowing that the "best is yet to be."
lost on Paul. In his mind’s eye, he was already seeing Cincinnati’s towering hills, the busy restaurant where the town’s television and newspaper people exchanged gossips and, most of all, the sweep of a lawn leading to a house he had yet to find.

“It’s crazy,” he said with a grin. “Living New York is the thing you just don’t do. If you have that love of broadcasting which keeps you in this hectic business, it doesn’t matter where you’re at—a 220-watt ‘coffee pot’ out in Nebraska—or at a substantial high-power station in a big city—New York is your magnet. There’s something inside you which makes you want to find out whether you can measure up to the big-time.”

Paul had found his personal answer to that question. The little pantomime show which he had started during early TV days in Cincinnati—“because I was a radio disc jockey and didn’t have the talent to do anything else on television”—had achieved network status; and before it was brought to New York. When, at the Du Mont network, sweeping policy changes began taking other live shows off the air in favor of film, new doors started opening for Paul. Another network invited negotiations. Profitable opportunities to freelance were also presented. It was apparent that, whatever might happen at Du Mont, New York had something with Dixon’s record for entertaining.

“I’m turning down a million dollars worth of billing,” Paul confided. “My reason is simple. We do not like this kind of living—and, above everything else, I want my wife and children to be happy. Perhaps I was able to take this course because I actually had made my decision long ago. You remember the way we left Chicago.”

That leave-taking had also occurred at a crucial time in Paul’s career. The ambitious young man, together with his new bride, Marge, had come to Chicago long before it was a dream and a hope. They had a rickety car and money enough to buy gasoline to drive to Chicago. While Marge worked as a sales clerk in a department-store basement, Paul pounded the audition rounds. At last he landed a job at a small radio station where recorded music and straight-talking were the chief commodities. The music proved to be Paul’s dish. His disc-jockeying drew a following—and he had been asked to audition for one of the town’s choicest commercial plums—when a telephone call changed his life.

Mort Watters, manager of Station WCPO in Cincinnati, was driving into Chicago when, via his car radio, he first heard Paul. He phoned to say, “I think you’re the loveliest newcomer I ever heard, but I like your voice. How would you like to work for me in Cincinnati?”

“I will never forget that journey,” Paul recalled. “My old flivver rattled and shook. The roof leaked and I wondered whether it would hold together. And, all the time, I was in a turmoil of conflict. Was I doing the right thing? You see, I was gambling in Chicago have meant more in the end? And I also remember how the answer came to me. By going to Cincinnati, I could immediately give Marge home, others who would not have to work. We could start thinking about a family.”

It was this habit of putting human values first which won Paul his audiences and, in turn, the commercial success his ambition demanded.

“You can just about measure what Cincinnati did for me,” Paul said, “by com-
paring the move from Chicago and the later move to New York. When we hit the road last fall, we had two kids and two cars. Pam rode with Marge in the Pontiac. I took Greg in the Cadillac.

The question of living in Manhattan or the burbs was settled for them time at all. Said Paul, "When a couple of healthy, lively kids have had a half-are back yard where they can work off their energy, you can't shut them up in an apartment building.

Because an acquaintance had recommended White Plains—"where the commuting was good"—Marge and Paul spent a week looking for a place there. The one they chose was charming. There were large trees, a rolling yard, even a pond. It was the kind of place people dream about, but few ever get to live in.

"That may have been one of the troubles," said Paul. "We simply bought this one. The house which we had dreamed of and worked for was in Cincinnati. That was a shock to us. We had spent so much time in the house, the idea of losing it was surprising how lonesome you can get for a house.

They particularly missed the playroom. Building it had been a typical Dixon project, where Paul started modestly and had been carried away by his own enthusiasm. It began when he decided that the broad, white, one-story house was not going to be enough for his newly growing family. The room was going to be a heaven of fun for the children. They could have their playroom, and even a library. They could watch television, play with building blocks, and even have a little rathskeller.

The expenditure was justified when the place turned into that kind of room where a hubbub of laughter and fun can find a special close companionship.

"Marge and I would build up a fire in the fireplace and sit there until it burned low. Then we'd watch television, have it on, or just talk. So that we'd be certain the kids were all right upstairs, I installed a two-way communications system. When that was turned on, we could even hear the kitchen.

It was this close companionship which they missed most in White Plains. "I had heard about commuting," Paul said, "but, until we lived it, I never believed people could stand such a routine. Let me tell you what a day was like.

"First of all, there was the problem of train schedules. We kept the two cars so that if one were late, we could get the other to the station when I took the 8:55. The parking lot, it turned out, was filled by 8:00. So my car sat in the garage and Marge never got a chance to go home for lunch.

Marge's timetable became as formidable and inflexible as the program schedule of a television station. At 8:30 A.M., she drove Paul to the depot, then continued four miles to the pre-school at the junior high school by nine. Greg's nursery school, another five miles away, opened at 9:30. Home by ten, she would have just enough time to do the dishes, pack the lunches, and get the kids into their wraps and drive to the depot to get Greg. We'd put the car away. She would serve dinner, help Pam with her homework, do the dishes, put the kids to bed, and then we'd both collapse. It was worse than having threegers in Iowa, because this went on every day.

Marge, instead of being wife and mother, became Badge Number 47, operator of Marge's Taxi Service.

Many a suburban housewife follows a similar routine but, to Marge and Paul, all the driving and running was a sorry contrast to their relaxed life in Cincinnati. "We tell you how much we missed our friends," said Paul. "It seemed as though everyone knew lived in New Jersey or Connecticut, two or three hours away. When we were on the additional task of getting a baby-sitter, it became a tougher production job than putting a new TV show on the air. Do you know how many times we managed to get in to see Broadway plays? Twice. In Cincinnati, we automatically went to every play. Our friends did, too, and we'd get together after the show. Or, in the evening, drop in on a friend's home or they would come ours, and the talk would be good and about many things. Everything was close and easy. We didn't know how much we depended on our friends until we were out of reach of them.

A more serious phase of their isolation concerned the children. Despite the fact that many families moved in, they were surrounded by the young people in the house, the youngsters, too, felt the lack of familiar companionship.

Greg, in his bid for the kind of attention he had had from both playmates and parents in Cincinnati, took the plunge in to nursery school to report to Marge: "A boy was naughty today. He had to go stand in a corner."
It's on the Record

(Continued from page 32)
back in his leather-upholstered swivel chair, reading for a second time one letter which was penned in a meticulous, feminine hand. It read: "Mother still likes to tell her friends how I used to dance in my crib while listening to 'Make Believe Ballroom.' I thought you'd like to know. Mr. Block, that now is another 18-month-old baby can be seen smiling and dancing in her crib when our radio has your program tuned in. My own baby."

A lot of loyal listening has been spelled out in that friendly fan letter. Three whole generations of it. For Martin, it's the kind of letter that brings on a searching, reflective mood. He sees himself, some twenty-three years ago, a lean-framed, dark-haired chap, pitting his agile wits against one of the meanest adversaries in modern history—the great Depression. He remembers his personal war against the specter of hunger and unemployment. He recalls the arena where some of his liveliest battles took place—San Diego. It was a time of padlocked bank doors and "No Help Wanted" signs.

"I did a lot of talking, back in the early 1930's," Martin reminisces with a wry smile. "I talked into accessories, shoes, shirts, ties, vacuum cleaners, books, boats and razor blades—and sold them all. Sold 'em in stores—door to door—and yes, even on the sidewalks. The only commodity I had to offer, in that highly competitive labor market, was my gift of gab. Developed it early, on my school debating team."

One item Martin had not hawked was horoscopes—about which he knew nothing. If he had any awareness of them at all, it was only the suspicion that selling the zodiac was the second largest activity in lower California. But Fate cared very little for Martin's personal opinions. She arranged things so that Martin met a man who did purvey the mystic charts.

The horoscope tycoon had just purchased a little radio station south of the border, in Tijuana, Mexico. He knew nothing about running a radio station, although he had some weird idea that Martin did. He based this notion on the fact that he knew that Martin had recently auditioned for a San Diego announcing job—and had been given the "don't call us, we'll call you" brush-off.

"He offered me a proposition which I pounced on with the sly reticence of a hungry tiger," Martin relates. "In no time at all, I was program director, sales manager and chief announcer of Station XEFD, a 1000-watt. Only two voices ever went through that microphone, the astrologer's and mine. He sold his horoscopes and I announced the less cosmic commercials — everything from aspirin tablets to used cars."

That initial toe-hold led to a second radio stunt, back in the U. S., at XEFD in Beverly Hills. Martin now had a deep conviction that he'd found his true medium. He was not satisfied, however, that he had found his people. He pondered the problem, and then decided to reverse Horace Greeley's advice to young men. He came East.

"New York in 1934 didn't roll out the red carpet for me," Martin says. "I had to really sell myself. One day, I walked into Station WNEW and announced myself to the receptionist as 'Mr. Block of California.'"

A gleam of amusement lights up Martin's eyes as he adds, "That receptionist! Beautiful. Blonde. And haughty! I wasn't impressing her with that 'Mr. Block of

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California' routine. I did get my interview with the station manager, though—and when I passed her desk again on the way out, I was a member of the announce- ment crew. Murder, mystery, comedies, the pre- ceptionist and I have a good laugh when we think back on that first frosty meeting. You see, I’m married to her now.”

Either back having much to be thankful for today. They have three fire children at home now: Martin, Jr., 14, Joel Christopher, 10, and Michael, age six—going through the pre-school stages. They have a comfortable home in Englewood, New Jersey. They have a host of comforts that come with Martin’s twenty years of gradually spiraling success and leadership in the world of broadcast TV.

A fortunate meeting with an ambitious astrologer had marked the start of Martin Block’s radio career. It was another make-believe story. In 1926, Freedom, the beginning of Martin’s actual success story.

In 1935, the Hauptmann trial was a cause celebre that spawned black headlines on every front page in the world and kept radio newscasters busy ‘round the clock. Journalistically, Martin played no part of the radio role in the group as a radio announcing—low man on the totem pole of a small independent station.

It was in this situation that Martin Block was hired by a radio station for review work, inspired (and ultimately profitable) bits of ad-libbing in the annals of radio. The studio had him “standing by”—had tossed him the little problem of keeping listeners tuned in to the local radio, instead of tuning in for something more glamorous.

Martin dreamed up an extra listening plus which did the trick. He assembled a stack of recorded pop tunes—then, when you happen to play them, one after another. In place of the hackneyed “And next we will hear” type of introduction, Martin improvised a completely new, intimate style of patter which was in every sense a fresh start. Both he and his audience were together in some dreamy, elegant ballroom, replete with crystal chandeliers, endless mirrors, and acres of satin-smooth dance floor. In addition to these fabulous word-pictures, he ad-libbed comments to the performing talent—talking to the Dorseys, to Wayman, Goodman and Crosby as if those personalities were present, as in his fantasy—ballroom “live,” instead of on wax.

Listener reaction to this new twist? Explosive. Calls began jamming the switchboard. People asked exactly where the place of the dance? Whence came these rhythms? What magic brought together such top-ranking talent under one roof? That Martin’s back section of the studio was not to deceive anyone, but to entertain everyone. His brain-child was named the “Make Believe Ballroom,” a program idea which stirred not only listeners, but also prompt reaction from the sponsors.

Twenty years have marched past the bandstand since Martin’s ingenuous im- agination and ability to perform, and his own. Today, in his comfortable office at ABC, just a few steps west of Central Park, he can sit back in the leather-up- holder, on the polished floor of the studio that once saw two decades with a deep sense of satisfaction. The experts will verify that his “Make Believe Ballroom” has always been and still is a glittering showcase for the wares of excellent talent, records and singing personality in the business.

Among the vocalists who got their initial boost toward stardom on Martin’s tuneful record show are Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra. The cavalcade of bandleaders who built bigger followings, thanks to Martin, includes Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Harry James. Martin himself co-authored (with Mickey Storer, music by Harold Green) his now famous opening theme song, “It’s Make Believe Ballroom Time.” And who recorded this little piece of musical history other than the immortal Glenn Miller.

Those are significant names, legendary names, in Martin’s book. They conjure up a picture of a generation of radio audience of yesteryear and today.

“THERE’s been a marked change in listen- ing habits since the advent of television,” he says. “The listener expects vocalists to predominate—and groups that are strictly instrumental. It’s a direct by-product of the TV-viewing habit. Nowadays, people sit around in comfortable living rooms, and watch TV instead of tuning in. They’ve become conditioned to the visual and, therefore, the vocal, because TV spotlights the solo performer. It does offer a more stimulating TV a jump tune or a mambo it’s apt to be a big production number with eye-interest: sets, costumes, corps de ballet, the works. But most times, the vocalist is supreme. It’s the talent and the personality who reaches the audience’s heart. Listen to ‘Make Believe Ballroom’ and judge for yourself— it’s vocals, ten to one.”

You are made aware of this less public- itized, but, perhaps, more important aspect to meet him in a mood such as was prompted by that young mother’s fan letter—the “three generations of listen- ers” letter. It’s a mood which comes easily to Martin, and is at the same time self-evaluating, critical. If only it were possible to wire-tap Martin’s thoughts when such a mood descends on him, you might over- hear—not the question, “Have I been a successful disc jockey?”—but rather, “Have I been useful to society?”

The answer to the latter question is spelled out in Martin’s very respectable record of public service activity—entirely voluntary activity, by the way. Not a few among Martin’s fans will recall the times when they could not find space to appeal for blankets, clothing, money— anything that would alleviate the hard- ship of disaster victims made homeless by fire or flood. And Martin has never hesi- tated to organize and carry the message of the country far outside the boundaries of his local listenership.

There was that time, back in 1943, when Martin got “hopping mad.” A young GI had written him telling him that servicemen had to pay for their music at certain military camps. The youngster complained that, on his post and his pay, he could not even afford to buy records, and his buddies could listen to a ballad or a bit of jive only if they dropped their money in the juicebox.

That was in relaying that grievance to my listeners, Martin relates. “Their reaction was—well, overwhelming. The switchboard was jammed. Letters and packages came pouring in—stapled, wrapped, packed in cardboard and bubble wrapping. We supplied military installations on the eastern seaboard with enough equipment to fill the listening needs of a hundred divisions!”

On another World War II occasion soldiers suffering from combat wounds, overseas and aboard hospital ships, turned to Martin for help. They were ambula- tory patients, their letters explained, and
had a hankering to fill in some of their dull hours with music—self-made music. Did Martin have any ideas on how they might lay hands on a piano?

"I passed that one along to my listeners and the boys got their wish but fast," Martin says. They sent word first to the city of South Bend, Indiana, that the band had more than three hundred pianos that were pledged within hours after I broadcast the appeal.

Helping people's morale helped strengthen the country's war effort. Martin knew that war bonds helped, too, and into his studio microphone he poured a steady stream of his most persuasive salesmanship—on behalf of Uncle Sam. The total score? “Make Believe Ballroom” fans responded for a total of more than three million dollars' worth of bonds.

These are but a few highlights of Martin Block's contributions to public service. They're characteristic of his inner need to be—not merely a money-maker or a maker of hit tunes—but, deep down, a useful member of society.

"To some people, being on the air is just another way of making money," he says. "You can't just do a program. A disc jockey has a terrific responsibility to the community—don't believe me, believe, the editor of a newspaper. Oh, sure, he's got a primary obligation to present the newest and the best in music, and to sell the sponsor's product. He can do both, with integrity and honesty, and still go beyond that in the service of his fellow citizens. Every town, every city has its quota of human problems, and in most cases, there will be a wise leadership seeking and carrying out solutions to those problems. The good disc jockey, I feel, will get behind such leadership— lend support to their cause, when asked, or even take the initiative."

Make Believe Ballroom" listeners know that Martin—on his own initiative—has been coming to grips with one much-publicized and highly confused problem in human relationships: this thing called juvenile delinquency.

"Like millions of other parents, I've got a personal ax to grind in this matter," Martin says. "My own son, Martin, Jr., is fourteen. Joel Christopher will move into that fourteen-year-old group soon. Their pals are the children of my neighbors and friends. And there are fine, wholesome youngsters exactly like them all over the country—getting more and more on the defensive and getting into unhealthy complexes. Like the lad who recently said to me: 'Mr. Block, it's reaching the point where I can't meet three or four of my friends in front of the local drugstore without a cop coming over and telling us to break it up, get moving.'"

As he airs his views on this subject, Martin is apt to rise from his chair and do a bit of tense finger-drumming. "Sure, it's true that some teenagers are making the headlines. But that doesn't justify the widespread attitude toward all youngsters in that age bracket. Too many grown-ups are getting too darn careless with that term 'juvenile delinquency.' It happens to be a fact that, out of some forty million boys and girls in the country, only 1.7 percent can be technically classed as juvenile delinquents. One-point-seven percent! How about the remaining ninety-eight-point-three percent? Isn't it high time that people began stressing ascendency instead of juvenile delinquency?"

It's all part of the pattern Martin Block started, in those exciting early days of disc-jockeying. And, so long as his "Make Believe Ballroom" continues to pour out music for young and old alike, the accent will be on decency, positive values, and faith in the future.

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**T Y R**

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A Very Lucky Lady

(Continued from page 54) chores. Week nights, she usually has a script to learn for the next day's program, but once in a while someone will tell her that her husband, who has been bragging about his wife's talent—"although, husband-like, he never toots my horn much when I'm around!"

Flo was a stage actress, sharing an agreement with young career girl, when she met Ben. Her roommate often mentioned an old beau, a Yale man who was "a marvelous musician," and one day she came home with Ben in tow. Flora recalls: "I thought, How nice! She's seeing him again. But she went off to Florida, saying I should go dancing with Ben in her absence. And both love to dance, that wasn't difficult to take. Before we knew it, we were going together and enjoying each other's company more than anyone else's, although we didn't marry about three years later. My all-time apartment mate, still one of my best friends, met someone she fell deeply in love with and is now a wife and mother.

"It was understood, when Ben and I got married, that I was lucky to be able to continue. But I knew then that, if it ever interfered with my home life, I would drop it quickly. It never has. Fortunately, although I have taken time out tough when two children, we have had no severe illnesses or other major crises, and neither Ben nor I have ever felt my working was harmful to our family life. Like other mothers who are away from home part-time, I make a special effort to be with the children during every free hour. I am back at the house by each three afternoon, when Creel gets up from her nap, and am home weekends. What's more, I am completely contented to stay at home evenings —to be with the children and to study my script after they are in bed. I feel I'm eating my cake and having it, too—trite as this may sound—by combining such a satisfying family life with an artistic career."

For Flora Campbell, the dream began when she was a little girl, growing up in Oklahoma. She was born in the little town of Owasso, which her great-grandmother helped to found. When she was ten, her family moved to Bartlesville, where she finished high school, later going on to Oklahoma City.

At seventeen, she persuaded her father to let her go to Chicago for a year, to study the violin at the famous Chicago Musical College. She went home again in the summer and, even though her mother was ill and was asked if Flora continue her musical education and take a regular college course, in addition. So, the next year, Flora began to divide her time between accelerated studies at the University of Chicago and her musical studies. Until something happened to change her course.

"I had come to two conclusions, that first year. When I was in Chicago alone," she says. "One was that I missed my twin sister, Dorothy. (There is another sister, Beth, three years older, and a younger brother, Jack.) The other conclusion was that there were many student violinists at the College who were much more talented and much more promising than I.

"My twin wasn't musical, but she had been the one to go to in high school dramas and she was keen on going with the boy she sympathized with. We got along well with our ambitions and wanted us to be together, so the folks sent us both back to Chicago, that second year. We shared a room at home an actress, too. So I enrolled in the Goodman School of the Theater.

After a couple of years, however, disaster set in. Flo found that the one leading role she got would be the last for the year, each first-year student having a chance at just one during the season. When she confided her dissatisfaction to a friend—her hurry to get ahead and be a Broadway star—the friend had just the right solution. She herself had been in a Broadway show and had loved it. Flora found it.
and sat in dingy outer offices for hours at a time, lunching at drugstore counters on hot dogs and coffee." This is the way Flo sums up the next few winters, until finally she got a walk-on in "The Country Wife" and then her first real role in "Excursion," an artistic play which received fine notices but closed in three months. However, it did begin a period of fairly smooth sailing for Flo in Broadway plays, such as "Many Mansions" and "Angela Is 22."

About midway in her career as a stage actress, she married Ben. And, when Tommy came along she took a year off to play the role of mother and housewife, until he was old enough to be left in competent hands. She did a few plays after that—"Glamour Preferred," which was a flop, "The Land Is Bright," which certainly didn’t have much of a run, and "Foxhole in the Park," starring Montgomery Clift. Her last play was "The Curious Savage," after Creel was born, but by this time she had discovered a medium called radio and another called television. In fact, she had played a very early adaptation of "Jane Eyre" on TV, "way back in 1940, and in one of the first daytime dramas on television around the year 1948, called The Far Away Hill.

By now her list of radio and television credits is long and distinguished—from the "nice women" in the Strange Romance Of Evelyn Winters (radio) and the mother in A Date With Judy (TV) to fifteen appearances in Kraft television dramas, roles in The Web, Donkey Big Town, T-Men, Robert Montgomery Presents, and Studio One—and, before Valiant Lady, the starring role in a daytime drama called The Seeking Heart, in which she played Dr. Robin McVey.

When she was first asked to play the "Valiant Lady" herself, she had some misgivings. "She sounded so ‘noble’ that I was afraid she wouldn’t be a very interesting person. I was afraid about her. Helen Emerson is a warmhearted, delightful human being, a woman I admire and like. A believable person with a fine sense of humor, who makes mistakes as all of us do, tries to correct them as all of us try, and usually comes out on top. I think the world is filled with other women—and men, too—that Helen, trying to do the best they can."

Sharing Helen Emerson’s strong feeling about family ties, Flora Campbell finds her a sympathetic person to play. This feeling, fostered from the very start of her own, was bred in her during her Oklahoma childhood. Although her mother passed on some twenty years ago, she has never forgotten the woman who always had such great drive and energy for her children. Flo says of her: "She went out to Oklahoma to teach school, and there she met my father. All her life she was interested in education. She was a Brown- ing scholar, a bird lover who lectured on the subject in our home state and taught others to love them. Even her name was beautiful and unusual—Isis Justice Campbell."

Now Flo’s father has retired to Coffey ville, Kansas, to be close to some of his family—Flo’s Aunt Rebecca, her Aunt Frank (forances), her Aunts Al and her cousins Bob and Bill Hill—all of whom live either in Coffeyville or the nearby town of La Fontaine. They see Valiant Lady on television and will tell her it’s like getting a letter from her. "It keeps us close," she says.

This, again, is "eating her cake and having it, too." With Ben and Tommy and Creel by her side, with the rest of her family looking on as she plays that other lovely woman, Helen Emerson, Flora Campbell knows she’s a lucky lady indeed.

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The best is always a PRO

(Continued from page 51)

harder, crowding in more things. Doing the Robert Q. Lewis shows, playing club dates and ballroom engagements, doing telethons, benefits, anything required of me. But it’s all fun. The whole thing is just—well, just great!

There’s something else, too. Several things, in fact. Things that have made Betty very happy. Like having a settled home, for the first time in years, and fairly settled hours of work. And Rosie was until recently, say to my mother, ‘Let’s have dinner at 6 tonight, if you don’t mind, and then I have a date.’ I could never be sure of my schedule; now I can. My work had kept me on the move, or uncertain that I could keep any date I made, or follow through on any plan.

“If I met someone I thought I might like, I never had a chance to know better. Just when I thought that might happen, I would have to leave. How can you be sure it’s more than the usual friendship when you meet a person only a few times before you have to go off somewhere? You have to see that person with his friends, and with your friends sometimes—with his family and with yours—and you have to know that there just isn’t and the way he feels about the things that are important to you. Now all this is changed. I’m finding happiness I didn’t know existed for me.”

If this sounds as though Rosemary Clooney’s young sister ever felt underprivileged, it isn’t so. Not at all. Betty still has that same most wonder- ful, the most exciting and adventurous life a girl could have. “We just always loved to sing,” Betty says. “My grandfather was Mayor of May- ville, Kentucky, having to be home, and Rosie and I always sang when he made his campaign speeches. Her special num- ber was ‘When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver’! She certainly could make it sound sad and beautiful, even then. I sang ‘Home on the Range’—you can tell that Grand- father was a Democrat, because that was President Roosevelt’s favorite song. After the meetings, we would go to the Grand- father’s candidacy. I might add that we were real little ‘hams’ then, and we loved every minute of it.”

The Clooneys moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and the girls went on singing, for clubs such as Rotary, at school entertainments, at church affairs.

Rosie was beginning to think big thoughts and to carry Betty along with her ones, and some. One day, after school, Rosie put a choice up to her younger sister. “We have thirty cents between us, Betts,” she said. “Which would you rather give to the radio station WLW and ask for an audition, or get a soda?”

Betty was immediately entranced with the idea of an audition, but Rosemary was beginning to wave the idea of a peace treaty that soda. So they flipped a coin. Betty won, and downtown they went, flagging their schoolbooks.

When our names were called, we sud- denly found ourselves on stage. Even Rosie, on whom I counted for support. We sang one duet. They asked us to do an- other. Then the program director came on and said it might be better if we would take some lessons in music tech- nique, he could hire us later.

“We told Mother and she was willing to have us try. After two lessons, we got inconsistent and stopped. When we went back to tell the program director we were ready, he said we weren’t—but he would take us, anyway, and let us learn there.”

Betty and Rosemary sang together after that for five years, two of them at the station. When Tony Pastor came to Cin- cinnati with his band, he heard the girls on radio and sent word that he could use one of them, but not both. They held out for the offer, and they got it.

There came a time, however, when Betty began to grow tired of the life that had seemed so thrilling to a fifteen-year-old. Now she was close to twenty-one. Their uncle, who now travel- ed with them most of the time, as their chaperon and manager, didn’t like the idea of Betty having dates with men she met casually. It wasn’t the same as letting her go out with the home-town boys whom everybody knew. Betty under- stood his point of view, even while she resented it a little, and she began to long for the life of a normal young girl, the circle of friends of both sexes, the parties, the dates, the fun.

“By this time, Rosie and I had learned so much about show business from Tony Pastor, to whom we will always be grate- ful. He had taught us that it never pays to get too impressed with yourself, in this or any other field, nor to use any substitute for hard work. But I was getting a little tired of it all, and I wanted to go home.”

First I talked Rosie, and then the others. She understood, and they did, too. She stayed out our two-weeks’ notice, and I got on a train bound for Cincinnati.”

Soon Rosemary had a call from New York, and she went. She signed a contract with Columbia Records and began the ca- reer which zoomed so spectacularly with the release of her recording of “Come On- A My House.” Betty stayed on in Cin- cinnati, happy to be home. Rosie, while, until she got a call from a local TV station. She hadn’t done any television up to then, but now she was beginning to sing alone, and she thought she might just as well try a new medium and jump both hurdles at once. At first she was on five times a week, and finally it grew to six-teen. There were club engagements, and the radio station, various appear- ances, and before long she was building a career of her own which promised to lead to big things.

Suddenly, Rosie—who was singing on television in New York—became ill. Betty was asked to substitute for her. She made several appearances—on Songs For Sale, on the Robert Q. Lewis shows, and some others. “It was the first time I had worked in Rosie’s place, and at first people referred to me as ‘Rosemary Clooney’s sister’, which used to make me so absurd. But by this, ‘Betts,’ she would try to explain to me, ‘it’s only because these people are my friends and they don’t know you yet. By the time they stopped calling me Rosie’s sister, I was Betty Clooney, no one was prouder of me than she was.”

The affection of these two is well-known in show business. Rosie and Betty seemed completely fitting that they should record the song called “Sisters,” for Columbia Records, Rosemary’s label. Betty was on the West Coast, doing the Bing Crosby show—

“We hadn’t done a record together for five years,” Betty recalls. “The only time we ever argue is when we work together, but naturally we started. Rosie had some ideas about harmony. I had some ideas about phrasing. We started to argue over them the minute we stepped into the
studio, and we never stopped until we walked out of it. We got to the point where we were bored with each other—I called her Rosemary instead of Rosie and she began to say Betty Ann instead of Betts, just like she used to when we were kids and she was annoyed.

"When we got into the car to ride home together, we looked at each other and began to laugh. 'Betts,' she said. 'Rose,' I answered. And we giggled all the way home. It was like old times. Now we have decided that it's a stimulating way to work, each goading the other to do her best. Rosie is really the most wonderful sister a girl could have, with not a trace of jealousy or meanness in her. I think she is a fine actress as well as singer, and I love seeing her in movies. As far as I'm concerned, she's everything.

Betty herself has a brand-new recording contract, with RCA Victor X-label—a new one—for which she has already done "Si Si Senor," "Ko Ko Mo," and "Only Forever" (that last one sentimental singing quite in keeping with her present mood!). The youngest Clooney sister—ten-year-old Gall Ann—is following her big sisters' examples, and starting with children's recordings for Columbia. (Their brother, now in the Army, has a fine voice but doesn't expect to use it professionally, at least not as of now.) Gall Ann lived in Hollywood with Rosemary and her husband, Jose Ferrer, to keep Rosemary company before the arrival of her baby.

Recently, Betty flew out to Hollywood for a quick trip to see Rosie and the gang and hear the newest voice in the family—baby Miguel's. "I'm so happy for Rosie," she said. "I'm happy for every girl who marries the man she loves and has a family. That's every girl's dream, isn't it?"

"Yes," she admitted, "there's someone I am very fond of." (The glow at this point became fairly dazzling!) "We're not ready yet to talk about it, but it has happened, at last, to me. I have had a chance to see him with his friends, and with mine. To have him as a guest in my home many times. To learn that they both think things are important, and to tell him what things are important to me. Just as I always dreamed of doing when I was on the road."

In the meantime, Betty loves the little apartment in New York, near the CBS studio, where she and her mother keep house. ("My mother is really indispensable. She takes my telephone calls, keeps the house and my whole life running smoothly.") Betty loves the dinners at home, instead of dining in restaurants and hotels all the time. She loves sitting around, watching TV to radio.

She has a small but flourishing horse-breeding business now, down in the old hometown of Mayaville. Her manager-uncle helped her decide on it. "You love horses," he said, "so it would be something you could put your heart into." Betty has, and there have been profits so far in both money (a modest sum) and enjoyment. Right now, under her uncle's management, they have three two-year-olds, four brood mares, one stallion, and three yearlings.

"This year we will have three horses running—because it seems, this time, that our three little ones can be better used as racers—but mostly, we're a breeding farm," Betty explains.

Enthusiastic as she is about her "breeding farm," Betty still medical about her current singing assignments. She is meeting people and hearing what they like about the Robert Q. Lewis shows, why they're happier for watching and listening to Bob and his talented troupe. "It's wonderful to have a small part in all this," she breathes. "In fact, everything in my life is wonderful right now!"

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Meet Linda Porter

(Continued from page 35)

Patricia, who is now quite a fame, and a half old) will remain a Dick Rodgers, he gave her a chorus job in the Rodgers and Hart musical, “Higher and Higher.” This time she had more to do, and did it better. The fact of things were easier. She sang with Ray Heatherton and his band in the Rainbow Room on top of the RCA Building, in Radio City. She played the female lead in a musical, as the lovely Kathie, in “The Student Prince,” on Broadway for three months and on tour for a year.

“My mother glued herself to my side all this time, picking me up at the theater at night. I was in love. I went on my own, I think,” she recalls. “Show business was new in my family—my sister never had theatrical ambitions, is married and has three children. To me, she was a flier who was killed in an Air Force flight in the Pacific, after the war was over. So far as I know, there was no family precedent for my career. But I was determined to be a star, and I finally landed in Hollywood for a few months, where I made several pictures—‘Anchors Aweigh,’ ‘Women’s Army,’ and a lead part opposite Preston Foster in ‘Twice Blessed.’ Then something happened that brought me back to New York.”

The “something”that happened was falling in love—with a tall, dark and rugged-looking young fellow by the name of Jack Louis, whom she had met three years before on a blind date. She had thought him “just a silly fellow,” but he was a flier, even a trifle stuffy for such a young man. In fact, she wasn’t at all sure that she liked him, except that he was such a wonderful dancer and she did like to dance. So they began to get together... a graphically inconvenient sort of friendship almost from the first. She would have to go off, on tours or singing engagements. He went into the theater. But they were in the same city they were dancing, but it wasn’t too often. Often enough, however, for Gloria to discover that Jack had unsuspected qualities she liked very much—humor, and patience.

“I think I was glad to go to California partly because I wanted to find out if I was really in love with Jack—and if absence makes the heart grow fonder! You might say that I chased him until he caught up with me! When he finally did, we both knew we were in love and he put the decision up to me—’I’ll give you a movie career and come back to New York and marry him, or to forget him. Of course I came back—although sometimes I like to think I gave up a ‘big Hollywood career’ all for love! It’s a nice thought, anyhow. We had a real family wedding in New York, the kind every girl looks forward to. Jack’s folks came from their home in Little Rock, Arkansas, and all of Jack’s family were present.”

There had been no objection to Gloria’s going on in the theater, but after Ashley was born she wanted to spend as much time as possible with her and Jack. To remain in the theater meant being away from my baby every night and, besides, I didn’t want Jack to be one of those husbands who had a hard back seat waiting for his wife. He is a businessman, a stockbroker, and when he comes home at night he is entitled to find his family waiting. So I began to think about getting into television, which was getting more and more important. I tried out for my first TV job, a cooking program. By the time Jack was born, I was determined to stay in TV, and seemed to forget the stage, all my old dreams of stardom deserted. Now
I had a home and family, as well as a career to consider. After a year of trying, I got a job at the Hazel Scott show, doing the commercials.

Little by little, her telephone began to ring, with job offers. Dramatic shows were coming into its own, and when she asked to do the commercials and be the hostess-narrator on Way Of The World—a dramatic daytime TV program which tells a complete story within a half-hour and introduces a new group of actors playing a new cast of characters for each story—it seemed like an exciting combination of two things she enjoys.

This summer Ashley and J. C. will go off to camp, and Gloria will take the baby to a little nearby park during the lazy summer afternoons. Weekends, they will go off with Daddy to a beach club, for swimming and relaxing. Weekdays, she will be up and out right after an early breakfast. As a nurse—her excellent nurse—and, evenings, she will go on studying her scripts, missing the noise and excitement the boys create. Then soon it will be Christmas, and a comfortable apartment will be lively again.

Sometimes, Gloria will bring home a particularly nice fan letter and let Jack and the boys read about J. C., in particular. They will be impressed because she gets fan mail, just like Superman. "Why, you're famous!" he will probably say to her, just as he did the first time he discovered that his mother was a television star—although certainly not in a class with a fellow by the name of Clark Kent!

Someday he'll learn, as so many others have, that Gloria Louis is in a class all by herself.

Always in Harmony

(Continued from page 89 was nine—"too old to tree"

While Chris could be found on Route 25, Dot was usually perched on the top branch of the tallest tree. She could skin-the-cat on a medium-sized cloud. She led the neighborhood children up and down the trees.

Actually, both Dot and Chris have a reputation for clambering up. But, if you asked Chris, he might say that you might call Dot double pianissimo. The sister who likes to talk is Phyl. She sizzles like a bacon in a hot skillet. She's the one who always answers the phone meeting with song-pluggers. Makes or breaks dates. Keeps in contact with agents and publicists and publishers. She is vivacious, lovely and cheerful, but also conscientious and a woman who always insists on listening to tapes of their broadcasts and gets worked-up about the smallest error.

"Phyl's early years were noted for her romances," says Dot. "She had not many as three fiances at a time. She started right after she got out of the playpen." At the age of six, Phyl proposed to a playmate and was accepted. Instantly, they headed for Kentucky. Chris, girls do! They married with twenty-four-hour residence. They were thirteen blocks closer to the state line when friends of Phyl's parents came by and asked her where she was going. She spilled the beans, and the adults took her home.

With three such extraordinary gals, one would expect extraordinary parents, and so it was on the J. A. McGuire, a steel worker, is a mixture of Cherokee and, of course, Irish. He is a six-foot, very handsome, with coal-black hair and eyes. Lily McGuire, J. A.'s mother, stands just an inch shorter than her daughters, and she is an ordained minister. She founded the First Church of God in Miamisburg, Ohio, and served as pastor until her retirement last year.

The girls called themselves "FKS"—preacher's kids—and, as such, found they were expected to be on good behavior, take on no nonsense little tykes in church work, and lead a more restricted social life. On weekdays, they had to be in at ten-thirty and, on weekends, it was eleven. Though they were not, when the girls got a Monopoly game—they thought they were really living it up.

Although our folks were very strict," says Dot, "they were understanding and had a good sense of humor. We always had a lot of fun with them. And Mother was like a sister to us. When we broke a rule or did something wrong, she would just sit down and talk about it. There were no penalties or punishments.

Chris studied piano for nine years. Phyl studied voice. Dot learned to play piano—and even tenor sax, she could march in the school band. For many years the girls sang for their own pleasure and then began to sing at church or, by request, at funerals and weddings. Actually, they never sang at the time in public until they was—but, in the four years preceding, they got their most intense training. About 1946, other preachers heard them sing and the central church wanted singing for the church. That's probably why the trio started in show business under the most sterile conditions possible—through a hospital door.

It happened this way. In 1950, a friend sent a home recording of the trio to the late Richard Maxwell, who at the time was scouting the country for talent to entertain at veterans' hospitals. Mr. Maxwell gave one listen, phoned the girls and made a date to meet them in Dayton. Those hospital tours, it would be proper to sing ballads for veterans.

"We were to sing a couple of pop songs and then go into our repertory of hymns," Phyl recalls. Neighbors had told them that the boys asked for more and more pop tunes, and you don't refuse the requests of bedridden men.

They got to meet other people in show business, and came to the conclusion that it wasn't so sinful, after all. After nine months of touring, they returned to Ohio, looked up Karl Taylor and said, "Book us a show for next year, 1951, and, within a year, they were to be celebrities.

At first they sang club dates and then with Karl Taylor's orchestra. One day they went up to the WDTW-TV studios to audition for the program manager, Neil Van Els. The girls got a program of their own, and Phyllis got herself a husband—
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Neal Van Etten. "We knew Neal was the real thing," Dot says. "She gave us all her other fiancés before she even proposed." Their TV show was aired for thirty-nine weeks, and the girls put in twenty-two weeks in the famous club at the Van Cleave Hotel. And then it started: Fans and guests at the hotel asked why they didn't go to New York and audition for some of the major television shows, particularly Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. "We had never thought that way," Chris says. "We were earning our living doing something we enjoyed. That was all that it was, and that was enough." One night, during a rehearsal, the girls took a walk around the block. Suddenly, Dot said, "Let's go to New York." "I don't know," was the reply. "But don't you think we should try it out?" "We had to have, and we wanted," Chris adds. "Winter was coming, and we wanted to stay in the sun."

And so they left. They played in Paris, then returned to the United States. They found work on phonograph records, and they began to make money. They continued to go on tours, and they found that they enjoyed the attention. They began to think of themselves as stars, and they began to spend more money than they had ever had before.

But the price of success is much more serious than giving up luxuries. What hurts is that there is too little time for husbands, and no time to make a home. "They don't like the kind of life you want to live forever," Dot says. "A home should be more than a place where you sleep and keep your clothes."

It's odd to hear of girls so young and so successful thinking of retirement, but they value home life. They're never cut their own roots. Holidays are always spent with parents. If they can't get back to Ohio, they stay in New York. Anyway, it's not surprising to learn that the secret desire of each is to have a home of her own.

A nice house," says Chris. "I think we've earned it."

"I don't know when we'll quit," Dot says. "We'll just have the feeling, and that will be the end."

"If anyone dares she's had enough, that's the end," Chris says. "There will be no argument about it. We'll just quit." The McGuires aren't quitting today or tomorrow. They enjoy singing and, like anyone else, they need money. But they don't need. There is a core of pride and dignity in each that transcends any job or duty they've had or will ever have. These gals are something special, who should inspire, as well as sing songs.
No Time for Love

(Continued from page 57)

offices he had been bombarded constantly with the same tune. He tracked it down and found an executive working away—with the "Frenesi"—playing softly on a small phonograph at his elbow.

"What's this?" Steve asked, with the natural curiosity of a true showman. "You repeat this record all day long. What makes?"

"Nothing," the man said. "I just like it."

The arm of the player swung again into position, and the record played.

"Eydie Gorme and Allen."

"The same," said the man.

"I caught her on a TV guest appearance the other night," Steve said. "Humm . . ."

It was three days later that Steve Gorme—in person—walked through the same office and happened to meet Jules Green, Steve Allen's manager. Now, it is Mr. Green's well-known habit to speak in quietly initiated tones, with a nasally intonement—just between you and me-quality—whether he's asking the latest baseball score or inviting a lady to tea.

However, at this point Eydie had never met Jules, nor did she know him from Adam. When he stepped up to her, introduced himself, and asked, "Would you like to be on a TV show?"—well, as Eydie remembers it now, "It was as though he were asking me if I'd like to buy a hot diamond!"

So, sidling up to her, she laughed nervously and said she was sorry, thanks a lot, she was afraid she just wouldn't have time.

She didn't realize that she had very nearly said her last opportunity of her life—until a day or two later, when Ken Greengrass, her manager, phoned her and asked, in a sorrowful voice, if she'd gone completely out of her mind. "You are offered a spot on the new Steve Allen show—network—and you tell him your manager you are too busy!" said Ken.

While she was recovering from shock, he added, "Believe me, you are not too busy for a spot like this. We're signing tonight."

Now, at last, she had the job she'd been waiting and praying for, and she threw herself into it with the heart and energy and heart she possessed. But somehow, after the first few days, she knew it wasn't working.

With typical Eydie, she set out to discover why she wasn't making the grade. She had a film of one of the shows run for her, and watched it, pretending she never seen or heard of Eydie Gorme before. It didn't help matters, and the answer. She was too fat. Some ten or fifteen pounds too fat. Where she had merely looked voluptuous to a live crowd in a night-club show where the camera merci- lessly showed her as a "dumpling."

Still, she faced it. There was no good trying to tell Steve or anybody else what she was going to do. She must go ahead and do it. As she went about it. That didn't help matters, and it did make her nervous and miserable. Then she tried eating only certain dietary foods, and the result was that she could think of nothing but food.

Finally, she hit on the idea of ordering the things she liked, but eating only a small portion of each—half a slice of toast at breakfast and a little fruit at luncheon and so on. And that worked. One day, Steve and the others on the show looked at her in a special way, when she turned up in a new dress she couldn't have even worn three weeks before. They complimented her delightfully—then canceled the auditions for a replacement. She had won against time, and she'd done it all herself.

Watching Eydie working on the Allen show in Florida, during that crazy week when Steve took the whole outfit down there, no one could help but admire the seemingly unbreakable, the poised, the way she had fitted herself into the very usual format. After all, Allen was all over the place and so was everyone else in the cast. However, far as an interested bystander could see—nobody had done a smidgen of preparation for what was to be a very involved network broadcast.

Appearances were deceiving, of course. A lot of people had been working like bantam fighters behind the scenes, even when they seemed intent only on getting a sun tan.

Suddenly, it was late evening, and the show went on the cameras, and that Steve was to step up at a top-floor window of the hotel, bathed in a spotlight, yelling and shooting guns. A few minutes later, he was introducing a porpoise in the pool. And, seconds after that, he was suggesting that we all listen to Miss Gorme sing a song.

She came out smiling, completely at ease, and sang like an angel. "Man!" a reporter whispered fervently. "That's showmanship!"

As to the problems of working on an unrehearsed program like Tonight, she says: "It's getting used to it now. But, for the first few weeks, I was in such a state by curtain time that my neck was all swelled up, I was popping allergy pills into my mouth every five minutes, and I didn't have an octave left in range."

However, it had been up to her to sing or swim with the new impromptu method of producing such shows. There was, for instance, the afternoon when she was handed a brand-new song, in sheet music form, and told that she was to sing it on the show that night.

It was not, as she'd momentarily hoped, a simple ballad. It was an extremely complicated arrangement. She spent an hour mastering it, then, with the sheets of mu sic in her hand, went out on the studio stage to find Skitch Henderson alone at the piano, frowning and picking out notes with a forefinger.

He brightened when he saw Eydie. There you are! he said.

"Yes," said Eydie. "Skitch, how am I going to sing this tonight? It needs so much rehearsal, and I—"

"Now, don't worry about a thing," Skitch said, in his special way, holding his hands in front of him and waggling them soothingly. "Just don't worry about it. I'm going to do a new arrangement."

"Why did you cry, Eydie? "I've just learned this one!"

"Don't worry for a minute," Skitch said again. "It's all going to be all right." As she turned to go, Skitch reached out and took the sheet music from her hand. "I'll need this. It's the only copy of the song." "No!" Eydie yelled, making a wild lunge for the music. Skitch held it behind his back, fending her off, saying: "Now, don't worry, don't worry . . ."

"And do you know," Eydie recalls, "we went on the air just three hours later—and that song was one of the biggest smashes we've ever had!"

Eydie has had to learn not only to take such problems in stride, but how to take a casual, good-natured part in almost anything presented. For instance, she demands her program—singing, dancing, reading lines in sketches. In other words, she has had to become a versatile, accomplished star.

She was born in The Bronx, of Turkish parents, and grew up the way any average young American girl does. Her older brother and sister turned out to be less than talented at either piano or violin, so
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Most Sincerely Yours (Continued from page 68)

all over the U. S. have had the paying customers crying for more. "It has been said," Ted Mack noted, with paternal pride, "that not since 1915 has there been a young bandleader leaped to such national prominence in such a short time. . . ."

Ted talked about blonde, blue-eyed Elsie Tate, the "dynamic young lady," who, with the twelve-year-old Texas singing sensation, has gone from being a "stunt" to being a star, and has been constantly out seeking new talent and working out new methods by which to bring out the talent in the young people he has engaged; before he presents them to the public.

He talked, in short, about everyone but himself.

When a man has spent most of his life turning the spotlight on others, he isn’t likely to be an egotist. Of an exhibitionist, a showman, that is the way he is described by those who know him. Such a man must be, to come to think of it, uncommonly modest in his own esteem... just as it appears, your friend Ted Mack has been always, "a different kind of showman," is the way he is described. There’s no need of an exhibitionist to be modest. . . . Ted Mack is different. He has show-cased, for varying lengths of time, on the Matinee... about songstress Ethel Mancinelli, "our little sweetheart from Glasgow..."

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when work is done, in order to get home. 

Ted honestly does not like to talk about himself. Or about his home life. Nor does Marguerite, the one, first, and only Mrs. Mack—with whom Ted recently celebrated his 29th wedding anniversary. It's entirely to publicity about her home and marriage. After spending more than twenty years on tour with "Ted Mack and Band," living in hotels, and preserving the privacy of home is pretty precious to Marguerite. And to Ted.

"All the more so," Ted explained, "because it is the first home of our own, the first real hatbox we've ever bought. We bought it in 1950. It's a medium-sized combination of white brick and frame, with about an acre of land, up the Hudson, about two hours or so away. Even in my fascinating or highly interesting researches, I've found that Ted Mack and Band are a great deal more than just a name. I'm a boy.

GUILD very successful and site retire like find I'm boy.

"And Ted's a rancher. Lives on the 90 miles of canter paths in our area, on and around the Rockefeller estate, which make for good riding. We have a dog, a female English setter. We do a moderate amount of very relaxed entertaining. We have no need for elegance. Although Ted is growing up in every way, I'm a not a very fancy man around the house. Can't cook. Don't cook. Figure that the time I'd like to have was the gardening. We have a dog, a female English setter. We do a moderate amount of very relaxed entertaining. We have no need for elegance. Although Ted is growing up in every way, I'm not a very fancy man around the house. Can't cook. Don't cook. Figure that the time I'd like to have was the gardening.

Along with his disinclination in talking about himself, your Mr. Mack can think of practically nothing to wish for himself. He did say he'd once wished he could— and thought about it—hobnob with little place on one of the Thousand Islands to which he'd flown, occasionally, for the fishing. He learned to fly, in fact, because he visualized himself in a few years, learning to fly, of the Islands whenever he was free to do it.

"But the farther away I got from it," he smiled, "the less wishful thinking I did about it. And when a test pilot I got to fly in a Thunderbird, I was very glad not to find business people, flying for pilots, for it did it!"

In Virginia, some fifty miles south of Washington, D. C., there is a small herd of Hereford cattle, which belong to Mr. Mack, who loves cows and horses and one thought—wishfully—that, when he retired, he might have cows, horses and a farm. Of course, he's had the Islands whenever he was free to do it.

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DR. SCHOLL'S, INC., Dept. 27B, Chicago 10, II.

(Continued from page 36)

with that beat—wherever it should lead.

He'd meant to give Stanford the full college try. But, back in school for his senior year after exciting warm-up with his own CBS Radio show, it seemed that he was just marking time.

In college, Gary had felt that he was excelling at nothing. "That's what was bothering me," he says now, with his typical honesty. "I didn't think I was doing much good in school. I wasn't breaking any records scholastically, athletically or in any other way. I was just going along with anything other way. I wanted to see what I could do in show business—if anything."

That's what he'd said when he got home. Nobody could know better than Bing Crosby—who never headed his own jalousy back to Spokane—that, once you get with the beat, you don't get away. He knew Gary was home in Hollywood to stay.

Today, Bing's Gary is soloing into that same wild blue yonder where his father made his mark. It's a challenge such as few in show business have ever known. Knowing that his own voice will always be compared with the most enduring of all the enduring voice in all the land.

Gary has an answer for any professional mourners. "Sure—I could be scared," he says now quietly. "Who couldn't be? You could be real scared. I think about it too much. But you can't let yourself feel that way about it. That would be ridiculous. If you took the negative view and cried on everyone's shoulders—who would ever respect you?"

Sure, there will always be some wise- 

acres around who're ready to make a big thing of his being Bing's son, but it could be with a whole lot worse," he goes on, in a tone which says he doubts whether he could be compared with any better. As for their voices having the same quality: "Nobody has a voice like Dad's—and nobody's ever been able to grow one."

He just sings the way he feels and lets the audience know they may not be able to sing ballads, anyway. I'm pretty leery on those. You've got to learn to sing ballads. I'm better on rhythms."

Gary's got new uses for being Bing's son did help him to get heard. That isn't likely a newcomer to radio would have his own half-hour CBS network show "with no more experience than I had—without that first assist from Dad. It would have taken a whole lot longer than this." What he doesn't add, however, is that—once that door was opened—it was up to Gary Crosby to stay there.

For a fellow as modest as Gary's father to comment aloud on Gary's challenge to show business is very difficult. It necessitates Bing Crosby's opinion, which is that he himself has really got somewhere.

The closest he comes is to say he realizes that Gary is living in "the shadow of something already built up." (Which is probably the Understudy principle.) But Bing doesn't hesitate to add his faith that: "Gary has all the equipment it takes to handle this. He has plenty of talent, and he's got the confidence as far as it goes to use it. I believe he'll eventually do something. He's getting all wound up now...."

Wound up or not, there's one thing Gary has got going for him, and that is just like it instinctively, and I want to go ahead. I don't know how good I am—or whether I ever will be good. But I have to try."

Since Bing has watched so many others come and go in his profession, Bing's con-
cern has been whether or not Gary was sufficiently prepared to step in so suddenly and snowball along.

"It's much tougher to hang up your shingle in the entertainment field today," he says. "You need a lot more. Some of the rest of us started out. And Gary never did much in show business until the last year. We never even talked show business in the office."

Through his boys' more impressive years, Bing was concentrating on raising young citizens—not celebrities. Actually, he says: "When Gary moved from Hollywood as possible, to shield them from any dangers of such inflation, and to keep them from growing up as show people."

But Gary's own destiny was shaping up, even then. By the time Gary was fourteen, Bing admitted that Gary had "good intonation and rhythm, and might well be a singer some day."

At Bellarmine Prep, Gary took part in school plays, emceed variety shows, played a pretty hot drum, and organized a singing sextet which billed itself: "The Happy In-

mates." About this time, too, Gary re-

corded "Play a Simple Melody," backed by "Sam's Song" with his dad. It was a smash.

Then, one evening, a boisterous baritone swung out on Bing's radio show with "Dear Hearts and Gentle People"—to an ovation from the San Francisco studio audience. Wires and offers poured in. When it wasn't evidence the folks were taking to their own hearts a new groaner, junior grade. Gary's parents have felt that this way of breaking in on the show business. Gary has care-

fully treasured a wire he got from Bing Crosby, which reads: "Just heard your show. Didn't even recognize your voice. You sound like a man and I don't mean Uncle Everett. All my love, Mommie."

Ask Gary about the reviews he gets at home, name that he's big, and he grins. "Ain't nobody at our house gonna say anything. Dad says I sound better on the high notes. That's about all." His broth-

ers, Private Phillip Crosby, now stationed at Ramstein, Germany, and Private Dennis Crosby, now in Germany, have expressed some interest, Gary says: "They want to know about the loot. How much I'm getting paid. I don't know if I'm going to be able to support them. I'm just kid-

ing, of course. Uncle Sam keeps them so busy to listen to me."

Gary's goal is to make his own place in show business. And he's going in swing-

ing, with the same determination which the Fathers gave him when he was a fighting fullback at Bellarmine. As they've said, "You could always tell Gary was in the game, all right. He has a great competi-

tive spirit. He's a very determined boy with a driving, he really hits hard— and he takes a lot of punishment." They well remember instances when he was dazed and injured in play and should have taken off—but stayed the whole game anyway.

In today's far more competitive sport, Gary's tackling show business with the same determination for which he isn't at CBS. He's watching at Buddy Bregman's home, trying out new arrangements. He watches rehearsals of other shows. He all but saturates himself with music. He works out with the school football team, the health club, pulling weights and playing handball, fur-

ther trimming down his muscular build. And, whatever he does, he's his own stant and severest critic. Other critics lauded Gary's guest appearance on Jack Benny's television show. But Gary's own

New Star in the Sky
comment is: "Now I know why people divide when they meet me on the street. But it isn't just the body—it's the face that bothers them!"

But where, not long ago, many of those wise to whom Gary's story had not yet been told by his friends, now have Gary Crosby's story to an enemy, even the skeptics—and all the vocal-hopefuls' who've long looked forward to the day Bing Crosby will step aside and get and get tied trucking away all the money Bob Hope says he has—are becoming resigned to the fact that, as long as the blue of the night continues to induce Bing Crosby Person To Person, Gary, enjoyed watching his dad and Lin (the fourth Crosby son) from the Haley's house. Asked why he abandoned himself, Gary said typically, "Why should I spoil the show?"

His family is long familiar with Gary's reviews of his own work. But sometimes the keenest observations, according to one who has numbered Buddy Bregman's Hawaiian rhythm-and-blues number, "Ayuh-Ayuh," "Mississippi Pecan Pie," and "Truthly" and "Highly Piggly" with the Paris Society. As of June 26th, he's resuming "The Gary Crosby Show. For how long? "As long as I can stay on..."

Which should be quite some time, in the experienced opinion of Murdo Kenzie, Garr's producer, who also co-produces Bing's radio show and has been associated with him for twenty years. As Murdo says, "The great thing about Gary is his wonderful sense of comedy, and for finding the beat—which is lacking in many of the current-day singers. He's very bright, he learns easily, and he loves the business. I think Gary's got something more than Gary's had, it's phenomenal how he can step up to the mike, carrying the whole show on his back, and handle himself so professionally."

Adding to this, Buddy Bregman, Gary's brilliant young musical director—who's also associated with Ethel Merman's shows and some of the early hits of "spectaculars"—notes Gary's eagerness to learn and his willingness to cooperate: "He's so modest about the whole bit—the easiest person I've ever worked with. Gary asks your opinion and does anything and for finding the beat—which is lacking in many of the current-day singers. He's very bright, he learns easily, and he loves the business. I think Gary's got something more than Gary's had, it's phenomenal how he can step up to the mike, carrying the whole show on his back, and handle himself so professionally."

For his own happiness and peace of mind, Gary has a little too much humility. He's always running himself down. That he has the courage of his challenge—and step out on that stage at all—is all the more commendable, when one knows him and realizes just how much humility he has. His own thoughts, for instance, when he's alone, are all the more of a testimony to his humility. His friend, in his summer audiences now: "They really scare me. I guess that's because it hasn't been any time since I was on the road, and it's a whole bit too well. I know what I thought and what they're probably thinking now. Get him! Who does he think he is?"

Contrary to the opinion of some who don't know him, Gary is a wonderful actor. He's unceasingly remarkable whenever he feels conspicuous, and getting him to sing at a party or a club is out. Nobody understands this better than Gary's best friends, Jack Haley, Jr. and Les Gargan (son of the William Gargans) who can also appreciate what any celebrity's son is up against—on or off stage: "You're prejudged before people even know you. They think you're stuck-up. Gary never ever sing when we're out anywhere. He's afraid somebody will think he's showing off. And you can't do it in this way. Then you think you're stuck up all over again!"

Gary's probably the only audible and animate object in any household Ed Murrow's encountered who hasn't been home. Who's Murrow's Bing Crosby Person To Person? "Gary, enjoyed watching his dad and Lin (the fourth Crosby son) from the Haley's house. Asked why he abandoned himself, Gary said typically, "Why should I spoil the show?"

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crammed and more than passed. Furthermore, his fraternity voted him the "Freshman Achievement Award"—given to the freshman who's achieved the most and improved the most during that year. "You'd better not put that in," he says quickly, as if he's afraid you've known to from this. Obviously, in case—he insists—there was considerably more room for improvement. "And it's not hard for a guy to pull himself up with a wonderful bunch of guys however you have anyway."

As a rule, Gary's clothes are more conservant than his father's. He goes for quietly elegant silk suits and striped ties. But he has his share of short-hair, too. 'I've got some dazzling ones I wear about the house now and then. And, now that summer's here, you'll see me going out in them there.'

Although Gary insists "I don't go out too much," he goes for girls "with a good sense of humor and with a good personality, a girl who looks and speaks like you do. In conversation I don't mean a lot of phony chatter, but somebody you can really talk to." He's also partial to girls "who—well—aren't—well—impressed with who they think you are, or the other way around. I don't think you have ... a girl who—well—likes you for yourself," Gary says, his modestly giving him a little trouble with that, since: "I don't think much about looks. But, of course, if you can find a girl who's a good-looker along with those other things, you'd really be in business."

Gary, chief claim to fame, according to Gary, is that he's already twice a godfather. One of his godsons is "Iron" John Callahan from Stanford University—"aged seventeen and stripped for church singing instructions in the church in Palo Alto and he wanted to be baptized there. He lives in Massachusetts and none of the family drives up there to do it."

And, then, during a lull in the conversation, he blasted out with, "If you don't feed me in five minutes—I'm going to Stan's Drive-In." When Les Gargan finally walked in, "The food was good. There was a record-player in his room, one in Lin's room, and another his father uses in the library downstairs. And they've all been known to be going simultaneously. When Dixie was here,—hers was usually going, too. Wherever one looks, one is reminded of her. Family photographs. Her collections of Bing—she still carefully preserves "Topy," a black and white poodle. The coasters under your gingerale glass are still lettered in gold: "Dixie And Bing."

In Gary's home, the head of the house, feels, is the dining table. This room supposedly today much. And so well-behaved, he's a joy to have around," she says affectionately.

Gary's relaxed around friends like Les Gargan and Jack Haley, Jr. They're all children of show business and they can perform without being subjected to false applause. They've all gone into business together—and dream it. Their gang often gathers in the Gargans' spacious recreation room, where they watch fights on TV, rhubarb with the baseball game, or go to the grown theater-in-the-round, doing take-offs of such films as "The Caine Mutiny." "We clown around and gorge ourselves with the food and drink and feel like we're at home."

"We're all long-hairs—Eartha Kitt long-hairs. And sometimes we discuss our problem parents," Les Gargan and Gary wereLouise's—both have the beat and they celebrate their birthdays together—"Gary's running into mine at midnight."

But Gary's crew-cut crowd was impressed for all time with the fabulous dinner party Bing gave Gary on his twenty-first birthday—which also marked the opening of his first CBS Radio show. From the first, Gary was determined that he was going to serve champagne to our twenty-one-year-olds," Gary's group was determined to live up to the dignity of that occasion. Even Bing went to the room where the party was, took a card away from the table, had invited about forty of Gary's friends and a number of his own to a seven o'clock champagne dinner—but they didn't eat until eight.

Bing went to Mutlu to write up his date, got caught in the Sunday bumper-to-bumper bumper. Buddy Bregman, who'd had no lunch, kept whispering to Gary, "I didn't eat all day."

Then, during a lull in the conversation, he blasted out with, "If you don't feed me in five minutes—I'm going to Stan's Drive-In." When Les Gargan finally walked in, "The food was good. They're new. They're all well. There's a record-player in his room, one in Lin's room, and another his father uses in the library downstairs. And they've all been known to be going simultaneously. When Dixie was here,—hers was usually going, too. Wherever one looks, one is reminded of her. Family photographs. Her collections of Bing—she still carefully preserves "Topy," a black and white poodle. The coasters under your gingerale glass are still lettered in gold: "Dixie And Bing."

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Morning coffee with Mark Evans is always fun, takes on added glamour with top guests such as Grace Kelly.

Washington's top emcee has made his morning show a must for WTOP-TV viewers

QUESTIONS, national and international, took second place for two Washingtonians, when The Mark Evans Show on Station WTOP-TV switched from the early evening hours to a 9:30 A.M. slot, Monday through Friday. The show's producer and director wondered whether the outstanding guests who had gladly turned up for a P.M. appearance would be amenable to A.M. visits as well. After all, most celebrated people, in show business and other fields, are noted for sleeping late. . . But the question never reached Investigating-committee proportions. A partial list of those who have braved the dawn's early light to guest with Mark includes Grace Kelly, Lord Dunsany, Alec Templeton, Ivy Baker Priest, Kirk Douglas, George Meany and Miss America. . . When Mark first went on TV three years ago, he had a "built-in" audience. After five years on WTOP Radio, the easygoing Mr. Evans had thousands of friends anxious to see what the host of the Housewives' Protective League looked like. As is usually the custom on HPL, the host's identity had not been disclosed, but Mark's wit and personality never were the sort to remain anonymous for long. . . In addition to his famed guests, Mark spotlights many community events and is one of the town's most sought-after masters of ceremonies. Assisting him with the more feminine chores on the show is Angela Bayer, a dark-haired beauty who demonstrates the food products advertised on the program and handles the homemaking and fashion hints. A yearly feature, the "Mark Evans April Fool Birthday Party," started out as a gag. Now it's a tradition for Mark to invite all Washington folk born on his birthday, April 1st, to be his guests for breakfast. This year, the number topped the 200 mark. . . Part of the reason for Mark's continued success is his active participation in such organizations as the Rotary Club, the Boy Scouts, the USO, the Metropolitan Police Boys Club and the Suburban Hospital. He is an active member of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. . . A favorite with Washington women, Mark has a quartet of females at home—his wife Lola and three daughters: Nancy, 9, Penny, 7, and Wendy, 3. He's a great travel enthusiast, and bagged more than his share of game on a hunting expedition to Africa last year. Huntsman and angler Evans also relaxes on the golf course. But he's most relaxed while breakfasting with thousands of WTOP-TV viewers who are always at ease with Mark Evans.
INTRODUCING NEW

Palmolive Soft Shampoo

100% NON-ALKALINE!
Will not dry or devitalize hair!

Let's Hair Behave and Hold a Wave!

As Gentle and Mild as a Shampoo can be!

Leaves More Luster! More Natural Color!

Over Twice as much for your money as other Leading Shampoos!

Curls are Softer! Easier to Set! Stay Set Longer!

Special Offer! So you'll get acquainted fast!

30¢ OFF on Giant 12 oz. Size

Regular Price 89¢
Yours only 59¢ while offer holds

We offer this big saving because we know—you once try Palmolive Soft Shampoo, you'll always use it. Tell your friends! Hurry! Regular 89¢ price (even that's a bargain) comes back when limited Special Offer supply is gone.

Today...get new Palmolive Soft Shampoo!
Fibber McGee And Molly—alias Jim and Marian Jordan—have added a daily NBC Radio morning show to their evening stanza.

By Jill Warren

WHAT'S NEW FROM

Helen Hayes and Mary Martin have been signed by NBC-TV to co-star in "The Skin of Our Teeth," on September 11. This will be the first of the 1955-56 season's Sunday night "Color Spread Spectaculars," and will also be seen in black and white. The production of Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning play will run two hours and will be identical to the presentation done in Paris this summer as part of the "Salute to France" festival. Distinguished actress Florence Reed and noted Broadway producer George Abbott will play supporting roles. "The Skin of Our Teeth" will mark the first TV appearance of Mary Martin since her triumphant portrayal of "Peter Pan" last March.

In case you've missed it, Musical Chairs is the new novelty panel show on NBC-TV Saturday nights, in the time spot formerly occupied by Imogene Coca. The program features the talents of composer-singer Johnny Mercer, multi-voiced comic Mel Blanc, Bobby Troup's orchestra, the Cheerleaders vocal quintet, Bill Leyden as permanent moderator, and a top female vocalist each week.

Frankie Laine, in addition to his Guild Films show, has been doing very well on his first live network TV show as summer replacement for Arthur Godfrey's Wednesday night show over CBS-TV. Frankie heads up a variety hour, complete with orchestra, dancers and guest stars. Arthur and his gang are slated to return early in September.

Singer-pianist Matt Dennis is filling in for both Tony Martin and Eddie Fisher on NBC-TV while the crooners are on vacation. Matt is well-known in the night-club field and in addition to his piano and vocal work, is a composer of note. Some of his best-remembered tunes are "Everything Happens to Me," "Let's Get Away from It All," "Will You Still Be Mine?" and "The Night We Called It a Day." Matt also records for RCA Victor.

Comedian Jack Paar has a new show on CBS-TV, a thirty-minute comedy, music and variety wingding, Monday through Friday afternoons. Jack is supported by the same cast who worked with him on The Morning Show—singers Edith Adams and Charlie Applewhite and Cuban pianist, Jose Melis. Jack's new show takes over the time spots vacated by two dramatic serials, The Inner Flame and the TV version of The Road Of Life.

On NBC-TV, two other daytime dramas, The Greatest Gift and Concerning Miss Marlowe, make room for a new TV version of an old radio favorite, It Pays To Be Married. Bill Goodwin emcees the unique quiz.

On radio, the daytime drama schedule also saw some changes as Backstage Wife moved to CBS and Hilltop House and Rosemary were canceled.

Popular Dennis James is back with his Chance Of A Lifetime on Sunday nights over ABC-TV. The half-hour talent show is scheduled just for the summer in this time period, but may find a permanent spot in the fall.

Sports fans should find interesting viewing fare in the new Madison Square Garden Highlights, Thursday nights on ABC-TV. It's a filmed half-hour presenting clips of exciting moments of fisticuffs which took place in the famed boxing arena of the Garden.

CBS-TV has a new dramatic show, Windows, on Friday nights, substituting for Person To Person. The series of live plays uses a rotating cast each week, and each program opens with a picture of an ordinary window, through which the television camera moves as the story unfolds.
Soupy Sales has been replacing the Kukla, Fran And Ollie daily show on ABC-TV while Burr Tilstrom and his happy little people are on vacation. Soupy is a very popular personality with the small fry in Detroit, from where his show originates. This is the first TV production ever to go live over a network from Detroit, by the way. With emphasis on puppet comedy and fantasy, Soupy has as his helpers such characters as White Fang, Black Tooth, Herman The Flea, Willie The Worm, and Marilyn Monwolf.

This 'n' That:
CBS-TV is planning a big series of Saturday-night extravaganzas, to begin this fall, the date still to be announced. They have already lined up such stars as Noel Coward, who is scheduled for three appearances, Mary Martin, to co-star with Coward in at least one show, Bing Crosby, who is slated for three shows, and Jack Benny for one or more.

Radio and TV songstress Martha Wright became a bride a few weeks ago in Newburgh, New York. The lucky man is George (Mike) Mantuch, Jr., a Manhattan restaurateur, and formerly a Holy Cross football star. He was also a Pacific war hero.

On his first New York visit, Frank Cotter—brother of the famous TV Meadows sisters—joins sister Audrey and restaurateur Armando.

Another regular in the vocal department of Paar's show is the young and popular Charlie Applewhite.

COAST TO COAST

Actress Julie Stevens, star of The Romance of Helen Trent, has been spending her free time this summer acting as adviser and workshop director to the very active little-theater group in Valhalla, New York. Helen Trent, incidentally, has just started her twenty-third year on radio.

With practically every sponsor after Bob Hope's exclusive television services for the 1955-56 season, NBC-TV was the winner. They signed the comedian to a new five-year contract, and he is set to star in six, or possibly eight, hour-long variety programs on several different Tuesday nights.

Conductor Archie Bleyer and his wife, Janet Ertel, one of the Chordettes, took off for Europe on a combination vacation—business trip. Ginny Osborn, the original "tenor" voice with the gal quartette, is filling in for Janet temporarily, and is singing Janet's "bass" part. This is the first time Ginny has done any professional vocalizing since she married Tom Lockhard, one of The Mariners.

Elizabeth Montgomery, actress-daughter of Robert Montgomery, and her husband, assistant TV director Frederick Cammann, have come to the parting of the ways. Elizabeth is now in Nevada, establishing residence for a divorce. When it is granted she plans to forsake television for a while and work in her first movie, some time this month.

Tragedy hit Imogene Coca a double blow when both her mother and her husband, Robert Burton, died within a month. The little comedienne and Burton had been estranged, but were reconciled following her mother's passing. Burton, a New York businessman, had been in ill health for some time.

Pat Marshall, who formerly sang on Steve Allen's Tonight show, and then went into night-club work, has replaced Janis Paige as the feminine star of the Broadway musical smash, "Pajama Game." Janis left the show to go to Hollywood to film her new series, "It's Always Jan," which is slated to debut on CBS-TV about September 10. It's a situation comedy, set in a night club, with Janis playing the role of a singer.

If you thought the Davy Crockett business had about run its course, get ready for more. There's a whole new series planned this fall on the Disneyland show over ABC-TV, and it's presently being filmed, both in Kentucky and in Hollywood. "The Legends of Davy Crockett" will soon be with us. (Continued on page 10)
KeySpecial guest on the set of the television series "The Little Rascals." Joe Bolton, a former member of the "Gunsmoke" western series, now stars as the cheerful police officer, "Dickie," one of the gang members. He was joined by his "gang" mates, "Farina," "Stymie," "Alfalfa," and "Spanky," who take over the kitchen for a hilarious fishing trip.

Stars of yesterday: A scene from "The Little Rascals" shows the gang with their mascot, Petie, preparing to set forth on a hilarious fishing trip.

Clubhouse Gang Comedies

Since the beginning of television, old Hollywood movies have been the bane of that medium's existence. Recently, however, Station WPIX viewers have experienced a happy change of heart, thanks to Clubhouse Gang Comedies and its showing of the "Our Gang" movies made some 25 years ago by Hal Roach, Sr. Seen Monday through Saturday at 5:30 P.M. and Monday through Friday at 10:30 P.M., the Clubhouse is presided over by Joe Bolton, who likens himself to the friendly police officer on the corner, daily plays host to 18 youngsters, advises little viewers on safety habits, then presents the old one- and two-reel films which find "Spanky," "Farina," "Alfalfa" and the rest of the "Gang" getting into all sorts of hilarious but harmless mischief.

The tremendous success of this series, which is shown in some 60 cities throughout the country, has stimulated a new interest in the former "Gang" members. Many of them, such as Jackie Cooper, Nanette Fabray, Eddie Bracken and Jean Darling, have continued to star in movies, on the stage in radio and TV. Others ventured into different fields. Joe Cobb, the chubby member of the "Gang," is now an aircraft worker in California. Mary Kornman is married to a California rancher and together they train horses for TV and the movies. George "Spanky" MacFarland was a salesman until the recent revival of the comedies created a demand for him in TV and movies. Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer was a hunting guide until two years ago, when he resumed his movie career in "The High and the Mighty."

Although never a member of the "Gang," Joe Bolton well remembers its heyday, for he was then breaking into show business via radio. Starting out as a banjo player, Joe went on to become an announcer, emcee, and sportscaster at various stations in New Jersey and New York. His switch to TV occurred in 1948 when he joined WPIX—before it even began telecasting—to become a "general man about the station." As friendly as he is versatile, Joe is experienced in getting along with youngsters, for he has three of his own—Joe, Jr., a college student, and James and Catherine, who are still in high school.

Since its debut last January, Clubhouse Gang Comedies has become the most popular daytime TV offering in the New York area. Having gained added fame as "the show recommended by children for adults," it promises to provide entertainment—for young and old—for a long time to come.
Softly feminine hairstyles like these always begin with a Bobbi

the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

Never tight, never fussy—that's the beautiful thing about a Bobbi, the easy, pin-curl permanent that's specially designed to give softly feminine curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves last week after week and they are exactly where you want them.

Now, Bobbi is easier, faster than ever. Pin-curl your hair, apply Special Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion just once. Rinse with water 15 minutes later. Let dry, brush out. Right away you'll have soft, natural flattering curls. Make your next permanent a Bobbi.

Netv 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Sugarplum" hairstyle. No regular nightly settings are needed.

Soft, and natural right from the start...that's the "Belinda" hairstyle after a Bobbi. A Bobbi is so easy to give, no help is needed.

With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this "Beau's Ideal" hairdo.

Bobbi's specialty is young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Cover Girl" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay in all kinds of weather.

Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special Bobbi pins. $1.50 plus tax.
TACEY HAD BEEN MANY THINGS TO MANY MEN... but only in the arms of Clint, the gambler, could she forget everything...except that she was a woman!

Universal International presents

ANNE BAXTER
ROCK HUDSON
JULIE ADAMS

with CARL BENTON REID · NATALIE WOOD · WILLIAM HOPPER
Directed by JERRY HOPPER · Screenplay by LAWRENCE ROMAN and ROBERT BLEES · Produced by ROSS HUNTER

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

WHAT'S NEW FROM
(Continued from page 7)

Lively Janis Paige stars in a new TV comedy beginning in September.

Another historical figure, Dan'l Boone, whose supporters claim he was blazing trails long before a lot of other "Johnny-come-latelies," now speaks his piece on a daily five-minute program over NBC Radio. Nobody's telling who's playing Dan'l, but the yarns and folk songs are accompanied by Tom Glazer on guitar.

And, from Sherwood Forest, to once again champion the poor, comes the handsomest of Robin Hoods, Richard Greene, who will play the romantic bandit in a new CBS-TV series starting September 26. The films will be made in England, produced by Anthony Bartley, who is married to actress Deborah Kerr.

And speaking of legends, the Crosby clan is fast becoming one, with more talented members popping up all the time. This summer, Cathy Crosby, Bob's sixteen-year-old daughter, joined her cousin Gary, "Bing's Boy," to guest on the Bing Crosby Show on CBS-TV. Cathy is the latest Crosby to have a CBS contract.

Perry Como hopes to give Jackie Gleason a run for his $11,000,000 contract. The new hour-long Como show, Saturdays on NBC-TV, has now been scheduled to start at 8 P.M. EDT. Jackie bows with "The Honeymooners" over CBS-TV at 8:30. At 8:25, Old Per plans to start a ten-minute segment that will be so absorbing that viewers will keep hands off that dial—he hopes.

Comedienne Martha Raye signed a Gleason-type contract with NBC. It's a 60-page document involving something like $10,000,000 over a fifteen-year period. It goes into effect September 27 when Martha will make the first of thirteen appearances in the Tuesday-at-eight spot. The contract, negotiated by Martha's manager and ex-husband, Nick Condor, calls for NBC to pay Martha even if she decides to quit after the first five years of service.

The piano gives off with a pleasant sound when Steve Allen tickles the ivories on Tonight. But as star of the movie, "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve will signal for the downbeat and the music will be made by such Goodman alumni as Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Harry James and Ziggy Elman. All told, there'll be 28 tunes that have been linked with B. G. during his career.
Jack Webb also leads a jazz band for the movie cameras in "Pete Kelly's Blues," a film that recreates the Twenties with such nostalgic notes as glimpses of the Duke of Windsors.

One of the oldest programs on TV, "Smilin' Ed's Gang," returns August 20. Andy Devine will take over for the late, beloved Ed McConnell, with the show to be known as Andy's Gang.

Andy's partner on Wild Bill Hickok, Guy Madison, who plays the title role, welcomed a future Wild Bill fan, his new daughter, Bridget Catherine.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. L. V., Philadelphia, Pa.: Joan Alexander will be back on The Name's The Same shortly. She only took a leave of absence from the program in order to replace Patricia Jessel in the Broadway dramatic hit, "Witness for the Prosecution," while Patricia vacationed in England. Marlowe fans, Romulus, Mich.: Marian Marlowe has no regular television show now, but the ex-Little Godfrey has signed to make several guest appearances with Ed Sullivan on Toast Of The Town. There is a possibility she will be making a night-club appearance in Detroit later this year... Mrs. J. B., Boston, Mass.: The Road Of Life has gone off television, but it is still on radio. Mr. A. McL., San Antonio, Tex.: You are right, and your friend loses the bet. Betty Johnson, the song girl on Don McNell's Breakfast Club, did get her professional start with her talented family, well-known for years in radio and on records as the Johnson Family Singers. Miss D. B., Gatesville, Tex.: Gisele MacKenzie is not married nor engaged. Mrs. G. R., Cleveland, O.: The part of Mrs. Brown on This Is Nora Drake is played by Katherine Emmett, noted New York stage actress. Mr. C. L., Omaha, Neb.: Singer Denise Lor is married. Her husband's name is Jay Martin, and he is also a singer, who records under the name of Bud Jones. Miss H. S., Cupertino, Calif.: The best place to write Ina Rae Hutton regarding her all-girl orchestra would be c/o Guild Films, Hollywood, California. Mrs. M. B., Massillon, Ohio: Sandy Becker, who has played Young Doctor Malone for many years on radio, has

(Continued on page 18)
Steve Allen's Turntable

Greetings from Hollywood again, where I'm in the middle of shooting "The Benny Goodman Story" and am enjoying every minute of it. I've got my turntable right in my dressing room, and between scenes the latest record releases have been going 'round and 'round. Lots of variety this month, which makes for good summertime listening.

Johnnie Ray has two new sides, either one of which could be another click for him. The first is a pretty ballad, "Song of the Dreamer," and the second, an oddly-titled song, "I've Got So Many Million Years" (That I Can't Count Them). (Columbia)

David Rose and his orchestra play "Summertime in Venice" and "Violin" (Let Your Song Begin), with full Rose arrangements featuring the string instruments, in his usual tasteful style. The A side is the haunting theme of the new Katharine Hepburn picture, "Summertime," and it's a melody you'll probably be hearing for months to come. (M-G-M)

"Summertime in Venice" is also Jane Froman's newest record, and a mighty good one it is. Jane is in great voice and her lyric interpretation is excellent. On the reverse she does "You're the Answer to My Prayer," a new ballad. Sid Feller's orchestra accompanies on both. (Capitol)

The Sauter-Finnegan orchestra has a new jazz album called, "The Sons of Sauter-Finnegan," and it really rings the bell. There are several standards and some interesting originals, especially "Two Bats in a Cave," as done by trumpeters Nick Travis and Bobby Nichols. The boys do this in fugeu style with no orchestral backing, and the jazz fans should love it. (Victor)

Decca has teamed up one of their top platter salesmen, Sammy Davis, Jr., with Carmen McRae—a singing gal from whom Decca expects big things—and the result is a pleasing record. Carmen and Sammy blend their voices on a cute tune, "I Go For You," and revive the oldie, "A Fine Romance," which Decca originally released many years ago with Bing Crosby and his late wife, Dixie Lee.

Jackie Gleason has had another musical brainstorm, and this time he has come up with an album called "Captain Gleason's Garden Band." Jack takes you right out to the park for an afternoon band concert, complete with tubas and French horns, etc. Jackie previewed two of the songs from the album on his TV show a few weeks ago—"In the Good Old Summertime" and "The Band Played On." The other two are "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and "Too Much Mustard." Wonder what the Wonder Man will think up for his next album. (Capitol)

The lass with the financial name, Jayne P. Morgan, is making right along in her vocal career, and her new record shouldn't slow her pace a bit. Jayne sings the everlovin' "Swanee," in up tempo, coupled with a slow ballad, "The Longest Walk." Hugo Winterhalter conducts. (Victor)

"Fred Astaire's Cavalcade of Dance" is the title of an album by Paul Whiteman and his "new" Palais Royale Orchestra. There are twelve dance numbers, all quite right for just about any heel-and-toe stuff you might want to do. Included are Waltzes, tangos, fox trots, etc., with the tunes ranging all the way from "Beer Barrel Polka" to "The Black Bottom." There are two vocal choruses by the "New" Rhythm Boys. (Coral)

You've probably heard several versions of the novelty, "Freddy," but now you can hear the original record that started the whole thing. "X" Label has acquired the first waxing of the tune, which was done in Europe by a girl named Annie Cordy. She sings the lyrics in German on one side and in English on the other.

Something new for hillbilly-music lovers has been put out by the Four-Star Recording Company. It's titled "The Trailways Blues" and features vocalist Bill Taylor, backed up by the Miller Brothers aggregation. Pretty neat.

Lena Horne, with hubby Lenny Hayton's orchestra, has a terrific side in "It's All Right with Me," one of the hit tunes from the long-running Broadway musical, "Can Can." In the show the song is done as a ballad, but Lena sings it very fast, and it's all right too. For the coupling she slows down on "It's Love," a pretty ballad from another Broadway hit of a few seasons ago. This record could be a winner for Lena following closely after her popular "Love Me or Leave Me." (Victor)

"Boy Meets Girl" is a new Columbia album, with a new idea behind it. It triple-stars Peggy King, Felicia Sanders and Jerry Vale, with the threesome singing a love story. The tale unravels through the songs, beginning with "The Boy Next Door," and ending, about ten numbers later, with—you guessed it—a happy ending. Percy Faith conducts the orchestra.

Peggy Lee bounces forth with a new novelty called "Oh! No!" A musical paraphrase on the popular expression, backed up with the familiar "Ooh, That Kiss," and ooh, that arrangement—something different, for sure. The orchestra plays it in a cha-cha-cha tempo. (Decca)

Woody Herman and his orchestra have recorded two songs from recent movies, and the treatment of both is rather unusual for Woody. One tune is "You're Here, My Love," from "The Seven Little Foys," and the other is "The Girl Upstairs," from "The Seven Year Itch." The melody which plays every time Marilyn Monroe comes on the screen, so it won't be hard to remember. Woody has used interesting arrangements on both sides, featuring the harp and a vocal chorus. (Capitol)

"Just Too Much" is a new album by the Hal Schaefer Trio, and it's quite a bit at that. Schaefer, in his early twenties, is the lad who has been creating quite a splash in West Coast spots with his jazz piano style. On this set, Hal's trio (Alvin Stoller on drums and Joe Mondragon on bass fiddle) play a group of standards, and two Schaefer originals, "Yes" and "Montevideo." (Victor)

The banjo, an almost-forgotten instrument, has come back into the spotlight this past year, and now they've whipped up a tune about it called, "The Banjo's Back in Town," and Teresa Brewer belts across in her usual sock style. On the backing Teresa tells all about "How To Be Very, Very Popular," which is also the title of the new 20th Century-Fox movie, starring Betty Grable and Sheree North. (Coral)

And that about wraps it up for now, as they say on the film sets. I'll be seeing you again next month.

Jane Froman renders a lifting version of "Summertime in Venice." (Capitol)
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

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Easier-Faster CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT

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WET IT!
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Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...

CASUAL is the word for it... soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

$1.50 plus tax
Ted Steele holds WOR-TVers young and old in the palm of his talented hands as he daily delights them on two merry shows.

Ted's shows always "jump." Here, he and Cozy Cole are on drums, with Johnny Chavez, guitar, Bobby Caudano, accordion, Tommy Abruzzo, bass.

Mr. Matinee

With two wonderful TV shows of their own, an equal number of daughters—also wonderful—and a Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm that can be similarly described, Ted Steele and his wife and producer, Doris, are often told they're lucky. To this, Ted and Doris smile at each other with affection and long-time understanding. Then Ted says, "Yep, the harder we work, the luckier we get."

Currently, it's Station WOR-TV viewers who consider themselves lucky. Weekday afternoons, from 3 to 5, there's the Ted Steele Show, a program of music and variety starring Ted, Ceil Loman and her Woman's Corner, drummer Cozy Cole and sax man Johnny Hodges heading up an aggregation called the "Oblong Squares," and Corky Robbins, her piano and songs. The whole gang presents music, charades and other games, and discusses questions sent in by viewers—all making for a sprightly two hours of fun for the whole family.

Following this, Ted's Teen Bandstand stars the teenagers of the Greater New York area. Every day, a group of 30 youngsters from a school or organization dance to the music of Steve Schultz and his Dixielanders, meet and talk to musical stars, compete in contests and games. Pretty Jeanne O'Brien presides over her Gossip Board of initiated mystery items culled from 3,000 letters a week and leads the talk on teen fads and
the most up-to-date fashions.

Ted, whose own daughters—Susan, 13, and Sally, 12—are his off-camera leading lights, takes especial pleasure in giving the teenagers a show of their own, incorporating their letters and ideas and their requests for tunes and guest stars. He feels youngsters can use the games and gimmicks presented on Bandstand for at-home parties and that the program can show parents what kind of entertainment teenagers enjoy.

Ted Steele is serious about having worked hard. As a Trinity College student, he divided his time between the Hartford, Connecticut, campus, trips to Manhattan for radio auditions, and the theater-night club circuit around Hartford where he earned his tuition and upkeep. His first big break came when Ted quit an announcing job in Hollywood to fly to New York and take on a $65-a-month chore as a page boy.

His musical background quickly made Ted a salesman for a radio recording library. While selling, he learned to play the then-new Novachord, then organized the "Novatones," which became a favorite disc group. Next Ted switched to arranging and conducting scores for such top talent as Perry Como, Connie Boswell, Jo Stafford and Frank Sinatra.

But, in 1947, Ted again began fronting his own orchestra at hotels and night spots and doing radio and TV work. Today, in addition to his WOR-TV shows, he presents the Ted Steele Show over the Mutual Radio network, Monday through Friday at 1:30 P.M.

The Steeles commute to the New York studios from their Celebrity Farm, 100 acres stocked with pure-bred Guernseys and 400 acres which Ted rents for growing feed and other crops. Ted defers to Doris' professional advice, but at home he's very much the head of the house. "We are really interdependent," Doris says, cherishing the closeness that comes with being partners in marriage and in career.

When the Steeles first bought their farm, they moved in with one lamp, some borrowed beds and a framed motto: "You can do anything you want to do." Ted Steele has proved the truth of this motto to cheers and applause from WOR-TV viewers of all ages.
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

589—Lovely, lacy pineapple design forms this unusual “butterfly” set to pretty and protect your chairs. Easy-to-memorize crochet. Use as a buffet set, too. 25¢

7344—Doll-making is easy with these iron-on faces in color. Pattern pieces for 15-inch dolls and clothes. Also included are iron-on color transfers of faces for two dolls and motifs for pockets. 25¢

Iron-On Flowers

525—Ideal for school, pretty for parties. Make two versions—one with and one without sleeves. Frost the edges with eyelet trim. Child’s Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, transfer, instructions. State size. 25¢

7316—Easy-sew apron takes one yard 35-inch fabric. No embroidery—iron-on red petunias with green leaves. Tissue pattern, washable transfer. Medium Size only. 25¢

7204—The pride of every state—its own lovely flower—embroidered on this cozy quilt. Diagrams, transfers of embroidery motifs included. Quilt 72” x 102”, double-bed size. Each square, 7” x 8”. 25¢

7391—Crochet this cover for any size TV set—in your favorite spider design. TV cover, 28” in No. 30 cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in mercerized bedspread cotton. Join 4 to make a 56-inch cloth. 25¢

767—Let this little lady perch atop your toaster—keep it soil-free. Her long, full skirt is its protective cover. Pattern pieces, instructions, transfer of embroidery. Use scraps, stuff with foam rubber. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
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SYSTEM

See local listings for program time in your area.
recently taken over the emcee role on the Looney Tunes TV show over the Du Mont Network. Miss E. K., Portland, Ore.: Bing Crosby was originally mentioned for the television production of "Our Town," which has been adapted as a musical, but Frank Sinatra is now set to do it in September on NBC-TV.

What Ever Happened To . . .?

Cliff Edwards, the singing comedian known as Ukulele Ike? Cliff's career hasn't been zooming too much in the past few years, but now, thanks to his recording of "When You Wish Upon a Star," things are looking up for him. Cliff made the record back in 1949 when he did the voice of Jimmy Cricket in Walt Disney's film, "Pinocchio." Disney used the record as the theme song for his Disneyland TV series, and now Cliff will again work for Disney on the forthcoming Mickey Mouse Club daily TV kiddie show. He's also set to record some new tunes shortly.

Kenny Delmar (Senator Claghorn), who resumed his radio career a while back in the running part of Buck Halladay in The Second Mrs. Burton? Kenny has left New York, and the program, to return to live in Hollywood. Howard Smith, Broadway actor now appearing in the stage show, "Anniversary Waltz," has replaced Delmar as Buck.

Don Herbert, creator and star of the Mr. Wizard program, seen over NBC-TV? Herbert was taken ill a few weeks ago and his condition was diagnosed as acute and chronic exhaustion. He was taken to the Augustana Hospital in Chicago, where he is improving. Pending Don's return to work, kinescope telecasts will be substituted for his Saturday program.

Molly Berg, who wrote and starred in the heart-warming adventures of The Goldberg's! Molly is filming a new series of Goldberg stories for Guild Films—and just to keep up with the trend throughout the country, the family is moving to the suburbs. The series will probably start sometime this fall.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so if you try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.
Talk about lather!

You get floods more suds... better hair-conditioning too!

NEW White Rain

You'll be talking about lather for days after your first shampoo with new White Rain. Because it really does pile up astonishingly... gives you gobs more rich, gentle suds, soft as rain water. You can feel your hair become silken under your finger-tips...

Yet see what happens when you comb it out. The curl just naturally springs back. New White Rain leaves your hair in better condition, sprinkled with sunshine, fresh as a breeze, and manageable. New White Rain was made especially for you...
BACKSTAGE WIFE: Mary Noble has had years of practice at being the wife of a famous Broadway star, but every now and then even she faces a problem that it seems must wreck her marriage. Although she is certain that Larry is fundamentally devoted to her and their family, his brilliant, fascinating leading women can often manage to distress her far more than she likes to admit. Will Larry's career end by coming between him and Mary? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY: If architect Don Harrick really works on plans for the Youth Center, all Reverend Dennis' hopes for it will be brilliantly realized. But personal difficulties beset Harrick as he seeks his hold on his sister-in-law, Lydia, weakening under the warmth of her friendship with editor Max Canfield. Will Harrick use the one weapon that can really ruin Lydia's life in order to maintain his influence over her? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE: Embittered by the publicity that misrepresents her association with the children's convalescent home, Julie Palmer vows to keep hands off all public activities, and withdraws so decidedly that her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, is really concerned over an attitude he has never seen in Julie before. But a brave child reminds Julie that without courage life is much less worth living. NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE: The harrowing days of Zach's trial for the murder of Petey are bound to leave their mark on Laurie no matter what the verdict. Struggling not to show the terrible strain, she wonders if Zach can do the same—Zach who is so much more emotional and keyed-up than the average man. How will he feel about David Abbott, knowing that the clever young lawyer's fight to save him was more for Laurie's sake than for his? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT: Long after her marriage to Dick was over, Kathy realized how much she still loved him. But even if he returns to California the chances are small that their lives can ever join again, for Dick is no longer the confused, weak man he was a few years ago. Meanwhile, Kathy's friend Bertha faces a trying time as her newly-widowed mother comes home with her. What will this mean to her husband and her older son? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS: Nobody who really knows a small town—knows it as Lona and Dr. Floyd Corey do—will ever make the mistake of thinking that life there is as quiet and peaceful as it appears to the casual passerby. But even Lona is surprised when she suddenly learns that her name has been forged—and finds out who did it. This, she thinks, is certainly the strangest thing that will ever happen in Hawkins Falls. But is she wrong? NBC-TV.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D.: The respected position Joyce has built for herself, both as a woman and a doctor, is threatened by the curious persecution of her own young sister, Kitty, who seems determined to destroy Joyce's hopes for a future with socially prominent lawyer Mike Hill. Has Kitty, through the man called James Duf fy, stumbled upon a chain of events that may really help her to accomplish her purpose? NBC-TV.

JUST PLAIN BILL: The beautiful young actress, Arline Wilton, has created quite a stir in Hartville. Bill watches with concern as Peter Dyke Hampton, the successful lawyer who recently seemed attracted to Bill's daughter Nancy, finds himself succumbing to Arline's undeniable fascination. What is there about Arline that leads Bill to fear that Peter's feeling for her will eventually lead to trouble? NBC Radio.
LORENZO JONES When Belle Jones’ long search for Lorenzo was successful, she was so elated that she had small doubt that the future would see complete happiness restored with the recovery of Lorenzo’s memory, so that they could resume the contented marriage that was disrupted by his accident. But now, months later, she faces heartbreak as Lorenzo still cannot recall the past. Will she be forced to turn to Denis Scott and his love to salvage her own future? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Van’s recovery from her miscarriage, and Paul’s final courageous honesty with his former wife, Judith, has to some extent drawn Judith’s fangs and cleared the way for a better future for his marriage to Van. But there still remains Judith’s child—the child so deeply damaged by Judith’s callousness. If Van follows the fugitive thought that has crossed her mind, will it be the greatest mistake of her life? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Gladys was the spoiled child of a wealthy family, and Joe was the modest, unforceful adopted son of Ma Perkins, when the two fell in love and were married. But, despite the difference in background, they were extremely happy until the tragic disappearance of their baby put torturing strain on both of them. Will bitterness transform Gladys back into the cold, superficial girl she once appeared to be? Can Ma save their marriage? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Leslie Northurst’s attempt to destroy Lord Henry’s hold on the Brinthrope title and estates brought ruin only to Leslie himself. And yet Sunday wonders if she and her husband can ever truly forget Leslie’s attack. Is she right in fearing that it created havoc in her marriage that can never be completely repaired? Or is there a crisis ahead that will relegate all thoughts of Leslie to the background? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY No matter how much two young people love each other, they cannot be separated for any length of time without becoming lonely enough to seek companionship elsewhere. Carter’s long, harrowing disappearance has thrown Peggy back on the friendship of two very willing young men. And, in New York, Carter embarks on a strange new life with the help of a friendly young singer and his own talent for playing the piano. NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON The careful, complicated plan to get hold of Sam Merriweather’s wealth approaches success as the girl posing as his daughter tightens the trap around his real daughter, known to him as his secretary, Lois Monahan. Can Perry unearthe the confused framework of the truth in time to save Sam—and save Lois from a framed murder charge? Or, working in the dark as he must, will it be only Lois he can save? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The accident in which Carolyn is injured helps to bring to a sort of climax the strained situation between her and her husband, Miles Nelson. Does Miles’ political career really suffer from his marriage, as silly Annette Thorpe has tried to convince him? More important, has Miles himself begun to suspect that he could go faster and farther alone—or with Annette as a partner? NBC Radio. (Continued on page 97)
The Winner!

You are right, when you state your reason for printing the Feather Your Nest contest winners' names first, before notifying them... it was a greater thrill. I gaze and stare at my name... and say, "It can't be!" But, that's it! To think of my name being all over the U. S. A. makes me feel like a celebrity... which of course I am, in a way, because the judges picked my "whacky" entry for first prize.

I can hardly wait to get my living room set... and am so afraid it might arrive when I'm out. Also, I wish to clear the room of old pieces, before the beautiful new ones "swagger" in and scoff at my poor "antee-ques." The old ones were very faithful, though battle-scarred, and might feel sensitive if they glimpsed the newcomers.

Lots of good wishes to you and your fine, enjoyable magazine. I surely did enjoy the contest, but never expected to win a prize, let alone the top one. Everyone is complimenting my family on my big win. My son, who is in the Army, can scarcely wait to see our lovely living room. Its being modern tickles him so much, as it does all of us.

I wonder if being a "Bird" had anything to do with winning this Feather Your Nest prize? Anyway, we think it is quite a coincidence.

Bertha L. Bird,
Needham Heights, Mass.

Out of His Teens

I would like to know about James Lydon, who plays Andy Boone on NBC-TV's So This Is Hollywood. Where can I write to him?

C.R., Chicago, Ill.

"For eighteen years I've played a high school teenager, and that's long enough for any man," asserts Jimmy Lydon, who's happy to have graduated to the role of actors' agent in So This Is Hollywood. . . .

Rin Tin Tin IV

Born James Joseph Lydon on May 30, 1923, in Harrington Park, New Jersey, his long-lived teen-age career began when he was studying photography at the Professional Children's School in New York City. Jimmy's father was a railroad statistician and several of his nine children became interested in acting. Jimmy's start came when his freckles attracted attention among commercial photographers and he moved to the other side of the camera to become a model. He appeared in several Broadway plays, then went to Hollywood to play juvenile roles in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Life with Father" and to star in the "Henry Aldrich" series. Other films have included "Joan of Arc," "Time of Your Life," "September Affair" and "The Magnificent Yankee." . . .

Jimmy has appeared in TV dramatic and suspense programs and played the lead in one of the first TV daytime serials, The First Hundred Years. It was while in New York for TV appearances that he once again met Betty Lou Nedell. They'd known each other before—when Betty's mother played Jimmy's mother in "Henry Aldrich"—were married in New York and now have a year-old daughter, Cathy Ann. Jimmy holds a private pilot's license, likes to take weekend air-trips or else shoulder one of the guns he collects and round up his best pals for a hunting trip. You can write to him, c/o So This Is Hollywood, NBC-TV, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.

Arf! Arf!

Would you please give me some information on the dog who plays the title role in The Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin on the ABC-TV network?

D.W., Colliers, W. Va.

The dog starring in the TV film series is actually Rin Tin Tin IV, whose great-grandfather barked silently and drew millions of dollars to the box offices in pre-talkie days. The story begins when

coolest thing you can wear

There isn't any other kind of sanitary protection that's nearly as cool as Tampax. In fact, millions of women first adopted Tampax in the Summertime—when they simply couldn't stand hot, uncomfortable external pads a minute longer!

Why put up with chafing... irritation... odor problems and disposal problems... when Tampax is as handy as your nearest drug or notion counter? It gives the wearer such a remarkable sense of freedom that many users say they almost forget it's "time-of-the-month" for them. Certainly, you feel much more poised, much more relaxed, with protection that's both invisible and unfelt when in place. You can be your dainty, fastidious self at all times!

It goes without saying that you can swim while wearing Tampax, that you don't need to remove it while taking your shower or tub. This doctor-invented product must be the nicest way of handling the trying days of the month—so many women say so! Buy Tampax now in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

{Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.}
Lee Duncan was a pilot in World War I. He recalls that "when the Germans were driven back in the big push at St. Mihiel, they left a lot of things behind—including five little puppies. I took them over and nursed them back to health. They couldn't have been over three days old." Lee brought two of the dogs back to the United States with him, a male he named Rin Tin Tin and a female he called Nanette. The male was named for the little good-luck dolls the French women made and sold for charity. . . . When Lee's friend, William Desmond, needed a dog for a movie at Universal, he suggested using Rin Tin Tin. "That gave me an idea of making a picture with Rin Tin Tin," Lee remembers. "I went to Warner Brothers and they liked the idea. But, by the time we spent $35,000, they ran out of money. I managed to borrow some more. The picture—'Where the North Begins,' in 1923—cost $135,000 and grossed $352,000. Rin Tin Tin saved Warner Brothers from bankruptcy."

During the war, Lee Duncan trained dogs for the Army. In 1947, he brought out "The Return of Rin Tin Tin," starring Rin Tin Tin III. Now, the fourth in the line, at four years old, is a TV star and Rin Tin Tin V, about a year old, looks like a comer.

**Amos 'n' Andy**

I would like to know if Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll appear as Amos 'n' Andy on TV as well as radio.

L.S., Grafton, W. Va.

No, although Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll have played the roles on radio since 1928, on TV Amos is played by Alvin Childress, Andy by Spencer Williams, the Kingfish by Tom Moore. On radio Gosden is the Kingfish and Lightnin', as well as being Amos Jones, and Correll is the voice for Henry Van Porter and Andy Brown.

**Man From Marseilles**

Would you give me some information on Louis Jourdan, who plays Inspector Beaumont on Paris Precinct on TV?

B.R., Memphis, Tenn.

Born in Marseilles, Louis Jourdan was a prominent actor on the French stage and screen when he was brought to this country for a role in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Paradine Case," in 1947. His dark good-looks and Gallic charm have since been seen on celluloid in "Letter from an Unknown Woman," "Madame Bovary," "Anne of the Indies" and "The Happy Time." Last year, he made a successful debut on the Broadway stage in "The Immoralist," an adaptation from the book by his countryman, Andre Gide. On TV, he has been seen on many of the top drama programs, including The Elin Hour and Appointment With Adventure, in addition to his role as a member of the French Suréité in the Paris Precinct series. He may return to Broadway for another play this fall.

**Aloha**

I would like to know what has happened to Haleloke, the Hawaiian singer who used to be on Arthur Godfrey's shows.

L.F., Massillon, O.

Haleloke has remained in New York, spreading good will with Orchids of Hawaii, Inc., an organization that provides information about the islands and arranges Hawaiian-style parties. Several show-business offers are pending, but Haleloke has not yet made any definite commitments, at this writing.

**Lone Wolf**

Could you tell me something about Louis Hayward, who plays the title role in The Lone Wolf on TV?

L. C., Milwaukee, Wis.

Born in Johannesburg, South Africa's diamond and gold capital, Louis Hayward struck it rich in acting almost immediately. After schooling in France and England and a stock company debut, Louis, at 22, owned his own stock company and earned as much as $500 a week. But acting was his first love and he chucked the company to act on the London stage. His first part, in the great hit, "Beau Geste," led to other successes, . . . Finally, the American craze for British accents brought him to New York for a Lunt and Fontanne play and the New York Critics' Circle Award of 1935. This, in turn, took Louis to Hollywood and a series of swashbuckling roles in "Anthony Adverse," "The Man in the Iron Mask," "Son of Monte Cristo," and so on. Other films included the "Saint" mystery series. "My Son, My Son," "Ladies in Retirement" (in which he (Continued on page 26)

Louis Hayward

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**Survey Shows Answers From**

**Nurses suggest Douching with ZONITE for Feminine Hygiene**

**Brides-to-Be and Married Women Should Know These Intimate Facts**

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Douching has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.5% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It's a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests proved no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so safe to body tissues.

**ZONITE's Many Advantages**

ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide yet is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It effectively deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dauntless. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.
Hum and Strum

Thirty years as a team have found Hum and Strum entertaining throughout the world. Below, on their show, they enjoy a visit from great trouper, Joe E. Brown.

Max Zides and Tom Currier daily show Providence viewers the true meaning of “The Personal Touch”

Among the great show-business teams, there has been none more loved than the musical team of Max Zides and Tom Currier—better known to the world as Hum and Strum. Currently, they are regaling WJAR-TV viewers in Rhode Island and Massachusetts on their own daily show at 1:30 P.M., as guests on Breakfast At The Sheraton, Wednesdays at 9 A.M., as regulars on Weekend In New England, Fridays at 10:45 P.M.

The story of Max and Tom’s great friendship began thirty-five years ago when they were track-team mates at Boston’s Commercial High School. Several years later, in 1924—when Max was working on the Boston Globe and Tom was a long-distance truck driver—they met in a music office and started fooling around with a song or two. Soon they were filling vaudeville engagements together, then they went on radio. In addition to their air shows, they played the great Keith circuit, appearing in every major vaudeville house in the country with such headliners as Burns and Allen, Guy Lombardo and Phil Silvers. In 1931, when television was almost unheard of, Max and Tom made experimental telecasts, although, they say now, “Our thoughts were that television would never come in our lifetime. We believed it was a dream for future centuries.” Nevertheless, after World War II, they became TV regulars.

In their original act, both boys strummed the ukulele and hummed many of their numbers—hence the name of their act. Today, Max no longer plays the uke because of a case of “occupational arthritis” which occurs only when he plays. Tom provides the musical accompaniment on “half a piano.”

As in their partnership, Max and Tom are the best of friends in private life. Max married his childhood sweetheart and they now live in Brookline with their sons—Alan, 15 and Danny, 11. Tom, who lives in near-by Braintree with his wife, also has two sons—Tom, Jr., 23, and Terry, 20. While Max likes to relax at golf, Tom prefers flying, and was once a stunt pilot.

“T’here is a third dimension to Hum and Strum’s friendship—with their audiences. As Tom aptly puts it, “When you stop appealing to them, you might as well fold your tent and silently steal away.” The boys’ great personal touch also results from their attitude toward their work. “You can’t call this work,” says Max. “That’s right,” adds Tom. “We like this much better than working.” From all reports, WJAR-TV viewers share the same happy view about Hum and Strum.
Now, a new gentleness... undreamed-of comfort... the luxury of a fabric covering that's soft as a whisper. Today, more than ever, it's Modess... because
Now...compliment-catching hair for you!

Today you can look as young as you feel, because modern beauty aids make it so easy for you to keep an attractive and youthful appearance. But, in the same way regular skin care is necessary to conceal age-revealing wrinkles, your hair also needs regular care to keep it gleaming and full of color and life.

Quite simply...hair should be pampered just as much as the face beneath!

Follow your next shampoo with a NOREEN temporary rinse, for it will bring back lustre and color to your hair. . . . leave it soft and gleaming ... young again. Choose your shade of NOREEN from fourteen natural hair tones.

At cosmetic counters everywhere.
8 rinses 60c plus tax.
Color applicator 40c.
Also professionally applied in beauty salons.

Information Booth
(Continued)

co-starred with his former wife, Ida Lupino, in "Walk a Crooked Mile," "Duffy of San Quentin," and many others... TV Louis became an American citizen on December 6, 1941, spent the war years with the Marines, rising to the rank of captain and earning the Bronze Star and Presidential Citation. Since the war, he has operated his own Associated Film Artists production organization. In film circles, it's said he rides with Lady Luck. Acting or producing, his every picture has been a money-maker. . . Off-camera, Louis' friends are few, but close ones. His favorite diversion is a sudden, unplanned dash to an out-of-the-way place. He's enthusiastic about the opera, theater and concerts, likes ice-hockey, rugby and fencing, and keeps in trim with daily workouts in his own gym.

Quartet Query

Could you tell me whether two of the men in the Foggy River Boys quartet are brothers? The quartet sings on Red Foley's Ozark Jubilee.


Yes, the brothers in the quartet are William and Monte Matthews. The two other Foggy River Boys are Charles Hutton and James Holmes.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not to TV Radio Mirror.

Jayne and Audrey Meadows Fan Club, c/o Sally Powers, 2 North Broadway, White Plains, N.Y.
Rosemary Clooney Fan Club, c/o Shirley McElroy, 218 N. Gray St., Zanesville, O.
Phonorama Club (Johnny Desmond), c/o Arleen Ristav, 588 Majestic Circle, Arondale Estates, Ga.
Lucille Wall Fan Club, c/o Billy Banks, 5303 Wiley Rd., Westhaven, Md.

On- And Off-Camera

Would you tell me if Marge and Stu Bergman, in the CBS-TV dramatic serial, Search For Tomorrow, are man and wife in real life? A. Mc., Peabody, Mass.

No, Melba Rae, who plays Marge, is unmarried. Larry Haines, her TV husband Stu, has a wife named Trudy in private life.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
HERE'S
$150
FOR YOU!

Make all the extra money you want in spare time. Take orders for beautiful Fashion Frocks—low as $3.98 each. Over 100 different styles, colors, fabrics. We furnish fabric samples. You risk nothing. Absolutely no experience needed. Try it—mail coupon below.

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Dept. T-3053  Cincinnati 25, Ohio
Send me fabric samples and everything I need to make money in spare time. No obligation—everything furnished.

Name_________________________________________Age________
Address___________________________________________
City & Zone________________________State_______________
If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 2163 Parthenais, Montreal, P.Q.
at last!

A LIQUID SHAMPOO

that's EXTRA RICH!

IT'S LIQUID PRELL

for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather... rinses like lightning... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satiny soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!

JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!

Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery... some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair...

now available 2 ways:

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle! And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family... won't spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes further!
Heavy TV schedules lighten, as Dennis relaxes contentedly with his wife Micki at their Echo Bay home.

Dennis James has always known the best way to have a friend is to be one!

By ERNST JACOBI

DURING THE DIM, distant days of television's infancy, about eight years ago, a young man by the name of Dennis James was once asked to do an extended commercial for Josiah Wedgwood dinnerware. After some introductory remarks, he was to narrate a film describing the Wedgwood factories in England, and the film was to start at his mention of the word "mud"—which is used as a first step in the manufacturing process. However, at this precise moment, something went wrong with the film and Dennis was given the signal to "stretch."

"I had to keep stalling for four and a half minutes," Dennis reports. "That wouldn't have been so bad, but I
Telethons to combat cerebral palsy take up much of Dennis James' limited time—and his unlimited heart. Nothing is quite so rewarding as the opportunity to help such courageous youngsters as Charles Stahlberg, a "poster boy" for United Cerebral Palsy appeals.

As emcee of CBS-TV's *On Your Account*, Dennis put on a special program during Hospital Week and was made an honorary member of the Caledonia Hospital Society. Joyce Parkhurst, student nurse, and Patricia Burns, nurse, presented him with certificate of membership.

Dennis James emcees *On Your Account*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide and Prell—and *Chance Of A Lifetime*, ABC-TV, Sun., 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Tweed and other Lentheric fragrances, and Bromo-Seltzer (Emerson Drug Co.)

Boating—from his own pier—is one of his greatest hobbies.

couldn't get away from the subject of mud, and there's a limit to what you can say about it. I talked about mud packs, mud baths, mud pies, plain mud, ordinary mud, special mud, useful mud, and no-good dirty mud. I even tried a rhyme and came up with 'Maybe you think I'm chewing my cud—while all I'm doing is talking about mud.' Those were the longest four and a half minutes I ever lived through in my life.'

Dennis' ability not to let circumstances faze him has made him the delight of sponsors, network executives, and—most important of all—a large and devoted viewing audience. Not long ago, when he was interviewing a very nervous singer on *Chance Of A Lifetime*, the scenery on the stage collapsed with a loud crash—though, fortunately, out of camera range. "Do you hear how they're knocking themselves out for you?" Dennis asked. "Now, I want you to go out and knock them dead in turn." Reassured, the girl went on and was great. And when an elderly gentleman on Dennis' CBS-TV daytime show, *On Your Account*, had a fit of sneezes and lost his upper dentures, Dennis tactfully saved what might have been an embarrassing situation by his hearty "Gesundheit." Then he added another little rhyme: "A sneeze, whenever it occurs, is welcome as a kitten's purrs." By that time, both dentures and calm were restored.

Dennis says that it's come to the point where he looks forward to the unexpected. "It's sort of a challenge that helps me prove to myself that I can still think on my feet."

It has not been recorded in the annals of television or radio that this ability has ever failed Dennis or that he's ever been at a loss for words. He shuns prepared scripts wherever possible, scorns telepromoters or cue cards, and doesn't use writers for his material, relying entirely on his quick-wittedness, his spontaneous sense of humor, his sincerity and warmth. "I'm no comedian. When I'm before a camera, I just try to be myself," he says. "And I'm satisfied if I can come across with a degree of warmth and humanity." That he succeeds (Continued on page 69)
Micki's learned to love water sports, too, and they often launch a boat just to go calling on their neighbors. Their swimming pool is another of their delights. They like informal picnics—and friendly get-togethers in Dennis' well-filled "trophy room."

Dennis enjoys cooking on the outdoor barbecue—particularly the Italian specialties so dear to his childhood. Below, right, he proudly introduces his parents, Teresa and Demetria Sposa, and his brother Lou—who directs Chance Of A Lifetime, over ABC-TV.
Riding on location, dancing on a date, Gail Davis shows how a smart girl can always aim for glamour

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

To the older folks, the middle-aged group and the "young-married" couples, Gail Davis was just about the most glamorous girl at the Grand Ball—the highlight of Little Rock's Rose Festival—as she led the Grand Parade on the arm of Lieutenant Hoyt Allen. The Lieutenant wore his white Naval uniform. Gail also wore white, a beautiful, off-the-shoulder, nylon gown with a tight bodice and billowing skirt.

But, to the younger fans in her home town, she was a disappointment. They thought the gun-toting, fast-riding heroine of the Annie Oakley series was far more glamorous in her cowgirl outfit, gun belt with six-shooters slung around her waist, a wide-brimmed Stetson jauntily perched on her head. Two worlds. Two points of view. Two attitudes toward the same girl. Or is she the same girl?

"In a way, I live a double life," says Gail. "I've always been tomboyish, loved to ride, climb trees, wear jeans. But at the same time I wanted to be feminine, glamorous and sophisticated. I've been competing with myself!"

That's the story of a girl who has fifteen glamorous evening gowns in her closet, side by side with a dozen cowgirl outfits, who puts on her (Continued on page 75)

Gail Davis stars in the title role of Annie Oakley, as produced for TV by Gene Autry's Flying A Pictures. See local papers for time and station in your area.
Even as a little girl, Gail loved her mother's pretty clothes—and her perfume.

She still believes in being feminine today—and is, on the set or at home.
Riding on location, dancing on a date, Gail Davis shows how a smart girl can always aim for glamour.

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

To the older folks, the middle-aged group and the "young-married" couples, Gail Davis was just about the most glamorous girl at the Grand Ball—the highlight of Little Rock's Rose Festival—as she led the Grand Parade on the arm of Lieutenant Hoyt Allen. The Lieutenant wore his white Naval uniform. Gail also wore white, a beautiful, off-the-shoulder, nylon gown with a tight bodice and billowing skirt.

But, to the younger fans in her home town, she was a disappointment. They thought the gun-toting, fast-riding heroine of the Annie Oakley series was far more glamorous in her cowgirl outfit, gun belt with six-shooters slung around her waist, a wide-brimmed Stetson jauntily perched on her head. Two worlds. Two points of view. Two attitudes toward the same girl.

"In a way, I live a double life," says Gail. "I've always been tomboyish, loved to ride, climb trees, wear jeans. But at the same time I wanted to be feminine, glamorous and sophisticated. I've been competing with myself!"

That's the story of a girl who has fifteen glamorous evening gowns in her closet, side by side with a dozen cowgirl outfits, who puts on her (Continued on page 75).

Gail can really ride! She can also handle Annie's favorite Winchester—as Gene Autry (foreground) and champ John J. Crowley (left) can well testify.

Gail Davis stars in the title role of Annie Oakley, as produced for TV by Gene Autry's Flying A Pictures. See local papers for time and station in your area.
Clothes mark the man: Fess forsakes horse for plane as he tours the country.

**Fess Parker fits every description of a legendary hero—particularly that beloved giant, Davy Crockett!**
By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

FESS PARKER has appeared in ten motion pictures, the latest and most important of which is “Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier,” and he has starred in three television films on Disneyland—“Davy Crockett, Indian Fighter,” “Davy Crockett Goes to Congress,” and “Davy Crockett at The Alamo.” Comparatively speaking, this is not extensive film footage for a newcomer, but Fess Parker’s fast fame proves that uranium is where you find it. He is authentic Geiger-quaking, fissionable material—all six feet, five inches of him—but the only atomic fallout expected by Walt Disney, who has Fess under long-term contract, is pennies from heaven. Or, more likely, thousand-dollar bills.

To get a few things straightened out at once: Fess Parker is his square moniker, and Fess, in Old English, means “proud.” In heraldry, a fess is a wide, horizontal band across the middle of an escutcheon—usually constructed of some such See Next Page

Fess, in his first starring role, studies the Davy Crockett script with Walt Disney and Norman Foster, director of the famed film.
Clothes mark the man: Fess forsakes horse for plane as he tours the country.

Fess Parker fits every description of a legendary hero—particularly that beloved giant, Davy Crockett!

Davy Crockett fans experience the thrill of a lifetime as they meet their idol in person.

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a Mighty Man is He

(Continued)

opulent fabric as ermine, velvet, silver or gold. In spite of all this implied fanfare, Fess himself has never looked up the Parker family crest for fear of finding on it a small biscuit rampant—the Parker House roll.

Born in Fort Worth, Texas, ma'am, Fess grew up in San Angelo. He started his college career at Texas A. and M., transferred to Hardin-Simmons (where he hoped to play four years of college football), served three years in the Navy—rising from apprentice seaman to seaman, first class—returned to Hardin-Simmons briefly, and then moved to the University of Texas, where he earned his degree. He also attended U.S.C. in Los Angeles, where he knocked out his master's degree in Theater Arts. His fraternity is Pi Kappa Alpha.

At this point, it might be remarked that Fess is not only a picture and TV star, but a recording artist, as well—a fact which makes at least one woman furious. The lady in question stormed into a Los Angeles record shop and asked the salesman whether he had the Fess Parker platter of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett." Apologetically, the salesman admitted that he was temporarily out of the number, but added that a new supply would arrive shortly. Meanwhile, he said, a number of guitar-and-gullet boys had waxed the song...

"I don't want a substitute," snapped the shopper. "I want Fess or nothing. This is the seventh record shop I've tried, and every single one of them is sold out. It makes me simply furious."

(Note to the lady: By the time you read this, you will be able to buy—not only "The Ballad"—but a 45 rpm Columbia recording of the three "Davy Crockett" dramas which have been telecast.)

At The Alamo: Hans Conreid as Thimblerig, Nick Cravat as Bustedluck, join Fess and Buddy in their last stand.
Incidentally, the beginnings of Fess' guitar playing (so vital a part of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett") are shrouded in mystery. One version is that he was born with a guitar in one hand and a Texas bluebonnet in the other. A more comfortable theory is that, while Fess was a student at the University of Texas, folk singer Burl Ives appeared at the college on concert tour. Fess was so impressed with Ives' performance—and discovered himself to be so completely at home with the material used and the interpretation employed—that he could talk of nothing else for weeks. His girl friend finally retaliated by buying Fess a guitar for Christmas.

Of course, it was a gag gift for which she had paid only a few dollars at the local music store, but Fess elected to take it seriously. So seriously that he asked if she would be hurt if he traded in the six-stringer for a fine instrument. She said something like no, not if he wouldn't practice under her balcony—and that did it.

From that moment to this, scarcely a day has gone by during which Fess has not found a few moments in which to beat out chords. Between scenes on the set, he can be found strumming and humming, composing melodies of his own. His only periods of stringless silence—sometimes lasting a week—are brought on by attendance at a Segovia concert. "The man has a kind of magic," he says, grinning in wry appreciation. "It doesn't seem human for one pair of hands to get so much music out of a guitar."

His regional drawl (more Southern than Texan), his quiet manner, his far-flung stature, his steady eyes—and his air of considered calm—convey at least one wrong impression. A stranger (Continued on page 88)
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Novotny of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, were aboard the Queen Mary when they learned their number had won! Below, Janis Carter welcomed them back from Europe.

Fate had an inspiring surprise in store, when Feather Your Nest presented a house to the Novotnys.

By LILLA ANDERSON

The staff at Feather Your Nest was still buzzing. "You should have been here yesterday," said George Backman, the set designer. "You never saw such a thing," said a stagehand. "Bud Collyer got all choked up and red in the face and Janis Carter couldn't talk, she was that surprised," said Randy Kraft, the announcer. "The people who won the house darned near broke up the show," said Louise Hammett, the associate producer.

Breaking up that tight, competent, happy gang takes some doing. I got a word in edgewise: "What actually happened?" And Pearl Penney, who is in charge of the prizes, explained: "They said nothing had ever meant so much to them as winning this house. So they brought Bud a silk tie from Italy and Janis some costume jewelry from Paris. It's never happened before. Contestants just don't do that."

Everyone nodded. This, they indicated, was their own, particular (Continued on page 84)

Charlie and Glad were all smiles as builder LeRo
Bud Collyer, emcee of Feather Your Nest, handed the Novotnys the key to their dream house, as hostess Janis beamed.

Skogman showed them their P & H "Lakeside" model home—which had even more meaning for the Novotnys than a new house.
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Holiday Time for
Coney Island was as much of a thrill to Godfrey’s small guests from the Henry Street Settlement as it was to Arthur himself—and he was as excited as any of ’em. His own Little Godfreys were somewhat timid about the various “rides,” requiring his constant reassurance. Below, he grasps Phyllis McGuire’s hand as they swing in the Chairoplane.

When the world’s gayest redhead takes over the world’s gayest playground, anything can happen—and so it does!

By MARTIN COHEN

If a man is as old as he feels, the world-famous one with the red hair and freckles has no business running around in long pants. The day Arthur Godfrey spent at Coney Island, he acted like a nine-year-old—give or take a year. There were four hundred children from the Henry Street Settlement as Arthur’s guests, but you needed a score card to tell the Godfrey gang from the kids.
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“This is the greatest fun,” he said, and for the next hour laughed harder than a Macy’s Santa Claus.

Fun it was but, to be downright objective, some of those screams of joy sounded mighty like screams of anguish. And they’ll tell you the color was something—and it was—the shimmering scramble of the merry-go-round bulbs, the bold stripes of Arthur’s fancy coveralls, the Godfrey gals in red and green dresses with faces to match.

“Such fun,” Arthur kept saying. “I can’t remember when I ever had such fun.”

The show from Steeplechase Park had been in the works for a few years. For one good reason or another, it was put off until this summer. When Arthur gave the go-ahead, director Bobby Bleyer, Arthur’s assistant Freddie Hendrickson, and a crew of technicians swarmed over the Park. They checked for acoustics. They timed the rides. They planned a route for the cast. And talk about rehearsals—days, weeks, months—this one had none. The evening before the telecast, Arthur came out to the Park and stayed until midnight. He literally rehearsed for the entire cast.

“Arthur was on every ride at least a half-dozen times,” a spy from NBC reports. “He said that he was doing it for the sake of the show, but he was really having the time of his life.”

The Little Godfreys were kept away until near show time, for Arthur felt that getting their first

Arthur whooshed happily down the breathtaking Panama Slide, as the McGuire Sisters prepared to follow and Janette Davis (top right) hesitated—and hesitated.

reactions to the rides would be more fun. The McGuire Sisters were singing in Pittsburgh that week. Arthur sent his plane down for them and they got to the Park about an hour before broadcast time. Janette Davis, who was supposed to be vacationing in Europe, startled even Arthur by walking into the studio that same morning. She had landed at International Airport at nine-thirty A.M. Actually, Jan had got homesick and cut her vacation short by three weeks. And, of course, Carmel Quinn and Tony Marvin were on hand.

The wardrobe department had brought clothes for everyone. Arthur and Frank Parker, Tony Marvin and dance director Harry Rogue, all wore fancy bib-overalls. Arthur wore a bright-yellow shirt under his blazing blue stripes.

The case history of the women's clothes is intriguing. The man in charge of buying and supplying clothes had brought in form-fitting, faille, mechanic-type suits for the girls, plus flat shoes.

"No, no, no," said Arthur with incisive realism. "If women are going to dress up like test pilots, men will stop going to amusement parks with them. If you can't see a bit of ankle and calf, then we might as well go back to Manhattan and play pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey."

The wardrobe man was a magician. He put the coveralls back on the rack and brought out some new dresses, pink (Continued on page 78)

Janette had no fears of the parachute jump, made two trips with Tony Marvin. Godfrey was good with a target rifle—and a crack shot with a baseball!
The $64,000 Question

For Hal March, it isn’t making money—or even giving it away. It’s:
How long is he going to be a bachelor?

By GREGORY MERWIN

Contestant Redmond O’Hanlon waits as Hal reaches for the envelope which might have led him to the $64,000 Question. Banker Ben Feit is the custodian of both cash and queries.

ALL THE PEOPLE in this story are really people, except for Hal March . . . sometimes he’s a character—and why not?—for he is or has been a boxer, actor, writer, lover, comedian, burlesque-type baritone, an unhappy bachelor, a happy bachelor . . . and now he’s got the job of passing out dollars by the bucketful!

“The way I hear it,” Hal (Continued on page 90)

Hal March emcees The $64,000 Question on CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EDT, for the Revlon Products Corporation. He co-stars with Tom D’Andrea in The Soldiers, on NBC-TV, Sat., 8 P.M., EDT.

Hal March and Tom D’Andrea have an informal look at the script for their situation comedy, The Soldiers.

Commuting to New York from California, Hal camps comfortably in a hotel apartment, catches up on his East Coast mail . . . watches his beloved Giants play ball on TV . . . and learns how to live out of a suitcase, in real stage-trouper style.
Bill and Mary wed in college. Today, they count their blessings: Growing mail from his TV fans, a gold disc for his first million-sale record, a lovely home—and lively Carrie, 7, Billy, 5, Cathy, 4, and Tommy, 1.

Bill Hayes is always lucky—whether meeting Mary, making records, or singing on Sid Caesar’s big new show

By FRANCES KISH

The seven girls with previous commitments, who had to turn down Bill Hayes when he telephoned for a date, couldn’t know that destiny was on the side of Mary Hobbs. Mary was a sorority sister of Bill’s cousin, and she was eighth on the list of possible dates the cousin had given him. The only reason Mary happened to be free that evening was that she was angry at her own date. It would prove to that young man she didn’t have to stay at home, moping over him!

Practically any girl in town would have said “yes” to a date with Bill Hayes, if she could. He was a handsome five-foot, nine-and-a-half-inch college

Continued
Their present home on Long Island is the fulfillment of a dream Bill and Mary had since the makeshift rooms of early student days and their years of touring.

junior, with wavy black hair, nice gray-blue eyes. He had a smile which came suddenly and lit up his whole face, a quiet speaking voice and manner, and a fine singing voice. He was a serious musician who played the violin, piano and guitar. In sum, he was an altogether attractive and eligible young man. (All of which were also good reasons for Mary Hobbs to become Mrs. Mary Hayes a little more than a year later.)

Now, some ten years after that first date, Bill is still a quiet and serious young man—though he’s a highly popular TV personality in the musical revue produced by Sid Caesar, with such co-stars as Phil Foster, Bobby Sherwood and Barbara Nichols. Bill has to his credit a fabulously successful Cadence recording of “The Ballad of Davy Crockett”—well past the million and a half mark in sales—and a newer one called “The Berry Tree,” which is climbing up fast. Behind him are such successes as three and a half years on Your Show Of Shows, with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca; the juvenile leads in a long-run romantic Broadway musical, “Me and Juliet,” and a Hollywood movie, “Stop, You’re Killing Me!”—plus innumerable leads in summer stock, hundreds of personal appearances, dozens of guest shots on radio and television. You could say that this Bill Hayes is a young man who has definitely “arrived.”

You wouldn’t guess any of this if you saw him at home, however, with the four lively Hayes youngsters—who make Bill seem even quieter and calmer by contrast. Besides his own brood, the neighbors’ kids usually come a-shouting when his canary-colored convertible turns into the driveway of the ranch-type house the Hayes live in, on Long Island. It’s a pretty house, cedar-shingled with pale-green trim, with room for a growing family and for a boxer named Mister and a white cat named Snowball.

As might be expected, “Davy Crockett” is a popular theme in the Hayes household! A more surprising hobby is Bill’s painting—a talent shared by young Carrie.
The children are seven-year-old Carrie (full name Carolyn, but nobody calls her that); five-year-old Billy (Bill Hayes IV, named after his father, his grandfather and great-grandfather); Cathy, a merry four-year-old; and Tommy, a friendly, laughing toddler. The boys look like Bill, except that they have blond hair. The girls look like Mary, who is a five-foot, four-inch, blue-eyed, slender, strawberry blonde. Cathy, in particular, is the image of her mother, with the same gold-red long bob and bangs.

Mary sighs a little over the fact that there isn’t a child in the lot with Bill’s shining dark hair. Or, right now, with Bill’s quiet voice! The noise at times can be shattering—but not to Bill. He may come home, exhausted from long rehearsals and quick personal-appearance trips and business conferences. Yet he’ll sit there and listen to the kids as if their shrieks and laughter were the muted music of some far-off symphony. He just likes kids.

Sometimes, when three or four of the neighbors’ children join his own and the going gets too rough, he will ask gently, “Will you kids play outside for a while?”—adding a “Please.” It’s the closest he comes to a command, but they understand, and out they go without too much fuss. But, mostly, it’s Mary who shoos them away when Bill wants to rest or read.

“If you want a typical picture of my husband with the children,” she observes, (Continued on page 82)
Unexpected Romance

At three o'clock in the morning, in the baronial elegance of the Hotel Plaza's Oak Room, Miss Patricia Wheel... young and lovely star of NBC Radio's The Doctor's Wife, featured player in CBS-TV's The Guiding Light, and talented charmer of assorted television dramas... gazed across the table at her handsome companion, Eric Henry Alba Teran, and—as definitely as though she were reading a line of script—said silently to herself, "I like this man."

Among those never-to-be-forgotten moments by which a woman marks the course of her love, usually the first is that one in which her secret heart tells her conscious mind, "I like this man." For Pat, however, it was belated and consequently confusing.

Seated in the charming garden (Continued on page 88)

To Patricia Wheel, love and marriage were but distant dreams—then, suddenly, the right man came along!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Interest in her work first brought Pat and Eric Henry Alba Teran together. Now, she's fascinated by his career as an industrial designer—and both are busy with projects in their garden apartment.

Patricia Wheel is Julie Palmer in The Doctor's Wife, as written by Manya Starr, NBC Radio, M-F, 10:30 A.M. She is Peggy Ryan in The Guiding Light, CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.—CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—M-F, for Ivory and Duz. (All EDT)
Television’s excellent “one-night stands” play to the greatest audience on earth.

Kraft Television Theater. Left: Curtis James as the witch doctor, Ossie Davis as the emperor, and Everett Sloane as the “trader” in a colorful scene from Eugene O’Neill’s noted drama, “Emperor Jones.” Right: Celebrating its eighth anniversary as the first and oldest TV dramatic hour, Kraft featured Harry Townes, Elizabeth Fraser and John Cassavetes in “Judge Contain’s Hotel.”

Ford Theater. Left: Franchot Tone, Laraine Day and Natalie Wood star in “Too Old for Dolls.” Above: Kathryn Grant in “Touch of Spring.”
TV theater close-up

Ten years ago, the idea of bringing plays of Broadway caliber into American homes via television was a far-fetched dream—possible, perhaps, but most improbable. Even five years ago, although great strides had been made, TV was still in the knee-pants stage. The pioneer dramatic programs of today—such as Kraft TV Theater, Studio One, Philco TV Playhouse—were then in their infancy. Television, like any growing child, still had to seek its guidance and dependence from a parent—Hollywood. But today the shoe is on the other foot. Hollywood's former attitude of condescension and indifference has changed to one of respect—and gratitude. For the film world has recognized television for what it is: a tremendous and unlimited source of creativeness. Hollywood can thank TV for stars such as Eva Marie Saint, James Dean, Charlton Heston, Jack Lemmon, who got their first "breaks" in video. And to TV goes the credit for such movies as "Little Boy Lost," "Marty" and the forthcoming "Patterns" and "The Catered Affair."

The list of fine dramatic TV programs is as long as it is varied. Granddaddy of them all is Kraft TV Theater, which debuted May 7, 1947. Kraft also has the distinction of being the first commercial network show, first to be carried on the Midwest cable, first to prepare a drama for a color telecast, and first to present 104 full-hour live drama productions in one year (on two networks). The following year, 1948, Studio One made its bow and, during its seven-year run, has consistently presented outstanding performers in excellent productions ranging from opera and

See Next Page
ballet to comedies and fantasies, melodramas and documentaries. In 1949, *Philco TV Playhouse* entered the TV picture and immediately distinguished itself by presenting "Dinner at Antoine’s," the first TV adaptation of a full-length novel. By 1950, *Robert Montgomery Presents* was in full swing, presenting an unusual variety of original and adapted stories and providing a debut center for celebrities and unknowns. In more recent years, as the number of viewers has grown to be the greatest audience on earth, those behind the scenes have striven to present bigger and better productions to match the magnitude of that audience. *Climax, U. S. Steel Hour, Lux Video Theater, The Hallmark Hall Of Fame* are but a few fine examples.

And—whereas, in previous years, summer was considered a slack season—this year the powers-that-be have taken a bold step and have continued to give viewers first-rate fare throughout the warm months.

Pictured on these pages are stars and scenes from leading TV dramatic programs which can be seen the year 'round. Many of the lead players are top Hollywood stars—Dane Clark, Ruth Roman, Thelma Ritter, Mary Astor. Others have distinguished themselves on Broadway—Josephine Hull, Eddie Albert, Franchot Tone, John Forsythe. Then there are those who, in addition to stage, radio and movie appearances, have established a definite and esteemed place for themselves in TV.

*Everett Sloane* has behind him twenty-five years of acting experience. Leaving the University of Pennsylvania in his junior year, he studied at the Hedgerow Repertory Theater. Soon, he established himself in radio as a leading actor on such programs as *Crime Doctor, Mr. Ace And Jane, Grand Central Station* and, most recently, *21st Precinct*. His many movie credits...
The Vise: High-tension drama, British style, is presented weekly in films made in England and featuring numerous international stars. Above, Brenda Hogan and Kenneth Haigh star in "Weekend Guest."

include "The Desert Fox," "The Men," and "The Blue Veil," and on Broadway he was seen in "Room Service" and "A Bell for Adano." Television has consistently claimed him on all major programs, among them, Kraft TV Theater, Studio One and Front Row Center.

John Newland started his stage career at 16 and, after many years as a singer and dancer in vaudeville, switched to serious acting and studied in New York. He has appeared on Broadway in "Lend an Ear" and "Ziegfeld Follies." In the past few years he has devoted his talents almost exclusively to television, most notably on Robert Montgomery Presents.

Harry Townes, after a long run in Broadway's famous "Tobacco Road," spent four years at the Kennebunk Playhouse in Maine, appeared in other leading Broadway productions, such as "Finian's Rainbow," and starred in the movie, "Operation Manhunt." His consistently excellent performances on every major dramatic show, including Studio One, Kraft, and Pond's Theater, have made him a favorite of producers and viewers alike.

Nita Talbot showed show-business promise from the time she was three and entertained at parties. She was a Conover model in her teens, studied acting in New York and later with Charles Laughton. After a few unsatisfactory Hollywood roles she returned to New York and began concentrating on television. She created attention with her role as a dumb blonde in the Claudia series and has since proved her versatility in roles on Studio One and Goodyear TV Playhouse.

At 39 Natalie Wood has behind her the experience of an actress twice her age. First winning acclaim in movies such as "Tomorrow Is Forever," "The Miracle on 34th Street" and "The Blue Veil," she endeared herself to TV audiences as Paul Hartman's daughter in Pride Of The Family. Numerous other TV performances include leads in "Alice in Wonderland," Hollywood Opening Night and Ford Theater.

With the presence of such performers as these, plus many others, new and old, whom TV has to offer, there can be no doubt of good things to come.

And it seems quite certain that television, show-business' biggest "upstart," is now entering its own Golden Age.
To Frankie Laine, love of music is love of people . . .

the enduring joys of friendship, family and faith
The Laines are "really living" in their Dutch Colonial home in California. Frankie's wife is lovely Nan Grey, and he's "Daddy" to Pam and Jan, 11 and 12. That's Lucky, the family pet, with Frankie and the girls, beside the swimming pool.

By BUD GOODE

FRANKIE LAINE walked down the hall of a charitable home in Ferguson, Missouri. It was 1947, and Frank's popularity was riding the crest of his first big record hit, "That's My Desire." He and his accompanist, Carl Fischer, had driven to the charitable home from St. Louis to visit little Helen Maysey, a bedridden teenager. The attendant told Frank that Helen suffered from splenic anemia. Every three months, she had to go to the Christian Hospital in St. Louis for a transfusion—three to four pints of blood. The fresh supply of blood carried her through the next three months. The doctors knew little about her illness. She wasn't given much hope.

Frank and Carl opened the door to Helen's small, cell-like room. The wall behind her bed was covered with Frankie Laine pictures. (Continued on page 98)

The Frankie Laine Show replaces Arthur Godfrey And His Friends for 8 summer weeks, on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Toni Company and by Frigidaire. See local newspapers for time and station of Frankie's TV program for Guild Films.

Decorator Nan designed the Laines' unique dining table. The student's chair where Jan does her homework (assisted by Frankie) is one of the many antiques Nan has collected—as is the marble-top dresser in Nan's and Frankie's bedroom.
Tod Andrews conquered his shyness—and won even more
than a stellar career in the TV drama, First Love

By ED MEYERSON

He was shy. He was sensitive. And, to make matters worse, his last name began with "A." This meant that, in all his classes at school, Tod Andrews had to sit in the first row—usually, the first seat—and invariably, the teacher would call on him—first. Now, it wasn’t that Tod didn’t know the answer. He just didn’t know how to get it out. Stuttering and stammering—his cheeks burning red with bashfulness—he could neither speak nor could he die on the spot. And the floor refused to swallow him up.

It was Tod’s mother who suggested that he enroll in a dramatics class to help get (Continued on page 80)
Help Yourself to Living

The great satisfactions which have come to Tod Andrews as an actor have been personal, rather than professional. It was through his stage roles that he met Gloria Folland, herself a successful actress. Now there's a young Tod Walter Andrews, aged three and red-headed. "Nothing shy about him," grins Tod—who, if he hadn't been shy, might not have turned actor!


Tod Andrews is Zach James in First Love, by Manya Starr, on NBC-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Jergens-Woodbury Products and others.
Stella Dallas smiled sadly to herself as she thought of the triangle of mothers of which she was a part—of the three mature women struggling and striving to protect what each saw as the happiness of her child. Stella wondered how much a mother should be allowed to interfere in her child’s life and whether she had perhaps made the wrong move in her effort to protect her daughter Laurel against Mrs. Grosvenor and Ada Dexter. . . . From the very start, Mrs. Grosvenor has resented Laurel’s marriage to her son, Dick Grosvenor. She has sneered at Stella’s humble sewing-shop background and has always insisted that Laurel could never fit into the aristocratic life of the Grosvenors in their home on Boston’s aristocratic Beacon Hill. Nevertheless, Stella encouraged the love Laurel and Dick felt for each other, watched it grow into a happy marriage despite their different backgrounds, and has fought to preserve this love against Mrs. Grosvenor’s interference. . . . Stella

knows that Dick and Laurel are right for each other, but she is also aware of Dick’s weakness—of the way he has always followed his mother’s lead and has never been able to offer her any strong opposition. His marriage to Laurel had been Dick’s one real rebellion against Mrs. Grosvenor. But, since the marriage, Dick has failed to stand up to his mother’s constant attacks on Laurel and this has made Laurel confused and uncertain. . . . Thus, when Stanley Warrick comes along to pay her the compliments and attentions which Dick has neglected, Laurel cannot help but be attracted to him. Stanley’s mother, the extremely wealthy, but mentally unbalanced Ada Dexter, adores Laurel. When her long-missing son, Stanley, was returned to her, Ada became obsessed with the idea of Stanley’s marrying Laurel, thus, in effect, making Laurel her daughter. At Ada’s suggestion, Stanley began to pursue Laurel, and Ada had been overjoyed when Stanley actually fell deeply in love with Laurel—and when Laurel, too, seemed to share his feelings. . . . But Stella has seen Laurel’s response to Stanley for what it really is—a reaction to her present unhappiness.

Stella Dallas is heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Bayer Aspirin, Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia, other products.

1. Stanley Warrick agrees to pretend that Janice Bennett and he are engaged, as Stella challenges him with a test of whom her daughter Laurel loves—him or her husband Dick.

2. Laurel had turned to Stanley because of Dick’s neglect and, as she pleads with Stanley to confess that his engagement is a joke, Stella fears Stanley may give away the plan.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:
Stella Dallas .................................................. Anne Elstner
Laurel Grosvenor ........................................ Vivian Smolen
Dick Grosvenor .......................................... Bert Cowlan
Stanley Warrick .......................................... Alastair Duncan
Janice Bennett ............................................ Millicent Brower
Mrs. Grosvenor ............................................ Ara Gerald

Stella Dallas is heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Bayer Aspirin, Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia, other products.
3. Stella's plan works in that Laurel and Dick return together to the Grosvenors' Beacon Hill home, but Stella can see that the reconciliation is not a truly happy one. Dick cannot resist taunting Laurel over the manner in which Stanley seems to have toyed with her, then cast her aside, and Laurel is deeply wounded by his jibes and his mother's continued hostility.

See Next Page
4. Laurel's marriage to Dick has foundered because he has failed to stand up for her against his socialite mother, who has always felt Laurel's background makes her "unsuitable."

5. Stella learns that Laurel, hurt and bewildered by Dick's attitude, has begun to see Stanley again. Heartsick, Stella fears that her plan may backfire.

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Stella Dallas
(Continued)

with Dick. Stella, in searching frantically for a way to bring Laurel to her senses, finally found an ally in Janice Bennett, a young socialite who had been a customer of Stella's for many years. Janice suggested that, if Stanley were engaged to another girl, then Dick would no longer be jealous and Laurel could return to him...

At the time, this seemed like a good idea to Stella. She had challenged Stanley to be "man enough" to leave Laurel alone, to pretend that he was engaged to Janice so that Laurel would be forced to try to forget him and resume her marriage with Dick. Stanley, convinced that Laurel really loved him and wanted to marry him, agreed with the plan—certain it would only prove to Stella that Laurel's feelings for him are genuine. Laurel is hurt when she hears of the engagement, and Dick disappoints Stella by looking upon Laurel condescendingly, simply as someone with whom Stanley toyed for a while, then cast aside when he met Janice. They decide on a reconciliation, but, on their return to the Beacon Hill house, Dick mocks Laurel for the way Stanley has treated her, and Mrs. Grosvenor puts a new viciousness into her attacks on her daughter-in-law... As for Ada Dexter, she is furious that her son could possibly prefer someone else to Laurel. She becomes wilder and wilder, and—between his mother's rage and Laurel's obvious hurt—Stanley is tempted to reveal that his engagement is a trick. Only his promise to Stella prevents him... Then Dick and Janice meet—and are immediately attracted to each other. Janice, who finds herself falling in love with Dick, justifies her feelings by saying that

6. At the sewing shop, Stella is shocked as Janice tells her that she loves Dick Grosvenor and that, since Laurel obviously prefers Stanley, they should "switch partners."
Dick and Laurel are plainly unhappy together. Mrs. Grosvenor is delighted about Dick's attentions to Janice—who, to Mrs. Grosvenor's mind, is much more suitable a daughter-in-law than Laurel. ... Stella becomes truly frantic, but she still refuses to allow Stanley to tell Laurel that the engagement is a hoax. She pleads with Stanley to do something to straighten out the tangle. But it is Janice who comes up with an idea. She decides that, since she wants to marry Dick, and Laurel wants to marry Stanley, they should simply “switch partners.” Laurel and Dick can be divorced and then she and Dick, Laurel and Stanley, can be married. Mrs. Grosvenor is overjoyed, Ada Dexter is beyond herself with delight, Dick is easily led by Janice and, to Stanley, it is the perfect solution. ... But Stella can only see it as an immoral plan and she is horrified by the scheme. Laurel is stunned. When Stanley declares that the changing of partners is actually Stella's idea, Stella denies it vigorously but she cannot seem to stop the momentum of Janice's scheme. ... Stella's own plan, which started out as an attempt to reconcile Dick and Laurel, has turned into the greatest threat to Laurel's happiness. In the past, Stella has always shown wisdom in dealing with people and particularly in raising and protecting Laurel. Now she searches desperately for a solution to this present confusion. But where should she take her stand against two such powerful opponents as Ada Dexter and Mrs. Grosvenor—and against such a wily young schemer as Janice Bennett? What action can Stella take to help Dick and Laurel as they persist in being their own worst enemies? How can Stella help without being called “interfering”? ... Somehow, in some manner, Stella knows that she must find a way to make Laurel's life once again peaceful and happy ... for, as with all mothers, the happiness of her child is the greatest happiness Stella Dallas could ask for herself.
HE’S A BIG BOY NOW

Julius La Rosa has grown steadily
with his fame—as a man, as well as a star

By IRA H. KNASTER

You have a luncheon date with
Julius La Rosa. The rendezvous is
for half-past noon, at his office on
Madison Avenue in the Fifties.
You hop into a taxi, armed with pencil,
note paper, and several grains
of salt—this latter item for the
reason that your previous impressions
of Julie are, shall we say, mixed.
They’ve stemmed mainly from
page-one headlines and the contra-
dictory comments of this young
singer’s best friends and his severest
critics.

Being the painfully prompt type,
you arrive (Continued on page 92)

The Julius La Rosa Show is seen on CBS-TV,
M.W.F, 7:45 P.M. EDT. Julie also stars on
TV’s Top Tune, on CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M.
EDT, as sponsored by Liggett & Myers To-
bacco Company for Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Mixing business with pleasure, in his office high above Madison Avenue, Julie goes over scripts and scores with
manager Frank Barone and publicist Beverly Browning—and plays a game of chess, his newest enthusiasm, with Barone.
Bob Haymes, who has his own shows on WCBS, helps write and plan Julie's M-W-F programs.

At home with his parents, Julie enjoys "the greatest cooking in the world"—his beloved Mom's. And his appetite for reading is equally great, with the accent on history, psychology, philosophy and "books on religious thought."
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Being the painfully prompt type,
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for reading is equally great, with the accent on history, psychology, philosophy and "books on religious thought."
Even before the baby came, Lois and Morton Hunt checked college catalogues for future registration!

Nursery furniture was a more immediate problem, so they "scouted" the Liliputian Bazaar in Best's Fifth Avenue store.

LOIS HUNT'S LULLABY

It's her very own song, to her very own baby—the high note of a singing life which has unfolded like a dream

By GLADYS HALL

Sometimes, in the drama of daily living, there are emotions so deep that they can be expressed only in the lines of the greatest poets... such lines as:

Happy, he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy for him; and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay...

This lovely tribute to motherhood appears in Tennyson's "The Princess"... and also on the title page of Lois Hunt's copy of Baby and Child Care, by Dr. Benjamin Spock. They were inscribed there by Lois's husband, magazine writer Morton Hunt, during those ecstatic months when Lois and Morton were awaiting the birth of their first child. To them, Morton added this tribute of his own: "And who ever thought that the girl I love would be—somebody's mother?"

"Mort," Lois observes, "always finds the appropriate thing to say, at the appropriate time, and his postscript to Tennyson's lines was especially apt. After being married for eight and a half years—and no baby—who would have thought...!" Her brilliant brown eyes widen at the wonder of it all.

"Actually, Mort was not surprised," she laughs, "not the least bit. I was not obliged to whisper my sweet secret into his reddening ear. Nor was it revealed to him by the unexpected sight of me knitting a tiny garment—I didn't knit any, because everything I knit turns out to be a scarf! We knew the wonderful truth even before the doctor told us. That made it nice,
Lois can't knit well, but Robert Q. Lewis, her boss, is a whiz with the needles and offered to help with the "tiny garments."

As Lois continued working on his shows, bachelor Bob made sure she got plenty of milk and vitamins.

Morton and Lois don't agree with Shakespeare! They think there's a lot in a name and compiled quite a list—just in case.
LOIS HUNT'S LULLABY

(Continued)

...made the secret—for a time, at least—ours alone. The important thing for us is that, when we were first married, we both felt the same way about having a baby... not feeling secure enough, since our professions are both so unpredictable. Then we both matured at the same time and wanted a baby so much that this has been a very happy time indeed.

"Everyone has been happy about it... very much including Robert Q. Lewis, who had been teasing Jaye P. Morgan and me for months, asking one of us—preferably both—to please have a baby! When I told him that I was, he was just delighted, tickled pink. He started knitting tiny garments," Lois laughs. "Actually, he just took needles and wool in hand as a gag for the photographers. But Robert Q. really can knit, he does knit, and he promised me 'a dozen hand-knit diapers'... which, I must reproachfully add, have not— unlike the baby—been delivered as yet!

"In any other medium in which I've ever worked—in opera, on the concert stage—I would have been obliged to quit in the fifth month of my pregnancy, because of the demands which opera and concert make upon my voice. On any other television show except the Robert Q. Lewis Show, I probably would not have been welcome after the fifth month. But Robert Q.—feeling the way he did—made it cozy and comfortable for me to go on working up to a very few weeks before my confinement. His show is a family type of show, anyway, and the audience realizes it, feeling that they, too, are part of the family. This was proven to me in the warmest, friendliest way. After Robert Q. announced on the air that Morton and I were expecting an addition to our family, I received literally thousands of cards and was up to here in booties!

(Continued on page 94)

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Helene Curtis Industries (Spray Net, Lanolin Discovery, Shampoo Plus Egg), Miles Laboratories, Inc. (makers of Alka-Seltzer), General Mills (Betty Crocker Cake Mixes), Johnson's Wax, Mazola, Viceroy Cigarettes, and other products. The Robert Q. Lewis Show, heard on CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EDT, is sponsored by Perma-Starch, S-7, and others.

Required reading for the Hunts: Baby and Child Care—the book which Morton lovingly inscribed to Lois in the days of waiting. They really had fun decorating the nursery, and Lois proved her theories about chic "maternity" styles.
A Very Good Neighbor

(Continued from page 30)

in this is proved by the fact that Dennis is probably the only emcee in television who invariably gets a big hand for his Bromo-Seltzer commercials.

One reason for Dennis’ infectious good nature and superb salesmanship is his complete sincerity and warmth. He obviously enjoys himself fully as much as his audience, and he becomes completely absorbed in whatever he does. For instance, to this day he recalls as his toughest assignment one given to him a couple of years after the war, when he had to meet a boat returning from Europe with six hundred war dead. It was the kind of beautiful spring day on which he’d normally have felt like jumping with the sheer joy of living. But, once aboard ship, he became terribly saddened and depressed by the thought of his buddies in the hold going to a final resting place in American soil. Under the circumstances, he couldn’t comment on the beauties of the New York skyline coming into view, on the hustle of the harbor, the bright blue of the sky, or the deeper tone of the sea. He was before mike and camera for an hour and a half, and—when it was over—felt limp and drained of all energy. Though he’s since been on many telethons on behalf of the United Cerebral Palsy Association—for sixteen hours straight—he considers the other by far the hardest task he’s ever had to tackle.

On the other hand, the most fun he’s ever had was when he used to handle the commentary on wrestling bouts, which were the steady fare of early TV programming. Knowing next to nothing about the sport, he got himself a manual, brushed up on some of the terms, and then proceeded to address himself to an audience who presumably knew even less about wrestling than he did—the American housewife. In line with his bent for keeping his chatter direct and warm, he picked out one housewife particularly dear to his heart—his mother, explaining to her what was going on in the ring. This approach brought him a vast new public, a good deal of money, and enduring fame.

Also, during this period, Dennis developed his technique of on-the-spot rhyming. This had its origin when a wrestler by the name of Gino Garibaldi was thrown clear of the ring by his opponent. “He’s been thrown out, but he’ll come back—and, when he does, their heads will crack,” Dennis commented, and he was almost instantly rewarded by seeing his prediction come true.

His rhymed narration soon became immensely popular, but poetry backfired when a wrestler named Tarzan Hewitt didn’t like the terse verse: “Look at the suit on Tarzan Hewitt.” Tarzan later sneaked up on Dennis and put a hammer-lock on him that nearly broke his arm.

Dennis, never one to run away from a fight, retaliated by further taunts. Soon a regular feud developed between them—and as a consequence—matrons by the hundreds began attending wrestling matches in person, armed with baseball bats and frying pans. Dennis has referred to them as his private “Housewives’ Protective League.”

The affection with which millions of women regard Dennis James, “everybody’s favorite neighbor,” has little to do with his wavy hair and good looks but seems to be the result of some special appeal that has wrought its charm ever since he was in his cradle. While both Dennis and his mother stoutly deny that he was the family favorite, there is at least circumstantial evidence that he was on the
receiving end of plenty of love and affection. He was the baby of the Sposa family, the youngest of three sons born to Teresa and Demetrio Sposa. His father immigrated from Italy as a boy, settled in Jersey City, New Jersey, started out as a carpenter's helper, worked himself up to become a contractor, and has since retired on his savings to live in Florida. He takes great pride in having been able to send Dennis through college.

Dennis' mother recalls how all the neighbors used to oh-and-ah when she wheeled him down the street. "He was a beautiful baby," she says. "Never gave us a minute of trouble."

There wasn't too much money around the house when Dennis was a child, and he learned early that he had to work for his spending money. But that never was very difficult for Dennis, who seems to have been born with the knack for making friends. Making deliveries for Tony's meat market in the neighborhood, Dennis' smile and his helpfulness earned him a rich harvest in tips, cookies, and general good will. "Dennis was the best boy who's ever worked for me," says Tony Cantrella, his old ex-boss. "He brought lots of customers into the store."

Aside from delivering meat, Dennis could always be counted on to climb through narrow windows and knock on Mrs. Murphy's locked bedroom door to rescue Mrs. Poletti's baby from a deserted cellar, or to lend a hand with a heavy laundry basket.

A little later, Dennis found another way to earn his allowance. A husky youngster with good coordination and lightning reflexes, he developed considerable skill with his fists at the "Y." When he was asked to fill in at a card in a local boxing club one Saturday evening, he won the bout and was given a stale cake for a prize. "When I brought it home, Dad gave me another workout," Dennis recalls with a smile. "He was very disappointed that I should have so little sense as to let myself be knocked around for nothing but a stale cake. He didn't calm down till I had a chance to cut it open and show him the twenty-dollar bill inside it. The cake was just to protect my amateur standing." In college, Dennis subsequently became middleweight boxing champ.

Planning to become a doctor, Dennis attended St. Peter's College, in Jersey City, as a pre-med student and, upon graduation, won admission to a medical school. However, being a doctor wasn't what Dennis really wanted. All through his school years, he'd been extremely active in amateur theatricals, debating clubs and similar projects, and he felt a terrible urge to get before a microphone and make his living by talking to people, instead of doctoring them. Nowadays, whenever he feels a twinge of regret that he didn't become a doctor, he consoles himself with the thought that he probably contributes as much to keeping millions of people well by making them smile as he would by treating a few hundred patients.

As for his dramatic urge, Dennis freely admits that he's been something of a ham as far back as he can remember. "Nobody ever asked me to egg me on to do my stuff," he says. "Even Dennis, in the first grade, I used to recite long poems at the drop of a buskin. One of my standbys was 'Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.' I'd get down on my knees and sing and dance and I wasn't satisfied unless I could wring a few tears out of the mothers in the audience."

Tears, along with smiles, are still part of many of Dennis' shows. People win jackpots on other give-away shows without bursting out crying, but there's something in the way Dennis brings out a story of sorrow, heartache and need that invariably moves viewers and participants alike to tears. Dennis likes people, and his genuine kindness and concern make them respond in kind. "Oh, you're just grand," is the way one elderly lady spontaneously put it the other day, after winning two thousand dollars in On Your Account—and before bursting into tears of gratitude. Another Dennis' heavy fan mail echoes this sentiment.

It was, perhaps characteristically, a woman. Miss Bernice Judis—then the fabulous manager of the New York's fabulously successful independent Station WNEW—who gave Dennis his first break in big-time radio. Also characteristically, it was the result of a fluff which he'd turned into a joke.

Though still planning officially to enter medical school in the fall, Dennis took a course in radio announcing at an evening school in New York during the summer following his graduation from college. During the day, in order to meet expenses, he worked as a salesman for Abercrombie & Fitch. Both of his intended careers, incidentally, were almost shelved by his success in this job. Discovering a "sleepier" in a theretofore slow-moving item—an infra-red lamp used to destroy ticks, fleas and other vermin on pets—he became so impressed with possibilities that he sold a hundred of them in one day. Equally impressed, the manufacturer hired him as assistant sales manager at a salary of $100 per week for expenses—a pretty fair haul for a kid fresh out of college, especially in the lean days of 1938. Nevertheless, shortly thereafter, when he was offered a chance to do a disco-jockey show on Jersey City's WAAT, Dennis unhesitatingly bade adieu to both medicine and sales as possible careers.

"I was scared to tell my parents about many sacrifices, he recalls. "They'd made so many sacrifices to send me through college, and I knew they had their hearts set on becoming a doctor. I hated to disappoint them."

Dennis shows what wonderful people they are through his refusal to accept any concessions. 'If that's what you want to do, go ahead,' Dad said. 'I'll do all I can to help you.'"

But as it turned out, didn't need any help. Though he took the job at WAAT at no pay, he soon acquired sponsors, came to the attention of Miss Judis during his annual tour and was transferred to WNEW the following spring. He was running a very nice living indeed, for a young man, when he was hit by the television bug. A total of only some three hundred sets, all of them in the gayest, were in existence at the time. For Dennis, television in those days meant a lot of hard work at very little money. But he was fascinated by the medium's potential and foresaw all sorts of possibilities, and was determined to stay with it. Today he is less proud of having been one of the first men to appear before a television camera than of the fact that he's still around and going strong

"Being a pioneer is all very well," he says, "but their usual fate is to fall by the wayside. once a new thing gets going and the first wheel is all is simply to 'stay alive,' especially in a medium as insecure and fickle as television."

Despite a considerable income, continuing popularity and the unabated demand for his services by old and new networks, Dennis admits that he is aware of the constant pressure and doesn't feel completely secure to this day. "Success in this business," Dennis says, "is a lot beyond your control," he explains. "You never know what is going to happen from one thirteen-week period to the next. People read about fabulous contracts, but they fall through. That's why the person who's the performer, not the network. Once you feel you've got it made, that's when you usually start sliding."

While Dennis is aware of the pitfalls, he has, nevertheless, the happy faculty of not letting it worry him. "I'm doing the best I can each day, six days a week. That's all anybody can do. Once you allow yourself to be impressed by appearance pressure, you're liable to wind up in the hospital."

One reason for Dennis' relative peace of mind is his matchless versatility. With the exception of conjuring, there's practically nothing he has not done well. "I've done more before the TV cameras, from straight commercials to straight drama. Another, and perhaps a far more powerful reason, though, is his exceptionally happy marriage.

The story of how he met his wife Micki, in Florida, while he was recuperating from a three-week operation and unable to talk, forced to rely on scribbled notes and a sub tropical moon—has been told often. Begun in silence, their romance has grown into serene contentment at having found each other and being at peace with the world.

Micki, the former Marjorie Crawford, is a beautiful and sensitive girl who tends to conventions and while Dennis is outgoing and hearty. During the three and a half years of their marriage, both have made compromises and achieved a happy balance. As Dennis puts it, "We each try to consider the other's happiness first."

Micki, who used to be a commercial artist, is a talented painter who has sparked Dennis' interest in painting to where it is now his most absorbing hobby. They paint on a double easel in a spacious studio on the second floor of their home overlooking

**October's "Better Half"**

Femme stars shine brightly in our next feature-filled, picture-packed issue:

**ALLEN FRANCIS** • **ROSEMARY CORONEY** • **KATHY GODFREY**

JEAN HAGEN of The Danny Thomas Show

MARION RANDALL of Valiant Lady

ROSEMARY DeCAMP of The Bob Cummings Show

PEG LYNCH of Ethel and Albert (ALAN BUNCE is "the other half," of course)

**October**

**TV RADIO MIRROR** • on sale September 6

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Long Island Sound, in New Rochelle, New York. And that beautiful house of theirs is another enthusiastic interest they share. Still others including: Taking and editing films, for which Dennis supplies the narration; boating; and their two-year-old boxer, Candy. Dennis also does a lot of wood-working with power tools, following plans designed by Micki.

Micki, on the other hand, has learned to take in her stride all that's required of the wife of a man who's as famous, popular and successful as Dennis. A superb hostess in her own home, she's equally gracious and charming at a party or reception given by others and has no difficulty mixing with people in all walks of life.

The Jameses have no children of their own as yet, but have virtually adopted thousands of others—the unfortunate victims of cerebral palsy. Dennis became aware of the problem almost accidentally, when he was asked to pose for a publicity photo on behalf of the United Cerebral Palsy Association. Holding the quivering body of a spastic little girl in his arms did something to him. From that moment on, he's given unstintingly of his time and energy to help raise funds necessary for the long and costly retraining and rehabilitation of afflicted youngsters. Over the past couple of years, he's presided over more than a dozen telethons, each lasting for sixteen uninterrupted hours. And, while Dennis is before the cameras, Micki is at the switchboard, sparing herself no less than her husband does. "The biggest reward we have," Dennis says, "is to hear a little girl talk, who a year before could only stammer—or see a little boy walk, who couldn't get out of his wheelchair before."

Another share of the unspent love in their hearts goes to their dog, Candy, who was given them by Dennis' brother, Lou. "Candy was the runt of the litter," Micki relates. "Lou couldn't understand why we wanted her instead of one of the other, sturdier pups. She was so puny, weak and trembling they called her Shaky. Maybe that's why Dennis and I fell in love with her. Today, she's a real beauty, though, and the gentlest dog alive."

"And the smartest one, too," Dennis adds. "That dog seems to understand everything, even spelling. She'll obey spelled-out commands, as well as words."

The Jameses have many friends whom they love to entertain. Closest among them are the Herb Shriners, who are neighbors and also live in a house at the water's edge. When they want to drop in on each other for a neighborly visit, they take the boat. "It's a little complicated, when you just want to borrow a couple of eggs and a cup of sugar, but it's fun," Micki says. For a long time, boating has been one of Dennis' great passions, and it's one Micki has learned to appreciate in turn. During the summer, they spend much of their leisure time cruising on the water, and this summer Dennis even considered commuting to town by boat, instead of train.

Still a young man despite his sixteen years in television, Dennis isn't apt to give much thought to the future. He likes what he's doing and hopes to keep busy at it for a long time to come. Though retirement seems to be a long way off, Dennis and Micki have still given it some thought.

"Micki and I, we're really both small-town folks at heart," Dennis says. "We have our eyes on a nice spot in Florida. Someday, that's going to be home for us."

With all their interests to keep them busy, chances are they won't get bored. But, when they do pack up and head South, TV won't be the same any more. Not without "everybody's favorite neighbor."

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If STARLAND is not available at your newsstand, please mail this coupon and 50c

---END OF SRKLAND PAGE---
Inside Radio
All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

### Morning Programs

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### Afternoon Programs

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### Evening Programs

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## Sunday

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### See Next Page
**NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 9, AUGUST 8—SEPTEMBER 9**

### Baseball on TV

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### Monday through Friday

**Morning shows:**

- **7:00** & 8:30 Today—Getaway with Garroway
- **8:55** Herb Sheldon—Plus Jo McCarthy
- **9:00** Skinner Show—Everything's George
- **10:00** Garry Moore Show—Moore fun
- **11:00** Home—Arlene Francis, homemaker
- **11:30** & Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
- **12:00** Valiant Lady—Daytime drama
- **12:15** & Tennessee Ernie—Pick-a-picking
- **12:30** & Love of Life—Serial story
- **12:45** & Search For Tomorrow—Serial story
- **1:00** Jock Poor Show—Jack's joke
- **1:30** & Welcome Travelers—From NYC
- **2:00** & Robert Q. Lewis Show—Lively
- **2:45** McNeillie—Chisholm
- **3:00** & Summer Entertainment—Variety
- **3:30** Art Linkleter's House Party—Fun
- **4:00** Ern Withmore—Beauty hints
- **4:30** Big P—Missed line quiz
- **5:00** Ted Mock Show—Variety
- **5:30** Bob Crosby—With Gary & Cathy
- **6:00** The Brighter Day—Daytime drama
- **6:30** & Hawkins Falls—Serial
- **7:00** & Secret Storm—Daily story
- **7:45** First Love—Drama of newwedds
- **8:00** & On Your Account—Quiz
- **8:15** Mr. Sweeten—Chuckles with Ruggles

**LATE NIGHT**

- **10:00** Million Dollar Movies
- **10:45** News & Weather Report
- **11:00** Libresco—Valentino of the keyboard
- **11:15** The Late Show—Quiz show
- **11:30** Steve Allen Show

### Monday P.M.

- **6:00** Burns & Allen—Revisited
- **6:05** & Caesar Present Aug. 22, 8:00-9:30—"The King & Mrs. Candle," Cyril Richard, on Summer Special
- **6:15** Digest Drama—Human-interest stories
- **6:30** Godfrey’s Talk—Variety
- **6:45** Voice Of Firestone—Summer concerts
- **7:00** Those White Girls—Comedy
- **7:15** The Medic—Film re-run
- **7:30** Pee Wee King Show—Carn-fun fun
- **7:45** & Ethel & Albert—Domestic fun
- **8:00** Laramie—Quiz show
- **8:15** Studio One Summer Theater
- **8:30** Eddie Conder—Pop-eyed luffs
- **9:15** Big Town—Mark Stevens stars

### Tuesday

- **7:30** Waterfront—Frenzy faster stars
- **8:00** & Movie The Force—Bill Cullen
- **8:15** Star Playhouse—Hollywood films
- **8:30** Music—"50"—Stan Kenton's sounds
- **9:00** Arthur Murray Dancing Party
- **9:15** Meet Millie—Elena Verdugo
- **9:30** Summer Theater—Hollywood films
- **9:45** Make Room for Daddy—Repeats
- **10:00** Spotlight Playhouse—Drama
- **10:15** Dollar A Second—$50 Quiz
- **10:30** 600,000—Hal Roach quiz
- **10:45** & Truth Or Consequences
- **11:00** The Search—Documentaries
- **11:15** Name's The Same—Bob & Ray

### Wednesday

- **7:30** Disneyland—Repeat stories
- **8:00** Frankie Laine Show—Music galore
- **8:05** Request Performance—Dramas
- **8:20** Liberty—Music by candlelight
- **8:45** The Millionaire—Beginning Aug. 31; Forth Knows Best
- **9:00** Wild West—Feature films
- **9:15** The Millionaire—Stories
- **9:30** Kraft Theater—Fine, hour-long plays
- **9:45** Mosquerafe Party—Costume quiz

### Thursday

- **8:00** Bob Cummings Show—Force
- **8:15** & Best Of Groucho—Re-runs
- **8:30** Soldier Parade—Hour of GI variety
- **8:45** Climax—Suspense & mystery
- **9:00** Make The Connection—Quiz
- **9:15** & Drognet—Film repeats
- **9:30** Twilight Time—Filmed teleplays
- **9:45** Four Star Playhouse—Excellents
- **10:00** & Ford Theater—Re-runs
- **10:15** Johnny Carson—Bright comedy
- **10:30** Lux Studio Workshop—Drama

### Friday

- **7:30** Life With Elizabeth—Light-hearted stories
- **8:00** & Pantomime Quiz—On Aug. 26, Momo returns with live comedy
- **8:15** Midwest Hayride—Heddon
- **8:30** Topper—Last four weeks
- **8:45** Life Of Riley—Comedy re-runs
- **9:00** Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
- **9:15** & Best Of Mystery—Whadunit
- **9:30** Meet Mr. McNulty—Re-runs
- **9:45** & Dear Phoebe—Comedy re-runs
- **10:00** The Vise—Spine-killers from Britain
- **10:15** Undercurrent—Mystery & adventure
- **10:30** Windows—Ambitious drama series
- **10:45** So This Is Hollywood—Rib-tickling
- **11:00** Alec Templeton—Enchanted music

### Saturday

- **7:30** Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
- **8:00** Show Wogan—Heidi's talent salute
- **8:15** America's Greatest Bonds—Max Terrier
- **8:30** The Soldiers—Comedy re-runs
- **8:45** Two For The Money—Sam Leavenson
- **9:00** & Musical Choirs—Stars Johnny Kerchever, Army Orch. Of Yenus
- **9:15** Down You Go—Witty panel patter
- **9:30** Durante—O'Connor Show—Re-runs
- **10:00** Julius La Rosa—TV's top tunes
- **10:15** & Here's The Show—Gable rests
- **10:30** Damon Runyon Theater—Variety
- **10:45** & Your Play Time

### Sunday

- **6:00** I Love Lucy—Repeat of early shows
- **6:30** Let's Take A Trip
- **6:45** & People Are Funny—Linkleter
- **7:30** Private Secretary—Re-runs
- **8:00** Do It Yourself—Aug. 14, 7:30-8:30—Tom O'Gorman, Gary Tummins
- **8:00** & Toast Of The Town—Variety
- **9:00** Sunday Hour—Comedy & variety
- **9:15** G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
- **9:30** TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
- **10:00** Change Of Pace—Variety
- **10:15** Appointment With Adventure
- **10:30** Life Begins At Eighty—Sprightly
- **10:45** Stage 7—New stories
- **11:00** & The Millionaire—On Aug. 28, Loretta Young Show returns
- **11:20** Breck The Donk—Bert Parks, quiz
- **11:30** What's My Line—Job game
- **11:45** Bob Cummings Show—Comedy
- **12:00** Paris Precinct—Louis Jourdan stars
Winsome
Annie Oakley

(Continued from page 32)
riding boots in the morning—and exchanges them twelve hours later for dainty
dancing slippers.
As a little girl, Gail had no choice except
to become a tomboy, unless she
wanted to miss all the fun. She was the
only girl in a neighborhood crowded with
boys. If she wanted to play with them, she
had to join their games, or be left out.

The advantages of being the only girl
were not obvious until some years later.
At that age, being a member of the weaker
sex had many more drawbacks—not the
least of these being that, whatever the
game, Gail was the victim. If they were
cops and robbers, sooner or later she got
clobbered on the head “while taking off
with the bankroll.” When they were cow-
boys and Indians, she was tagged the “out-
law” and was tied to trees or punished in
any number of ways which would have
done credit to a Hollywood scenario.

Once, to help her hide from the law, two
“fellow criminals” lifted her to the top
of a tree—only to forget about her at din-
ner time, when they rushed home for their
meal. Five-year-old Gail had but one way
to get down—in a straight line. Ten min-
utes later, she was taken to the hospital
with a broken leg.

Another time, the boys built a midget
soap-box racer and pulled it up a steep
hill. “Who’s going to try it first?” one of
the older boys asked. When no volunteers
answered, twelve pairs of eyes turned
to nine-year-old Gail. “Oh, no! Not me.
I don’t even know...”

That’s as far as she got by the time they
had lifted her into the racer, and not too
gently shoved her on the way. Halfway
down, she smashed into a parked car and,
when she woke up again, saw her father—
a doctor by profession, fortunately—set her
arm. Yet in spite of her mishaps, and she
had more than her share, Gail enjoyed
roughing it.

But, all along, her desire for femininity
showed itself in various ways. In
the morning she may have tugged guns, but in
the afternoon she sneaked in to her
mother’s wardrobe closet for one of her
dresses, hats, and high-heeled shoes. All
little girls play “dress-up” games, Gail,
however, went one step further. To com-
plete the “grown-up” illusion, she also put
on her mother’s lipstick—and perfume.

For many weeks her mother, Mrs. Gray-

OCTOBER HEROES
Watch for these intimate stories and
exclusive pictures:
Tennessee Ernie Ford
(his’s on the cover, too!)
Garry Moore
Steve Lawrence of Tonight
John Baragrey
Tommy Retfif (and “Lassie,” too)
all in October
TV RADIO MIRROR
at your newsstand September 6
son, couldn't figure out why the contents of her bottles disappeared so rapidly. Neither could Dr. Grayson, who had to replenish them. The mystery didn't clear up till the Sunday morning he came back from a trip to New York, with a five-ounce bottle of Arpege perfume for his wife.

She'd hardly put it on her dresser—unopened—to go downstairs and prepare breakfast, when her four-year-old daughter crept into her room, pried open the lid, and libelously applied the contents on her arms, neck and forehead, just as "Mummy," put on cologne. At breakfast, the aroma of Arpege completely eclipsed that of the bacon and eggs. Suspicious, Mrs. Grayson rushed upstairs and found her new bottle half-empty!

Gall's craving for perfume persists to this day. Whether she made $15 a week during school vacation as her father's secretary, $150 a week at M-G-M, or her present, much higher, salary on TV, a good percentage of it goes into Chanel No. 5, Joy, Empire, or White Shoulders.

As Gall grew up—and into her mother's size—quite regularly Mrs. Grayson would search her closet in vain for one of her dresses, only to find her daughter wearing it. But she never really minded. "There's nothing wrong with a girl's desire for pretty clothes," she used to say, insisting that one of the prime functions of a female is to be feminine, graceful, and glamorous, whether she's two or eighty-two. Thus, she did her share to help Gall on her way—and by more methods than letting her borrow her clothes.

Mrs. Grayson was convinced—and so is Gall today—that "glamour" means much more than dressing to one's best advantage, that it includes such qualifications as good bearing, charm, gracefulness and self-assurance. That's why she enrolled Gall in a dancing class when she was two—not to learn a few steps of tap and ballet, but to develop grace and poise.

At home, she taught her daughter manners and deportment, setting a good example, never by threatening or actually administering punishment. And, after Gall finished high school, to round out her "polishing," she was sent to one of the finest finishing schools in the country, Harkam College for Girls, at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Here again, Gall's struggle within herself came to the surface. She loved the finishing school, the graceful way of living, the companionship of some of the finest, best brought-up young girls in the country. But, at the same time, she had a hankering for a more carefree life, for wide-open spaces, and for "roughing it." After finishing at Harkam, Gall decided to continue her education at the University of Texas—where she was just as much in her element as in Bryn Mawr.

The problem is that while all attractive women in television, but there have been times when it looked as though "glamour" was no more than a word in the dictionary, when she could have been disregarded, a fact not her own common sense and the down-to-earth attitude of her mother. Take the scar on her cheek, still visible today.

She was just three when her little buddies egged her on to catch a hound which was known to be somewhat ferocious. Gall caught him, all right. But, in the process, she lost the dog, stepped on her and—just to prove her grievance and superiority—bit her in the face. Her screams quickly brought her father, who sewed up her cheek with fourteen stitches extending from the right eye to her chin. Dr. Grayson did such an expert job that the scar is hardly noticeable any more. Yet there might have been a time when a girl more valid in the face. Gall could have considered this a handicap.

Like many teenagers, she went through the "chubby" stage, when no matter how much or how little she ate, she just kept expanding in all directions. Her mother, knowing what the results could be, took prompt and drastic action. "You'll have to go on a diet," she informed her thirteen-year-old daughter one morning.

Gall didn't sound happy. "What does that mean, Mom?"

"First of all, no more starchy food. No potatoes, bread, macaroni, spaghetti, and mostly, no fried chicken and fried chicken!" She'd listed practically all of Gall's favorite foods.

But that was only the beginning. "You'll also have to do exercise every morning." To make it easier for Gall, Mrs. Grayson joined her in dieting as well as in exercising. Every morning she came in, about half an hour before her daughter got up, carrying a big glass of orange juice, "to give her pep." So sleepy was Gall she could hardly see the glass, but somehow she managed to grab it and get it to her lips. "Now let's get out of bed and start the exercises."

To this date, Gall has never given up dieting, nor exercising, though she isn't doing it quite in the same manner any longer. She does her exercises only when she's not actually working—which is absurdly often. (Usually, when she finishes her television commitments, she heads back to Little Rock, Arkansas, to join her family.) When she's in New York, she occasionally takes physical exercise she needs. Anything in addition would be strictly superfluous.

As for dieting, Gall has found a unique solution which lets her eat her favorite choice of home-cooked chicken and all sorts of potatoes—and still keep down her weight. One week, she sticks to rare meats and greens, won't even touch a biscuit; the next, she goes all out for anything that appeals to her. Somehow it evens out, because Gall has one of the cutest figures in TVdom.

On one occasion, however, she overdid her dieting. During her early college days, she used to idolize a young star, Dixie Dunbar, who was approximately Gall's height—but quite a bit thinner. "If I want to be like her, I have to get all my measurements down to her size," Gall rationalized, and promptly went on a diet of black coffee and greens.

At her next appearance, she was having the lead in a college play. In one scene, in which she was supposed to laugh hysterically, director Richard Nash (who later scored in Hollywood with such hits as "Welcome Stranger") was too convincing for an amateur. He knew she was right, just a few minutes later, when she collapsed on the set and was rushed to the infirmary. But then there was nothing wrong with her that a good meal couldn't fix.

After twelve hours' sleep and a breakfast of the following morning that would have put Bette Davis all right again. She also decided that, as long as her height was the same as Dixie Dunbar's, maybe it wouldn't matter quite so much if her weight was a few pounds more.

For a long time, Gall considered "glamour" and "sophistication" synonymous. She had to learn the hard way that this is not necessarily so; that a girl is better off developing her own strong points, whatever they are, rather than reaching for something she doesn't possess, or pretending to be someone she is not.

In her desire to appear grown-up and sophisticated, time was moving along too slowly for Gall. At four she wanted to be ten; at ten, twenty; and, at thirteen—she did something about it.

Before leaving for college, she decided the time had come to wear high-heeled shoes. Speculating that her parents wouldn't approve, she waited till her mother had left the house, then got a pair from her mother's closet and put them on.

Having forgotten something at home, Mrs. Grayson pulled up in front of the house just as Gall was walking down the driveway. Disbelievingly, she stared at her daughter, who was weaving and swaying all over the driveway. Nearly having worn high heels, Gall felt and looked as though she were walking on stilts.

Her mother promptly marched her embarrassed daughter up to the house and made her change into low heels. Another year passed before Gall was permitted to experiment with "sophisticated footwear," as she used to call it.

In spite of two or three occasional faux pas, Gall developed into a very sensible young woman who, at heart, knew what was good for her. Unfortunately, not everybody did.

On a visit to Hollywood, she was discovered by an agent who found her sun-bathing on the roof garden of the Hollywood Roosevelt, where she was staying.

It made me a better wife!

Hearing other people have solved real-life problems of love and hate and fear often helps you to a better, happier life. And you hear just that—real people grappling with deep emotional problems—on radio's "My True Story." You'll recognize each tender situation because it is as true as life itself—taken from the files of "True Story Magazine." And you may well find the solution to the most difficult problem of your life.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

She thought her great love could conquer the evil in him. Read "OUTLAW'S WOMAN" in September TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands now.
He promptly told Louis B. Mayer, then head of M-G-M, about the attractive girl, and made an appointment for her to see him the next day. When introduced, Gail made an immediate impression on Mr. Mayer and, twenty-four hours later, was signed to a contract.

Had the studio left her as she was, it would have been more beneficial for the contractor and contractee. But it was the Hollywood custom to turn each new find into a copy of the current glamour girl—which meant they were all made to look like Hedda Lamarr, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, or whoever happened to be most popular at that precise moment.

Gail was too shy to object, when she should have. "Like most of the other girls I was sent through the complete glamour mill," she later lamented. "When I 'graduated,' I looked little different from the other newcomers on the lot. We all wore our hair the same way, used almost identical make-up, even dressed with much similarity. Result: Because I looked like everybody else, they really didn't need me. Before long, I was out of a job!"

A few months later, she went through the whole process all over, this time at RKO, and with the same result. After minor parts in a few pictures, she once again found herself outside the studio gates. Having learned her lesson, from then on, she refused to be anyone but herself. That's what Gene Autry liked when she was introduced to him, the reason he gave her a chance to play opposite him in feature Westerns, and eventually built the Annie Oakley series around her.

Actually, while Gail is quite the glamorous girl off-screen, her younger fans weren't so wrong when they claimed she can be glamorous even as a cowgirl. About a fourth of her time is spent in town, when the "inside scenes" of her series are shot at the "Flying A" studio on Sunset Boulevard, when she can drive to the Hollywood Roosevelt for lunch and, at night, back to the San Fernando Valley apartment she shares with actress Nan Leslie.

But most of the scenes are filmed on location: At Pioneer Town in the Mojave Desert, about twenty miles east of Twenty-nine Palms; at Lone Pine, 10,000 feet above sea level, in some of California's most rugged country; at other locations where the climate is severe, work days long—often seven days a week without a day off—and living conditions almost as primitive as those of the heroine she portrays on the screen.

Gail's work in itself is difficult, exhausting, and often physically dangerous, which is obvious to anyone who has watched her "running mounts," galloping into camera range, ascending or descending steep hills. (Amazingly, with all the difficult riding Gail had to do these past fifteen months, her only accident occurred at Hollywood and Vine when—stepping out of her car—she slipped off the sidewalk and injured her leg.)

On location, Gail is often the only girl among dozens of men. It would be easy for her to acquire some of the rough and ready mannerisms of the male sex, of "letting herself go" after work, of coming to dinner just as she left the last scene. But that's not like her.

Imagine the surprised expression of a visitor to Pioneer Town who, having seen Gail perform one of her stunts just before sunset, sees her again an hour later at the "Golden Stallion," the only restaurant, dressed smartly in skirt and blouse, looking as attractive as if she'd just stepped out of a beauty shop. He wouldn't know that, no matter how hard she works during the day, at night Annie Oakley invariably becomes Gail Davis again—which is duly appreciated by all around her.

Working in the desert presents many problems for a girl who values her appearance. The strong, penetrating rays of the sun, the high winds and sand storms—and, not least, the sudden temperature changes when the sun goes down and the mercury often drops to 80° below what it was at high noon—can be most damaging to a girl's complexion.

It takes a lot of effort on Gail's part to combat these elements. In the desert or high mountains, she makes certain she wears plenty of make-up to protect herself from the sun's rays and, when she gets back to her room, cleans it off thoroughly, then washes her face several times with ice-cold water to stimulate circulation. After that, she applies lotion or baby oil—and is all set for the next day.

Gail has one more formula to keep herself in good shape: plenty of rest. On location, she usually turns in right after dinner. Even in Hollywood, she only goes out or gives a party on Sunday nights, and then insists on being brought home early. But what she misses out on in quantity, she makes up in quality. For Gail, there's no "run-of-the-mill" date. Each is a special occasion for which to be dressed and prepared.

When she and her roommate, Nan Leslie, give a party at home, it's always a miniature gala affair, with fancy foods, exquisite table settings, dinner music, and candlelight—against the soft, pastel-colored background of their walls, carefully selected to give them the most complimentary setting.

In the first fifty-two Annie Oakley shows she did, Gail wore only one dress. The rest of the time, nothing but cowgirl outfits. Yet she proved that even a cowgirl can be glamorous—on screen and off.

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**Cuticura**

Proved Way to Lovelier Skin
Holiday Time for Godfrey

(Continued from page 43) and white checks for the McGuire's, a lavender skirt and olive-green blouse for Jan, a little white floral print for Christine, and another set of shoes to match. Everyone was pleased and Arthur nodded his approval, but this was the pay-off: When the show went on, a half-hour later, the girls were dressed in something quite different. Jan, with her Riviera tan, was lovely in yellow gingham; Carmel wore a lovely blue polka-dot dress; the McGuire's came to see the
carnival with white- and red-checked pedal pushers and skirts.

The gals looked good. Of course, they were nibbling and chewing on their lips. Carmel Quinn was an amusement park in her life, and she was half-praying for a miracle that would perpetuate that fact. Jan looked a little tense. Her hair, of course, had each other for comfort, and they were just as calm as Mexican jumping beans on a hot griddle.

"We greet you from Steeplechase Park in Coney Island," Arthur announced. "Let's have a good time."

The beginning was beguiling—on the grand carrousel. Originally built for Kaiser Wilhelm's son, it was a turn of the century affair. It was adorned with ornate pigs, chariots and ruby-lipped cupids. Arthur was enthralled with this dandy of merry-go-round. The kids from the Henry Street Settlement, who loaded on with the cast. Then, enjoying a false sense of security, the cast rushed over to the Chairoplane, a ride of swings on long chains, that circled like the carrousel.

There is an item called the Whirlpool. It is built a little like the tube-pan with the tube part covered. In action it looks like a giant broomstick, but it can get you in the center crest by walking a plank. Everyone takes off his shoes, not because the shoes will fly off but because the riders get to flying in every direction and are likely to land in someone's stomach. When everyone is set nicely on the center, the contraption begins to turn.

"Let's everyone sing," Arthur said.

"Nearer My God to Thee?" Frank Parker asked.

"Let's sing 'Tweedle-Dee-Dec.'"

At first, the Whirlpool turned slowly, like an LP record. In a few moments, it looked like a mill saw. As one gentleman remarked who had just free-loaded a couple of frankfurters: "They don't give you a good ride. They just lend it to each other for comfort.

The centrifugal force went to work and in seconds everyone was thrown out of the center into the trough—everyone except Arthur who had planted himself in dead center where he couldn't see the sight of his sprawled cast. Carmel Quinn, a loyal Irishwoman, looked like she was still celebrating St. Patrick's Day—and everything that had been so clever to use green make-up.

The wheel did stop finally, and the Little Godfres retreated slowly from the contraption. Frank Parker was on his knees, holding onto his hat. Carmel looked a little better—a kind of pastel shade of green. The McGuire's were crawling out. They looked pale and they, too, had to go back to their make-up. Their mouths were O-shaped, like three icky fish in an iddy-bitty pool taking a drag on a big cigar. And Janette Davis looked like she was thinking of throwing a punch.

"And for this I came back three weeks early from the Mediterranean," Arthur was still chucking. Arthur's job was most strenuous. He kept up a running commentary of the proceedings for a full hour, with nothing in writing and nothing rehearsed. There was a chorus and a few songs. Everything was talked. Mr. G., a walking transmitter, equipped with an ingenious tiny microphone and a Budleman transmitter, a gadget the size of a pack of cigarette papers, was used, but there were still technical limitations that he had to work within. And then, of course, there were his guests.

It was no accident that the youngsters were invited from the Henry Street Settlement. The Settlement is internationally famous for its work, and Arthur has been one of its patrons for many years. All year, Arthur's efforts, through his arrangement, are for the benefit, of those boys and girls.

"Arthur made certain recommendations," Paul recalls. "The kids were to get all the sandwiches and milk and ice cream they wanted, but were to get candy and stuff only under supervision of their leaders so that they wouldn't get sick. And he insisted that a doctor and nurse be present in case of an emergency. We had a doctor and two nurses."

For safety's sake, they arranged to have a paid adult supervisor for every ten children. The youngsters were well-behaved and there was only one trying moment. Right after they arrived in their buses, at five P.M. so they would have plenty of time for the rides, they were lined up. Arthur came out to look at them and, just as he got there, the beautiful formation began to break up and the kids were scurrying off toward one of the buildings.

"The kids are getting away," he shouted to Paul.

Paul ran after them and then came back a little sheepish.

"Arthur, why you gotta go, you gotta go," he said, "and those kids gotta go."

Their first planned activity was the eating, and the conversations were rather interesting. For example:

"I'm glad it's not Liberace having the picnic."

"What's wrong with Liberace?"

"He can only play a piano. Godfrey plays anything.

At another table the youngsters were more concerned with the production budget.

"These costs Godfrey plenty.

"How much?"

"Well, it took nine buses to get us out here at fifteen cents a person and—"

"This costs more. These arechartered buses."

Actually, the tab for the kids alone was over a thousand dollars. All together, Arthur spent about fifteen thousand above his regular budget. Much of this cost went into special arrangements, extra technical assistance, lines and special transmitters and receivers for the remote. To play safe, most of the program was planned to come from the inside pavilion, a mere eleven acres, in case of rain. Even so, there was no lack of excitement. The climax of the first half-hour came on the Phantom Slide.

A slide, as you know, stands about six feet high and is a playing for children. The Panama Slide, however, rises at a 45-degree angle with the pleasant height of about forty feet. "Well, it's as high as the moon, but when you stand at the bottom and talk to someone at the top, you shudder. And the shorter you are, the better it is.

Her skirts flared up like a parachute and Arthur remarked, "Wait'll you see yourself on the kinescope, Carmel. You've never seen so much of yourself in your life."

Jan remained seated at the top, her brakes locked. Arthur noted later, "Here's a gal who flew the Atlantic Ocean this morning and reported to work, cheerful and now she can't come down a little old slide. How can you figure it?"

Everyone else climbed back up for a repeat slide except Carmel. She noted, "I've shown enough leg for one night. Husband's still waiting for it."

Then came the station break and the next half-hour started off with all of the cast riding the Steeplechase Horse Ride, after which the Park is named. The Steeplechase consists of iron race horses, with double saddles, that travel on a track similar to a roller coaster. The horses race around the outside of the building. And those kids! Carmel and McGuire sharing the same nag, won the race by better than a full length. Arthur noted wishfully, "I wish my own horses did this well."

While Arthur did the Firingaire commercial, the gang went to the shooting gallery. Phyllis had bad luck and couldn't hit anything. Arthur rejoined the gang and showed Phyllis her trouble. Her gun wasn't loaded.

They moved on to a game of skill. To win a kewpie doll, you throw baseballs through a little hoop. One kid picked up a few balls, threw them, and every one went into the hole. Wordless and almost embarrassed by his marksmanship, he moved on.
The last and most imposing spectacle of the evening was Steelechase’s Parachute Jump. This 175-foot structure, with a diameter of 34 feet, rises 355 feet above the ground. At night, the structure is illuminated by more than 2,000 lamps, each with a wattage of 100, providing a dazzling display.

There are many stories associated with the jump, some of which are told in the text that follows. The jump is a popular attraction for visitors to the city, and it continues to be a symbol of the spirit of adventure that characterizes the area.
Help Yourself to Living

(Continued from page 58)

over this shyness. He did so—and, once again, he was seated in the first row, first seat. And, the very first day, he was the first student called upon to perform—up on the stage, in front of the entire class. There was no way out. The teacher had just told the class: "Get over your bashfulness. When you're called upon to do a scene or act out a pantomime, never say you're not prepared. Just get up and do the best you can. That way, you won't build up any mental blocks."

Tod got up, shaking and perspiring, and made his painful way to the stage. At least, he didn't have to speak. The assignment was to do a pantomime on any subject he chose, and the class would try to guess what it was. Tod decided he would imitate a man hunting butterflies. Waving an imaginary net, he darted about the stage in hot pursuit of the elusive creatures. No one had the least notion what he was trying to do, and when he told the class, "Catching butterflies," they howled. Tod tried again. Only, this time, he did something no one could miss—a man swinging a golf club. The class guessed it and he returned to his seat, dizzy with relief.

"And then I noticed," Tod recalls, "that when the other students got up to perform, they were just as shy and bashful as I. We were no different. And, somehow, realizing that we were all in the same kettle gave me confidence in myself."

Tod's new-found self-confidence soon revealed a genuine acting talent, and he decided to make a career in the theater. By following his first teacher's advice—"Just get up and do the best you can"—he has not only had ten successful years in television, stage and motion pictures that can now be seen five times every week playing the male lead in NBC-TV's popular daytime drama, First Love. So that, if Tod is still concerned about shyness, it's not for himself—it's for others.

"All the sad, lonely people in the world," he says, shaking his head in genuine concern, "if they could just get over their bashfulness—the fears and hesitations that keep them apart from the rest of the world."

For the wonder to Tod, in his own experience, is not that he got over shyness to become a star of television and the stage, but that he got over shyness—and came "into contact with life." Much as he loves acting, it's only the way he meets people. The important thing is life itself. And maybe that's why, when you ask him about his career, he can remember the roles he's portrayed and the stage he's trod—not as professional milestones, but as personal ones. "That's the time I met Gloria," he'll say. Or: "That's when the baby was born. . ."

He was born on November 10, 1920, in Buffalo, New York. His father died when he was four, and his mother—a piano teacher—moved her family to Hollywood because Buffalo was "too cold." ("I've a sister," Tod says, "who's now happily married to a banker in San Francisco.")

To Tod, it is significant that he first overcame shyness, he wanted to be a writer. Not being part of the world about him, the urge was strong to create a world of his own. After his first day in the dramatics class, however, he was no longer content to observe life—he wanted to participate in life himself. Three weeks later, he was not only directing and playing the lead in a short play, but doing something about his writing by working on the school paper.

While still attending Los Angeles High School, he organized some of his classmates into a group that put on plays at a local movie house—between showings of the film. The entire company received a total of two dollars for each performance, but at least they were paid. They were professionals. And the idea had already occurred to Tod that he might make acting his career.

He continued his dramatic studies at Washington State College, where he majored in speech and journalism, then joined the Pasadena Playhouse, where he appeared in some twenty-five productions. On Broadway, he made his debut in "Quiet, Please," co-starring Jane Wyatt. Later, he acted in Maxwell Anderson's "Storm Operation." It was his role as the Brazilian admiral, however, in "My Sister Eileen," which led to a Hollywood film contract.

Although he appeared in a number of movies, none of Tod's roles was as exciting as the chance to play the "tall, dark and handsome" leading man in a Mae West stage play, "Come On, Up, Ring Twice." It was while touring with this show that he met Gloria Powell.

"I met her in Chicago," he recalls. "A friend of mine in the cast kept telling me about this beautiful redhead girl who was also in Chicago, playing in a show. She had already gone to the Pasadena Playhouse, so my friend thought the way was clear for me to introduce myself."

He did. He invited her out for coffee. And, just six months later, they were married.

Not that anything in show business is ever that simple. Tod was in Chicago when he got married, played there a bit longer. And their tours took them in opposite directions. It wasn't until they met in Washington, D. C., that they were able to "tangle in the net, et cetera." The ceremony itself finally took place in Kansas City, on January 15, 1947.

All of which explains why the Andrewses were so glad to spend the next three seasons in Dallas, Texas, acting in Margo Jones' theater-in-the-round. It meant a chance to play a greater variety of roles than would be possible on Broadway. Besides, it gave the newlyweds a chance to lead a settled life. And it was there that Tod got his first big break in the theater.

When the newly married Mr. and Mrs. Williams' "Summer and Smoke," Tod played the part of the roistering young doctor so effectively that he was asked to duplicate his performance for the New York production. Gloria joined him as an understudy in the same show.

It was on tour with "Summer and Smoke" that Tod got his second big break in which he was "married" to the female lead in "Pajama Game" and "Pants-Dollar Happy." The Andrewses were a hit. The New York Times reviewer called Tod "the best of the young stars," and the Daily News said Tod was "in a class with the best of them all."

Some time later, when Tod auditioned for the title role in the touring company of Mr. Roberts," it was necessary to get final approval from Mr. Logan before he would join the company. Only Mr. Logan happened to be in Paris, and he had only seen Tod that once in New Orleans—in a completely different kind of role. "I don't know why I was able to "tangle in the net,"" Tod says. Mr. Logan told the producer to give Tod the part.

"I asked him about it later," Tod explains. "How did he know I could do it? And he told me it was the way I said I was going to work for him someday. I was so sincere, he knew I was right for Roberts."

For the next two and a half seasons, Tod played Mr. Roberts in Paris, Rome, London, and the coast to coast and throughout Canada. In Washington, the President and Mrs. Truman, accompanied by General and Mrs. Marshall, saw the show and called backstage afterwards.

"It was the high spot of our tour," Tod recalls. "The President said that he didn't know when he had spent so enjoyable an evening as that we made him forget all his troubles."

That was in 1951—and that was when Tod was selected to read the I Am an American Day proclamation for the President at the Capitol.

Following his success in "Mr. Roberts," Tod appeared in the Broadway comedy, "A Girl Can Tell," then took over the Joseph Cotten role in "Sabrina Fair." He

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was also active in television, playing lead roles in many of the top dramatic shows. The one he enjoyed most was the title role in The Hallmark Hall Of Fame presentation of "The Life of Lord Byron." So far as Tod is concerned, however, the biggest break in his career came last April 11, when he began playing the role of Zachary James in First Love.

"Television is getting bigger and bigger," he says, "and every actor wants to grow with the medium. On the night-time dramatic shows, you're lucky if you get one to do a month. But, in daytime drama, you can be acting five times a week. And it's a wonderful training ground. I know that now, after doing five shows a week on daytime drama, whenever I appear on a dramatic show it goes like a breeze. They give you ten days to prepare a script. I'm used to one."

The difference, of course, is that—when you're playing the same role five times a week—you get to know the character and then you can relax. Tod feels particularly lucky in his present assignment because he not only knows the character he portrays on First Love, he's very fond of him. "Zach's a wonderful person," Tod says, "with great integrity and a feeling for humanity. He's striving for perfection, yet he's very down-to-earth."

But, just as an artist paints a picture and doesn't see that it's really a portrait of himself, so Tod isn't aware—when he talks about Zach—that he's also describing someone very like himself. Although he has had ten years of uninterrupted success as a leading man, Tod is still "striving for perfection." Twice every week, he attends Sandy Mizener's class for Professional Actors at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. (By accident, his partner in the class turned out to be the same girl who plays his partner on TV—Patricia Barry.) He also takes singing lessons.

"I believe an actor should work at everything," he says, "and never stop learning, never stop growing."

But the real growth, Tod insists—for he's every bit as "down-to-earth" as Zachary James on TV—must come as a person. And, once you know what you want as a human being, it's good if you can adapt your job to the way you wish to live—not vice versa. That's why, as far as Tod is concerned, from now on "the theater is just a hobby."

"It never allowed us a real home life," he explains. And, while he hopes to do a play this fall, it will have to be in New York where his TV show originates.

The "us" now includes Tod Walter, aged three. And, while young Tod would like nothing better than to go scampering about the country on ten, his parents happen to have other plans for him. "If I want him to be a good man, a good citizen," Tod says, "and that starts in a good home."

Thanks to First Love, he and Gloria can finally settle down in the kind of "permanent home" they've always dreamed of. At present, it's an apartment with a terrace in Manhattan. But, Gloria is busily scouring the surrounding country-side for a house, complete with roots—and a few trees.

For Tod, it's something new—not awakening in a strange hotel room in a strange town, called on the phone by a strange operator. Now, every morning, a red-headed youngster comes charging into the bedroom, "yelling and hollering."

"Nothing shy about him," Tod says with a pleased grin. "He won't have to become an actor to get over his bashfulness. He was in contact with life the day he was born."

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Six weeks later they were both in the library, and she thought Bill was lost in study, until he suddenly looked up at her. "How would you like to go steady?" he asked. "I feel as if it were a little matter of a couple of dates ahead that would have to be kept—or broken. "Break them," Bill said. After that, neither dated another one.

He had lost his fraternity pin and had to borrow one so they could be "pinned" in solemn ceremony, with their friends as witnesses. Bill serenaded her with "One Day at a Time," and although he had to borrow a guitar, it was too shy to sing back to him. Her knees were shaking a little, anyway.

This was in January. Mary got her engagement ring on Mother's Day. "I didn't know how prophetic that date was at the time," she says. The following February, they were married—on a Saturday—and went back to their classes on Monday, living in a room at first, then finishing their senior year in a GI barracks for married couples on the campus. Later, they moved in with Mary's folks and then into a small studio. Like many others, they knew they had to have a place of their own. The only one they could find was an old store converted into an apartment. When it rained the basement filled up with water, and he always had to take a train in, from where I lived. I admired him from afar for a couple of years, and then he graduated, before he was seventeen, and I didn't see him for a while.

Bill went down Union Road, near—by Greensfield, Indiana, but the war was on and the next year, he enlisted in the U.S. Naval Air Corps, hoping to become a flyer. Instead, he was kept at DePauw for another eight months, then sent to ground school, to pre-flight training and primary flight training. Before he graduated to advanced training, the war was over. Nevertheless, he had added his bit by singing and playing at benefits in veterans' hospitals.

When he was discharged from the Navy, he went back to DePauw to finish college, but now he had lost two years—and Mary had caught up with him. Both were completing their sophomore year. They saw each other again, but Mary was interested in a boy from Brooklyn and Bill was just interested in redressing to civilian life—until a Christmas vacation made him ask her about girls who might be interested in a date.

That first date with Mary was almost disastrous, because they stopped for a late snack and time must have stood still for both of them. They soon discovered each other. When they came out of the restaurant, they realized it was long past the hour when Mary was expected home.

"It was snowing," she recalls, "and, when we got to my house, Bill carried me from the car because I had taken off my light, open-toe slippers and was carrying them. My father was upstairs and Bill told me down. Daddy opened the front door.

I murmured, 'Daddy, I would like you to meet Bill Hayes. My father mumbled, 'How—do—you—and looked stern. 'Come into the house, Mary,' was all he said, and I went—with barely a good-night nod to Bill. But Bill telephoned the next day.

GIVE—

Strike back at CANCER

It was during his last semester that he got a chance to audition for the Olsen and Johnson show, "Funzappopin." Right after he got his M.A., he joined the show as a soloist and went to England and parts of Canada. Everywhere he went, Mary and Carrie went, too. When the show played New York, they found a small apartment near Carnegie Hall. When the show went to Florida for a few weeks, they gave up the apartment. By this time, Bill was six weeks old, so there were two children to be looked after on tour. They knew Bill had a long-range, interested television producer Max Liebman, and a more permanent home for the children began to interest Mary. Bill was working and making money, and he and Mary found a house a little way out from New York, on Long Island. It seemed wonderful to settle down for a while. Before Cathy was born, they bought a house in Greencastle, Indiana. It was beautiful, and surrounded by the family to six persons, they hope they can stay put for a long time.

Although the children swarm all over the house, especially when Bill is at home, each has his or her own domain. Each room has easily cleaned floors of linoleum with big tan and white squares and walls and doors and windows and the walls painted in light colors above. There is a huge blackboard in each room to be decorated in whatever way fancy dictates, or to be used for music, art, or arithmetic. Carrie has drawn a "Junes Beach" scene on hers, complete with ocean waves, figures in bathing suits, and hot-dog signs. This is the beach where her daddy took his first drink and where he's spent in weeks, so it was a red-letter occasion.

Little Tommy and Blanche, the housekeeper, have their own quarters. The dining room is green-walled, and hung with pictures of the children in various stages of growth. The living room is in greens and browns and tans, furnished in light-colored modern furniture. The living room is very much a family room; it's here that Bill's first painting hangs—a colorful arrangement of ships and docks.

The head of a gentle-looking brown head and shoulders, black, hangs in Bill's den, and it must be said that her style is freer than his and seems to mark the budding artist. Bill is very proud of the painting. All the children sing; presently Carrie is learning to play the piano. Cathy is the actress of the group, telling stories with a great flair.

On the cocoa-brown walls of Bill's den are a number of photographs of Bill at Northwestern, from the honorary music society, Pi Kappa Lambda—he was elected to it three years before he could afford the dues necessary for him to take up his terms. They show him as a young man, preserving and encouraging the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. His dad, sales manager for a Chicago children's department store, bought them in with the new show called Songs You Remember With Bill Hayes, guesting on other radio programs, singing at churches and synagogues, at weddings and banquets, and then finding time to take a course in opera.

(Continued from page 49)
Within a few weeks after its release, they knew they had a hit and, by late winter of this year, it was snowballing past the million mark. No one was more surprised than Bill. He had had his share of rave notices on television and on the stage, he had added acting and dancing to his talents as a singer and musician, he had worked in night clubs, had made fans all over the country among both children and grownups. But all this was nothing to what happened after "Davy Crockett" got around! Hundreds of new fan clubs sprang up, even in such far-off places as Africa. Little Carrie came home from school one day, announcing that everybody liked her because she was Bill Hayes' daughter. She had to be convinced that she couldn't trade on her daddy's name for long and had better get letters for herself.

Any schedule the Hayes household ever had was overshadowed in a few weeks, "We never did have a household in which Daddy comes home regularly at six-thirty, anything like that," Mary says. "But since 'Davy Crockett' and the new television show of Bill's, we're right back where we were when he was with Caesar and Coca and in 'Me and Juliet' on Broadway. I feed the children early most nights and wait for Bill. Once in a while, he gets home early and the family has dinner together. Sometimes, I go into New York and watch the show and we eat afterwards, but mostly Bill wants to come home when he's through with his work. We both like movies and we like to go together when he has time," she says.

When you speak to Bill of time, he answers: "Time is the thing I don't have any more!" It's true that he doesn't have much of it, but he still seems to find time for the things he really wants to do. He found time to do the juvenile lead in a summer stock production of "South Pacific," in June—with his dad making the first professional appearance of his life, in the role of one of the Navy captains—and it was difficult to tell which one of the Bills, father or son, was most thrilled by the experience. He has time for the kids, who start shrieking "Here's Daddy!" the second his car turns into their street—knowing he is never too tired to listen to them talk or to play with them. And he certainly has time for a happy home life with Mary—the girl he asked for a first date only because seven other girls had already filled their schedules and couldn't say yes!
Twice Blessed

Later, a beat-up photographer, while a learned camera job were visit, "had erased..."

No one but another photographer can make quite so much fuss about a camera, and the two women who were "kibitzing" obviously enjoyed the subject's distress. One of them handed over a card: "C. A. Novotny, Owner, The Monteur Studios, Hotel Roosevelt, Cedar Rapids, Iowa." Mrs. Novotny introduced the second woman: "Our neighbor, Louise Powell. She went to Europe with us." A trip to Europe, a photo studio, well-dressed happy people obviously neither in doubt nor up to the usual situation in which a quiz-show winner states, "This is the most important thing which ever happened to me." I asked how come. They all exchanged looks and it was Louise Powell who answered for them, "I guess you have to understand that Glad, and Charlie's always been a giving instead of the getting kind. To family, to town, to friends..."
The giving, I learned, had started in Charlie's boyhood. He was the eldest of eight children. "Dad was known through the Women's Club, "billed as Bohemian Herman." Mother was a singer. My brother Adolph and I were in the act, too, until I was seven. Then we got stranded in Cedar Rapids and Mother laid down the law. Either Dad was going to be a magician-alone—or he was going to settle down there and raise a family. "I went into the barber business."

But Bohemian Herman's heart was still in show business, and so was his son's. When the father started one of the city's first motion picture show, he was the age of fourteen, ran the projector. Making his own films came next. He got hold of a beat-up old camera and began shooting newsreels for the local circuit—and home-talent plays which he wrote, directed and filmed. Love and money supplied his drive. Love of pictures and the need for money to help support the large family. Even when he went to New York, his birthplace, to study at New York University, he worked as a doorman to send money home.

He quit school for a job with the newsreels. "It was Hollywood for me," says Charlie, "but not for long. In 29, when the studios closed down, I headed back to Iowa." With his sister as his assistant, he started a portrait studio and there met Glad Newachek, then a student at Chicago Art Institute. "I'd been home for a visit," Glad says, "and passed his window on the way to the train. There I saw these photos which were so beautifully life-like, I didn't know. They Novotnys don't dwell on the difficulties. They prefer to remember times when they helped shape some young Novotny's life. I had twin brothers, El and Ed," says Charlie. "I agreed to take El into the studio, but it turned out that Ed was as crazy about photography as I am. So Ed put one over on his twin. He got up at five o'clock that morning. I couldn't tell them apart. When El got to the studio, there was Ed, already at work. I had to find a place for both of them..."

Louise Powell cut in. "Charlie and Glad didn't stop with just the sisters and brothers. They began looking after the second generation, too. And the neighbors' kids. If you could do kids' things, they were always running in to see us, and they both turned out to be 'naturals' with a camera. When they got married, Charlie helped them find a studio in a nearby small town, then, when they had finished school, he helped them back to Cedar Rapids so we could retire."

"When you really retire," Louise Powell said, "that will be the day. You can keep busy doing things for the town more than most people can working."
The score on doing things for the town, I discovered, indicated that the Novotnys are the hosts of people who help keep things running. Charlie has been president of the Executives Club and belongs to the Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis, and a number of Masonic organizations. Glad dons the golden apron of the Masonic Club, the Eastern Star, the Red Cross. Her talent for art has been particularly helpful in the Red Cross, for she has taught occupational therapy as a volunteer in a near-by mental hospital. In addition to his serious work with organizations, Charlie also sees that his friends have fun. "I guess I'll always do a little magic," he says. To keep magic from becoming a full-time job, he has worked out a rule: "If someone just wants to throw a shindig, I charge them. If it's for the place, Charlie's for free."

Their dream, through all their busy days, had been to take a trip to Europe. They scheduled it for April, but retired January 15.

"And then," says Glad, "we sat down at home and went right back to the same old tasks. But that's how we discovered El..."

Glad's mother was responsible for that. Dropping in, one blustery morning, she found Glad painting and Charlie retouching a negative. Turtly, she suggested that, if they were going to work as hard as ever, they might at least turn on television—and she switched on her favorite program.

"I didn't take us long to become fans," says Charlie. "We noticed the way Bud Collyer could always get people to relax..."
and Janis Carter could get them to talk easily. Well, we've tried enough of that ourselves to appreciate their talent. We decided to try to get tickets for the show when we took our trip."

Louise Powell took time off from her job as office manager of her father's contracting company, to go with them. "We were all as excited as kids," she says.

Says Charlie, "I was worst. I went to the NBC ticket office and asked for tickets to Tonight. They were out, and suggested Feather Your Nest. I sort of glared at them and said, 'That's what I asked for in the first place.'"

They all felt that his fluff had been a good omen, when—at five o'clock of the day on which they had seen the show and filled out cards—Louise Hammett, the associate producer, phoned their hotel to ask them to be on the show the next day.

On the show, Bud Collyer's questions were just right. "How many baby pictures do you think you have taken?"

Charlie thought a minute, "About a hundred thousand."

"Why did you retire?"

"Well," said Charlie, "when the first babies started bringing their babies in, I thought it was time to let someone else do the job."

Glad fared less well with the quiz. "Charlie has always called me his 'armchair Ph.D.' but my head was in a whirl. I missed almost everything."

But, when time came to draw for the house—the Harnischfeger Corporation's P. & H. "Lakeside" model home—their luck changed. As Charlie held up his number, Bud shouted, "Hey, that's low!"

"That's when Charlie started looking like a small boy who had been given a big league catcher's mitt," says Glad.

The contest still had several days to run, and the Novotnys had already sailed on the Queen Mary when it ended. But Louise Hammett had arranged to radio them if they won.

Glad watched Charlie's excitement mount. She says, "He didn't say anything, but I could sense that, for some reason of his own, this was important to him. It couldn't be the house itself. We have a house. An available house could be pretty important either to Don and Ellen or to Charlie's nieces and nephews, but those kids are now able to work things out for themselves. As the days went by, I began to understand that, for some reason he wasn't yet ready to speak about this, this was very important to Charlie himself."

She found out on the day they saw a steward approach with a radiogram. Glad says, "I thought my heart would stop and, for a minute, I thought Charlie's had. He opened it and turned pale. Then he said—oh, so quietly—'Glad, do you know this is the first time anyone ever gave me anything?'"

But givers remain givers. Charlie and Glad Novotny had been too long in the habit of giving not to come back from Europe with the little thank-you gifts for Bud Collyer, Janis Carter and the members of the show's staff they had met.

And that's how they nearly "broke up" the stars and staff of Feather Your Nest. For when—on the day they came in to accept their big prize—they handed Bud his little gift, he shook and went red-faced. And Bud said, just as Charlie had on shipboard: "This is the first time anyone ever gave me anything."

So the Novotnys weren't the only ones who were surprised. They and Bud—and all the generous people associated with Feather Your Nest—had proved, once again, that gifts from the heart always bless both the giver and the receiver.

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Because of the loss of his court case, Fess decided to study law, in order to move into the state legislature, eventually, and straighten out certain inequitable state laws. He began at the University of Texas and began to pound out briefs. Halfway through his pre-law course, Fess was spotted by the drama coach, who noticed him as master of ceremonies. He might have a chance for a picture career. In any case, I could put you in touch with some actors' agents.

When he's not on the stage, Fess lives in his house in the hills north of the city. The house itself is a legend. It was built in the 1920s, and is said to be haunted by the ghosts of a former owner and his family.

Two things rouse his fury: Stupid inefficiency and bad manners. The slipshod job, slurred off out of incompetence, laziness or malice, and the use of "smile" when you mean "sneer" will, if prolonged steadily, have inspired drastic Parker action. Friends say that his anger over certain types of Hollywood waste has threatened to handicap his career, and that one group of film ads for which he forced a recall because of a misspelling of his name.

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Fess became 210 pounds of molten lava. When the other driver pulled into a private driveway, Fess parked at the curb, vaulted out of his car and strode down the driveway with fists at the ready. As Fess swung, the man slipped a knife into the left side of Fess' neck. Fess dodged, deflecting the blade—which struck his jawbone and broke. Except for this evasive action, the knife would have severed Fess' carotid artery and he would have bled to death in a matter of minutes—a fact of which the knife-wielder was well aware. He was a butcher by trade.

Fess, bleeding profusely, managed to return to his car. He was realized, as he tried to climb behind the steering wheel, that he dared not trust himself to drive to the hospital. He faced the fact that, for the first time in his life, he was likely to faint. The girl, who did not know how to drive, was helpless.

Fess strode back up the driveway and told his near-murderer, "You've got to drive, he's strong enough to carry himself." The girl, who did not know how to drive, was helpless.

"You're crazy," growled the man.
"You've got to," said Fess, getting into his adversary's car.

The man, mesmerized by Fess' courage, obligingly got in and drove twenty miles an hour, and he took several strange byways, occasionally casting an incredulous glance at his still-living passenger. Apparently lacking the ultimate savagery to do anything else, he delivered Fess—at last—to the hospital. A few moments more would have been too late.

For a final note of irony: Fess' case against the man was dismissed because the judge held that the defendant's property, a technicality which interpreted Fess as a trespasser, therefore the guilty party.

Furthermore, the man testified in court that Fess had knocked him down three times. Perhaps this testimony infuriated Fess more than all his previous sufferings. "If I hit that guy three times, he wouldn't have opened a springblade knife—to say nothing about cutting me," he observed flatly.

Now you can look smart and stylish with sensational low priced glamorous used dresses that have been cleaned and pressed—in good condition for all occasions! A tremendous assortment of gorgeous one and two piece modern styles in all beautiful colors—a variety of luxurious fabrics of rayons, cottons, gabardines, woolens, silks, etc. Expensive dresses—original value up to $400.

FREE! 2 Different Sets of Button Cards! 2 or 5 matched buttons on each card. Worth a few dollars—but yours FREE with dress order.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE COUPON!

GUILD MAIL ORDER HOUSE, Dept. 324
One of the oldest and largest mail order houses of its kind
103 E. Broadway, New York 2, N. Y.


Circle Size:

Girl's Sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14 are $5 for $2.75
Junior Miss Sizes 9, 11, 12, 15 are $5 for $3.75
Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 40, 42, 44, 5 are $3.75
Sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½, 5 are $3.75
Extra Large Sizes 46, 48, 50, 52 are $4.75

Check here to save C.O.D. fee. Send full amount with 25¢ postage.

TVR Please send FREE CATALOG FOR FAMILY

Name
Address
City Zone State

(Continued from page 37)
"Don't fence me in." Freedom and scope are as important to Fess as air. When he has a holiday, his idea of a great way to spend it is hiking through the Hollywood hills. Congested as Los Angeles and its environs are, there are still thousands of acres of semi-wild territory in the area.

One of the greatest of Hollywood additions to Fess’ life is the man who co-starred with him in "Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier"—Buddy Ebsen. Buddy, six feet three inches tall, is known to his six-foot, five-inch friend as "Shorty."

To even the most critical of Fess' friends that the laconic, deliberate Parker film style proves that Fess is "the most vital actor around."

Another gag is based upon the fact that Fess is an unpretentious man who spends his money sensibly, lives well within his means, and doesn't care who knows it.

When asked how soon he could leave for the "King of the Wild Frontier" location in Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains, he replied, "In about ten minutes." He meant it, too. Had it all figured out. He would pack his clothes, his books, and his recordings in a carton, store the carton in his car—and store the car. "I figured I could always find a furnished room when I came back to town," he opined.

This economy inspired Ebsen to say that—"in order to satisfy his wild impulses"—Fess was going to buy a red sports car, probably a Mercedes-Benz.

Mr. Ebsen was left without a joke when Fess recently bought bachelor diggings directly across the street from the Ebsen home in Beverly Hills' beautiful Benedict Canyon. Fess calls the architecture "pure modern," glories in the radiant heat installed in the floors because California seems chilly to a Texan. The house does not mean that Fess is about to get married. It does mean that he grew weary of ducking under the doorways of furnished rooms and trying to fit into apartment-hotel beds.

It also means that Fess will be close enough to Buddy for the two of them to congregate regularly to rehearse their dance routines. Both maintain that they are forging upon the sensational—Buddy has years of Broadway lights to credit it—and that Fess' version of an "off to Buffalo" is terrific.

When they were in the Great Smokies they visited the Cherokee Amphitheater, where an outdoor pageant dramatizing the tragedy of the Cherokee nation is given for three months each summer. This outdoor bowl seats ten thousand people, and the distance from outer rim to the stage is about two hundred yards.

Fess and Buddy, clad in their fringed frontier clothes, moccasins and coonskin caps, stood at the top of the amphitheater and awarded a moment of awe to the empty edifice. Abruptly, Fess left his companion and loped to the distant stage, where he went into an off-to-Buffalo while demanding in a tone that cleared the quiet air, "How's this?"

"Whimsical, aren't you?" howled Buddy.

That's exactly what Fess is. A whimsical, tall, good-looking, talented gentleman, who is good company, has a charming sense of humor and a burning ambition to succeed.

Something should be done about those eyes of Fess Parker's. They are sea-green and fringed by thick black lashes, and their glance is as gentle as the Disney people had better start giving him love scenes to do, or that avalanche of angry letters is going to descend again.

Originally, all the viewers wanted for Davy Crockett was a life. Now—just wait and see—they're going to want love.
Unexpected Romance

(Continued from page 51)
which she and Eric have created for their home on New York's East Fifty-first Street, and during the days until their first wedding anniversary, she could find the reasons for that surprise and smile about them . . . but, at the actual time, Pat admitted, she was startled. She says, "I was more mixed up than any heroine I have ever portrayed in a daytime drama. It was a time when everything seemed to be going wrong."

But her. The new year of 1954 might well have been toasted in vinegar rather than champagne. She counts up the small personal catastrophes: "Besides my radio production, I had a part in the stages of his script. The production of 'Charley's Aunt'——but, early in January, business fell off and our closing notices went up. Then, to make matters worse, I had a tooth start to abscess. I played my closing night in self-conscious misery with a swollen jaw."

Despite her dentist's efforts to check the infection, the jaw reached football proportions within two days. Pat huddled in her midtown apartment nuzzling an ice bag, eating aspirin and feeling as gloomy as the gray clouds in the winter sky.

"That would be the time an ambitious press agent chose to call me," she remembers. "He was only looking for another client, but his way of selling his services was to rave about me."

If only I would sign up with him, he would—in his words—make me 'the sexiest dame on Broadway.' I muttered something like 'Lady-like type,' but hung up. I went to the mirror, took one look at my lapsed face and buried it in the ice bag. Right then, I didn't like men."

There was an additional reason for her state of mind. Pat tells how she was in a period where it seemed every man I met was exactly wrong for me and for him. More experienced actresses tell me it always happens, like 'love.' I found it shocking. The best way I can describe it is to say that there seems to be a kind of man who is attracted by the glitter of show business but is also afraid of the shadow side. Love happens to be a little more successful in her field than he is in his, he then sets out to whittle her down to his own size. He undermines her self-confidence and belittles every achievement. He takes the joy out of everything. It's destructive and terrifying."

Miserable as she was that day, and taking the blackest possible view of everything, she had moped in pain-racked loneliness. "I tried to think of just one single eligible nice guy—someone who would be comforting when I was sick, someone who would be happy when I was happy, a man. Someone who would stand on his own two feet, do his own job well, and expect me to do the same."

Again, the telephone brought an interruption. A friend of her mother's was calling to ask Pat to meet a young man. He was a most impressive person, the woman stated, a very talented industrial designer. He was also a member of an old and distinguished Spanish-Italian family. "And, besides, he has a wonderful idea for a television show. I told him you were interested in advertising art and illustration."

Pat, at the moment, could not have cared less. "I love and respect the Countess DeSales," she says. "She and my mother worked together for the British Information Service during the war, and she now is secretary to Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. But, feeling as low as I did then, my immediate reaction was: 'What does Lillian know about a television show?'" Even simple courtesy took effort, but Pat agreed to meet him. "He must have thought I had the nastiest temper in television."

As Eric phoned, the first thing he did was to invite me to dinner. I decided I merely wanted a date. I cut him off fast and said, if this was it, I was startled. She says, "I was confused. I eked out an outline of the show to my apartment. I would not discuss it over the dinner table."

Self-conscious about her puffy face, she had been distinctly icy when he arrived, but the ever-ringing telephone turned the interview into a comedy of frustration. "First, it was my agent, asking when I would be healthy enough for new auditions. Then another agent started. And started. Next, a director called. Eric started again. Then my agent called back and, by that time, Eric had another appointment. All we could do was laugh and cry another meeting."

Pat's troublesome tooth had subsided when the appointed day arrived, but she was still suffering that drawn-through-knott—hole feeling which follows an infection. Meeting him at the door, she announced she didn't want to talk. She was tired. Immediately considerate, he had anticipated that's the case. I'll leave right away."

Pat recalls with amusement, "I remember I didn't want him to go. Just as abruptly, I said, 'I'm not that tired,' and invited him in."

At their next meeting, Eric had bad news. His client had merged with another firm, and the proposed program was indefinitely postponed. Eric asked him to go to the theater with him the following evening. Pat accepted. "It was after the theater that they went to the Oak Room. Says Pat, 'We stayed and stayed. I forgot I needed my sleep. I didn't want to go home."

By diminishing sounds, the great city marked its swing from dark to dawn, but Pat and Eric ignored them. They heard the traffic along Central Park South hush to country-lane proportions, but they went on discussing the play they had seen. Then Eric told Pat how another more aged hansom cabs draw up across the street to discharge their last loads of park-touring sweethearts. But, as the venerable horses went clop-clopping home, Eric continued to speak of his aims and hopes and ambitions in the theater. Finally, even Fritz, the sharply headwaiter, had bowed and retired, leaving the clearing up to impatiant busboys. But still the two lingered.

Pat recalls, "It was the first time Eric had told me much about himself. Because his father was a diplomat, he had spent his childhood in many countries and he had a way of making places and events come alive. I learned he had studied art, sculpture and industrial design in Italy, taken his degree in international law in Switzerland, and received his Ph.D. in philosophy from the Sorbonne, in Paris."

She had loved hearing about the rich variety of his working life. For a man in his early thirties, it was a remarkable record. In Paris, he had designed sets for a theater and high fashions for Dior, before turning to advertising art and illustration. Then the Mexican government commissioned him to "integrate American products manufactured in Mexico with Mexican styles and culture so that they were compatible with Mexican standards"——as he had quoted from the official assignment.

In 1950, he had opened a New York office as an independent designer. Later, he
joined Lippincott and Margulies, Inc., one of the leaders in the field. "Now I do a little of everything," she said. "I like packaging design, factory studies, advertising-everything that fits into the selling of a product. Sometimes, I'm even out in a supermarket watching people to see which products catch a housewife's attention."

She asked Pat, "Do you ever feel you're living a life that's separate from the life you want to lead?"

"It's hard to separate the two," said Pat. "I have to make choices, but I've been able to find a balance."

"Do you feel that your career is a part of who you are?"

"I think so," said Pat. "It's a big part of my identity."
(Continued from page 44) says, "the sponsor is going to be very unhappy if contestants don't win at least a million dollars a year.

Hal is master of the biggest cash quiz in the history of radio and TV. The $64,000 Question, Tuesday nights on CBS-TV. Hal also co-stars with Tom D'Andrea over NBC-TV, on Saturday nights, with a comedy title. The only true Hal is on the quiz, where he is expected to be merely good-natured, handsome, lovable, quick-witted, sympathetic, intelligent, likable—basically, whatever he is, anyway. But there's nothing in his contract about remaining a bachelor.

"Am I eligible? Well, I like kids and I make enough to support a thin wife and I don't have any children."

Once a week, he commutes to New York from his handsome, duplex apartment above Sunset Boulevard, in California. His readings are packed with books and records and paintings—for, besides cooking and girls, Hal's chief interests are reading, music and paintings by contemporary artists. Hal decorated the apartment, and autumn colors predominate. Most of the furnishings are massive, modern pieces built to his own designs.

Hal, himself, is a fairly modern piece, not exactly masculine, but rugged, with an athletic build. He is five-foot, five and a shade under six feet, has brown eyes and type-O blood. He has dark brown, curly hair that waves gently in gentle breeze, as do his high nose, which lists slightly. Hal's nose has been broken three times. Once during the course of his boxing career, the second time in a G.I. ball game, and the third time in Hollywood.

Women seem pleased with his looks and find fault only in that he appears to be happily single.

However, he figures he is ready for marriage. "I, Hal, am sick of being alone, and I'm coming to understand himself, a process that began some ten years ago. About this, he doesn't joke.

He was born in San Francisco. He had three sisters and two brothers. His father owned a delicatessen and they were never hard up—and never rich. His parents were very much in love. Hal does not remember a bitter argument or fight. The family spirit was fine and each of the children had respect and affection for one another. Hal recalls: "I was fifteen years old before I knew that my oldest brother and sister were really my half-brother and half-sister."

Hal got his first theatrical experience in his father's store. At the age of seven, he began mimicking the customers. His mother was a mimic, too. But only Hal got spanked—for he mimicked customers to their faces. "And I began to pick up their secret ways."

"By the time I was in high school, I could do a couple dozen dialects."

In high school, Hal wrote, directed and starred in plays and operettas. He was also a three-letter football, track and baseball. He was an amateur boxer and won most of some twenty-five fights, but decided against professional boxing. If you'll look at my records, he notes, "but you can't have everything."

In favorite subjects—such as English, languages and speech—he made good grades, but flopped in science courses. He was elected president of the student body. He says: "My family liked me but thought I was a bum. Not a real, unconditionally-guaranteed bum, but kind of a bum—because I didn't like to work."

He was always getting fired from after-school and weekend jobs. As president of the student body, he automatically got a weekend sales job in a department store. There he grew bored—out not because he mimicked customers. Actually, he was nice to the customers. He talked about football, told jokes, played with the kids. He just wouldn't sell them anything. "I wasn't an actor and only an actor," he explains.

The moment he got his high school diploma, he packed his bag and went to Hollywood. He came that way, because he wanted to follow his cousin, Irving Kumin, who was casting director at Warner Brothers.

"Well, I'm here."

"I can see that," Irving said.

Hal waited for Irving to whip out a contract—still doubtful as to whether he would sign, or just free-lance. But Irving didn't make a move, so Hal repeated, "I want it, but I don't want it in a contract."

"What have you done professionally?"

Hal gave his credits in high school and little-theater productions, then noted the dialogue. He concluded, "Now, suppose you need a seventeen-year-old boy who speaks English with a French accent, I could do it."

"Well, I'll tell you," Irving said. "If I need a seventeen-year-old boy who speaks English with a French accent, I'll get a real French boy."

Hal, slightly stunned, said nothing. Then Irving said: "I'll give you Hal's agent's name—said in a kindly tone: "Look, kid, go out and get some real experience. You're young. Don't rush it."

Hal took the advice, but he couldn't keep from rushing. He turned down a scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse and went to work in a night club with four other entertainers. They had more enthusiasm than know-how and rapidly shrunk to a quartet, trio, duo—and then there was Hal alone. Someone muttered a few un-magic words, and he was working in burlesque. He was very handsome, with a fair baritone singing voice, and so found himself singing "Mighty Lak a Rose," while the strippers stripped.

"I was very nervous," he recalls. "There I was, right out on the stage—and no one ever looked at me."

Uncle Sam came to his rescue when World War II broke out and Hal was drafted, but at the classification center, he asked to be put in Special Services so he could entertain.

"They're looking for guys like you," said the interviewing officer. "You have a fine background."

Hal elaborated a little.

"That's great. Just great," the officer said.

I know all the entertainers in Los Angeles. If you're going to stand me around here, I could do a terrific job of setting up shows."

"Finding a man like you is almost too much to hope for." Hal's letters came through shortly and he was assigned to a searchlight battery.

He was stationed in the state of Washington, and, when Christmas came along, he volunteered to prepare an hour-and-a-half show for the men. He rehearsed for a few weeks, had a few songs, wrote, directed and starred in the show. He had no other professional help, but the show was a tremendous success, so successful that the commanding general of the base invited Hal to his office. The general congratulated Hal and they
I had a long talk and Hal told the general that his real ambition was to get into Special Services. The whole staff heartedly agreed. Within a week, Hal got his new orders—for radio school.

"I had no right to be upset. I just didn't understand the Army," Hal recalls. Then, I met this other chap, Tom. He had several college degrees. He had passed the bar and practiced law. He had held several administrative jobs and was even head of the state police in one of the states. In the Army, he was a permanent orderly in the mess hall. After studying his situation, I understood the Army.

Out of radio school, Hal was returned to the Washington Woods. He got so bored among the foliage that he prayed to be sent overseas. But it was there that he began to grow.

"We went into a forest with radar equipment," he recalls. "I don't think there'd ever been a man in there before. Some of the trees were thousands of years old. It was something. It made me realize for the first time what peace is. I was there for six months. I think that was the first time I began to see I took myself too seriously."

He didn't get overseas and, in spite of a healthy green Army in its illogical way separated him in 1943 because of flat feet. Hal went to work at Station KYA in San Francisco. Here he met his partner-to-be, Bob Sweeney, who was chief announcer. After six months' experience on staff, Hal departed for Los Angeles again. He was impatient to get into big-time radio and happily got a job in a regional disc jockey slot.

Then Sandra Martin, as Sandra's private eye.

"Then Sweeney joined me," Hal says, "and it was about time we got into the big time, he told me that I'd already arrived. But he disagreed."

They shared a garret on Gower Street. They beat their heads against various walls, looking for assignments. Finally, they decided to quit the showbiz. In three hours, they wrote three fifteen-minute programs. Within ten days' time they were signed by William Morris Agency, they auditioned and transcribed their show—a live audition, and then watched their agent turn down a contract offer from a soap manufacturer.

"We were down to our last bar of soap and suffering from deficiency and dull razor blades," he means, "and our agent turned down the offer."

It had something to do with property rights. Anyway, the boys were soon guesting on network shows and shortly began an 89-week run of their own on CBS. After that they worked as singles. Hal was on the Como, Gleason, Benny and Hope shows. He played the next-door neighbor on an after-dinner show. They auditioned for network TV shows. Then the Sweeney-Marchombo was reactivated as a disc jockey team for a year and, right afterwards, Hal and Tom were on The Phil Silvers Show.

They were reactivated as a team by Donal O'Connor's edition of the Comedy Hour with their soldier routine.

In between times, Hal also worked in pictures as a writer and as an actor. He plays the warden in a picture called "It's Always Fair Weather," with Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse. He had a serious role in a recent film, "Yankee Pasha." Jeff Chandler has this to say about Hal."

"He's a lot like that Tom."

"It's Always Fair Weather," with Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse. He had a serious role in a recent film, "Yankee Pasha." Jeff Chandler has this to say about Hal."

"He's a lot like that Tom."

"Yes, and you'll find that Tom always agrees."

"We've never worked with a more talented person." "And we always get a gal around you, rather than getting tied up in yourself."

He turned his Hollywood apartment over to a friend and moved into a two-room suite in a Manhattan hotel. In the hotel, the friend was living more than his clothes, and the only thing his contribution to the appearance was an old paper clip he dropped on the writing table.

"I missed having an apartment of my own," Hal says. "I like it better than a night club. I like the kind of conversation you get in a home.

He likes either Hollywood or New York, for that matter. His cross-elastic shoulder strap has bars that yours has. Even the larger-than-average figure can have alluring separation... youthful uplift and dependable support.

He's the best man at Sweeney's wedding and is the godfather of Bob's and Beverly's child, Bridget. "They're wonderful," he says of the Sweeneys. Their respect for one another deepens from year to year, and it's reflected in Bridget's happiness.

Hal believes the reason for most unhappiness in marriage is that couples marry too young, at least before they know themselves.

"You've got to see yourself honestly. If you aren't happy with yourself, how dare you take on responsibility for someone else?

After a week of it, he felt a little foolish and finally talked it out. We agreed that, in the future, we would never let business come first.

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He’s a Big Boy Now

(Continued from page 54)
at the appointed place precisely on the dot
of 12:30. You are greeted by a pretty re-
ceptionist who ushers you into Julie’s
private office, assuring you that she’ll
be along in a matter of minutes, and please
make yourself at home. A break, really,
because this presents an opportunity
to soak up a few unscheduled impres-
isons—revealing, sly glances played on the
any you may have formed out of the sound
and fury surrounding his recent historical
hassle.

This office is obviously Julius La Rosa’s
work-studio, too. It’s situated high above
the bustle of “Ulcer Alley” and is remark-
able quieting to the senses. It’s the corner
room in a large suite otherwise occupied
by Freee and a life-long friend of the
La Rosa family and, nowadays, Julie’s at-
torney and personal manager. The furnish-
ings are modern, but not ostentatiously so.
On the west wall, a set of handsome
frames forms a fragmentary view of Man-
hattan skyline; from windows on the
other wall, you can glimpse St. Patrick’s Ca-
tedral.

Among the things you notice is one
article of furniture found in precious few
Madison Avenue offices—a spinet piano.
Near is a door-floorstand microphone, its
cable connected to a protype of the
Scherbrock recorder which rests on a side shelf. Sheet
music, marked with penciled notations, is
on the piano rack and the recording ma-
chine? No, most of these vanities and
superlatives are applied to his regular
and his recently acquired enthusiasms. It
true that he plays a pretty fair game of
Scotch, and he does it. Why, the champ! The unbeaten
Scrabble champ—at my office, that is,”
he adds, grinning. He gabs about golf,
claiming that, with a little time, he could
understand approaches a good gambit, you increase your chances for a
sure win.”

Despite the noon-hour peak, a choice
location table has been kept open for Mr.
La Rosa and guest. From other tables, a
few show-biz people signal hello. Julie
waves a friendly response and then re-
sumes consideration for the sur-
real situation. He’s switched to a very different subject: Win-
tson Churchill. There is a sense of dis-
covered, a zestful and unabashed admira-
tion in everything which Julie says about
the world-renowned figure.

“This is one terrific guy,” he declares.
“THe greatest political figure of our age.”
You venture to suggest that, here and
there, many might be found who have a
difference of opinion on that point.

“Sure, there were other ‘greats’ during
the World War Two period,” he concedes.
“But how many of them carried such a load
of responsibility over a span of so many
critical years? It’s like with the Yankee,
way back, and Joe DiMaggio. DiMag was
the spark, the one fusing force, that led to
victory.”

When it comes to the ball team
and Winston Churchill was the spark,
the fusing force that held it together.
It could have been John Doe—but it happened to
Churchill, and Churchill was great. A guy who
had a genius, a-brilliant statesman—but also a
guy for being human. It’s fascin-
ating to read about him, and I do a lot of
that. You might say, I’m col-
lecting Churchill.”

And, at this point, Julie laughs a Gar-
gantian laugh, almost doubling up with
mirth. Gleefully, he retells a Churchill
 anecdote he’d read the previous night. He
tells it well and, when you laugh heartily
at the conclusion, Julie beams his pleas-

Your reading of it is interrupted by
footsteps behind you. Turning, you are
face to face with Julius La Rosa.

“Gee, you must be about ready to flip
your hair, he says. ‘I’m sorry to have kept
you waiting.’

You explain how absorbed you’ve been,
that apologies are unnecessary. His dark
eyes light up, and his wide, wide grin is
more than apparent. He’s housed in the
TV screen. “All is forgiven—great!” he
exclaims. “I’m starved! Let’s eat!”

He takes your arm and you fall in step
with him, headed for the elevator. On
the way, he’s delightfully feminine, with
heads peaks out. Reason? Julius La Rosa—
utterly uninhibited, carefree—is singing a
few bars of ballad, and that famous bar-
ton, in his best, the ballroom.

No impromptu vocalizing inside the ele-
vator’s crowded car as it descends to street
level. Only a rapid exchange of gags be-
 tween Julie and the operator. Outside, in
the bright sunshine, Julie seeks your
approval of his suggestion: luncheon at
the Epicure, located only a few minutes’ stroll
from his office building. You readily
approve, the two of you with an ob-
ligato of superlatively-loaded chatter from
Julie. As he talks, he tosses out expres-
sions like the “greatest” and “terrific” and
the “very livin’ end!” as if he were tossing out
costumes at a Madison Avenue studio.

“Why, I’m the champ! The unbeaten
Scrabble champ—at my office, that is,”
he adds, grinning. He gabs about golf,
claiming that, with a little time, he could
understand approaches a good gambit, you increase your chances for a
sure win.”

Despite the noon-hour peak, a choice
location table has been kept open for Mr.
La Rosa and guest. From other tables, a
few show-biz people signal hello. Julie
waves a friendly response and then re-
sumes consideration for the sur-
real situation. He’s switched to a very different subject: Win-
tson Churchill. There is a sense of dis-
covered, a zestful and unabashed admira-
tion in everything which Julie says about
the world-renowned figure.

“This is one terrific guy,” he declares.
“THe greatest political figure of our age.”
You venture to suggest that, here and
there, many might be found who have a
difference of opinion on that point.

“Sure, there were other ‘greats’ during
the World War Two period,” he concedes.
“But how many of them carried such a load
of responsibility over a span of so many
critical years? It’s like with the Yankee,
way back, and Joe DiMaggio. DiMag was
the spark, the one fusing force, that led to
victory.”

When it comes to the ball team
and Winston Churchill was the spark,
the fusing force that held it together.
It could have been John Doe—but it happened to
Churchill, and Churchill was great. A guy who
had a genius, a-brilliant statesman—but also a
guy for being human. It’s fascin-
ating to read about him, and I do a lot of
that. You might say, I’m col-
lecting Churchill.”

And, at this point, Julie laughs a Gar-
gantian laugh, almost doubling up with
mirth. Gleefully, he retells a Churchill
 anecdote he’d read the previous night. He
tells it well and, when you laugh heartily
at the conclusion, Julie beams his pleas-
The talk gets back to books. How come this seemingly all-out interest in heavy-ravenous, he begins to wonder. "Why not read for relaxation?"

"Oh, but I like to read a good novel," he says. "But look—in my lifetime there's been an awful lot of history happening. I didn't participate in any of it—the depression, a devastating World War. The most momentous years of our time—and all I did was hear about it, usually from a box of spaghetti in the kitchen. I'm a big boy now. I think I can evaluate and form my own conclusions if I read a lot—history, psychology, books on philosophy, books on religious thought."

Then, with a wry look and a shake of his head, he adds, "Dig the switch. I want to attend college. I can afford it. I'm young. I have a lot of time."

Small wonder, he hasn't the time for Ivy League learning. Night-club bookings. A fifteen-minute, Monday-Wednesday-Friday network TV show (the program slot exists only by the grace of God). And other half-hour Saturday night show newly custom-tailored for him. Recording dates. Important things cooking this fall for the 1955-1956 season.

The outward aspect of present-day Julie La Rosa has all the look, all the trappings of the busy, big-time star—which, of course, is actually his status. All the frantically, without encountering problems every now and then. And I have absolutely no wish to forget the world. I come from—to forget that I'm me, Brooklynhich, New York—Julie La Rosa—to forget that my folks struggled and scoured so that their kids could be decently clothed and educated. Dad was just a radio repairman. But bless him. Mother worked in a clothing factory. Plain people. But the livin' best!

Julie fumbles for a cigarette, lights up, inhales deeply, and exhales a thin jet of smoke, his expression thoughtful.

"It happens to be in my nature to like people for what they are," he continues.

All I ask is that people have the same attitude toward me. I've been terrifically lucky on that score. The overwhelming majority of folks I've met, up and down the country, have had that kind of attitude toward me.

Income is brought to the table—American style, as per your request, and cafe express for Julie.

The demands are terrific," he says. "Every day, new faces, new situations. You find yourself moving in an orbit that's removed from the old way of life. The simple, unaffected way that belongs to my folks and my people. You have to make the guy's got to conform to the niceties—got to learn what they call the 'gracious' way of doing things. Don't misunderstand me. I'm all for it. But sometimes, well, there have been occasions when I've been made to feel just a little too aware of these things. As if placing my knife and fork down, just so, was the final criterion for judging my worth in life."

Setting opposite Julie La Rosa, you've had as good an opportunity as anyone to judge some of these superficial aspects—what he calls "the niceties." For any criterion, his self-doubt appears to be completely unwarranted.
Lois Hunt's Lullaby

(Continued from page 68)

"One of the reasons—in fact, the reason I was fearful about having a baby when we first married—was that I knew so many women who were married and had children. I felt as if I were being asked to sacrifice something important for the sake of having a family. I didn't want to give up my career."

Lois's dentist-father, Dr. Mathew Marcus, is at least partially responsible, Lois admits, for her feeling that a singing career is not exactly a guarantee of financial success. Born in York, Pennsylvania, Lois was graduated as a dental hygienist from the University of Pennsylvania. But, although it was understood that dental hygiene was to be her "life's work" and she was licensed to practice, she found little opportunity in the field.

Later, while pursuing her study of other people's mouths, at the U. of P. Lois was simultaneously mastering the use of her own mouth. For long more than one esthetic lining, under the guidance of Madame Marian Freschi, the famed Hungarian teacher, then head of the voice department of the Curtis Institute of Music, was Madame Freschi—who also received the operatic diva in the dental hygienist—who precipitated a showdown in her young pupil's life by railroad her into a full-blown concert career. The resultant critical acclaim brought a new headliner into the musical field.

This was in 1946. For a short while, Lois remained in Philadelphia, appearing regularly as soloist with Norman Black's orchestra over Station WFIL, singing in local churches and synagogues, and limiting her concert work to Philadelphia and New York.

Then, one memorable night, Philadelphia Opera Company contralto Gabrielle Hunt introduced lyric soprano Lois Marcus, thru the agency of her brother, Morton Hunt... and, after a brief and breathless whirlwind courtship, the young lovers—at-first-sight were married and went off to New York, where Morton volunteered to look after Dad, and Lois found herself in the thick of a competitive melee, pitted against thousands of hopeful young singers from all parts of the world. Lois was last to be called for the fundamentals of good singing apply in either case.

The International Lois Hunt Fan Club has hordes of members in 23 cities. All this, and more besides. Yet Lois's dad still insists that his daughter send him a dollar each year to renew her Pennsylvania State License as a dental hygienist—an item that would be put in at least fifteen hours each year painting gums and polishing molars in his Philadelphia office, to "keep in practice!"

"And I think it shows that 'this singing nonsense will ever amount to anything,'" Lois laughs, "and wants to make sure that I'll have 'a reliable source of income,' to fall back on, if need be. It was unadorned enthusiasm on a 'reliable source of income' which increased my fear of any interference with—or interruption—of 'this singing nonsense.' But I need not have worried, for I was not one of the 'falling' girls!"

"I did postpone (until the fall) my debut at the City Center with the New York City Opera Company, originally scheduled for last spring, and had the horse at back riding Mort and I enjoy so much on the bridle paths of Central Park, which our apartment windows overlook... ."

Other things I've found I've learned and ate as I've always done, if not—especially in the food department—more so! I dreamed of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches! But my pre-natal craving was not, alas, gelatin! I was out-of-season delicacy, but for food, just for food! I did eat constantly—and, I thought, quite subtly—using saccharin instead of sugar, whole wheat instead of white bread... then it was around the corner, for an ice-cream soda!"
"I went to the doctor regularly, as an expectant mother should. I went to the dentist regularly, need I say? Although I was not in need of either, the nine healthy months through, as it developed. I never felt better in my life. Not a cold or a pain or even a twinge of that bugaboo 'morning sickness.' Everyone told me I never looked better in my life.

One reason for my looking as fit as I did, during my pregnancy, was the more attention I paid to grooming than I ever did before. And to every detail. To my hair and my nails, to breathing properly—which I learned from watching 'all the way down to my posture. The way you look during pregnancy is largely, in my opinion, a matter of posture. Slump into yourself and you look slumped. Stand straight and you stand straight out in front of the stomach, and you'll even overcome that look of The Month Before!

"Nor did I wear maternity clothes until just about three months. I wore the same kind of dresses I always wear, but larger sizes, usually with big full skirts and crinolines—and faced front! Robert Q. kept telling me that my clothes were deceptive 'and that I maintain—and my husband agrees—that I proved the 'D' silhouette can be as chic as Dior's 'H' and 'A' silhouettes.

When, toward the end, I started to wear maternity clothes—almost exclusively one-piece dresses, like brunch coats—I borrowed most of them.

"Where the layette was concerned, I also relied largely on intuition, knowing how impractical I am, would surely take care of shirts and gowns and receiving blankets and such! After all, Robert had promised to take me knits diapers' and had added that, if he, a boy, would donate a totem pole—'from his large collection, I assumed—and/or a pair of his spectacles! Now that we've produced the tent, I'm going to buy Bob to fulfill his half of the bargain!

"Mort and I had fun shopping for nursery furniture, inspecting canopied cribs and baby beds, and ended up by borrowing a bassinet, done in ruffled yellow or ——gandy—which settled the nursery problem for us, because the linoleum was green, so everything was yellow and green except the baby, which was gray. The drapery fabric is a charming block print, with cartoon-like characters, toys and animals all over it. A very original idea. The draperies match the original 'do-it-yourself' idea of designing some of the designs to the wall—which we did, and it was a lot of fun. Drew the characters on a large sketch pad, blew them up, and had the drapery people exactly the same colors as in the drapery material. Having never done anything like this before, we felt a new talent had been added!

"Casual though I may sound," Lois adds, "about the layette and borrowing the bassinet and all, we were anything but carefree about preparing ourselves to be informed and fibrous. We both took the course for prospective parents conducted by the American Red Cross. Under the guidance of Miss Elizabeth J. Tiernan, Registered Nurse, we practiced on doll models, how to bathe, how to diaper, how to burp our live baby when it came. We were taught how to feed, how to hold a baby, and also learned the anatomy of pregnancy—what is going on, during the period of pregnancy, within the mother. A three-week course, two-hour sessions, two nights a week—I wouldn't have missed an hour of it. It gave me an understanding of the processes going on within me. And, the more knowledge you have, the less apprehensive you are.

"And, if we are not prepared to cope with each unexpected development in our infant's behavior and growth, it won't be because we didn't all but commit to memory Dr. Benjamin Spock's Baby and Child Care. We've even bought a French edition of Dr. Spock's book for our wonderful French housekeeper, Simone Mascot, who came to us from France only a few months ago.

"Planning for the birth of the heir or heiress presumptive is another pre-natal concern of parents today. With long waiting lists for the better schools and colleges maturing out a bid before the prospective student is born, Mort—who also graduated from U. of P. and from Temple University—and I spent hours poring over school and college catalogs. My only reason for rather highly urging the baby would be a boy is that I know of more good schools for boys than for girls!

"Nor did we have any preconceived ideas of what our son should do or be. We've always been a very close-knit family, Mort and I, and never the kind of young—marrieds who lead their own private lives. I've always felt that we'd be a happy family and a happy marriage even if we never had a child of our own. But the idea of someone new to love and to care for, well, it's going to be a grand experience.
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THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton’s intricate web tangles about her own feet as too many people get too close to the lie with which she has apparently destroyed Jim’s marriage by framing Jocelyn. But Jocelyn herself may have become her own worst enemy. Jim is not even the hope of enlisting Armand Monet on her side is strong enough to help her keep up the pretense of romantic interest in him which is so repugnant to her. CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Gil Whitney’s scheming wife Cynthia has led him to hope that divorce will soon free him to marry designer Helen Turner whom he has always loved. But Cynthia has other plans at the back of her mind, plans that may be helped by sleek Fay Granville, Gil’s new secretary. Meanwhile, wealthy Scott Chapman continues his pursuit of Helen despite her lack of encouragement. Will she be forced to turn to him in the end? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Still driven by frustrated hatred of Joanne, her former daughter-in-law, Irene Burron feels that at last she can ever break it in a particularly despicable way on her husband, who is friendly with Joanne. But when she seeks to involve Melanie Pritchard, has she taken the wrong man? As Stu Bergman and his wife suspect, Melanie is not quite the innocent Southern flower she appears. CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND Diane’s marriage to Wayne Lockwood is endangered by the antagonism of her own children—an antagonism cleverly encouraged by Wayne’s family, who happen to be one. To add to Diane’s insecurity, Wayne’s partner, Kenneth Stevens, has fallen in love with her, and the children seem much more inclined to turn to him than to their own stepfather. Can a marriage survive so many hostile forces? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Mother Burton’s activities continue to make things hard for her children as Stan, trying to run the paper by himself, continually finds her money or influence getting in his way. And Margie, too, would be coming under Mother’s influence if her husband Lew Archer, had a weaker personality or less money of his own. Has Buck Halliday come into Mother Burton’s life to stay—for better or worse? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Driven by relentless hatred—hatred that amounts to madness—Pauline continues to pyramid evidence that Peter Ames, husband of her dead sister, is unfit to bring up his own children. Knowing Pauline’s real motive is to prevent his marriage to Jane Edwards, Peter struggles to break the vindictive jealousy behind her accusations. But Pauline and her powerful family hold most of the cards. CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stella’s desperate efforts to get her daughter Laurel’s marriage back on a sound footing is thwarted at every turn by Sam Trigg and his mother, who are determined to keep Laurel from marrying anyone so that she can marry Stanley. The brief distraction offered by Janice Bennett comes to nothing, and Stella is frantic as she sees Stanley once again making advances to Laurel—advances which are not discouraged. NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE As a nurse in the Mental Hygiene Clinic, Nora Drake is no stranger to mental illness. But the man who claimed guilt for the murder of Ruth Shoemaker—the man who begged for help and then disappeared before it arrived—is a most tenacious type who she has ever dealt with before. Can she and reporter David Brown work together in this strange case? Or is David himself in some way involved? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY With the apparent recovery of Chris’s wife Linda, and her return to a semblance of normal life, Helen Emerson finds herself in a strange and compromising position. Her love for Chris makes it impossible to keep up the fiction of being a family friend, which means that sooner or later they must face giving each other what they want completely. Will Margot make it impossible for Helen to turn to Bill Fraser for comfort? CBS Radio.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS The return of her Aunt Dorrie’s girlhood friend brings an unexpected problem for Wendy in her capacity as a small-town editor with the town’s welfare at heart. For Vergie’s husband Big Jim turns out to be a ruthless operator with political and financial plans that Wendy must fight. Will this almost amiable battle between friendly enemies turn into something much nastier? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL TURNS Joan finds herself in an awkward position as she disapproves of the infatuation of her old friend, Phil Stanley, for the tempestual opera star, Clara Bauer. Distrusting Clara, Joan nevertheless feels reluctant to be honest with Phil for fear he will be misunderstood. Not so long ago she herself seemed to be the girl Phil was in love with—even though her happy marriage naturally kept him silent. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jessie Carter often thinks that being mother—and mother-in-law—to an increasing family is something like something else. She must balance continuous care and supervision with the appearance of casualness, and never allow the children to think that they are not in strange and perilous situations of their own lives. And she must keep her husband’s heavier hand from showing too plainly. What happens when she slips up? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Tracey Malone learns that a young stepmother faces one problem after another in dealing with a teen-age stepdaughter, even though she and Jill weather each crisis as it comes along. Will her past, when it emerges, be too much for the delicate relationship? Meanwhile Jerry has his own serious problems as Ted Mason’s plans to take over the Clinic approach fruition. Will Ted’s wife Marcia turn the tables? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN When Dr. Anthony Loring’s marriage took him once and for all out of Ellen Brown’s reach, she turned to Michael Forsythe with the hope that he would marry her and take her to live with him. But, now that her engagement to Michael is broken, Ellen once again finds Anthony in her thoughts—even though they are colored in a strange way by the influence of the artist, Ivan Mansfield, and his view of life. NBC Radio.
Happiness to Share

(Continued from page 57)
Beside the bed, Frank saw a battered old radio. It was Helen's only means of entertainment. With a wave of his hand and a smile, he said, "Helen's big, dark eyes thanked him for having taken the trouble to come all the way from St. Louis to visit her. "Hi," she answered.

Frank and Carl sat on the bed. He didn't sing to Helen. Rather, they sat and talked music and records all afternoon. Helen told Frank, "I switch my radio from one station to another, so I can hear station records. It was nice of you to come for a visit."

On leaving the charity home, Frank— who had been broken up inside to see the loneliness written on Helen's pretty face—learned that Helen's parents lived in Rolla, Missouri. Frequent visits to Helen were financially impossible for them. When he came back to St. Louis, Carl said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if there were some kind of organization that would go out and see Helen and others like her in my first five cents to entertain them, you know—but just sort of company?"

Frank jumped at the suggestion. "What would you call a thing like that?"

"The Friendship Club," said Carl.

That's how the Friendship Foundation of America was born. Their first title, the Friendship Club, was as the magazine cover, a similar title was already in existence. But the Friendship Foundation contained all the elements of their original idea. On their card back to St. Louis, Carl and Frank devised the following: "In the time they had these printed on cards, with their motto on one side: "Help yourself by helping others," and their creed on the other: "Resolved—to help my fellow man in any way, at any time in any way possible, regardless of race, creed, or nationality, without thought of repayment."

The creed was basic to the theme of a book by Lloyd C. Douglas, Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal, where Frank had come across as a result of his wide reading: "It is the story of a man who is finally convinced that you can be happy and successful in life by living eighteen lines from the Bible. But Mr. Douglas didn't tell his readers what the lines were. He hinted at them. But the friendships, all the friends go to the Bible and count them out. I did. I found them in the Book of Matthew—the first four verses of Chapter Six:"

"Carl and I hoped that we could plant this creed in the hearts of all our new fans. If they accepted the idea in their formative years, we thought it would do immeasurable good."

Frank had the cards sent to his prospective fans. If they felt they wanted to use it as a daily rule to live by," he says, "then they were invited to mail a registration card back, and we sent them a copy of the 'Friendship Club' card. There were no dues, nothing was required to become a member. Frank and Carl only hoped that the presence of the card would bring to the surface that basic desire in every mankind to help others."

"Thousands of cards came in, but I never knew how many members we had," says Frank. "We later got letters from thousands of them. After while, when I went on a personal appearance tour, I often met them. Seeing their age, I would look at them in surprise, saying, 'Are you a member of a Frank Laine Fan Club?' And they answered, 'No, but I do belong to the Friendship Foundation!'"

Frank's generosity, his desire to help others, have been part of his life ever since childhood. Born March 30, on Townsend Street in the heart of Chicago's "Little Italy," the oldest of seven brothers and sisters, the meaning of sharing. His parents, Anna and John LoVecchio, from the village of Monoreale, Sicily, worked hard to keep their brood banished and fed. Frank's father was a barber. He was a solid citizen and would like to be a pharmacist, or architect. His mother wanted him to choose for himself. Frank knew he wanted to sing from the first day he was able to hold enough air to carry a full note.

When he was four years old, the family moved from Townsend Street to Siegel Street, on the Northwest Side, to 1440 North Park Avenue (across from the Immaculate Conception, where he went to grammar school), to Schiller Street (a block and a half from the school), where they lived through the Depression, Frank and Philip say it didn't make any difference what street they lived on—for them, it was always a street of happiness. At the Immaculate Conception, Frank was the tallest of his class for several years, and he says, "I sang hymns. I was never a boy soprano or anything like that. I never had a solo. I didn't stand out from the crowd. I didn't have that kind of a voice, I was just average."

In his first year of high school, Frank had to give up the choir because the rehearsals took too much time—he had an after-school-and-Saturday job in a drug store that helped his family make ends meet. When he was still in his teens, Frank sang his first song, "Tom Henmahan," a polyphonic pop song for his sister, Theresa. Tony Bensou, a young professional ukulele player, was there. 'Sings' were popular in those days. We started on "My Father's Gone to War.""
mia Bella Rosa' had a plaintive lyric. As we sang, I gave myself up to the song. I had tears in my eyes, the girls were all crying—and everyone else stopped singing. It was just one of those things. That is how my solo singing really started. After that, every time we went to a picnic or party, they used to call on Tony to play and me to sing."

Frank loved to sing. It was one way he could give himself of generously. When he was eighteen, Frank was a regular at the Merry Garden Ballroom on Chicago's North Side. One Sunday afternoon they urged him to take a crack at singing with Joe Kanyer's orchestra. Songs like "The Cuckoo" and "Old England Moon" were popular at that time. Kanyer's band was filled with now-famous names: David Rose, Muggsy Spanier, Gene Krupa. Frank went to the party the start. He spent every spare moment after that at the Merry Garden. To Frank, who loved to give, singing was sharing.

Frank's first singing paycheck went to "To the Man who Never Was the Heart of the Depression," he says. "My dad was earning $26 a week. We were so close to going on relief it was heartbreaking. This is how I think of the time. We didn't want to happen. We did go on relief once—for two days—and Mother was frantic with shame. So Pop said, 'To heck with it,' we'll starve first. We could have had relief, we wouldn't accept anything. That's when I happened to sing as guest at a marathon."

The marathon was staged by Eddie Gil- marten at the Merry Garden. Frank was numb with fear. He started on "Beside an Open Fireplace," but the first few bars were sung out of habit. "When it was over," says Frank, "I was greeted with an
ominous silence. I thought I was a goner. I walked toward the exit—it looked to be miles away. Then, when I reached it, the roof fell in. Everything was back for a encore. I sang another, and another, and then another. Some instinct told me to get off while I was still ahead. I did." But the applause rolled on.

The marathonons of the Thirties were especially designed for Frankie Laine, a man who liked to sing, who liked to give himself to an audience. There were two ways to make money in a marathon," says Frank. "To compete in the walkathons or danceathons, or to entertain—sing, dance, or tell jokes. The shows lasted from 8 to 12 P.M. The audience, coming to see the money to the performers entertaining in the ring. Those of us who weren't in the marathon at the moment picked up the coins, handing them over to Frank. For example, my turn came to sing 'Beside an Open Fireplace' and, if they liked me, the money would shower on the floor. The other kids picked it up, turning it over to me. If I was lucky, I had an encore, and the copper shower was repeated. After my turn, I picked up for the other kids."

Eddie Gilmartin opened a new marathon in Baltimore in 1931, inviting Frank to go along as a contestant. "He promised that, if I didn't last as a contestant, he would give me a job after the marathon," I lost my partner after six days, was alone in the contest for ninety days, then got another partner, and finally wound up winning the thing. I was left home on my own. A month later I hurt my knee, and came back three and a half months later with $4800! When I came home with this money—or I should say because of the money—Lo Vecchio had a New Orleans Mardi Gras on Chicago's North Side."

After a rest, Frank followed the marathons from Baltimore to Floral Park in New York. As Atlantic City, New Jersey was a result of the hot and cold work in New Jersey, Frank came down with a fever of 105. But he continued to work, for he didn't want to lose the $4800. And he finally, he had to go to bed to rest, making his partners promise to wake him for the evening's work. But they let him sleep. When he awoke, a day later, he was out of the running.

The management carried Frank while he recovered. Later, in Atlantic City, he won the walkathon, setting a world's record of 3,501 hours. As a result of this, he was given "grinds," said Frank. "We ate eight meals a day. We burned up so much energy we had to eat every three hours. During that contest I put on twenty pounds."

Frank's record of 3,501 hours lasted for eight years.

In January, 1936, Frank left the walkathons for a job with the Atlas Powder Company, as shipping clerk, because the "grinds" were getting too tough." As Frank says, "the energy was a factor, and the physical endurance part became more prominent. Finally, you had to be an Atlas of strength yourself to wind up with prizes."

When the war ended in 1945, Frank was let go. He was out of work. Then Al Jarvis took up another interest here, and gave him a fifteen-minute "live" section on his disc-jockey show. Jarvis invited Frank to share his Garden of Allah apartment, and Al took Frank to sing on his Sunday hospital tours. "We visited every hospital in California within a one-day-up-and-back bus ride."

The added experience again made Frank think that success was in the offing. Then one rainy night, with his last forty dollars in his pocket, he was held up. It was a dark moment in his life. Frank walked through the night and went to Billy Berg's, a small club, in search of a bit of cheer for his spirit.

Billy Berg's was a Vine Street club frequented by musicians and show people. Frank sang for them before going to the garden. That night, he sang for a plate of spaghetti—and wound up with a paying job. When the applause died down, Hoagy Carmichael said to him, "Come through the club, Billy Berg."

"That was a big break," Billy said. "I sang all the old songs and nobody paid any attention.

One night I made an announcement—I was going to sing a brand-new song. The house got quiet and I gave out with the number I'd heard six years ago, 'That's My Desire.' It wasn't new when it came out, but it was old. It was revived in 1940 by June Hart, it wasn't a hit. But I couldn't forget it.
While at Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove in 1948, Frank was introduced to actress Nan Grey. He was thirty years old. A year later, they met again at a friend's house. And a year after that—June 15, 1950—they were married.

Nan's two daughters by a previous marriage were four and twelve years old, respectively. Immediately to Frank. He's proud of the fact they call him "Daddy." Their reactions to his TV show, however, are another story. "One night, I approached "Mama Girl," they asked, "Daddy, why did you do that song? It's corny." Frank explained it was an "adult" number. He had to sing a variety of songs for his audience. "Sometimes," he says, "they don't like a song until after I explain why I sang it. And sometimes they don't like it even after I explain it."

Frank is a generous and sensitive husband and father. Though he still makes many personal appearances, when he's at home, Frank's time belongs to the family. His hobbies are hunting, riding, and golf. Much of his time is devoted to teaching his daughter how to putt. As for himself, he says, "My golf is not a threat to Bing."

Frank owns one horse—a palomino. He has another waiting in the wings. Like Bing, Frank said, "I don't give a hoot about the freedom and excitement of riding. When he was still working his way to the top, "going riding" cost too much—several hundred dollars a week."

Six years ago, as soon as his success had been earned, he bought the palomino. He keeps it in Chad's Glendale Stables. He rides when he can. The palomino may be a revelation to you, but I'm not sure. At least Frank is a fantastic horseman. Frank shares many interests with his wife, Nan, the most important being her interest in interior decorating and antiques. When they were first married, Nan sometimes traveled with Frank on his personal appearances. "We traveled by car," says Frank, "from New Orleans to Chicago. I don't have to tell you that New Orleans is a paradise for antiques."

Nan loaded the car so full I had to watch the bridge and overpass markers to make sure we could drive under. Well, it wasn't Nan Grey's way, but I didn't object. Before I knew it, I told her, "If we keep this up, we'll have to open a store." She turned to me and said, "Well, so we did." It was because of the store, questions came up like, "How should I paint this?" and "Where should I put my sofa?"

Soon Nan was so busy with interior decorating, she didn't have time to shop for stock. So we sold the store. Nan now has her interior decorator's license, is working with Wallace McDonald, Beverly Hills builder.

Frank's life was saddened last year when his good friend and accompanist, Carl Fischer, suddenly passed away. They had been together for ten years. Frank and Carl met accidentally through a mutual interest in ponies. Frank was known as "boy who sings and writes music, meet a guy who writes music." They were inseparable from the start. Frank has one condition: "We like one another's generosity of heart and sensitivity. They had the same tastes in music and together wrote both popular songs ("We'll Be Together")."

Then Frank goes on, "When you're In Love)," and semiclasical music (such as "Reflections of an Indian Boy"), Victor Young orchestrated and scored "Reflections," conducted it with the Cleveland Symphony last August. It will be recorded by both Columbia Records and Decca.

Frank feels that Carl was the greatest influence in his professional and personal life. Typical of this relationship was Carl's First Birthday. They were celebrating their meeting with young, bedridden Helen Maysey. He had, in essence, crystallized and made clear to Frank a philosophy he was to live by. "Carl's been living all his life. Carl's passing left a gap in Frank's life. Though he doesn't tell of it, Frank has arranged for Fischer's widow and her two children to share in the Laine financial support."

Frank lives his generous philosophy every day of the one. One of his habits is to search out young, new talent and encourage it. He is ready to succeed. Bobby Milano was one of his "finds."

In 1948, Bobby Milano (then Charlie Caci) came to She's Theater in Buffalo with his brother, Frank. His brother persuaded me to put him on the bill. I had never seen him perform and, frankly, I was afraid that if I were to break the contract, I'd lose him. But the brother wouldn't give up. He stayed in the dressing room and, every time I came in, he'd say, "Please, Mr. Laine, I'm the brother of the musical sensation."

I finally said, "All right." Charlie went out, doing an imitation of me singing "Baby That Ain't Right." It tore the house down. He was sensational, all right.

But he was too young. I told him when he was 17 or 18 to come and talk to me. A few years later, when Carl passed away, I ran into another accompanist I'd known for years, and I told him about Bob and John Al said, "Frank, there's a kid living at my house you ought to hear."

"What does he sound like and what's his name?" I asked.

"Bobby—he sounds like nobody. He has a style of his own, although he does a pretty good imitation of a lot of people—including you."

"He's here? Is he from?"

"Buffalo."

"You don't mean Charlie Caci, do you?"

"And he said, 'Yes.'"

So Frank brought Bobby Milano—formerly Charlie Caci—under his wing, as promised. He sent him to his vocal coach, Lillian Goodman, arranged to have Betty Hutton hear him, and Betty persuaded Al Livingston, the head of RCA Records.

Frank carries his proteges—such as Bobby Milano, Jerri Adams and Sue Clausen—as long as they need to be carried. It's not just for singing lessons, sometimes their professional wardrobe, oftentimes plane or train fare to benefits—everything that is needed, from gowns to grooming, shoes to singing lessons and expensive 'expensive' expenses they have gone over $5,000. When they're ready he tries to get them either a recording contract or a guest shot on a TV show. But what he would like to see is their own experience and his own time to help these youngsters along. He asks nothing in return. He admits, if they would like to return, "Be sure to let me know. They're successful he would accept it—but nothing more—and only because it will give him the opportunity to help someone else up the ladder.

Frank is an idea man. He's simply a reflection of his own basic philosophy of life, a philosophy written out on the little card he carries in his pocket: On one side, "Help yourself by helping others"—and, on the other, "Resolved: To help my fellow man in any time or any way possible, regardless of race, creed, or nationality, without thought of repayment."
Beautiful Hair

BRECK HAIRDRESS IS OFFERED IN COMBINATION WITH A BRECK SHAMPOO

Breck Hairdress, a cream lotion, keeps hair lustrous and manageable without an oily appearance. Breck Hairdress helps condition dry, damaged hair, making it soft and easy to arrange. It may also be used to set the 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. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, shining and beautiful.

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PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING!

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BEST FOR YOU!
Very young beauties have it—so can you! Yes, the milder your soap, the more your skin will look like hers. A simple change to regular care with her pure, mild Ivory leaves your skin deliciously clean, so soft and healthy-looking. That Ivory Look becomes you, too!

Wash your face with pure, mild Ivory...mild enough for baby's skin and so right for your complexion, too.

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!
New! Doctor’s deodorant discovery now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

This Seal certifies that New Mum with M-3 won’t irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

The roast is almost done, the table’s set, and she’s whipping meringue for his favorite pie. Suddenly, he’s home!

But this busy, pretty wife is ready for that bear-hug any time. She uses New Mum.

This doctor’s deodorant discovery now contains M-3, an invisible ingredient that keeps on destroying odor bacteria 24 hours a day.

New Mum is all-day dependable—used by more fastidious women than any other deodorant. Contains no harsh ingredients—will not block pores or irritate normal skin. Creamier New Mum is fragrant, gentle, safe for prettiest fabrics—stays moist in the jar.

Buy New Mum today at any toiletry counter—it’s that milk-white jar with the bright red cap.

New Mum® Cream with long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene)

Proved in comparison tests made by a doctor. A deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. Yet, New Mum with M-3, tested under the other arm, stopped odor for a full 24 hours.
she's popular!

Because she comes into contact with so many people, she relies—naturally—on internal sanitary protection. She mightn't put it in so many words, even to herself, but there's lots about the bulky belt-pin-pad harness that is definitely repellent to fastidious women. The possibility of odor, for example. Or bulges. All the difficulties and problems, in fact, that Tampax eliminates for good and all!

she's a leader!

She was the first in her set to turn to Tampax. Nobody urged her, nobody advised her—she made up her own mind from an ad such as this. Every Tampax advantage seemed to her logical, true—and desirable. The way it ends disposal problems. The fact it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Even the pleasant discovery that you can wear it in your shower or your tub. (And many women do!)

she's a Tampax user!

She wouldn't go back to "all that other rigmarole" (as she puts it) for the world. As she tucks a Tampax package in a corner of her suitcase, or puts a few spares in her purse, she's even grateful for the small size and inconspicuousness of Tampax. You can get your choice of 3 absorbencies of Tampax (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Why not do it this very month? Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

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A Full Life (Rosemary DeCamp) by Fredda Balting
Ethel And Albert (Peg Lynch and Alan Buncen) by Martin Cohen

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Cover portrait of Tennessee Ernie Ford by Gabor Rona of CBS

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OCTOBER, 1955

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STORY WOMEN'S GROUP
She adored him from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him... and she didn’t know why.

She had adored him from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him... and she didn’t know why.

What she didn’t realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but they’ll get you nowhere if you’re guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

No tooth paste kills germs like this... instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it’s easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

**Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath**

4 times better than any tooth paste
WCBS star Bob Haymes' varied and eventful life has been sprinkled with stardust and shows every promise of bigger and better things to come

By ELLEN TAUSSIG

In his office at WCBS, Bob and his assistant Charlotte Lord discuss latest song recordings—including some written by Bob.

He and accompanist Sy Mann were in the Cavalry at the same time, but only met 5 years ago at WNEW.

A MAN and His

AMID the frantic hustle and bustle of the show-business world and its inhabitants, it is refreshing to meet someone who tries and, for the most part, succeeds in leading a comparatively normal, well-balanced life. Such a person is Bob Haymes—singer, actor, composer and all-around good fellow who for half his young life has been active in all phases of the entertainment fraternity.

Currently, Bob entertains Station WCBS listeners twice daily with The Bob Haymes Show, from 8:15 to 9 A.M., and Melody In The Night, from 10 to 11 P.M. On the morning show, the mood is bright and breezy as Bob spins records, gives the time and weather, sings a few songs, and chats with his gifted accompanist, Sy Mann. On his evening show, Bob sets a quieter, mellower pace with soothing instrumental and vocal recordings.

Though young in years, Bob has had extensive experience in movies, night clubs, on Broadway and in radio and TV. During his thirty-two eventful years, he has also managed to see a goodly part of the world, and says, “I never like to get in a rut.”

Born in White Plains, New York, Bob was two when he and his mother and brother Dick moved to Paris. Bob’s mother, formerly a concert singer, had entered women’s fashions and soon became one of Paris’ leading couturieres. Bob received his early education in France and Switzerland, and spent some time in England. Returning to this continent, he finished his education at Loyola School in Montreal. Then, at seventeen, he set out to become a singer.

Having been coached in singing by his mother, Bob landed a job with Carl Hoff’s orchestra in Armonk, New York. In the next few years, he appeared throughout the country, with Bob Chester, Orrin Tucker, George Hall and Freddie Martin. During his singing stint with Freddie Martin at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, Bob was asked to make a screen test for Columbia Pictures. The result: leading roles in some 25 movies, including “Over 21” with Irene Dunne, and “Cover Girl,” with Rita Hayworth. At the same time, Bob carved his niche in radio circles, starring on his own network show, Sunday Serenade, and Sealtest Village Store. The Army interrupted Bob’s career in 1942, and

On the go from sunup to sundown, Bob has found his own ways and places to relax. Like Bob himself, they’re unusual.
he became a member of the U.S. Cavalry. After a year and a half, however, an injury landed him in the hospital, and he was later discharged.

Moving to New York, Bob took a turn on Broadway, appearing with Grace and Paul Hartman in "Angel in the Wings." Next, he turned his talents to writing—composing songs, and writing special material for stars such as Eddie Cantor, Vic Damone, Eileen Barton, and his brother Dick. In 1949, Bob briefly resumed his night-club singing, then in 1950 returned to radio with a series of programs for Station WNEW before joining WCBS.

Nowadays, Bob pursues a multiplicity of interests. In addition to his radio shows, he has been writing the Julius La Rosa Show seen on CBS-TV, and continues with his song-writing. Two of his newest songs, "Pass It On" and "Let's Stay Home Tonight," have been recorded by La Rosa.

Although he works hard and steadily throughout the week, Bob insists on time off for the weekend. A natural athlete and lover of the wide-open spaces, Bob feels "You really aren't living unless you're outdoors." Two other loves are his Model A Ford and flying. A good mechanic, Bob always had a hankering to take an old car and fix it up and, since last February, he's been doing just that with his Ford. Paradoxically, Bob also owns his own plane—which he calls Tom Swift—and likes to get up into the wild blue yonder once or twice a week. On vacations, Bob flies himself down to the Caribbean, where he has part-ownership in a boat and goes fishing and skin diving. And, although he has a bachelor apartment in the city, he says, "If I didn't have to get up so early in the morning, I'd certainly have a home in the country."

Although he has spent most of his life in the show-business spotlight, Bob says he would eventually like to concentrate on writing songs and shows—because it comes easily to him, and because he feels it isn't as nerve-racking. This is but one of Bob's many dreams, which include a home of his own, more travel, more songs to be written. And, no matter what Bob wants, his eagerness, drive and all-around a-star seem certain to gain for him his goal, for he is one young man who knows where he's been, where he is—and where he is going.
The fall TV season is about to begin, and there are many new and interesting shows on the 1955-56 network schedules.

NBC: More than seventy-five mammoth productions have been set for NBC-TV's "Spectacular" series this year, embracing the entire field of entertainment. "The Skin Of Our Teeth," with Mary Martin and Helen Hayes, will be presented September 11, followed by a musical version of "Our Town" on Monday night, September 19. Frank Sinatra stars in the Thornton Wilder classic, in the role of the narrator, and Eva Marie Saint will play the girl. This will be her first singing role.

Max Liebman's first spectacular this season will be a musical based on Heidi, to be presented Saturday night, October 1. Starring in the immortal children's story will be Ezio Pinza, English comedienne Jeannie Carson, Dennis Day and Pinky Lee.

Perry Como tees off his new Saturday-night, hour-long show on September 17. It will feature a rotating list of guest stars, and plenty of music.

Variety will be the word on Tuesday nights, with Milton Berle and Martha Raye alternating most weeks. Also set for the same Tuesday-evening time during the season are Bob Hope—who is to do six shows—and Dinah Shore—who has been signed for two.

Do-It-Yourself, which was a popular Sunday-night half-hour on NBC-TV this past summer, has been given a fall daytime berth on Saturdays, beginning September 24. Cliff Arquette and Dave Willock are co-starred, and the comedian-hobbyists will demonstrate how to make everything from a jungle gym to a shower curtain, with laughs tossed in with the instructions. (Continued on page 22)
DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A CLEANER, FRESher COMPLEXION... TODAY!
GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!
Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and makeup. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!
Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!
2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE Cleans CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method:
Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute without irritation.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!
She’s shooting for Stardom

Philadelphia beauty Shirley Forrest has parlayed hard work and talent into an increasingly successful career.

Shirley (with Louis, WPTZ’s hair stylist) practices what she preaches, finds her work inspiring because it helps so many.

Every career-minded person has his formula for success, and lovely Shirley Forrest is no exception. Shirley has mixed the tangible—hard work—with a bit of the intangible—luck—to become a star on two TV stations, with a dual career in fashion and singing. At Station WPTZ, Philadelphia, Shirley presides over Charm Headquarters, Saturdays and Sundays at 12:15 P.M. Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., she presents Beauty And Fashions on WPTZ-TV, Wilmington, Delaware. Both programs are designed to educate women of all ages in the ways of charm, beauty and fashions. Guests include famous models, fashion coordinators, show-business stars, as well as viewers. Shirley proves herself an expert in the field, too, as with ease and grace she demonstrates beauty techniques and comments on fashions. . . . The other half of Shirley’s career, operatic singing, is displayed on WPHH-TV, Sunday evenings at 7:30, on Opera Workshop, which features light and grand opera. Shirley fencées the program and often takes a lead role. . . . A native of Philadelphia, Shirley showed a love for music at an early age. She began taking singing lessons her senior year in high school, and paid for them by modeling. She also worked her way through the University of Pennsylvania—where she majored in German—doing TV work, modeling, and lecturing at the Philadelphia Modeling School. Her first TV break came in 1951 as a result of placing in the finals of the Miss Philadelphia Contest. Still only a sophomore in college, Shirley became “The Magic Lady” on WEIL’s Let’s Have Fun At The Zoo. Highlighting her senior year was an exciting trip to Jamaica to narrate and star in the featurette film, “Dream Island.” Since graduation, Shirley has plunged full speed ahead with her career. For her beauty and fashion shows there are models to audition and train, guests to interview, mail to answer, and numerous rehearsals. Then there are singing lessons in New York, personal appearances at women’s clubs and fashion shows. “I love my work,” Shirley says with eagerness, “and have the incentive to try to go further in my two careers.” Then she adds, with a twinkle, “Marriage and children, of course, are important, too, but I still have plenty of time.” Judging performances past and present, it seems likely that, whatever Shirley Forrest wants, she will get—and justly deserve.

Shirley lives at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Feldman. They had once wanted Shirley to be a teacher, but are now very happy and proud of their daughter’s success.
New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle...can't dry hair!

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! For the instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action, it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!

You'll enjoy the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful feeling, luxurious lather that feels twice as rich, and is twice as rich. Busy lather that actually polishes your hair—brilliantly. A sensational new Helene Curtis beauty discovery!

When your hair sparkles, you do! Make your hair your loveliest feature...soft as summer clouds and shimmering like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle—Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Sounds wonderful? It is! Try it and you'll agree. 29¢, 59¢ and $1, everywhere!

What manageability! What a joy to set! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place...luscious deep waves...softer, lovelier than you ever hoped they'd be!
"Goodnight, Sweet Dreams," which is very reminiscent of "Goodnight, Irene."

Lillian Briggs is an exciting new singer just signed by Epic Records. For her first release she sings "I Want You To Be My Baby" and "Don't Stay Away Too Long," with O. B. Massingill's orchestra. Lillian's style is a little like Kay Starr's and, incidentally, she is also a fine trombonist.

The "King of the Mambo," Perez Prado, has recorded a new album called "The Voo Doo Suite." It's a Prado composition, done in four movements, and quite unusual, to say the least. (Victor)

Dean Martin may be feuding and fighting with his partner, Jerry Lewis, but he certainly sounds relaxed on his new album, "Carolina in the Morning." Accompanied by Dick Stabile and his Orchestra, Dean croons a whole slew of Southern-type standards, including "Mississippi Mud," "Basin Street Blues," "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," and others. (Capitol)

Dean has also waxed a cute duet with the French chansoist, Line Renaud, called "Relax-Ay-Voo," and it could be a big hit. On the backing, Line and Dean revive the popular oldie, "Two Sleepy People." Dick Stabile's orchestra provides the music on this, too. (Capitol)

"Harp Magic" is the name of a new album by Robert Maxwell, one of the finest harpists in the country. Accompanied by a large orchestra, Maxwell plays such lovely standards as "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," "Prelude to a Star," and "In a Sentimental Mood." He also does a magnificent solo of "Clair de Lune." (M-G-M)

Capitol has produced a big, new album of "Oklahoma," taken directly from the soundtrack of the about-to-be-released movie. It features the film's stars—Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson and Charlotte Greenwood—singing the Rodgers-Hammerstein score.

"Satch Plays Fats" is a new Columbia album. Translated, it means Louis Armstrong and his orchestra play some of the tunes written by his late friend, the talented Fats Waller. In its inimitable style, Satchmo does such wonderful oldies as "Honeysuckle Rose," "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "All That Meat and No Potatoes."

Don Cornell's record of "The Bible Tells Me So" has been a big smash, and Kay Armen hopes to win honors with her version of the same song—which, incidentally, was written by Dale Evans (Mrs. Roy Rogers). Kay gives it the beat interpretation, complete with hand-clapping background. On the reverse she sings a religious ballad, "I Wonder When We'll Ever Know" (The Wonder of It All). Kay gets good support from Joe Lipman's orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers. (M-G-M)

"Tonight at Midnight" is a new instrumental album of all standards, with fine arrangements by Don Costa. The piano solos are by a fellow named Steve Allen. (Coral)

Victor is releasing a fabulous collector's special in "The Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band." They have done up five 12-inch LPs in one deluxe package, all taken from newly-found tape recordings the late Miller made while he was in service. You'll feel nostalgic at such tunes as "G.I. Jive," "In the Mood," "Suddenly It's Spring," "Begin the Beguine," and dozens of others recorded by Miller's big band.

That does it for now. I'll be seeing you again next month from New York.
Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Blithe Spirit" hairstyle. No nightly settings are needed.

Soft, natural from the start...that's the "Soft Talk" hairstyle after a Bobbi. And Bobbi is so simple to give!

NEVER TIGHT, NEVER FUSSY

Softly feminine hairstyles like these are yours with a Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls.

If you dread most permanents because you definitely don't want tight, fussy curls, Bobbi is just right for you. This easy pin-curl permanent is specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

Bobbi gives a curl where you want it, the way you want it—always soft, natural, and vastly becoming! It has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair.

You pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out...immediately you'll be happy with your hair. And the soft, natural look lasts week after week. If you like softly feminine hairstyles, you'll love a Bobbi.

Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Confection" hairdo. And the curl stays in—no matter what the weather.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. 31.50 plus tax.
Pantomime Quiz provides performers and viewers alike with unlimited merriment

**FUN for ALL**

On and behind the scenes: Above, guest Rudy Vallee leaps into action and acts out a "stumper" for his team while the opposing team beams as the seconds fly by. Below, Rudy joins producer-emcee Mike Stokey (seated at table) and the regular panel members (left to right, around Rudy and Mike), Hans Conried, Dorothy Hart, Jackie Coogan, Carol Haney, Robert Clary and Rocky Graziano, in a pre-show discussion. Says Mike, perched cozily beside a CBS-TV camera: "The personalities who make up our teams have as much fun as the home audience, and often ask if they can come back!"

As a student at Los Angeles City College, Louisiana-born Mike Stokey was active in the dramatic club. One of the group's favorite pastimes during rehearsal breaks was playing charades. Always a fellow with a headful of good ideas, Mike decided the game would be a natural for television and presented his suggestion to a Hollywood station. They agreed with Mike and, in November, 1947, Pantomime Quiz was born. Today one of the oldest and most popular TV shows, Pantomime Quiz and creator Stokey can boast a fine record. In 1949, the show won an "Emmy" as TV's most popular program, and Mike was voted TV's Outstanding Personality. The next year, Mike was voted TV's Favorite Quizmaster and his brainchild was named the Best Live Show. . . . No newcomer to show business, Mike has spent most of his career—except for four years in the Air Force—announcing, writing, directing and producing radio and TV shows. Pantomime Quiz—seen on CBS-TV, Fridays at 8 P.M. EDT—is, of course, his all-time favorite and proves what Mike has always said—that "actors like to act for fun, as well as money."
INTRODUCING NEW

Palmolive Soft Shampoo

100% NON-ALKALINE! Will not dry or devitalize hair!

Agrees with the Healthy, Natural, Non-Alkaline Condition of Scalp and Hair!

Over Twice as much for your money as other Leading Shampoos!

Curls are Softer! Easier to Set! Stay-Set Longer!

Special Offer! So You'll Get acquainted Fast! 30¢ Off on Giant 12 oz. Size

Regular Price 89¢ Yours Only 59¢ While Offer Holds

We offer this big saving because we know—once you try Palmolive Soft Shampoo, you'll always use it. Tell your friends! Hurry! Regular 89¢ price (even that's a bargain) comes back when limited Special Offer supply is gone.

Today... Get New Palmolive Soft Shampoo!
7327—Crochet roses in color to decorate this unusual doily. They stand up in life-like form against their lovely background. "3-D" doilies: larger, 22 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller, 13 inches. 25¢

584—Protect and beautify your fine furniture! Feathers in a fan shape add interest to chair or buffet. Use No. 30 crochet cotton. Directions included. 25¢

7046—Sew this pretty party dress with puffed sleeves, embroidery icing. Child’s Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery. Size: 25¢

7285—Colorful rickrack and simple crochet stitches make this pretty cover doll. Keeps mixer clean. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery, directions. Use No. 30 crochet cotton, rickrack. 25¢

7248—He’s a doll—he’s a ‘Jama Bag. The children pop their P.J.’s into the slit in front. Bunny snoozes on their beds till night-time. Two flat pieces plus round stuffed head. Pattern pieces, transfer. 25¢

667—Crochet this shell-stitch jumper of knitting worsted. Wear it over blouse for daytime; for evening, trim with metallic-thread-flowers. Directions for crocheted jumper. Sizes 12-14, 16-18 included. 25¢

7392—For TV relaxation—make yourself ballet and boot style slippers. Transfers, pattern pieces, directions. Sizes Small, Medium, Large, Extra-Large included. Use velvet or quilted fabric, trim with embroidery. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
SMART GIRLS NEVER GO OUTDOORS WITHOUT IT...

Helene Curtis spray net

Going places? Keep your hair in place the SPRAY NET way...it's such a joy!

Whether you're working, playing, shopping...we can take one worry off your mind. Your hair! A whisper of Helene Curtis SPRAY NET will keep it just the way you set it...soft, natural, and in place the whole day through.

For Helene Curtis has found a way to put "holding quality" into a hair spray without making you hate the feel of your hair. It's the wonderful, wonderful spray that leaves no stickiness whatsoever.

A pretty hair-do will always pick you out of the crowd. Smart girls never go outdoors without Helene Curtis SPRAY NET—it's America's favorite hair spray because it really is the best...in every way.

3 SIZES: New 69¢ size, Large $1.25, Giant $1.89—all plus tax

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion

Now There Are Two Fabulous Formulas

New SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET, without lacquer, gives hair gentle control.

REGULAR SPRAY NET for more elaborate styles, harder-to-manage hair.

When You're Late For A Date...

Just set your pin curls with Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. They'll dry in minutes!
“Gorgeous Gussie” Moran,

...tennis star turned sportscaster, proves she’s still the most popular

GLAMOUR GIRL OF SPORTS

HAVING stood the tennis world on its collective ear by wearing lace panties on the staid Wimbledon courts, Gorgeous Gussie Moran this year did likewise to the baseball world and inspired a Brooklyn bard to write: “Baseball was a matter of facts/ And figures and statistics;/ Now that Moran is in the clan/ It is naught but feministics.”... The kidding is good-natured for, as distaff member of Warm Up Time and Sports Extra—the sports commentaries that precede and follow the Brooklyn Dodger baseball games on New York’s Station WMGM—Gussie has won the hearts of the Flatbush Chowder and Marching Organization. The Brooklyn Dodger Symphony blares out her charms and Hilda Chester rings out praises of Moran on her famed cowbell.... Gussie was co-starring on a Los Angeles sports show when WMGM asked her to join Marty Glickman, Ward Wilson and Jim Gordon on the two programs. She went to Vero Beach for spring training, studied "The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball," committed back copies of "The Sporting News" to memory. Today, she spouts batting averages with the best of them and also injects such interesting lore as the fact that the Gil Hodges have a bathroom done in pink. As a result, the shows have built up a large feminine audience. Women are flocking to Ebbets Field, although Gussie, in order to be at the studios for broadcast-time, watches the games on TV.... To be near the WMGM studios, Gussie has rented a three-room apartment in Manhattan’s East 60’s. She does her own cooking, preferably Mexican and Chinese food, also designs tennis clothes.... Gussie first took up tennis while in high school in Santa Monica, California. She received world-wide publicity when she appeared on the tennis court at Wimbledon wearing lace panties, but Gussie’s press clippings also tell of her superior coordination and sound strokes. In 1948, she was fourth-ranking in the national amateur standings.... The tall, long-legged, green-eyed damsel wishes that people would refrain from asking, “Do you have them on?” They mean the lace panties, but, as Gussie sighs, “What can you say”... A local sportswriter smiled when he said that: “Incidentally, when male sports commentators fluff one, they call it a bloomer, but with Gussie, shouldn’t it be called a panty?”

From “tennis anyone” to “who’s on first.”
revolution in lipstick

in a moment

every other lipstick will be old-fashioned

... glides on at a touch... yet stays on twice as long as "long-lasting" lipsticks

Twice as long? Yes! Just put on Soft Touch and forget about it. No need to retouch—with Soft Touch. No messy smear... and so comfortable!

The revolutionary new lipstick by Toni

Three new shades for the new season in Red—Rose—Coral

$1.25 plus tax
“Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” says Rhonda Fleming. It’s the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

**It never dries** your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

**It beautifies!** For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinse—choose the shampoo of America’s most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

**Hollywood’s favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

**Never Dries—**

**it Beautifies!**

Ask your questions—

**Matchmaking**

Could you tell me whether Richard Coogan, who plays Paul Raven in Love Of Life, is married in private life? He and Peggy McCay, who plays Vanessa, make such a perfect couple on TV, and their roles as husband and wife seem too real and convincing to be fiction. I like to believe they are really in love off-camera.


Richard Coogan is happily married to a former singer, Gay Adams, and they have a five-year-old son, Rick. Peggy McCay is one of New York’s most popular belles, but has still to say her “I do’s.”

**Cupid to Cop**

Would you tell me about Ben Alexander, who plays Officer Frank Smith on Dragnet and Badge 714 on TV?

A.S., Clintonville, Wis.

Ben Alexander began his career at the age of three in the movie role of Cupid. Nevada-born Ben followed this debut with eleven years as a top child movie star. But his present role as Sgt. Friday’s sidekick is good casting. Ben’s godfather was Jack Finlinson, assistant chief of the Los Angeles Police Department for thirteen years. And, as Ben says, “I look like 90 percent of the cops in Los Angeles.” . . . After Cupid, Ben played child parts, notably in the “Penrod” series, then was cast as the “bad boy” and decided to quit movies when he was beaten over the head in “Are These Our Children?” In 1929 he enrolled at Stanford University and, while there, made his last film, “All Quiet on the Western Front,” for which he won a number of acting awards. Ben entered radio in 1935, became a leading emcee and announcer on such programs as the Charlie McCarthy Show and Father Knows Best. He debuted on TV in 1949, was co-starring with his wife on a weekly Los Angeles and San Francisco giveaway show when Jack Webb spotted him and asked him to join Dragnet, his first dramatic role in 17 years. . . . Ben claims he is more of a businessman than an actor, proves it by owning four thriving West Coast gas stations and two motels. He started the gas stations to keep the men in his former Army radar division together and currently employs all of them. . . . Ben has a twelve-year-old son, Nicholas, by a former marriage, and he and his wife Lesley have recently welcomed a new Alexander. Their home is in Hollywood, their chief pleasure a large cabin cruiser called “Sunday’s Child,” a description which applies to both Ben and Lesley.
Father And Son

I should like to know something about Buster Crabbe, who stars with his young son "Cuffy" in NBC-TV's Captain Gallant Of The Foreign Legion.

N.C.G., Winnetka, Ill.

Ten-year-old Cullen "Cuffy" Crabbe walks off with this year's honors for small-fry adventures, having tripped off to Africa with his dad Buster Crabbe—swimming, movie, radio and TV luminary—to make friends with Arab youngsters, meet some bona-fide Foreign Legionnaires, spend some time in Gay Paree, receive an Italian motor scooter as a gift—and, incidentally, film the Captain Gallant adventure series. Buster Crabbe's youth was equally exciting. Born in Oakland, California, Buster was raised in the Hawaiian Islands, on a pineapple plantation on which his father was overseer. Like most Island youngsters, Buster practically lived in the water. In high school, he was a 16-letter man, winning a place on the U.S. swimming team and then proceeded to win the 400-meter title, becoming the first Olympic swimmer to do the distance under five minutes. That was the second Olympic appearance for Buster, whose swimming accomplishments have netted him five world records, 16 world, and 35 national, championships. . . . Hollywood promptly signed the trim, 200-pound swimming star as a movie, radio and TV star in 1932. Buster Crabbe's Aquaparade to tour the states and Europe for five years. His first TV program, The Buster Crabbe Show, drew 11,000 letters its first week, and was followed by Figure Fashioning By Buster Crabbe on TV and Luncheon With Buster Crabbe on radio. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Crabbe have three children—Cuffy, 10, Sande, 18, and Susan, 16—all of whom reside in New York's suburban Westchester County. The Crabbes also own a ranch on Lake Arrowhead, California. And all are expert swimmers and riders.

Encore With Tears

I would like to know something about Carol Richards, who sings on CBS-TV's The Bob Crosby Show.

C.H., Phoenix, Arizona

The first time titian-haired Carol Richards was asked to do an encore, she wept bitterly. Four years old at the time, Carol "thought they meant I didn't sing it right the first time." But after more church choir and amateur production singing in her native Harvard, Illinois, Carol learned to enjoy her curtain calls and, at fifteen, was happily vocalizing on an Indianapolis radio station. Meanwhile, she continued her formal schooling, studied dramatics, sang in the glee club and helped her school paper, made her debating team, and was president of her class in her junior year. Then the big break came in the form of a singing contest conducted by Bob Hope in 31 cities. Carol won, appeared on Hope's show and pleased "Ski Nose" so much she brought her to Hollywood for more guest appearances. Soon Carol was being featured on the Edgar Bergen Show, Bing Crosby Show, Martin And Lewis Show, and Lux Radio Theater. She starred on her own network radio show, played Dennis Day's girlfriend, and was featured on I Love Lucy. She's recorded solo, has also disc-ducked with Bing Crosby, and has played in the top night clubs. In August, 1954, she joined the Bob Crosby Show as a temporary replacement while Joanie O'Brien was on her honeymoon. But audience reaction was so enthusiastic that Bob asked Carol to stay on as a member of his troupe.

Carol lives with her two young daughters in an unpretentious, three-bedroom house in North Hollywood. A talented decorator, she paneled her living room with knotty pine, papered her own bedroom and created a circus motif for her daughters' room. Her hobbies are sculpturing and poetry and she also enjoys swimming, watching football games and the outdoor life.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not TV Radio Mirror.

Baird Fan Club (Bill, Cora and their puppets), c/o Robert Brawnsheiger, 155 Virginia St., Hillside, N. J.

Bob and Ray Fan Club (Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding), c/o John Collins, 712 E. 27 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Steve Lawrence Fan Club, c/o Carol Massic, 762 Cooper Ave., Lovellville, O.

McGuire Sisters Fan Club, c/o Dale M. Hoffman, 20 North Main St., Box 2, Miamisburg, O.

Kokomo Club (Perry Como), c/o Jane Devening, 1315 Q Ave., New Castle, Ind.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio 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.
New Patterns for You

9142—Wear this jumper with its own blouse or with other blouses and sweaters. Bare it for a date-dress. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 jumper takes 3 yards 39-inch fabric; blouse 1 1/2 yards. 35¢


9172—Complete wardrobe of mix’n’match separates in one pattern. Each styled to slim, to flatter. Women's Sizes 34-48. Size 36 skirt and vest takes 3 3/4 yards 39-inch; blouse, 2 1/4 yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

$1 DEPOSIT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER!

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No order accepted without $1 deposit.

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For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New

Easier-Faster
CASUAL
PIN-CURL
PERMANENT

SET IT!
Set your pin-curls just as you always do. No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!
Apply CASUAL lotion just once. 15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!
That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing. There's no resetting. Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...
CASUAL is the word for it... soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!
$1.50 plus tax
Holmes & Edwards
sterling inlaid silverplate

Just as the best man won you ... Holmes & Edwards wins you. It is the best ... the only silverplate with extra sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces. 52-piece service for 8 and chest, $84.50.

Practical as "everyday" ware
and romantic, too

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls
and handles promise longer, lovelier silver life.

WHAT'S NEW FROM
COAST TO COAST
(Continued from page 6)

Monday, October 3, is the starting date for a new daytime series called Matinee. It will be seen weekdays and will be a full-hour, live dramatic program with a complete new drama and cast each day. Scripts will come from all sources. Some will be originals; others will be repeat showings of some of the best nighttime dramatic television of the past. Matinee promises to be a tremendous undertaking: During the season it will present some two hundred and forty-four different plays, requiring twenty directors and approximately five thousand actors.

Jackie Cooper stars in a new situation comedy, The People's Choice, starting Thursday night, October 6. The former child star plays a government birdwatcher-turned-councilman. His leading lady will be Pat Breslin, in the role of the mayor's daughter.

Two interesting one-shots have been set for Sunday night, October 9. The first is "Tomorrow—1976," which will be part of NBC's forthcoming "Telemantary" series and will offer viewers a look at life in the United States twenty-one years from now. The second will be a special show, starring Ethel Merman and paying tribute to her twenty-fifth anniversary in show business.

CBS: The Ford Star Jubilee will be a monthly one and one-half hour program to be seen every fourth Saturday night. Noel Coward, Mary Martin, and Bing Crosby have been signed to alternate in the star spots, with Bing penciled in to lead off the series on September 24. Orson Welles has also been signed in the capacity of actor-director. His first production will probably be the CBS-TV version of "Trilby," with the bearded Orson playing Sven-gali.

The Phil Silvers Show makes its debut Tuesday night, September 20. This is the long-awaited filmed situation comedy, with Phil playing an Army sergeant. CBS-TV refrained from presenting it last year—even though they had the complete series already filmed—because they didn't have the proper time spot for it.

The Jackie Gleason Hour begins Satur-
(Continued on page 24)
PLAYTEX Introduces the Amazing New Girdle Material...Figure-Slimming FABRICON!

Sensational New PLAYTEX

light-weight

Girdle

Made of wonderful new split-resistant FABRICON

...a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex that gives you

more freedom! Fabricon has more stretch! No other material has Fabricon's give-and-take stretch.

new coolness! "Open-pore" Fabricon lets your body breathe! Only Playtex Girdles are so soft, cool, absorbent.

invisible control! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere. No other lightweight girdle tucks in your tummy, slims down your hips like this new Playtex Girdle. Makes all your clothes fit and look better. Does more for your figure than girdles costing up to $15.00! And Light-Weight washes and dries in a wink. New Playtex Light-Weight Girdle 8.95

At department and better specialty stores everywhere.

P.S. The girl is wearing the new Playtex Lingerie Bra made of elastic and nylon, $3.95

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP., PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del. 

PLAYTEX P.R. CANADA AND FOREIGN PATS. PENDING 

PLAYTEX PARK, Amprior, Ont.
What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how essential a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

- 83.3% douche after monthly periods.
- 86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE’s Many Advantages

Scientific tests proved no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful, fully effective yet safe to body tissues as ZONITE. It’s positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It completely deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

WHAT’S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST (Continued from page 22)

day night, October 1. The first half will be the variety Stage Show, and the second half will be the Gleason filmed production of “The Honeymooners,” with his cohorts—Audrey Meadows and Art Carney.

Navy Log, a factual adventure series drawn from the heroic exploits of the U.S. Navy, as logged on the official record, is being presented in half-hour dramatizations Tuesday nights. The dramas—all true-life stories—will depict the courage and daring of Navy personnel in this country and abroad. The Navy is cooperating with CBS-TV, providing facilities, information and the like, to produce the series.

Chrysler will begin presenting their Thursday-night special shows in a few weeks, alternating the dramatic Climax with the musical, Shower Of Stars. Jack Benny has already been signed for ten appearances.

Victor Borge has been signed to do two special one-hour, one-man performances on CBS-TV this season. The Danish musician-comedian will also make several guest appearances later in the fall.

ABC: M-G-M, the last motion-picture studio hold-out against television, has finally joined the parade. Beginning Wednesday night, September 14, The M-G-M Parade will become a weekly TV show, following Disneyland. George Murphy will serve as host and director.

September 14 is also the date for the new Disneyland series, starting off with “The Legends of Davy Crockett,” co-starring Fess Parker as Davy and Buddy Ebsen as George Russel. In “The Legends,” Walt Disney is introducing a new character—who could possibly become another national hero to youngsters. He is Mike Fink, the legendary American keelboat king, and he is played by Jeff York, an actor who stands six feet, four inches, weighs 230 pounds, has a fifty-inch chest measurement, and also possesses a rousing baritone voice. Needless to say, Disney has signed Jeff to an exclusive contract.

Warner Bros. Presents makes its bow on Tuesday night, September 13, with the first of its filmed drama series, “Casablanca.”

Also to be seen during the season will be complete stories done around the movies, “King’s Row” and “Cheyenne.” Actor Gig Young will appear each week as host and will present a six-minute segment of each show, “Behind the Cameras at Warner Bros. Studios.”

Medical Horizons is an interesting new TV series, beginning Monday night, September 12. This documentary will promote the American way of medical life by presenting specific accomplishments in medicine brought about through the teamwork of modern medical research, education and practice. The series will originate live from medical institutions and research centers throughout the country.

This ‘n That:

CBS has signed Cathy Crosby, Bob’s daughter, to a contract, and she’s all set for a vocal career, following completion of her schooling. Cousin Gary also has a CBS pact, and the network would probably be very happy if they could tie up the rest of the “little Crosbys.”

Dr. Frances Horwich, “Miss Frances” on NBC-TV’s Ding Dong School, will start a teacher-recruiting drive this fall on her show. She hopes to go into the serious problem of the teacher shortage in the “parents’ portion” of program, and will urge parents to encourage young friends and relatives to enter the teaching field.

Mary Stuart is singing Joanne Barron’s lullabies to her own baby Cynthia now. Mary, who is married to TV producer Richard Krolik, has starred as Joanne in Search For Tomorrow in more than 1000 CBS telecasts.

And Jack Benny is now a grandfather! His daughter, Joan, and her husband, Seth Baker, are the proud parents of a tiny lad, named Michael. Jack celebrated the occasion by knocking a year off his age, and says from now on he’s thirty-eight!

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. R.W.L., Lafayette, Ind.: Curt Massey did sing on Chicago radio in the early 1940’s, but hasn’t done much professionally.
Jayne Meadows gets a head-start on Yuletide with hand-crocheted gifts.

since his show with Martha Tilton went off last year. He spends most his time with his family on his ranch near San Diego, California. . . Miss L. K., Puryear, Tenn.: Hess Myerson, of The Big Payoff, is married to Allan Wayne, a manufacturer, and they have an eight-year-old daughter. . . Mrs. H. A., Rochester, N. Y.: Jan Arden has been off the Robert Q. Lewis show for some time and has been doing mostly night-club work in the East and Midwest. . . Mrs. L. McN., Philadelphia, Pa.: Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike) is scheduled to be one of the main human characters on the forthcoming Mickey Mouse Club show. . . Mrs. F. C., South Hadley Falls, Mass.: Louise Abirnston has not appeared on any regular show since Concerning Miss Marlowe. In private life she is married to newscaster Charles Collingwood. . . Miss L. L. V., Chicago, Ill.: Tony Martin’s real name is Alvin Morris, and he was formerly married to Alice Faye. . . Mr. J. W., Los Altos, Calif.: Vampira, who emceed the late-hour horror show on Los Angeles TV, is not married. Her real name is Maila Nurmi.

What Ever Happened To . . .?

Minerva Pious, the famed “Mrs. Nussbaum” of Fred Allen’s radio program several years ago? Minerva has done little professional work since the Allen show went off the air. Recently, however, she signed to play a featured role in the movie, “Joe Macbeth,” which is being filmed in Europe for release by Columbia Pictures.

Haleloke, the Hawaiian songstress and ex-Little Godfrey? Haleloke now has a steady job with a New York organization specializing in Hawaiian flowers, information, and services. She recently guested on Horace Heidt’s Show Wagon on NBC-TV.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., and I’ll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don’t have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

ARE YOU REALLY LOVELY TO LOVE?

. . . Are you always fresh as a daisy?

Everywhere—all day—you’ll be confident of your loveliness . . . when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant. Your underarms will stay fresh, moisture free.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient known!

Fresh is extra effective . . . yet it’s kind to skin. Creamy smooth, not sticky, not greasy. Has a delicate fresh fragrance. Use Fresh every day—have an air of freshness always.

COMPARE!

See if your present deodorant is as effective as Fresh

Test it under one arm. Use Fresh Cream under the other. See for yourself if Fresh doesn’t stop odor best, keep underarms drier, protect your clothes better than any other deodorant you’ve ever used.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., and I’ll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don’t have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

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What have they done to White Rain?
Feel it! Gobs and gobs more lather!
Feel that rainwater softness!

What a clean feeling! Will my hair be soft and sunshiny...in better condition? I just know it!

NEW White Rain

By Toni the people who know your hair best!
For a romantic gentleman like John Baragrey, life is all drama—and drama is the life for him

By ERNST JACOBI

On the evening of November 28, 1954, John Baragrey took his final bow in his ninth Broadway flop, a farce called “One Eye Closed” which had lasted all of three performances. With rare unanimity, critics had panned it unmercifully, punning on the difficulty of “keeping the other eye open.” Although Baragrey had received his usual excellent notices for his own part, the cumulative effect of nine successive failures was still depressing.

It hardly helped that his agent called a couple of days later, offering him
Born to be an ACTOR

For all his fine physique, John would rather read than roll logs. And, though he loves to cook, he'd rather eat! He and Louise are "city folks," but enjoy country life when playing summer stock at such playhouses as the one in Ivoryton, Conn.

a job on radio. "I don't know," Baragrey said doubtfully. "I don't even know if I can do it."

John had been in the theater for fourteen years, done a number of movies, and been a highly popular television star since 1946. He'd never done anything in radio, though—and while he would have welcomed the opportunity during his struggling years—he couldn't get excited over it at this point of his career. Moreover, considering his lean and rangy six-foot, three-inch frame, his shock of black hair, arcing eyebrows and aristocratic features, anyone was bound to agree that using only his voice was a shocking waste of valuable assets.

"It's a very good daytime drama called The Doctor's Wife," his agent explained. "You're to play the part of Dan Palmer, an idealistic young doctor practicing in a small town in Connecticut..."


As he put down the phone, John's mind skipped back some twenty-five years to his childhood and early youth in the little town of Haleyville, in the northern part of Alabama.

In those days, young John Baragrey (his real name, his father being of Basque descent) had idolized his Uncle Wash—Dr. Washington M. Godsey, his mother's brother and Haleyville's only resident physician. He'd spent more hours on more afternoons with him than he could count or remember. And, when Uncle Wash had recently passed away, his death had opened up veins of sorrow and regret unexpected after all these years.

Uncle Wash's house wasn't far from that of the Bara-
John Baragrey has acted in virtually every medium—TV, radio, Broadway plays, Hollywood films. While entertaining troops in the Pacific, during the war, he and Louise were cast in the same play for USO. And that's how John met his bride-to-be.

greys and each afternoon, when John came home from school, he went a little out of his way to see whether his uncle's black Ford coupe was standing in front of the gate. If it was, he'd go in or patiently wait outside, hoping to be taken along on his uncle's calls. In the car, Uncle Wash would talk to him almost as though he were a grownup, treating him like a young colleague, explaining his cases to him and filling him up with medical lore. When there was no danger of contagion for the child, the doctor would let John carry his bag into the house for him, give him a chance to listen and observe and let him occasionally help with some medical chores. "My assistant," he always introduced John to his patients. But Johnny's proudest moment came once during an emergency, when Uncle Wash had to operate immediately and really needed an assistant. There was no one else available, and he had to let Johnny apply the ether and watch the patient's breathing.

"Well, Doctor Baragrey," Uncle Wash said, after it was all over. "I think we did a good job."

"That 'we' lingered for a long time," John recalls today. "I think in those days I wanted to be a doctor almost as much as I wanted to be an actor."

The wish, the drive to be an (Continued on page 82)
Jean Hagen believes in growth and development, with one motto: "Don't be afraid to be yourself."
Jean Hagen followed her heart to the Danny Thomas show—and to a happy marriage all her own

By BETTY MILLS

Jean Hagen, co-star on The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room For Daddy," was changing in her dressing room when teenager Sherry Jackson—who plays her daughter Terry—came bursting in, chattering like a hot Geiger counter. She pirouetted in front of Jean and, all in one teen-age breath, exclaimed, "My-new-skirt—what-do-you-think-of-it? Isn't-it-just-the-greatest!"

Jean's look traveled down the skirt from waist to hem. It was like one long, all-enveloping pant-leg, leaving only a half-inch peek between lower hem and bobby-sock. Jean said, "It reminds (Continued on page 86)

The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room for Daddy," on ABC-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the American Tobacco Co. for Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes and by the Dodge Dealers of America.

Jean herself has been nominated for both TV's Emmy and Hollywood's Oscar awards. But her most satisfying starring role is as a housewife—and mother of little Aric Philip, 3, and Patricia Christine (known as "Chris"), 5.
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The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room for Daddy," on ABC-TV, Tues. 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the American Tobacco Co. for Pall Mall Panamas Cigarettes and by the Dodge Dealers of America.

Jean herself has been nominated for both TV's Emmy and Hollywood's Oscar awards. But her most satisfying starring role is as a housewife—and mother of little Aric Philip, 3, and Patricia Christine (known as "Chris"), 5.
Young Steve Lawrence had a dream, and another Steve—Allen, that is—is helping to make it come true

By ED MEYERSON

As every baseball fan knows, Brooklyn is obviously part of the United States, since the Dodgers play in the National League. But, to many a TV fan, Brooklyn's chief export seems to be participants for quiz shows and studio audiences. Even on Tonight, NBC-TV's late show, Steve Allen merely has to interview someone who says he's from Brooklyn and the audience invariably responds with laughter and cheers.

But to Steve Lawrence, the handsome young singing star of Tonight, Brooklyn is no joke. That's where he lives! And, like all Brooklyners, he not only loves the place—he'll defend its honor at the drop of a hat. What's more, although Steve is now a top recording artist as well as a regular on the Allen show, he continues to live near the same community where he was born, and where he grew up.

"I read the papers," Steve says. "All this juvenile delinquency—there's no excuse for it. When I was a kid, our neighborhood was just as tough as it is today. We were under the same influences. As a matter of fact, I was in a club myself. Everyone was. A couple of kids would get together and say: 'Let's have a club,' and that's how it would start. Then they could all wear the same kind of jackets with the name of their club on the backs—and 'SAC' (Social Athletic Club) under it.

"My club was the 'Alabama Dukes'—but the worst we ever did was get into snowball fights. Today, the 'Dukes' are all responsible citizens, holding down jobs or serving in the Army. Some are already married and have children (Continued on page 99)
Music has always been part of his home. Above, left, brother Victor joins Steve in a song for papa Max and mama Anna. Below, left, Judy Rotkowitz is not only a neighbor—and former schoolmate—but coordinator of Steve's fan clubs. Center, he still slips money into the refrigerator for Mother to find! And, right, he still likes to discuss things with his dad.
Left: Flora Campbell stars as Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, and Marion plays her rebellious daughter, Diane.

Not much of a view from the apartment...
Marion Randall heard the city calling with a voice not to be denied

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Her mother and father saw Marion (Sue) Randall off on the train to New York. Her father said, "Good luck, Sue. Don't worry about anything. You can always come home." Her mother kissed her cheek and said, "You'll have a wonderful time." She paused, then smiled. "I've always trusted you. I'm not worried about you now."

Sue smiled, too, and touched her mother's hand. "Thank heaven for that." And she got on the train and came to New York, where she got a room at the Studio Club, and a job, and she made some friends...

Thus begins the story of one of the newest and brightest young TV stars in show business. When I kept an (Continued on page 75)

Marion Randall is Diane in Valiant Lady, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, as sponsored by General Mills for Gold Medal Flour, Bisquick, other products, and by The Toni Company.

She's a "soft touch" for a wee, wobbly kitten—but doesn't believe in keeping it helpless.

Marion's still enchanted by the very sidewalks of New York, and is getting used to the city's round-the-clock din.

Marion shares with Inez and Priscilla. But the girls love their kitchenette—their busy phone—and getting ready for dates!
Like Diane of Valiant Lady, Marion Randall heard the city calling with a voice not to be denied.

**DREAM TOWN**

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Her mother and father saw Marion (Sue) Randall off on the train to New York. Her father said, "Good luck, Sue. Don't worry about anything. You can always come home." Her mother kissed her cheek and said, "You'll have a wonderful time." She paused, then smiled. "I've always trusted you. I'm not worried about you now."

Sue smiled, too, and touched her mother's hand. "Thank heaven for that," And she got on the train and came to New York, where she got a room at the Studio Club, and a job, and she made some friends...

Thus begins the story of one of the newest and brightest young TV stars in show business. When I kept an... (Continued on page 18)

Marion Randall is Diane in Valiant Lady, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, as sponsored by General Mills for Gold Medal Flour, Bisquick, other products, and by The Toni Company.

She's a "soft touch" for a wee, wobbly kitten—but doesn't believe in keeping it helpless.

**Left:** Flora Campbell stars as Helen Emerson in Valiant Lady, and Marion plays her rebellious daughter, Diane.

**Below:** Marion's still enchanted by the very sidewalks of New York, and is getting used to the city's round-the-clock din.

Not much of a view from the apartment she shares with Inez and Priscilla. But the girls love their kitchenette—their busy phone—and getting ready for dates!
Garry's acts of kindness sometimes take a reverse twist, letting others do unto him what impulse dictates—thus, one eager fan discovered that Mr. Moore's crew cut isn't half so bristly as it looks! Left, he's low man on the totem pole—Ken Carson just above, then Denise Lor and Durward Kirby.

By WARREN CROMWELL

SIX TIMES each week, Garry Moore sends this gentle admonition to the millions of faithful television viewers who make it a point to tune him in: "Be very kind to each other!" At the close of each television show on which Garry is emcee, the friendly thought is spoken, and the warm philosophy thus expressed has come to be known as part of Garry Moore and part of his programs.

Yet, when the program is over and the lights in the studio are turned off, the thought is not forgotten. It is not forgotten by the many viewers, as letters attest, nor is it forgotten by Garry Moore himself. For the man with the crew haircut and the unusual sense of humor lives by the precept he voices.

Garry gladly tells how he began using the thought. "It all started," he says, "at the end of a radio program of mine back in 1949. It was the custom then, as it still is, at the end of a show, when there is a little time left over, to give a slogan for safe driving. On this occasion, I spoke (Continued on page 101)
Rule

His heart goes out to such gallant youngsters as Billy Jennings in the 1955 Easter Seal Drive for crippled children.

That rocker was a gift from a fan—his secretary, Shirley McNally (below), can tell of many, many grateful letters.

Our Mr. Moore knows that giving a smile costs nothing—but receiving one can be more priceless than uranium.
It was thrilling beyond belief... the happy Ferrer home in California, the arrival of precious Miguel Jose, all the fun of being wife and mother. But there was more to come, as Rosie found new worlds to conquer... in England, Scotland—and Ireland.

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE

By MARTHA BUCKLEY

There are two men in Rosemary Clooney's life these days. One of them calls her Rosie. The other doesn't call her anything. She calls one Joe. The other is named Miguel—but he's better known as "Bombo." One, of course, is her husband, Jose Ferrer. The other is her "fat baby" (the quotes are Rosemary's), who was born on February 7, this year.

It took me just about five minutes to discover all this when I saw Rosemary in London recently, for the first time in more than two years... "So hello," said Rosie, as she breezed into London's swank new Westbury Hotel—for all the world as though it were the Brown Derby and we'd seen each other only a couple of weeks before.

"What's new?" I countered—as though the whole world didn't know what's happened to Rosemary Clooney in the past two years or so.

Rosie tossed back her mane of blonde hair, smoothed her tailored black wool suit as she sank gratefully into a chair and grinned the typical Clooney smile at a hovering waiter.

"Something long and cool with lots of ice," she said. "I don't usually mind drinks without ice in England," she explained, "but this 'unusual weather' has got me. Might be back in California." And (Continued on page 84)
Jose and Rosemary Clooney Ferrer
—and son!—find the whole,
wide, wonderful world
lying before them
WIN A VISIT WITH A STAR

First-prize winner will be flown to and from New York or Los Angeles via United Air Lines.

An exciting weekend in New York or Hollywood, as the guest of Bert Parks or Lawrence Welk, can be yours—almost for the asking!

How would you like to live the life of a celebrity—be the guest of a celebrity—for a fabulous weekend, in New York or Hollywood? Sound exciting? Well, it will be for the lucky winner of this big new contest. All you have to do is decide whom you would like to meet—Bert Parks, star of Break The Bank, in New York—or the star of The Lawrence Welk Show, Maestro Welk himself, in Hollywood. Once you’ve made your choice, answer the ten questions selected by Bert Parks and Lawrence Welk from Break The Bank categories and, in fifty words or less, tell why you would like to meet the star of your choice. Then mail in the complete coupon on page 41—and start dreaming of a delightful weekend that could happen to you!

Bert Parks is master of ceremonies for Break The Bank, on ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT. The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT. Both popular programs are sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America.
ANSWER ALL OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

1. Featured in Irving Berlin's smash musical, "As Thousands Cheer," was the song, "Having a Heat Wave." The gal who introduced this song is a great singing star. What is her name?
   Answer:

2. One of the most famous little girls in storyland and movieland is the heroine of "The Wizard of Oz." Judy Garland played the movie role. What is the name of that famous fictional little girl?
   Answer:

3. Gilbert and Sullivan gave us many delightful tunes. Remember the one about three young ladies who sang, "Three little maids from school are we"? Name the operetta in which this song was featured.
   Answer:

4. As a dancer she was known as Lucille LeSueur, but she went to Hollywood, changed her name and, in the Roaring Twenties, roared to stardom in a movie called "Our Dancing Daughters." What is her name?
   Answer:

5. An all-time hit, "Lazy Bones," was composed by a man who has many other hits to his credit, including "Little Old Lady." Name this composer.
   Answer:

Complete the following sentence in 50 words or less: I would like to meet (Check one only)

[ ] BERT PARKS IN NEW YORK
[ ] LAWRENCE WELK IN HOLLYWOOD

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY or TOWN STATE

Mail your entry to:
Win a Visit with a Star
TV RADIO MIRROR
P.O. Box 1789
Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

CONTEST RULES—READ CAREFULLY

1. Each entry must include the coupon containing your complete answers to the ten questions above, plus your fifty-word statement saying why you would like to visit either Bert Parks in New York or Lawrence Welk in Los Angeles.

2. Address entries to: Win a Visit with a Star, TV RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 1789, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y.

3. This contest ends midnight, Friday, October 7, 1955. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.

4. The first-prize winner will receive a weekend for two as the guest of Bert Parks in New York—or as the guest of Lawrence Welk in Los Angeles—depending on the choice specified. The winner will be flown to and from New York or Los Angeles by United Air Lines, will meet Bert Parks or Lawrence Welk, stay at a luxurious hotel, visit leading night clubs and the theater. The fifty second-prize winners will each receive a "Break the Bank" game. The fifty third-prize winners will each receive a Lawrence Welk record album.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in answering the ten questions above, and originality in stating reasons for wanting to meet either Bert Parks or Lawrence Welk, in fifty words or less, on the coupon.

6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final.

7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees (and their relatives) of Macfadden Publications, Inc., the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corp., its agencies and dealers.

8. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to the entries. Names of all winners will be announced in the January 1956 issue of TV RADIO MIRROR.
Tommy Rettig is a growing boy and needs all the energy foods I can give him. He's also a "typical fan," proud of his autographed pictures. And he has great fun with Lassie, who "auditioned"—and chose!—him for his present TV role.

HE LOVES A "LASSIE"

By MRS. ROSEMARY RETTIG

As thirteen-year-old Tommy Rettig's mother, I often get letters like this: "Dear Mrs. Rettig: My son has just turned fourteen, and overnight he has become a stranger to me—we hardly talk the same language any more. Did you have this problem when Tommy turned the teen-age corner? And, if so, how did you handle it?"

Although much of Tommy's time is taken up with acting and the CBS-TV Lassie (Continued on page 94)

Tommy Rettig is Jeff Miller in Lassie, returning to CBS-TV, Sun., Sept. 11, 7 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Campbell Soup Company.

But, now that he's 13, my son Tommy has also discovered girls—and all the other teen-age problems!

Now, in his teens, a new hobby—dancing at home, with such friends as Jim Hoakstratten, Marilyn Hall and Fred Gabourie.

He doesn't consider it work, playing with such wonderful people as George Cleveland ("Gramps"), Jan Clayton (his TV mother, Ellen)—and Lassie.
Ernie clings to the name “Tennessee” as he clings to the rewarding memories of his childhood on a farm.

Most of all, Ernie hopes to be the same kind of dad to Buck and Brion as his own father has been to him.

By BUD GOODE

Some people think of Tennessee Ernie Ford, star of both NBC-TV and CBS Radio, as a rollicking, romping, riproaring humorist from Tennessee. Yet there is a gentleness of nature in Ernie that many of his listeners have sensed with their inner ear, and many of his viewers have seen with their hearts as well as their eyes.

With his booming bass voice, black hair and brown eyes, Ernie is ruggedly handsome. Yet his bigness of frame surrounds a gentle nature, the sort of stuff that philosophers are made of. His “Ernie-isms” are being accepted across the country as woodsy philosophy. Ernie is becoming a pea-picker’s Plato.

It’s the thoughts of a man, as well as his actions, that make him a philosopher. On the Sunday of last May 29, for example, Ernie once again found himself back in the choir box of the Anderson Street Methodist Church in his home town of Bristol, Tennessee. He was home as a result of a gigantic celebration held in honor of the Tennessee boy who made good. Throughout the entire state, Governor Frank Clements had proclaimed it “Tennessee Ernie Ford Day.”

Though he had traveled far and fast in the past five

Continued

Life for his children is set in a different scene, but Ernie has found that the same truths apply everywhere.
California branch of a fine Tennessee family: Ernie, wife Betty, and sons Jeffrey Buckner (Buck) and Brion Leonard.

“Faith, family and friends”—these are the magic words which shape Ernie Ford’s philosophy and set it to music.
years—from a small Pasadena radio station, to Hollywood radio, TV and recording contracts, all topped by two weeks at the London Palladium—none of the experiences of his rocket-like rise to success compared with the thrill that Ernie felt at that moment, as he stood looking into the upturned faces of his family and friends.

There have been moments in all our lives when we've experienced an electric mental flash where a moment of pure vision spotlights the meaning of life. As Ernie stood singing to his old friends their welcoming smiles reached up to him. He was engulfed by a great, warm, back-at-home feeling. It was this which prompted the sudden flash of insight: Faith, family and friends—these things, he saw, were the lasting things in life . . . they never change.

What makes a man think such a thought? What are the subtle forces in his background which, like rivulets—when suddenly joined together—become a clear river of thought that makes a man a philosopher? What has given Ernie Ford the background for his homespun pea-pickin' Platoisms?

From the time he was eight years old to the time he left home at eighteen, Tennessee Ernie Ford lived on a farm near Bristol. "My dad," he says, "was an easygoing man who taught me many things. 'There are some things in life,' he used to say, 'that you'll always have to put up with. You might as well get used to them. On a farm, they're weevils, potato bugs, late spring rains, and heavy winter snows. Son, you'll just have to get used to them."

"Patience," my dad said, 'is best learned on a farm. You can be in a hurry with your chores, but with your crops you've just got to wait six months. No amount of fretting will bring them out of the ground any faster.' And my dad also taught me that there's no place on the farm for worry. A farm was meant for work. Worry never helped crop or calf. When you've got troubles, you do a little bit about it every day. The doin' will chase the worryin' away."

But a philosopher is made of more than thoughts. Ernie's music, for example, has taught him the relation of the note to the tune, the relation of the part to the whole; his music has taught him that first things come first.

"I learned my faith early," he says, "at the knees of my mother and dad. They were very active in the church. In fact, the kids from hundreds of miles around still refer to my mother as 'Aunt Maude' and my dad as 'Uncle Clarence.' Dad has taken these kids on everything from picnics to possum hunts."

"When I was just two years old," Ernie says, "my dad took me into his Sunday School class, braggin' on me that I knew all the words to 'The Old Rugged Cross.' I rightly don't know if I did or not. I later sang tenor in the choir. After my voice changed, I sang bass—been doin' so ever since."

As a result of his interest in music, Ernie early learned that in the pattern of life there is both good
Mother and Dad were so proud when their boy came back to Bristol for the statewide "Tennessee Ernie Ford Day." Ernie himself was humble and grateful—as he's teaching his own sons to be—for all the blessings and fun of life.

and bad. "When I was a kid," Ernie says, "I remember the preacher, my mom and dad and I used to go to the jail to visit the prisoners. We took cigarettes, food, magazines and song books along, and we all sang. After the preacher read a little out of The Book, we'd sing again.

"These jail congregations were made up of everything from murderers to chicken thieves. I remember how the prisoners pressed their faces up close to the bars and joined in the singin'. Their faces lit up and they all sounded real nice. You couldn't tell from their faces which were the hardened criminals. They all had a soft spot in them somewhere. It was clear to me then that, in (Continued on page 78)

Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble (for Dreft and Tide), Miles Laboratories (makers of Alka-Seltzer), and others. Tennessee Ernie Show, CBS Radio, M-F, 7:05 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes, and NoDoz, others."
Rosemary DeCamp (alias Bob Cummings' sister) loves every moment of her busy, sunlit days

BY FREDDA BALLING

SEPULVEDA BOULEVARD (alias U.S. Highway 101-A) is a colorful sight in itself, as it passes through a series of Southern California beach cities. There are antique shops, bait shacks, pet hospitals along the way, and occasional glimpses of the sparkling Pacific. The newest cars travel its many lanes, coastal shipping passes near the shore, the most modern planes zoom overhead from near-by airports. But, frequently, the most colorful sight along Sepulveda is lovely Rosemary DeCamp (alias sister Margaret MacDonald of The Bob Cummings Show). (Continued on page 69)

The Bob Cummings Show, on CBS-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Winston Cigarettes. Previous episodes can be seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT, thru September.

Left: Her husband is Judge John Shidler, and their daughters are Margaret, 12; Martha, 9; Valerie, 7; Nita Louise, 3. Below: Margaret reads at bedtime to her sisters—and mother Rosemary.
Two wonderful people—Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, who are happily married—but not to each other!

By MARTIN COHEN

Alan Bunce, who co-stars in Ethel And Albert, was at home in his built-in-1750 clapboard house when one of his sons got tangled in a crazy phone call.

"What's it all about?" Pop asked.

"They want Peg—Peg Bunce," number two son reported. "They insist there is a Peg Bunce here."

Alan grinned. After eleven years, he is used to it. So is Peg Lynch, who is the other half of the Ethel And Albert team. Very often, people insist—to Peg's and Alan's faces—that they must be married. The reason is simple and flattering:

See Next Page→

Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce (above) are so real as Ethel and Albert (at left), viewers believe they're actually husband and wife. But here are their true-life families, gathered on the lawn of Peg's Connecticut home: From left to right—Alan and his daughter Jill (Virginia); Peg's aunt, Mrs. Helen Renning; Peg's mother, Mrs. Frances Lynch; Alan's son Elliott; little Elise Astrid and her mama, Peg Lynch; Peg's husband, Odd Knut Ronning; Alan's son Lanny (Alan Nugent) and Alan's wife, Ruth Bunce.
Mama Peg is off to become her other self, Ethel. But Lise's in good hands, with Grandmother Lynch.

“Lise,” at four, looks like Odd, acts like Peg, has a brightness all her own. “We’re not rushing her,” says Peg. “She’s rushing us!”

Ethel and Albert
(Continued)

Albert at home: At the piano, left to right—son Elliott, Ruth and Alan Bunce, daughter Jill, son Lanny. Below, the Bunces’ German shepherd looks the other way, as Alan and Ruth raid the vines.
Actually, there's plenty of playtime for both Lise and her parents, at their charming country home, when Peg isn't writing, producing, acting in *Ethel And Albert* and Odd Ronning isn't busy with his work as a consultant engineer.

Their domestic skirmishes on TV look as though they're really being played for keeps. Peg and Alan know what they are about, for both are very much married—but not to each other.

The second question that always comes up is this: Are Peg and Alan in private life anything like what they appear to be on the show? Well . . .

TV's Albert Arbuckle is inclined to be a little boastful—Alan Bunce is self-effacing. Albert Arbuckle bumbles quite a bit—Alan gets to the point rather quickly. And Alan Bunce himself, for all of his first-rate TV clowning, is quite serious. He was president of the New York chapter of AFTRA for two terms and then president of the whole national organization for another two terms. This is not an office given a man who is frivolous.

And Peg Lynch?

"Well, I'll tell you," Alan says. "Peg's got a great sense of humor. That's obvious from her performance and the kind of script she turns out—but she hardly ever laughs at my jokes."

Peg may not laugh at a joke, but sometimes that's flattering: The better the joke, the busier Peg is analyzing it. She's got a big, well-oiled, powerful brain, and she's got into the habit of using it. She's a hard-working gal. She owns the (Continued on page 79)

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*Ethel And Albert*, starring Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Instant Maxwell House Coffee.

Below, at right—Alan and Ruth have an historic old house in Connecticut, too, dating back to the Revolution. Below, at left—a strictly family foursome, with Lanny and Elliott on this side of the net, Jill and her dad on the other.
NBC gives new meaning to weekend listening as it presents a spectacular parade of personalities and events throughout the world.

Since last June, NBC has been providing its listeners with a weekend magic carpet, called Monitor, which reaches any place in the world where there is something of interest or importance, with the mere push of a button. With a format as flexible as a rubberband, Monitor snaps into action each Saturday at 8 A.M. and bounces through forty hours of continuous entertainment. Some of the biggest names in show business serve as “communicators,” handling four-hour segments of the program, while other celebrities appear intermittently as featured performers. At one moment, Monitor may take listeners to a night club for a jazz session, to a Broadway theater during play rehearsal, to a championship sports event, a wedding—even into the ocean to hear oysters laughing. On the purely practical side, there are frequent time signals, weather and traffic reports, local and worldwide news. Monitor listeners are certainly familiar with the bleep-bleep toffes heard periodically. This is Monitor’s unique trademark—which, actually, is a distortion of the high-frequency tones heard when making a long-distance telephone call. Thus far, Monitor has made great strides in revolutionizing the purpose and function of radio and, as long as listeners “stay aboard” its magic carpet, they can look forward to even more unusual horizons ahead.

**FRANK BLAIR,** handsome Monitor communicator, who, at 39, is a 20-year veteran of broadcasting, is also one of NBC’s busiest news commentators. A native of South Carolina, Frank forsook a pre-med course to join a stock company as a director. A few months later he took one of the company’s actresses as his wife, then joined a Charleston station as a newscaster. Subsequently, he switched his news activities to Washington, served in the Navy, moved to New York in 1953. Frank, wife Lillian and their seven children now live in Irvington.

**MORGAN BEATTY,** another communicator, has been broadcasting to NBC listeners of the top-rated program *News Of The World* for nine years. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas, he became a newspaper reporter while still in high school. After attending college in Kentucky and Missouri, he was a member of the Associated Press from 1927 to 1941, when he joined NBC as military analyst. The next year he was a war correspondent from London, then a Washington correspondent until 1946, when he became editor-in-chief of *News Of The World*. Morgan lives near Washington with his wife and two sons.
NBC President Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr. sits in on a Monitor session handled by communicators Clifton Fadiman, Walter Kiernan, Morgan Beatty and Dave Garroway. Behind them is Radio Central, the $150,000 push-button “listening post of the world.”

JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE takes time out from “hopscotching the world for headlines” on his nightly TV News Caravan, to preside as a communicator on a Monitor segment.

DAVE GARROWAY, always “at peace” on or away from his marathon radio and TV schedule, also lends his easy-going nature to a four-hour slice of Monitor entertainment.

CLIFTON FADIMAN, who for many years has combined his great talents as an author, editor, critic and lecturer with radio-TV emceeing, is right at home as a Monitor communicator.

See Next Page
PAULINE FREDERICK, NBC's diplomatic reporter, and the only woman network news commentator, has filled her life with "firsts" and "onlys." After earning her B.A. and M.A. at American University in Washington, D.C., she launched her journalism career by interviewing the wives of Washington diplomats for the Washington Star. Since then, Pauline's traveled around the globe, covering war trials, spy trials, presidential conventions and inaugurations. In 1947, she was the only woman on a B-29 mission to the inauguration of the President of Uruguay. She was also the only woman commentator to cover the opening of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris, the lifting of the Berlin Blockade, and the Korean crisis in the U.N. One of her latest firsts, on Monitor, occurred at the 10th Anniversary celebration of the U.N. in San Francisco, when she got the first American radio broadcast with Russia's V. M. Molotov.

ART BUCHWALD, Monitor's roving European correspondent, travels about the continent. Armed with his tape recorder, Art chats with noted Americans-in-Paris, foreign diplomats, and the man on the street—from cab driver to gendarme. Art, who has regaled New York Herald Tribune readers for several years with his column, "P. S. from . . .", was born in Mount Vernon, New York, thirty years ago. At 16, he joined the Marines, and spent 18 months in the South Pacific. After his discharge, Art studied at the University of Southern California until 1948, when he received a $250 war bonus check and with it bought himself a one-way ticket to France. When his resources approached nil, Art got a job with Variety, next joined the European edition of the Herald Tribune. Happily married and "gaining weight every day," Art is at his best as he records the off-the-cuff remarks of the people he interviews.
AL "JAZZBO" COLLINS, whose soothing voice leads Monitor listeners through a Saturday night session of dance music, is a big man—in size and musical know-how. A native of New York, he majored in radio at the University of Miami, and has worked at many stations. Last winter, after four years at WNEW in New York, Al moved to NBC. When he comes down from his "cloud," he lives with his wife Shirley on Long Island.

HENRY MORGAN, satirist extraordinary, holds the extraordinary position on Monitor of TV reviewer, and relays his bizarre observations to listeners. In 1933, 20-year-old Henry became the youngest announcer in radio. Since then, he has startled and delighted audiences with his "inspired chaos," on a variety of radio and TV shows. A bachelor, Henry has an apartment in Manhattan where he reads avidly—and "thinks."

LEON PEARSON, who brings Monitor listeners up-to-the-minute reviews of Broadway plays and movies, has been with NBC for eight years as a news commentator and critic-at-large. A Swarthmore graduate, he earned his M.A. at Harvard, became a newspaper columnist and news commentator, then a globe-trotting member of the International News Service. He has won praise for covering the U.N. since its inception.

RAY GOULDING and BOB ELLIOTT, better known as just Bob and Ray, also serve Monitor as critics-at-large—largely humorous. The master cut-ups from Boston, who have been a radio and TV team for almost ten years, are apt to pop up any time throughout the weekend with their "cast"—from Mary McGoon to Steve Bosco—to present an off-beat review of a sports or stage event, or offer a special "bargain."
As daughter, wife, mother—and beloved star—Arlene Francis has earned and thoroughly enjoys

the Gift of HAPPINESS

By HELEN BOLSTAD

A certain magazine writer, well known for his bitter exposes of prominent personalities, once concluded an hours-long interview with Arlene Francis by saying, "That's enough sweetness and light. Now give me the names of some people who don't like you. I need to get some conflict into this story."

Although a bit taken aback, Arlene laughed and tried to comply. But, after a minute, she shook her head. "Obviously there must be some, but apparently I just haven't cultivated them. I can't think where to send you."

Remarking that he would find such informants for himself, the writer departed. His air was confident. Human nature being what it is, he might well have expected that a woman who divides her life among husband, child, television, theater—and innumerable charities—must, through the sheer pressure of time, have stepped on a few super-sensitive toes. Also, that a woman so successful in all her endeavors must certainly have aroused some sharp-tongued person's warped jealousy.

The result of his search (Continued on page 89)

Arlene Francis is editor-in-chief of Home, NBC-TV, M-F, 11 A.M. EDT and PDT, and its preceding program, People At Home, 10:45 A.M. EDT, under participating sponsorship. She is hostess of Soldier Parade, ABC-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, for U.S. Army Recruiting, and a panelist on What's My Line?, CBS-TV, Sun., at 10:30 P.M. EDT, for Remington Rand and Stopette.

Arlene and her husband, Martin Gabel, share all their son Peter's interests—from pint-sized magazines to parlor football.

Favorite room of both friends and family is the library, which is Arlene's reading room and workshop and a gathering place for all visitors.

On the mantel, her mother's photograph—on stairway, an oil painting of son Peter by actress Claire Trevor.
Mother Burton has never been able to resist interfering in her children’s lives. But, now that she is engaged to marry Buck Holliday, she has found a new life of her own. Her daughter-in-law Terry is delighted at the results of her plan to bring Mother Burton and Buck together, but, as she admires the engagement ring, Stan Burton disapproves strongly.
the SECOND Mrs. BURTON

RECENTLY, Mother Grace Burton has been feeling as gay and young as a June bride. Not that the "Dowager Duchess of Dickston" has lost any of her regal manner or envisions yielding any of the matriarchal claims which have always served as a constant reminder to her daughter-in-law Terry that she is "the second Mrs. Burton." Only that, silver-haired and still a handsome woman, Mother Burton is having a December romance.

Long a widow, Mother Burton reigns as head of Dickston's most influential family. It is a position the strong-willed woman thoroughly enjoys—although her efforts to dominate and guide the lives of her son Stan and his wife Terry, and her daughter Marcia and her husband Lew Archer, have sometimes proved to be destructive. Certain that she and she alone knows what is best, Mother Burton has been eager to protect her family, laying down the law rather than letting them make—and correct—their own mistakes.

With her magnetic personality, Mother Burton might achieve more by giving suggestions only, rather than the meddlesome tactics she has used. But her desire for control has been too strong for Mother Burton ever to resist interfering. This has aroused resentment among the second and even the third generation of Burtons—all of whom seem to have inherited Mother Burton's strong-mindedness. But, as Mother Burton meddles in their lives and tries to dictate policy on the family newspaper, she is moved by a fear that she refuses to admit—the fear of spending her last years alone in Burton Towers, the large mansion in which she would like her children, though married and with families of their own, to live with her.

Terry has long recognized this fear of her mother-in-law's. When her own father recently married again, late in life, it occurred to Terry that—if Mother Burton did the same—it might be the solution to keeping the matriarchal widow from interfering in her children's lives. For, if Mother Burton found a romantic interest of her own, she might be too occupied to interfere in her children's lives.

With this idea in mind, Terry and Marcia drove from Dickston to Poughkeepsie to learn something about Buck Halliday, the widower who had once been a beau of Grace Deever's and was John Burton's strongest rival before Grace married John some thirty-five years ago. The girls had called on Buck, found him a bluff, somewhat flamboyant, hearty and quite likable man. They suggested that he call on Mother Burton, and they asked that he keep their visit a secret.

The wealthy real-estate dealer has followed the girls' suggestion, and he and Mother Burton have found that the attraction they felt for each other in their younger days still stands. The romance blossoms as Buck and Grace have frequent dinners together, make a trip to the theater in New York and discover, in their middle-aged courtship, the pleasure of each other's companionship.

Marcia and Lew Archer and Terry are delighted with the way matters are progressing. But Stan takes immediate and strong dislike to Buck. As Mother Burton's only son, Stan has had to fight hard not to be strangled by her apron strings. But now he objects to the idea of his mother's marriage—objects almost without knowing why. He searches for faults in Buck, but his objection

A December romance reveals a new aspect of Mother Burton—and promises changes for all those near to her.

2. Behind Mother Burton's haughty veneer has always been the fear of a lonely old age. Now, this fear vanishes as she plans her marriage to bluff, flamboyant Buck Halliday.

See Next Page→
only fires Mother Burton’s interest in her suitor. Finally, despite Stan’s protests, she accepts Buck’s proposal of marriage.

Stan cannot even protest that Buck might be marrying his mother for her money or that the marriage might deprive him of his inheritance. For both Buck and Grace are more than secure financially and have signed an agreement that their fortunes will go to their respective families.

Then the subject of where Buck and Mother Burton are to live arises. Buck insists that they live in Poughkeepsie, where he is successfully engaged in the real estate business. But Mother Burton cannot think of leaving Dickston—where she reigns as social leader—or Burton Towers, where she reigns as family matriarch. Both are adamant in refusing to give up a home that means so much to each of them. As a result, the engagement is off and on and off again, as they quibble about the matter. Finally, Buck gives in and says that he will live in Dickston. As this point, Mother Burton remorsefully and romantically offers to live in Poughkeepsie.

During these quarrels over their future home, Stan claims that these disagreements prove Buck and his mother are not really in love. When the engagement is “off,” Stan is pleased. When the romance resumes, he is unhappy.

Plans for the wedding move ahead, as Mother Burton shops for a trousseau and makes plans for the reception. Stan watches gloomily, and even Terry, Marcia and Lew—who approve of the marriage—must pause every now and then to wonder whether this December romance is really a wise step. Can the marriage which is now uppermost in all their minds really work out? Terry is optimistic—but, whatever happens, will this really change her own position as the second Mrs. Burton?

3. As she helps Mother Burton with her trousseau, Terry draws closer to her mother-in-law and discovers a new warmth where she had formerly found only haughtiness.

4. The engagement flounders as Buck argues that he must live near his real-estate business in Poughkeepsie and Mother Burton refuses to leave her home in Dickston.

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Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Terry Burton......................Patsy Campbell
Stan Burton.......................Dwight Weist
Mother Burton.....................Ethel Owen
Buck Halliday.....................Howard Smith

The Second Mrs. Burton, heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Hazel Bishop “Stay-On” Cosmetics (for Long-Lasting Lipstick, Compact Make-up and Complexion Glow), General Foods (Instant Swans Down Cake Mixes), others.
Roses have always been particularly dear to Mother Burton. When Buck chooses this way of saying he'll live in Dickston, she remorsefully agrees to live wherever he likes. Terry sees the December romance full of promise of happy years to come for Mother Burton. But Stan, Mother Burton's only son, views the wedding plans unhappily. Are his doubts justified?
This is Kathy Godfrey

So like her brother Arthur in her vivacity and courage, but with a feminine wit and charm all her own

By GLADYS HALL

There may be warmer, folksier, more eager and outgoing people in the world than Kathy Godfrey—but I doubt it. We met the other day for the first time, at Cyrano's, the little French restaurant Kathy frequents in New York's middle Fifties. And, in less than nothing flat, it was heart-to-heart, woman-to-woman talk such as Kathy might have exchanged with a schoolgirl chum from her old home town of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, or with a good neighbor out in Arizona, where her home is now.

Before we parted, an hour or two later, I—who had known very little of Kathy Godfrey, other than that she is Arthur's sister and has her own network show on CBS Radio—learned that she is married to Dr. Robert

Now Kathy has her own children—a daughter, 18, just wed—and son Robin, 11, who visits Kathy in New York (below).
There are so many sides to our Miss Godfrey: Her valiant battle against polio . . . her warm love of "people" . . . and her enthusiasm for her programs, which let her meet and talk with many, many people.
This is Kathy Godfrey
(Continued)

Ripley...lives in a ranch house a short distance outside a Western city...has two children—her married daughter, Nancy, eighteen, and son Robin, who is eleven...that two English bulls (Snifty and Christopher Robin), an outsize collie (Nicholas the Great), a guinea pig, two parakeets, two ducks and three tanks of tropical fish (belonging to son Robin) are "the other members of the family"...and that "Rosalie the Indispensable" minds the house while Kathy, in New York, minds the mike!

Friendly is the word—perhaps the aptest and most fitting word in the dictionary—for Kathy Godfrey. Yet there are so many words to describe her:

Pretty, for instance. Kathy is very pretty. Sapphire blue eyes, dark-lashed. Dark hair, chestnut brown with russet lights in it. Slim—117 pounds slim. Five-foot-five in height. Chic. And, although you can't pinpoint it, there is a resemblance to brother Arthur, despite the difference in coloring. Perhaps it's the way she laughs, or an expression in the eyes—a "family resemblance." All this, plus a husky voice which has been described as "a combination of Jean Arthur and Margaret Sullavan, with just a hint of Loretta Young!"

Courageous. Definitely, Kathy has courage. The never-say-die brand of courage which enabled her, after being stricken with paralytic polio at the age of eighteen, to walk again...to marry and bear children...and to have a career—a progressively more and more successful career in the field she loves with an abiding love.

And happy. For, when the talk turns to the Big Deal in her life as of now—the Kathy Godfrey Show on CBS Radio—her happiness simply shines! The show itself is a happy one, featuring guests, not just because they're singers or dancers or "names"—not even because they're the little tailor, age 87, from the Bronx, or the carnival Barker or the understudy who were among her early visitors on the program—but because something nice has happened to them, something happy which they can pass on to you and me.

Spiritual, too, is a word that belongs to Kathy Godfrey. For—earthy as she is, and human as can be, and gay—there is spiritual quality about Kathy, and you feel it. What you feel is her faith, her own particular and proven faith, of which she says: "I'm pretty solid in my belief in the power of positive thought. I really do believe this—that, if you want something, really want it, you will get it."

She should believe it. It worked for her. For, when polio hit Kathy and doctor after doctor told her she would never walk again (some even questioned whether she would ever be able to stand again)—she walked again.

Today, the active and agile (Continued on page 96)

The Kathy Godfrey Show is heard over CBS Radio, Sun., from 2:05 to 2:30 P. M. EDT.

Kathy would love to do a show with a panel of New York taxi drivers, "who know everything about everything." Below, son Robin agrees that cabbie Morton Weinberg really seems to know his stuff!
YOU ARE YOUNG AT HEART
LISTENING TO MUTUAL—
the radio network for all America...

... with your **COKE TIME** star

**EDDIE FISHER,**

**TUES., THURS., 7:45 pm EDST**
Do you really know yourself?

Life is unpredictable. Nobody can say for certain what problems tomorrow will bring, but if you know yourself, how you react, what you want out of life, you can meet problems with the odds all on your side.

How would you act if in-laws were spoiling your children? What would you do if the man you love turned to someone else? If you had more money, would you know how to use it well? Have you found faith and learned to live with God?

Life's problems are many. Happiness can be just around the corner or can be gone forever. You will want to capture it for yourself and for your family.

You can learn to know yourself better by reading True Story—the magazine of human problems told by the people who lived them. These people are not rich or famous; they are ordinary folk who have come through one of life's many trials and learned some important truth they want to share.

How would you have acted in their place? Would you have done as well—or worse? Could you have avoided the problem entirely?

Only when you have known the innermost feelings of others can you know your own feelings. Only when you understand others can you claim to understand yourself.

This sharing of human experience in a complicated world is the idea behind True Story. It is carried out even in the homemaking, child-care, beauty, and self-improvement features. The Editors who conduct these important departments were chosen not only for their thorough knowledge of the subject but for their broad experience with people and how they live, their eagerness to talk with readers and learn their opinions. Recipes, for example, come from readers. They are tested scientifically in the True Story kitchen but they have first been tested and found good by a housewife and her family.

If you believe that you can learn from your neighbors, if you believe that in the long run the sum of human experience is the surest guide, if you believe that the effort to understand yourself and other people better is of first importance in leading a good life, then read True Story, not only for entertainment but for the truth it tells you about life.

J. S. Marheine
PUBLISHER
A Full Life

(Continued from page 49)

Regular travelers on Sepulveda, are now used to seeing Rosemary—a remarkably pretty girl with gray-green eyes fringed with sooty lashes, brown hair dramatized by premature wings of white at each temple—talking furiously to herself as she drives along. Stopping at signals, she may consult a manuscript, experiment with a tone or gesture. She may review her timing, or question a stage direction, or caution herself—aloud—to pause at such-and-such a point for a laugh. Then, to the license plate ahead, she says: “Yes, but suppose the laugh doesn’t come?”

Often, a fellow motorist presses her by shouting to the actress—so busily exercising her art on the way home to her second “professional job” as wife and mother—“Hi, Rosemary! Very funny show last week. Keep belting ’em, kid!”

Rosemary DeCamp is almost never called “Miss DeCamp” or “Mrs. Shidler.” The butcher, baker, electrician, veterinarian, delivery boy, ice-cream vendor, forty or fifty neighborhood children—and all passing highway acquaintances—know her approvingly as “Rosemary.”

Her reaction to this camaraderie? “Sometimes I’m startled, but I’m always more flattered than surprised!”

Wholesale adoption of Rosemary by the population is not a manifestation. Originally, it was fostered by her Nurse Judy Price characterization on the Dr. Christian radio program. It was advanced by heartwarming “best friend” roles in such films as “Cheers for Miss Bishop,” “Hold Back the Dawn,” “Blood on the Sun,” “From This Day Forward” and “By the Light of the Silvery Moon.” Lately, she has been repossessed by all her old-time fans—and claimed by a multitude of new ones—because of her outstanding performance on The Bob Cummings Show.

Funny as that show is (and it boasts a masterly script by writer-producer Paul Henning), it can never come up to actual life in the DeCamp-Shidler household. Rosemary and her husband, Judge John Shidler, live in a hillside house on a wind-washed, sun-dazzled piedmont about thirty miles from the nearest movie studio or TV station. Set on a curving street named Camino de las Colinas (“Highroad of the Mists”), the house is a rambling, two-story, white stucco structure with wide, arched windows and a red tile roof. It is surrounded by trees half a century old, by copa de oro vines heavy with their great golden flowers, by bougainvillea in clarion bloom, and by resplendent views of the timeless Pacific.

“Rambling” is not precisely the correct term for the house. It sits still, actually, but it vibrates like a bass drum marching in a high school band. In this case, however, the band is inside the drum. The De-Camp-Shidler complement of children is four—all girls. However, to the best of everyone’s knowledge, there has never been a day during the past twenty years when a mere quartet of children flowed in babbling stream through the house. Usually, the number would be twice to three times the “natural” population.

The Shidler roll call reads: Margaret, Martha, Valerie, and Nita Louise.

Margaret was born November 21, 1942. She is a willowy, blue-eyed girl, full of dreams about becoming a film star. Her heroine is Myra Hess, and one of the most breathless evenings of her life was that spent at a Hess concert.

Martha was born July 25, 1946. “There was a pause in the roll call between Margaret and Martha,” Rosemary explains,
R.S.V.P.

You're invited . . . to one of the gayest social events of the year,
Charles Baxter's gala dinner-dance at the Waldorf-Astoria—where top stars of daytime drama prove they shine just as brightly at night.
Your favorite players from

The Guiding Light

Love of Life

★
The Secret Storm

★

and The Brighter Day

will be there . . . in light-hearted, intimate full-color pictures . . . be sure to see them all in the
November issue of

TV RADIO MIRROR

on sale October 6
ward when a new chorus of screams arose from the lunch area. Some villain had "filled" the Brownie sandwich bags with bees. The adults went to the rescue, found a total of two bees. No trial was held, but it was apparent that some zoological type had, at considerable effort and peril, trapped a bee in each of two luncheon sacks simply to keep the day from becoming a bore.

Rosemary led the trek back to the breeze-filled patio, cool and peaceful to the eye, and was presented with a letter. "May I have an ice-cream bar? Answer yes or no," it read. Rosemary wrote, "No. Mrs. John Shidler," and returned it to her three-year-old, serving as messenger for both parties to the communiqué. A moment later, an upstairs window opened wide and a flurry of paper torn to confetti bits came floating down in eloquent comment.

From the lower garden arose a jumble of murmurous delight as a new delegation, headed by an ecstatic Shidler lass, broke through the gate, announcing: "Merry Christmas (the dog) is having her puppies. First, she had one, and just now she coughed up another one."

This announcement was still trembling in the air when a magazine writer and photographer (due a day later, according to Rosemary's calendar) arrived to do a home sitting.

Said the traveling guests, "It's been wonderful, but I think we should be getting back to the airport since we seem to be out of communication. . . ." The air was split by a shrill wail.

Until that moment, throughout the not uneventful afternoon, Rosemary had remained imperturbable, accepting each new development with bland philosophy and a shrug highly flavored with "C'est la vie."

Now, abruptly, she sprang into action, her eyes wide, her movements quick and correlated. The amused spectator had been translated instantly into the mother whose ear knows every note and modulation of a child's cry. The wail, rising near and nearer, was not that of outraged pride or angry frustration. There was fright in it, and need.

It was Valerie who rushed into her mother's arms, blurt something about a fall from the swing. Expertly, Rosemary looked her over, deciding that the small nose was not broken, only skinned, and that the forehead was only scraped, not badly bruised. Rocking back and forth as she crouched with the seven-year-old in her lap, Rosemary kissed the tears away, murmuring the comfort and reassurance that are powerful cures for small damage. Finally, she set the child back on her feet and headed her toward further play.

The guests, somewhat shaken, moved toward their taxi, uttering the niceties—lovely home, delightful visit, it must never again be so long between meetings. Then Rosemary's chummy, "I didn't see how you manage, yet you certainly do—beautifully. You're everything: Wife and social worker, homemaker and mother, career woman and handyman. I should think you would have had a nervous breakdown before this."

Rosemary laughed from the depths of her heart. "Me—nervous? I don't have time for that sort of thing." And, as she waved her guests on their way she added, "Hurry back, and when you think of me, just remember—it's a full life."

Martha joined her mother. "Look—a three-cornered lizard. It has two tails," she particularized.

Rosemary studied it. "Only on these premises could it happen," she muttered. "But, as I said, it's a full life."

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Are you in the know?

How to cope with a wolfish stranger?

- Koak him
- Outwit him
- Get off the train

You're the perfect lady you were brought up to be—but to Fang Boy you're just another morsel of smooch-bait. How to escape his clutches? (Got a bumphershot handy?) There's a simpler way than dentering his so-called brain. Outwit him—by asking another male passenger to exchange seats with you. It's a perfect squeal. Fail-proof! Ever try to outwit calendar problems, too? You can, by choosing Kotex*, and getting the safety—the non-fail absorbency you need for perfect confidence.

To snare a Man of Letters, should you speak—

- First
- His language
- With an accent

So you don't know a dribble from a drop kick, hey? Better start discovering the sports page, if you want the letter-sweater lad to get your message. Learn to talk boy language—about football, basketball, track. See what an ice breaker it can be. And don't be a date breaker, at "that" time! Go to the games in comfort—with Kotex and the chafe-free softness that holds its shape!

Which does most for your social rating?

- Your gloves
- His heels
- Your hat

You'd prove you're part of the "grown up" world! Wearing a chapeau adds to a gal's social stature. Forsake the bareheaded or peasant (babushka) look. A hat's vital to your outfit—for church, club or school ceremonies; job hunting, travel. To avoid poise on certain days, let Kotex and those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Try all 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Free booklet! Want hints on dating, etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for fascinating free booklet "Are You In The Know?" Gives poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" advertisements. Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 12105, Chicago 54, Ill.

*FF. N. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
### Morning Programs

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See Next Page→
## TV Program Highlights

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### Doubleheader—Road Game

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### Monday Through Friday

#### 7:00
- **Today's Highlight:** Wake with Garroway

#### 8:55
- Herb Sheldon and Joe McCarthy

#### 9:00
- Skinner Show—2nd cuppa coffee

#### 9:30
- Morning Matinee—Feave films

#### 10:00
- Garry Moore Show—Moore fun
- **&** Ding Dong School—TV nursery

#### 10:30
- tasteful time

#### 11:00
- People: Home—Interviews

#### 11:15
- Home: The Francis Family

#### 12:00
- Ramper Room—TV kindergarten

#### 12:15
- **&** Strike It Rich—Winston Hall

#### 9:30
- Wendy Barrie—Unpredictable & fun

#### 12:15
- **&** Tennessee Ernie: Peaks-picking

#### 1:00
- Jack Paar Show—Rollicking

#### 1:30
- John Fowles—Travelers—From NY to LA

#### 2:00
- First-Run Features

#### 2:30
- Robert Q. Lewis—Très gai!

#### 3:00
- Linkletter's House Party—Artful

#### 3:30
- Bob Crosby—Melodic variety

#### 4:00
- The Brighter Day—Daytime drama

#### 4:15
- Scott Secret Storm—Serial

#### 4:30
- On Your Account—$$ Quiz

#### 5:00
- Mr. Sweeney—Checkins with Ruggles

### Monday P.M.

#### 7:30
- Robin Hood—Premieres Sept. 26

#### 8:00
- Burns & Allen—Coupled comedy

#### 8:30
- The Love of Life—serial

#### 9:00
- Robert Montgomery Presents—For Doctors Only—Live from hospitals

#### 9:30
- Dec. Bride—But April bright

#### 10:00
- Studs Lonergan—Hour dramas

#### 10:30
- Big Town—Mark Stevens' adventures

### Tuesday

#### 7:30
- Name That Tune—$$ Quiz

#### 8:00
- Navy Log—Drama—Premiere Sept. 20

#### 8:30
- Navy Yards—Drama—Premiere Sept. 13

#### 9:00
- Arthur Murray—Tilt: 9-20

#### 9:30
- Fireside Theater—Jane Wyman

#### 10:00
- Make Room For Daddy—A bedtime

#### 10:30
- $64,000 Question—So much money!

### Wednesday

#### 7:00
- Disneyland—Repeat films till Oct.

#### 8:00
- **&** Father Knows Best—Comedy

#### 9:00
- The Millionaire—Stories

#### 10:00
- Kraft Theater—Super hour plays

### Thursday

#### 8:00
- Bob Cummings Show—Force

### Friday

#### 7:30
- My Friend Flicka—About a horse

#### 8:00
- Mama—Peggy Wood stars

#### 9:00
- Playhouse of Stars—Filmed dramas

### Saturday

#### 7:30
- Beat the Clock—Stunts for prizes

#### 8:00
- Show Wagon—Holdit's talent salute

#### 9:00
- Two For The Money—Shiner's back

#### 10:00
- It's Allway Jam—Comedy stars Janis Paige; Sept. 24, 9:30—11:00—Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, Kay McKee

### Sunday

#### 7:00
- Love Of Life—Heartt's talent salute

#### 8:00
- **&** Father Knows Best—Comedy

#### 9:00

#### 10:00
- Lawrence Welk Show—Champagne music

#### 10:30
- Daman Runyan Theater—Stories

#### 11:00
- Your Hit Parade—Jazzy music

### SPECIALS

- **&** Spectacular—Sept. 11, 7:30-9:30, "Skin of Our Teeth," Helen Hayes, Mary Martin
- **&** Toast Of The Town—Variety
- **&** Toast Of The Town—Variety
- **&** Toast Of The Town—Variety
- **&** Toast Of The Town—Variety
- **&** Toast Of The Town—Variety
Dream Town

(Continued from page 33)

appointment to spend an afternoon talk-

ing with her not long ago. I hadn't any

idea what to expect. After all, Marion

(Sue) Randall is cast as the 'star-crossed'
daughter of Helen Emerson in Valiant

Lady—a girl named Diane, who has been

married briefly, and who has come to

New York to satisfy her restless ambition.

Diane is working for a suave character

named Whitlow Preston, and a nice guy

named Joey Gordon is trying to beat his

time with her. And Diane—away from

the restraining influence of her mother—
is having a bit of a ball, playing-off one

man against the other. Under such cir-

cumstances, one might well expect "Diane"

to be one of those glittering girls you

see strolling along Madison and Park

Avenues, with hair like chrysanthemums

and make-up a la Audrey Hepburn, perhaps—
since Sue Randall herself had been a

model for a while—even carrying the in-

evitable hatbox.

The girl waiting at the table in Louis

and Armand's restaurant wasn't like that

at all. Her dark brown hair, which ob-

viously had never been touched by a

drop of artificial rinse, was parted in the

middle and brushed back in the simplest

possible manner. Her young face was

scrubbed-looking, and her make-up had

been applied lightly, almost invisibly. Her

pert nose was peeling a little from sun-

burn. She wore a simple black dress, and

no jewelry.

It was only after we had talked for an

hour or two that I realized there was good

reason behind this austerity of dress and

make-up. Although Sue is an extremely

pretty girl with an excellent figure, her

class lies in her personality, in her serene

poise and intelligence, her ability to be in

command of any situation.

The impact of that personality is im-

mensely heightened by the fact that she

looks like a schoolgirl down from Vassar

to meet a grandmother-who-disapproves-
of-things. It's a good thing she hasn't got

such a grandmother. Why? Well, that's

quite a story.

You see, when Sue first came to New

York, she put up at the Studio Club, an

extremely respectable lodging place for

young girls. At first, she didn't know

anybody. Then, one afternoon, she left

er own room, all dressed up—just

as the girl who lived next door came in,
folding an dripping umbrella. "My gosh, is

it raining?" Sue asked. "And I left my

umbrella in a cab yesterday!"

"It's pouring," said the girl, and matter-
of-factly held out her own umbrella.

"Here, take this one.

"But what if you need it before I get back?"

"Then I'll borrow from somebody else. See you when you get back, and I'll tell

you how the system works.

Later that night, Sue returned the um-

brella and had a long, informative chat

with the girl, whose name was Priscilla

and who was a private secretary and a

singing student. She was twenty-four,

and wise in the ways of the big city. She

explained how girls at the Club aug-

mented their wardrobes by borrowing

from one another, and gave Sue some

other pointers, as well—lessons that Sue,

then only eighteen, might have had to

learn the hard way.

Not long after that, another girl, Inez,

a secretary in an advertising agency, joined

the team, and this newly formed trium-

virate of career girls—all for one and one

for all—decided the only sensible thing
to do would be to pool their funds and

The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES

NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a

beauty editor's desk, there is none

so urgent—so heartbreaking—as

letters from young people with

disturbed adolescent skin. That's

why I feel it is important to alert

mothers to the double dangers

of this teen-age problem.

Psychologists tell us that pimples

undermine poise and self-confidence,

can even cause permanent
damage to a child's personality.

Skin specialists warn of another
danger: acne-type pimples, if

neglected, can leave the child's skin

permanently scarred.

Fortunately, today there is a

modern scientific medication de-

veloped especially for pimples. It

is called CLEARASIL... and

CLEARASIL has been actually tested

and proved effective. In skin spe-

cialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out

every 10 cases were cleared up or

definitely improved while using

CLEARASIL.

Greaseless, fast-drying, antiseptic... CLEARASIL may be said to

"starve" pimples because it helps

remove the oils pimples feed on.

Ends embarrassment immediately

because CLEARASIL is skin-colored

to hide pimples as it works.

So, if you have a teen-age girl or

boy, watch carefully for the first

sign of pimples... then take

action. CLEARASIL is guaranteed

to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. 59c and 98c

at all druggists.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name,

address and 15¢ in coins or stamps for

generous trial size of CLEARASIL to

Eastco, Inc., Box 12 FF, White Plains,

share an apartment. They were already sharing everything else, anyway—including occasional dates with the same boyfriends.

The three girls started out early one hot summer morning, each with a newspaper under their arm, to follow a curious sign. It read: "Vacancy." That's how they met Jim, who was leaving, without any warning, New York College. They met him on the sidewalk. When they got to the appointed place in the middle of the afternoon, a more discouraged trio did not exist. The sign had not been changed, and the girls began to wonder if there was any hope. But then, the worst of their troubles ended. As they were about to leave the apartment, the door opened, and they found that one of them had walked into a place she'd come to stay in longer than fifteen minutes—well, Inez had found one, but the rent was out of her eyes closed, "I'll sleep till noon." No more than two or three hours later, the stillness was split wide open by what was surely the sound of ten model-T Fords being driven over a cliff, accompanied by shouts and shrieks of maniacal laughter. Sue jumped out of bed and landed on her feet, running. A second later, her roommates joined her at the window.

On the sidewalk a few yards away, a crowd of revelers, somewhat the worse for wear, was happily turning trucks throwing empty beer cans at the outside walls of the apartment. The three girls squealed with indignation. But, before they could think of what to do, the party moved on, the noise they made diminishing as they turned the corner.

"I can see," said Priscilla thoughtfully, "that there might be disadvantages living on the first floor." "I'll probably never happen again," Ing said, with a shake of her head. "That's a freak thing—\(\text{I'm going back to bed.}\)"

"Me, too," said Sue, yawning, too. "Good n— wait! What's that?"

- - -

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**November's TV RADIO MIRROR**

at your newsstand October 6

They all stood listening, and there was no mistaking it. Somebody not far away had started up a set of bongo drums. As they listened, another set of drums started up half a block down the street, picking up the rhythm. Then, by a kind of osmosis, almost before they knew it, every bongo drum in the neighborhood throbbed with the beat. And suddenly, the entire neighborhood seemed to be one great vibrating chorus. It wasn't until an hour later that, as slowly as the crescendo of drums faded and finally ceased.

"Now I've heard everything," Priscilla said. Sue was too tired to reply.

"But," Sue finished, "I hadn't heard anything yet. Half an hour later, it sounded like every siren in New York was screeching in our living room, and presently it was the bell and fire engines, several police cars and the fire chief drove up around the corner. Just when we were getting dressed so we could run out into the street looking decent, they all went clanging away again. And, an hour later, as we were starting to doze off, five million kids came storming onto the sidewalk in front of our windows and started banging balls against the wall, screaming and fighting and generally having the time of their lives."

"Then you woke," I said, "and found it was all a nightmare."

"True, except that I didn't wake up. I hadn't even gone to sleep. I carried a lot of my work with me New York College, just in case someone in the shop, asked the people there some questions, and suddenly it was all clear."

Sue, fresh from Philadelphia, had read the newspaper there, and New York College had received a great influx of newcomers and hadn't yet had time to assimilate them, or adequately house them. But she couldn't foresee that a good portion of them would be taken by the new neighborhood around the new apartment, and in their casual way had made it home. Ebbullient, fond of noise and laughter, they were well received by the row houses, and the streets had become their common living room and playground.

It was fun to make a big noise at four in the morning. It was hot and nobody would mind anyway, Sue thought. Did they play the bongo drums? It was easy to set fire to a mattress with a cigarette, but there was no water in the room, so why not call the fire department? Sue couldn't say it was such excitement! And, of course, children must play somewhere when school is out. Such a lovely wall to throw the balls at!... We finished our round of bongos, and we'd never noticed all this on our previous visits to the apartment," Sue said. "You see, we'd always been there in the early afternoon—the only time the neighborhood was quiet. We told our folks we were there, and there were their neighbors, living it up all night and most of the day, and the girls had a lease, signed and iron-clad. What to do?"

"Well, let's go through and out of a part of things over. Naturally, I'd built the place up in my phone talks to Mother, and I could just imagine what they'd say if they had to come to New York for a visit or—well, if they just heard how it was."

"The night they were due, all of us worked like mad to make the apartment look as if nobody had lived in it. They never knew it was a losing fight, because the weather was hot, and humidity and everybody within a square mile was up and out, and you couldn't hear yourself think. There were squabbles, there were squabbles, and the bongo drums were starting and somebody threw the first can of the evening, and—oh, I knew we were in for it."

"And, just half an hour before the deadline, I heard the wonderful sound of thunder. A few minutes later, the skies just opened up and buckets of rain fell. When my folks drove up, there wasn't a sound; the streets, there, no sound but the rain, and through the windows you could see the trees of Central Park glistening in circles around the street lights."

And Mrs. Randall, walking into the spotless, candlelit apartment, turned to her husband and said, "Why, my dear, it's changing."

"It rained all night," Sue finished, grinning, "Fate was kind."

By now, of course, the girls have acclimated themselves to their neighborhood. We all know about the young and the hopeful adjusts to the changed tempo of New York. While they cook dinner, or iron slips, or wash out stockings, they are not thinking of what to say in conversation to equalize the noise outside. They are away most of the time, at work or play, and when they are home they sleep comfortably against the clash and clatter. Now, the New York Police Department would...
Tennessee’s Partners

(Continued from page 47)
the worst of us, is good.

"The preacher, my mother and dad and I even visited the chain gang. I remember how the prisoners clanked their chains in rhythm to our hymns. I learned another lesson there: It's never too late for faith to touch the hardest heart. Once, when we came on the gang, one giant of a man spoke up to the preacher. 'Go away,' he said, 'you can't do nothing for me.' And the preacher said, 'Why?' 'Because,' the prisoner said, 'I've killed a man.' But somehow the preacher's message of faith reached him. As we left, the big man sat without tears in his eyes, 'Thank you, Parson,' I remember on Christmas Eve, during my teens, we used to sing carols from an old coal truck. My brother Stanley and I borrowed it from the coal man, drove it to the farm, filling it with straw, and the biggest part of the choir would pile in with my brother and me. We drove through the township from county poorhouse, to the two jails, the old ladies' home and the orphanage, delivering Christmas parcels to the poor folks, candies to the kids, and singing carols to all. I can't think of a better way for a youngster to live the spirit of Christmas."

Every philosopher knows you can't take life too seriously, you've got to take it lightly and keep your humor. There were times in Ernie's early life when his humor and his music were closely tied together.

Ernie had two singing teachers when he was in high school: Mrs. Hayes, who traveled from school to school teaching music and glee club, and Mrs. Schrøetter, the voice teacher at Virginia's College for Girls. "Mrs. Schrøetter," says Ernie, "put on operettas at the end of the school season—but she had to go outside the college for her male voices." Since Ernie was one of the boys in her private class, he was always invited to take part.

"One evening after rehearsal at the college," he says, "it was raining. Mrs. Schrøetter told me how to take a short cut through the building that would help keep me out of the rain. I took it, but didn't find the right door, because I ended up in the girls' dormitory. They were in their slips at the ironing boards out in the hall. When they saw me, they screamed and popped back into their rooms. One of the girls finally showed me the right door. But, until she did, there was more commotion than a bucket of red ants at a picnic."

"During rehearsals, I got sweet on one of the little gals in the college. I told her one day, 'You stick your head out the window tonight about 11:30 and I'll come over.' She said, 'Well, to make a long story short, in an Eastern girls' college, you just never did anything like that. But I did. And I got reported by the campus policeman."

"He told me I had to go down to the court next day to make an appearance. I told Mrs. Schrøetter and she said, 'Oh, bosh, forget all about it.' I forgot it until the judge spoke my solo, when in came the local gendarmerie. He had a warrant citing me for contempt of court. It was all Mrs. Schrøetter and I could do to keep him from hauling me off to jail right then. I had to promise faithfully I'd be there for sure, next morning."

"On top of the recent ruckus in the dormitory, I was getting a reputation around Bristol as a real law-breaker. If you don't keep your sense of humor, sing-in' can get you into a pot of trouble."

"There's an old saying that the best philosopher is the one who has his hand on the plow. Ernie, raised on a farm, was never a stranger to work."

"I remember," he says, "as a kid I used to go out in the corn field in the morning just as it was getting light, pick a pile of corn, haul it back to the barn, shuck it, shell it, sack it, and pack it on the mule."

"Then I got up on the mule and we rode down past Wheeler's Chapel—that's where Grandmother and Grandfather Ford were married—past the cemetery where they're now buried, and down past the old Barnside house (that's where my folks were married), to Mr. Hall's old-fashioned water-wheel mill."

"I gave the miller his share of the freshly ground corn, packed it back on the mule, and trotted off home. For dinner that night, we had corn bread made from the corn I'd picked in the fields that morning."

"Speaking of work, threshing time was the biggest thrill of my young life. When I was big enough to travel around to the neighbors, I used to work with the threshers sixteen hours a day. I was paid fifty cents a day and dinner. Though I was feeling mighty puffed after sixteen hours of work, getting to sit at the table with the men made me think it was worth it."

"When he was twelve years old, the Depression was on, and Ernie went into town every Saturday afternoon to work in Mr. Hughes' grocery store. "I swept out, carried packages, delivered groceries, and waited on customers," he says, "I worked twelve hours and earned one dollar. To a twelve-year-old, in those days, a dollar was more than a year's allowance."

"Boy and man, Ernie is as long on honesty as the state of Tennessee. At the grocery's one Saturday afternoon, while sweeping in the back, Ernie knocked a dozen eggs to the floor. Broke every one. He could have swept them up, put them in the trash, and never said a word. But he didn't."

"Eggs cost twenty-six cents a dozen," he says. "So, when I went up to Mr. Hughes, I figured I'd owe him another three hours' work—or at least he'd take it out of my one dollar pay check. It sure irked me, but I knew there was nothing else to do. When I got there, he pointed me on the head, saying, 'Well boy, too much honesty never hurt a man—but it sure bruised those eggs. Forget it.'"

"Ernie graduated from the one-room school of philosophers. This is best illustrated by the manner in which his family spent their holidays. "The family liked to share. The Fourth of July—during the Fourth of July—it didn't make any difference what the holiday was—all the uncles, aunts and cousins on both my mother's and father's side got together for dinner. This was something I could barely see over the table. We always had turkey and chicken and country-fried ham with red-eyed gravy."

"Now red-eyed gravy is to Tennessee as beans are to Boston and as lobster is to Maine. You make it from the leavings of the ham in the frying pan. To make red-eyed gravy you use one of coffee, plus your other ingredients. We put it on everything and what-have-you—biscuits, corn bread, light bread—(light bread, that's the stuff you bought'n)—all in all, very pretty unthing."

"That was real family-style living. We never had less than three kinds of beans. And everything was home-made—cranberry sauce, jams and jellies, creamed chicken. Everything I especially looked forward to the holidays down at my cousin's in the country. The kids went rabbit and hound hunting and we were able to add to the turkey, ham, and chicken."

Today, Ernie still celebrates family-days. His wife's family's sister comes down from San Francisco, and her folks come over from San Bernadino, and the country cousins gather over at our place in Whitter. Feel lonesome if we don't get more than fifteen or twenty around the table. And we try to have the same kind of spread—still eating pretty high off the hog."

But with all his success, Ernie has not changed in the eyes of his family and friends. His May home-town trip back to Bristol proved that. In the big parade they had for his sister's wedding, with his mother and father in the back seat with him, Ernie waved and called to most of the folks by their first names. And next day, driving back to his house, he stopped in to see his near-by cousin; he found him in the yard cutting wood.

"Hi ya, Ernie," his cousin said without missing a stroke on the saw.

"Hi," said Ernie.

His cousin kept at the log, talking over the saw's sound. "D'you know, Daddy, the road today, Caught a few fish—but they ain't been bitin' as good this year as last…"

"Finally, he put the saw down and, wiping his brow, he said, 'What's new with you, Ernie?...'

"No, in the eyes of his family, Tennessee Ernie hasn't changed. It was as if he had never left home."

And the next morning, back in the choir box of the Anderson Street church, Ernie felt the same way. When the great, warm, white-haired Christmas angel came rushing over him, it was as if he had never been away. Looking out into the smiling upturned faces of his friends, he had the thought that proves him a philosopher: Faith, family, friends—these give meaning to life… these are the last things… the things that never change.
Ethel And Albert

(Continued from page 53)

show, writes the show, and acts one of the leads. Doing three jobs—plus being a mother—keeps her so busy that, unlike Ethel Arbuckle, Peg seldom has time for a nice, friendly spat with her real husband.

Peg Lynch was born in Nebraska, raised by her mother and grandparents in Rochester, Minnesota, and educated at the University of Minnesota. She majored in English and drama, so she went to work at a small radio station as a writer-an-

nouncer. In general, life was beautiful, and

Peg managed to sell her show to ABC shortly after she arrived in New York, in 1944, and has since made the transition to

TV. Today she has a four-year-old daugh-
ter named Lise, an antique house built around 1728—and the handsomest husband in New York City (and it’s a big city).

Alan Bunce was born in Westfield, New Jersey. His mother died when Alan was in grammar school, and he was raised by an aunt. No one in his family was in the theater and he had no secret ambition to act. Out of high school, he went to work in the Cotton Exchange. He quit that job to sell candy. The next step, combining both experiences, might have been to sell cotton candy—but Alan, illogically, became an actor. Today, he has three children, an antique house that was head-
quarters for General Israel Putnam—and the loveliest wife in New England (and New England has a lot of people, too).

Alan originally got into theater work rather casually. While he was trying to sell $500 worth of calories a week, a friend got him into a little-theater group. When he was offered a two-line part in a Broad-
way show, he stopped selling candy. Then one of the leads quit the show and Alan got the part.

“My family thought I was foolish to fool around the theater,” he recalls. “They fig-
ured I’d have a fling, then settle down and do something sensible again. Actually, the theater kind of reached out and embraced me.”

People in the theater took to Alan easily. Even his wife-to-be, Ruth Nugent, was practically thrust upon him by her father, J. C. Nugent, the actor and playwright.

“After my first summer in stock,” Alan says, “I came back to New York to look up my only contact, Augustin Duncan, who was directing a play at the Belmont Thea-

er. I went over to the theater and saw that the cast starred the Nugents—J. C., Elliott and Ruth. There was a rather stocky man in the doorway and he bellowed, ’What do you want?’ I got scared and mumbled my reason for being there, and just then this aurum beauty comes to the door and the man says, ‘You take my daughter to lunch, young man, and when you come back you can get to see Mr. Duncan.’”

That was how Alan met his future wife. She was cast as an ingenue that season and played her part so simply and beauti-

fully that, for ten years, critics continued to compare every new ingenue with Ruth.

“She was so beautiful I’d just melt look-
ing at her,” Alan says. “It was a couple of years before we married, and by that time I was completely melted.”

The marriage to Ruth also sealed Alan’s marriage to show business. He has since played in many outstanding Broadway shows, including “Valley Forge.” He married Lindsay’s “Tommy,” and the Grace George vehicle, “Kind Lady.” He has, in his twenty years of theatrical experience, toured the country dozens of times and played a half-dozen foreign countries. He has well over ten thousand radio and TV programs

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to his credit. During the past spring, he starred in Pond's Theater, Kraft Television Theater, The Elgin Hour and Studio One. When he first met Peg Lynch, however, he was being called Young Dr. Malone, in person. "I flushed my first audition for the role of Albert," he recalls. "I played the part for gags. But I was so young that I couldn't even read the script that Peg gave me another chance."

Peg had "arrived" by that time, and was on the ABC network fifteen minutes every weekday morning. She had been originally intended for the role of Ethel, but it had been the conclusion of the program's director, Bob Cotton—after auditioning a few dozen actresses—that Peg was being hard to find. And apparently lost their first Albert—Richard Widmark—to Hollywood, they auditioned a new crop of actors.

That first Albert, Alan Buncle appeared on the scene, just eleven years ago. It was about that time that Alan became active in AFTRA, and he asked Peg's help in writing his lines. "To keep the job straight, however," he says, "let's remember that I had another critic, too—my wife, Ruth."

About eight or nine years ago, Bob Coton and Alan noticed that Peg frequently absented herself without reason from their usual long daily chats. On August 12, 1948, they were invited to the Little Church Around The Corner for the explanation. That was the day Peg married Odd Knut Rinning.

Odd, a Norwegian, had been studying engineering at Syracuse University. He had looked up Peg and her mother because he was a distant cousin. Odd fell in love with Peg. Peg fell in love with Odd, too, because she wasn't crazy. Odd is very blond, very handsome, and very rich.

Today, the Rinnings and Bunces live within five miles of each other at Stamford, Connecticut. Peg's house, more than two hundred years old, has thick black-walnut walls which are so hard you have to drill to get a nail in. In the center of the house there is a six-foot, square fireplace which faces into three rooms. The foundation consists of six boulders, each the size of a Cadillac convertible. Alan's home, though not as old as Peg's, has considerable historical significance, for General Israel Putnam used it as field headquarters during the American Revolution. Today its occupants are all civilians: Alan and Ruth Buncle, their two sons, Alan Nugent (Tony) and John Elliot, who are Yale students—and Virginia, their fifteen-year-old daughter.

"The boys are bright and husky," Alan says. "Jill—that's Virginia's nickname—is a lovely girl. The way she takes to people kind of reminds me of Peg. The other day, we drove a package over to a neighbor and the neighbor wasn't home. Jill carried the package up to the door and, instead of just leaving it with the maid and running back to the car, Jill took her time. She chatted with the maid for a minute and you could see her warm manner. She enjoys people and likes to make friends."

When the Bunces bunch together, they look like a family. All have had blue eyes, with a trim figure. Now that the children are grown, she gives much of her time to community projects. She has been president of an organization which calls itself "Arts for Youth." The organization supplements public school programs with concerts, lectures, art exhibits. "Every year there are this many letters," she says, "and her stepping is General Putnam's old headquarters—which, incidentally, is now a fourteen-room house with two maid's rooms—permanently unoccupied."

"The children are just as proud of Ruth as I am," Alan says.

Peg's standards are set high, as is obvious from the quality of her show. She is quite serious about every detail and yet, in spite of her business-like approach, she has one of the most genial organizations in the business. As Walter Hart, her producer and director, says, "We've never had people work with us who weren't nice as well as talented."

Walter Hart and Alan Buncle are the only men permanently associated with the show. Walter's associate producer is Toby Stotin, wife of the one-year-old Peg. All, however, are enamored of Peg for her kindness and humanistic attitudes. And the show is something they all are proud of.

Peg's fans are not only loyal, but, at times, better informed on her status than she is herself. A few years back, when she was on network radio, she was told in late spring that her contract wouldn't be renewed. She had planned a month's vacation in Norway and, upon the edge of the circle, there it was how Peg first learned she would have a new contract. In the meantime, began to harass the network and were soon getting letters from the network president that read, in part, "Peg, I have a very important message for you. Peg, I'll return in the fall." The fans sent the letters on to Peg at her home address, and the letters were forwarded when she got back. The message was how Peg first learned she would have a new contract.

That happened during the first year of her marriage: "I remember calling Odd that night, and he was so fired, when I remember how it all happened. The woman in charge of not renewing contracts came up to me and said, 'Peg, I've got something for you. You know if you don't renew, you don't belong. She waited and then said, 'Don't you want to say some-"
thing?" So asked, "What's there to say?
My contract isn't being renewed. That's all." So she said, "Come into my office and talk... Talk about what?" She said, "Talk about your contract not being renewed..." So I said, "We've already talked about it." She said, "You know we don't want to lose you. I said, "Lose me? You just canceled the show." She said, "That's what I want to talk to you about. We may want you back." So I said, "Well, I'm going to Norway, but I'll leave my address so you know where to find me..."

For that by time, it occurred to me that I would not have a mere month for my vacation but two or three, so I phoned Odd and told him what had happened and told him I was taking a taxi home. When I got to the apartment, he was in mourning. But I told him, "I'm happy about it." He said, "You can't be. Last night, you were crying because you lost a victory... and today you don't care about losing a show. It certainly is true that men don't understand women."

"Adore" is not a word to be used indiscriminately, but it would be fairly accurate to say that Peg adores Odd. And why not? Odd is pleasant romantic—when they were separated by visas and sovereignty he had the chance to deliver a rose to a day. When he loses his temper, he always blames it on something he did. He is always cheerful. He is charming and gracious and good company. Like a Viking, he thinks nothing of driving a hundred and fifty miles from Massachusetts to New York to have dinner with Peg—then, at midnight, drive back to Stamford... because he has promised his daughter Lise that he will be at breakfast in the morning. He's a good husband, but has given few ideas to the video series.

"Really," says Alan Bunce, bouncing back in, "you have no idea where Peg gets her stories except out of her own head. Sometimes we can give her an incident. You never know what she will pick up. Once she did a more serious thing... I went to a movie: I like to finish a flight of steps on my left foot and skip a step to do it. Other times, you think you have something terrible to tell her. I went up to her the other day and said, 'Peg, something is very funny happened at our house this past week. My aunt was visiting and she came down to breakfast wearing—Peg interrupted me. "You gave me an idea. Now let me think it out." Actually, I haven't even begun to tell the story!"

The people in Ethel and Albert, and the situations, and the acting and direction, are so simple and real that they are disarming. The aim is for laughs. But even so, it would seem that there is a serious thought behind every chapter.

A recent story whirled around the competition between Ethel and Albert as they checked the accuracy of each other's memory. The more Albert thought, the funnier the show. But right at the climax, as Albert was about to ax Ethel's ego, he realized how unimportant it was. He suddenly felt monstrous.

"It's like that with most big arguments in marriage," Peg observes. "If the couple could remember what they're fighting about, it would seem awfully silly." But, anyway, Ethel and Albert isn't a show with a message. It's like a weekly boxing event between the same fighters, or a series of battles within a war. The series reflects the classic domestic conflict, two people with minds of their own and motors running at different speeds, who, in spite of it all, love each other—and who, if they could, would smoother each other with happiness. That's what gives the show its blood, its warmth and laughs.
Born To Be an Actor

(Continued from page 29) actor, had been there as far back as he can remember. And it probably always had been the stronger one, but there seemed to be plenty of time before he had to make up his mind. At any rate, the conflict was resolved cruelly and decisively a few years later.

John had graduated from high school at sixteen and gone on to the University of Alabama where he played football, worked on the paper, joined a drama group, and also took a lot of pre-med science courses. He had fun during his freshman year, but, one afternoon toward the end of it, this phase of his life ended abruptly.

It was one afternoon he'll never forget. He'd been in a gay, carefree mood, walking with some friends across the lush grass of the sun-drenched campus, past the stately elms lining one side of the square, and up the steps to his fraternity house, where someone handed him a telegram. His father had been killed in an accident. The words blurred as he read them. Then, as he grasped their meaning, the impact left him numb.

Later that evening, he was back home in Haleyville, embracing his mother. Her quiet dignity, her face strained with grief—that was another thing which left its mark on John, teaching him more about life and human emotions than he's learned in all the drama schools since.

There wasn't enough money, after that, for him to continue his studies. His father—an oil engineer—hadn't had much work during the Depression. When he was killed in a fall from a derrick in Hobbs, New Mexico, he'd been working for the first time in several years. Instead of going back to school, John had to stay home and help support his mother and his younger brother and sister. After a year at home, he went to near-by Birmingham and worked in a railroad yard, sending most of his paycheck home.

By 1940, John's mother no longer needed her eldest son's help. But—with the world already at war—to resume his studies, go on to medical school and become a doctor seemed too remote and distant a goal for the husky young man of twenty-one who was anxious to make his mark—and make it soon. It was four years since he'd left school. Four years during which he'd stood still. And, during those years, the drive to be an actor had definitely gained the upper hand.

Nobody in John's family had ever been on the stage. But, instead of raising objections, they made the suggestion: why not try for so precarious a career, they were all for it when he told them of his plan. "John," his mother said, "if that's what you want to do, go ahead with it. I'm sure you'll be successful and however you try it.

One of John's first discoveries when he came to New York, in the fall of that year, was that he spoke with an A-la-ba-ma accent and that he'd have to get rid of it before he could land a job on the stage. Speech coach Frances Robinson Duff managed to "remove" his lazy drawl in a relatively short time. His range today easily encompasses the sonorous thespian accent of a John Barrymore, the model for a part he successfully portrayed in The Royal Family. Nowadays, the only time some Alabama sunshine creeps back into his voice is when he talks to his mother on the telephone. "For a couple of hours afterwards, he sounds as though he were on a 'lil' ole plantation," says his wife Louise.

In order to support himself during his early months in New York, John worked behind a soda fountain at Schrafft's, which was a veritable haven of bright, young theatrical talent. With John at the same 43rd Street branch at the time was John Forsythe, while Kirk Douglas, Robert Dall and John Lund occupied similar strategic positions at other branches, and Gregory Peck was a page at Radio City. All you had to do in 1940, if you wanted to meet as many of the stars of 1955, was to have sodas at Schrafft's and take a guided tour through Rockefeller Center.

Baragrey had his first break the following summer, when he landed a job in a stock company in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. One of the plays he did there was "Getting Gertie's Garter," which subsequently played on New York City's 'subway circuit,' circulating among Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens. This brought him to the attention of New York producers and audiences.

His next major engagement, however, turned up to be with Uncle Sam. John was inducted into the Army, assigned to Special Services, and served in the Pacific, where—of all places—in New Guinea in 1944, he met the girl whom he was to marry four years later.

Louise Larrabee was a young actress touring the front with a USO troupe in the South Pacific. On seeing John, a GI notice, was asked to take the featured part of the radio operator. Louise—along with some two thousand GIs—first took notice of her husband-to-be in a scene in which he was at a roadside American diner, trying to make an important message. All went well until out of nowhere a huge dog, a Great Dane—who was called "Hamlet," of course—was the!!!!!. The dog was a mascot of some outfit stationed in Rabaul—ambled onto the stage, staring hungrily at an inviting part of Corporal Baragrey's muscular anatomy. When Baragrey leaped to his feet and straight into the dog's drooling counterbalance, he did a perfect double-take. "Message must have arrived by dog sled," he announced, bringing down the house.

After returning from the service, in 1945, a steady succession of engagements kept Baragrey sufficiently occupied to forestall any return to Schrafft's soda fountain. He became a matinee idol, working in, at least, three media of stage, screen and television, he quickly blossomed forth as one of the busiest actors at either end of the Holly-wood freeway. So in prototype Fred Coe's first dramatic television offering—as well as in the first production of the Kraft Television Theater, TV's oldest dramatic program—and since then who became a close personal friend play Theroux "The Saxon Charm," with Robert Montgomery, and his latest release, "Tall Man Riding," with Randolph Scott. Of these he liked "Shockproof" so little he never even went to see it, and he wasn't much happier about "Four Days' Leave," though he enjoyed its filming—which gave him a glowing role to Shelly Winters.

John came to the attention of Hollywood as a result of a highly successful fourteen weeks' engagement in the summer theater at Skowhegan, Maine, in 1946, where he was spotted by Betty Davis who originally wanted him to play the lead opposite her in the film version of Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome." Ever since, summer has been Baragrey's busiest season, and he's acquired an enthusiastic following in following such famous summer theaters as that of Westport, Connecticut, the Bucks County Playhouse and the Falmouth Park Theater in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he has appeared regularly for the past several years. He's also been on national television in "Fathers and Daughters," "Ace in the Hole," "Jane Eyre," "Richard III," "Design for Living" and "The Bad Man" (with Jose Ferrer), "The Green Goddess," and many others. Last summer, his principal appearances were in "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and "Candle Light" (with Eva Gabor—"Petticoat Tales") on the Ponds Theater in May, and in "The Road to Rome" (produced by home outfit).

Summer stock means a great deal to Baragrey. "For a TV actor," he says, "it's like a post-graduate course. Besides, it's a lot of fun. There's nothing like getting a direct response from a live audience." On Broadway as was mentioned before, John's luck hasn't been nearly as good so far, although he's been associated with plays of such stature as Ben Hecht's "A

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Flag is Born," Arthur Koestler's "Twilight Bar," and Jean Giraudoux's "The Enchanted," to name only a few. None of these plays had much popular success, and most of the others were flops. Even where the name of a star like Constance Bennett, in "I Found April," seemed to assure success, the play folded before it ever reached Broadway. By no means discouraged, however, Baragrey is confident that his luck is bound to change soon and that he'll be in a Broadway hit yet.

After their meeting in New Guinea in 1944, John Baragrey and Louise Larabee had been dating each other off and on for four years, whenever their conflicting schedules happened to bring them together in the same place at the same time. This occurred again in 1948 in Los Angeles, Louise's home town, where they managed to arrive within a day of each other—John for the filming of "The Saxon Charm" and Louise with the national company of "Carousel." This time, they decided to get married.

Making their home in New York, they've since been lucky enough to avoid any excessively long separations. Both of them are passionately devoted Gothsamites who flock back to the city the minute any outside acting chores are over. "We'd be very unhappy if we'd ever have to move away from New York," John says.

Their base of operations is a second floor walk-up apartment off lower Fifth Avenue, on the outer fringe of Greenwich Village. They have no children and no pets, but seem to be deeply content in each other's company. Neither of them likes to go out or even eat out, (in fifteen years, John remembers having gone to a night club only twice, each time under duress). While Louise paints—usually her favorite subject, her husband—John admits to no hobbies, except reading. Having appeared in three adaptations of novels by Jane Austen, he has become a confirmed Janeite, but has no other special favorites.

Although he played football in school, John's trim, athletic build today is by no means the result of strenuous exercise—unless you count shaking his head from side to side saying "no" to second helpings. Other than that—"lifting my knife and fork," he says—"about the only exercise I do and enjoy."

According to his wife, he is not a finicky eater. "John will eat anything you put in front of him," Louise says. "The only exceptions are liver and lobster, of which he isn't very fond. But he loves okra. Fortunately, he doesn't insist on hominy grits for breakfast, despite his Alabama upbringing."

When Louise works and John doesn't, he'll take complete charge of the kitchen department, allegedly wielding a pretty mean spatula and proving himself a shrewd shopper. In addition to groceries, he'll also at times buy clothes and accessories for Louise.

"John has wonderful taste," she says. "I can trust him blindfolded. The other day he came home loaded with packages. 'I was feeling so good, I simply had to go out and charge something,' he said. But the nice part was that he didn't buy anything for himself—it was all for me."

This kind of unsentimentality has made Baragrey fully as popular with his fellow artists as he is with his public. He's always willing to share a dressing room assigned to him alone, has never tried to upstage another player, and is known for his old-time courtesy and considerateness.

Though women have a marked tendency to flock after him, Baragrey has none of the conceit commonly attributed to a matinee idol. In fact, he's liable to become acutely embarrassed if anyone makes a fuss over him. It's one of the hazards he dreads when he goes shopping for Louise. And there have been times when unsolicited affection has made him angry.

Not long ago, a girl somehow got hold of his unlocked telephone number, called, and asked him to meet her at a certain address. "Did you know I was married?" John asked. "Oh," the girl said. Then there was a pause. "Do you have any children?"

"No," he answered. "Good," the girl went on, obviously relieved. "Then it doesn't matter."

After he hung up he said to Louise that they really should go up there together and reassure her. "That wouldn't be very kind," his wife said good-naturedly.

"Well," he answered. "She was trying not to be very kind to you."

Where John himself is concerned, however, there isn't a vindictive or mean bone in his body, and his wife maintains that he's about the most soft-hearted person Louise has ever known. "It's reached a point with John," she says, "where he can't read about an airplane crash or a highway accident without being upset by it for days. Even when he doesn't know any of the persons involved."

Perhaps that's one of the reasons why John Baragrey gets so much satisfaction out of the more sympathetic roles he has played on TV and radio—such as young Dr. Palmer in The Doctor's Wife. There, in particular, he found an outlet for his instinctive reactions to the suffering of others and for his frustrated drive to help and to heal. That was a moral debt he felt he owed to his Uncle Wash. But, as modern doctor or historic adventurer, in radio or on TV, John knows the contentment which comes from doing a job well. For such born actors as John, life is all drama—and drama is the life.

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HELENE CURTIS

HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER
(Continued from page 38) then I started hearing about Joe and Bombo.

"It's a theory of Joe's," Rosemary went on, as she took a sip of her lemonade and sighed ecstatically, "that, the nearer you come to living like the natives of a country, the better you will like that country. Joe's a great one to try to understand a nation's customs...why they drink rum in Cuba, for example, or why the English don't like ice. And it's funny, but it works. I wouldn't like un-iced drinks or tepid beer in Hollywood, but here they taste just right."

Then Rosemary was groping through her handsome black handbag. "Thought I had some snapshots here of Bombo to show you," she explained, "but I must have left 'em in my other purse."

"Bombo?"

Rosemary had obviously been asked the question a time or two before. "I know," she shrugged. "Silly, isn't it? Something his father thought up, and it came from nothing that I know of. He's really named Miguel Jose, you know, and someday I guess we'll get around to calling him Miguel—but, right now, Bombo seems to suit him better."

If I was finding it a bit difficult to adjust to Rosemary, the wife and mother, it was even harder to visualize the brilliant, versatile, unorthodox Mr. Ferrer in the role of doting father, and I said so.

"Joe's a wonderful father," Rosemary said, as matter-of-factly as though she were discussing his acknowledged ability as an actor, director or singer. "He has a theory about babies, too. Before Bombo was born, Joe made me a great speech one evening in which he expounded this theory—which is, briefly, that men who say they're afraid to give the baby its bottle or change its diapers are just kidding themselves and really missing a great deal. I kind of took it all with a grain of salt. But, sure enough, after Bombo appeared on the scene, Joe lived up to his pronouncements and he's better than I am with a safety pin."

Much as I wanted to hear of Rosemary's career plans, her British debut in Glasgow, and her forthcoming Palladium appearance, it would have been difficult to change the subject under discussion, for which she showed such enthusiasm. Anyway, she was obviously just getting warmed up.

"You'll really have to see my fat baby to appreciate it," she went on, "but he looks so like his father it's ridiculous. You'd think I had nothing to do with him at all!" Rosemary's blue eyes twinkled as she took another sip of her drink. "Actually, I had a quick glimpse of him the moment he was born, and he looked so like Joe I couldn't stop laughing. Let's face it, on Joe those features look good—but on a new-born baby...well?"

"Did we want a boy?" Rosemary repeated my next question. "I'll say we did. You see, my nine-year-old sister, Gail, lives with us, so we already felt as though we had a daughter and we wanted a son very badly. So when the baby was born—and I got over laughing at his looks—I begged the doctor to let me tell Joe myself. He was in the waiting room and, as they wheeled me down the corridor toward my room, I spied him and shouted, 'It's a boy. How happy can you get?'"

In view of Rosemary's obvious enthusiasm for motherhood, my next question was a foolish one, but I asked it all the same: Did she want any more children? "Gosh, yes!" She had scarcely waited for the words to be out of my mouth. "At least five more. You see, that's the good thing about making records for a living...and recording my radio show. It doesn't matter about my figure—and believe me, I put on weight having Bombo. It seemed like he'd never arrive."

(Rosemary, incidentally, isn't the only one who enjoys the state of impending motherhood. In the long run, all her fans benefit, for her manager, Joe Shrilman, reports that she never sang better than when she was expecting her baby. "Her recording of 'Hey There' and 'This Ole House' was made while Rosemary was waiting for the baby," he said, "and it sold over two million copies."

Now Rosemary was searching through her purse for a quick glance to make sure husband Jose wasn't lurking around the pillars, she drew out a small box and thrust it into my hands.

"A great one to mark the second anniversary," she explained. "Five years ago, he received some garters from Cartier's with gold slides and hooks on them. And, every since I've known him, he's been dropping hints about the gold-trimmed suspenders. So..."

When I raised the lid to reveal the gold-trimmed suspenders, "I picked them up from Cartier's this morning, marriage anniversary," she explained. "You've come a long way, Rosie, I thought, from the little town of Maysville, Kentucky—where you were born on February 25th, 1928, singing at Cartier's in Glasgow, on Bond Street in London, from doing kid vocal duets with your sister Betty to starring in pictures, on your own radio show—and now, at that mecca of all performers, the London Palladium."

Everything careerwise happened so fast to Rosie that it might have turned a level head. Her first singing experience came while she was only nine years old when she appeared to entertain her grandfather's miliary political rallies back in Maysville. Then, after the Clooney family moved to Cincinnati, she and sister Betty became a vocal team and sang for several years on the local Pal. Then when they heard by bandleader Tony Pastor, who immediately signed them as featured vocalists with his orchestra—and, since both girls were under eighteen, Uncle John accompanied them on tour as chap."
back to talk of her second favorite subject—Great Britain.

"We both love the British Isles, really," she smiled. "Must be a throwback to my Irish great-grandpop, I guess—for, although this is my first visit, I feel as though I'd lived here all my life."

Jose, in England for studio interior shots after directing and starring in "Cockleshell Heroes" in Spain, rented a country house in time for the arrival of Rosie and the baby... a remodeled old dwelling known as Black Jack's Mill.

"It's terrific," Rosemary rhapsodized. "Straight out of 'Mrs. Miniver', Lots of china and copper and huge fireplaces, and the mill stream running alongside. It was really a mill, you know, when it was built a couple of hundred years ago, but I'm happy to report that it was modernized by an American and has five bathrooms and central heating. Let's face it, it isn't always as warm in England as it is today."

Rosie loves living in the country, and the hour's drive into the heart of London doesn't bother her in the least. "Although I wouldn't dare to drive myself in England," she added. "I've only just learned to cope with traffic in California, and this left-side-of-the-road business has me completely baffled, even when I'm on foot. But Joe is wonderful. I guess he's ambidextrous or something, but it doesn't bother him at all to drive on the wrong side of the car on the wrong side of the road. As for living in the country—well, I'm really used to it. After all, it's as quiet as the country where we live in Beverly Hills, and even our apartment in New York is very high and faces away from the street, so we might be miles away from all the hustle and bustle of the city."

"As a matter of fact," Rosemary continued, "my week's engagement in Glasgow found me living a city-type existence for the first time in ages, and I can't say I'm enamored of it. Our hotel was next door to the station, and two trains a night seemed to run right through my room. You know, the kind of engines that chug right up to the platform and then let off steam with a terrific whoosh... and then back up and start all over again. Golly, when I got back home, I fell into bed and slept from five in the afternoon until next morning."

"The people were wonderful in Glasgow, though," she went on, her eyes sparkling at the recollection. "Do you know, after my first show there were about three thousand fans waiting outside, and almost as many after every performance, but I've never seen such orderly crowds. Just about everyone had an autograph book in his hand, but, whenever I explained that I didn't have time to sign any more because it was time to go onstage, they'd wait patiently until after the next show."

"The audiences were wonderful, too," Rosemary continued. "I'd been warned that in Scotland they really considered themselves parts of the show, and that they'd call out compliments or insults with equal abandon. But I guess they feel kindly toward Americans, or something, because they were certainly kind to me. And it was all so friendly and informal, with people shouting out to me, Rosie, and calling for their requests. Mostly they asked for 'The Dimple,' and I finally had to tell them that, since the baby's born and I know where the dimples are, I shouldn't really be singing it any more."

Somehow, you see, the conversation always seemed to come back to the baby. "I left Bombe in England with his daddy and his nurse," Rosie said. "I was only away for a week, and I've discovered it's quite a thing to take a five-month-old baby on trips. It's the luggage problem."

"Besides," she went on, "it was time for his second inoculation, and this time it was Joe's turn to take him. When Bombe had his first shots, I went all to pieces. I'm not usually the sensitive-type mother, but to see that little mite feeling pain for the first time, and not being able to explain it to him, was more than I could stand. I must confess that I burst into tears, and the more I cried the more the baby cried, and the more he cried, the more I cried, and all in all it was quite a damp performance. So Joe figured for the good of all concerned it would be better if Daddy did the honors the second time round."

Between Glasgow and the Palladium, there was a quick trip to Ireland for the Ferrers, to visit their good friend, director John Huston.

"I guess every Irishman, no matter how many generations removed from the old sod, gets a special thrill out of visiting the country," Rosemary laughed, "and I think I met every Clooney living in Ireland. You see, one newspaper carried the somewhat erroneous report that I was visiting there to search for long-lost relatives, and it seemed like literally hundreds of Clooneys presented themselves at the Huston door. To make matters even more confusing, there's a part of Ireland called Cloone, its residents called Clooneys, and they all showed up, too. But it made me terribly proud, I can tell you, and I think great-grandfather would have been proud, too."

And that about sums up Rosemary Clooney these days. Proud of being Irish, proud of her husband, proud of her son. The fact that she's also a top star definitely helps. Besides the Clooneys, and I just hope that when next I see her she's well on the way to that family of five she's hoping and planning to have.

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85
Daddy's Wife—At Home

(Continued from page 31) me of a motion picture I saw recently.

Sherry turned a quizzical eye. "Oh, really—"

"The Long Gray Line," Jean said, with a

laugh. "Don't you think it's a little extreme, Sherry?

It's not. It's pretty little. But almost all

the girls are wearing them this long now.

"So they wear them down there," Jean

smiled, "but on you it looks—well, you know ...

"There was a slight pause as Sherry consid-

ered, then she said, "I imagine she'd come to

respect. Jean continued: "It's just not the thing for you, Sherry, honey—at least, I don't think so. Even though you're wearing them right now.

"We moved to Elkhart, Indiana, when I was
twelve. Our home, the cellar pro-
ductions, the many kids in the neigh-
borhood—and my grandmother next

door—were all great fun. I remember

playing up in them, that I didn't want to leave.

My grandmother Natailborg was my

best friend. As a child, when I learned a

new scene or a new poem, she encouraged

me with pennies and her home-baked cook-
ies. I would have memorized Shakespeare

for one of Grandmother's cookies.

"With the years growing up, I think everybody has

someone older to look up to, to make a

hero out of. That's the kind of friend

my grandmother was. I know how much
two time children take, and I wonder how

two time I know I did. Sherry came me

the other day, for example, saying she

wanted to go steady with a boy. I said,

'Don't you think you are still kind of

thing, and we sort of hung around the

subject for a few minutes, the way girls

will. She finally agreed by saying, 'Well...

maybe I am too young—but he's so

cute!'"

"I remember when I was in high school, in

Elkhart, I had several older tutors, so

I spoke, whom I thought a good deal of

and who helped me and encouraged me

through my pregnancy. My first year in

high school was the first. She en-

couraged me to do more dramatic work,

so I joined the local little-theater group.

The director there was Mary Thompson

and she encouraged me, so I took private

lessons from a professional, June Rohler,

and she, too, gave encouragement to me.

"But success in any business is made up of a

number of things. It's how long you

stick with it, who you know, and what you

know about your job... they all make for

success. The people who guided me early in my

career knew this—though ours, strangely

enough, did not. "I'm not sure what the personal rela-
thionship is than a personal one. I knew

what I wanted from the time I was able to

tell 'elocution lesson.' These people added

to the fun of my playing in my acting
goal, the quickest, surest way.

"And it's lucky for me they were around,

for I had ideas of my own. This brings

up the question of giving guidance and

enthusiastic encouragement outside the

home—it's one way for a child to

round out his world of experience.

Today there are all sorts of clubs—YMCA

and I was asked Jean what she thought of

where young people can get guidance, en-
couragement, be put on the right track.

'I wanted to act and was ready to go out

to the world, this is when I finished

high school. But, fortunately for me,

Mary Thompson took me aside and

suggested that I should go on to college.

So I gave a thought to college; I thought

maybe it was the career for me who

decided me. Of course, now I'm

grateful for her help.

"Miss Thompson also got me my first

part in a play. I was a freshman at

Lake Forest College in Lake Forest, Illinois—on a radio show called The

Brewer Boy. I played a real eccentric

teenager. I'm afraid the producer had me

typed.'"

After a year at Lake Forest, Jean went to

Northwestern University at Evanston, about

100 miles from Elkhart, for two years.

"The Brewer Boy was an overwhelming

experience. I was out in a hurry. She worked her way

through school with the Brewer Boy roles.

"When I came home to Elkhart," Jean

recalls, "I told my dad I was leaving for

New York to crash Broadway. My par-

ents had been of the opinion that my

dramatic training was preparing me to

be a wife. When I said that they

couldn't have been more surprised.

My dad said, 'Oh, no, you're not! You're

staying to get your teaching credentials!'"

The year and a half that Jean spent

with her father—but we both enjoyed

them. Besides, it was one way to get

attention. Well, of course, he didn't know how bad-

ly I wanted to go to Broadway. When I

found out what it was I really wanted
to do, according to his theory of not giving

dvice, he encouraged me to go ahead.

Jean went to New York one minute she

said, 'She had very little money. I moved

into a single room with her friend,

actress Pat Neal, and started looking for

a job. Jean says, "This was when apart-

ments were cheap. I couldn't have afforded one, anyhow. Our

room had no bath. We had to walk two

blocks every morning to a friend's house to

bathe.

"The first job I had was selling eige-

rettes in a night club. I took this be-

cause I wanted my days free to look for

the job listed at the Elkhart Booth Theater, working nights for the

same reason. And that is where I got my

first stage role.

Jen was caught in a conversation at a

buck's party one evening with the play's

authors, Ben Hecht and Charles

MacArthur. It was widely known that

the play was not going well. When the

play was canon, but think of it, she

said—being true to herself—'I don't

think it's very good. Maybe it needs some
more writing..." The authors were a bit surprised at this boldness, but it made the desired impression. For a while, Jean thought her brash remark had cost her any chance of ever being in a Hecht-MacArthur play. But the writers did offer her a replacement job when Louis Calhern's wife took sick. Then, just as Jean's goal seemed to be won, Jean came down with appendicitis.

Her stage career was launched in earnest, however, when she came back from the hospital and Hecht and MacArthur offered her a role in "Swan Song"—the show she'd criticized. Her big break came the following year, in Lillian Hellman's "Another Part of the Forest." From that, she went into "The Trailor," and then "Born Yesterday."

Jean met her husband, Tom Seidel, shortly after beginning rehearsals on "Another Part of the Forest." "We met in the lobby of the Booth Theater," Jean recalls. "We were introduced by my friend Pat Neal. I was going with someone else at the time, but don't misunderstand me—Tom made an impression. I didn't forget him. Three months later, when he called for a date, I said, 'Yes.'" We took a drive in the country.

"Tom has always been interested in a thousand things—that was one part of his personality that attracted me—and photography happened to be one of his many interests. He took a motion picture camera along on the trip and we took pictures of our day. We dig them out and run them every anniversary. Tom hasn't let me forget our first date.

We were married two months later. I was doing 'Dear Ruth,' in summer stock in Connecticut, when I stopped making my leg. Tom said it was silly to waste six weeks hobbling around in a plaster cast. He suggested we turn our time to better advantage—and proposed marriage. We were married July 3, 1947.

"Our honeymoon was an unforgettable affair. We traveled to the Thousand Islands near Kanoqua, Canada. Tom and I both love to fish, and this was an ideal spot. But it also was most miserable. It rained all the time—and me with a plaster cast on my leg! The rain made it soggy, and the mosquitoes were determined we'd get no rest. It was unfortu-

Shortly after her honeymoon, Jean signed what she calls a one-picture deal with M-G-M. "But I didn't read the small print!" she laughs. With a couple of years of pictures and contracts with options ahead of her, Jean settled down in Hollywood, married her old friend, Pat Neal, and waited for Tom to settle affairs in New York and join her.

Having always done what she has thought best for her, Jean picked the parts she felt best qualified for at M-G-M—"Asphalt Jungle," for example—and has always stuck to her guns when she felt her acting or professional integrity was at stake, as in her meeting with the executives about her characterization in "Singin' in the Rain.

It was for this role as the silent-screen star that Jean won her Oscar nomination. So, with this success, Tom went on doing what he thought was right for her has paid off professionally. But Jean was not satisfied with this apparent success: "It wasn't enough," she says, "because there was always something to do. But people never recognized me! No one knew I was in pictures!"

When I was asked, 'Do you work?' and I said, 'Yes, I'm an actress,' people replied, 'Oh, really. Have we seen any of your pictures?' If I answered, 'Singin' in the..."
Rain,' they said. 'Oh, we don’t remember you in that.' And, if I said 'Asphalt Jungle,' they said, 'Well, now . . . we don’t remember you in that, either—what part did you say you played?' My answer to that was: 'I wasn’t Marilyn Monroe!' 

Because of those reactions Jean felt something was wrong with her career, though she didn’t know what. One night, she and Tom—then an agent, now a building contractor—sat down to discuss her career. They decided that she could be seen by more people in one week on TV than in a year on the screen.

When Jean and Tom saw the first Danny Thomas script, they felt it would be right for her. All TV, at that time, was one criterion, Jean knew she would never better understand a part than this one—she would, after all, simply be playing herself.

When, after the first five weeks on the air, the show won the Sylvania Award, Jean knew that her "Don’t be afraid to be yourself" philosophy had again paid off. All TV was a very different philosophy. It’s a neighborhood attitude. And I find I enjoy it. Besides, it comes in handy. If I’m shopping somewhere and leave my checklist, well, it really doesn’t matter. The manager will say, ‘Oh, for heaven’s sake, that’s perfectly all right, don’t think a thing of it. Anytime you want to pay is okay.’

The enjoyment that Jean now gets from being recognized by her fans is carried over into the production of the show. ‘Danny Thomas,’ says Jean, ‘is a naturally funny man. It’s a great experience working with him. One time, Danny was in the middle of a tearful scene, when suddenly Rusty Hamer sneezed. ‘God bless you!’ said Danny and went right on. It didn’t faze him—in fact, it added to the scene.

‘Working on ‘Make Room for Daddy’ is very much like a live show. Or, rather, it’s very much like a new Broadie—opening night every week! For example, we play a great deal off the audience’s reaction. Danny will say, ‘I’ll read this line and, if I don’t get a laugh, don’t say anything, because I’ll ad-lib something else.’ Therefore, there is a great deal of tension, but it’s a wonderful acting challenge.’

Jean also feels that her television schedule is better than the motion picture schedule. ‘I work four days and then I have three days off. Besides this, on Monday and Tuesday, I get home in time to tend the children and read them a story—it’s ‘Davy Crockett!’ now, but last month it was ‘Cinderella.’

‘They are really too young to stay up and watch the show, and I don’t want to encourage them. Or, I don’t want to see the difference between play acting and real life—and, if they were to see me on TV as Danny’s wife, they might be confused about me. In that part, it’s a little different. Though I think that Chris is old enough now to tell the difference. She came in last week, saying, “I saw a show last night and it had a ghost on it. I was very scared—but I know something . . .”

“What do you know?” I asked.

“I know that, after the show, the ghost goes home and watches himself, just like you do!” So Chris, at least, is beginning to understand the whole thing.”

When Jean works on her script at home, hubby Tom Seidel cues her on her lines—when he isn’t building in and around the house, that is. ‘Hammer and saw,’ says Jean, ‘are a vice with Tom. If I don’t watch him, he’ll fill the Benedict Canyon with houses. We’d no sooner moved into our present home than he built a barn, added a car-port, and turned the garage into a playroom for the kids. Of course, the outdoor people. In fact, Tom says I’m made for swimming pools. He’s always threatened to buy a lot, build a pool and a bathroom, and live in the house. It’s almost our own home. I was perfectly willing.”

Instead, the Seidels moved into their present Brentwood home about five years ago, when Jean found that she was carrying Chris—born August 26, 1950, and named Patricia Christine after Jean’s good friend, Pat Neal. Arie Philip, now three, was born August 19, 1952. The children occupy three-quarters of her life. 

To Jean, and Tom first moved into their home, it was twins—a small house with a summer guest house, both on one lot. Tom joined them together with a few feet left over. Arie flatiron she uses as a doorstop. Like the house, Jean is a thoroughly comfortable person to be with.

The front door is another feature of the house which reflects a facet of Jean’s personality—the front door was once the back door. Prior to its present vice-versa position, guests had to tramp through a canyoneer acre of land and up a thousand steps. Jean felt that this was fine—if you wanted to live like a hermit. But, for functional purposes, some other arrangement had to be made. For practical Jean Hagen, the obvious thing to do was to switch the front and back doors. Tom Seidel’s building genius did it. The switch saves the mailman, a daily 300-step hike. He thinks Jean is a doll.

The sign on the redwood picket fence that surrounds their pool and front yard gives the impression of a typical picture of Jean Hagen. The sign is a subtle clue that reminds us of Jean’s philosophy, ‘Don’t be afraid to be yourself—to do what is right for you.”

Large, capital letters read ‘SEIDEL’. Small letters below—set off in brackets somewhat as an afterthought—‘(Hagen).’

It’s clear that Mrs. Tom Seidel (née Jean Hagen) knows what is right for her. Jean knows that playing the part of loving wife and mother is the best role of all.
The Gift of Happiness

(Continued from page 58) was particularly gratifying to a member of the NBC press department who had had previous encounters with this hate-hunting gentleman. “This time he was stymied,” she reports. “He phoned a few weeks later to say that the story was off. No ‘conflict’ in it—he couldn’t find anyone with a grudge. The more people he questioned, the more he heard what we had already told him—that Arlene has the same warm, friendly nature that she has on. She also has a sense of humor. And she never gets temperamental. Because she herself is a happy woman, she has a gift for making others happy, too.”

Since this contagious quality of happiness reaches viewers via three totally different television shows on three networks—ABC’s “Soldier’s Parade,” CBS’s “What’s My Line?” and NBC’s “Home”—it has won Arlene admirers in a wide assortment of places.

Arlene is especially intrigued with one aggregation. “I’ll bet I’m the only performer on television who has a cat, dog and bird fan club,” she says. “It started,” she explains, “when a dog in Rochester sent me such a cute letter that I read it on Howe. Now I get letters signed by all kinds of pets. I’m disappointed, though. I haven’t yet heard from a caterpillar.” The caterpillar contingent can scarcely be missed, for the hungry beings who regard Arlene with affection turn up in many varied places.

Walk along New York’s Forty-sixth Street, for instance, through the jewelry district where fortunes in gems are often traded right out on the curb, and you may possibly overhear a wholesaler tell a manufacturer, “Make me up an order of hearts. Like Arlene Francis wears.”

These hard-headed businessmen have good reason to like Arlene, for it is probable that she inadvertently has sold more diamonds for them than any actress since Lillian Russell. It all happened because Arlene, who calls herself “incurably sentimental,” always wears the heart-shaped locket, outlined in diamonds, which her husband, Martin Gabel, gave her on the first anniversary of their marriage. Frankly copied in precious diamonds, pearls or rubies—and also in low rhinestones—it is in continuous demand both in luxury shops and dime stores. The heart lockets have become as popular with grown-up girls as Davy Crockett trinkets are with the small fry.

A group which might, with a slight stretch of imagination, be designated as the occupational descendants of Davy himself chose a most extravagant way to express their liking. Inviting Arlene to attend their national convention, each member of the Fur Trappers of America brought the prize mink pelt of his season’s catch as a gift to her. These, made up into a magnificent coat, have a conservative value of $25,000.

The armed forces have regarded Arlene as their special sweetheart ever since she made her first USO tour during World War II. Lonely GIs gave her many affectionate, informal titles. The United States Army made it official by naming her an honorary sergeant, thus showing appreciation for her front-line entertainment and the encouragement she has subsequently given talented servicemen and women on their television shows.

But, of all the honors and titles which have come her way, the ones Arlene herself most deeply cherishes are those which she holds in common with her women viewers: Daughter, Wife, Mother. The love which exists between Arlene

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and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aram Kazanjian, is so strong that it has carried the three of them safely through the kind of conflict which has wrecked many a family. In the midst of this childhood, Arlene explains, because, “Both my father and my mother wanted the best for every-thing for me—unfortunately, our views of what was best were in complete disagreement!”

Arlene’s heart’s desire, even as a small girl, centered around the theater. Born in Boston, she moved at an early age to Rochester, New York, where she took part in community theater activities. “I was stage struck,” says Arlene. “Even the Sisters at the Convent of Mt. St. Vincent agreed that I should be an actress.”

Her father, however, was unalterably opposed. With the objectivity of an intelligent woman, and the understanding of a loving daughter, Arlene analyzes it: “You must know what kind of a man my father is. He came here from Armenia, where most of his family had been killed in the Turkish massacres. I think this intensified his desire to protect me from anything and everything. In New York, he became the foremost mingler of children—a sort of Constance Bannister of his day. He’s a big man and I still think, a very handsome one. He was frugal, careful, honorable, serious. But by an invariable turn of phrase or manner—sacred. He believed the theater was no place for a well-brought-up young girl. It just wasn’t respectable.”

Her mother, American-born of English-German heritage, was, according to Arlene, “The exact opposite in appearance and temperament. She was small, blonde, and always very gay. She loved the theater and was most anxious for me to have a pleasant social life.”

Matters came to a crisis after the family moved into New York City and Arlene was graduated from the fashionable Miss Finch’s. “Father relented sufficiently to permit me to attend the Theater Guild School for a year, but then immediately sent me on a trip to Europe.” She returned to find he had a nice, lady-like occupation all arranged. He had opened a gift shop for her on a swank Madison Avenue.” I hated every moment of it,” says Arlene. “I kept sneaking over to Broadway to do auditions, hoping that, if I actually landed a part in a play, my father would permit me to take it.”

The economics of the Thirties administered the coup de grace to the gift shop. “I felt sorry, of course,” Arlene says, “that my father had lost a great deal of money. But I also felt free. At last I had a chance to do what I had always wanted to do.”

Radio provided her first part. “I auditioned,” Arlene recalls, “for all the mindless, a part—being a cat, a little girl and a witch.” Being on the air was somewhat less offensive to her father. Arlene went on to do daytime dramas, commercial radio dramas, and TV shows. She at last won his full approval. “George Abbott gave me my first real stage job in ‘All That Glitters.’ Father knew Mr. Ab- botts was a good man, a good man. If a man of such stature believed I had talent and wanted me in a play, Father decided it must be all right.”

Thus, through patience, love, work and understanding, the conflict was at last resolved. Arlene’s ties with her parents remain close. Today, they have a Park Avenue apartment a few blocks distant from Arlene’s own home in the Bronx. “My father is the official advisor in all things relating to our tiny garden,” she says happily. “We consult him before we so much as pull a weed.”

The focus of Arlene’s life continues to be the romance which began during a radio rehearsal ten years ago. Breathless as a sixteen-year-old, she recalls how she met actor-director-producer Martin Gabel. “The show was Big Sister. I had a minor role and Martin played the lead, Dr. John Wayne. He had the most magnificent voice I had ever heard—and I was also scared to death of him.”

Martin liked her, too. (“Because I was a girl, I guess.”) He proposed, thanks to Orson Welles, in a theater while waiting for their cues. “We were both in Welles’ production of Danton’s Death,” Arlene explains. “Martin was supposed to be dying; I was his nurse. Well, you know Orson. If there was a difficult staging trick to be found, he’d try it every time. He brought us on stage by way of a man and Jimmy Durante—escaped from the bell by a complaining stagehand. And Orson’s rehearsals always run slow. And—you get to know a man pretty well when you’re shut up three hours with him in a cellar.”

They eloped to Paterson, New Jersey. Says Arlene, “Louis Calhern was our best man and Jimmie Durante was best man or maybe it was the other way around.”

They were in Hollywood, where Martin was directing a picture, when their son was born. “I wasFile: Maxell's Etiquette Book.pdf Page 20  |  90

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recipe for achieving this is summed up in one word—organization. "I'm a great one for writing things down," she says. "It is both my pleasure and my pride to attend to duties myself, not to leave planning and decision to someone else."

Her day begins at 7 A.M. At 7:30, she has breakfast with Peter, who now is nine. After arranging her household affairs, she takes him to school and goes on to the NBC studio at 8 A.M. At noon, when the Home broadcast is finished, she has business appointments, interviews or meetings with sponsors. At 1:30, she returns to the studio for additional rehearsals of Home. The latter part of the afternoon is devoted to work with her secretary. Family hours begin at five. Both Arlene and Martin feel those belong to Peter. If she has no show that evening, they dine early.

All of them love parlor games—"spelling games, adventure games, things like that." In summer, baseball baseball holds the family interest. "Martin's a Giant fan," Arlene says, "and I had to learn baseball in self-defense." Peter, who shares their enthusiasm, thinks he would rather be a baseball player than an actor—"Acting is too hard a job." Going to the studio with Arlene one day during vacation, he played catch with a crew member, on the edge of the Home set, until the producer turned umpire and called time.

Peter, who once, as a tiny tot, complained that Arlene "went to too many works," now takes her job for granted and finds nothing unusual in the fact that his mother, as editor-in-chief of Home, has flown a helicopter, ridden a camel and gone down to the bottom of the ocean in a diving bell.

All of them are excited about Martin's plans for this fall. He will then produce "Moby Dick," bringing Orson Welles back to Broadway in the role of Captain Ahab. That will be quite a reunion, says Arlene with anticipation.

Arlene traces one of her ability to handle both home and career duties to her father's training in that unannounced gift shop. "Be around such a man long enough," she says, "and you're bound to learn, perhaps even by a little bit of osmosis. Running that gift shop, I learned how to keep books—and I still do them myself. I also learned there are a hundred cents in every dollar and they all need to be earned."

Arlene believes, too, that it wouldn't be amiss if drama schools included a course in bookkeeping and in tax regulations. "That's what most aspiring actresses neglect, and yet it's the thing you deal with most of your life—how to pay for the bacon and eggs." She believes, even more strongly, "in doing the laundry. "Take care of those bills first of all."

A wife's outside interests, she also feels, can strengthen a marriage rather than weaken it. It keeps you from getting sloppy—mentally, physically, emotionally. She thinks that having a busy schedule can even contribute to continued romance: "Martin and I still make dates to see each other. We appreciate the time we have together."

"Thinking time" is most difficult for her to manage: "Norman Vincent Peale has some fine advice about that, which has helped. He suggests, whenever there is a free moment, that we empty the mind of work, worry, strain. Letting a little spiritual influence flow in isn't a bad idea, either."

The final, self-imposed Francis rule is one which she has carried on with Popularity with the cast and as a long as she remains in television. She says—and heeds it—"Never let your temper rise higher than your blood pressure."
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BACKSTAGE WIFE Despite Mary Noble's best efforts at scheming, actress Elise Shepard shows keen intention than ever of relinquishing her hold on Larry, Mary's handsome actor-husband. As producer Malcolm Devereaux mistakenly tries to build the Youth Center, has Don Harrick a hold over Lydia more significant than his own demanding nature? How will Grayling Dennis and his bride Sandra be involved in Max's love affair? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Editor Max Candeill has had one unhappy experience in his life. What is he to do with the strange, hypnotic old actress who seems to know an important secret? CBS Radio.

FIRST LOVE Zach's trial for the murder of Petey takes him and Laurie through the darkest hours of their lives. Can they recover from such a dreadful ordeal— even after the truth is revealed and Zach is free? Will some emotional reaction end by twisting their feeling for one another into misunderstanding— particularly insofar as the young lawyer who fought for Zach is concerned? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT The meeting between Kathy Lang and Marie Wallace leaves each of them with a certainty certain in the other. The woman in Dr. Dick Grant's life. Are they both wrong? Meanwhile, Kathy's friend Bertha Bauer struggles through a serious problem as her recently widowed mother shows every intention of taking over her daughter's life and home. Will Bill permit it? How will young Michael react? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Close family ties lead both Bill and his daughter Nancy into trouble as each of them tries to do something for the other. Disturbed at her father's efforts to help a friend, Nancy takes a hand in the situation and endangers her own family. Will the young lawyer whom Bill is trying to help be grateful or annoyed as Bill is instrumental in forcing him to realize the truth he has tried to avoid? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle's efforts to help Lorenzo regain his memory culminate in an audacious scheme— and when the scheme fails she really acknowledges despair. Is it possible that after years of effort she must resign herself to the fact that Lorenzo, unable to recall the marriage, really wishes to go on to another romance and another life? If this is true, what lies ahead for Belle? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa Raven knows she is taking a chance when she makes a foster-home for the unfortunate little daughter of the deranged Judith Lodge, Paul Raven's first wife. But the child's needs come first—over-ride caution, and Van devotes herself to helping little Carol despite the knowledge that Judith will never allow this opportunity to pass. Can Judith reassert a claim to Carol—a child she doesn't want? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Only because, in the course of her long and hard life, Ma has overcome so much tragedy can she face the disappearance of Gladys' baby with so much courage. At first the mystery seems impenetrable, complicated by Gladys' state of mind. But Ma knows what can be accomplished by faith and courage, and never loses hope. What about the marriage of Gladys and Joe? Apart from Baby Jane, is something else disturbing it? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY The Barbour girls are ruefully mindful of many long-ago tussles with their father as they face problems with their own grown and half-grown children that echo the past. Will they handle these problems as Father and Mother Barbour handled them? Will they do better or worse— or just the same? Claudia, facing family rebellion, wonders if modern psychology really has all the answers. NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Though Leslie Northhurst's death removed the threat to Lord Henry's title and estate, it has created another one that looms even more blackly over the Brinthropes' happiness. As Sunday's efforts to save Lord Henry's good name lead her into actions all too easily misinterpreted, the trouble between them deepens and Lord Henry becomes convinced that their futures lie in different directions. CBS Radio.

PEPPER Young's FAMILY After years of a happy marriage, Peggy Young Trent faces the possibility that her husband Carter may have disappeared for good. Believing herself helpless to a homicide charge, Carter desperately tries to put his past behind him and build a new life in far-away New York. Is it possible that little by little the substitute may come to realize the real thing with Carter? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Only a man of Perry Mason's vast and curious experience would have a chance of discovering what is going on in tycoon Sam Merriweather's organization. The slow poison being administered by Sid Kenyon and Eve, the woman posing as Sam's daughter, has already taken its toll before Perry begins to suspect that the eventual victim will be Lois Monahan, known to all as Sam's secretary but in reality his true daughter. CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS New understanding unites Carolyn and her husband Miles Nelson, after the crisis that came close to ending their marriage. And Annette Thorpe is, apparently, destitute as far as Miles personally is concerned. But Carolyn knows Annette too
well to be deceived about her attitude toward defeat of any kind. From what quarter will Annette's new attack come—and will Carolyn be able to meet it once more? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sibyl Fuller is torn by a desire to confess to Jim the secret she thinks has won him—the truth about the phone call that led to the deportation of Joselyn as an undesirable alien. Not knowing that the tense of love has been directed toward the very end of getting her to tell him the truth that will reinstate Joselyn, Sibyl wanders toward the edge of disaster. Will some evil sixth sense save her? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT When Gil Whitney's marriage to Cynthia Swanson seemed to bar him forever from Helen, she turned briefly to wealthy Brett Chapman for comfort. But now that Cynthia appears willing to divorce Gil, Brett sees that he place the scene's thoughts. Will this make him her enemy? And will his eminence be more dangerous than she knows, in view of his knowledge of Gil's secretary, the sleek and predatory Fay Granville? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Young Melanie Pritchard has been very frank about the divorce trial for Helen—her desire to catch a rich husband. Is her frankness a clever way of disarming her victims? Is Marge Bergman right when she charges that Melanie has made Helen's position? And what about Nathan Walsh, who seemed like Melanie's logical quarry—until certain unexpected changes took place in the Bergman household? CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND The misgivings with which Diane entered into her marriage with Walter Lee are more than justified when it becomes painfully evident that his wealthy family will never approve of his alliance with a young widow, mother of three children. Diane's position from Diane's children complicates her position, but the fatal misunderstanding convinced at by Wayne's father is more than Diane can face. Must she look elsewhere for happiness? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan Burton is very ready to proclaim that if anything more tragic than one's parents it's one's-in-laws. Already much disturbed over his mother's association with flamboyant Buck Halliday, Stan is plunged into further gloom when his wife Terry turns away from him, and makes things worse. Will Stan have to bribe his mother not to marry Halliday? Will Terry allow it? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Defeated in her last vicious effort to ruin Peter, Pauline Tyrrell knows a momentary pang of real remorse. When she is forced to apologize deceitfully Peter into trusting her, and treating her once more as the sister of his dead wife and the loving aunt of his children? Or will his need to protect Jane Edwards persuade him to be more cautious as he should be in dealing with Pauline? And what of Jane's husband, no longer missing? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Long ago, when her daughter Laurel married Dick Grosvenor, Stella Dallas vowed to allow Laurel to manage her own affairs. But she has been unable to accept the truth that marriage wrecked through a series of misunderstandings arranged by her enemies. Will Stella be able to save Laurel from the machinations of Ada Drexler and her son, Stanley Warrick? Will they wreck the marriage through Dick, if Laurel remains invulnerable? NBC Radio.

VVALIANT LADY Helen Emerson's efforts to help Linda regain her place in normal society and reestablish her marriage to Chris are painful enough—since Helen loves Chris—and without the tragedy by-product that unexpectedly overtakes her. Will misunderstanding and malice permanently damage Helen's reputation? How will her children be affected if the plans of Linda's mother are successful? Can Helen count on Bill Fraser? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan and Harry Davis are very aware of the fate that usually overtakes matchmakers, but the girl they have chosen for their friend Phil Stanley seems right for him too. If they feel confident they cannot be making a mistake in promoting the match. And in a sense they are right—for the kind of trouble into which their matchmaking activities lead them is far from anything they could have anticipated. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE No matter how large or how small the family, there is always one problem at the core of it so far as the parents are concerned—how to maintain that delicate balance between work and not too little supervision of their children's lives. Have the Carters succeeded? Sometimes Jessie Carter, thinking of her brood, congratulates herself. And at other times she wonders without ever being sure. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE At long last the fight is out in the open—the fight that Dr. Ted Mason is sure will end in his wrestling leadership of the Dineen Clinic from Dr. Jerry Malone. But Jerry has many assets Ted cannot evaluate—money and the confidence of the townspeople, among them. And Ted counts as an asset something he would do better to investigate—the help of his wife Marcia, and her money. CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Millicent Loring, knowing her husband Anthony is still alive will come from whom she alienated him by trick, schemes desperately to save her marriage no matter how she has to hurt Ellen Brown. Can Ellen's new, faint hope for the future survive Millicent's ruthless attack? When will Anthony come to Ellen's aid despite his wife—or will he be as much deceived as everyone else by Millicent's schemes? NBC Radio.
He Loves a "Lassie"

(Continued from page 42) series, he is all boy, and I can safely say he hasn't missed any of the typical growing boy's problems. This includes everything from a child's sprained finger to a young teenager's sprained heart.

I am very definitely aware of the "sudden change" that comes over our teenagers—at thirteen or fourteen, they suddenly discover themselves and think the world can't stand them. Tommy, for example, recently came bounding Lassie-like into our Westwood apartment, after a Saturday matinee, and announced: "Mom, I've got a problem."

I said: "Yes? What is it?"

He said, "If my girl, Marilyn, keeps on growing, I don't know how much longer I'm going to be able to get her into the shoes for two half-cent s."

"So?" I asked.

"So," he answered, "when a real man takes his girl to the movies, he pays for the very best, and I think I need a boost in my allowance."

I can remember a similar incident, not too long ago, which points up the sudden changes the "teen" years bring. I had taken Tommy and the little girl to the same show, calling for them afterwards. When I dropped the girl off in front of her house, Tommy leaned out the car window to say: "Don't point out your popcorn. You owe me a dime!" So you see, things have changed.

I have always tried to keep the lines of communication open with Tommy. I think that this can best be accomplished by trying to see the world through his eyes, by remembering what my life was like at his age. I told him, and he agreed, that Tommy is no different from other teenagers in this regard. They all become acutely conscious of themselves and the opposite sex, and are extremely interested in exploring this exciting new subject. My opinion is that independence should be encouraged, but teenagers still need a certain amount of guidance.

I have found that a party at the house is one way to bring the children together—and still supply the needed supervision. For example, I have had a bridge game going in the other room, while Tommy and his friends partyed. I don't think it's wise to stand by all the time, trying to look inconspicuous—for example, by changing the records on the machine. The children soon get writing things to be "policed." Rather, I think, it is better to have some obviously good reason just to walk through now and then, to refill the punch bowl or distribute cookies. The idea is not so much to interfere or to try to supervise their games or dancing, as to let them know you are there in case of emergencies. You see a lot more than they think you see, and it better helps you to cope with their problems when they bring them to you. Because you are not ignorant of their problems, you are able to take more of the opposite road, and that is important.

You have to encourage the free flow of ideas back and forth. Take questions of sex, for example—the teenager has hundreds of them. This is an important subject in his life. You can't ignore the questions, for he will then go elsewhere with his queries. You have to accept this kind of question nonchalantly, for if your teenager suspects that you think this is a problem—you're in hot water.

For example, I have always wanted Tommy to have a lot of young friends, boys and girls alike. So it threw me the other day when he came in and told me he was going 'steady.' I said, "You mean 'steady,' don't you? Aren't you a little young for that?"

"You don't understand," he replied. "'Steady' means you like a girl, but can go out with anyone else you want. 'Steady' means you like a girl, but can't go out with anyone else!"

"Oh," I said, "and you are going 'steady'."

"That's right," he said.

Well, you can see that, with this definition, I was very much relieved.

I think this age can best be described as the one when boys discover girls and vice versa. As Tommy's says—and I quote: 'I've discovered them.'

Well, haven't we all? In fact, it's with just this point in common that I am able to understand Tommy. These changes are not unique with him. "Tommy," I say, "don't worry. I felt the same way... I did exactly the same thing when I was your age, and sure use a new mitt that everything that is happening to him has happened to me, too.

I think this is the answer to the question in the letter from the teenager's parent who was troubled with her son who had been broken. To make sure that Tommy and I do talk the same language, I've never been afraid to share with him the things that provide experience—and that we have experiences in common. It helps to keep us in contact. I think the same assurance would help to re-establish contact with children who have suddenly become strangers.

Even though an acting career is not the usual thing for a boy of his age, Tommy has a strong desire to "belong." This is true of all teenagers. In Tommy's case, the desire to be like the other boys goes back to his first days in school. "Don't treat me like a special boy," he said. "I want to be like you all!"

When he was doing some of his first screen work at 20th Century-Fox, I realized the importance of his going to school with other children. When he was between pictures, I arranged for him to go to St. Paul's in Westwood. Later, when we moved, he went to Notre Dame, where he was just graduated, and now is going to Chaminade High School.

So, with the exception of his acting, Tommy is very much like a carbon copy of the average American boy. He has his school friends, his parties, certain chores, and, like everyone else, he plays ball. I'll never forget the episode with the baseball mitt. Tommy came to me one day, saying, "I could sure use a new mitt..."

I said, "I don't know whether I ought to get you a new mitt. First, because I'm not sure you need one. And, secondly, because I doubt you need it. I'll probably buy it in front of your piano teacher—and you know that gives him heart failure."

Tommy said, "The mitt is worn out—so worn out that, if you don't get me a new one, the boys and girls will never want to play with me..."

Then the piano teacher will have heart failure!" I felt blackmailed. But, needless to say, he got his mitt.

Like a very American boy, Tommy has compañeros—friends around the house; he has the dogs to feed and walk, he has to pick up around his room, he's responsible for the garbage, cans, and papers, and to take his allowance. The money he gets from the bottles is clear profit, for it is over and above his newly-upped allowance of five dollars a week. The five dollars takes care of his school lunches, an occasional hot-dog dinner with his friends, and the Saturday afternoon matinee—that's tickets for two.
handy. called told always asked the had just walked to first stage, and back he walked. had been to reach us for some time. When we went over to his office later, Tommy still had on his uniform.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Daniels asked.

"To the World Series," Tommy answered, happily. "We saw Tommy Henrich hit a home run when the score was tied. He hit the day, and the Yankees won! It was great!"

"Oh, it was great, was it?" said Mr. Daniels. "Well, it just so happens that I'm a Brooklyn fan, and I had money on the Dodgers to win. I fully expected," he continued humorously, "to give you a job today. But, if you're Yankee fan, I'm not sure you're the boy for it." TommyRoute Tommy, "I'm sorry you lost the money, Mr. Daniels. But, job or no job, I still want the Yankees to win."

"Well," Mr. Daniels said, "with an attitude like that, you'll never lose—so you might as well have said it."

He signed Tommy in the role of Pud in "On Borrowed Time" for the Ford Theater. And no sooner was Tommy off the air than we were besieged with phone calls from managers offering him jobs. Mr. Daniels sent him. I told them all that I would be happy to speak with them one at a time.

One of the agents who called was Milton Goldman. I made an appointment to see him on the following morning. But, when I went to the address he gave me, I saw Paul Small's name on the door. I was new to show business, but I must have seen it before I didn't know Mr. Paul Small was one of the biggest agents in town. I was sure that some mistake had been made, and I told Tommy so. We turned around and walked straight back to Small, and Mr. Goldman came out, saying, "Why, Mrs. Rettig, we've been expecting you!" Mr. Goldman hadn't told me he was Mr. Small's assistant.

We signed with Mr. Small's office and he advised us to make two motion pictures which had been offered to Tommy, rather than another stage play. The first picture, "Panic in the Salt Mines," had been made and was ready to go to 20th's New York office. We talked with the director Elia Kazan, I was thinking of Tommy—how hadn't he had a Christmas at home in two years. But, at the same time, thinking of all the things Mr. Small had gone through to get the pictures, and I didn't want to upset him. Finally, my concern about a Christmas at home for Tommy and my friends told Mr. Kazan how I felt. He said, "That's the most human thing I've heard a stage mother say. Of course, Tommy can stay for Christmas."

After "Panic in the Streets," Tommy went to Hollywood, where he did M-G-M's "Two Weeks with Love"—and we've been in Hollywood ever since. Tommy made a number of pictures before "Lassie" came along: "River of No Return," "5,000 Fingers of Dr. T," "The Egyptian," and many others.

When we finished the tour, Tommy and I returned to New York, where he did an educational film with Eddie Albert called "Human Beginnings." The film is still used throughout the country to teach sex education in public schools. After it was finished, Tommy took some time off. This was the summer of 1949, and the World Series was in progress. Tommy fell in love with Joe DiMaggio and the Yankees. Themando to buy him a uniform, complete with baseball bat and hat. That day, when we returned home, several calls were made and the call from director Marc Daniels. He had been trying to reach us for some time. When we went over to his office later, Tommy still had on his uniform.

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There were 600 children who auditioned for the part of Lassie's master in the Lassie series. After a process of elimination, Tommy was one of the five or six left. When Tommy met Lassie, they took to one another immediately. If you have ever seen the true love that exists between a boy and his dog, then you know what that meeting was like. We say that Lassie was the one who did the final casting.

Tommy went to trainer Rudi Weatherwax's home to spend a few nights and get acquainted with Lassie. They stayed in bed with the dog for a while. Then Tommy met Lassie. They took to one another immediately. If you have ever seen the true love that exists between a boy and his dog, then you know what that meeting was like. We say that Lassie was the one who did the final casting.

In fact, Tommy is gaining a reputation as "one-take Rettig." He has his memory for that. When he gets a script, he reads the whole story through to set the idea. Then he doesn't look at it again until he gets his call sheet, which explains the work to be done the next day. He comes home from the studio, practices his lines, and then goes outside. The following morning, he gets up fifteen minutes early and studies the day's work. This is all the preparation he needs—and I don't interfere.

But that doesn't mean Tommy and I don't share other interests. The big moment we both look forward to is the date we have once a week when he 'takes another sit-down dinner.' We go to Lowery's, where we sit, munching our prime ribs, and spend the evening talking about his girl friends, the parties he's been to, who's holding whose hand in the balcony at the Saturday matinee, all the latest "dope" (as he calls it)—and all sandwiched in with numerous searching questions and advice.

Tommy and I have never built up any conversational barriers. We talk about everything. I think it's the parent's job to establish this precedent, for when children are small, you go through a stage where that questioning "why" stage. The questioning period is the time for parents to cement a lasting relationship with their children. The relationship is "why"—"because"—followed by any reasonably sensible explanation. But you must take the time to explain.

The time is well spent. It pays off later, for you'll never lose touch, you'll never find a stranger on your hands when the teen-age corner is turned. I know, for it's paid off for me, when during our weekly dinner date Tommy and I share everything from prime ribs to problems!
salary to a housekeeper, because housework—with the exception of cooking—is something I can't do. Making a bed knocks me out for an hour. Even when I get dinner—which I often do and eat one—I get it in no time flat. You come to know how long you're going to be there before you have to sit down.

"Other than that, too, however, and the need to budget my energy, I haven't a handicap to my name! Where jobs are concerned, I have the strength of ten. I've worked all my life, love to work, and just have to have something going. I've had a real crazy drive," I said, as I wrote to all my own scripts back home in Arizona and I'd type three and four hours a night, then lie on make, one girl who would say, "Kathy, what are you doing now?"

"I say airily, 'Oh, I'm working on something... ', then change the subject.

"When, soon after we were married, my husband Rip was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, getting his degree, I hadn't been in that town five minutes before I was Off, my hands were so sore I could find out whether they had a spot for a woman! Same wherever we lived—while we were in the process of moving, packing and unpacking. Things that matter."

"Strangely, though—since I love it so much—I never thought: I am going to be on radio. Not even after Arthur was on the air, did it occur to me, for myself. At 32, I was married and looked to the future as a hostess at Srattha's in New York. My dream then was to become a dining-room hostess on a boat going to South America, where, I thought, I'd be a dining-car hostess. And, after that, to be a piano in the house, encouraged us children to play and sing, and even when we didn't have anything to eat, we went to the D'Oyly Carte whenever it came to New York. How she managed it, I will never know.

"Often, we couldn't even go to school—especially when it snowed—because we didn't have shoes to wear. We used to put cardboard in the soles of our shoes. Or our father did. I remember our father's incontinence reporter by trade, a sort of Har- rington character, who had to make a joke out of everything—saying, as he deftly inserted the cardboard. This is a thing I learned very early, and am to this day, when Father was 'laid off,' we often had nothing to eat literarally. Other times—flush times—we dined on thick steaks, terrrific turkey, cranberries."

"Mother came from a very good family. All she could do—or had supposed she would ever need to do—was paint china, play the piano, speak French. What I mean is, our mother was a slave to the automobile according to her standards. She was responsible for all the surgery he undergone."

"There are many parallels in our lives, Arthur's life and mine. As a matter of fact, I think we are all Godfrey's are a stretch of clothes—Charles, who is a farmer in New Jersey; Bob, who composes songs; Arthur, who needs no billing—my sister, who can play the piano. Not so much in the way we look, as the way we are. We're all impetuous, volatile and—although it takes an awful lot to make me angry—when it does, at any rate, blow my top... and five minutes later I'm singing! None of this nursing a grudge for days or hours. Or even four minutes. When my husband is quiet, I control very well, very kind—witnesses to this sunshine-in-the-wage of- storm routine of mine, to this day, he just doesn't believe his eyes and ears!"

"We Godfrey's have the same kind of independence. Or pride. Because we've been apart for so many years—I in Arizona, Arthur here in the East—our relationship has become nothing that friends, I'd say, than of brother and sister. But, good friends as we are, I have never presumed on this friendship, any more than I would on any other. On the air, out West. I always look forward to Morton—Morton was our mother's maiden name. And, whenever I've gone anywhere for a job, and people have said—as they so often do—'Now, Kathy, why don't you ask Arthur? All you have to do is pick up the telephone'... I haven't.

"Hardly. Because I must say one thing," Kathy emphasizes. "When we're going to a job, I've always been at home and worked locally—came East, a year ago last summer, to do a network show (not CBS) which didn't work out for me and wasn't good for me. Arthur said in my defense: 'She got all loused up!'"

"I must also say, and gratefully, that it was Arthur who arranged the CBS Radio network show. He'd been at home and worked locally—came East, a year ago last summer, to do a network show (not CBS) which didn't work out for me and wasn't good for me. Arthur said in my defense: 'She got all loused up!'"

"We're 'alikes,' too, I think, in the fact that none of us cares too much about money, one way or the other. Not stuff to have around. But—speaking for myself, at any rate—I was just as happy when I didn't have a dime! Working on local stations, as I often did, for five dollars a broadcast, I didn't take it too seriously."

"It's kind of all right, in my book, not to have much. Probably because we—who as kids had nothing, and I mean nothing—actualy have had everything that matters. We lived in a store in Hasbrouck Heights. (Mother used to soap the windows with Bon Ami so people couldn't see the grease.)"

"But Mother, a fabulous and remarkable woman, always managed to make a piano in the house, encouraged us children to play and sing, and even when we didn't have anything to eat, we went to the D'Oyly Carte whenever it came to New York. How she managed it, I will never know."

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on earth do you say a thing like that?"

"We all love to talk, we Godfrey's—this
is definitely a common denominator—love
to sit up talking until three in the morn-
ing, the father enjoys listening to them. They
know of our children, our father did, as I enjoy mine
... largely, I think, because I have no
feeling of possessions concerning them.
Rather, I have the feeling I got, some years ago,
when I read Kahil Gibran's "The
Prophet," in which he explained that the
mother is simply the 'channel' through
which children pass. If you can give your
children a part of you, or they accept a
part of you, that is good—but do not try
to possess them. Or even think you pos-
sess them. They have had, and will have,
their own right of their own pride. Our children have
taken a little from all of us, but they be-
long to themselves, not to us, and they
know it. It is because they know it, I
think, that they are both so spirited!

"We all love people, we Godfrey's...
are interested in and curious about people.
It has been said, by the way—I know,
I've heard it—that I am have a plenty of
Arthur. Which is not true. Not true at all.
When you talk with Arthur, his eyes just
radiate interest. He is interested in you,
genuinely interested. Which, of course,
there is nothing gold necklaces.
How could I, or anyone, not be fond of a
man like this?

Speaking of loving people, and of liking
to talk," Kathy smiles, "reminds me of the
piece of advice Arthur gave me when I
first went on the air. 'You and I haven't
talent,' he said. 'We can't sing. We can't
dance. We can't even act the time we have:
We like people. So we should talk
to people. About the things that interest
us. Just be ourselves, that's all.' I have
followed Arthur's advice. I don't think
it is totally unnecessary to add—has he

"On my CBS show, a few weeks ago, I
sang," Kathy laughs. "First time in my
life I've ever sung on the air, for the very
good reason that I don't like to be
I can't sing! But, with this one exception,
talking with people has always been my
show. All of it. In the West, I did three
tv shows a week and on radio. In New
York, the tv programs was Swap Shop, which
I loved. I once swapped a car for a plane,
a trained baby skunk for a rifle, a bed-
spread for a mattress. It was all warm
and funny and fun.

"I was all over the board out there,"
Kathy says. "Was well sponsored, too. But
I'd gone as far as I could go there, and
when you can go backward—which is not where I want
to go!—and—thanks to CBS—am not going.
But, because of this real crazy drive
I have, my dream now is to do many shows on
CBS, five days a week, and, simultaneous,
too, on TV, as well as radio.

"Another dream of mine is to have a cab
driver's show—featuring the New York
taxi drivers. I go everywhere. One
argument handed me against having
such a show is that I propose that the
cab drivers might be rude, possibly even
pro-fane. I doubt it. If they had a man as
em-
couraging as myself, I think that the
talking out of cabs is still a bit difficult for
me, I know how kind and courteous these
drivers are; they've been wonderful to me.

"I want a panel of three taxi drivers,"
Kathy says, "and a guest. A girl singer,
say, just beginning her career, about
whose chances I would ask the panel.
They would know. Or a New Yorker who
does, say, 'Hello, I've been with
O'Mulligan for years, and his hobbies are
are... This could be fascinating, for
their hobbies range from shooting pool to
studying the abstract sciences to suggest-
ing cures for the current sickness called
just about everything, I tell you, about everything.
I think I could have a really different, fresh
show, with such a panel. Someday," says
Kathy, "I'm going to get a sponsor, all by myself!"

Career-minded as she is, however—with the
"real crazy drive" of which she speaks—
Kathy is a descriptive word for Kathy.
None more so.

Clothes, for instance: "I'm not the
glamour-puss type with the plunging
neckline and the dripping earrings, but
clients have to do love 'em,

Even though I don't seem to know how to
buy properly, never have the right things
take with me for weekends, shoes never
match... shoes—are they shoes—
know what I mean? What I do now, to
beat the rap, is buy three sets, in
different colors, of anything I see that I like.
I walk easier for me if I wore slacks and
shorts. But, since they don't look well
on me, I never do. At home, I always
wear robes around the house and the pool.
A Chinese robe. A nylon robe. Of robes for
women..."

"When it comes to jewelry, I like Indian
jewelry made by Johnny Bonnell, by our
American Indians—I have some love-
ly silver bracelets. Or I like jewelry which
means something. Like, for instance:
the medal which is wearing—a Gemini medal-
ion which was given me because June, my
birth month, is Gemini. In the perfume
department, I always buy Blue Hour.
It is the only perfume I ever use, and have
used for years and years.

On Sutton Place in New York, Kathy
has rented an apartment which she was in
preparing to have. I'd be..."

"Cheser to furnish an apartment,"
Kathy observes, "than to rent one furn-
ished. As for the other alternative, a hotel
—I don't like living in a hotel. I like to be
able to fix a little tray, do it myself, eat in
bed and watch TV. I fly back West when I
can, about once a month. My son Robin
and I are going and using the formula this year for
his spring vacation.

Happily, Kathy has no problem in the
career-versus-home—and-family category.
Of her husband, she says: 'Rip's always
loved it— the idea of my having a career.
The kids get a kick out of it, too. When
after several months of negotiation, my
CBS show finally jellied, Robin sighed:
I was afraid you'd wind up on
Life Begins At 80!"

"I've always worked," says Kathy. "I've
been on the air close to sixteen years now.
And, since a doctor's life is very busy—
Rip is a surgeon—early to bed, at 6 A.M. and,
when he's home, he has to sleep—it's real satis-
fying for me to have work to do. Much
better than just sitting beside that pool."
Kathy laughs, "I can do that when I am
eighty!"

"I think I've been so lucky, all my life,
to meet all kinds of people, talk with them,
live in every sort of place... and then to
be able to make a living from them. It's
give out the knowledge of people I've
gained and the love I feel for them. May-
be this is what I am supposed to do. I
think so.

"I do believe that things work them-
selves out—no matter what the odds
against you—if you really try, without
shoving, pushing, trampling on or hurting
other people. I believe this, says Kathy
Godfrey. I really do."
Something for Mother

(Continued from page 32)

If their own. All have become fine men.

"But these teen-age gangs I read about

in the newspapers. They make me

frustrate of a man who doesn't know

what to do at first. It isn't the neigh-

borhood that's to blame, you know. Basic-

ally, it's the person himself."

And, if Steve Lawrence feels like the

luckiest guy in the world these days, it

isn't because he's one of the most famous,

one of the most successful twenty-year-

olds in the country. It's because of his

mother and father. He made them the kind

of person he is. He can never thank his

parents enough for the love and under-

standing they gave him as a child—and

still give him. And he can never thank

them enough for the discipline. "When my

mother and father said no, I couldn't go

a movie," he recalls, "they meant no—

and I didn't go."

But Steve's parents are not only what

he calls "strong people," they are deeply

religious as well—in their house, as well as

in their church. And they instilled in their

own children the love of God and

his good life, so that, even today, with a

life complicated by a late-evening TV

show, recording dates and night-club ap-

pearances, Steve still keeps up his religi-

ous observances.

"It's good for me," he says. And he is

genuinely sorry for all the other twenty-

year-olds who never found out that it

would be good for them, too. "So many of

them don't know what the inside of a

house of worship looks like—or what it

eels like to say a couple of prayers . . ."

"Naturally," Steve observes, "everyone

feels that his mother and father are the

best in the world." And, having allowed

you the right to feel the same way about

our parents, I go on about his own.

The Leibowitz family were poor, hard-work-

ing people—but there was always bread

in the table," and they were determined

that their children would all have a good

ducation. Max, Steve's father, still works

as a decorator and painter; and, on Sab-

baths and Holy Days, he still sings as a

cantor in the synagogue. As for Anna,

Steve's mother . . . "Well, do you remem-

ber the Goldberg or radio and television?

My mother's Mrs. Goldberg to the life."

Steve is referring not only to her ap-

pearance, but to the watchful, loving eye

she keeps on her family. And then there

are her good-humorized attempts to keep

up with the weirdness of the day, and the

tries to be 'very hip,'" Steve points out,

"and everything's usually 'all rightie' with

her."

Of the four Leibowitz children—three

boys and a girl—Sidney, born July 8,

1955, is the youngest. And, although Sid-

ney grew up to become Steve Lawrence,

he claims his brother Bernie is "the real

singer of the family." Both boys began

singing when they were seven or eight, but

Bernie was four years older. By the time

Steve was ready to join his father's choir,

his brother was soloist. But then Bernie's

voice started changing and Steve took over.

Then, in turn, Steve's voice started chang-

ing and his father urged him to stop sing-

ing lest he strain it.

Between the ages of eleven and fourteen,

Steve rested his voice. The love of music

was too strong, however, not to have some

outlet, so he learned to play the piano and

saxophone. And that's how he happened

to be the accompanist for Bernie in his

first professional engagement.

"It was at the old Riviera night club,"

Steve recalls. "It's no longer there, but

it used to be on Forty-fourth Street, right

outside the Hudson Theater where we

now do the Steve Allen show. They had

an amateur night—first prize five dollars,

second prize three dollars, and two third

prizes of two dollars. Bernie was sixteen

or nineteen at the time, and we had al-

ready started to work up a singing act

together. But, that night, there were three

thousand acts—and every one of them

sang. To make matters worse, there were

sailors at the bar—and one of the singers

was a beautiful blonde. She had no voice,

but she did have a low-cut gown and a

way of over-breathing while she sang.

Well, she won first prize. But we won

second!"

"I can remember that we didn't get

home till about two-thirty in the morning,

and I had fallen asleep on my brother's

shoulder in the subway. But we were so

proud of the three dollars we had won

that we put it in the icebox for mother to

find when she returned."

It started as a gag—a happy surprise

for Mother—but it became a family tra-

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Garry's Golden Rule

(Continued from page 36)

about the number of people killed each year by automobile listeners. I urged listeners to drive carefully. Then I discovered that there were still three minutes to fill before the program went off the air.

"So, without planning it, I remarked on the number of people who were killed every year in ways other than by automobile. I commented on the fact that many people were killed by the unkind acts of other people. And I pointed out that those deaths weren't the quick, sudden deaths on the highway, but slow, painful deaths that happened little by little.

I still talk with the suggestion that the listeners be kind to each other.

You know, the mail response to that appeal was remarkable. I remember how many letters were got, but I know it was a lot. And they all said that listeners liked the idea I had expressed. Because of that response, I decided to give the same idea at the end of every show I did. And that's how it started.

Garry continued using that closing line for some time. "But then," he says, "I felt I had come to the end of it. And I felt that, if this were the case, maybe I ought to stop using it. So I dropped it from the show.

"Right away, we got lots and lots of letters from the listeners there. And the letter pointed out to me how much the thought had come to mean to listeners and viewers, how it had served as a daily reminder to them..."...in a way, to the other people and, in many cases, had actually changed their lives.

Well, of course, that showed me it wasn't just another idea, something which meant a good deal to a great many people. So, of course, I put it back on the show. It's been the closing of every show of mine since then. And I don't say it mechanically."

"You know," Garry continues, "every day, we receive letters from people telling us how much the line means to them. We hear from viewers who tell us ministers use the thought as a text for sermons, too. That means a lot to you, as you can imagine. After all, there's nothing new in the idea expressed by the line. It's simply another way of saying the Golden Rule.

Garry has been living by that precept for a long time, both in his professional and his private life. In fact, many years ago, he was suspended from a high school in Baltimore because of an incident in which he attempted to be kind to someone.

A teacher of one of Garry's classes was fired by the school board. Garry felt the teacher was a good one and that the firing had been unfair to the teacher. So, nothing loath, he wrote three letters to the editor of one of the Baltimore newspapers about the episode. The principal of the high school, after talking to Garry and explaining to him the trouble he had been having with the teacher, was willing to have the teacher reinstated. Garry, however, felt that the teacher deserved to be in the school and that the principal had been unfair to the teacher.

Looking back on the incident now, Garry feels his action was not wise at all and that he should not have done what he did. He disclaims the episode, even to this day. But the fact remains that what he did, be it right or wrong, he did solely for the purpose of helping the teacher who had been fired.

Since that time, Garry has done many kind things. On several occasions, however, he has done things which were intended to be kind but which, for one reason or another, were misunderstood or have actually hurt him. One such incident happened, not too long ago, in the elevator of the hotel where he spends Wednesday night, when he does his evening show, "I've Got A Secret.

"One day," Garry recalls, "I got on the elevator, and on it was one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. Her face was beautiful. Her clothes were perfect. She was just a dream. Well, I thought a wonderful remark I'd told just how wonderful she looked. And I decided to tell her myself. I turned to her and told her I was married and that I was trying to get fresh with her, but that I wanted to tell her how beautiful she was.

"Her face became a bright red and she turned away from me. And the elevator operator remarked I felt as though I were two inches high. Now, I realize that I embarrassed her by telling her that—she didn't know how to accept the remark I made in the spirit in which I meant it. By trying to be kind, I had actually been cruel to her, and I certainly hadn't wanted to do that."

One soon learns, from everyone who knows him, that Garry goes right on being kind to people—and trying not to embarrass them with kindness.

Many people don't know that, in his early boyhood, Garry had a speech impediment. He used to stutter. He overcame the handicap quite early in life and, by the time he was in the ninth grade and in high school, there were no traces of it left.

But his remembrance of the impediment has not left him. His assistant, Mrs. Shirley Round McNally, can tell you that he still has a great interest in children with similar troubles. (Garry himself fails to mention it.)

"There's a standing rule around the office," McNally says, "that any child with a speech defect who calls Garry gets to talk to him. Garry gets a number of calls from such children, and I've known him to delay important meetings in order to talk to a child with a stutter or similar speech difficulty. I've known him to talk as long as an hour at a time with such a child.

From other sources, one learns that Garry is interested in the work of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders on New York's Irving Place, and that he will occasionally visit the patient there when the doctors feel such a visit will help the patient.

As might be expected, Garry receives letters from all over the country, from many people who are in trouble of one sort or another. Many of these letters he will handle in his office. Others he takes home with him to his house in suburban New York. There, in the quiet of the evening, surrounded by his family, he will telephone almost any place in the country to talk to the people and help them out of their troubles.

"I don't have any idea how many calls he makes a month," Mrs. McNally observes, "but I know he must be enormous. I know he makes lots of calls to help people."

Nor are these the only ways Garry helps. He also believes in being helpful. Quite frequently, at the close of his daily morning program, he will use material—written by himself or sent in by viewers—which is inspirational without being maudlin or cloyingly sweet.

Here are two examples of material he himself has written for his shows:

"Before cashing our chips in completely..."
today, I have here a little thought that might add something to somebody's life—"Heaven knows, my own...."
If we were warned that sudden death lay five minutes before us, if we were given five minutes in which to tell what every-
things had meant to us, every telephone booth in the country would suddenly be
full of people trying to ring up other people and to stammer out how much they
love each other. Who waits for that? Why not do it today? Like right now, for in-
stance. If you want to be happy for the rest of the day, just call up somebody right
now and tell them that you love them.

And, "In closing our little meeting for
today, here's a little item that might be
of some help to you as you go through the rest of the day.... Remember that a
smile costs nothing but creates much. It
happens in a flash, but the memory some-
times lasts forever. It cannot be bought,
tagged, borrowed, or stolen; but it is
something that is no earthly good to any-
one unless it is given away. So, if, in
your rush and hurry, you meet someone
who is too weary to give you a smile,
leave him one of yours. For no one needs
a smile quite as much as he who has none
left to give."

Mrs. McNally, who has been Garry's
assistant for more than four years, puts
one phase of the working situation this
way, "With Garry, I've only known him to raise
his voice once. And I've forgotten what
that was about."

When Garry walks through the offices,
there is none of the snapping to attention
which one often sees in other offices when
the boss appears. They all either talk with
Garry casually, or exchange quips with him.
So it is that they are doing, still completely
relaxed.

A member of the CBS staff, who has the
opportunity to see all the network's stars
at work, reveals how he gets them during rehearsals, at home and on
the air—commented on Garry Moore's
show and his office staff: "I can't think of
any office staff that's as relaxed as Garry's, and yet gets so much
done. The rehearsals are wonderful things
to watch. There's always a lot of kidding
around and playing. Oh, they get things
done, of course. But it's an easygoing sort
of work. It's just fun to watch those rehe-
arsals. I can't think of any other star
that's true of."

In discussing his way of life, Garry him-
self can be quite frank. "I can't help feel-
ing," he says, "that, if by being kind to
other people and pleasant whenever pos-
sible, the nice things easier for
everybody, it certainly makes a lot
of sense to be that way."

"After all," Garry continues, "there's a
certain amount of work to be done. That
in itself isn't much fun to do. If, on top of
the work, you have to fight tension and
fear, then it makes the work that much
more difficult to perform. Doesn't it make
work less enjoyable?"

"Besides," he adds with candor, "it
makes things easier for me, too, you
know?"

Perhaps another indication of the way
of life of Garry Moore is the fact that all
of his daytime show personnel have been
with him since its inception. The group
includes Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Howard
Smith and Durward Kirby. "Now don't think," Garry says of them,
"that they're on the show because of
kindness! They're not. They're there be-
cause they've got talent. Otherwise, they'd
be fired. There have been others on the
show who were, you know."

But more to the point is the fact that they
have all seen fit to stay with Garry for the
five and a half years the show has been on
the air, working with him and with each
other five days a week, indicates they like
the atmosphere surrounding the show.

In commenting on things about the
show, Durward Kirby has said, "It's won-
derful. If one of the people has a good
idea, Garry will try it. If it's right it's all
right. We just work around him or her.
And that's that. No trouble at all."

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Cover portrait of Eve Arden by Jay Seymour

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Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time.

Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls. Just as nicely dressed, too... and with more personality. Yet she was outside of the charmed circle. She simply couldn't understand why. Girls with this trouble... seldom do.

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Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

No tooth paste kills germs like this... instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.
T WENTY years ago, in November, 1935, the Wilkens Jewelry Company of Pittsburgh made its first entry in radio history when it launched The Wilkens Amateur Hour over Station KDKA. Since then, more than 20,000 acts consisting of almost 25,000 performers have appeared on this show, which has always been a favorite for millions of listeners and, for the past six years, KDKA-TV viewers. Originally planned as only an eight-week show, The Wilkens Amateur Hour's tremendous popularity has made it a perennial Sunday evening favorite, mainly because it spotlights local performers—many of whom have gone on to national fame. Singer Dean Martin was a weekly winner the second time the show was aired in 1935. Popular recording artists, The Four Coins, also started their careers on The Wilkens Amateur Hour. In addition to showcasing local talent, the program has presented numerous guest stars and special shows. One of these, the All Twin and Triplet Contest, features 14 or 15 twin and triplet acts, and the studio audience for that broadcast consists solely of twins and triplets. Other special shows include the Anniversary Show each November and the Children's Hospital Benefit Show during Christmas week. Very special yearly guests are the cute Zavada Quadruplets, who first appeared eight years ago—in their cribs. Without a doubt, one of The Wilkens Amateur Hour's nicest attractions is its genial emcee, Al Nobel. A show-business veteran, Al was a baby-faced lad when he first audi-

One of the show's yearly highlights is the Twin and Triplet Contest, when groups of all ages compete for special prizes.
Talent gets more than an even break as Al Nobel introduces tomorrow's stars on KDKA-TV's Wilkens Amateur Hour.

Rudy Vallee, one of the many celebrities who have appeared as guests, enjoys a hearty laugh with Al.

Weekly winners Art Jones and Bill Dembaugh get a typically antic run for their prize money from guest star Jerry Colonna.

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SEAN ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

Greetings again, from New York. I'm finally back in the big city after toiling away the summer in Hollywood, making "The Benny Goodman Story" movie and doing my Tonight television show. And, after a slight vacation, I'm ready to go again, so let's be off to the music department and see what we have in the way of new record releases.

Capitol is all excited about Frank Sinatra's latest, and well they might be. Frank sings a lovely ballad, "Fairy Tales," which could be another "Young at Heart" for him. And the backing, "Sane Old Saturday Night," might click as big as "Learnin' the Blues." Sinatra is riding high these days and is singing better than ever.

Paul Weston and his orchestra have a wonderful new album called "Mood for Twelve"—twelve standard tunes featuring twelve big-name instrumental soloists. This is mood music at its best, with such musicians as Ziggy Elman, Eddie Miller, Bill Schaefer, George Van Eps, Stanley Wrightman and others, each playing their individual interpretations of songs like "Confessin," "Judy," "It's the Talk of the Town," and "Skylark." (Columbia)

Martial temps seem to be the thing these days and Hugo Winterhalter and his orchestra have jumped into the parade with "The Oranges of Jaffa" coupled with "Kiki." This rendition is quite a departure for Winterhalter, who is well known for his lush orchestrations featuring string instruments. On these two sides Hugo has sung a violin, but instead features a brass section of sixteen. The lyrics are done by a vocal chorus. (Victor)

Selections from the soundtrack of the new movie, "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," have been made into a Coral album. The picture co-stars Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain, with Scott Brady, but only Jane does the singing. The instrumentals, which was introduced for Jeanne, Robert Farnum does the same for Brady, and Coral has added Johnny Desmond for good measure. The tunes are all old ones—"Funny Valentine," "Daddy," "You're Driving Me Crazy," and others.

Another musical movie soundtrack transferred into album form is M-G-M's "It's About Time." Mother, and on this one everybody sings for himself—Dolores Gray, Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey and Michael Kidd. Kidd is the famous choreographer and he sings and dances in front of the camera for the first time in this picture, and also makes his debut on record. The score, by Betty Comden, Adolph Green and Andre Previn, is a good one, with bright, new tunes—"Music Is Better Than Words," "Thanks Again, But No Thanks," "Stillman's Gym" and "Baby, You Knock Me Out."—to name a few. Previn did the arrangements and conducts the M-G-M Studio Orchestra and Chorus.

Al Hibbler has chosen a religious song, "He," to follow up his "Unchained Melody" hit. On the reverse, he revives the oldie, "Breeze," Jack Pleis' orchestra and chorus. (Decca)

Although the rhythm and blues craze has died down a bit, it isn't over, as is well evidenced in "Rock It, Dovv Crockett," by Paul "Mr. Hucklebuck" Williams and his orchestra, with a rockin' vocal by Jimmy Brown. The flip side is a novelty, "Hello," also given the r & b treatment. (Capitol)

The vocal kids on my Tonight show, Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence, each have a new release. Eydie does the ballad, "Soldier Boy," and "What Is the Secret of Your Success?" the song that was introduced on NBC-TV's production of "The King and Mrs. Candle." George Cates conducts the orchestra. Cates also handles the baton on Steve's record called "Open Up the Gates of Mercy," an inspirational song, and a love ballad, "My Impression of Janie." (Coral)

Burl Ives, the beloved folk singer, has a new album called "Men," in which he sings songs for and about the so-called stronger sex, and it's a happy sequel to his "Women" set, which he recorded last year. Versatile Burl is still starring on Broadway in a dramatic role in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." "Men" is a Decca album.

Young Sandy Stewart, the vocal miss on CBS-TV's Morning Show, has waxed two cute novelties, "Puddin' n' Pie," and "In Nuevo Laredo." Sandy is only seventeen, but her voice has a maturity way beyond her years—but not her talent. (X Label)

"In the Wee Small Hours" and "I Had a Love Who Loved Me," both pretty ballads, are sung well by Chris Dane, with Harry Arnold's orchestra. Chris is a well-known racketeer, and he has done these two sides that were recorded, and sounds a little like Dick Haymes, with a slight accent. (Cadence)

George Cates' orchestra and chorus offer "High and Dry" and the haunting "Autumn Leaves," with a piano solo on "Autumn."—by whom? Oh—Steve Allen. (Coral)

"Robert Q. Lewis and His Gang" is the name of an amusing and listenable album by the last from Robert Q.'s TV and radio shows—Betty Clooney, Don Liberto, Lois Hunt, Earl Wrightson, Ray Bloch's orchestra and, of course, Bob. The gang do standards, novelties, and special material they've done on the shows, including Bloch's humorous original, "Nine Hundred Pages and Sixty-six Books." (X Label)

Composer-conductor-arranger Gordon Jenkins has combined all three of his talents to produce a magnificent album called "Gordon Jenkins' Almanac." He has written special mood music for each month of the calendar, and has hit just the right mood for each. The titles: "January Jumps," "February Fever," "March Marches On," "April Sings a Lonely Song," "May Wine," "June Wedding," "Two Weeks in July," "August Heart," "September Calls Me Home," "October Ale," "November Nocturne," and "Blue December." Gordon worked on these compositions and arrangements a long time, and the result is just about the best album he has ever done. (X Label)

The Cheers, the vocal group who made a lot of noise with their "Bazoom" record, have a new one which is bound to get plenty of jukebox plays. It's a novelty coupling "Some Night in Alaska" and "Blue Denim Trousers." The latter side is a rocking rhythm tune all about a motorcycle driver and is especially aimed at the teen-age clan. (Capitol)

"Howls, Boners and Shockers from Art Linkletter's House Party Kid Interviews" is the long title on a new Columbia album which is bound to amuse just about any age group. It's a collection of the "bests" from Linkletter's television and radio shows, taken off tape recordings done at the time of the actual broadcasts. Art does short narrations tying in the album sections—"Family Secrets," "Jokes," "Poems," "Quickies," "Girl Friends and Boy Friends," and "Instructions from Folks." You never know what children are going to say—but on this album they just speak right up and say it, with hilarious results.

And it's time for me to speak up and say so long for now. I'll be looking for you next month, 'long about the same page.
PIAYTEX Introduces the Amazing New Girdle Material... *Figure-Slimming FABRICON*

Sensational New PLAYTEX
light-weight Girdle

Made of wonderful new *split-resistant FABRICON*
... a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex that gives you

more freedom! Fabricon has more stretch! No other material has Fabricon's give-and-take - s-t-r-e-t-c-h!

new coolness! "Open-pore" Fabricon lets your body breathe! Only Playtex Girdles are so soft, cool, absorbent.

invisible control! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere. No other lightweight girdle tucks in your tummy, slims down your hips like this new Playtex Girdle. Makes all your clothes fit and look better. Does more for your figure than girdles costing up to $15.00! And Light-Weight washes and dries in a wink. New Playtex Light-Weight Girdle $4.95

At department and better specialty stores everywhere.

P.S. The girl is wearing the new Playtex Living* Bra! made of elastic and nylon. $3.95

*All Playtex Girdles are now made of split-resistant Fabricon.
Especially for Children

Back when he was a Philadelphia schoolboy, Alan Scott would deliberately miss getting 100% on his spelling papers. Students with perfect scores were given an award at the school assembly, and Alan was too shy to want to step out in front of all those people. Alan got over his shyness with the help of amateur dramatics and a radio set home-made out of paper clips and an oatmeal box, over which he "broadcast" the Dempsey fights and other major events. Then, after graduation from the University of Pennsylvania, Alan returned to the spelling papers, this time as a schoolteacher. ... And then, during a chance meeting with Stan Lee Broza—founder of the famous Children's Hour, then program director of a Philadelphia radio station and now WPTZ program director—Alan was shocked into a momentary lapse into shyness. Alan was spokesman for a group of amateur actors who were trying to sell Broza on a radio series. Finally, Broza interrupted Alan's speech and announced, "I've got a hunch, young man. How would you like to be a radio announcer?" Alan stammered, stammered and at last managed to blurt out, "But I'm a schoolteacher." "Never mind that," Broza told him. "How would you like to be a radio announcer?" ... Today, the tall, handsome Mr. Scott is again working with Mr. Broza, as WPTZ's star of Let Scott Do It, seen weekdays at 9 A.M., and Scott And The Mechanical Man, seen Saturday at 9 A.M. These morning programs for mothers and the children feature "Mr. Rivets," the mechanical man, and two-year-old "Miss Terry." As host-conversationalist, Alan more than proves that Mr. Broza's hunch was right. ... Broza discovered yet another newcomer when he had Alan's son Jeff appear on Children's Hour. Jeff, who is now nine, also joined Alan in the Penn Wynne Players production of Life With Father. Alan's other son, Jonathan David, 2, is next to be "discovered." ... After Alan's Philadelphia radio debut, he moved to WGN in Chicago. The station's pretty receptionist, Maralene Bielen, showed him around the studios—and around the town. "We had 350 dates in one year's time," says Alan, who first shortened his guide's name to "Beam," then changed it to Mrs. Scott. ... After Chicago, and a stint in the Navy, Alan went on to New York, where he had his own Mutual network radio show, Once Over Lightly, and was featured on NBC-TV. By 1946, the ex-schoolteacher was back in the Quaker City and, since the start of his two gold-star programs, he's been enrolling young followers by the classroom-full.
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

There are Three Breck Shampoos for Three Different Hair Conditions

Each one of the Three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition leaves your hair clean, lustrous and fragrant. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.

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

Copyright 1953 by John H. Breck Inc.
Rhythm-in-Red! A high-key red that fairly sings . . . in wonderful harmony with the blues, the crimsons, the hunter greens of new Fall fashions. Rhythm-in-Red has just the right note of blue to give it a deep, exciting brilliance! And naturally, because it's a Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick, Rhythm-in-Red stays crimson-bright on your lips . . . stays off everyone else!

7 Cover-Girl Colors, 49¢ plus tax

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a crimson-red (Rhythm-in-Red), a true-red (Lookout Red) and a golden-red (Tropic Sun). All three cost less than $2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet."

— says Cindy Jones

Director Conover School, New York, N.Y.

Indelible-Type Lipstick 
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet
WHAT’S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

Betty Clooney of the Robert Q. Lewis Show and band-leader Pupi Campo got themselves a marriage license.

Liberace has a candelabra in his own backyard—and a cover picture and byline story in our December issue.

By JILL WARREN

A GALA REVUE, “Cafe de Paris,” will co-star Mary Martin and Noel Coward on the Ford Star Jubilee show, Saturday night, October 22, over CBS-TV. Coward is making his American TV debut, and will include several of the numbers he did in his recent night-club appearance in Las Vegas, Nevada. He and Mary did most of their rehearsing for this big hour-and-a-half production in Coward’s home in the British West Indies during September.

See Hollywood With Louella Parsons is a brand-new show on NBC-TV, Sunday nights. The famous movie columnist will conduct the weekly half-hour program, which is to be filmed, using a format of interviews with television and picture personalities, film clips and Hollywood news.

The famed Grand Ole Opry, for many years one of the most popular country music programs on radio, will be seen this fall on the ABC-TV network every fourth Saturday, beginning October 15. It will originate from Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, Tennessee, the home of Grand Ole Opry since it started as a local radio program back in 1926. It has been on network radio since 1939.

Dr. Benjamin Spock, the noted pediatrician and psychiatrist, has been signed by NBC for a series of half-hour telecasts on child (Continued on page 20)
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

872—Pop her on top of your electric-mixer—her full skirt will protect it from dust. Transfers of embroidery motifs, easy-to-follow pattern. Use scraps.

7378—Hobby Horse—the love of your youngster's life. About 34½ inches long, 16 inches wide and 22½ inches high. Actual-size pattern included, with easy-to-follow number guide.

861—Crochet these modern leaf-design doilies in two glowing colors. Crocheted doilies: larger size 16⅝ inches, smaller, 11⅞. Use crochet and knitting cotton.

7135—Prettiest covering for your TV set! Smart combination of filet crochet and regular crochet forms the new grape design. TV square, 25 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in bedspread cotton.

628—Each of these party-pretty aprons takes only one-half yard! Use scraps for pocket; ribbon ties. Embroider gay designs. Transfers, tissue pattern for 3 half-aprons. Medium Size only.

7294—A little toy that brings a lot of happiness. Baby monkey is an amusing fellow—hang him by his curly tail from the tree. Sew monkey of 2 fabrics or the same one throughout; 13-inch toy transfer.

7257—Make this lovely leaf-set to protect, enhance any style chair. Directions for chair back, 11½ x 16; armrest 7 x 12 inches. Use mercerized cotton in color.

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New

Easier-Faster CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT

SET IT!

Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!

Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...

CASUAL is the word for it... soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

$1.50 PLUS TAX
Young 'Un

Would you tell me something about Lee Aaker, who plays Rusty on The Adventures of Rin Tin Tin on ABC-TV?

P.J., Batavia, N. Y.

Rin Tin Tin's best friend, Lee Aaker, is eleven years old and all boy. He's in the sixth grade at William Kelso Grammar School, plays shortstop on the baseball team, and is an excellent swimmer. Now in his lucky seventh year in show business, Lee debuted when he was four and joined his older brother, Dee, in a song-and-dance act. The boys inherit their dancing ability from their mother, Mrs. Myles Willbour of Inglewood, California, who presides over a dance studio. . . . Lee debuted on TV in a West Coast children's show, Fantasia Studio, Inc., and has since been seen on many of the top TV dramatic shows, including Ford Theater. He also played the crippled boy in "Benji," which won an Oscar as the best documentary film of the year, and has appeared in other films such as "Hondo" and "Ricochet Romance."

Stage Family

Would you please tell me about Claudia Morgan, who plays Carolyn Nelson in The Right To Happiness on NBC?

L.H., Appleton, Wis.

The daughter of actor Ralph Morgan and the niece of comedian Frank Morgan, Claudia Morgan has shown a versatility in her career to make all members of her show-business family more proud. . . . Born in New York City, she was christened Claudelge but, since no one ever spelled it right, she was Claudia at school at Ely Court in Connecticut and Miss Dow's, now in Briarcliff, New York. At sixteen, she took time out from school to make her stage debut opposite her father in "Gypsy April." Since that time, Claudia has appeared in some thirty-eight Broadway productions, including "Call It a Day," "Accent on Youth," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," "Ten Little Indians," and "The Thirteenth Guest." In Hollywood, she has been seen in such films as "Stand Up and Fight," "That's My Story," and "Vanity Street." Claudia was well-known for eight years as Nora Charles on radio's The Thin Man. Aside from her role as Carolyn Nelson in The Right To Happiness, television has showcased Claudia in Way Of The World, Robert Montgomery Presents, Armstrong Circle Theater, Television Theater and other top programs. . . . Claudia's hobbies are painting and playing the piano and her favorite art and music critic is her husband, Kenneth Loane, a realtor.

Crooner With Muscles

Would you give me some information on Dick Lee, who sings on Ted Mack's Matinee on NBC-TV?

A.S., Memphis, Tenn.

The sop of a police detective, Ted Mack's "Young Man of Song" hails from Philadelphia. Dick Lee's first love was boxing and his sturdy build and lightning reflexes won him a number of local championships. But Dick also loved to listen to music, anything from bebop to the classics, and he was soon flexing his tonsils as well as his muscles. Still planning on a boxing career, he was a Golden Gloves contender. But after this successful start, Dick fractured his nose in one of his bouts and, when his worried mother begged him to hang up his gloves, Dick turned to the singing arena. His first professional engagement was in a small New Jersey night club where he was held over for twenty-six consecutive weeks. He went on to become a winner on the Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts program and on Chance Of A Lifetime. He's scored with such Essex recordings as "Infatuation," "Eternally" and "I Thought You Might Be Lonely" and appeared at such swank night spots as the Sahara in Las Vegas and the Latin Quarter in New York.

Gal About Sports

I would like to know about Marcia Henderson, who plays Mickey Riley on Dear Phoebe on NBC-TV.

D.B., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Pert Marcia Henderson is well-prepared for her role as a female sportswriter in Dear Phoebe. As a high school student, she was a cheerleader, played on the basketball and soccer teams and was a swimming life guard instructor for the Girl Scouts. On the journalistic side, she edited her school paper and was local correspondent on sports for the near-by North Adams Transcript and the Pittsfield Eagle. . . . Born in Andover, Marcia grew up in Williamstown, Massachusetts, where her father owns a large clothing store. Following high school, she came to New York to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Then, after financing her pavement-pounding with a job as a Carnegie Hall usherette, Marcia got her first break with the role of Kathleen Anderson in the Henry Aldrich TV series. Next came appearances on many top television shows and her own show, Two Girls Named Smith. . . . Marcia debuted on Broadway in 1950 as Wendy in "Peter Pan," winning the Critics Award and the Theater World Award. After touring the United States, she arrived in Hollywood for roles in such films as "Thunder Bay," "All I Desire," "Back to God's Country," "The Glass Web" and "The Naked Alibi." . . . Marcia has an excellent voice and hopes to combine singing and acting in a twin career. Meanwhile, she shares a three-room Hollywood apartment with a Siamese cat called Sam. She belongs to a dramatic study group, the Stage Society, is "up" on all English poets and most of the prose writers, and is especially fascinated by philosophy and Hindu writings.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given:

Saints and Spinners (Bill Silbert), c/o Alfreda Baker, 3920 Lyme Ave., Brooklyn 24, N. Y.

The Chica-Lees (Dick Lee), c/o D. Jankus, 2847 S. Kedvale, Chicago 23, Ill.

Richard Riley Fan Club, c/o Rosalie Galassi, 34-34 30th St., Astoria 6, N. Y.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio 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.
Palmolive Soap Can Give You A Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

Gets Hidden Dirt That Ordinary Cleansing Methods Miss!

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing! Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!
Palmolive Beauty Care Cleans Cleaner, Cleans Deeper, Without Irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!
To WRGB-TV viewers, Dave Cameron is a man of many delightful characterizations, the best of which is Dave himself.

Eleven separate and distinct personalities, plus an occasional transient, inhabit one dressing room at the Station WRGB-TV studios in Schenectady. Fortunately, there's still enough elbow room—for only one, Dave Cameron, is man-sized. The others are his puppet-sized alter egos. . . . For the youngsters, Albert, Gertrude, and Luke the Spook rule "The Kiddy Korner" on the Dave Cameron Show, seen weekdays at 1:30 P.M. This is a one-man variety show which Dave runs with the help of a telephone, his puppets and an active imagination. Jr. Fire Fighter and Silly Nilly teach fire safety and prevention and the rules of good behavior on the Friendly Fireman Show, weekdays at 5 P.M. The casts also include Lord Crumpet, Gretchen Got-Rocks, Texas Tim, Auntie Flo and Daniel Goone, who present the "Dilly of the Day" to ventriloquist Cameron's large audience of mothers, youngsters and old-timers. Occasionally, there are guests such as the Mad Scientist who, in answer to General Electric's development of "man-made diamonds," tried to grow man-made pearls in an oyster. He failed. . . . Born and educated in Philadelphia, Dave has worked as an actor, writer, producer and director in radio, TV and night clubs in the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-New York area. He joined WRGB in 1952. . . . In his travels, Dave acquired three hobbies, all of which have been worked into his shows. Dave docked his cabin cruiser, the "Studio C," at the Mohawk River, behind the WRGB building, for a special telecast. Diving tanks were installed in the station's back yard so that Dave could telecast an exhibition of his skin-diving. And, for a "late to work" theme on one show, Dave went motorcycling in long flannel nightshirt and stocking cap. Dave also drives a Cadillac. . . . But hobbies take second place to the family at the new five-room Cameron home in Briarcliff Village. Dave met his wife Marty when she was baby-sitting for his older brother in Philadelphia. Now married four years, they have a baby-sitter of their own these days for two-year-old Connie. Dave, in his exuberant praise of Connie, says, "She knows all my sponsors by sight." . . . And speaking of sights, one of the most ever-welcome ones in Schenectady is Dave Cameron himself, on TV or in person.
for the greatest gridiron season in broadcasting!

**TOP COLLEGE CLASSICS**

**Saturdays**

*Exciting Games with a Climax—Army v. Navy*

- Oct. 15: Notre Dame v. Michigan State
- Oct. 22: Notre Dame v. Purdue
- Oct. 29: North Western v. Ohio State
- Nov. 5: Notre Dame v. Pennsylvania
- Nov. 12: Notre Dame v. North Carolina
- Nov. 19: Ohio State v. Michigan
- Nov. 26: Florida v. Miami
- Nov. 26: Army v. Navy (at Philadelphia)

*Note: Second named team in each game (except Army v. Navy) is the home team.*

**Friday Nights**

*Big Games of the University of Miami*

- Oct. 7: Notre Dame University
- Oct. 21: Texas Christian University
- Nov. 4: Boston College
- Nov. 11: Bucknell University
- Nov. 18: University of Alabama

*Note: All games originating from Orange Bowl Stadium in Miami.*

**And Two College All-Star Games on Dec. 31**

- East-West Shrine Game from Kezar Stadium, San Francisco
- Blue-Gray Game from Crampton Bowl, Montgomery, Ala.

**TOP PRO SCHEDULES**

**Big Battles of the Greatest!**

- Oct. 29: Green Bay Packers v. Baltimore Colts
- Nov. 5: Baltimore Colts v. Detroit Lions OR Pittsburgh Steelers v. Chicago Cardinals
- Nov. 12: Detroit Lions v. Pittsburgh Steelers
- Nov. 24: (Thanksgiving) Green Bay Packers v. Detroit Lions

*Note: Except where indicated, second named team is the home team.*

**Power Struggles of the Detroit Lions!**

- Oct. 16: San Francisco 49ers at Detroit
- Oct. 23: Los Angeles Rams at Los Angeles
- Oct. 30: San Francisco 49ers at San Francisco
- Nov. 5: Baltimore Colts at Detroit
- Nov. 13: Pittsburgh Steelers at Pittsburgh
- Nov. 20: Chicago Bears at Detroit
- Nov. 24: Green Bay Packers at Detroit
- Dec. 4: Chicago Bears at Chicago
- Dec. 11: New York Giants at Detroit

**Mutual Broadcasting System**

*(See local listings for broadcast time.)*
BACKSTAGE WIFE As Mary Noble fights to prevent actress Elise Shepard from breaking up her marriage to Larry, another sinister threat appears in the shabby, strange form of Madame Malekia. Should Mary seek out this mysterious woman for guidance? Or would she be wiser to avoid all contact with her? How will she affect Elise's relationship with Larry, and Larry's Hollywood career? Even if Mary knew the answers, would she act differently? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY When Lydia Harrick's husband died, she willingly devoted herself to his brother Don, believing in the need he professed for her understanding and help in rebuilding his self-confidence and his career as an architect. But Max Canfield's love shatters Lydia's self-delusion, and she now sees that Don will go to any length to maintain his power over her. Can Dr. Randy Hamilton help her before Don ruins her life? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

FIRST LOVE With Zach now vindicated of the false murder charge, and a new understanding strengthening their marriage, Laurie and Zach are audacious enough to expect smooth sailing as Zach resumes his increasingly important work for the Army. But the sudden, completely unheralded appearance of Zach's long-silent father makes a few changes in the picture. What happens to Zach as this profound emotional shock hits him? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Although Kathy knows that the lie on which she founded her marriage to Dick was responsible for its break-up, she now realizes that she will never stop loving him. Is she heading for tragedy in not putting him out of her mind? Occupied with his resuming his surgical career and concerned over the failing eyesight of the young patient, Marie, whom he met in New York, has Dick any intention of letting Kathy back into his life? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL As Bill Davidson sees the clouds of danger gathering around him, he tries to avert the threat coming ever closer to his own family—to his beloved daughter Nancy and to his husband Kerry Donovan. Can Bill convince Nancy that his interpretation of Arline Wilton's actions is the right one? Or will Nancy's impatience lead her and her loved ones into complications more dangerous than anyone realizes? NBC Radio.

Lorenzo's J O N E S After the long, heart-breaking months of struggle, Belle Jones knows a flash of feverish hope as Lorenzo appears to have regained his memory. For a brief space he recalls her and their marriage, and Belle believes that at last everything will come right again. So her despair is almost complete when the light goes out, and once again Lorenzo's damaged memory is a blank on the subject of everything she holds dear. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE An old enemy returns to Vanessa Raven's life with a brand-new threat, and her apprehension mounts to near-despair as she sees the Browns, led by the bitter, veneful Kevin, systematically setting out to ruin Paul's new law career, her own happiness, and—what is more important to her now—the possible rehabilitation of the unfortunate little girl she has come to love. What will Van do about it? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS With the disappearance of his infant daughter, Ma's adopted son Joe reaches a crisis in his heretofore happy marriage to Gladys. Instead of uniting the two in a desperate effort to regain their child, the strain widens a breach between them. Confident that they will find the baby, Ma is less certain of the future of this marriage over which she has watched with such high hopes. Will Joe's secretary, Harriet, have the final answer? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY It is a strange experience for the elderly Barbour family than the problems they created when they themselves were children. Has anything really new been discovered about children during the past few years? Or are the principles Mother and Father Barbour followed still so sound that, almost without knowing it, their children are applying them to the youngest generation? NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Leslie Northhurst's murder plunges the Brinthropes into fearful danger as Lord Henry seems almost certain to pay for a crime he did not commit. Despite Henry's bitterness over what he considers the suspicious aspects of Sunday's relationship with Leslie, she endangers her own life to find the proof of his innocence. Will her desperate efforts convince Henry that his suspicions were completely misguided? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Carter Trent's separation from his wife and family would be undendurable, even though he undertook it voluntarily in order to spare them hardship, if it were not for the fervent friendship of the pretty young singer, Noel. Will gratitude and loneliness lead Carter into an involvement he is not really prepared to take on? Or will it be Noel who takes a hand in straightening out Carter's and Peggy's lives? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Sam Merriweather is the center of an empire of power and wealth, and Perry Mason knows that any assault upon a man so influential will not be made in a spirit of childish play or by plotterstunprepaired to go to considerable lengths to gain their ends. But, although Perry suspects the general outlines of the plot, will he learn the details in time to save Sam's daughter from the fate being prepared for her? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS A new phase of Carolyn's life opens as, alone after years of fighting side by side with Miles, she struggles to save his name and her own from the enemies who finally achieved his death. Can she manage to present the truth so that it triumphs over the lies and doubts being spread about her? Or will she be forced to watch the machine go to work once more in the
THE ROAD OF LIFE
All the force of Sibyl Overton's warped personality has gone into her fierce attempt to gain Dr. Jim Brent's love and, in spite of the repeated warnings of her more clear-sighted father, she insists on believing that since Jocelyn Brent was forced to leave the country she has made great strides toward her goal. What will happen when she realizes that Jim has pretended affection in order to learn how Sibyl framed Jocelyn's deportation? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT
Although Gil Whitney's wife has promised to end their pointless marriage, Helen is half afraid to hope, knowing that Cynthia is not likely to make things easy for Gil. She does not suspect that in a way Gil's attractive secretary is part of Cynthia's plan, but she does know that suddenly Fay Granville has become more important than a secretary ought to be. Is Gil infatuated with Fay? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW
Over-done loyalty to his employer gets Stu Bergman into one of the worst jams of his life, and overdone gallantry keeps him there, as he champions Mr. Gunther's niece Melanie against the withering accusations so freely spread about town by her former suitor. Will Henderson begin to wonder just why Stu is so vehement in Melanie's defense? Will his wife Margaret wonder? And will Melanie herself begin to get ideas? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON
Wealthy Mrs. Burton is the kind of woman who cannot resist trying to run her children's lives. In a recent heroic effort to provide her with other interests, Stan Burton and his wife Marcia Archer, found they had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. With the introduction of Buck Halliday into Mother Burton's life, a host of new problems loomed up. How will Stan react if the problems are settled in Halliday's way? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM
Hoping for a chance at happiness with Jane, Peter Ames tries to convince her and himself that her fear and self-doubt are due to her physical weakness. But Jane's apprehensions have a firmer base, for the young husband who was supposed to have died overseas ten years before is very much alive, and so is his memory of Jane. Will Pauline Tyrell, who still loves Peter, find a way of taking advantage of Bruce's return? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS
Stanley Warrick's long campaign to break up Laurel's marriage appears close to success as Dick Grovesnor files suit for divorce even though, as Stella knows, he and Laurel still love each other. Must Stella stand by and see her beloved daughter enter into a second marriage that cannot possibly bring her any happiness? Is there any way in which Stella can influence events so that so many lives will not be wrecked? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE
Just before George Brown's death, he reveals that David was right in suspecting that some-

(Continued on page 25)
Burr Tillstrom takes a brief puppeteer’s holiday from Kukla, Fran And Ollie for the NBC-TV “Alice in Wonderland,” Oct. 23.

Miss Frances—Dr. Frances Horwich of Ding Dong School—wrote three new storybooks, then took a teacher’s vacation in Bermuda.

NURSES suggest DOUCHING with ZONITE for feminine hygiene

Brides-to-Be and Married Women Should Know These Intimate Facts

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Douching has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.3% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It’s a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests proved no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so safe to body tissues.

ZONITE’s Many Advantages

ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide yet is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It effectively deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

Gunsmoke flashes on TV screens, with Amanda Blake as Kitty, James Arness as Marshal Matt Dillon.
Valiant Lady's new romance is Elliott Norris, played by Terry O'Sullivan, noted actor-husband of well-known actress Jan Miner.

This 'n That:
Jo Stafford and her husband, Paul Weston, are expecting an addition to the family about the middle of February, so it is doubtful whether Jo will do any television this season. The Westons have one son, Timothy, who will be three years old next month, so they are hoping for a girl.

 Liberace's filmed TV show has just made its debut in England, with the beginning of commercial television there. Guild Films, which distributes Mr. Candelabra's series, has arranged for three English stations to carry the program.

 Tim Considine has been signed by Walt Disney to star as Spin in the 'Spin and Marty' series which will be part of The Mickey Mouse Club show on ABC-TV. Tim, who is fifteen, has appeared in movies and got his film start with Red Skeleton in 'The Clown.'

 Dr. Frances Horwich, "Miss Frances" of NBC's Ding Dong School, has written three new storybooks for children, which have been published by Rand McNally. Mr. Meyer's Cow, Jingle Bell Jack, and Our Baby are the latest additions to the series, which now includes eighteen titles.

 Marion Marlowe and her producer husband, Larry Puck, took off for a delayed honeymoon trip to Honolulu, following her successful night-club appearance in Las Vegas. Upon her return, she is scheduled for TV guest shots and will appear in the Ed Sullivan movie which the Toast Of The Town host will make for Warner Bros.

 Dick Haymes' career is looking up these days, although the crooner's personal problems continue to make newspaper headlines. Dick has just been signed by Capitol Records and has several night-club bookings in the offing, following his Las Vegas "comeback" appearance.

 Singer Betty Clooney and bandleader Pupi Campo obtained a marriage license in New York City, and may be wed by the time you read this. Theirs was a television romance which began when they met on the Jack Paar show.

 CBS Television and United Productions of America have entered into a long-term

(Continued on page 22)
agreement for the creation of an all-color variety-cartoon series (also to be seen in black and white) exclusively for TV. UPA—who produced the Academy Award-winning films, “Gerald McBoing-Boing” and “When Magoo Flew”—hope to have the first programs ready early in 1956.

Mulling the Mail:
Mrs. J. K., Newark, N. J.: Cathy Crosby will appear on her father’s TV show this fall, at least once a month. Bob finally agreed to her continuing on the program with the understanding that she must finish school. . . . Mr. K. B., Orlando, Fla.: Eddie Cantor’s health hasn’t been all it should be, and for that reason he requested release from his long-term TV film contract. Producing and performing in one show a week was too much for him. . . . Miss S. T., Barberton, O.: At the moment, there are no plans to revive the Claudia series on television, though I agree with you it was a delightful show. It has been missed by many viewers. . . . Mrs. C. H. S., East Syracuse, N. Y.: December Bride is back on the CBS fall TV schedule and will be on all season. Ethel And Albert was the summer filler, but it is such a very popular program that CBS-TV should really find another time period for it . . . . Mrs. F. A., Boston, Mass.: You and other Ted Mack fans will be happy to know that Ted and his Original Amateur Hour will return to network television, over ABC, on Sunday night, October 30. . . . Miss E. L., Mason City, Iowa: Gina Giaardi plays Princess Summerfall Winterspring on Howdy Doody. She is sixteen years old. Judy Tyler, the former princess, will appear on Broadway in “Pipe Dream” and will be guesting with Sid Caesar on his TV shows. . . . Mr. W. H., Little Rock, Ark.: Peggy King and her husband, Knobby Lee, trumpeter with George Lih-

Superman—George Reeves, that is—shares a young fan’s delight in another childhood wonder, Disneyland.

erace’s orchestra, have separated, but as yet have made no definite plans for divorce. Peggy will be returning to The George Gobel Show this fall.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?
Louise Allbritton, former movie actress who last appeared on the TV series, Concerning Miss Marlowe? When Miss Mar-

lowe and Miss Allbritton parted company,
Jo Stafford may soon take time out from TV for the best of reasons—an expected addition to the family.

Louise more or less retired from regular TV work. She took a trip to Europe and is now back in New York City with no immediate professional plans. In private life, Louise is married to Charles Collinswood, CBS newscaster.

Korla Pandit, who achieved quite some popularity with his filmed musical show, which was shown locally about the country? He has done several guest shots lately, but hasn’t appeared on any regular program. However, I am told his fans may write to him at Box 817, Santa Cruz, California.

Bert Wheeler, one-time star comedian of the movies, and a radio funny man for many years? Bert hasn’t done too much recently, but his career may take a turn in the right direction this year now that he has landed a running part, as Smokey Joe, in the new TV show, Brave Eagle, a filmed Indian-adventure series beamed at the youngsters.

Michael Raffetto, who played Paul Barbour on One Man’s Family practically since the beginning of the program back in 1932, Raffetto has retired from acting, though he still writes some of the scripts for this veteran program. Russell Thorsen, who played Paul on the TV version of One Man’s Family, has assumed Raffetto’s role on the radio program.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N.Y., and I’ll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don’t have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so please do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

**NEW SCOTT’S EMULSION**

*It’s Superhomogenized!*

**MOTHERS,** are your children getting the most out of the A & D Vitamins they are taking? Make sure—give them New Scott’s Emulsion or Scott’s Emulsion Capsules.

**Here’s why—**

Vitamins A & D must be emulsified either in your child’s digestive system or before the vitamins are taken.

Independent clinical tests prove that Vitamins A & D—emulsified as in New Scott’s Emulsion—are more quickly absorbed into the bloodstream than if the emulsification is left completely to nature.

**Emulsification** takes place normally in the human body. But if your child is rundown, resistance is low, the emulsification by his digestive system may not be complete. He may not get the vitamin help you intended!

**That’s why you can rely** on New Scott’s Emulsion! It’s specially made for fast intake of the needed Vitamins A & D—regardless of body condition. The vitamin-containing particles in New Scott’s Emulsion are so finely emulsified that the vitamins are ready to be absorbed with a minimum of help from the body.

New Scott’s Emulsion tastes better. Easier to give! Easier to take! And higher potency too—just one teaspoonful at a time.

**NEW SCOTT’S EMULSION CAPSULES!**

The benefits of New Scott’s Emulsion are also available in easy-to-take capsules.

Get New Scott’s Emulsion or New Scott’s Emulsion Capsules at any drug counter!
Women in more than 70 countries use Tampax

In such far-flung places as Suez and Madagascar, and right here in the United States, the story about Tampax is the same. One woman tells another!

In fact, internal sanitary protection is the only kind of sanitary protection that has any real advantages to talk about! It's both invisible and unfelt when in place. It does away with the cumbersome, uncomfortable belt-pin-pad harness—does away with chafing and irritation, too. It prevents odor from forming. It eliminates disposal problems. It's so protective in such a natural, normal way that you keep right on wearing it while you take your shower or tub. Even its smallness is an advantage; it's easy to carry "extras" with you.

Is it any wonder that the use of Tampax has grown steadily, year after year, as more and more women find out about this modern protection? Don't delay trying it yourself a single month longer—for the only way you can appreciate the freedom it gives you is to try it! Choice of 3 absorbencies at drug or notion counters (Regular, Super, Junior). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Rano Mirror, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.
Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 19)

thing occurred during his childhood which is responsible for the terrible psychological strains he had lately been undergoing. How do David and Tori resolve this conflict? Will they be able to find a solution that brings them peace of mind? Daytime Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson knows that another name for courage is sometimes foolishness, but she believes that the Browns, who brought them up, were not their real parents—and that the secret in their past is murder? Why is David's boss so anxious to keep the past dead? CBS Radio.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS

Wendy, recently widowed, feels emotionally unready to enter into another marriage, but when Dr. Peter Dalton rebuffs her from the arms of Linda Cabot, his little daughter's governess, she is no longer sure she did the right thing. But events are shaping around Peter which will throw his personal life and Wendy's into the background—events which may even have international repercussions. CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

The only thing that qualifies a person for the delicate job of arranging a marriage is happiness, but Joan and Harry Davis therefore have the best possible background for trying to help two young people who cannot make up their minds. But, even as she plays Cupid, Joan is a little worried about the bride going back to the future. Will the future prove that her fears are well founded? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE

All the Carter children are grown up enough to understand that they were brought up under a compromise code combining their mother's devotion to discipline with their father's understanding of the child's hand. But the next generation is still too young to appreciate this, and near-tragedy results when James Carter's instinctive conviction that children must learn discipline is applied to the wrong child at the wrong time. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE

Tracey believed her many doubts were resolved before she married Dr. Jerry Malone, but Dr. Paul Browne now knows all too well that the past she has struggled to forget is taking its toll of her physical and mental health. Worried about Tracey, uneasy about his daughter Jill—how will Jerry weather the crisis he knows is coming when Dr. Ted Mason makes his powerful bid for control of the clinic Jerry now heads? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

When Dr. Anthony Loring was tricked into marriage, Ellen Brown hid her broken heart and vowed never to let the town realize that their gossip about her ruined hopes was very nearly true. Making a brave effort, she managed to find new interests, but the knowledge that Anthony still loves her prevents her from looking forward to life without him. Will Millicent Loring's hatred for Ellen bring things to a climax? NBC Radio.

I Was a Chubby Little High School Girl

Now I'm a Popular Teen-age Model

Not so long ago, when I was 15—I was fat, with thick legs and an oversize waistline. Then, when I decided to become a model, I had to practically make myself over! In changing myself from a girl who just slopped along to a girl who had to look her best at all times—I discovered plenty about good looks, grooming and personality. Believe me—those glamour routines really pay off! They did for me, and I guarantee that if you follow them you will make you look prettier. And you'll have more fun, too. You'll find all the "know-how" in my new book, just published:

Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE

This is not a book for your mother or your grandmother. It is written especially for YOU. It shows how you can be more attractive, have more fun with the crowds and get the dates, be at your best at proms and parties, and enjoy the life of a teen.

Here you will find all the secrets of smartness and good grooming that Betty Cornell learned when she became a teen-age model. You will see how YOU can develop YOUR beauty and charm and popularity by following the suggestions Betty Cornell gives you. For example:

YOUR FIGURE

How to eat to lose weight; to gain weight. The truth about between-meal nibbling. Advice to Larry Litt who can't get up in time for breakfast. Bringing lunch to school—to pack, to leave out. Warning to girls who BUY lunch, and how to steer clear of danger. How to keep family dinners from ruining your figure. How to eat at a party.

YOUR SKIN

What to do about spotty skin. How to get rid of pimples, blackheads and blisters. How to apply cleansing cream. What to do if you have oily skin, dry skin, or skin that is part oily, part dry.

YOUR HAIR

How to get sheen and glow into your hair. How to get rid of dandruff. Brushing your hair the way models do. Shampooing your hair. How to set your hair. How to choose your most flattering hair style. How to be known as a girl with beautiful hair.

YOUR MAKEUP

The most important thing about makeup. Little tricks that keep makeup from looking obvious. How to apply powder base and powder. What to do about roses. Proper way to apply lipstick. Don't be silly about eye makeup. How to have pretty hands. How to apply nail polish.

MODELING TRICKS

What makes a model look so straight and tall. How to stand "in one line."

How to walk gracefully, with fluid movement. How to look lovely when dancing. The secret of standing with one foot at a right angle to the other. What to do with your hands when you stand or sit. How to photograph well.

YOUR GROOMING

Your best insurance against being pushed out of the social swing. Tips on bathing and use of deodorants.

"How nice you smell." How to shave legs and underarms, or not to shave. Do teens need a girdle? Should a teen wear a hat? Suggestions on stockings, underwear, accessories.

YOUR CLOTHES

How the eye can be fooled. When to choose clothes with wrap-around lines, slim sleeves and diagonal lines, or radiating lines. What colors are becoming if you are brunette, blonde, redhead, or in-between. How clothes should be related with skin color. Picking clothes to suit your personality. Clothes that mix and match. How not to be "out-dated."

PARTIES, DATES AND FORMALS

What to do and say to put your date at ease. Billed dates—should you accept or refuse them? Pretending—yes or no? Going formal; how to be polished, polished and pretty. Work-clothes away from home. How to be "the hostess with the mostest" when you're giving a party. The Table—sit at it on it.

YOUR PERSONALITY

How to keep from folding up when the social whirl slows to a standstill. How to make yourself more attractive to others. How to develop your own personality and "make like an individual." Don't get a "waxed over" look. How to put your best self forward and have fun.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., DEPT. 5895-P ENSCOT, NEW JERSEY

Sponsor's Name: Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE. After giving it a three-week trial for five days, if I am not satisfied I may return the book to you and you will give me my money back. At $1.95 plus a few pennies for postage and packing, and $1.00 in postage, the low price in Canada.

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Address: __________________________
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SavE: Send $1.95 WITH THIS COUPON, and we will pay shipping charges. Some return privilege, if you are not thrilled and delighted with this book.
Bobby, who also plays the trumpet, lends an ear to Fran Carroll and Buddy Weed.

Dancers Zadan and Carroll do a bit of fancy stepping, with Bobby at piano.

Contestants Richard Cemizlio and Pat Horace stop dancing to chat with Bobby.

Piano is one of a band-full of instruments at which Bobby is expert—but it's his "Pom" who calls the tune.

Step This Way

Bobby Sherwood trots out a gala new dance show and walks off with cheers from WABC viewers

New Yorkers get their toes stepped on too often in the subways to care to repeat the experience on the dance floor. In his usual amiable fashion, Bobby Sherwood has come up with a solution for down-trodden Gothamites. Bobby, who describes himself as "about 40 per cent musician, 40 per cent comedian-actor, and 20 per cent writer," has added a plus percentage as dance impresario and host with a new show, Step This Way, seen Saturday at 7 P.M. on Station WABC-TV. . . . The show spotlights three couples who strut their stuff and learn new dance steps for prizes in the studio. The art of terpsichore is propounded by the team of Zadan and Carroll. Jerry Zadan, who directs the Arthur Murray studios in Poughkeepsie, is married to a dancer, Dorothy, who swapped career for the fast-stepping role of wife and mother of their two-year-old daughter. His TV partner is his sister-in-law, Fran Carroll, who owns and operates the Saxony Dance Studio. . . . Music for the toe-tapping is provided by bandleader Buddy Weed. Bobby Sherwood, who can play every instrument in the band, insists that he is now "unstuck." Long one of the top names in the band business, Bobby claims he was never really a bandleader. "I put together a band for Johnny Mercer when he started Capitol Records," Bobby recalls, "and we cut something called 'Elks Parade.' It sold over a million copies and there I was, stuck with a band." . . . The band played on and on, very successfully, until Bobby won his own disc-jockey show on WABC—and claimed he was not really a disc jockey. He's also made frequent appearances on the Milton Berle, Red Buttons and Sid Caesar shows. Currently, Bobby is a panelist—he hasn't said yet whether he thinks he really is one or not—on ABC-TV's Masquerade Party. . . . At any rate, there's no doubt that Bobby is the very devoted husband of the former Helen Banberry. The Sherwoods have two parrakeets and a four-year-old miniature Pomeranian at their Sutton Place menagerie and keep two horses in a country stable. Occasionally, Bobby will canter along the paths in Central Park, which is likely to be renamed "Sherwood Forest." All those in favor are cordially invited to Step This Way.
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a moment
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every other lipstick

will

be

old-fashioned

Soft Touch

THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW LIPSTICK BY Toni

...glides on at a touch...yet stays on twice as long as "long-lasting" lipsticks

Twice as long? Yes! Just put on Soft Touch and forget about it. No need to retouch—with Soft Touch. No messy smear...and so comfortable!

Three new shades for the new season in Red — Rose — Coral

$1.25 plus tax
I dreamed I was a social butterfly
in my maidenform bra

Pre-lude—newest maidenform bra ...the bra with the contour band that gives
you a completely new kind of ‘under-and-up’ uplift. It curves so naturally to you...lifts from under
the cups, curves snugly up between the cups to make the most of every curve you own!

In delicate nylon lace and satin (as shown) 3.00. In cotton broadcloth, 1.50 to 2.50. Strapless versions, 2.50 to 3.50. A, B and C cup sizes.
For Art and Lois Linkletter, every anniversary has been Thanksgiving Day indeed

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Once upon a Thanksgiving, a lovely young bride in cream-colored velvet . . . with pearls in her dark hair and stars in her wide blue eyes . . . stood before an altar, silently saying a wedding vow. She would, she promised, make him the home he had never known . . . give him the family he'd never had. From this day forward, she would make it all up to him. . . . Beside the girl whose love and faith had already given life purpose, Art Linkletter was promising—as silently—a few other vows which weren't "in the script." She would never be sorry she was marrying him. Nothing in this life would be too good for her. She'd have everything . . . see everything . . . go everywhere. She'd have furs and mink and trips to faraway places. Some day, he would show her the whole world . . . though any one of these vows was tall dreaming on the $150 a month Art was making right then. . . . Today, those furs and jewels and magic faraway places are no longer a dream. The finest of minks hang in the closet of an elegant Holmby Hills house which "neighbors" those belonging to Bing Crosby, Lana

Continued

Days of Remembrance
Days of Remembrance
(Continued)

Art has more than fulfilled the vow that "someday" he
would shower his bride with furs and finery, and take her
"all over the world." Latest jaunt was a trip to Hawaii.

Turner and Humphrey Bogart. And there are five
"little Links" who take turns traveling to those
dreamy faraway places with Lois and Art. . . . On this,
his twentieth wedding anniversary, Art Linkletter
is enveloped by more affection and more family
than he ever thought would be his. And they're
more than making it all up to him. . . .

"This was what I wanted most when we married."
Lois says slowly now, reliving aloud another
Thanksgiving Day. "I wanted to make a home for
him and to give him children. He never had anybody
of his own—really his own—until he married me. He
had a family, but they were not really his. And he
had a home, but not a real home. I'd always had
such a wonderful home, and my family were all
so close, I just couldn't imagine this—
somebody who had nobody. . . ."

It's fitting that Thanksgiving Day is their wedding
anniversary. For, until they met, Thanksgiving
was a very meaningless word to Art Linkletter.

"Orphaned" by life, he'd been given for adoption to
a sidewalk evangelist when he was one year old.
And theirs was a floating existence. From time
to time, his foster father, fired with the zeal
of saving men's souls, would go out on the road
to preach—leaving Art and his foster mother to go from
house to house of the various church members
who would take them in. They'd wait at somebody's
house until they heard from him again.

When Art was eight years old, they lived at
the Old Folks' Home in San Diego "because we had no
place else to stay." There the little boy with the
bright blue eyes and eager smile was always being
cautions to "be quiet now." He had no one to play
with, and he couldn't (Continued on page 97)

Art Linkletter's House Party, M-F—on CBS-TV at 2:30 P.M.,
CBS Radio at 3—is sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros.,
Kellogg Co., Dole Pineapple. His People Are Funny is seen over
NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M., for Prom Home Permanent and Paper-Mate
Pens. It is heard on NBC Radio, Tues., 8 P.M. (All times EDT)

Son Jack was the "first installment" on Lois's wedding
vows. He's starred on his own local show, is a familiar
figure at CBS, where Art stages his House Party. Father
and eldest child share many projects, both work and play.
Five "little Links"—Jack, Dawn, Robert (rear), Diane and Sharon (foreground)—are proof that Art has the happy home he longed for. They're part of the living dream which began one Thanksgiving Day.
When Patti first met dance director Charles O'Curran, they "fought like cats and dogs." But all that was last year.

It's a new and glamorous Patti Page on TV—
for the oldest, most wonderful of reasons

By ED MEYERSON

What's happened to you? It wasn't a question, it was a gasp of surprise—for Patti Page had changed. She had done herself over. She was as different as day from night. Seeing her now and contrasting her with the Patti of a year ago, it was like looking at one of those Before-and-After ads that show the girl as she used to be, and then as she is today—after she discovered the new miracle product.

Before . . . well, Patti was considered the girl-next-door type. She was pretty, but in a casual, wholesome sort of way—like banana cream pie, her favorite dessert. Absorbed in her work, she seemed shy and withdrawn in the world outside the night clubs and studios—a Sleeping Beauty who only came to life when a spotlight opened her eyes and the bandleader signaled it was time to sing.

But now, after . . . she was the Golden Girl! Glamorous, exciting, downright unpredictable. One moment, the poise and authority of a woman of the world (Continued on page 86)

The Patti Page Show is sponsored by the Oldsmobile Dealers of America in more than a hundred TV areas. See local papers for time and station.

What an enchanting bride the "new" Patti makes—even when it's just-pretend, on the set with members of The Page Five Singers.

Top member of Patti's show-business "family" is partner-manager Jack Rael, whose orchestra plays for her programs.
Billy Graham -

The simple, personal story of "a tool of God" who has sparked a great public revival of faith

By GREGORY MERWIN

He is like the lightning that sears the sky and the thunder that throbs the earth. He is world-renowned as the greatest evangelist in contemporary Christendom. Billy Graham is a shaker and a mover.

He is fabulous. His weekly radio sermons are heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System, the ABC Radio network, the British Broadcasting Corporation, seventy-one Canadian stations, and many other independent stations in Asia, Europe and South America. Each week, more than a thousand different stations broadcast his sermons.

His magnetism is fantastic. For example, this year in London's Wembley Stadium, 450,000 persons attended his (Continued on page 90)

Billy Graham's Hour of Decision is heard Sundays on two networks: ABC Radio at 3:30 P.M. EDT, and Mutual, 10 P.M. EDT.

His sermons have been heard by America's President Eisenhower (above)—and crowds of 100,000 in Berlin's Olympic Stadium (left).
The girls and Mrs. Graham greet Billy on his return from Europe.

One of his favorite family pictures reveals a favorite pastime.

Wife Ruth is his true helpmate, joins him "on tour" when she can.

The noted evangelist believes in fun and games, too. Left to right—son Franklin, now 3; Mrs. Graham; daughter Ruth, 5; Billy; daughters Virginia, 10, and Anne, 7.
With home, children and abundant love, Eve Arden and Brooks West have found the way to make life MORE THAN
A DREAM

By BETTY MILLS

ONE AFTERNOON last September, Eve Arden and her husband, Brooks West, walked arm in arm off the Warner Bros. Studio set where Eve had just finished making the feature-length movie version of her CBS show, Our Miss Brooks. Once in their car, Eve and Brooks started their afternoon drive through San Fernando Valley to their own Hidden Valley ranch home. Twenty minutes later, they drove past their white-fenced pasture, through the gate, and under the red-painted, white-lettered sign which read: "Westhaven." Brooks had hewn the sign from fresh lumber, Eve had painted it. Whenever she saw this red-and-white greeting, Eve was reminded anew that she was truly "at home."

Westhaven spread out in front of Eve in three directions—thirty-eight acres of green grass, white fences and rolling hills, all freckled with oaks, blushing red barns and three happy white cottages. The next thing Eve saw—or rather heard—was her ten-year-old daughter Liza's shout of welcome: "Hi!" Astride her pinto pony, "Patches," Liza came rushing out of the oaks, arms waving, pigtails flying. "I'll race you to the barn!" she screamed, and was off in a clatter of hooves.

Seconds later, the fat yellow country-school bus came puffing around the corner, stopping by their gate.

Eve's and Brooks' (Continued on page 69)

Our Miss Brooks is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 8:30 P.M., as sponsored by Instant Sanka, Minute Rice, Gaines Dog Food and Birdseye. Our Miss Brooks is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. (Both times EDT)
The SMILE Behind the Song

Perry Como has a gift for comedy which spills right out of his heart and home into his NBC show.
Making an elaborate show of being a man bruised in flesh and broken in spirit, Perry Como limped across the television stage to confront his producer, Lee Cooley. "You and your shotguns . . ." he said accusingly.

Lee, who is a rangy, crew-cut, athletic Westerner, long ago became one of Como's most understanding admirers. He thinks Como is the greatest star he's ever worked with, and he just grinned at this onslaught. He has learned that, when Perry starts a conversation in this manner, he's about to hear the pay-off line of some incident which started naturally enough in the studio. However, such things have a way of gathering force like a hurricane and turning into an adventure for Perry. An adventure in which Perry always comes off second-best. At least in the way Perry tells it.

This one, Lee correctly surmised, had its origin in their Christmas show, some time earlier. In it, the three young Comos, together with the children of the other people attached to the program, had pantomimed the Christmas story.

They had done it before, but this time there had been a change, for Perry had come to Lee with a problem. He had a sore throat, he asserted. Lee lifted a skeptical eyebrow right there. He had seen Perry work uncomplainingly through (Continued on page 88)

The Perry Como Show, on NBC-TV, Sat., from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by International Cellucotton Co., Gold Seal Co., Dormeyer Corp., Noxzema Chemical Co., others.

One reason for a big smile these days is that he has finally put down roots, has a home of his own.

The Comos give thanks at Our Lady of Fatima Church in Sands Point, pause to greet Reverend Vincent Watson, S.J.

Three more reasons for the Comos' delight are their children—Ronnie on couch, Terri in chair, and David on floor.
Happiness knows no Season
Work is play for Spring—and very much like real life. As Lily Ruskin in December Bride, she has a daughter Ruth (played by Frances Rafferty) and an admiring son-in-law, Matt Henshaw (Dean Miller).

For Spring Byington—forever young December Bride—both past and future make today just perfect

By ELSA MOLINA

The nation’s "most beloved mother-in-law" sat in the far corner of the car as it climbed up, up, up the Colorado mountains. Any TV viewer would have recognized Spring Byington—Lily Ruskin, that is, in the Desilu Production of December Bride on CBS-TV—with the champagne-colored hair blowing silksily about her fair, unlined face. But, just now, two little “thought” lines cast a shadow on Spring’s usually bright blue eyes, robbing them of their sparkle. The “thought” lines were prompted by the depth of the abyss that fell off sharply to her right. It was so deep that she could barely see (Continued on page 93)

December Bride, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Foods for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.

Spring's own family includes daughter Phyllis, son-in-law Bill Basley, their children Christine and "S'An"—all on opposite page—daughter Lois and son-in-law Larry Dunn (above, right). She finds quite a resemblance between granddaughter S'An and a portrait of daughter Phyllis at about the same age!
Patrons of Gino's little shop knew his skill at repairing shoes—and always got a smile as warm and friendly as the one he wore the night his knowledge of opera won him the show's fabulous check for $32,000.

Three times, Gino stepped out of the booth a winner—as Lynn Dollar.

Wife Caroline and daughter Lorraine were too happy to wonder what The $64,000 Question might have been.

Gino knew his appearance on the program might fulfill some dreams—but never imagined he'd be a "celebrity."
The full moon was high over the mountains, scents of summer were in the air—and both the world and Gino Prato were younger—that night back in Italy, when the village priest found him happily playing the accordion while the boys and girls of Statalle danced. The priest, who had heard many a confession of thoughtless romance, worried about music and moon madness. It was not fitting that his altar boy be part of this. Sternly he warned, “Gino, if you play and these young people sin, then the sins of them all are on your head.”

To the lad, devoted as he was to both church and music, the warning brought conflict. “But, Father,” he protested, “the music is not sin. The music is beautiful.” Wisely, the old priest understood. “You can serve God while you play music. I will teach you to play the organ.”

The way from that moon-drenched night to what probably is today’s most conspicuously lonely spot—the contestant’s isolation booth at The $64,000 Question—held many a trial. But Gino Prato, now an American citizen, stood the test. His faith in God’s goodness, his devotion to his family and his love of music earned him both fortune and the (Continued on page 78)
Patrons of Gino's little shop knew his skill at repairing shoes—and always got a smile as warm and friendly as the one he wore the night his knowledge of opera won him the show's fabulous check for $32,000.

Three times, Gino stepped out of the booth a winner—as Lynn Dana and Hal March hoped he'd make it four!

Miracle in Music

His winnings on The $64,000 Question are Gino Prato's proud reward for the humble devotion of a lifetime

By HELEN BOLSTAD

The full moon was high over the mountains, the scents of summer were in the air—and both the world and Gino Prato were younger—that night back in Italy, when the village priest found him happily playing the accordion while the boys and girls of Statale danced. The priest, who had heard many a confession of thoughtless romance, worried about music and moon madness. It was not fitting that his altar boy be part of this. Sternly he warned, "Gino, if you play and these young people sin, then the sins of them all are on your head."

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The Jack Sterlings knew it was just the house for them, without having to "make up their minds"

By FRANCES KISH

When Margaret Elizabeth Sterling was born last March 15, a friend sent a young tree to be planted in the yard of the new house in Connecticut. Bethie's parents, Jack and Barbara Sterling, were delighted. Not only did they like the idea of the little tree growing tall and straight and strong, along with their new little girl, but somehow it seemed symbolic of the deep roots they themselves were now putting down, in a home of their own.

Now, Barbara cannot understand how she ever managed in a crowded New York City apartment. Small Patricia Ann, who is Bethie's older sister (but barely a year older), has forgotten she ever had to be content to play in a tiny city park. Even Jack, the commuting member of the Sterling household, has taken quite calmly to his new schedule. He gets up even earlier now, to begin his broadcasting day on radio, on the Jack Sterling Show, over WCBS, at 5:30 A.M. He has time for a brief rest before his other pre-noon radio stint, the popular network panel show called Make Up Your Mind. Saturday mornings, Jack must be in Philadelphia very early to get ready for his Big Top television program, the huge circus show for which he has played ringmaster ever since it began five years ago. Yet all this long-distance commuting and pre-dawn catching of trains seems well worth it to a chap who has been longing for a house in the country for many years, and planning for it ever since he and Barbara got married in June, 1952.

"I still cannot believe it has happened to me," Jack says. "Me, who—although not quite 'born in a trunk,' as the saying goes—did first see the light of day in a theatrical boarding-house, and who spent my growing years backstage, as the son of vaudeville performers and a performer myself. Me, who knew very few settled homes and never before owned one. Barbara and I are thrilled about it."

The way the Sterlings found just the right house for them was part of the thrill. Practically
Jack and Barbara Sterling dreamed of a place in the country from the moment Patricia Ann was born. Now—just in time for baby Margaret Elizabeth—that dream house is a reality.
everybody had been getting into the act to help them look for the perfect place. Friends sent them “hot tips” about property they had seen in their communities. Barbara’s dad served as “advance man” and put in three days at a hotel in the area where they were looking, scouting every possible location.

Then it happened, on a day when Barbara and Jack themselves were combing the countryside with a real estate agent. They had seen houses of all sizes and shapes, in convenient and inconvenient locations, but none quite suited. Then suddenly they were walking right up to one which was just what they wanted. It was close to the convenient transportation which is so necessary for Jack’s work, in a beautiful new section of the town of New Canaan, on an acre and a third of ground—with an opportunity to option the adjoining land if they decide they want to spread out.

A four-bedroom house of white and gray brick and wood, set high on a ridge from which there is a sweeping view of some of the prettiest country in the eastern United States. An unfinished house at the time they first saw it, happily still at the stage where their own individual ideas could be incorporated, and yet well enough along so there wasn’t too much of a wait before they could move in. Barbara could have a free hand with color schemes, and the design of shelf and closet space. Jack could plan the spot for the swimming pool and the barbecue for cook-outs in summer, and the patio. As everyone knows who listens to a Jack Sterling broadcast—and as every visitor to the Sterling household surely knows—this is a man with considerable skill with a skillet, indoors or outdoors, and a real yen to try out some of the tantalizing recipes for out-of-door cookery which had been tempting him from his collection of cookbooks. So all these arrangements were very important.

Barbara at last was going to have the flower garden

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Jack Sterling emcees Make Up Your Mind, on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., as sponsored by Continental Baking Co. for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes. He is ringmaster of Sealtest Big Top, CBS-TV, Sat., 12 noon. The Jack Sterling Show is heard over WCBS Radio (New York), Mon.-Sat., 5:30-7:45 A.M. (EDT)
Jack sometimes thinks the nicest part of their spacious house (at left) is the tidy kitchen. He loves to cook, and often takes over the food-fixin' chores from Barbara.

That big yard is just fine for Patty Ann, of course—and also very handy for Daddy Sterling's golf practice!

she wanted, filled with the brightest blooms to be found. Jack realized an old dream of his, to have a rough stone fence, the kind which looks as though it came up right out of the ground and really "belongs." The fence goes across the front of their property and up one side, in true Connecticut tradition.

Jimmy Donnelly, one of their old friends, gave them a good start on the landscaping by offering some fine shrubs, which surrounded the old house where he had been living but was then giving up, and four beautiful blue spruce trees. Actually, weeks before they moved in, Jack was up on the property every spare hour, getting the lawn and the garden started, meeting the neighbors, beginning to settle into his role of "country squire." And beginning to love it, from the first day.

"I like the idea of having a house which is really on four levels," Jack says. "A living room with a high, cathedral ceiling, a dining area and kitchen. Leading up from the living room is a decorative stairway, with wrought-iron railing, to the bedrooms and upstairs baths. Leading down from the living room just a few steps is a mahogany-paneled playroom, (Continued on page 92)
HOME at First Sight

(Continued)

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Barbara at last was going to have the flower garden she wanted, filled with the brightest blooms to be found. Jack realized an old dream of his, to have a rough stone fence, the kind which looks as though it came up right out of the ground and really "belongs." The fence goes across the front of their property and up one side, in true Connecticut tradition.

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Below, the Baxters mark a historic moment in *The Guiding Light* script—the day Charles “died,” in the role of Dr. John Brooks. Party guests Paul Potter (center) and Barry Thomson (right) are very much a part of the plot, for Paul plays Dr. Jim Kelly, Barry is Dr. Bart Thompson—John’s ambitious “father!”

Blair Davies (who stars as the Reverend Richard Dennis in *The Brighter Day*) chuckles as Hal Halbrook (his daytime-drama son, Grayling Dennis) introduces the real Mrs. Halbrook (seated) to Anne Hillary—who plays Hal’s new bride, Sandra, an radio-TV.

Glimpses of a gala evening: Donald Buka, popular actor in many a drama, lighting a cigarette for Miss Lynn De Cesare . . . Mildred Dilling, world-renowned harpist, playing “Clair de Lune” for the spellbound guests . . . Peter Hobbs, who stars as Peter Ames in *The Secret Storm*, dancing with his bride, actress Parker McCormack.

The Baxters greet two distinguished guests: Richard Dunn, producer of CBS-TV’s *The Secret Storm* and *Love Of Life*, and Peggy McCoy, star of the latter. Below—serenade for actress Julia Meade, her husband, O. W. Rudd, Mrs. Addison Powell.
Home and career weave a colorful pattern of happiness for Mark Stevens.

Mark Stevens named their daughter Arrelle Elizabeth. Wife Annelie named their son Mark Richard.
The haunting ballad dedicated to gallant Helen Emerson (as played by Flora Campbell)! Will it become the first "hit song" from a daytime drama?

Valiant Lady Theme

Words by KAY TWOMEY & FRED WISE

Slowly

I will give you TRUE DEVOTION

With a love that's as deep as the ocean. There's no

ending to our story For a love such as
ours glows in glory. TRUE DEVO TION will not fal ter.

It's as strong as the Rock of Gibral tar.

That's why I give you my TRUE DEVO TION un til the day when you say you're mine. I will mine.

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Flora Campbell stars in Valiant Lady, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, as sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Co., and Wesson Oil.
All aboard the 40-foot trailer which Pres and Sheila Foster call "home," on the Hal Roach lot.

Breakfast and lunch are no problem for homecoming Pres, just 30 seconds from the Waterfront set.

Between shooting dates, the Fosters move to their 400-acre ranch, where Pres is a real tractor expert.

Daughter Stephanie, 16, gives Dad a big welcome at Twin Oaks, the Foster ranch north of Los Angeles.
There's music in those hills where Twin Oaks nestles! Sheila has a fine voice, and Pres not only sings and plays the piano but also has a remarkable collection of guitars.

Preston Foster has the strength of his beloved sea—as actor, musician—and as Cap'n John in Waterfront

By BUD GOODE

Stepping off the Waterfront set, Preston Foster never really steps out of character. Except for their names, tugboat captain John Herrick and he-man actor Pres Foster are one and the same person. In fact, when Ben Fox first created the role of Cap'n John, he described his character in these words: "A courageous, God-fearing man with great physical strength, intelligence, and a sense of humor—a man who loves his country first, with his tugboat, Cheryl Ann, a close second..." Tall, dark and robust Preston Foster was Ben Fox's (Continued on page 95)
Peter Ames, a widower, hires Jane Edwards as his housekeeper. But he is drawn more and more to her as he sees her genuine warmth in such acts as the birthday party for Amy and sees also the affection in which Amy, Jerry and Susan hold Jane.
THE SECRET STORM

2. Jane, too, has lost the one she loved. Her husband Bruce Edwards was an Air Force pilot shot down over the Pacific and Jane still recalls with sorrow their last meeting.

THREE lonely people—brought together by the strange twists and turns of fate—each reaching out for love, for a companion against the secret storm raging within. . . . Peter Ames had lost himself in grief, when his wife Ellen died. Not until the courts warned him that he might lose custody of their children did Peter accept the fact of Ellen's death and devote himself to Jerry, 17, Susan, 18, and Amy, 10. But now Peter has found the woman who could bring new warmth and affection into their lives. . . . Jane Edwards possesses all the wonderful qualities Peter had loved in Ellen, and, when Jane comes into his home as housekeeper, he is drawn more and more to a new love. . . . But Pauline Tyrrell Harris—who once considered herself engaged to Peter, before he eloped with her sister—had hoped that Peter would turn to her, after Ellen's death. She could never forgive either Peter or Ellen for their elopement and—though she herself had wed John Harris—her own marriage had soon ended in divorce. Now, twice rejected by Peter, Pauline is filled with anger and jealousy. . . . Like Peter himself, Jane has memories of a happy marriage—to Bruce Edwards, an Air Force

3. The loneliness they have both known seems over as Peter and Jane find a new love together. But as Peter talks of marriage, Jane remembers Bruce.

See Next Page
4. In her loneliness, Jane had been deceived into marrying Skip Curtis, a petty criminal. Now Skip, in a battle with the police, has been shot and the doctor fears it is fatal.

pilot who had been shot down during the war. After seven years, Bruce had been declared legally dead and Jane, in her loneliness, had married Skip Curtis—only to discover that Skip was really a petty thief and confidence man. She left him soon after, but Skip always managed to find her when he needed funds. . . When Jane had come to Woodbridge and found new hope in Peter Ames' home, Skip—fleeing from the FBI—had once more found her and appealed for the help and protection she'd always given him. Then Jane discovers that she is going to bear Skip's child! Though she confesses the true circumstances to Peter, he refuses to allow her to disclose the identity of her husband, for fear that she will be arrested as Skip's accomplice. . . Pauline is quick to take advantage of the situation. She accuses Peter as the man responsible for Jane's pregnancy—and brings charges against him as an unfit father, in an attempt to gain custody of the three children. However, the charges are dropped when Jane reveals her marriage to Skip. . . Meanwhile, Skip returns to Woodbridge and takes refuge in Pauline's home, where he attempts to hold out against the police. Wounded in the ensuing gun battle, he is taken to the same hospital where Jane has just given birth to their son—and begs her forgiveness before he dies. . . Feeling unworthy of Peter's love, after all that has happened—and troubled by dreams of her first husband, Bruce—Jane is grateful to Grace Tyrell, Peter's understanding mother-in-law, for offering her a haven in her home. She does not know that Bruce and his mother, Mary Edwards, have traced her to Woodbridge during the much-publicized trial. For, just as Jane dreamed, Bruce is indeed alive, nursed back to health by natives of the islands where he had been shot down! . . Though Mary Edwards understands the loneliness which Jane

5. Before Skip dies, in the same hospital where Jane has just had her son, he begs Jane's forgiveness. But Jane now feels, because of this marriage, she is unworthy of Peter.

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Peter Ames ............... Peter Hobbs
Pauline Harris .............. Halle Stoddard
Jane Edwards ............... Virginia Dwyer
Grace Tyrell ................ Marjorie Gateson
Skip Curtis ............... Martin Brooks
Bruce Edwards ............ Biff MacGuire
Susan Ames .............. Jean Mowry
Jerry Ames .............. Warren Berlinger
Amy Ames ................... Jada Rowland
Dr. Hadley ............... Jay Jostyn
Bart Fenway ............ Whitfield Connor

The Secret Storm is seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway.
6. Jane and her son go to live with Grace Tyrell, Peter's mother-in-law. Meanwhile, Pauline watches with jealousy as Peter waits for Jane to decide whether to marry him. 

had felt through those long years, Bruce is hurt that Jane did not wait for him—and bitter about the screaming headlines which linked Jane and Skip. He leaves Woodbridge without seeing or notifying Jane of his return. . . . Seemingly, Jane is now free to accept the love and protection Peter has offered her, free to reward the man who has staked his home, his children and his welfare on her innocence. But—even as Pauline herself seems ready to relinquish her own dreams of love and revenge—a new danger threatens from another quarter. . . . During his trial, Peter had been removed from his post as president of the store owned by the Tyrell family. Now that he has returned to his job, Peter finds certain irregularities for which he must question Bart Fenway, a good friend of Pauline's. . . . What new menace do these business troubles bring into Peter's life? Will Jane—still unaware that Bruce has returned from the dead—give Peter the answer he has been longing for? And what of Pauline, who has taken drastic measures before and will not hesitate to do so again? What secret storm is brewing—just over the horizon—for these three lonely people?

7. When Peter returns to work, he questions Pauline and Bart Fenway, who had replaced Peter, about business irregularities.
Laughter in the stars

The climb from obscurity wasn't easy. But, with native talent and a hard-earned gift for comedy, Jackie has made himself "The Greatest."

Being poor is no joke. But it taught Jackie Gleason how to touch the heart—and funny bone—of millions!

By GLADYS HALL
There is much food for thought in the fact that so many of the great comics of our day—Jimmy Durante, Groucho Marx, Danny Kaye, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, George Gobel, Red Skelton, Sid Caesar, Milton Berle, Red Buttons, and “The Greatest” himself—were all poor boys, most of them very poor. It’s almost as though only those who, as youngsters, were obliged to make their own laughs—if they were to have any—make their millions as laughmakers later on.

Since poverty seems to be the prep school from which the real Clown Princes graduate, then poverty, you might (Continued on page 75)

The Honeymooners, Starring Jackie Gleason, CBS-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Buick Dealers. It is preceded on CBS-TV, at 8 P.M., by Stage Show, starring the Dorsey Brothers with the June Taylor Girls, as sponsored by the Nestle Co. for Nescafe.
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Who are the 10 Best Dressed

Vote Today!

Who is it that names the people in those lists of best dressed men? In television, it's you, the viewers, who can now vote for your choice of the ten best dressed men before the cameras, in a brand-new contest sponsored by TV Radio Mirror. And, as a member of our sartorial board of electors, you can win a handsome, hand-tailored, complete man's wardrobe for yourself or—if you only figuratively wear the pants in your family—for the man in your life. . . . All you have to do is vote for the ten stars who, in your opinion, deserve the Eagle Award for being one of the ten best dressed men in television. We've provided a representative list of men-about-tele- vision on our ballot. But we've also left space for your write-in votes. . . . After you've voted for your choice of ten, simply complete the following sentence in fifty words or less: I think a man should be well dressed because. . . . Then mail in the complete ballot and coupon on page 68. The exciting prize—a suit, topcoat, sports coat and slacks, all hand-tailored by Eagle Clothes, Inc., long-time leaders in men's fashions—could be yours. . . . Your votes for the ten best dressed men will be tabulated, and the March issue of TV Radio Mirror will announce whom the viewers have chosen for the Eagle Award. But your votes will not count in the winning of the prize wardrobe. The prize will be awarded on the basis of originality and imagination in completing the contest sentence. . . . We are holding this contest because we think that Sloppy Joe is on his way out—and it's the television camera that's hastening his departure. This is your chance to vote for your choice of the ten best dressed men in television and also win a wardrobe that would make any man a contender for the Eagle Award.

Continued

Doorway to success opens that much more easily when a man is confident of being well dressed. It's first impressions that count, and he's sure to make a good first impression in an Eagle Clothes topcoat, only one part of a fashionable wardrobe that could be yours.
Men in TV?

Mark your ballot for television’s ten best dressed men—and win a man’s wardrobe that’s tailored for success.

Handsomely tailored suit, sports coat and slacks round out the Eagle Clothes wardrobe that is the prize simply for telling us why you think a man should be well dressed.

CONTEST RULES—READ CAREFULLY

1. Each entry must include the ballot containing your choice of the ten best dressed men in television, plus your fifty-word statement telling why you think a man should be well dressed.
2. Address all entries to: The Ten Best Dressed Men in TV, TV Radio Mirror, P.O. Box 1404, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
3. This contest ends midnight, Wednesday, November 30, 1955. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
4. The prize winner will receive a suit, topcoat, sports coat and slacks tailored by Eagle Clothes, Inc.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality in stating why it is important for a man to be well dressed.
6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges’ decision will be final.
7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees (and their relatives) of Macfadden Publications, Inc., Eagle Clothes, Inc., its dealers and agencies.
8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to entries. Names of the ten best dressed men on TV and the prize winner will be announced in our March 1956 issue.
Vote Today!

Vote for your choice of the ten best dressed men in TV by checking 10 names below.

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Complete the following sentence in 50 words or less: I think a man should be well dressed because:

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__________________________________________________________________________

__________________________________________________________________________

NAME: ________________________________________________________________ | Mail your entry to:
ADDRESS: ____________________________________________________________ | The Ten Best Dressed Men in TV
CITY or TOWN: __________________________ STATE: ___________________________ | TV RACIO MIRROR
                                                                 | P. O. Box 1404
                                                                 | Grand Central Station
                                                                 | New York 17, N. Y.
More Than a Dream

(Continued from page 37)

seven-year-old daughter, Connie, popped out, waved a noisy goodbye to her friends, rushed up, threw her arms around her mother and planted a big hello kiss on Brooks' cheek. In the same perpetual motion, Connie hopped on her waiting bicycle, parked behind the gate — and with a shout of "I'll race you to the barn!" — she was off across the pasture.

With the gate closed, Brooks drove over "their" bridge (Eve had always dreamed of having a farm with a bridge), past the lambs in pasture, the caretaker's cottage through the small fruit orchard, and up to the two white painted cottages nestled against the side of the hill. There the nurse waited, holding their two-year-old son Duncan by the hand and their one-year-old Douglas in her free arm.

Though, as "Miss Brooks," Eve had been in make-believe classrooms all year, she never minded coming home to this small classroom of her own. With her four children happily waiting for her, and surrounded by the colorful beauty of their farm, Eve knew that a long-held dream had become a reality.

"We have all had dreams," she says, "dreams of travel, of having a place of our own, and of happy families. But I've learned — and, I might add, I've learned from Brooks—that, if you want your dreams to come true, you have to be specific about them. You have to have a clear picture of your dream. This tells you what first steps to take to make it a reality. You have to plan your dreams to make them come true."

Brooks adds: "Take our trip to Europe, for example. For two years, we dreamed of that visit, but something always interfered. People Europe such a far step, a trip you have to prepare for, and something always seems to come up. You put off and put off, until it's too late. So Eve and I decided that, if we were going to Europe, we'd make a reservation and a down payment — then we'd have to go!"

"And then," says Eve, "we had a baby! Our adopted son, Duncan, arrived. Yes, we could have dropped the trip. But we had everything ready. So we said, 'All right; we'll have Duncan for a month before we leave, then we'll go on as planned. We won't miss too much of him, for — since he's so small — he'll spend most of the next six weeks sleeping on his face!'"

"Your dreams don't bear fruit," continues Brooks, "until you make specific plans about them. The first thing we did was figure the approximate date Eve would finish work on her TV series, how long it would take us to pack, how long to get to New York — not leaving us time to ponder — and how long to get the children established with our friends, the Amsters, in Connecticut.

"In the meantime, we talked to friends who'd been to Europe, asking them where we should visit. From this 'don't miss' list, we made up an itinerary with the miles between stops, when and where we'd pick up our car, where we'd stay, and how long. We almost knew the maître d's names for every restaurant we didn't want to miss!"

"We gave the list to the girls so they could follow us on the map and know where we were at all times. That way, they could write us cards. We sent cards back to them. Eve wrote while I drove. We would buy cards in Paris, write them on our way to Geneva, mail them in Italy. Our French cards were mailed in Italy, and our Italian cards in Germany. In the six weeks we were gone, we never did match card and country.

do GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES?

... or do you find in real life discriminating gentlemen seem perfectly contented with gals whose hair is simply soft and shining, with its own natural color and sheen that tells of good care.

What should you do to join the ranks of these admired ladies? It's simple. Use a NOREEN Color Hair Rinse the next time you wash your hair and enjoy your share of flattering glances and compliments. Then you'll realize that the really smart girls are the ones who take advantage of their own natural beauty. They give their hair a NOREEN temporary rinse after each shampoo because they know NOREEN leaves it soft and easy to manage. And besides, NOREEN provides just the right amount of color to blend in faded, streaky strands and conceal unwanted gray.

Use after every shampoo... or for gala occasions only... NOREEN can be applied in only three minutes and needs no special skill.

At cosmetic counters everywhere
8 rinses 60c plus tax Color applicator 40c
Also professionally applied in beauty salons.
Sixty-two chickens, four ducks, a dog—our Bassett hound, Gertrude—a few stray cats, rabbits, sheep, twelve turkeys, and four cows. We even have a vegetable garden and the kids love to work in it. "And we never buy eggs any more," says Eve. "The girls and I, together, gather the chicken eggs, and we feed the white turkeys. They're my favorites at the moment. They can see us coming a mile, however, the turkeys have never been so much excitement in all your life as white turkeys waiting for their supper! "The farm—which has become our full-time home—has been wonderful for the children. They even love the country school. They pedal their bicycles through the little grove we call our fruit tree orchard, down the hill, and tuck the bikes behind the first of the fabulous Barnemund yellow bus loaded with kids. They just adore it! "It's quite terrifying the way the girls—and the boys, too, for that matter—have grown since we came out here a year ago in April. We took movies of them out by the barn, then three months later we took the same type of movie. Here is the spot where the kids were kind of startled to see how white and thin they looked in the earlier reels, by comparison! The girls were brown as berries, and Liza had long hair. The boys and their hair had grown about a foot. "The girls, of course, love the farm. And why not? Liza has her own pinto pony now, and old Duncan doesn't want to walk, he wants to be carried all by herself, leaping on and off and riding around like a little Miss Gene Autry! And Connie has her rabbits—she hand-feeds them carrots fresh from the garden. Another day, I asked her if she would clean up the bedroom, and she replied, 'I can't right now, Mother, got to go out to pick the carrots!' Talk about falling in love with the farm: Brooks and I want to move into an apartment there—and had taken Liza along for a haircut. Brooks asked her if she wanted to move back into town and she replied, 'Yes, but I love it here.' "Though the girls both love the farm," Eve continues, thoughtfully, "the boys are a little too young to know there ever was a difference. Of course, Douglas was born in the barn, and used to think that the barn was his real home. He's just a year old, yet he weighs only two pounds less than Duncan, who is two and a half. They are both of the Bar gentarius. (As Brooks says, 'Why not? He eats all the time!') But he's a happy fellow—you have to be, to get up at 6.30 and stay active. He only catsnap about thirty minutes in the morning and thirty minutes in the afternoon. Duncan, on the other hand, sleeps like a log from one to four every afternoon—but then Duncan is up running full tilt! "Dough is still a crawler," says Mother Eve, "but he crawls crazily. He is trying to reach something. When you are standing up with his nurse, Helen, holding his hand. He'll start running, and Helen has to walk fast to keep up. He is a very small baby, but he is a very active baby. He's the most adorable baby I've ever seen. "And Brooks takes up the story: "Douglas trying hard to learn to talk. Of course, to think we recognize the words he's trying to say. Susie did, for example, stayed with us during the summer. When Susie came to Doug's room, he'd look up and say, 'I love Susie.' And when you name—like 'Liza' or 'Connie'—he'll watch you pronounce it, then he'll practice saying it over and over, watching you all the while. "As a matter of fact, I think, for he has great powers of concentration and tries desperately to form the words. Mama,' of course, was his first successful effort. And when he started to say 'Dundie,' I thought he was telling everybody to be quiet so he could be heard all over the house!" Eve says, "The girls adore both of the boys—Dundie and Doug. Dundie has the disadvantage of having two little brothers like that. Liza looks after them, changes their clothes, takes them to the potty. Connie, too, is a natural mixture. I can't say when Doug first came home from the hospital, wanted to start taking care of him right away. Liza, on the other hand, gave the baby a quick look-over, decided he was very cute and just as sweet as she had ever seen an infant before. She went right to the hospital and told everybody to be quiet so she could be heard all over the house!"
any place for over two days and have not met them with.

We were, for example, kind of miserable during the last couple of weeks of our 1953 American vacation. Now we would love to return and do a little more leisurely travel. We hope to headquarter in Paris, making short two-day jaunts from there, taking our kids along with us. Besides this, we have five French foster children, and we are looking forward to seeing them. So it looks as though there is going to be some more travel in the future.

Though Eve and Brooks are still planning their dreams of the future for the children, they are grateful that their long-planned days are at last coming to pass. For Eve, the farm has filled a special need for her, which has satisfied just such a place ever since her childhood days in Mill Valley, California. "I had always had a wish for a country life," she says. "I still remember when I ran barefoot as a kid in the summer. We lived in a plain wooden frame house in town. Even then, I had a great many pets, but I never got over the feeling of wanting to have a lamb or a baby pig—as a kid, that's what I yearned for. Don't ask me why. Perhaps it was because they were both small animals that I didn't have any acquaintance with and I was curious."

"Now I've got my lamb—I adopted a little twin lamb that the mother rejected. She was coming from a nearby farm in Marin Country, where they named her 'Little Orphan Annie.' At first she slept by my bed and I fed her during the night. I would also get up at five in the morning and take her out on the lawn in front of the house. I was always waiting for her—then we'd both go back and sleep until 7:30 or 8. It has proven unfortunate for both of us, because she now refuses to do anything for my assistance. She is now of that sort of sheep whatsoever."

"Then she began eating all our new growths—roses, snapdragons, zinnias, daisies, all the country flowers—and Brooks decided that if the lamb was such a good eater, he could have a whole farm. So we put her in the barn one day. She was absolutely terrified. The rest of the sheep would have nothing to do with her. Finally, while we were away in New York, the caretaker put her up at the barn at night. I don't think I could have done it."

There is one thing Eve hasn't gotten yet that she's dreamed of, ever since childhood—a little pink piglet. Eve broached this subject to Brooks the afternoon they came home from the farm and returned to Westhaven. Brooks said, "Pigs! Oh, no! We have sheep, cows, chickens, ducks—everything! But we don't need pigs. Pigs are a big bore."

"Look," Eve said, "If you had everything else on this farm that I have always dreamed about—are you going to frustrate me?"

"No pigs," said Brooks. "Just one little pink piglet...

"No, no pigs. They don't stay pink and they don't stay little very long."

But, when Eve looked out across their farm, she saw two baby pigs in an empty pigpen, and she got that "plan of their eyes look in her. Brooks recognized that look and knew another "dream" would soon be fulfilled.

Above the red barns with their detailed hex signs so lovingly painted, Eve could see the West's white cottages, simply furnished with her beloved antiques, their children having been running in the sun. The sounds of the joyous turkey cackled drifted down to her ears, and the little lamb still nuzzled her palm. The picture made it clear to Eve that you have to plan your dreams in detail if you want them to come true—and then they face..."
**Inside Radio**

*All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.*

**Monday through Friday**

**Monday**

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<td>Vandercook, News</td>
<td>Edward R. Murrow</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>People Are Funny</td>
<td>Red Benson's</td>
<td>Fred Robbins</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Fibber McGee &amp; Molly</td>
<td>Sammy Kaye Show</td>
<td>$6,000 Question</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Virgil Pinkley's Corner</td>
<td>Presidenitous Report</td>
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### Saturday

#### Morning Programs

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>World News Roundup</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Farming Business</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Art of Living</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>National Radio Pulpit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>American Travel Guide</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Monitor</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Lucky Pierre Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Johnny Desmond Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Young Living Show</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>National Farm &amp; Home Hour</td>
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<td>MBS</td>
<td>I Asked You Can啾</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Tex Fletcer Wagon Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Football Game of the Week from Notre Dame</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Football (con.)</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Football (con.)</td>
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<td>Football (con.)</td>
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<td>Football (con.)</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Teenagers, U.S.A. News</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
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<td>Monitor</td>
<td>News</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Meet the Press</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>John T. Flynn</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Monitor</td>
<td>World Traveler Report from Washington</td>
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<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Basil Heather</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Pop the Question</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Magic of Music, Doris Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
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<td>Musical Wheel of Charm Quaker City Capers</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Lombardo Land</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
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### Sunday

#### Morning Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Morning Roundup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Wings of Healing News of Great Compilers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Back to God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Art of Living</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Art of Living</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>National Radio Pulpit</td>
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<td>National Radio Pulpit</td>
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<td>National Radio Pulpit</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Marine Band News of Great Compilers</td>
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<td>Marine Band News of Great Compilers</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>The Eternal Light News of Great Compilers</td>
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<tr>
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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>Monitor</td>
<td>Meet the Press</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
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**See Next Page**
TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS
AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, OCTOBER 9—NOVEMBER 9

Monday through Friday

7:00 & Today—Getaway with Garaway
9:00 & Skinnier Show—Relaxed & musical
9:30 & Morning Matinee—Feature films
10:00 & Garry Moore—Moore fun
11:00 & Ding Dong School—TV nursery
11:30 & Strike It Rich—Quiz for needy
12:00 & The Love Of Life—Serial story
12:30 & Search For Tomorrow—Serial
12:45 & Your Next—$5 Quiz
2:00 & "Algiers," NBC Matinee Theatrical
2:30 & Linkletter's House Party—Delight
2:30 & Jinx Falkenburg—Interviews
5:00 & Pinky Lee—Keeps kids occupied
5:30 & Mickey's Club—A Disney delight for the kiddies
6:00 & Howdy Doody—Children's time
6:30 & News & Weather
7:00 & Sky's The Limit—Quiz—M, W, F; Patty Page Sings—T, Th.
7:00 & Liberace—Handsome virtuosa
7:00 & Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Fantasy
7:30 & Eddie Fisher & M, W, F; Dinah Shore—T, Th.
7:45 & News Caravan

LATE NIGHT

10:00 & Million Dollar Movies—Repeat of early film schedule. See above
10:45 & News & Weather
11:00 & News & Weather
11:10 & Liberace—Candlelight concert
11:15 & Featurettes—Short films
11:15 & Late Show—Feature films
11:40 & Steve Allen—The joint's jumper'

Monday P.M.

7:30 & Robin Hood—An outlaw's adventures
8:00 & Burns & Allen—Oracie burns Georgie
8:00 & G-E Colli presents—Oct. 17, Producer's Showcase
7:30 Digest Drama—True stories
8:30 & Godfrey's Talent Scouts—Variety
9:00 & Bob & I Love—Lucy—New serial
9:30 & The Medic—Scalpel-sharp drama
9:30 & December Bride—April-bright comedy
10:00 & Robert Montgomery Presents
10:00 & Studio One—Hour dramas
10:30 & The Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

Tuesday

7:30 & Name That Tune—$5 Quiz
7:30 & Fireside Theater—With Jane Wyman
7:30 & The Brighter Day—Daytime drama
7:30 & Way Of The World—Serial
7:30 & Secret Storm—Daily story
7:30 & First Love—The young yeoman
7:30 & Your Account—$5 Quiz
7:30 & Mr. Sweeney—Checklist with Ruggles

Wednesday

6:30 & & Godfrey & Friends—Family fare
6:30 & & The Thrill—Stories
7:30 & Kraft Theater—Excellent teleplays
7:30 & I've Got A Secret—Maora's mum
10:00 & The U.S. Steel Theater—Front Row Center—Alternate full-hour dramas
10:30 & Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Thursday

7:30 & The Goldbergs—Warmhearted humor
8:00 & Bob Cummings Show—Fine force
8:00 & & Grouch Marx—Will's and
8:30 & Bishop Fulton J. Sheen—Talks
8:30 & The Music—Bert Parks at Santo
9:00 & & Dragnet—Jacket Webb stars
9:30 & Four Star Playhouse—On film
10:00 & & The Ford Theater—Good story-telling

Friday

7:30 & My Friend Flicka—Horror story
7:30 & Life With Elizabeth—A crazy gal
8:00 & & Mama—Peggy Woodcharms
8:30 & The Crusader—A new series about Communist spies
8:30 & & Life of Riley—Bill Bendix stars
9:30 & Schlitz Playhouse—Filmed Stories
9:30 & & Street Stage—Half-hour dramas
9:30 & The Line-Up—Real-life police yarns
10:00 & Alec Templeton—Plano talks
10:30 & Person To Person—Murrow calls

Saturday

1:00-2:00 Football—Oct. 8, Holy Cross vs. Colgate; Oct. 22, Harvard vs. Dartmouth; Oct. 29, Syracuse vs. Penn State
1:00 Football—Oct. 8, Villanova vs. Boston College; Oct. 22, Princeton vs. Cornell; Nov. 5, Notre Dame vs. Pennsylvania
3:30 & The Lucy Show—Re-runs
3:30 & Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
3:30 & The Honeymooners—Jackie Gleason, Art Carney, Audrey Meadows
3:30 & & People Are Funny—Art Linkletter; Oct. 9, 9:30-10:15, Liebman Presents
3:30 & It's Always Jan—Janis Paige stars
4:30 & & Jimmy Durante Show—Fun
10:00 & Gunsmoke—Rugged westerns
10:30 & & George Gobel—Gobs of gags
10:30 & & Your Hit Parade—Great stuff

Sunday

5:00 & Omnibus—90-minute inspiration
5:30 & You Are There—Expert documentary
7:00 & Lassie—Four-legged adventure
8:00 & & It's A Great Life—Great show
10:00 & & The Sons Of Liberty—Bert Parks
10:00 & & Spectacular—"Show Biz," Milton Berle
7:00 & Million Dollar Movies—Oliver Hardy, Stan Laurel, Robert Morley
8:00 & & Easter Parade—Variety
8:00 & & Remember—Last year's hit
8:30 & Dangerous Encounter—Adventures
9:00 & & G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
9:00 & & TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
9:00 & & The Sons Of Liberty—Variety
9:00 & American With Adventure
9:30 & Life Begins At 80—Gooss like 60
10:00 & Alfred Hitchcock Presents—Suspense
10:30 & & Loretta Young Show—Stories
10:30 & & Saturday Knight—Bert Parks, quizz
10:30 & & Death Valley Days—The old west
10:30 & & What's My Line—Jab game
10:30 & & Hollywood With Louella
10:30 & & Personality—Gossip and interviews
10:30 & & Chips Smith—Don Duryea
Photoplay said great Some so, but, Dept. ticklers 'the But, am serious-minded, sold

People Fifth poor days' sing six-room trimmer enlarges, ing, to ful eyes or quiet-spoken ing wanting day may clown as

early" is Jackie's

Not Me anymore. Mike, way Gongs convulses finger ticks. wise cal volves Hope others be. Mike, I'll come away that Jackie gets his laugh by cracking wise and witty—or Jack Benny (who convulses the customers by talking, deadpan, about his stinginess)—Jackie's laugh-getters are, for the most part, bodily antics. Mops in the face. "Pain-bits" (a finger caught in a folding chair, the "derriere" in a revolving door). And props. Gongs sirens ticklers outlandish clothing.

"Jackie's not a joke-man," an associate says of him, "it's what he does and the way he looks. He thinks funny."

For his television show, and on his television show, Jackie does "think funny," as no one need be told. ... But, off-mike, I doubt it.

"Actually, Gleason is not a comedian at all," says George Burns, long-suffering husband of that delicious dimwit, Gracie, "but a great actor. Such a great actor that he gets away with being a comedian. So good he makes everyone who appears with him look good."

In most comedians there lurks something of "the Melancholy Dane." In a month of Sundays, you couldn't meet such a sober-sides as Jack Benny, in person. Or a shyer man, off-mike, than Danny Kaye. Or Sid Caesar. And in most of the boys who clown for their paychecks there is the suppressed desire to play "Hamlet." Jackie may be dreaming that same dream. If he is, I'll lay odds that the dream will one day come true.

Not that there is in Gleason, the self-styled "Greatest," any visible trace of melancholy. Nor is any mention made of wanting to invade the dray-ma, let alone the role of "Hamlet." You hear it said that Jackie's robust body houses a breaking heart. If so, the fracture doesn't show.

Gleason is, however, a serious-minded, quiet-spoken gentleman ... as you find out, to your surprise, when you sit down and talk with him at home. He is thoughtful about what he says, with never a gag or a comical gesture out of him.

He is also appreciably handsome, by the way, than the TV cameras show him to be. His skin is tanned and healthy. His eyes are dark, very dark blue. His hair and brows are near-black. Though he is far from being slim, his smooth, fine tailoring, immaculate barbering and good carriage—plus the fact that the camera always enlarges—make him appear considerably trimmer in person than he does on screen.

Whatever his mental processes may be—either on camera or in his lush and lavish six-room duplex apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue—he isn't "thinking funny" when the question is put to him: "Are you glad you were poor?"

"People who extol the 'pleasures of poverty,' " he says, "are kin to those who sing nostalgic hymns to 'the good old days' which sound better than they lived.

"No, I am not glad I was poor. 'Glad' is not the word for it. But, since I am in show business—and, particularly, since I am a comedian in show business—I was fortunate to be poor. Not that poverty, of itself, begat buffoons—if so, all poor people would be comedians—but that being poor gives you the personality of a comedian. One of the reasons is that poor kids

Laughter in the Stars

(Continued from page 65) suppose, is something for which they would be grateful. And glad. Some may be. But one, John Clemens Gleason, is not.

"How can you be glad you were poor," Jackie points out, "when being poor involves the hardships and heartaches of others—of your mother, for instance?"

Jackie is known to the trade as "a physical comic." Meaning that, unlike Bob Hope (who gets his laughs by cracking wise and witty)—Jackie's laugh-getters are, for the most part, bodily antics. Mops in the face. "Pain-bits" (a finger caught in a folding chair, the "derriere" in a revolving door). And props.

Gongs sirens ticklers outlandish clothing.

"Jackie's not a joke-man," an associate says of him, "it's what he does and the way he looks. He thinks funny."

For his television show, and on his television show, Jackie does "think funny," as no one need be told. ... But, off-mike, I doubt it.

"Actually, Gleason is not a comedian at all," says George Burns, long-suffering husband of that delicious dimwit, Gracie, "but a great actor. Such a great actor that he gets away with being a comedian. So good he makes everyone who appears with him look good."

In most comedians there lurks something of "the Melancholy Dane." In a month of Sundays, you couldn't meet such a sober-sides as Jack Benny, in person. Or a shyer man, off-mike, than Danny Kaye. Or Sid Caesar. And in most of the boys who clown for their paychecks there is the suppressed desire to play "Hamlet." Jackie may be dreaming that same dream. If he is, I'll lay odds that the dream will one day come true.

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you to

have,—because they have to have—the I-
don’t-care attitude upon which all comedy
is based.

The tricks poor kids learn, in the in-
terest of self-preservation, come in handy,
too, later on—especially for comedians.
What, for instance, is the first thing you
do when embarrassed? You giggle, don’t
you? The junior citizens of Herkimer
Street in Brooklyn, where I was born, and
of similar neighborhoods, are frequently
embarrassed—by bill collectors and the
landlord . . . or because they haven’t got
a bike or a decent suit of clothes . . . or by
some kid, a neighborhood ‘duke,’ who has
such things. So they learn early to cover
with a giggle.

"Or, when they’re in a tight spot, they
go into an act, get funny—in order to get
out of it by deflecting attention from what-
ever skuldugery they’ve been up to.

"A gift for the ad lib also comes natu-
really," says the man who is known as
"the Master of the ad lib" today, "to the

poor kid. He needs it. When his clown-

ing fails on its face, he has to talk his way
out of the tight spots. Or the butcher
out of an extra pork chop. Or the land-

lord into not badgering Mom when the
rent is overdue. For the comedian—or for
any performer on radio and television,
a gift for the ad lib," said The Greatest, "is
the greatest."

An early Gleason ad lib is remembered
from the days of his brief—and, in his
In one of his first pictures, Jackie was
cast as a hard-riding Arab and was thrown
by the horse, a proud Arabian stallion,
right at the director’s feet.

"You said you could ride?" the director
screamed, and not with joy.

Rising from the dust with enormous
dignity, the fallen idol inquired, coldly,
"Have you no respect for a great stunt
man?"

Gleason, so the story goes, rode again!
"Business-wise, the poor kid’s training
stands him in good stead, too, later on,"
Gleason says. "For, when you’re poor, you
have to bargain for it, make out a pretty

good case for yourself. On the night my
mother died, for example, I made my first
appearance on any stage. For this ap-
pearance, I’d arranged to borrow a suit—
for a price—from one of the neighborhood
kids. At the last moment, he backed
down. How did he know, until I’d done
my turn, he demanded, whether he’d ever

get his money? "If you don’t give me
the suit now," I said, "I’ll never be able
to pay you." I got the suit. The problem of
storing for the future is uppermost in
every poor kid’s mind. He eats an ice-
cream cone slowly to make it ‘last longer.’
He has to be sharp to beat that hoard-
ing instinct. In this respect, I differed from
other kids in the various tenement dis-
tricts in which I lived—I always acted as
though I had it! If I wanted a diamond
ring before I had enough dough to buy
a piece of paste, I’d find a way to get it."

The poor little Gleason kid’s ability to
“find a way to get it” may well be respon-
sible for the grown-up Gleason’s present
position as “the biggest single commodity
in the competitive and tricky market place
that is television.” His latest multi-mil-

lion-dollar contract made show-business
history.

Another fascinating facet of this fabu-

lous nabob of the networks is that, in ad-
tinction to starring in his own weekly show,
he ringmasters the entire enterprise: He

okay the scripts, supervises the dance
numbers, commercials, comedy sketches,
set designs, singers, costumes, make-up,
and selects the guest stars. Although, as

he says, the ability to work hard may, like
lightning, strike anywhere—the born-rich
as well as the born-poor—the inability to
delegate responsibility he definitely attri-
butes to being poor.

"Mom working, no one around to do
anything for you," he says, "so you’re
grown-up, to do everything for yourself.
If you don’t, it doesn’t get done. And,
right or wrong, you carry this feeling
with you for the rest of your life."

Ingenuity, says Jackie, is also part of
the poor kid’s heritage. He has few, if

any toys. He seldom has a radio, or

movie’ money, so he must amuse him-

self. He clovers, pantomimes, works up
acrobatic acts and ventriloquist acts, be-
comes a contortionist, does imitations.
All this is training for becoming an exhibi-
tionist.

One of the poor kid’s prime pastimes,
according to Jackie, is “taking off” the
neighbors . . . “which can lead,” he says,
"to the impersonations of movie stars and
other celebrities with which so many per-
formers make their bid for fame—and I
did, too.”

The well-known and loved Gleason
sketches, in which he portrays characters
familiar to all who observe their neighbors

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"The Loud Mouth," one Charlie Bratton—a brash, super-hearty, squelch-proof individual who roars at his own horrible jokes...

"The Honeymooners," Ralph and Alice Kramden—who, with their neighbors, Trixie and Ed Norton, depict the tribulations of life in a Brooklyn tenement.

These friends of yours and mine may be prototypes of Jackie's boyhood friends and neighbors. But those who know him best remind you that Jackie spent many of his young years "trying to make ends meet"... that the adjectives "dashing, debonair and devil-may-care" are descriptive of Gleason in certain moods... that all thumbs as he is with screwdriver and kindled tools, he would know better than to try to get a mouse out of a pipe... that the Loudmouth is basically insecure, and is trying to cover up this—and so, for much of his life, was Jackie... that as a warm and friendly listener, and something more than a parlor (or tavern) philosopher, he can't be beat. It all adds up to the fact that Jackie should be able to depict this tribulation of life in a Brooklyn tenement because he grew up in several of them!

Whether the characters in his sketches were suggested by neighbors, or came from within himself, they contributed so much to his success that he has reason to say he was "fortunate to be poor." And he does say so.

"Although," he adds, "money shouldn't stand in the way of making a career for yourself—except, perhaps, in show business. For, in show business, such detriments can be seen to the ego that, if wealthy, you probably wouldn't take it. Why get up on a night-club floor and have a plate thrown at you, if you don't have to?" A few born-rich boys carve out careers for themselves. Huntington Hartford and Howard Hughes, for example, work as hard as if they didn't know where their next million was coming from. But wealth is liable to dilute ambition because a rich boy's ego is fed to satiation from the cradle to senility. He doesn't have to prove himself. His forefathers have done the job for him. He isn't obliged," says Jackie, "to self-style himself 'The Greatest.'

"When I was doing imitations of movie stars during my early days in vaudeville, I'd boom, I'm going to be bigger than the guys, I'm a cross between Marlene Dietrich and Pauline Lord. That wasn't boastful. I believed it. I had to. Nobody else did. The ego that has been underfed is a spur that goads you on," Jackie observes, "for as long as you live. It does me. The satisfaction I have achieved isn't enough—or I wouldn't have other interests, such as writing music, conducting an orchestra, merchandise, and a finger in the pie of other shows on which I don't appear. I wouldn't be continually reaching, seeking new fields to conquer, such as the radio program I hope to do of readings from the classics, or the TV panel show dealing with psychic phenomena I intend to do next winter. On each show, a member of the panel will offer an experience in proof of psychic phenomena which another member will attempt to explain away by attributing it to natural causes. My hope is that Professor J. B. Ryan, in charge of extra-sensory perception at Duke University, will be our moderator."

Starting as a hobby for his "leisure time" (and what year would that be?), Jackie has done a considerable amount of serious research in the field of psychic phenomena, which includes reading the works of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and other eminent men who have not only researched but experienced psychic phenomena—in which Jackie must also believe, for he says: "It has been scientifically proven that these strange things do happen."

"Psychic phenomena is also something," smart businessman Gleason adds, "in which everyone is interested.

"And if one thing, more than any other, explains the reason for my success," he says, "it is that, before I do anything on television—or any other medium—I ask myself: Would I like it? If the answer is in the affirmative, I go ahead, for I have a common enough touch to know that what I like, millions of others will, also. If I had been born rich I might not have had whatever it is that appeals to the masses, says TV's "biggest single commodity."

It seems almost as though only those who, as youngsters, were obliged to make their own laughs—if they were to have any—make their millions as laughmakers later on.

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When Italy joined the Allies in World War I, Gino, then about 15, became an officer’s orderly, caring for their quarters, uniforms and boots. Soon he learned that extra service meant extra time in the village, and the nights spent at the opera. He says, “I see them all, maybe eight, nine a week.” How much the lad—whom had once been his mother’s boast—longed to be on the other side of the footlights can only be judged by a wistful remark to his daughter, much later: “If I had the voice, I would be on top today.”

In 1922, he and his father, who had been a cobbler, arrived in the United States. They opened a cobbler’s shop. For recreation, there was the Metropolitan Opera. Not only the lavish “Golden Horseshoe,” which the wealthy patrons sat at, “Who needs seats at the opera?” says Gino. With other devoted young music lovers, he went to the radio stations, and stood throughout the performance.

With the coming of the new gadget, radio, Gino’s musical ambition surged again. As an organist, he was out of practice, but the organ was working. He played it on one of New York’s small radio stations. The pay was small, but the prestige was great, particularly at parties—such as the Halloween party the three Molinelli daughters gave in 1929. His romantic recollection undimmed by the years, Gino says proudly, “It was a hit.”

Spending only small luxuries, he watched the radio. The broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera Company became Gino’s chief delight. He managed to send a few dollars to the Metropolitan Opera House “to help support a thing I love so much.” They, in turn, sent him their magazine. Gino studied every word, learning—not as a student who crams for an examination—but “by increatizing in his imagination every detail.”

Most important of all in their budgeting was money for small Lorraine’s music lessons. When she was seven, they bought her a violin. Lorraine hated it. She adds, “I’d stand there, sawing away at the ‘Minuet in G,’ and I got to it, but I didn’t like it. Dad would listen a bit, then hold his ears. He’d say, ‘No, no! You haven’t learned your lesson.’”

But one day, furious with the miller’s man who had dissembled bow on an agonized string, she flung down the violin and turned on the phonograph. As Gino came up the stairs, he heard Lily Pons’ famous aria “L’ama non siamo noi ch’amo.” As he entered, he heard his daughter’s voice, taking every high note, clear and right along with the great coloratura. Back to the violin, and for remained in Gino’s memory. “She’s the little thing, standing and singing with Lily Pons. With Lily Pons, mind you. And I can’t believe it. So I say to her, ‘You like Lily Pons and the Cinderella.’” As she entered, he heard his daughter’s voice, taking every high note, clear and right along with the great coloratura. Back to the violin, and for remained in Gino’s memory. “She’s the little thing, standing and singing with Lily Pons. With Lily Pons, mind you. And I can’t believe it. So I say to her, ‘You like Lily Pons and the Cinderella.’”

Buying a piano took doing, but it was a joy to them all. Today, if you visit the Pratas’ tidy, pleasant-four-room apartment on 15th Street in the Bronx, and ask Lorraine to play, Caroline steps to the piano. But, before starting the accompaniment, she apologizes for not being a professional musician. As she plays, you realize that, while she lacks the technical efficiency of the professional, she has the touch and appreciation.

Gino, too, tried his hand at the keyboard and was usually so tired when he got home from work that he just liked to sit in his chair and read or listen. But, when we got the piano, we could play and sing some of the little Italian songs he had known all his life. Songs his father had taught him.”

Lorraine’s first trip to the opera was a surprise. “I was fifteen and Dad said we were going. I wouldn’t say where. When we got off the subway, we were at the Metropolitan. They were doing ‘Cavalleria Rusticana’ and ‘Pagliacci’—the first was my favorite. The tragedy took place.” Dad had seen the first time he took Mother to see and the first they took me to see.”

All Gino’s dreams centered around Lorraine. “I was a small talk, and a high shine, and spent two years studying music. It took all the family savings. But there are more auditions available for musical comedy than there are for opera. Lorraine tried out for musical comedy directors were not looking for a voice trained in traditional Italian bel canto style. When she grew discouraged, Gino reassured her: “I would not spend a dime on lessons for you if I did not think you have the voice.”

When, as Lorraine says, “Papa’s pocketbook gave out,” he reluctantly permitted her to take a commercial course and go to work as an office worker to an executive for 20th Century-Fox.

Lorraine had a romantic reason for wanting to be practical. A reason named Eugene. Eugene was a romantic and brilliant young man whose mother was French and whose father was Polish. They had been sweetheart since grammar school and Eugene became an executive to an understanding.

Says Lorraine, “Gene, too, thought we should try the radio and he’d ask my father for his hand. Since Dad had his heart so set on my music, I was so worried about what he would say that, when I left them alone in the living room, I kept the door open, just a bit. I was so nervous I had to hear what Dad would say.”

Gene, after telling Gino he must soon go, sat down and began to talk before he left, to give Lorraine’s ring. “And then I was so proud of my father!” says Lorraine. “He didn’t say a thing about a musical career. He just asked if I was sure, when Gene had said yes, Dad told him, ‘That’s the only important thing.’ I ran in and kissed them both.”

Gino they were engaged for two years. When Gene returned this spring from Korea and was accepted into the junior-executive training program at one of the major banks, they were married on August 27th and they were making up their guest list, the night the new television program, The $64,000 Question, debuted.

Lorraine remembers it well. “Redmond O’Hanlon, the police officer who answered the Shakespeare questions, was on. I admissible him so much, and I couldn’t help thinking he was like my father—for the sake of being an Englishman.”

It was brief and simple, she says, but between its lines it must have reflected the family’s close, affectionate happiness.

When she mailed it, Lorraine had no idea who the originator of the program, Louis G. Cowan, was. Certainly, she did not know that long ago, when he was producing Quiz Kids, Lou Cowan had decided that the best quiz contestants came from families where there is great love. Lorraine, guided only by love and a man she had known all her life as a boy. Songs his father had taught him.”

Events moved with suspenseful swift-
from a hundred other little Italian shoe-makers. A customer characterized him: "He's not the kind of cobbler who shakes his head as though your shoes were the sloppiest he had ever seen. Gino says, 'It's a beautiful shoe. I fix.'"

Gino's summons to appear on The $40,000 Question produced the most excitement the Prato household had ever seen. Anxiously, he asked Caroline and Lorraine, "You think I know enough? You think I don't stand up there and be a big fool?"

Equally anxious, they tried to reassure him. Who else, they asked, had opera so deep in his heart and soul? Then, womanlike, they wanted him to look nice, too. His Sunday suit, they decided, was far too shabby for the penetrating stare of the television camera. When embarrassed Gino pointed out there was no cash at hand to buy another, Lorraine insisted on drawing money, saved for her wedding, to buy one. They wanted the world to see him at his best.

His first visit to CBS Studio 52 proved frustrating. Time ran out just as he started toward the cameras. His second appearance was only a little longer. He was still identifying opera characters when the timekeeper called a halt and master of ceremonies Hal March asked him to come back next week.

But he had won $512, and that was real money in the Prato household. Because he had reached the first "plateau," the sum was forever his—he could not lose it on a future question. Lorraine says, "That was quite a night. The girls had given me a surprise shower and I came home, loaded with gifts. And there was Dad, richer by $512!"

It was a sum to dream on, and to worry about, particularly after an enterprise United Press cable editor dropped into the store to tell Gino the Italian papers had given the story a big play and in Italy he was a hero. Gino confessed he intended to use the money to visit his father, whom he had not seen in twenty-three years. "But," he said anxiously, "you say it is in the papers there? All about me? But my father, he is 92 years old. He is too old for this. I'm afraid this excitement will kill him."

Should he ask for the $512 immediately and hop the next plane to Italy? Or should he try for the $1,000, hoping to be able to bring Caroline along with him?

For guidance in this problem where he felt his father's life might be at stake, he sought the intercession of his most beloved of saints—Mother Gabrielli, who, like himself, had been an Italian—come-to-America. He felt it particularly meaningful that her saint's day should have occurred between his first and second visits to the program. He began what he later was to call, on the air, "much church kneeling and much church praying."

To his surprise, he found he was not alone. Customers of all faiths began dropping into his store to say, "Gino, we're praying for you."

Gino, to deserve their faith, began to study. When, on Sunday, Caroline and Lorraine left him alone in the apartment, he read, played recordings, sang arias. On the day of the program, he left his shop at the unaccustomed hour of 3:30 P.M., went to his neighbor, a tailor, to pick up his freshly pressed new suit, rejected the producer's offer to send a car for him and rode the subway to the studio.

Hal March took the fateful card and read: "Arturo Toscanini, one of the great conductors of operas, started his musical career playing a musical instrument in an orchestra. For one thousand dollars—what instrument did Toscanini play?"

Gino Prato didn't even need to clear his throat. Toscanini, like Caruso, was his hero. Promptly he said, "A cello." On stage, he chuckled as he told friends what he regarded as a private joke between him and the show's distinguished board of editors. "It said, 'in an orchestra'" he explained. "That was important. The very first instrument Toscanini played was an ocarina."

With a surge of confidence, he took the $2,000 question and cleared it by giving two operas in which the devil appeared as a character. He won $4,000 by naming three Metropolitan Opera managers: Gatti-Casazza, Edward Johnson and Rudolf Bing. Again he had reached a plateau. From that point on, the show's consolation prize, a Cadillac convertible valued at more than $5,000, was his.

Again, there was a week's wait—a week in which Gino Prato began to learn what it was like to burst from the ranks of everyday folk and into the spotlight focused on a celebrity. The pressure was building. Newspapers printed his picture, television critics wrote about his charm, people stopped him on the street. Everyone wanted to know if he would go for the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question.

Gino held his own focus on the upcoming $8,000. He won it, too, the following Tuesday, by identifying the characters in "Il Trovatore."

Here was a danger point, and no one realized it better than gentle little Gino Prato. "There is so much to know about opera, no one can know it all," he said carefully. But he made no secret of his delight. He said, "All my life I worked hard to send my daughter to singing school. I wanted her to go on the stage. Now I am the one who is on the stage. I never thought in my old age this wonderful thing would happen."

And, always, he spoke of his father. "I

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write a letter to my papa but I hear nothing from him."

Friends, while confident of his intimate knowledge of the Italian composers, worried what would happen if the question- ing for musicians turned to the Germans. Gino, proving his own scholarship, correctly called the Wagner compositions, "music dramas," then said, "I hear lots of Wagner."

I stood in the living room, with Richard Tucker before he ever learned to sing at the Met. Long time ago, I stand with Jan Peerce at the back . . .

But the strain is telling, the wear and tear. "That was the week we started to tiptoe around the house." Gino, when he came before the camera the next Tuesday, explained his hoarse croaking by saying, "I have a new voice." He also had done "a lot of thinking, a lot of praying"—particularly about his father. "He hasn't seen my daughter and I hav't seen my wife." Here lay the crux of Gino's take-it-or-risk-it decision. "Well, I think to go across, and what I need to do, I gotta go on."

The question took a Gino to answer it. Correctly, he identified the opera Puccini died before completing as the seldom-performed "Turanodot. He also got the correct answer to the question who finished it—Franco Alfano. Its first performance, he stated, was at La Scala, in Milan, on April 25, 1926.

By that time, it seemed as though all America and a notable portion of the rest of the world had discovered Mr. Prato. It wasn't just his opera information which intrigued people, it was his devotion to music, honesty, his charm. The president of a certain respected search firm, cruising the Hudson on his yacht, requested total silence from his guests while Gino was on the air. A television critic told of a professional intellectual—who, he suspected, owned a television set only so that he might condemn the programs—who now confessed all his fear, facedly he had become a fan. A toughmug taxi driver spoke for less double-doned viewers. "You know about that guy Prato? The one with the operas? I tell you, my wife's gone buggy about that guy. You know, she even went to church and lit a candle for Prato?"

The specialists in ratings, ARB, gave authority to Gino's news. On the 1950ABC Question with 52.3 percent of the audience during July, they put it in the Number One spot.

Sixteen thousand dollars. Even with the bread, the box office would take, Gino had enough for two honeymoons—a second one for Caroline and himself, a dream trip for Lorraine and Gene.Would he quit there?

Gino muttered the following week by winning $32,000. The question, when it came, brought a horrified gasp from the studio audience. "Giuseppe Verdi was an opera which later, accidentally, launched Arturo Toscanini as a conductor because of the illness of the regular conductor. Name the opera, the country where young Toscanini conducted it, the city in which it had its world premiere and give the end of what holiday it occurred."

Gino ticked off the answers. "Aida," Brazil, Cairo, Egypt, Christmas Eve. For correct measure, he added, "December 24, 1871."

What does a man do when, within a few weeks, the life which he has lived for all the years changes? This was the one which Gino most desired to hear—his father's. When only hours remained before he had to make his final decision, that voice came back with a drama to rival the life of an opera.

There is, in New York, an Italian-language radio station, WOV, which has studios in Rome. They sent an interviewer, and requiring this remote Stato, to interview the son of a great hero, it overwhelms him. In this adulation, there is danger. It can swell a man's head, ruin his judgment, turn him ridiculous.

But the tenets by which Gino lived in obscurity—his love of God, his love of family, his desire to meet each honor and challenge with dignity. He was shyly proud when, after an afternoon's travel, a letter from James J. Lyons, president of the Borough of The Bronx, appointing him honorary "ambassador of music." He was both surprised and appreciative when, as he used the $8,000 mark, RCA Victor—although affiliated with CBS' rival, NBC—reached across the normal network barriers and quietly, secretly, sent him a complete library of opera recordings, together with their thanks for what he had done to popularize opera. For the interest he had aroused in Italian travel, a travel bureau promised him round-trip passage for the whole family.

But most important of all, to Gino, was the fact that thanks to the public interest in him, Lorraine was to have her chance for opera auditions. RCA Victor set a date for September, as soon as she returned from her honeymoon. The New York City Center Opera Company auditioned and signed her. Gino had done his part. The voice he believed in would be judged by opera authorities. From there on, it was up to Lorraine.

Gino was offered—and accepted—a new job at a $10,000-a-year salary, plus time free to maintain his own shop. American Millinery Company, manufacturers of shoemakers' supplies, stating that the morale of the little shoemakers around the country was at a low ebb, hired Gino to travel the Big States to talk with them, talk with them, and let people know he wasn't the only one among them with learning and talent.

Then came two happenings which were tremendous news all over America. Rudolph Bing, manager of the Metropolitan, let Gino know his standing-room days were over. With his letter of thanks for the publicity Gino had brought the Met, Mr. Bing sent two season tickets, eighth row center.

But the greatest honor of all was a personal message from the great Maestro himself. The day before his $64,000 question was due, Gino, returning from work, found a chauffeur-driven limousine drawn up in front. Out stepped Mr. Vladimir Horowitz, wife of the famed pianist and daughter of Arturo Toscanini. Her father, she told Gino, wanted him to know that he sent his congratulations and best wishes for Gino's top success.

With tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, Gino replied, "You tell your daddy, as well as to another, that if they ask me questions about him, they can't stump me. I know his career inside out, top and bottom."

In all this flood of praise, one voice was silent. It was, of course, the one which Gino most desired to hear—his father's. When only hours remained before he had to make his final decision, that voice came to him with a drama to rival the life of an opera.

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No road led to the house, so the excited residents carried the heavy recording equipment up the steep mountain path.

Then Gino's papa spoke. His voice was thin and aged, but it still held the authority—and the love—Gino remembered after thirty-three years of separation. As it came into New York by short wave, to be transcribed for re-broadcast, Gino heard it privately, in the control room. He listened, then went to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he lit a candle in each chapel and prayed.

When airtime came at CBS Studio 32 that evening, there were nearly as many standees at the rear of the theater as Gino had been accustomed to finding at the Metropolitan. Outside, still more people protested furiously when the ultimate capacity of the studio was reached and the doors clanged shut to exclude them. Everyone wanted to know just one thing: Will he, or won't he, go for the sixty-four? When the warm-up announcer asked for a show of hands, the audience was evenly divided in its opinion of which Gino should do. Gino, when he came to the camera, seemed the only one in the house to be in full possession of his composure. In the front row, Caroline, Lorraine and Gene, remembering how upset he had been all week, masked their concern with fixed smiles. Emerey Hal March tripped his tongue in a stutter. The technical crew was obviously tense.

But Gino's expression could, without much exaggeration, have been called exalted. His voice, which had cracked during the earlier big-money questions, had regained its mellowness. From his pocket he took the cable which had confirmed the short-wave message. "I hear from my papa," he announced. "My daddy cable me. Fermate dove ti trovo e basta cosi—Saluti, Papa."

Then he translated. "My daddy says, 'Stop wherever you are. It is enough this way. Regards.'"

Gino hesitated, as if making a full review of his decision. "Maybe I know the answers to some more questions. But maybe, if I lose, I give my papa a shock and it kill him. I want to see my papa when I go to Italy. My papa, he call me a head-stubborn. So I be a soft-head now. Because I take my daddy's advice since I was a kid, I accept it now. I accept it and take the money."

Throughout the audience, there was both applause and a sigh. The crowd was disappointed. It was a thoughtful disappointment. Watching expressions, you could see each person wondering what he himself would have done.

What sort of man will Gino Prato be in the days ahead? The days when the excitement has calmed down, when they all return from their delays with their audience with His Holiness, the Pope, and the reunion with his father drift into memory?

Perhaps there is a prediction in one of Gino's last acts in the studio. While photographers were still clamoring for more pictures, when reporters were firing questions and V.I.P.'s were waiting, Gino excused himself to go to the edge of the set where a small girl was crying. Twelve-year-old Gloria Lockerman had come all the way from Baltimore but had been only introduced when the program ended. She was sure she had lost her chance. Gino patted her head. "Don't cry, darling. You'll get on, wait and see. If I get on, you will, too."

The child looked up at Gino, saw a friend, and smiled. Like the distant viewers in the television audience, she could glimpse Gino's happiness and find that, in some magical way, he had given her a bit of it to take forever as her own.
To Love Is To Share

(Continued from page 59)

cook. The Statue of Liberty holds up a light—but Bud, a non-smoker, never even has a match on him. While Rockefeller Center spreads over twenty-five acres, Bud, indeed is negligible—he hasn’t gained an ounce since college years. Architecturally speaking, Bud is a handsome edifice—but that alone isn’t what makes him so popular for tourists. It’s his easy, correct to see something unusual. Well, Bud has that something unusual—a quality which is rare in television and radio. Bud, in all of his roles as an emcee and quizmaster, has maintained a feeling of gentility with no sacrifice of warmth and friendliness. People like the lady from Ohio are always asking, “Is he off the clock?”

“It’s tough to talk about Bud,” says his wife Marian. “There are so many good things to be said about him that he sounds almost goody-goody. He’s a fine person, religious, disciplined, idealistic—but, on the other hand, he’s earthy and fun and he has a great sense of humor.”

But Bud, by the record alone, is a serious man. He’s off responsibility. He has been president of both local and national AFTRA. This past summer, without being asked, his name was placed in nomination for the national vice-presidential position of television-radio union and he was elected again. He is extremely active in his community. Things other people talk about, he does. He has given lay sermons at churches of every faith. He has captained any number of charity drives. He has talked for or before community clubs as often as two or three times a week. He even addresses the graduating class at a school for nurses.

Bud lives in Greenwich, Connecticut, in a handsome Norman Tudor house. His two acres are beautifully landscaped with flower gardens and magnificent trees. But Bud’s home is no more impressive than its contents.

Mrs. Collyer, who, as an actress, gets billed as Marian Shockley, has red hair and green eyes. She is as pretty as she is stubborn—and Bud says she is as stubborn as a mule. “We make a perfect balance,” he adds, “for I am butt-headed.”

Marian has acted in daytime radio dramas for the NBC network and also has a running part as a schoolteacher in the Charley Ruggles television serial, The World Of Mr. Sweeney. Ruggles calls her “Miss Marian,” and she says of Ruggles, “He is so good and so dear and such a wonderful actor.” Marian loves her professional work, but there’s also plenty to be done at home, in running the huge house. Marian, indeed, does it all herself.

“They bigger the home, the more things there are to go wrong.”

Bud, however, has never had a chance to compare with Marian. Almost thirty years back, he bought tools and set up shop in the basement. He made a work bench—but got no further. He left home too early, got home too late, and found it impractical to build a bookcase, let alone a bookcase train. At present, with Feather Your Nest and Beat The Clock, Bud works six days a week, leaves home before nine and is home before dinner on Saturdays when he gets home around ten. But that’s nothing compared with earlier times. Until a year ago, Bud’s schedule was like this:

“I spent more than one night out of every month with my family—and that went on for four years. When asked about Bud, during those years, Marian would tell friends: “I think he’s all right. I saw him on television last night and he looked well.”

Bud himself, not wise-cracking, commented: “I’m afraid I’ll get home early one day and find my kids are adults and that I’ve missed all the fun of watching them grow up.”

During those years, in order to keep up a speaking acquaintance with the kids, he would get up at six-thirty, breakfast with them and drive them to school. And, of course, on the one full night a month he was home, he got the celebratory treatment. He’s decided that he was coming home almost every evening—like most men—it was like having a stranger in the house,” Marian recalls. “We couldn’t get used to him being over here—worrying over us, and playng—to the clock and a high-pressure schedule. At home, he is happiest when there are no social pressures and he can figuratively unplug his telephone. If Bud makes time is a prompt dinner, for the kids are always starring by six-thirty. Then everyone takes a turn saying grace and there is no humming or Ina repetition. Each is expected to have something fresh to say.

After grace, however, bedlam reigns. As Marian says, “The kids always have too much to talk about, and they yak together right through dinner. They like to pun, and so does Bud, and the worse the pun, the better it is. I might say ‘Want to go sailing this weekend?’ And Mike answers, ‘I’d ruider not.’ Then maybe Cynthia says, ‘You’d budder, brudder.’”

The family has a petfest. Bud eats a big breakfast—cereal, milk-coffee breakfast. He eats a lunch the size of an average dinner—and he eats enough at dinner time for two. “Planning meals that everyone will like is impossible,” says Marian, “but Bud says, ‘So we just try to please the majority!’”

Most evenings find Marian and Bud at home, reading, watching television, helping the kids with school work. Bud is strong in languages and is a real help with French and Latin. Marian is strong in English and history.

They all live well together and enjoy family celebrations—anniversaries and holidays. Instead of parties, the Collyers like to honor birthdays by going on a masse to the theater. Mike is one exception—he doesn’t like music all that much.

Mike is an avid Dodger fan. Several years ago, Bud met Phil Rizzuto. Phil invited Bud to bring Mike up to a Yankee game and meet the players. Bud passed the invitation on to Mike. “I don’t want to go,” said Mike. “I don’t go to see anyone but the Dodgers.” So Bud had the embarrassing job of passing the message along. So Bud, Rizzuto tells, “we took it good-naturedly. (Marian balances the baseball scales by rooting heartily for the Giants.)

Vacations, too, are spent as a family unit. During the summer, the Collyers went to Europe for a month. The year before that, they toured the country in a station wagon. This year, the month of August was spent quietly in the Adirondack Mountains.

“We—that’s me and the kids—like excitement,” Marian explains, “Being on the move, whether it’s seeing Europe or the United States, is a real treat for me. But Bud wants a rest after eleven months in the city. This year we decided to give him the rest no rules—no clock to watch. Just let him have his rest. If he expects us to give him the chance to rest again for a couple more years!”

Bud is even on a schedule on Sundays. As Marian says, “The Religion actually gives him a lift, the kind some men get on

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the fairway. Bud not only practices religion but enjoys it. He looks forward to his Sunday in church as some men look forward to their favorite sport.

Bud is superintendent of the Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church, and he teaches the teen-aged class. "No matter how tired he is Saturday night," says Marian, "he stays up till the lesson is prepared."

After Sunday school, he goes on to church, where he sings in the choir. Bud is a "utility" singer—he sings with the basses, baritones or tenors, depending on where he's needed. He has a good voice and reads music at sight. (As a matter of fact, Bud worked his way through college, singing and leading a dance band.)

He likes to preach, and has given lay sermons at Protestant and Jewish churches in New England. Recently, he made a speech at an inter-regional meeting of the Council of Men. There were several celebrated preachers at the meeting, and Marian notes proudly that strangers came up to her to confide that they had found Bud to be the most inspirational. "For months afterwards, he got letters and telegrams from distant parts of the country asking if he would speak to local congregations.

As a preacher, Bud is a fire-eater. He talks quietly, logically and down-to-earth. He never writes out his sermons and seldom plans them. Sometimes, he gets carried away with himself. There was the Sunday that he was preaching in his own church and thought he was making his point pretty well—when he heard a rather weary sigh from a member of the congregation. He even recognized the sigh. It belonged to Michael Clayton Collyer. "I figured I'd better wind it up pretty fast." Bud grins, "which was what I did!"

After church, the family has a big Sunday dinner. Bud then catches a nap before going out to catch ball with Mike. The day winds up with Marian usually making waffles. "Mike gave me the waffle," she says. "He also gave me an electric coffee pot. He likes to give me things that he can watch being used."

The Collyers love gifts in quantity. At Christmas, their home looks like the setting for a TV spectacular. The living room has a twenty-foot ceiling and they have a tree that fairly tickles the ceiling. Gifts don't pile quite so high, but they all like surprises and lots of gay packages.

Bud's most memorable Christmas came along a couple of years ago. He was working hard and late almost every night. He missed being with the children, so Marian hit on the idea of having portraits painted of them for Christmas. They began posing in September and everyone was cooperative—and, best of all, maintained secrecy.

Christmas morning, when the kids had opened all of their gifts, Bud was asked to step into the kitchen for a moment. "Now what do I have to go out for?" he asked. But they chased him out.

When he came back, the children, still in their pajamas, were standing quietly, each behind the individual portraits. Bud was so moved he couldn't say a word. "Nights after that, when he got in late, he'd just sit down and look at the pictures for a while," Marian recalls.

Bud's feeling for children has always been obvious to radio and television audiences. It isn't strange that mothers and fathers, as well as the children, want to visit with him when they get to New York. Bud's gentility—his kind of warmth and friendliness—has made him something of an institution. So it isn't strange, either, that a little boy, whose mother was shopping for a new television set, begged: "Get one with Bud Collyer on it."
Double Life in Big Town

(Continued from page 54)

TV show a week and book about how tough it is. They’re suffering from ‘lead poisoning’ if you know what I mean!

A tireless taskmaster Mark is, but he’s also well aware that there’s more to life than batting his brains out in a studio. To this end, he’s enhanced the picture of full-time husband by marrying Annelle, a happy, homemaker Texas beauty who is the mother of Mark Richard, eight, and Arrelle Elizabeth, three. The unorthodox patterns of their domestic life would degenerate through Saturday, holds, and constant re-adjustment does produce pain at odd intervals. Fortunately for all parties concerned, they manage to remember that not all these activities are not without purpose.

“When we got married ten years ago,” Mark explains, “I didn’t even have a job. Annelle was still living at the Hollywood Studio Club and I had a furrier’s room. With no immediate prospects in mind, I still insisted that I head my own studio before I was finished with Hollywood. Annelle has faith in me—but everyone else thought I was crazy!”

“Today I am thirty-two and, when I am forty-two, I shall retire. Maybe this sounds a bit boyish, too—but I believe I’ll have my own studio by then. With an excellent income derived from renting space to independent producers, plus annuities and investments, we’ll be able to make up for some of the things we have had to sacrifice. Eventually, I hope to stop acting entirely, but of course I could never remain completely idle.

In the meantime, however, Mark expects his double life to remain hectic, harassed—and hopeful! In Beverly Hills, the Stevens family still lives in the nine-room Georgian Mansion Mark bought while chafing his ambitions at 20th Century-Fox. Their manner of furnishing and redecorating has been sporadic, but the house reflects the growth in character and individuality of its occupants.

Because of Mark’s unpredictable schedule, the unexpected is always the expected on workdays. Therefore, it’s a rule but smothered at home. But his daughter just stood there and stared with those amazing wide blue eyes that seem to look beyond everything. Right after that eventful evening Mark Richard greeted his father in customary fashion. Arrelle hesitated and then suddenly threw herself into her father’s arms, showering him with kisses. The probation period was over. We felt like a family again!”

There are three TV sets in the Mark Stevens household and, he’ll tell you, with an amused grin, that his children’s favorite programs are—Benny and Annie Oakley. It’s late at night when Big Town hits the West Coast. But, when one of Mark’s shows is recorded for children, he takes Annelle to the studio on Saturday and Mark runs off the film in the projection room.

A single Big Town series of thirty-nine films, a believe-it-or-not couple named Hollis and Ann meet every domestic crisis with devotion. They adore their bosses and their job, and their love for the children is demonstrated on a regular basis by bringing these wonderful children into our lives.” Ann, a handsome, robust woman, beams with pride when she says it. She’s happiest baking cookies, baking home-made cookies and dispensing homely, heart-warming, philosophy.

Because I make so many New York trips to see my sponsors,” Mark adds, “I keep an apartment there. Sometimes Annelle accompanies me, which is a signal for great rejoicing in the Stevens’ California kitchen! Then Hollis and Ann have the children all to themselves and they don’t mind! Saturdays, or ferretting their day off. Hollis takes Mark Richard to Sunday school, to the park or movies. Ann reads to Arrelle and sings charming Czech folk songs. When the children were younger, they accompanied Annelle home from the hospital. And Ann actually felt slighted until we got the nurse out of the house and she could take over her duties!”

When Mark and Annelle married, they agreed that she’d name the boys and he’d name the girls. So “Arrelle” is Mark’s own name. His first name arrival posed a problem. Mark had told everyone he was going to father a blue-eyed little girl with thick golden curls. Arrelle was ushered into the world—bolder than the proverbial board!

Shortly after his daughter’s birth, Mark appeared on the New York stage in “Midsummer,” then portrayed Martin Kane for a year on live television. Nearly two years expired before he returned home again. Arrelle’s fine-spun hair was slightly in evidence at this point, and her name is now printed in newspapers as “Daddy” and she could only stare at me.

“I’m not going to bribe her to win her over,” declared Mark, with typical masculine indifference. Secretly, he was disturbed, but Annelle knew that time would remedy the situation.

“Whenever Mark walked into the house,” she recalls, “his son leaped on him with aстраива to carry the ball alone. Well, I don’t consider myself a genius, but I be-
lieve anything is possible, especially if one is well organized.

"For example, I have a great set crew from nine until six. Because they have my word, I'll never work a minute over time, they knock themselves out for me. Edward Rissien, who was stage manager for 'Midsummer,' has been my invaluable assistant. In Stanley Silverman, a writer with many excellent credits, I found a top story editor. Then there's a promotional manager for my personal interests and a publicity man who concentrates on getting me less space and better representation."

Until recently Mark had a beautiful secretary whose name—believe it or not—was Jackie Gleason. Any similarity between her and the one—and-only was more than coincidental. It was practically impossible! However, to circumvent the obvious comparisons, Mark laconically labeled the lady "Jake."

How Jake got to earn her cakes proves it can happen here. To help kill time one day, she accompanied an actress-friend on a job-hunting tour of the studios. Mark happened to walk into the casting office and saw her sitting there waiting.

"Do you want to go to work?" he inquired, after introducing himself. Jake assured him she certainly did. But she needed:

"Good," replied Mark, "you're just the type we need for our new script."

"Oh—I don't want to be an actress!

These were the next words that reached Mark's astonished ears. "But of fact, parry. Don't you have anything open in that capacity?" The following morning, Jake was on the job, and she officiated most efficiently in Mark's old, roomy bungalow office until marriage and accompanying motherhood called her away.

Although Mark is an ardent tennis enthusiast, a model-boat builder (it took him fifty-odd hours to assemble a replica of the schooner Blue Nose!) and a good golfer, his greatest moments of relaxation occur around eight o'clock at night.

"Everything has gone out of my personal and studio life has disappeared," he reflects. "This is a wonderful time for me. I can walk around the lot undisturbed and the stillness helps me to think—or to stop thinking. This is when I get my best ideas."

But, because such times exclude companionship with his loved ones, Mark is building a house opposite the sixteenth hole at the Tamarisk Country Club Palm Springs. At least on rare occasions they can all be together undisturbed and revel in domestic unity. Despite Mark's protestations, Annette worries about his health, so she recently induced him to have another physical check-up.

"I was in such perfect condition," says Mark humorously, "the New York Life gave me a policy for $400,000—which, all told, now gives me $700,000 of insurance. I'm worth more dead than alive!"

As far back as his stock-acting days in Cleveland, Ohio—where he was born—Mark's been driven by nervous energy.

"It's something inside of me I can't control," he confesses, "and, without constant activity of some sort, I'm sure I couldn't survive. As a matter of fact, people everywhere invariably get around to asking the same question. Why do I deliberately try to kill myself? This is an exaggeration, of course. But my answer is always the same. Take it or leave it, this is my way of life."

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who knows exactly what it is she wants from life. The next moment, the irresistible high spirits of a little girl who isn’t sure what she wants, but does know exactly how to go about getting it. Nowadays, one could imagine this high-powered charmer tossing that banana cream pie out of pure devilment—but never, never, never again.

“What happened to me?” Patti toys with the question. “Well, I’ve lost a lot of weight, for one thing—thirty pounds in the last year.

The answer, of course, is as unsatisfactory as her arithmetic. Last July, when she returned to television to star in The Patti Page Show for Oldsmobile, she had reduced from a hundred-and-forty-seven pounds to a svelte hundred-and-fifteen. But this is nothing new for Patti. Like a champion training for the big fight, she always streamlines her figure for television. She is no slimmer now than she was in the summer of 1954, when she replaced Perry Como, or the following year, when she did still.

The present series, however, is for fifty-two weeks—her longest run on television. Now nearing the half-way mark, Patti has not once gone over a hundred and—well, even though she has not only had the will power to stop eating and lose those original thirty-two pounds, but she has found some new incentive that keeps them lost forever.

What is it?

“Well, it seems there’s a very nice young man,” Patti says, and she says it straight. “He made me realize how important an appearance is in this business and—well, maybe I’m just trying to make him proud of me.

And then she smiles, making it all crystal clear. If Patti looks like the girl in a Before-and-After ad, it’s because she has truly discovered the new miracle product. Only, it isn’t so new. In fact, it’s in the world. And they still call it Love...

Before, long before Patti Page met Charles O’Curran, she was Clara Ann Fow- ing of Claremore, Oklahoma—practically the original girl-next-door. Except, of course, that no other girl who ever lived next door to anybody ever had quite her way with a song, and it was only a question of time until someone would “discover” her. It happened at a local radio station in near-by Tulsa—all in the best show-business tradition. The female vocalist on one of the station’s regular programs took sick, and Clara Ann was called in as a last-minute replacement. The show’s sponsor not only kept her on but changed her name to Patti—the Page Milk Company girl.

That was nine years ago, and that was how Jack Rael happened to hear her. He was a band manager, passing through Tulsa, and there was a radio in his hotel room. Switching it on, he heard Patti sing, and it was a recording, he realized, but it should have been. Rushing down to the broadcasting station, he signed her up. And he has been her manager—proud of her ever since.

But, before Patti could become a recording star, her name had to stand for more than just milk. The first two years, she and Jack toured the small towns, doing one-night stands, getting the necessary experience in night clubs and small theaters. Then, in Chicago, Patti broke into network radio as vocalist for Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club. To the field of recordings, however, it wasn’t until she had made thirteen Mercury releases that she finally came up with a hit—“Confess.”

Then, in 1956, her first hit recordings began selling over the million mark—one, “Tennesse Waltz,” selling over three million to become the most popular recording in twenty years.

And the girl-next-door from Claremore, Oklahoma, moved to a luxurious apartment in Manhattan. It’s a combination of French provincial and modern—all blues and whites to give it that “incom-” look—and designed to give "the feeling of a country house that got lost in the city.” It’s “bright and gay, and see,” Patti points out, “it has a terrace. Somehow; it’s always new when I walk in at night. Nothing morbid!”

But it takes more than color to keep an apartment bright and gay. Although it’s a dream of her own, Patti has to work hard. She’s a writer, too, and she takes their problems very seriously—helping them when she can, visiting their clubs and entertaining individual fans in her home. But fans are the public. They can only do so much. Can, I mean, to help them up to her and love from afar, but whom is Patti to look up to? And what good is love that only comes from afar?

Last winter, when she was getting ready to start on her personal appearance tour, Patti engaged one of the top direc- tors in the business to help stage her act. It was Charles O’Curran. If the name doesn’t ring a bell, well, it’s because he was once the husband of Betty Hutton. Or, if you’re one of those people who actually read the movie credits, you’ve seen his name here and there in Martin and Lewis pictures. He’s the director who stages the dance-sequences.

“The family” was quick to welcome Charles to its little group. “He’s a million laughs,” they said. “He’s a ball.” But, best of all, he was good for Patti. Not, how- ever, that he’d ever make a great dancer out of her. “I’m a singer,” Patty kept insisting, “not a dancer.”

And so, in the best boy-meets-girl tradition, “they fought like cats and dogs” at first. But Patti’s act, which opened at the New York Coliseum, was a huge success. And off-stage, “the family” observed, Patti was getting over her shyness.

Soon, the gossip columnists were carrying items about what-well-known-singer named Patti Page and what stage-director named Charles O’Curran. But that wasn’t what the news was about the world. The girls were more important in Patti’s songs. That’s what she had been singing about all this time, only now—not at long last—the right man had come along. You had to give the list-sellers实际 meaning —gave the words to understand. This was good, of course, but think of it.”

At the moment, however, their whole world is show business. Which means that
Patti is in New York and Charles is in Hollywood, and “never the twain shall meet”—except when he can manage to fly East or she can manage to fly West. One of the reasons Patti is so glad her TV show is on film is that it enables her “to get ahead of schedule” so that she can take an occasional week off “to see her boy friend.”

But the pace is killing. Up at six-thirty every morning, she spends two days of each week recording, two filming, and two on costumes. By the time Sunday comes, Patti “just wants to sit down.” Last summer, she didn’t even feel like chartering her yacht. “It would have taken an hour to get there,” she explains.

Patti keeps going, however. She has to! One month, her phone bill for wires and long-distance calls to California came to four hundred dollars. And it’s no consolation to remember how much it used to cost Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer when they were in the same spot.

The only solution, of course, is marriage. “We’re planning it,” Patti admits, “but …” She throws up her hands.

A million girls would give anything just to be in her shoes, but she’d gladly trade with any of them. For the truth is that she is no longer Clara Ann Fowler, the girl-next-door, who could do as she pleases. She’s Patti Page. As a recording artist and TV star, she’s Big Business. And, like all institutions, she has contracts and obligations to fulfill. She must tour the country with the General Motors Motorama Show, make personal appearances at Reno and Las Vegas, keep recording dates, do a series of “pop” concerts that will take her as far away as Tokyo.

Last summer, when she was visiting Charles in Hollywood, “the family” had a hunch that the two might slip off to Las Vegas and get married. It gave the two sweethearts quite a laugh when Frances Kaye, Patti’s close friend and publicist, asked if they could just hold up any such plans until after the August issue of a certain magazine came out. (It seems that they were running a piece on Patti as a successful “bachelor girl.”)

One wonders, however, if the two will be quite so amorous next spring, when Patti hopes to go to Europe with Charles. It’s something she’s not only dreamed about—she’s even been taking French lessons in preparation.

“I’d like to go in April,” she muses, obviously thinking of “April in Paris.”

“April?” Jack Rael, her manager, pricks up his ears. “You’re already booked in Las Vegas.”

“Well, then, May or June,” Patti says. And, somehow, this new Patti Page sounds as though she’ll make it. Her current series runs until next July, but if she can film enough shows in advance … and if Charles can get off at the same time …

But that’s only one dream. There’s another! If she could get into pictures, then she could spend half of each year in Hollywood and the other half in New York. She’d be eating her cake and having it, too, of course—but any young lady with the determination to cut out banners but if she can certainly manage that. Not only is Patti a stunning hundred-and-fifteen pounds, but her TV films reveal a new glamour that matches any star’s in Hollywood. Only her voice and her way with a song remain the same. And after all, they made her a star in records and TV. Why not in motion pictures, too?

It’s the kind of dream that Clara Ann Fowler might have, but that only a Patti Page can make true. But before—long before they’re calling her the newest star in Hollywood—wet they’ll be calling her Mrs. Charles O’Curran.

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The Smile Behind the Song

(Continued from page 39)

other sore threats. He suspected a plot. But, since all Como plots are gentle things which contribute to the greater enjoyment of all concerned, he went along. "Does your throat really bother you, Perry?" he asked sympathetically.

The condition of Perry's throat became more serious with every word describing its condition. Ronnie's really thought he might have to save it in every way he could. Solemnly, Lee agreed. What did Perry have in mind?

Perry came to his point. "You know, Ronnie is getting to be a pretty big boy now." Perry's older son was then about thirteen. "I wonder," said Perry, "if you could help me out. Do you suppose it won't hurt him to lie a few lines?" Lee knew he had read the Christmas story, while the kids act it out, we had Ronnie read it?" To Lee, Perry's real purpose now was crystal clear. Perry advanced to the next step of the plot. "Now, I think he should have some reward for doing it. I'll buy the present, but I want you to keep that secret. You give it to him."

"What does he want, Perry?"

It was Perry's turn to grin. "What does any kid that age want? His first shotgun, of course."

With all the elements of Perry's little plot revealed, Lee took over. He said, "I'll go along. Except for one thing. I'll buy the gun."

Perry protested, but Lee had the convincer. "That's the way it's got to be, Perry. Or, I won't talk to Ronnie." Perry was licked, and he knew it.

A huddle with Lee ensued. Lee asked, most seriously, if Ronnie would help out his father. Instantly, the lad agreed. But, when the nature of the help was described, adolescent shyness cropped up. Lee was ready for it. "Would you—for a shotgun?"

The boy's eyes widened. "For a shotgun? A real one? Sure, if you think I'll be any good."

"You'll be good," Lee assured him, and went out to buy the gun. He went to one of the nation's best sports stores and selected a hunting gun, instructed them to sink a small gold plate in the stock, bearing Ronnie's name, the date, the occasion.

Ronnie did his part like a trooper. The show was great and Ronnie's joy at having the new gun was even greater.

But then it was up to Perry to provide an occasion to use the gun. He bought a new gun for himself so the two went out for a weekend of pheasant hunting on a game farm in New England. They had just returned when Perry hobbled painlessly across the room to say to Lee, "You and your shotguns . . ."

Effusively sympathetic, Lee asked, "Did something go wrong?"

"Wrong?," said Como. "I'll say it did. Now, you know damn well I haven't had a chance to do any hunting since I left Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. Never fired a shell. So we start kicking up some pheasants. Ronnie picks them off, neat as you please. Then he gets concerned about me and says, 'You take the next shot, Dad.' Well, maybe I did get a little hasty. Maybe I didn't hold the gun just right. But it's sure got a kick. Oh, it was a real big hunting thrill for me."

This propensity of Perry's for getting into trouble will have a considerable influence on the Perry Como show this season. As he swings into NBC-TV's big Saturday-night spot with the new hour show, written by Goodman Ace, some of the skits will be based on real-life situations.

Two reasons, says Lee Cooley, have dictated favoring Perry's own deep sense of honesty. The second is his staff's feeling that it is about time to share with the viewing public the kind of story Como could tell about his own life.

He adds, "But it will be honest. You can't present Perry as anything but what he is."

What Perry is, in this year of 1955, is pretty darned satisfying. He is, first of all, a singer who, after approximately twenty-five years in the business, has the same romantics you do to a Library of Congress, has the same adoration for his mother at the same age.

Further, he is a man whom scandal has never touched. He is still in love with the same woman, Marilyn Belline—whom he married in 1933, when he wasn't sure whether he was destined to be a barber or a singer, when his fortunes in both fields were at such a lowebb that, after he paid for a marriage license, he didn't have enough money to buy a wedding ring. Today, they have a lovely fourteen-room house at Sands Point, Long Island. They have two sons, Ronnie, fifteen, and David, nine. They have a seven-year-old daughter, Therese, whom they call Terri.

Perry is a man who has his own ideas of good citizenship. They reach all the way from driving his own and the neighbors' kids to a Boy Scout meeting, on to turning down a high-priced booking at a gambling hotel, because, "I couldn't be a shrimp."

He is a man known for his good works. As a member of his local church, he shoulders an ordinary parishioner's responsibility for its welfare. His activities also have a broader range. He and Roselle have received one of the highest honors of the Roman Catholic Church. At a ceremony presided over by Cardinal Spellman, they were made Grand Knight and Lady of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. He also received the 1953 Interfaith Award. Yet he has a way of keeping his charities to himself. When he went to Boston for the opening of the Christopher Columbus Community Center, friends knew he was going to do a benefit. They did not know that, as part of the Center, the Perry Como Gymnasium was to be dedicated the same day.

Como doesn't tell those things about himself. The stories he does tell are the incidents in which he himself "comes a cropper." As Lee puts it, "Perry's the kind of guy things happen to..."

And somehow Lee, too, always seems to get involved. It was, by Perry's account, Lee's idea that he was led to explore the briny deep. Ronnie heard Lee speak of his own deep-sea fishing, so it wasn't long until Perry and Ronnie were out at Montauk Point at the Perry end of Long Island. Inevitably, it followed that Perry should say to Lee, "You and your fishing!"

"You'd think," said Perry, "that fish could stay decently near the shore. But no,
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seven-day crusade. And figures don’t tell the whole story, for Wembly is an open stadium and, night after night, a drenching rain was whipped through the stands by cold winds. In Dallas, Texas, seventeen-five thousand piled into the Cotton Bowl on one night. In Boston, for a single meeting, fifty thousand filled the Common. Since 1950, his crusades have been attended by sixteen million persons. It is believed that twenty to thirty million persons hear his weekly radio sermons. Billy Graham may well be responsible for the greatest spiritual awakening of our times.

“We must live in vital relationship to Christ,” Billy says fervently. “We must start by being born again.” That is our only hope.

Billy is dynamic and intends religion to be so. Church membership is not enough, he preaches. Salvation lies not in belonging but in being, in putting Christ’s teachings into practice—and in accepting Christ as a personal savior.

Although Billy’s revivalist methods are widely discussed, seldom has anyone been allowed a close look at the man. Temperamentally, he is high-strung and tense, but his team works smoothly. In eight years, they have never had an argument and their differences have always been quickly settled. The reason, perhaps, is that Billy’s extremely cheerful and good humored. He likes practical jokes. On one ocean trip, Billy filled the seashell capsules of one of his assistants with mustard. Previously, Billy himself was the object of a joke. Usually barreled, he bought himself a fashionable hat. One of his assistants filled it with shaving sands and, when Billy put it on, he looked like an ice-cream sundae.

Says Jerry Bevan, one of Billy’s team, “We’ve become so busy that now we seem to live from one hour to the next, so there is no horseplay. But the element of free exchange between Billy and the rest of the team still exists.” Jerry has known Billy since 1947. “Billy is generous almost to a fault. If he comes back on a cold day without his overcoat, you know it’s not because he’s absent-minded. He’s given it away.”

Billy Graham, off the platform, is a man of charm and good cheer. He smiles with easy friendliness. He is a handsome, lanky man who stands six-feet-two. He tends to dress in neat, well-tailored, double-breasted suits. His hair, once very blonde, has darkened slightly in the past year to a reddish brown and, at thirty-six, he is beginning to gray at the temples. He thrives on hard work and works a minimum of ten hours a day. “But my work is soul-satisfying,” he tells you, “in spite of its difficulties.”

One difficulty Billy refers to is that of being away from home so much of the time. His recent European crusade kept him away for six months.

Billy carried a leather folder which holds pictures of all four children and his wife. As he talks about them, you come to see that religion is not separated from any part of his life, not from his home and not from his past. To Billy, religion has always been alive and pulsating.

Christened “William Franklin,” he was born in the North Carolina. His father, tall and lanky, is a prosperous dairy farmer. His mother is petite and plios. “Billy Frank,” as he was called on the farm, was raised strictly. At the age of twelve, he began going to A.M. to help with the milking. He came home from school to late-afternoon chores. He loved baseball and basketball, but was a poor student. His father at one point took Billy out of the Presbyterian church because of his evangelistic tendencies.

Billy, as a lad, was bored by religion. He remembers himself as being aimless and restless.

At sixteen, Billy and his friend Grady Wilson—today, Billy’s Associate Evangelist—went to a revival meeting at a Charlotte tabernacle. His parents had coaxied him there. Something happened on the first night which brought him back the following evening. He didn’t want to go back, but it seemed he couldn’t help himself. For a month, he kept coming back. Then, one night, he and Grady walked solemnly up to the preacher and accepted Christ. Billy recalls, “It was then I opened up my heart and knew for the first time the sweetness and joy of being born again.”

But the idea of being a preacher never crossed his mind. Instead he went to work as a F.W. Woolworth salesman and outsold everyone else in his district, including the sales manager. His thirst for knowledge and understanding of the Bible led him to Tennessee Bible College, but he had so little interest in being a minister that, after three months, he dropped out and enrolled at the Florida Bible Institute. It was there he fell in love and was so deeply moved that he proposed marriage.

The girl turned him down. There was someone else who was going to Harvard Divinity School. Not so tactfully, she told Billy that she didn’t think he would make much of a preacher, but the love he promised would.

That was in the fall of 1937 and, for a good while, Billy was desolate and desperate. But his attitude changed on the night his prayers were answered. He began to take his preaching seriously. He practiced on whatever and whomever he could. He fired his gospel at missions, at birds in the woods, and country churches, at trailer campers, even on crabs in the Florida swamps. He gained confidence and won a scholarship to Wheaton College in Chicago. While earning his A.B. there, he courted his wife-to-be, Ruth Bell, pretty daughter of a missionary to China.

And Billy’s preaching continued. In school he was honored by being chosen undergraduate pastor of the campus chapel. After college he achieved national prominence in 1949— he served a hitch in the Army’s Chaplain Corps, spent two years as president of a boys’ camp, and then joined a crusade in a basement church in Western Springs, Illinois, and preached for Youth for Christ. In 1949, he made headlines in Los Angeles, where he was called “the most interesting singer, athlete, and even a notorious gangster. His crusade was attended by movie stars, among them Colleen Townsend and Jane Russell. He made powerful friends in government and business. But headlines and important friends do not make a man—he’s the other way around.

Since 1949, he has been on the move, as an evangelist should be. He has no desire ever to settle in a church of his own. But the problem with the life of an evangelist is that you can’t take all of your life with you—that part which is your home, and which is made up of small children, stays behind.

Billy’s home is in his native state, North Carolina, about a dozen miles south of Asheville, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. His house was an American seven-room house grew from five rooms to meet the needs of the children. The person who did the remodeling was Ruth Bell Graham. Her sang, and is vivacious. Ruth differs from Billy. She is relaxed and casual. She is tall, slim and dark, an ex-campus beauty queen—but not an ex-allelujah queen.

“Yes, Ruth does not dress piously,” Billy says. “She dresses in pretty things. We believe Christianity as a way of life should be bright and positive even in the clothes you wear.”

In addition to chores and children, Ruth is building a new home for the family. She is not doing the actual carpentry, but she has designed the house, contracted for labor and is her own purchasing agent. The new home comes under the heading of necessity, for Billy and his family have lost their privacy. Tourists come calling every day. The sightseeing bus from the city makes Billy’s home a regular stop. They unload passengers at his gate. Billy, a man of God, cannot lock his gates. He cannot employ a guard to keep them away. So they tramp through the lawn and the garden. They come, fifty at a time, and they knock on the door and, if no one answers, they pound on the windows. They ask if they can come in and see Billy at work in his study. They poke cameras at the
bought on a dozen, a preacher, Sunday, but there is no lack of fun. "Religion has to be made live and dynamic for youngsters, too," Billy says.

He will sit down and read children's stories based on the Bible and dramatize these. They all sing together and play games. But the children have never heard Billy preach. "We don't want them to think of Billy except as their daddy," Ruth explains. "We want them to learn to know and love Billy for himself."

Ruth makes a point of talking about him every day when he is away. For Ruth, the life is as difficult as it is for Billy. She is on the move, too, dividing her time between Billy and the children at home. Commenting on their frequent separations, Ruth says, "I'd rather see a little of Billy than a lot of anyone else."

During his recent European crusade, she joined Billy at Glasgow and was with him at a luncheon given in his honor by Queen Elizabeth. Ruth went on to the continent for a couple of weeks, and then flew back to North Carolina to tend the children and gather more logs. But, when she is with Billy, she fits right in with the working team, "Ruth knows the Bible better than I do," Billy says. "She helps prepare speeches and helps with my writing."

There is so much to do, and Billy spends all of his time doing it. Radio is not the least of his activities. From his gigantic radio audience, Billy gets ten thousand letters a week. Some of the mail is dramatic. A prisoner in a Southern penitentiary wrote that, after hearing Billy, he gave up his plans as ringleader for a prison escape and became a convert. In Utah, another prisoner had a visit from the Bible and the other half didn't. In the Bahamas, the governor of an island wrote that all six hundred inhabitants listened to Billy each Sunday. A woman in the Midwest was about to destroy herself because she was hungry and tired, unable to pay her rent or buy a crust of bread. She turned on the gas. The radio was tuned to music. Billy's voice came to her like something out of her subconscious. She got up and went to church and there gained a new lease on life. But these are exceptional cases. Billy's radio sermons have the same purpose as his meetings: To reawaken the spiritual conscience.

But Billy is humble, honest. He believes, "I have no intention or desire to found a new religion," he says. "I believe in the teachings of Christ. I want only to help others to find Him." He has refused to return to some cities too often. "I don't want a personal following. Such loyalty belongs to God." Billy takes no part of the credit for the new spiritual intensity throughout the world. He thinks of himself as merely being utilized. He says, "I'm a tool of God. I can't explain myself except by the supernatural," so says the most effective orator in the church today. And he concludes: "If God were to take His hands off me, my lips would turn to clay."

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Home at First Sight

(Continued from page 47)
and maid's room and bath. And on still another level is the utility room, with plenty of space for me to set up a hobby room. It's an interesting arrangement, and makes the house seem very roomy. There were also two beds in the library for overnights, if necessary.

The Sterlings like modern furnishings, but not tortured, twisted shapes or sharply angular pieces. They go for "functional" furniture, with clean straight lines designed for living. It's the kind they bought for their New York apartment, always with a house in mind, and most of it fitted right into the new home. They left behind one extra piece, however, which is a sectional sofa in the music room.

The color schemes are partially an echo of the apartment they left. Both Jack and Barbara love blue. But, instead of the medium blue they had in New York, they chose a sky blue. And the walls of the new one are Dresden blue, with some gray in it, with which the rugs they already had blended beautifully.

Their own bedroom is mostly in soft moss green, and for the nursery they chose a light yellow which brings a feeling of sunlight into the room on the rainiest day. Although it may be a little early to worry about Harry, it might just turn out that the baby is born in the same month the Sylvania school system went on summer vacation.

The kitchen is birch-paneled, and here, too, the sun seems to stream in all day, every day, because of the bright yellow trim. Even the stove and refrigerator are in yellow. Barbara's great joy is her recess oven, built into the wall, and a particularly handsome floor inlaid in black and white. And since Beetle has hers, too, exactly like Patty's.

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(Continued from page 41)

the bottom. Spring, on vacation, was driving
with her sister and brother-in-law—who
was at the wheel—from their home in
Denver to Colorado Springs. The sign at
the foot of the mountain range read:
"Danger—Proceed at Your Own Risk."
Having been on the shelf road for more
than an hour, Spring now thought that the
sign had become unnecessary.

The next sign read: "Hairpin Curves—
Caution." Riding around the curves, with
the road apparently gone from under them,
Spring had the sensation that the car was
flying. This, apparently, they were
called "hairpin" because that's just how
wide they are!

But the "thought" lines disappeared in
a moment. Spring thought it was Buck's
nature to worry. She has always felt that,
when presented with a problem, you do
what you can—and what you can't change,
you accept graciously. Spring knew her
brother-in-law to be a good driver, and
no amount of worrying was going to make
that abyss any less deep. So she forgot
about it. With her soft hair blowing deli-
cately in the breeze from the side window,
Spring once again began to appreciate the
scenic wonders of the canyon.

Spring says: "When we were home again in
Denver—hairpin—back home, I felt as if I had
been scared going around the curves. I told
him, 'Yes, I had a few palpitations—but,
long ago, I gave up the idea of being fright-
ened. You are a very nice fellow, my dear.
So go ahead and be frightened. They—are
so what! Nothing I could do about this
canyon was going to make it any less deep.
Once you accept it, it isn't half so bad.'

Accepting things gracefully—and dis-
regarding what you can about them—is the
basis of Spring's philosophy of life. Nothing
you can do, for example, will keep the sun
from rising in the morning and setting at
night—nothing will keep the years from
following one another.

"When you stop having new ideas, when
you lose interest, or when you're afraid
to do something new," she says, "that's
when you've grown old. It can happen
when you are thirty, forty, or sixty. I've
always felt you can measure people's
youth by the variety of their interests.

In this regard, as in many others, Spring
Byington and December Bride's Lily are
much alike. Spring says: "They are the
same under the skin—still curious, eager
and alive. "Though I have no yearning at all
to be young," she says, "I do have a great
yearning to be free. Why look back? You
can't do anything about the past, but
you certainly can do something about the
future—for that's the direction in which
we're all going. There is always some-
thing new to try.

When writer Parke Levy created De-
cember Bride, the part of Lily was drawn
as a picture of his own beloved mother-
in-law. Since the girl was college-bound
looking to tomorrow, was obviously per-
fect for the role. After playing Lily for
one-and-a-half years on radio, Spring was
eager to give it a try.

Though the work is trying and arduous,
Spring says, "I've never been happier. I've
never enjoyed life as much as I do today.
But," she continues, "there is a time to
do everything. It is time to think of their
future—of the time to be resting. True, you
should have a variety of interests, but one
of them should be that completely blank
period which you set aside for yourself. You
do absolutely nothing—I call it vegetating.
You are calm and alone, simply relaxing
with yourself."

Spring had just such a private time on
her recent vacation trip to her sister's

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Happiness Knows No Season

home in Denver, Colorado. "My sister
Helene and my brother-in-law," she says,
"are the world's two best assistant 'vege-
taters.' They make absolutely no appoint-
ments—ever. They are out of the back-
yard—the most beautiful yard in the
world, with the most beautiful green lawn,
the most beautiful clouds in the most beautiful
sky, and the most congenial companions.
We sit in the shade, of course, and hide
there like chipmunks in our secret little holes.

"But," Spring says, "you don't have to
wait for vacations to make these dates
with yourself. If someone calls, you sim-
ply say, I've got this absolutely unbreak-
able appointment. 'You needn't feel you've
told a white lie, for it's true. You must
keep these dates with yourself. Some
people play games for recreation. My
recreation comes from the relaxing in these
two quiet times. I call this period with
myself 're-creation.'

In contrast with periods of complete
rest, Spring's attitude toward her work is
equally all-out—her philosophy here sim-
ply is to 'forego ahead.' Spring says, "I
believe I learned this from my mother.
Wherever work was concerned, she had
that quality of going straight ahead.

"I've always felt my mother was very
much like Madame Curie—though mother
was a Canadian and Madame Curie a
Pole, they were cut out of the same piece
of cloth. They had the same quality of
foregoing ahead. Madame Curie's great scien-
tific curiosity, forever trying to find out
how things got to be the way they were.
At the same time, she was not unfeminine.

"My parents—inaugurated the Port Hope
in Ontario, Canada, to Denver before
Helene and I were born. My father was to
be the new professor of English at Colorado
College, and later became the Superintendent
of Schools. Since my mother had little to
keep her occupied, she went down to
the college with my father and took a pre-
medical course—just for fun.

"When I was four years old, Helene and
I were visiting my Grandfather Byington
in Port Hope when suddenly my father
died. My mother settled our affairs in
Colorado, then returned to Canada. While
Helene and I were under Grandfather
Byington's to Grandfather Cleghorn's to
Aunt Margaret's to Aunt Inez's, my
mother was continuing her medical studies
at the University of Toronto. She later did
graduate work in Boston and, when she
finally had her medical degree, we all
returned to Colorado.

"But I remember those early years as in
a dream. Though the constant shifting
back and forth shattered our feelings of
security, the new sights, sounds and smells
remain as my most vivid and fondest mem-
ories. Canada, for example, has the most
delicious snow apples—little red apples
with snow-white flesh and tiny red veins
running through them. We used to eat
them with buttermilk. They tasted like no
other apples in the world. And the violtes
in Canada—I'm sure no violets like those
exist anywhere else on earth! They were
so deliciously fragrant, you could put just
a few in a room and you'd know they
were there the moment you entered.

"As for Canadian maple syrup—my
goodness! I know the people in Vermont
and New York who sell their maple syrup,
too, but the syrup we took from the trees in
front of my grandfather's house was like none
other I've ever tasted.

"When I was only five years old, it was
my job to bring in the buckets of fresh
syrup every morning. I remember the
romance of that first adventure when I
watched, big-eyed, as my grandfather

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bored a hole in the trees in front of the house, inserting the little shell the sap dripped from. He didn’t tap each tree every year. He said that resting the trees was his secret—and the reason why his maple syrup tasted so good.

“Remembering how good the maple syrup was, I waited to get my 94 finger in the drippings when I collected the buckets that first morning. Oh, was I disappointed! But I learned that maple syrup doesn’t develop its delicious flavor until it’s been rested.”

“The big trees in front, Grandfather Byington’s house was a regular Currier-and-Ives print. It wasn’t enormous, exactly. There were six rooms downstairs, plus the kitchen and a greenhouse outside. It had been built by my grandfather and my father, and was a very pleasant house to live in, for it had been built for comfort. There was a sitting room and two other rooms on the north side with great high ceilings built for summer comfort. These were shut in the winter, and we didn’t try to heat them. I remember it grew very cold in the winter, but I enjoyed it. I went to bed at night, in my little bedroom upstairs, just waiting for morning, for I peeked out from under my covers at the frost on the wall, shining in the first sun like a kaleidoscope! The whole wall was a flood of rainbow colors.”

“The there was Grandfather Cleghorn’s house. For a six-year-old, the most fascinating part of the house was the cellar. It smelled wonderful! It was lined with shelves where our carrots and beets and potatoes all carefully wrapped in leaves which supplied just the right amount of moisture.

“Only light came through the cellar. Helene and I put planks from block to block that we ran and played on. In the dim light, the barrels were our imaginary castles, the planks were giant wheels and the four-inch deep water was our dangerous ocean. It was a dim-lit fairyland of smells.”

“Then there was Aunt Margaret’s and Uncle Eugene’s place in Claremont. Claremont was then only a crossroad with a population of 300. Uncle Gene was the principal of the district school and Aunt Margaret the local librarian. She taught three grades. Children came on foot and horse from all the outlying communities to Uncle Gene’s school.

“Their house was cornered from MacNab Store—in a way, until they moved across the street, the house used to be the general store! The warehouse was still next door and Helene and I shared the sleeping room about half of it. Oh, what eloquent smells came up to us from that warehouse! Sorghum, sugar, kerosene, dried apples!”

“The room was no ordinary room—it was at least forty feet by forty feet, and grand for us to play in. As a combination rumpus and sleeping room, it was perfect for kids. When we had the measles, we could all lie down and be sick together. We could paint, play, sing, pound on the drums. And, since nobody was below to bother, we could even roller-skate. In the middle of the room there stood a big pot-bellied wood-burning stove. In the winter, it was our warm friend.”

“Downstairs at my Aunt Margaret’s place in Claremont, there was a living room, dining room, parlor, study, kitchen, and summer kitchen. Aunt Margaret never put the big coal-burning range on in summer but used a small three-burner oil stove in the ‘summer kitchen’! This was out near the woodshed where all the garden tools and bulbs were stored. I well remember the cooking smells combined with the garden smells—an exotic combination. The woodshed was shaded by another big maple tree. In the early summer, Helene and I picked the first garden tomatoes, took a salt-cellar with us and hid out on the woodshed roof. The roof, shaded by the maple tree, was the spot where we spent our happiest summer days.”

“Our Aunt Inez ran a boarding house in Toronto, and finally we went to stay with her. The family had the top fourth floor bedroom with a connecting terrace which, on three sides, met the long sloping slate roof. From the terrace we could see, or imagine we could see, all of Toronto. It was like being in our own heaven. Where the roof met the terrace there were always little bits of broken slate. Helene and I took these, drawing as with chalk on the slate roof. As far as our little arms would reach, we peopled this cloudy world of ours with fairies, ogres, and our own breed of cats and dogs.”

“Psychologists say that children need a definite home where they are given a feeling of belonging, a sense of security, but the constant shifting from home to home made it difficult for Spring to develop this security. The Canadian way of life, she says, ‘is very much like the New England way of life. There are proper things to do, and definite things not to do.’

“Whenever Helene and I came into a new environment, it was always different from the last place—at least physically different. And we didn’t know which social customs were accepted and which rejected. As children, we only knew what we had once learned and held dear had gone. We didn’t know where it had gone—it had simply disappeared.”

“I consider the shifting was for our security, it was equally good for our mental flexibility. We had to learn to adapt to new situations. It taught us to be flexible—an important attitude in a world changing as rapidly as ours. I learned early in my life that you can’t insist on everything being today as it was yesterday.”

“When Spring’s mother finished her medical education in Boston, she returned with her family to Denver to set up practice. A few years later, Spring remembers going to her mother and saying, ‘Mother, I want to be an actress.’ Her mother merely said, ‘All right then.’

“But Spring was consistent and, finally, Mrs. Byington gave her an introduction to a family friend, Mrs. Elitch Long, then head of the Elitch Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Elitch were the co-owners of the Elitch Theatre. They told Spring that they would send her to the Elitch Summer Stock Company. Mrs. Long tried to dissuade Spring, explaining the difficulty of an actress’s life. But, after the conversation, Spring could only say, ‘Thank you, but I still want to be an actress!’ So Mrs. Long gave Spring a note to the stock company’s director, and in the first week Spring had a line to read.

“Asked about the title of the show that first summer, Spring replies, ‘Title! Who remembers the title line that was important . . . and I’ll never forget it—they say it’s raining. Why, it was the most important line in the play!’

“The following June, Spring graduated from high school and filled a handful of other young people from the Elitch Garden Summer Stock Company went out on their own. One of the boys had insisted that Spring should go with him. He purchased the royalty rights to a French play, taking it on the road. Money ran out in Kansas, and Spring moved into a small room with another girl from the company and began job-hunting.

“I took $17.50,” she recalls, ‘my bus fare back to Denver—and tucked it under the rug for safe keeping.’ I was determined to find a new acting job, but I didn’t want to be left stranded in Kansas. I went from theater to theater, but nothing happened. I was down to my last dollar when a producer asked me to come to town, and one of the women in the cast had to be replaced. I got the job.”

“Spring’s attitude towards her career parallels her philosophy of life. She has always done things her own way, and what she couldn’t change she accepted graciously. The actor’s ego, for example, has never been a problem with Spring—she has always worked with whatever came her way, no matter how small the part. Sometimes,” she says, ‘young people come to Hollywood or New York after having some small success in a local theater. Their attitude is, I will only take a job if it’s big—such-and-such a condition is met.”

“My feeling is, this attitude is wrong. If you are interested in your work, your desire to do a good job comes first, your self-importance comes last.”

“This philosophy was well illustrated when, after traveling briefly with the touring company, Spring decided to go to New York with a small inheritance from her mother. She took every job offered to her, so long as it had to do with the stage. This attitude earned Spring a reputation as a hard worker, and brought her to Hollywood in 1933. She was still in New York when Paramount began casting their ever-famous “Little Women,” and were looking for the most vulnerable and the least likely. Stuart Walker, who knew Spring from the stage said, ‘Ask Spring Byington—she’ll be willing to play ‘Marmee,’ the aunt, or the dog. She’ll play anything!” Spring played ‘Missy.”

“Today, a grandmother, Spring is working in the arduous medium of television, and enjoying life more than ever. It seems that the air in TV was made for her. In addition to television, she has still seen fit to add to her variety of interests: Spring Byington is learning how to fly.”

“When people ask her if she isn’t afraid of the new things in life—such as flying or acting in the new medium of TV—Spring replies: ‘I have no patience with people who turn gray in fact. I think there is nothing else to learn, no new fields to explore—who ignore the future and continue to live their life of yesterday. ‘Oh, worse still, they sit around and worry about getting old! If there’s one thing I’ve learned, it’s this: With problems, you do what you can—those you can’t change, you accept graciously. We can do nothing in the world about the passing years—but we can do something about today and keeping tomorrow alive. And that’s the secret of youth.’
Be What You Want To Be

(Continued from page 50)

first and only choice for the leading role.

Foster was born beside the sea. He grew up in Pittman, New Jersey. His father was a fisherman and lifeguard. Pres could swim as a child he sold fish in his father's shop. Since childhood, Preston has had salt water in his veins. The ocean's driving force is matched by Preston's own determination. As a child, he skated as a child on the ice in his neighborhood. He knew he wanted to be an actor. But becoming an actor was no new experience for Preston. In the course of his climb to success, it happened more than fifty times—and, each time, it only strengthened his determination to succeed. In his teens, Preston began working more steadily as an actor in the opera's chorus than as an actor. With the extra money, he began studying voice. Taking lessons from a teacher, he worked on his acting. People said he couldn't do it.

People generally do not lend a tolerant eye at young Preston for wanting to become an actor. Saturday afternoons, with no place to go, he dressed up in his father's best clothes—derby hat to spats—and stood on the street corner leaning against the light post, strolling in his most well known role. Yet, as a vocalist, guitarist, lyricist, and composer, a growing success he is. Again, his wife Sheila attributes it to his "upbeat" thinking. Free confidence in themselves, and don't think yourself down. "When Pres first started on his 'home-made' guitar," says Sheila, "some folks told him he would have a hard time getting music out of it. Pres said, 'We'll see.'"

Preston's interest in music, Sheila adds, "began when he was only ten years old—he took three months of violin lessons, and played in our family's band. His natural talent was, then, evident.

It was a natural step from the violin to the ukulele—they were popular at the time. He knew a few chords but gave up the instrument when he took up the guitar."

In 1941, when Pres was on location in Phoenix for Thunderbirds, he stopped in a music store and was fiddling with a ukulele. The store owner, Harry Mayo, came in and asked, 'What's a big guy like you doing, plucking on that dinky instrument?'"

'I was thinking of buying it,' Pres said. 'I played one when I was a kid.' Harry talked out of Sheila smiles, but not without a longing look. Six years later he was celebrating his birthday in Cedar City when the uke was presented to him as a birthday present. Preston again became adept on the ukulele.

"After we were married in 1946, I bought him a four-string guitar for Christmas. I thought it would be a toy like the ukulele—but it wasn't."

My own hobby had always been music. When I was a kid at Los Angeles High School, I sang in the Hollywood Music Store until ten every night, listening to records. The recording industry couldn't live without. At that time the list totaled $2000! Before I ever owned a record player, I started my collection."

"I knew the words to a thousand old songs, so Pres and I combined our hobbies..."
People 60 to 80

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——on location, he played his guitar and we both sang. Up at Zion, where he was shooting "Ramrod," he sat on the lawn in the evening, singing and playing. Part of the company joined in on the folk songs until an irate would-be sleeper protested.

Dramatic Preston Foster has never done anything like this before. And when he and his wife joined together on their singing, he was busy rebuilding his guitar—it didn't give out with enough "base," so Pres replaced it with one that had been told he needed. Some people said, "You can't get music from that setup. Why don't you take lessons and do this thing right?" But Preston enjoyed it and sold his hello and all, and taught himself to play.

Making personal appearances in theaters for picture openings has always made Pres feel a bit helpless, "You walk out there and are forced to do nothing to do. So Sheila and I took our guitar to a San Francisco opening and sang a few songs for the folks. They liked it. It saved a large sum. There was money in the house, and we soon were developing an 'act' that was in demand."

As Preston became more skillful on the guitar, the Fosters began adding ballads, semi-classics and popular tunes to their repertoire. Preston also started writing music, making special arrangements for dates.

All this time, Preston would take his guitar every place he and Sheila went—parties, benefits, hospital shows, to theaters opening of his pictures. Even while traveling on trains, the guitar was a constant companion. It was a short trip that didn't find the porters, stewards and conductors joining in on "Jimmy Crack Corn."

It was one way Preston got Sheila over her stage fright, at the same time finding out what people like to hear. The act evolved with help from many friends, listening to each other, giving encouragement and constructive criticism. Hal Kantor, Lee Wayner, and other top writers helped with compositions that made the orchestrations. And much musical aid came from Gene Leis and Perry Botkin. Soon Preston and Sheila were playing and singing at theaters, night clubs, state fairs and special events all over the country.

About this time, Preston made a wonderful discovery. His daughter, Stephanie, then a young singer—"a real singing talent—nearly a three-act octave natural range! Inspired by her father's and stepmother's enjoyment and success with music, she begged for a musical career. Preston held off for months, while he told her the unglamorous part of a career: The years of study and self-discipline... the problem of losing your private life completely. But now, with his ranch, Twin Deuce, and show business you are forever looking for a job—because any job you get is soon over.

But, finally, Preston agreed to Stevie's wish, placing her under the instruction of Nina Koshetz and Gary Leonoff. She has been with them two and a half years, progressing fast enough to sing in two concerts, and to solo. Sheila and Sheila at a dozen or more benefits.

Preston's music progressed, too, and his compositions began finding acceptance. He says, "the pressures of a job (and arranger for many years) wrote a song about an Irish cowboy called "Two Shill- elagh O'Sullivan". Pres played Crosby and found a song for Crawford, "Koshetz" and "O'Sullivan" and other compositions by Preston, helping him become a member of ASCAP (The American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers).

"Picture business fell off in 1956," says Sheila. "Whereas a studio used to have twenty-two pictures going, they then produced only six a year. A lot of actors were losing their cars and houses and moaning about bad times. Not Pres. He said, 'I can't do anything about the motion picture industry, but I can do something about myself.' Then he set off across the country on tour. We played clubs and shows from coast to coast, and from Canada to Mexico. Just through bookkeeping, I can say we wouldn't get anywhere with his 'home-made' setup without lessons. Today, he's become the highest paid guitar player in Local 947."

When Waterfront came along, it was natural for Preston to step into the role of Captain John Herrick. But the additional work a weekly TV show requires did not keep Preston from his other interests.

While shooting Waterfront, the Fosters lived in a 40-foot trailer—home trailer parked on the lot. Roads lot, says "It saved a whole lot of time. At the most, I spent thirty seconds a day walking to and from work.

"When Pres comes in for lunch," says Sheila, "he's the first to reach for his electric guitar. While I fix lunch, he writes a few more bars on the song he's composing, or we run over one of our numbers. At dinner, we repeat the performance. And I am an audience—members of the cast or crew who drop in on their way home or are there to discuss tomorrow's shooting."

"The whole thing is relaxing—watching TV is his foremost form of entertainment. First, we watch all the musicals. Here Pres has his guitar in hand accompanying the singing. When we watch the dramas, Preston feels he should keep his hand in. 'I may see something in those shows,' he says, 'that will help us—or I might see an error we can avoid.'"

Preston and his wife, enjoy things from our experiences."

When Preston and Sheila first met on an RKO lot, it was this common appreciation of the simple things in life which inspired their desire to know one another better. Gypsies at heart, when they decided to leave Hollywood and drive toward San Francisco, a town they both loved. They obtained their license four hours later in San Luis Obispo, were married four hours farther on in Burlingame, and honeymooned that evening in San Francisco.

Reminiscent of the ocean's rolling waves is the rolling hills of a ranch—that's the Pacific, Northwest. In the City of Oaks, some sixty miles north of Los Angeles. "Any one of the oaks," says Sheila, "dwars the trailer. We spend our weekend at the Pres' Ranch. We raise wheat, barley oats, alfalfa—all in rotation. The ranch is covered with machinery, hay bails, tractors, trucks, plows and graders, everything modern to make a ranch run smoothly. But the machinery but specializes in road-building.

He has a reputation for being one of the best 'cat' (short for 'caterpillar') tractor skiers in the United States. A skier takes great physical strength to control a road-building caterpillar tractor. Preston's ability here marks him as a man's man.

But with all that, as she always is gentle, so is Preston. There is a sensitivity in his personality which lets him feel the needs of others. For example, he gives unstintingly of his time to every good cause. He's traveled as far as Milwaukie for one
Day of Remembrance

(Continued from page 30)

make any noise. He could only rely on a child's vivid imagination and his own storybook world.

Thanksgiving Days, he remembers well. And it had nothing to do with the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. This was "Turkey Day"—when members of the church would come around with baskets of food for the kids to eat. Providence always took care of us. But some people are always intent on your knowing it's charity—and on playing it that way.

But, at eleven—when he found out he was adopted—ironically enough, life brightened for him. This, then, was not his life. Nor was this his destiny. That, even today, Art Linkletter has made no move to find out who his real parents were ...
...this is mute testimony as to the depth of the wound. That anyone, no matter what the circumstances, could give an "own child" away. But, at eleven, the knowledge that he wasn't born to such poverty freed him to make-believe a world of his own. This meant doing for his foster mother, but this wasn't his life. And now—he could be anybody in the world he wanted to be ...

At eleven, a fellow village wouldn't be dreaming of the girl he would meet later on who would help a lonely kid's dream of wealth and fame become today's reality. Or that he would be inspired by her ... the boy who determined to ... to make himself a name.

Nor, later on—even though he promised her the works—could he envision the throne in television, or captain of the basketball team, and a dreamboat on the dance floor. He was working his way through school, grading papers, and working for his father, who owned a small factory of sorority. He had no money for dates or for gifts for Lois, but he gave her his gold basketball and all his medals—and he always had "an angle" for the evening's entertainment.

"It doesn't take money, if you know how—and I know how," Art laughs now, remiscing back over their courting days. "I could nurse a Coke from nine till two—or Lois, and she'd play with me."

As the daughter of a San Diego druggist, Lois represented security and family living and stability. Art Linkletter knew her... He was warmly welcomed into her home and by the time Lois was three years behind him in school, was just as thoroughly impressed about dating a sophisticated "older college man."

Also, Art was handsome and kind. and his dancing bowled me over. We loved—and still love—to dance."

Worried her sweetness and innocence—and her sympathetic ear. He found he could really talk to her. Other co-ed just seemed to be out for a good time on a date, but, as Art has said, "Lois made me feel somebody cared beyond that evening."

This is when he was to teach school. He wanted a steady job with tenure, where he could be sure of making $50 a week for the rest of his life. However, his quick wits were spotted by the radio station KGB. After Art had his $125—after the month, they promised his wife a raise before too long, and he held off proposing until then. "I'd make up my mind I wanted to until I was making $150 a month," he recalls.

Meanwhile, he informed Lois he thought she should go away to school. She'd never meet any farther from home than Los Angeles—and she'd only been there twice. He thought she should become more experienced with life and with being away from the comfort of a country which melted fast, when Lois enrolled at the University of Arizona and began dating the captain of the football team ... which wasn't the kind of experience Art had in mind.

Fortunately, the $25 raise finally came through, and Art and Lois were married on Thanksgiving Day. As Art's radio pal, Bill, had predicted, "the whole country was proclaiming it a special holiday.

Driving up the coast that golden November evening, Art and Lois filled their car with the phone. Nothing was too good for this dewy-eyed bride of his. He was going to show her everything in this whole wide wonderful world, he again promised himself ... as they traveled toward Long Beach."

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to Hollywood with his People Are Funny show. And, two years later, when General Electric bought the show, the Linkletter returned to Hollywood to stay. Art rose to fame very fast as king of the emcees, and as the embodiment of a throng of housewives throughout the land who never miss his CBS House Party. He's a man of means, and becoming increasingly weatherier.

Nor has Lois been inactive in expanding the domestic front. Their cute, lively daughters, Sharon, 9, and Diane, 6, round out the Linkletter "basketball team." Sometimes Art has Lois on his Thanksgiving Day shows. "I'm always introduced as 'one of Hollywood's greatest producers—the mother of five little Links,'" she laughs. "I'm used to being a good stooge now!"

They've come a long way together, this Thanksgiving team. The wide-eyed small-town girl and the sports anchorman have nobody. And they've both changed...

As Art says teasingly now, "When I met Lois, she'd never been farther than Los Angeles. She didn't know anything about life. She wouldn't even go to a party at the San Diego Press Club because she'd heard it was a wicked place. For one thing, the club was located upstairs." But he stops smiling when he tells you how much he himself has changed and the part Lois has played in it. Master of words though he is, he gropes around trying to find the right ones. As though there's just too much to go into. Too much to say.

"Well—more than anything else, she's made me unshamed to be somewhat sentimental. I always covered up with everybody else before."

She's given him a home—every morning and every night. A home in which Art's adored foster mother, 87-year-old Mrs. Mary Linkletter, comes and goes at will. (She won't give up the apartment she's had for twenty years, but she comes for "two-week visits" to from time to time, and says proudly of him, "Artie is everything a mother could want").

Today he has his own family. He's enclosed by a company of lively, affectionate little—and not-so-little—Links. At 17, his son Jack is making his own name in radio with his "Saturday Night Engineers". There's a chattering circle around the breakfast table every morning, as Art chats with the children, reads the papers, checks his mail, answers the phone, and confers with his brokers about the bonds and stocks he wants to buy and sell that day. . . "All," as Lois says laughingly, "at the same time. But he enjoys it. He wants the family around him working on scripts with the kids chattering and the TV on. When it's too quiet, it bothers him."

'We have dinner together every evening at six, says Lois, "and Art tries to get home early enough to have a swim with the children before that time. Sometimes he goes for a bicycle ride with them after dinner, and they have their own tour. They bicycle in and out of Humphrey Bogart's drive-way, and up around the corner around Sammy Cahn's place, and they curve in and out at Lana Turner's home. Tourists going by on the sightseeing bus really crack their necks. I suppose they can't believe it—Art Linkletter and the children all strung out on their bikes as far as you can see.'

But, today, Thanksgiving is still a double holiday in the Linkletter household, with both red roses and cranberries on the bill of fare. They have dinner with the children in the middle of the day, with turkey and all the trimmings. But, that night, they go dancing and celebrate their anniversary. They sip champagne and they twirl as expertly as the boy and girl who were twirled in those street dances in San Diego ten years ago.

"Now we can afford the swank spots and exquisite surroundings, but you can't dance there," says Art. "In a night club, you don't put out your body's eye. This Thanksgiving, I have in mind taking Lois to the Aragon Ballroom on the pier—or to the Palladium—where they have real dancing.

He isn't sure what official significance the twentieth anniversary holds materially—whether it's china or crystal or what. "Anyway, ours will be uranium. I'm thinking of getting Lois a uranium mine."

As for those faraway places, she's been to about all of them and back again... and her husband's still showing her around. She's now the world's most traveling wife. Last year they flew completely around the world. They've been to South America, to Asia, and to Europe many times. They've swum at Waikiki—and they've visited ragged refugee barracks in Pakistan.

"We're going to the Olympic Games in Australia next summer," Art says now enthusiastically. "I've made reservations for a safari in Africa in 1957 . . ."

Meanwhile, Lois is commuting back and forth with him to New York every month for the NBC-TV spectaculars he now hosts. "I love any hot weather," Art says. As a matter of fact, it takes a lot of tall traveling just to visit their "overseas family," the war orphans they've adopted in France and Rome and Greece. Half-orphans like twelve-year-old Roland Mongard, whose father was killed in the war and of whom they say, like any fond parents, "his voice is changing—he's growing so fast."

His voice, says Alberto Di Raco, 14, who writes them such warm letters so regularly and who "has such artistic possibilities—we have so much hope for him."

And there's a beautiful little girl in Athens, Stella Tambaki, who lived in a shack in a pauper's section called "Little Kosmopolis," went around for them and did a little folk dance—there on the dirt floor—and whose whole family, tubercular grandmother and all, belong to Art Linkletter's now . . . That's Thanksgiving to me now," Art Linkletter says, slowly. "I've never stopped marvelling at the wonderful things that have happened to me. When we travel around the world, the conditions are different in other countries, and kids in other countries—countries where conditions are supposed to be good—I'm so thankful. And, when I think of my own background, the poverty and the struggle, the day, the day, the day. . . . I just can't believe it . . . ."

"We've had a fast trip in twenty years, Lois and I—in more ways than one," he goes on. "One day, when she hung onto my tail-flying through the breeze— and stayed right up behind me, all the way. . . ."

And every Thanksgiving Day they commemorate not, only the last part of the better-known Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, but that of those other two who started out in an old beat-up Dodge that inhabited oil . . . and found the end of the rainbow.

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Barbara Becker’s Road Of Life

(Continued from page 50)

forthright and—yes, so matter-of-fact—about her whole manner, in the penetrating gaze of gray eyes from a face as scrubbed and fair as a schoolgirl’s. Her long wavy hair is pulled back from her forehead and held almost primly by a barrette. She is dressed simply, has on very little make-up, is of average height (5’4”), slender, and is wearing glasses (she does except when she is on TV). No sparks seem to fly from her to those around her, no electric current seems to flow from her to the walls behind her, no sparks fill the gallery...as most certainly happens when she speaks into a microphone or walks before a television camera. Barbara likes it that way. “I do my acting in the studio, not in the street,” she says, “I think that’s as it should be. I don’t live like an actress, either. I look upon acting as the work I love, not as any special way of life. First of all I’m a person, mother to an interesting small boy, trying to make a home for him and to give him a good education, looking ahead to a future not shrouded in mystery.”

Far removed from the excitement and glamour usually associated with an actress is her routine right now, for instance. Her workday begins early on Friday, begins at nine in the morning and doesn’t end until around four in the afternoon. There is a new script to be studied every evening. Besides, she is growing dedicatedly to the management of her life as a successful professional—taught by Donald Richardson— in which she has been a student for more than seven years. (“I keep on working hard and try to make my work better all the time.”) There are a few close friends to keep up with. She allows herself one night a week to go out with a “date” (her marriage ended a few years ago). She likes staying home evenings with her son...and, after Bryden’s in bed and she is through with her work, losing herself in reading—more often than not, it will be science fiction, a book which fascinates me,” she explains, “and I read every bit of it I can find time for.”

Nothing about Barbara’s background was theatrical. The Barrettes, an average kind of family, have two married sisters who never wanted to be actresses. She got interested because the Detroit school system had begun a radio education program in which she participated during her high school years. By the time she was seventeen, Barbara was a staff announcer for Station WJLB in Detroit, taking to it as calmly as other girls take to shorthand and typing. She never had much-fright, that scourge of the novice. (“Because my good training had taken care of it.”)

Unlike the usual young actress, everything which has come her way professionally has been as easy and simple as that. Her first job was the product of a wartime shortage of male announcers at the smaller stations, and she had opportunities she might have waited years to get during any other period. She doubled as a disc jockey, engineered her own board, still holds a second-class engineering certificate—surely something few young actresses can boast of! After about six months of answering, Barbara got so many chances to act on radio that, in another six months, she began to give full time to dramatic roles. She was on the Love Boat for a year, and among many other shows.

If this all sounds almost too easy to be true, it’s because it was. There has been none of the proverbial suffering or sacrifice. Jobs just happened to Barbara, as a matter of course, after she prepared herself carefully and took the requisite auditions. And she seems better than most of the best actors for a long time, among many other shows.

With time on her side, Barbara decided it was time, however, to put one planned move to the test. “By that time,” she says, “I had done or was doing just about everything I could on a small station, and I knew it was time to take my acting along.” She wanted to get into New York radio. Friends from her hometown were there to keep her from feeling too alone, and she even found a job, plenty of them, when she got started.

There were. Within a few months, during which she was constantly seeing people and auditioning for them, work began to flow toward her. She got a regular assignment on an early evening program for children, The Sparrow And The Hawk, which many people still remember fondly. This opened the door to other jobs, to dramatic roles on many of the big nighttime radio programs and on some of the daytime dramas. When she married, her career was in full swing. And, when Bryden was born—although she took almost two years away from radio—once more, jobs were no problem.

About this time, a competitive audition was held for the part of Sibyl Fuller in The Road Of Life...and Barbara got it—to nobody’s surprise. Her deep-toned voice (not a “blonde” voice at all) with its many shadings of emotion, seemed just right for the rebellious, high-strung Sibyl, just as her rather brittle manner and quick gestures also seemed right later for Sibyl on TV.

About this woman with whom she has been associated for almost five years, Barbara says: “I find Sibyl a sympathetic character in spite of the many things she does to complicate her life and the lives of others. I have learned to know her so well and to understand her motivations. I am really very fond of her by now. As for the others on the show, the cast and the producer and director and crew, I can’t say enough about how nice they are—the best group I’ve ever worked with.”

Bryden sometimes used to watch her mother’s show on television, when the story line wasn’t too adult for a small boy. Sibyl Becker was so struck with the fact that he never talked much about how she looked...only about the way she worked. (“He thinks I’m a good actress—and of course I love that.”)

But Barbara believes she has a fine relationship, Barbara sticks to the “I’m the adult and you’re the child” rule by which she herself was brought up. “We’re not at home very much,” the mother describes as ‘pals,’ although we are great friends. Bryden knows I make the decisions, because I’m the grownup and know what it’s all about, and because there are times when a little boy must accept a grownup’s authority. He’s a real boy, however, and we have a lot of fun together. I believe that Speck really enjoys what his mother do with their children. I try to be at home most of the time when he is, and I have competent help when I am not there.”

“Bryden is an artistic little boy who likes to go to art museums, and I try to take him as often as possible. He has talent for music, too. When he learned to play the violin, I bought him a violin, and he likes to practice on it. Summers, we have a cottage up in Connecticut for weekends and, during the hottest months, he goes to a day camp connected with his school. His biggest interests at the moment...besides baseball and Davy Crockett!”

Mother and son live in a small New York apartment not too far from the CBS studios. The feature that makes the apartment seem most like a real home is the big outdoor terrace, almost as big as the whole indoor space they occupy. It is their summer retreat. Barbara, and her husband, encouraged them to become gardeners. They even grow a few vegetables in deep boxes, and there are flowers and shrubs. The furniture is English, Victorian, and black—black furniture, enlivened by some pink painted pieces, such as their table, and white rugs. Pink is Barbara’s favorite color.

When you ask her about her philosophy of life, or her goals, she laughs, “My philosophy of life? Well, some days I feel that just to get through it is philosophy enough. To be able to say, ‘Well, I really made it!’ Seriously, however, I believe I have a philosophy of sorts, and a goal—at least I have an idea now of what I want to do with my life. I’m young and I hope to marry again. I would like that for Bryden’s sake, too.

“I want always to go on with my work, to be a Sibyl Fuller. I want to add some night-time dramatic television shows to my list. I long to be in a play someday—a hit show on Broadway, naturally! And a motion picture—a hit motion picture! And, finally, really saying is that I would like to be a versatile and well-rounded actress, and a happy and fulfilled woman.

If I were starting again, at seventeen, would she still choose the same career? “I would still want to be an actress. But still an actress who does all her acting in the studio, or on a stage...leaving me a simple, everyday sort of person in my private life.”

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By Jill Warren

Taking its name from the century we live in, Project 20, NBC's ambitious TV entry this season, premieres on the network Thursday night, November 13, with "Nightmare in Red." This will be a one-hour film show, produced by Henry Salomon, who did Victory At Sea last year, with a special musical background composed by Robert Russell Bennett. "Nightmare in Red" will be a documented history of Russia from the Russian Revolution to present times, using film clips and captured films (from Europe) of Lenin, Stalin, and others, most of which have never been seen before. Project 20 will be seen on various Thursday nights, with the date of the next show, scheduled to be "The Jazz Age," starring Fred Allen, still to be announced.

CBS-TV also has a new documentary series called "Wanted," which is seen on Thursday nights. On this half-hour, the "actors" are actually real criminals and real officers of the law. There are also factual picturizations of crime and the never-ending hunt for the nation's most wanted fugitives from justice. True to its title, "Wanted" will deal only with criminals still at large.

NBC Opera Theater is set to be a regular once-a-month Sunday-afternoon TV production, alternating with Maurice Evans Presents The Hallmark Hall Of Fame and Wide, Wide World. Opera Theater, with "Griffelkin" as its first presentation, will present a two-hour performance of "Madame Butterfly" on December 4, with Mozart's "The Magic Flute" scheduled for January. Hallmark Hall Of Fame show for November 20 will be "The Devil's Disciple," by George Bernard Shaw. Co-starred will be Maurice Evans and Dennis King, recreating their original roles from the Broadway production.

ABC-TV has lined up a most impressive list of movies to be shown this season on their new Famous Film Festival, seen Sunday nights, with Allyn Edwards as host. The dates will be announced later, but you may look forward to such fine movies as "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Notorious Gentleman," "Stairway to Heaven," "Tight Little Island," "The Woman in Question," "The Man in Grey," "Madonna of the Seven Moons," and "The Mikado." If you missed any of these when they were originally released, now is your chance to see them in your living room.

In the spectacular department, you can see Max Liebman's production of "Dearest Enemy," on NBC-TV, Saturday night, November 26. It will star Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling, and the music and lyrics are by Richard Rodgers and the late Larry Hart.

Sunday night, December 4, will find Maurice Chevalier starring in a musical-variety revue, as one of NBC-TV's spectacles this season. This will be Chevalier's first live television appearance in this country, though he has been a video...
COAST TO COAST

favorite in France for some time.

Jack Benny has emceed and pro-
duced a special half-hour television film for the National Society for Retarded Children, and it will be seen throughout the country during National Retarded Children's Week, November 13 to 23. Benny, as honorary chairman of this fine organi-
zation, assembled an all-star cast for the show, all of whom freely donated their talents. Irene Dunne, Bob Crosby and his daughter Cathy, Marge and Gower Champion, The Modernaires, Art Linkletter, Liberase and brother George, and Don Wilson appear in the film. All pro-
duction facilities for the show were lent by CBS-TV. Incidentally, this program will not be broadcast on a network hook-up, but will be seen on local stations throughout the country.

There's a new TV show for the youngsters, Saturday mornings on NBC. It's called Fury, and is an adventure series about a wild sta-
lion and a city waif, starring eleven-
year-old Bobby Diamond and Gypsy, a prize-winning movie horse. The story has been adapted from the classic children's story, "Black Beauty."

With the many new shows and spectacles to dazzle viewers' eyes, the sturdy favorite, Studio One, goes into its eighth year of present-
ing hour-long original dramas and adaptations of famed plays and novels. Felix Jackson, who starts his third season as producer, promises more good things to come.

This 'n' That:

The year's most talked-about wedding finally took place on September 26 as Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds were married. The wedding was held at the upstate New York home of Mrs. Elaine Grossinger Etess, daughter of Mrs. Jennie Grossinger, owner of the famous Grossinger's Catskill Moun-
tains resort, where Eddie launched his career six years ago.

Singer Merv Griffin has joined the cast of Robert Q. Lewis' daily CBS-
TV show, and The Chordettes have departed, though they're still heard on Robert Q.'s radio show. The cast change came about because the producers wanted to revamp the program a bit.

Ronny Burns, the twenty-year-old son of George Burns and Gracie Allen, has now become a permanent cast member of his parents' comedy TV show. Ronny made his televi-
sion debut with Jack Benny on the Shower Of Stars presentation of "Time Out for Ginger."

Dennis Day and his wife are ex-
pecting an addition to their family in January, which will make it number five for the Days. Also on the stork's future list is Roxanne, Bud Collyer's beautiful assistant on Beat The Clock. While she's away from the TV cameras, Roxanne will be replaced by Beverly Bentley.

Eric Sevareid, CBS' news analyst and Washington correspondent, has established a scholarship of $1000 (Continued on page 16)
A GLIB-TONGUED, fast-thinking, pixilated young man joined Bridgeport's Station WICC last June and has since been signing on the air at 6:05 A.M., Monday through Saturday, with The Bob Crane Show. Four hours and ten minutes later—after a program of chatter and music, punctuated by exchanges with the raucous critics and cynics that Bob has assembled on tapes, records and transcriptions—he signs off. But, after some five months of helping Bridgeport listeners face the dawn's early light bravely, Bob still hates to get up in the morning. . . . However, as Bob breakfasts and simultaneously paces over three turntables and two tape machines, life begins to look better. After all, the program does give Bob a chance to beat out an occasional passage on his bongo drums ("great") or give out with some baritone singing ("mediocre"). "I'm really a ham at heart," Bob grins, "and live and breathe my four-hour show throughout the twenty-four." He's constantly looking for new voices and gimmicks to spring on his listeners—who, incidentally, comprise 75% of the area's radio audience. . . . Morning man Crane hails from Waterbury, Connecticut, saw his first dawn on Friday, July 13, 1928, and says, "Friday the 13th is significant in this case," adding that "I began talking to myself at once, though no one could understand me. This is a failing that was to stay with me." . . . Bob went to school in Stamford, was always interested in acting but was too busy playing the drums during and after school hours. He began playing professionally at fourteen, and has played with the Bobby Dukoff, Billy Butterfield, Tony Parenti, Eddie Safranski and Larry Fotine bands and with the Connecticut Symphony. He currently plays at such spots as The Westnor in Westport, the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle and Armonk's Log Cabin. . . . Several years ago, after being on the road with bands, Bob decided he didn't like the idea of traveling. He started to knock at the doors of stations throughout the East, was told: "No, not the type for radio." Finally, in 1959, he landed a job doing farm reports and news at WLEA in Hornell, New York. A week later, heads rolled at the station and, with the mass firings, Bob wound up as the station emcee, deejay and assistant program director. Next he moved to WBIS in Bristol where he did a morning show. One day, a guest failed to show up and Bob started using gimmicks and sound effects. "After all the years of talking to myself," he says, "I found that it was better to talk back to records." Having developed his format, Bob did a stint at WLIZ, then joined WICC. . . . Aside from gimmicks, Bob's record preferences are for "good swinging jazz," Stan Kenton, Bobby Dukoff and, in the vocal department, Ella Fitzgerald, Bob Manning, Anita Boyer and Frank Sinatra. He plays current pops, light jazz and old standards on the show. . . . In his spare time, Bob collects records, listens to the competition and plays the drums. He's in great demand as an emcee, beauty-contest judge and speaker. In fact, Bob Crane is simply in great demand throughout Connecticut.
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1. Nothing to buy — no box tops to send in, just 'dream up' as many suggestions as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform dealer. Each entry must also be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because...".

2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, sexiness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor, and all rights are given by the contestant without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.

3. Any person residing in the United States, its possessions and Canada, may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.

4. Send all entries to: Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 57A, Mt. Vernon, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than November 30th, 1955 to be eligible.

5. All winners will be notified by mail within four weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self addressed, stamped envelope.

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STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

H1. THERE, and welcome to the meeting.

The subject is music, as usual, and I've got a nice bundle of new recordings to tell you about.

Let's start off with a new Les Paul—Mary Ford etching of something called "Amu-kiriki," which should be a hit for this popular husband and wife team. It's a smooth ballad done up in the dreamy style of their "Vaya Con Dios," with a multi-vocal by Mary, of course. The title is taken from the current travel film of the same name. The other side of the record is a Les Paul original, "Magic Melody," with Mary humming the melody. It has a curious ending, to the tune of "Shave and a Hair Cut, Two Bits," but the "two bits" part is missing. So, as a gimmick, Capitol has recorded the shortest record in history—just a "bum-bum" in place of the "two bits"—which disc jockeys will be playing separately. What will these companies be thinking of next?

Ella Fitzgerald, one of my favorite vocal ladies, has a terrific new album called "Sweet and Hot," in which she does all old tunes, ranging from the softest ballad to the torrid swing stuff, as only Ella can do it. "Thanks for the Memory," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "Old Devil Moon" and a two-part version of "You'll Have To Swing It (Mr. Paganini)" are just a few. Roy Orbison, John Scott Trotter and Benny Carter share the orchestra credits. (Decca)

Cha-chas can come and go, but Xavier Cugat, and his rhumba stuff go on and on. Cugie's newest is a love song, done in the swing-hay tempo, natch, called "Who Me?", with his better half, Abbe Lane, singing the lyrics. On the reverse, the Cugat crew do another rhumba, "At Last We're Alone," with a vocal chorus. (Epic)

"Bing in the 1930's" is a nostalgia-filled album that anyone who collects Crosby will just have to have. These are all original recordings of some of the great tunes Bing made popular twenty or so years ago, such as "I Found a Million Dollar Baby," "Faded Summer Love," "Just One More Chance," "Good Night, Sweetheart," and others. (Coralee)

The Chordettes have a new one, "The Wedding," to which they gave their ballad-style interpretation. On the backing, in between, the same gal says "I Don't Know, I Don't Care," which once was an Italian song, "Souvenir D'Italie," before it was given an American title and lyrics. Archie Bleyer's orchestra on both. (Columbia)

Columbia is issuing a new album by Dave Brubeck, "Jazz—Red, Hot and Cool," and the name fits the music, to say the least. The whole set was recorded at New York's famous Basin Street Club, during one of the recent appearances of this hot quartet. Brubeck, who is considered one of America's young jazz pianists, comes through with some great keyboard work.

This seems to be the year for song hits via television, and the newest entry in this category is "The White Buffalo," which James Brown introduced on "Man From UNCLE" a couple of weeks ago, and which he has recorded for M-G-M. The backing is a new Western-flavored ballad, "It's Lonesome Out Tonight." (Columbia)

Bill Hayes has also waxed "The White Buffalo," coupled with a new novelty, "Kwela Kwela," which is a South African melody. Archie Bleyer's orchestra provides the music, with Archie playing a rhythm instrument called the "pogo cello," which he rigged up out of a pogo stick and strings, especially for this recording. (Columbia)

Joni James has a new album, "When I Fall In Love," in which she sings twelve songs all strictly about—one guessed it, love. David Perry's orchestra plays romantic music for Missy James as she croons "To Each His Own," "Love Letters," "As Time Goes By," "Where Can I Go Without You," and others. (M-G-M)

Herb Shriner formed his own harmonica orchestra, landed a Columbia recording contract, and steps forth with his first release, "Rumbler Tumble Weeds" and "It's the Talk of the Town." The Hoosier humorist and his lads do a good job on both, with Shriner crossing on a couple of solo passages.

"Harry James in Hi-Fi" is a new Capitol album, starring James and his Music Makers. They do old James favorites such as "You Made Me Love You," "I've Heard That Song Before," "I'm Beginning To See The Light," "I Cried For You," their theme, "Ciribiribin," and others. There are fine vocals by Helen Forrest, who was James' singer about ten years ago, and Harry plays some wonderful trumpet solos, as only he can.

M-G-M has signed two new vocalists, and both bid to do well for themselves. The first is the young English baritone, Johnny Brandon, who is well-known abroad. For his initial American release, he gives the British crooner touch to "Don't Worry Baby" and "Sing Me Something Soft and Sentimental," both ballads. Norman Warren conducts the orchestra. The second is a young lad named Marvin Rainwater, a folk singer and composer, who M-G-M hopes will be the successor to the late Hank Williams. For his first record under his new contract, Rainwater sings two of his own compositions, "Sticks and Stones," a philosophical ballad, and "Albino (Pink-Eyed) Stallion," a rousing ditty about a wild horse in the Wild West. Incidentally, Rainwater is one of the stars of the Ozark Jubilee show, now seen nationwide on ABC-TV.

Alfredo Antonini and his orchestra have a beautiful new instrumental record in "Why Reach for the Moon?" and the theme from the movie "The New Moon." The other side is "Incidental Moon," the latter was used as the background melody for the "Three Empty Rooms" TV production on Studio One a few weeks ago. Both sides are also included in the forthcoming "Atmosphere by Antonini" album. (Coral)

Lillian Briggs, the "I Want You To Be My Baby" girl, may have another hit with her new one, "Give Me A Band and My Baby." The twenty-two-year-old newcomer from Allentown, Pennsylvania, belts out the lyrics for all they're worth. The coupling is a ballad, "It Could've Been Me." (Epic)

You'll be seeing Lillian on TV this season when she appears on "Stage Show" from time to time.

"Walt Disney Song Showcase" is a new Victor album which should appeal to adults as well as the kids. Included are twelve well-known songs from various Disney productions of the past, such as "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Whistle While You Work," "Never Smile at a Crocodile," and the lovely "Bella Notte." Joe Reisman did the beautiful arrangements, and conducts the orchestra and chorus. Victor has done up a specially designed cover for this album—it stands up in the form of a castle, with pictures of many of the charming and well-known Disney characters.

Jill Corey's latest is aimed straight at the teen-age population, and it should bring in the jukebox shekels. Jill does a cute novelty, "Ching Ching A-Ling," along with "Look! Look!" a musical tale about a girl and boy out on a date. (Columbia)

And look, look—my space is up. But I'll be meeting you back here next month with a special roundup of Christmas records to give and to get.
NOW YOU CAN AFFORD TO TRY
24 WORLD FAMOUS PERFUMES
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Find the perfect perfume for you! You get all 24 precious fragrances listed below. You'll find delicate, deceptively innocent scents... daring, exotic scents... fragrant florals... haunting perfumes that make you feel fabulously glamorous! You get 24 of these perfume "Nips" (shown actual size). Each contains enough perfume for one generous application. Every drop usable... there's no spilling or evaporating with Nips! Packed in slender, golden-bright tubes—perfect to carry in your purse.

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Please send me—Camay Perfume Sampler packets. I am enclosing 50¢ and 3 Camay Soap wrappers for each packet.

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Please allow at least 21 days for your perfume to reach you as it takes that long to handle your order properly. Offer good only in continental U.S., including Alaska and Hawaii. Please be sure to put sufficient postage on your envelope. Offer expires April 10, 1956.
Rhythm in Red!

Rhythm-in-Red! A high-key red that fairly sings... in wonderful harmony with the blues, the crimsons, the hunter greens of new Fall fashions. Rhythm-in-Red has just the right note of blue to give it a deep, exciting brilliance! And, because it's a Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick, Rhythm-in-Red stays crimson-bright on your lips, stays off everyone else!

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a crimson-red (Rhythm-in-Red), a true-red (Lookout Red) and a golden-red (Tropic Sun). All three cost less than $2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet."

says Candy Jones

Director Conover School, New York, N.Y.

Cashmere bouquet

Indelible-Type Lipstick
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

Ask your questions—

New Face

Everybody's always talking about "new faces." Well, how about Liam Sullivan, who's been appearing on many of the TV drama shows? Can you tell us about him?

E. M., New York, N. Y.

Liam Sullivan, who has appeared on most of the top TV dramatic shows—nearly as Romeo on Kraft Theater and the coachman on Life With Father—has brought a record flood of mail to this department. Liam first opened his gray eyes in Jacksonville, Illinois, on May 18, 1927. The only member of his family to pursue an acting career, Liam spent a great deal of his childhood among carnival people—his father owns and operates the only Ferris-wheel factory in the world. But Liam originally set his sights on a career in economics. He attended Jacksonville High, Culver Military Academy and Harvard, where he won an honor degree and first became interested in acting. After a year as a cost accountant for a steel firm, Liam took off for the Hedgerow Theater in Moylan, Pennsylvania, served as lighting technician, carpenter, box-office manager. Finally, since six-footer Sullivan was the only member of the company who fit the costume on hand for Feste in "Twelfth Night," he played his first part, followed it with a series of Shaw and Chekhov roles, then a summer stock stint in Saratoga, New York... Next, he toured with Margaret Webster's Shakespeare Company, did some television acting, and then appeared on Broadway with Katharine Cornell in "The Constant Wife," with Joseph Schildkraut in "Love's Labour's Lost," and with Luther Adler in "The Merchant of Venice."... Liam's TV appearances include Kraft, Philco, Circle, Hallmark, and Lux Theaters, as well as Cavalcade Of America, Studio 57, My Little Margie, The Millionaire and Mr. District Attorney. Now settled in California "for good," Liam has shipped his collection of some 5,000 pop and classical records West and is designing and constructing built-in furniture for his modern Hollywood apartment. In his spare time, he rides, fences and sails. He's definitely "eligible."

Stella's Son-In-Law

I would like to know something about Bert Cowlan, who plays Dick Grosvenor in Stella Dallas on NBC.

L. G. L., Bethel, O.

With sixteen years of top radio roles behind him, Bert Cowlan still laughs at the back-handed way he turned actor. Bert was a student at New York City's Stuyvesant High School and the bane of his ex-
The Murial J. teacher-led Married charm on this in Michael White network the training Trudi, and shop, models.

Footlight Femme

I'd like to know something about Murial Williams, who plays Lydia Harrick in The Brighter Day, on CBS Radio and CBS-TV.

J. B., Columbus, Ga.

Blonde Murial Williams comes to the airwaves after an impressive stage career in thirty-five Broadway plays. She also holds the record for the number of roles ever played by one actress at the famed Cape Playhouse at Dennis, Massachusetts. But Brighter Day is not her first invasion of radio and TV. Murial worked in Boston radio with Ted Steele, was femecee on a Newark, New Jersey, TV review, has appeared on such programs as Studio One and Philco Theater, announced the Bishop Sheen program, and starred in the TV film "Winter Holiday" for the Swiss National Tourist Office. Murial's New England childhood was typical, except for the emphasis on ballet and music lessons. She decided on a stage career after attending a Virginia finishing school. Then she enrolled at Boston's Leland Powers Dramatic School. Murial met her husband, Francis Hart, while at the Cape Playhouse and, returning to Boston, the Harts organized and operated a model and production agency. They also ran a charm school, wrote, organized, directed and produced fashion and dramatic shows for stage, radio and TV. When her husband died in 1950, Murial resumed her acting career, but still remains a vice-president of Hart Agency. She lives in a Greenwich Village apartment, guarded by a huge French poodle. Her chief non-career interest is the Foster Parents Plan for War Children.

It's A Bird...

Would you give me some information about George Reeves, who plays Superman on TV? J. H., No. Bennington, Vt.

Ever since George Reeves has been playing Superman on TV, he finds that whenever a cat is caught up a tree, or some other calamity has befallen neighborhood youngsters, he is called on for help. Six-feet-two, 195 pounds, George is a student of the art of judo, starred in football and won the light-heavyweight boxing title at Pasadena Junior College. Born in Ashland, Kentucky, he cut his acting teeth on Shaw and Shakespeare at the famed Pasadena Community Playhouse at 17. His first film assignment was in "Done With the Wind" and it led to roles opposite Rita Hayworth, Joan Caulfield, Claudette Colbert, Merle Oberon and Ann Sheridan. He also played Hopalong Cassidy's sidekick. But his longest contract was with the Army. He was a member of the star-studded "Winged Victory" troupe, and was later featured on Broadway in "Yellow Jack." After his discharge, he played in many of the world capitals, then returned to New York for a variety of roles in daytime serials and many of the leading TV dramas. His next stop was Hollywood again, to "kill" Marlene Dietrich in "Rancho Notorious," then to appear in "From Here to Eternity." On the personal side, George shares his bachelor's quarters with Sam, a frisky terrier. He has a keen interest in languages, particularly Spanish, enjoys singing to his own guitar accompaniment.

(Continued on page 18)
Charming Louise Morgan, Boston's first lady of TV and radio, has a wonderful time delighting others.

Louise Morgan—Boston's first lady of TV and leading lady of radio—got into television via radio, and into radio via a joke... At lunch one bright day in 1942, with a friend who worked for Station WNAC, Louise was asked what she was doing in town. She laughed, then quipped, "I'm looking for a job at WNAC."... A few hours later, still laughing, Louise was at work as a producer. She handled this and subsequent chores before and behind the mike so competently that The Louise Morgan Show, heard weekdays on WNAC Radio at 9:40 A.M., resulted. And, with this feather in her cap, Louise found a mate for it as star of Dear Homemaker, seen daily on WNAC-TV at 1 P.M. This was the first live show on WNAC-TV, the first daytime show in Boston TV and the first TV program designed for Boston homemakers and—with its new "Crusader Rabbit" cartoon feature—Bean Town youngsters as well.... Along the route, Louise became Director of Special Events for the Yankee Network, still holds the post of Director of Women's Programs for WNAC Radio—and became famous for losing 250 WACS in the subway one afternoon. The WACS, lost as Louise was shepherding them to a broadcast, turned up just in time to go on the air... Going still further back in Louise's history, she was born in Salem, gave a good account of herself at Lasell Junior College in Auburndale and the Leland Powers School of the Theater and Radio in Boston. Then, however, she had educating, not emoting, on her mind and became a student's dream of a teacher in Virginia, Washington, D. C., then at her alma mater, Leland Powers.... Still amazed at the result of her joke, Louise says, "It's a new thrill every time to meet these friends who invite me into their living rooms so often." Louise's own living room in her Back Bay home is done in green, in a mixture of modern and oriental styles. To relax, Louise does oil paintings of bridges, listens to records, plays golf and rides.... Celebrating Louise's seventh year on Channel 7, the Louise Morgan Trophy Race at Bay State Raceway was named for her. And the entire 90-piece Boston Pops Orchestra serenaded her with her theme song, "I Love Louisa," then played "Louise" for an encore. Joining in on the chorus were countless WNAC Radio and WNAC-TV friends.
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Easier-Faster

**CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT**

SET IT!

Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!

Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks . . .

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

$1.50 plus tax
Pets and personalities provide the cue for fun on Andy Devine's delightful children's show.

Squeekie the Mouse, in top hat and tails, is one of the "feature performers" on Andy's cute show.

Nino Marcel, who plays the elephant boy Gunga Ram, stops by for a chat with Froggy and Andy.

"Guests" on Andy's show are live, such as the donkey, and inanimate, such as Froggy the Gremlin, and Andy loves 'em all.

ANDY'S GANG

Back in the twilight days of silent movies, young Andy Devine made his debut as a romantic star. Then came talking movies, which seemed to sound the death-knell for him. After all, the sweet nothings to be whispered in a young lady's ear could hardly sound romantic coming from gravel-voiced Andy! Fortunately, however, all was not lost, and Andy was then cast in comedy roles. Today, not even Andy knows how many movies he's made—"several hundred," he estimates. During this time, Andy also carved his niche in radio, appearing with all the "greats" such as Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen. And, since 1951, television has been Andy's cup of tea as he has co-starred in the Wild Bill Hickok series and, since last August, headed his own popular show, Andy's Gang. Each week, Andy steps before the TV cameras to present a delightful array of pets, personalities and stories, interspersed with songs and comedy, for children of all ages. Andy cavorts with members of his Buster Brown Gang, such as Squeekie the Mouse, Midnight the Cat, and Froggy the Gremlin; chats with characters such as Uncle Fishface, Mrs. Peak N. Pry and Monsieur Bon Bon; then narrates an adventure film which may feature Gunga Ram in India or an exciting episode in the South Sea Islands. Playing the part of Gunga Ram is 15-year-old Nino Marcel, who has been in show business since he was a tot. Born in Chicago, Nino now lives in California and attends Montebello High School. One of the most frequent questions his fans ask him is, "Do you really wrestle with tigers?" "Yes," replies Nino—and he has scratches to prove it. Other shining lights on Andy's Gang include June Foray, who provides many of the sounds and voices for Andy's stories; comical Billy Gilbert, who plays himself; Ken Christy, the voice of Froggy; and midget Jerry Maren, who is Buster Brown. All in all, Andy's Gang is a sparkling combination of talent, tunes and tales tied into one big, happy package and sent to viewers everywhere, courtesy of the beloved and masterful Andy Devine.
Nylon and living elastic! You'll love the feel of it... the fit of it... the way it adjusts to your every movement. And its shape is forever... no matter how often laundered. Now in black *guaranteed not to run*... or in wonderfully washable white! All sizes and in-between sizes: 32A to 40C, $3.95. D-Cup (white only), $4.95. In the blue package at your favorite store. See the High Style Bra, too, in white "party pretty" cotton, $2.95.

NOW! Bewitching Black for Dark Fashions
Heavenly comfort in a bra designed for living.
No other bra has these fabulous fitting features.

*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low... divides divinely.*
*Exclusive bias-cut elastic side panels breathe with you, move with you.*
Elastic back sets lower... won't ride up.

There's a Playtex Girdle too... for every figure.

Light-Weight for wonderful control... $4.95
High Style for more control... $5.95
Magic-Controller for most control... $7.95
for graduate study in television-radio journalism at the University of Minnesota's School of Journalism. Sevaréid, an alumnus of Minnesota, received the Alfred I. du Pont Award for distinguished news commentary a few months ago.

Philip Loeb, the well-known actor, passed away some weeks ago in New York, at the age of sixty-one. Loeb, in addition to his many stage and radio appearances, won wide acclaim for his portrayal of Jake "Papa" Goldberg, in the video version of The Goldbergs.

Johnny Desmond has landed the leading role in the forthcoming Broadway musical comedy, "The Amazing Adele," and also looks set, finally, for the movie on the life of the late Russ Columbo, "Prisoner of Love."

 Liberace, who found gold in "them there" piano keys, is starting a nation-wide group of music schools. He says he hopes to offer, through specially trained instructors, the best of regular piano teaching, blended with a bit of showmanship so that students can learn to entertain others if they wish. Well, he should be just the lad who knows the secret formula.

Songstress Lu Ann Simms, from Arthur Godfrey's shows, and her husband, Loring Buzzell, have welcomed their first baby, a girl whom they've named Cynthia Lee. She tipped the scales at seven pounds, seven ounces. No date has been set, at this writing, for Lu Ann's return to the Godfrey gang.

Margot Fonteyn, prima ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, has been tabbed by NBC-TV for their big production of "The Sleeping Beauty," to be presented in December.

Howdy Doody graduates are doing all right for themselves these days. Judy Tyler, who was the Indian Princess on the show for so long, has been given one of the leads in the new Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway musical comedy, "Pipe Dream." And Bob Keshan, who played the clown, Clarabell, on Howdy from 1947 to 1952, is now the star of his own kiddie series on CBS-TV, Captain Kangaroo. Sandy Stewart, the eighteen-year-old vocalist on The Galen Drake Show, will become a bride next month in Philadelphia, her home town. Sandy is marrying Saul Kane, a construction engineer, but plans to continue with her very promising singing career. The wedding is set for December 11.

Rin Tin Tin is going international. Radio Televisione Italiana and Radio Diffusion Francaise have each purchased telefilms from the popular adventure series, to be seen in Italy and France, respectively. The actors' voices will be dubbed in, with different sound tracks, in Italian and French, but this won't be necessary for Rin Tin Tin, who can bark in three languages, of course.

Emcee Hal March, still "batching it," may pop The $64,000 Question.

Mulling The Mail:

To all those who wrote asking about the cast on Search For Tomorrow: Mary Stuart, who plays Joanne on the program, was only off the show during the time she was welcoming a new baby in real life. And, when she returned, there was a cast change. Terry O'Sullivan, who used to play Arthur Tate, left to join Valiant Lady, in a featured role. Karl Weber took over the part of Arthur. Hope this straightens everyone out.

Farley Granger Fans, St. Louis, Mo.: Farley doesn't appear on any regular television show, but he will be the star on the U. S. Steel Hour production of "Incident in an Alley" on Wednesday night, November 23. Mrs. J. C. Cleveland, O.: Orson Welles and CBS didn't get together at the last minute on Welles' proposed contract, so it looks like he won't be seen this season on American TV. He is still in Europe. Miss H. V., Louisville, Ky.: Joan Caulfield gave up her co-starring role on My Favorite Husband and was replaced by Vanessa Brown. Joan and Barry Nelson, her leading man, didn't see eye to eye and Joan also wanted to be free to do a movie this fall. Miss K. R., New Haven, Conn.: Pat Boone, the singer you heard on Arthur Godfrey's show, is twenty-one years old, and a divinity student at Denton, Texas. He became known through his sudden record hit, "Ain't That a Shame!" Mrs. S.T.J., Savannah, Ga.: Sammy Davis, Jr. is set to star in the New York stage production of "Mr. Wonderful," which is being specially written for him. "The Bill Robinson Story" you refer to is the life story

(Continued on page 24)
Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

1. Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary
   casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll
   see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and
   make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

2. Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage
   with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-
   clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging
   dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild

CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET
SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE
CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER,
WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can
give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time
you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your
skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden,
clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with
Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and
night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember...
only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without
leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why
Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive
Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
New Patterns for You

4554—Half Sizers: Sew this pretty step-in style, designed to whittle the inches away. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4½ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

4898—The more you wear this two-piecer the more you’ll love it. Accent is on the nipped-in waist. Misses’ Sizes 10-20. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 45-inch fabric; ¾ yard 35-inch contrast. 35¢

4804—Wear this versatile cover-up as a smart sports jerkin or a cotton cover-up for chores on time. “Pansy” pocket—cute trim. Misses’ Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 1½ yards 35-in; ¾ yard contrast. Transfer. 35¢

Information Booth
(Continued from page 11)

Daddy’s Girl

I would like some information on Sherry Jackson, who plays daughter Terry in The Danny Thomas Show on ABC-TV. Where can I write for a picture of her?

C.K., Sioux City, Iowa

Sherry Jackson, her two brothers and her parents arrived in Hollywood in 1943, where her father went to work as a carpenter, and her mother went to work trying to get her children into the movies. Mrs. Jackson had been an actress in Kansas City and had been coaching Sharon— or Sherry—and her brothers since they could talk. . . Eventually, all three emoted before the movie cameras, but Sherry made her first impression on the driver of a sightseeing bus, an ex-actor who noticed her and her mother at a drive-in. He gave Mrs. Jackson an agent’s address and Sherry was given a screen test. The test flopped, thanks to a case of chicken pox. But, after her recovery, Sherry won a role in “You’re My Everything.” . . At 13, Sherry has more than thirty pictures to her credit, including “The Breaking Point,” “The Great Caruso,” “Trouble Along the Way,” and “Miracle of Fatima.” She’s also a television veteran and, aside from her continuing role as Danny Thomas’ daughter, she has appeared on such shows as Fireside Theater, Private Secretary, Lux Video Theater, Toast Of The Town, and the Gene Autry, Roy Rogers and Range Rider shows. . . Aside from her regular schooling, Sherry takes music, singing and dancing lessons. Her dancing teacher thinks she has the makings of a prima ballerina. Sherry likes the idea, but keeps up with her tap routines as well. . . You can write to Sherry Jackson, c/o The Danny Thomas Show, ABC-TV, Television Center, Hollywood, Calif.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address below—and not to TV Radio Mirror.

Patti Page Fan Club, c/o Barbara L. Weinberg, 42 Fabian St., Dorchester, Mass.


Charlie Applewhite Fan Club, c/o Sue Maloney, 109 Moschel St., East Peoria, Ill.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio 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.
New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle ...can't dry hair!

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! For the instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action, it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!

What manageability! What a joy to set! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place... luscious deep waves... softer, lovelier than you ever hoped they'd be!

You'll enjoy the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful feeling, luxurious lather that feels twice as rich, and is twice as rich. Busy lather that actually polishes your hair—brilliantly. A sensational new Helene Curtis beauty discovery!

When your hair sparkles, you do! Make your hair your loveliest feature... soft as summer clouds and shimmering like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle—Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Sounds wonderful? It is! Try it and you'll agree. 29¢, 59¢ and $1, everywhere!
Personable Herb Sheldon has himself a wonderful time as he delights youngsters and grownups on his WRCA-TV shows, because he's

The familiar song, “All day long I dream of you, morning, noon and night-time, too,” is not the theme song of popular Herb Sheldon's three WRCA-TV shows in New York—but it should be, for that’s just the way Herb feels about his audience. And the feeling is mutual.

Each weekday morning at 9, Herb presents something for the whole family on The Herb Sheldon Show With Josephine McCarthy. For the youngsters, there are cartoons, music and chats with Egbert the bookworm and Ummly the steam shovel. Treats for the grownups include Josie McCarthy's cooking hints and interviews with outstanding guests.

On Saturdays, Herb gears his 7-to-9 A.M. show for youngtimers and, in addition to entertaining them, advises them on good living habits.

The most unusual of Herb's three shows is his daily 1 P.M. offering, One Is For Sheldon, Telecast from a rooftop in Manhattan, the program features special events, such as parades, antique auto displays, plus other oddities which cannot be shown from a regular studio. And, as with the mailman, no kind of inclement weather keeps Herb from his appointed rounds.

Herb's tremendous popularity, especially with children, has been "a puzzle-ment" to his many would-be imitators. But to Herb the answer is simple—and natural. "Children don't like to be kidded too much," says the man who knows, "and most of them resent the 'itchy-kitchy, boyzie-girlie' approach. In order to make children believe and trust in you," Herb continues, "you must be absolutely sincere with them. They judge whether or not they like you just by looking at you. Not that you have to be handsome... but there's a certain intuitiveness about them, and you just can't fool them. Next, it's your personality that wins their approval. You shouldn't try to force them. Instead, get them interested so they will want to do it."

Because Herb's formula works so well with other people's children, many folks wonder if it holds true with his own children—Lynda, 15, Amy, 9, Randy, 7, and Guy, 2. Herb greets that query with his familiar twinkling smile. Although his youngsters take Herb's TV fame pretty much for granted now—"Trouble is, they're used to me"—they know who's boss. Herb jokes about his lovely wife, Rosa—whom he calls Toots—making the children obey her. "She doesn't have to say, 'Wait till your father gets home.'" Herb grins. "She just points to the TV set and says, 'Now listen to what your father is saying.'"

The Shelldons live in a beautiful, split-level home on Long Island, where they have plenty of room to move around. Herb is a firm believer in families acting...
Comes Naturally

Herb started a fad for what he calls "Ricky-Ticky" when he introduced the old-time player piano on his shows.

as a group. An example of this occurred last summer when Herb bought a 39-foot cabin cruiser. Now, whenever time and weather permit, the whole Sheldon clan can be found "at sea."

Off-camera, Herb also devotes a good deal of his time to personal appearances. These, too, he finds rewarding, because everywhere he goes, grownups stop to tell him how much they and their children enjoy his shows. "You discover how many people have children that you never knew about before," he enthuses, "and it's wonderful."

The success Herb enjoys today is a far cry from his teen-age days when the Brooklyn-born lad wavered between a show-business career and granting his father's wish that he be a businessman. Finally, in the late Thirties, Herb settled on show business. On radio, he was a disc jockey, announcer, program and production manager, director and producer. Then, in 1948, he was given his own show at NBC, where he has been ever since.

As for his future, Herb has only one hope—that WRCA-TV doesn't institute an all-night show. Because, if they do, they'll undoubtedly make room for another Herb Sheldon show—probably around 4 A.M. But, knowing Herb and how he loves to entertain, he wouldn't refuse. He would have to do what comes naturally to him—that which his viewers of all ages have always enjoyed, and welcomed—any time of day or night.

Whether at home or "at sea"—aboard his cabin cruiser Festival—Herb is definitely a family man. Above, he and his wife "Toots" are happily surrounded by Lynda and Guy and, in front, Randy and Amy. Below, the family prepares for a cruise in Long Island Sound.
Daytime Diary

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

BACKSTAGE WIFE The mysterious, sinister Madame Moleska almost succeeded in completing the ruin of Mary and Larry Noble's marriage, already threatened by Larry's attachment to actress Elise Shephard. For, as Larry came under the phony fortune-teller's influence, he was persuaded to doubt his wife in such a serious way that Mary is finding it hard to reestablish confidence and security in their love. Will she find comfort in a stranger? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis senses the deep disturbance between Lydia Harrick and her brother-in-law Donald, but will he realize, in time to help Lydia, the terrible bond age under which Donald has managed to hold her? Can he free her for happiness with Max Canfield—and at the same time free Donald from his own perversity, twisted motivation? Or will he be too late to win for Lydia and Max the happiness they both deserve? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

FIRST LOVE Ever since she married Zach, Laurie has known that the key to his difficult, overly-independent personality lies in the past when he was deserted by his father. What happens when the long-silent father suddenly reappears, charming and plausible, just as Laurie learns she is pregnant? Can he in any way affect the threat of tragedy which the doctor has told Zach hangs over Laurie's head? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Dick Grant's return to Los Angeles signals many changes—new hope in Kathy's heart despite what she knows about Marie Wallace; the dawn of hope for Marie although she won't admit she loves Dick; and for Dick, perhaps the only thing he really cares about at the moment—the new start in surgery. Meanwhile, the Bauer home is torn by a mother-in-law problem. Will young Mike settle it in his own way? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa Raven is torn by doubt as she realizes that the disturbed child, Carol, whom she now really wants to adopt, will aggravate every family problem that now faces her—Paul's new law practice, her sister Meg's difficulties, her own position as Paul's wife. What is behind Hal Craig's emotion over the locket Carol took and then gave back ... and how will it affect his relationship with Meg? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS If it is true that people reveal their innermost selves in periods of greatest strain, perhaps Gladys is right to doubt the value of her marriage to Joe. For, during the awful days of their baby's disappearance, even Ma found herself critical of Joe's behavior. Will any of the family ever really know why he acted as he did? What effect will the odd combination of good and evil that is Jimmy Snyder have on Gladys' future? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY As the Barbour family matures, adding unto itself children, in-laws and grandchildren, it becomes apparent that there is no stage of family life at which it is possible for the elders to lean back and say with satisfaction, "Now the problem days are behind us and we can just relax." For as each generation repeats and elaborates on the problems of the last, life becomes more complicated for the Barbours. NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Lord Henry Brin-thrope's family has never thought Sunday a suitable wife, despite their many years of happiness. Now that his Aunt Sarah Thornton has realized his attachment to Leonora Dawson, the girl he almost married years ago in England, she is ready to take every advantage of it to undermine Sunday's position as Lady Brinthrope. Can Sunday fight Sarah's vindictiveness and Leonora's ambition? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The pretty, young singer who becomes so attached to Carter Trent while he is in New York is half aware that she is piling up heartbreak for herself, though it is a long time before she learns the truth about Carter's flight to New York and the family he left behind. Can Carter himself forget them in the excitement of living a completely new life? How would his wife Peggy face that if she had to? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Eve Merriweather's neurotic personality was well judged by Edward Bailey when he enlisted her to help destroy Sam Merriweather and get control of the Merriweather holdings. But after Sid Kenyon's death, Eve is no longer so easy to manage. Has Bailey placed too much faith in a weak link in his devilish chain—the chain to which Perry Mason, trying to protect Sam and Lois Monahan, has already picked up so many clues? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn finds her life completely changed as she tries to adjust to Miles' death—and to the doubtful benefit of Sherry Wayne's money. Will young Skip resent her decision regarding the money? Will Carolyn herself begin to doubt the wisdom of her remuneration? Or will support come from a most unexpected source—support and the possibility of a new, complete life once again? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE The terrible force of Sibyl Overton Fuller's personality—and the power of her father's money—have kept her out of serious trouble so far, but everyone associated with Sibyl realizes that she has long been on the verge of complete mental breakdown. Will Randy (Continued on page 85)
The wonderful story of a pianist who brings a crescendo of romance and joy and faith into a number of empty lives... including his own...

Co-Starring Joanne Dru • Dorothy Malone • Alex Nicol

With William Demarest • Lori Nelson • Lurene Tuttle • Screen Play by Irving Wallace

Produced by Henry Blanke • An International Artists Ltd. Production

Directed by Gordon Douglas • Presented by Warner Bros.

Vote for Audience Awards at your favorite theatre November 17-27
WHAT'S NEW FROM

(Continued from page 16)

of the late Negro dancer, which Frank Sinatra plans to produce as a movie under his new independent set-up, and in which Sinatra would like to have Sammy as the star... Mrs. B. W., Visalia, Calif.: Butch Brown, the youngster who leads the Mickey Mouse Club jazz combination on ABC-TV, is the son of the bandleader, Les Brown... Mr. and Mrs. F. O'D., Chicago, Ill.: Sorry I can't tell you exactly why the proposed Louella Parsons filmed TV show was cancelled at the last minute. All the sponsor would say was, "for a variety of reasons." So many letters about the popular Ethel And Albert show, and the answer should please the loyal fans of this program: Ethel And Albert started October 14, in a regular Friday-night spot over ABC-TV, replacing The Name's The Same, which has been dropped by the sponsor, Ralston.

What Ever Happened To...?

Kenny Sargent, who was the star vocalist with the popular Casa Loma Orchestra, often heard on network remote broadcasts and on records several years ago? Kenny is living and working in Dallas, Texas, and recently celebrated his third anniversary as a disc jockey with Station KLIF there.

Bette Chappell, the cute singer who appeared on the Garroway At Large television show, originating in Chicago, a few seasons back? When Garroway and crew moved to New York, Bette remained in the Windy City and did considerable night-club work there, and also worked on local TV shows. Recently she was a special guest in New York on Julius La Rosa's program.

Joe Bier, the farm editor, who was...
Host Allyn Edwards serves top fare on ABC-TV’s Famous Film Festival.

heard on Station WOR and the Mutual network for many years? Bier retired in September, after having done his 5:30 A.M. program since 1939. He was a true radio veteran and started broadcasting in 1921 as a member of the old Premiere Male Quartet. Will Peiglebeck has taken over Bier’s farm program.

John Newland, the outstanding dramatic actor, who starred in many top TV productions? This past summer Newland did considerable work in summer stock, and then was signed as a director for this season’s Robert Montgomery Presents shows. Whenever time permits, Newland hopes to switch back to greasepaint for an occasional role, but it looks like the megaphone will get first call on his talents from now on.

Tommy Bartlett, who used to host Welcome Travelers? When Welcome Travelers moved from Chicago to New York, Tommy, who hadn’t had a vacation in twenty-six years, decided to take a year off. He spends most of his time at his International Deer Ranch in Silver Springs, Florida, and cordially invites all his friends to drop in.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and I’ll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don’t have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

New 100% Non-Alkaline
PALMOLIVE Soft SHAMPOO

Removes ALKALINE FILM
that clouds hair beauty!

Gentles your hair as it cleans and sheens!
Leaves it more obedient, easier to set!
Will not dry or devitalize!

You may never have seen the true beauty of your hair until you try new Palmolive Soft Shampoo. For this new 100% non-alkaline shampoo gentles your hair. Sheens it to its natural loveliness. Softens it so curls set easier...and stay set longer.

New Palmolive Soft Shampoo contains no harsh, drying, devitalizing chemicals...no sticky oils...no dulling alkali. And its exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula agrees with the natural, healthy, non-alkaline condition of your scalp and hair.

So remove alkaline film that clouds hair beauty with new—and oh, so gentle—Palmolive Soft Shampoo.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and I’ll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don’t have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.
WMUR-TV viewers have happily discovered that, when Gerry Kearney opens the doors of his Guest House:

Anything Goes

Strumming, singing or just talking, Gerry makes his Guest House as warm and welcoming as the home he shares with Virginia and Gerry, Donald and Paul.

GERRY KEARNEY sings in what he describes as a “strictly-from-Dixie-how-have-you-been” voice. This, however, doesn’t keep him from serenading Station WMUR viewers in Manchester, New Hampshire, every weekday afternoon at 5:30 with “We have music, we have news . . . We have the weather and people’s views . . .” and ending up on the happy note which is his invitation to visit Guest House . . . Gerry means every word of the theme song he wrote himself. His evening entertainment hour includes songs, dances, skits and instrumentals by amateurs, semi-pros and professionals; interviews with people from all walks of life; and a song or two, self-accompanied on guitar or banjo, plus uncounted words from Gerry . . . When Gerry first threw open the doors to Guest House, he felt like “a lamb thrown to the lions.” Behind him was a solid background in stock companies, vaudeville, night clubs, the orchestra business, and twelve years as a singer and announcer on Station WFEA. But a nightly hour on TV was still a challenging assignment . . . Gerry feels easier about it, now that viewers have taken to stopping him on the street to say, “I wouldn’t miss your show for the world. It’s corny, but you’re so easygoing about the whole thing. And we never know what we’re going to see or what’s going to happen.” . . . This last bit of philosophy, now propounded on his TV show, first occurred to Gerry when he was seven years old and went unsuspectingly to the movies to watch a cowboy “thriller.” The projector broke down and the management tried to stave off bedlam by asking for volunteers in an impromptu amateur hour. Gerry calmly rendered a little poem, complete with suitable gestures, and was committed to show business from that moment on. . . . Currently, in addition to Guest House, Gerry also handles staff announcing chores at WMUR-TV. But this still leaves plenty of happy hours to spend at the Kearneys’ modest two-apartment cottage in the center of Manchester. Gerry and his wife Virginia have three sons. Gerry, 16, is a six-footer and plays varsity basketball at Bishop Bradley High; Paul, 14, also plays basketball and is a record collector; Donald, 8, has just started grammar school. Gerry’s widowed mother completes the family circle. Close friends of the family include the countless WMUR viewers whom Gerry Kearney invites into the pleasant, informal living room at Guest House.
you haven't lived until you've known **EVENING IN PARIS**

says JEANMAIRE, captivating French premiere ballerina.

More French women wear Evening in Paris than any other perfume (and the French really know!). It is one of the world's great perfumes... and the most wanted for Christmas. See many gala new gifts from $1 to $25.

---

**Evening in Paris**

BY BOURJOIS... CREATED IN FRANCE... MADE IN U.S.A.
THAT IVORY LOOK

YOUNG AMERICA HAS IT...
YOU CAN HAVE IT IN 7 DAYS!

It's easy to see... That Ivory Look sets up a girl—at any age! For it's true—the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your skin! And pure, mild Ivory is the soap more doctors advise for baby's skin—and yours—than any other soap!

Seeing is believing... and That Ivory Look shows up in your mirror in 7 short days! A simple change to regular care with baby's pure, mild Ivory will leave your skin looking fresher and finer... just altogether prettier!

99.8% PURE... IT FLOATS

It's like getting one FREE! 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps. It all adds up...

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!
What Romance Means to Me
What Romance Means to Me

By LIBERACE
as told to Bud Goode

Music's most eligible bachelor
speaks frankly of the qualities
he seeks in his "ideal woman"

I know from experience that people sense a certain loneliness in my life. After every concert, I talk with people whose eyes reflect a gentle kindness—and frequently they make their feelings known in their goodbyes by saying, "Take care of yourself now, Lee, and God bless you."

I don't have to be told that nothing takes the place of a wife and marriage. It's true. I know it. Marriage is the biggest thing in our lives. From the time we enter high school, it's the one thing we point toward.

But, while everyone else in my high-school class was out dating, I was already playing the piano professionally. And, while they were getting married in their early twenties, I was playing before presidents.

The excitement and complexities of my work have minimized, for me, what to my friends is the most dramatic moment of their lives. I can't deny that, without marriage, there is an empty spot in my life.

If I were to marry, what qualities would I look for in a mate? That is a difficult question to answer because, like everyone, I'm looking for perfection. In fact, that is one of my big problems.

"Lee" found that his movie romance with Dorothy Malone—in Warner Bros.' film, "Sincerely Yours"—came very close to his own experience in real life.

Liberace and his brother George serenaded sister Angie, when she became Tom Farrell's bride... and "Lee" recolled again how much each marriage meant to his close-knit family.
—in everything I do or have, I am always seeking perfection. Whenever something goes wrong, if one key is flat on the piano, if I strike a wrong note, I am quick to be discouraged.

That is why it has always been so difficult for me to find someone to share my life with. It's almost impossible to find perfection in people. I know I'm not perfect, so why should I expect perfection in others? Yet I do. I still search for it.

Intellectually, I look for someone who can carry on a conversation with everyone from plumbers to presidents. She doesn't have to stand up on a stage and deliver an address, but she should have a smattering of knowledge in many areas, not necessarily just in the subjects I'm interested in.

From a personality standpoint, I'm most attracted to a girl who is charming, pleasant, polite—in short, a girl who loves people. In my work I am constantly surrounded by people—audiences, backstage visitors, friends. If I were to choose a girl, she would not only have to feel at home with many people but she should also enjoy, as I do, meeting and talking and shaking hands with sometimes hundreds in a day or even an hour. She should be genuine and sincere in this feeling, too, not just play-acting (Continued on page 82)

Marriage: "The girl I would choose must be accepted by my friends and family. . . . My sister Angie feels the same way. Before her wedding, she was most anxious that we would all like her prospective husband and accept him into our hearts."

Career: "I found that the girls I knew did not want to compete with the piano. . . . Even more important—they had to share my feelings with hundreds of people. They resented it."
Everybody knows why we love the first of all the Little Godfreys... everybody but Janette Davis herself
Janette Davis is a beautiful “brunette” with a “blonde” personality. Maybe like Garbo, for instance. Maybe. There is one big difference, however—although she is reserved, Jan isn’t stand-offish and cold. You might guess that she’s shy, but that’s wrong, too. What prompts this thought is that, of all the major entertainers in TV and radio, there is no one who gets less publicity than Jan, and there is probably no other person who cares less. Jan herself is to blame, for she is no publicity hound. This will give you an idea. A few years back her dentist asked for and got an autographed picture of the auburn-haired songbird of the Arthur Godfrey programs on CBS Radio and CBS-TV. He hung it in his office along with pictures of other celebrities whose mouths he was drilling and filling. Then, one day recently, a friend of Jan’s who uses the same chop-and-chisel man said, “Jan, you ought to give the dentist a new picture with an up-to-date hairdo.” Instead of agreeing, Jan asked, “Will you do me a favor? Next time you’re in his office, will you please take the picture off the wall?” “Why?” the friend asked. “I think it’s kind of brassy,” Jan said. “It’s as if I were a big-shot.” That’s Jan. Always belittling herself. She doesn’t rudely poke her finger into the eyes of magazine writers, but she manages to avoid them. Is this one of the rare articles about Janette Davis? It is. Do people misunderstand her? They do.

In the first place, there’s no misconstruing Jan’s looks. She blooms. She is petite (not quite five-feet-four). Her hair is auburn and she now has it styled in one of those pizza-type bobs. Her eyes, ears, teeth,
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Jan's encouragement means a lot to Talent Scouts winners facing the morning-show audiences. Above, Danny Costello.


Glamour doesn’t interest Jan, even when making up for the all-seeing TV camera. Utterly lacking in pretense, she prefers casual clothes, does her own hair and nails.

arms and so on, are nicely shaped and properly matched, so that the total effect is as pleasant as a winter day in Florida.

Personality-wise, she is soft-spoken. She is not pushy. Many performers arrive at a party like gangbusters and the sirens never stop screaming. Jan, quiet and interested, usually keeps off-stage and watches. “Maybe when the party peters out,” a friend relates, “when we’re down to a few friends, Jan goes to the piano and plays some of the old standards and, boy, she really gets her teeth into them.”

In show business, Jan is no Jenny-come-lately. In nearly twenty years (starting as a child) she has sung with bands, and she has sung on network shows with Red Skelton, Don McNeill, Garry Moore. In Cincinnati, Shreveport, Cleveland and Chicago, she had her own radio shows. She had a network program before she joined Arthur Godfrey. So Jan’s most valuable possession is her experience and know-how. This she generously shares with others.

Winners of Arthur’s Talent Scouts programs usually join the Godfrey family for a week on the morning program. They are naturally in awe of the regular cast. Jan, always kindly, goes out of her way to make them feel at ease and like one of the family. Said one observer, “I saw Jan knocking herself out for a very beautiful young singer. The gal was good and gained the confidence to be even better, because of Jan’s friendly interest. Now, I’ll tell you, if Jan had been like some other singers, she would have been concerned only with herself."

During rehearsal, Arthur often calls on Jan for her opinion of a bit in the show. She usually has one, and it is always backed up with constructive criticism. She always tries to lend a hand to newcomers on the show, and often says: “Your originality is your most precious asset. Don’t trade it for an imitation of someone else.”

Jan is the first of the Little Godfreys. She joined Arthur ten years ago, when he first put his radio pro-
Always a little surprised by the devotion she inspires, Jan appreciates her fans' loyalty, thinks Grace Manfredo—a Janette Davis Club pioneer—is one of the greatest.

gram together, and the show—now on radio and TV—has become the biggest part of her life. She has turned down any number of engagements at night clubs. The 500 Club in Atlantic City, where entertainers of the stature of Durante and Martin and Lewis play, makes no bones of the fact that they have tried unsuccessfully to get Jan for a couple of weeks, or just one week—or even for a weekend.

"The Godfrey shows are tops in my opinion and I couldn't do better," Jan says. "My work consumes most of my time and energy. And, quite frankly, I don't think I'm capable of doing more."

Jan's fans have a lot to say about her courtesy and warmth. She extends herself more than most entertainers. All entertainers work under pressure. They sign autographs—but, after that, it's apt to be the polite brush-off. Jan is one in a thousand. She stops on the sidewalk and chats. Almost every morning at eleven-thirty, she takes a thirty-minute break. Jan spends part of that time with fans—answering questions, signing autographs, letting them take pictures. A friend who has watched her do this day after day once asked Jan, after she had been subjected to some silly questions, why she didn't blow her top?

"It's not silly to them," she answered simply. "It's important to them, and I need and appreciate their interest."

One elderly man has been turning up at the studio door for nearly five years. He cherishes Jan and offers prayers for her at his church. Jan always stops to say hello. She was impatient with him just once—and that was during bad weather, when she asked, "Now why in the world are you standing out in this chill?"

"I just wanted to see you," he answered. There was nothing to say, after that.

Another of Jan's fans and friends, Grace Manfredo, has always been devoted to her—from the age of fifteen on. She had put out an elaborate (Continued on page 81)
He'll always be grateful

Jim Arness, of TV's Gunsmoke, is a hero to his wife, too—and she's his greatest heroine

By ERNST JACOBI

LAST SUMMER, when a visitor asked eight-year-old Craig Arness the inevitable question as to what he was going to be when he grew up, the boy replied without the slightest hesitation, "An actor like my dad. You have a lot of fun, make good money and hardly ever work."

James Arness, Craig's father, had just spent a couple of months loafing at the beach near their home. Before that, he'd been on location in the Bahamas making a picture for Republic, returning tanned, fit and glowing. And his two previous pictures, "The Sea Chase" and "Hondo," both with John Wayne and made at a leisurely pace with long, pleasant intervals between them, had been fun, too. Though he wasn't getting rich, he was making a very comfortable living and, at this point in Jim Arness's career, Craig's analysis of his father's occupation seemed correct.

What the boy didn't know (Continued on page 87)

James Arness stars as Marshal Matt Dillon in Gunsmoke, as seen over CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Chesterfield and L & M Filter Cigarettes.

The Arness youngsters—Rolf, Craig and Jennie Lee—apparently have an appetite like Dad's! But there were some lean times for Jim, before he got that role as Marshal Matt Dillon in Gunsmoke.

Two against one is a very uneven match between 6-foot-6 Jim and his boys. But Craig is happily sure he's quicker on the draw than "the marshal."

Wife Virginia knew James Arness was marked for future greatness—even when he didn't have a dime for an ice-cream cone, in their "courting days."
As Grace Tyrell in The Secret Storm, as a gay, gallant woman off-stage, Marjorie Gateson proves . . .

Glamour
IS A STATE OF MIND

PARDON ME, but—aren't you Grace Tyrell?"
The question no longer surprises the actress who plays the part of Grace on CBS-TV's The Secret Storm. Strangers stop her in the street and approach her in shops. Even little children come up to her, for they apparently watch the show, too.

"It's amazing!" she says. "You can be in the biggest hit play and no one knows you. But, once you're on television, you can't go anywhere without being recognized. It's the greatest publicity there is."

Even more endearing to an actress's heart, however, is that many of these people know her own name. "Forgive me for bothering you," they'll say, "but (Continued on page 78)
Marjorie shows Dick Dunn her gilt statuette of Saint Anthony, who "finds things," and who watches over her as she studies her lines.

With gaiety and high spirits, Marjorie turns a hotel suite into a warm and welcoming home to entertain such friends as Lawrence Baker, Jr., Broadway producer; Odette Myrtil, musical comedy star; and Dick Dunn, producer of *The Secret Storm* and *Love Of Life*.

*Marjorie Gateson is Grace Tyrell in The Secret Storm, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.*
**TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS for 1955-56**

**Vote for Your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television**
(Write name of one program in each column for each classification)

<table>
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<th>CLASS</th>
<th>FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM</th>
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(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1476, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

*Your own votes decide the gold medal winners*
**Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television**

(Write name of one star in each column for each classification)

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>CLASS</th>
<th>FAVORITE RADIO STAR (specify show on which star appears)</th>
<th>FAVORITE TV STAR (specify show on which star appears)</th>
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(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1476, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

You are the star-makers of America, the jury whose verdict decides the success or failure of the programs and personalities who entertain you on both television and radio. And you are the judges whose votes will select the winners of gold medals in the ninth annual TV RADIO MIRROR Awards—the only recognized, nationwide poll which offers listeners and viewers the opportunity to name their own favorite radio and TV stars and shows. Vote today! Your ballots must be postmarked no later than December 10, 1955, when a staff of independent tabulators starts adding up all the votes you've cast. The exciting results will be announced in the May issue of TV Radio Mirror, complete with colorful pictures and exclusive stories of the winners. You needn't sign your name, but the only way your favorites can win is if you place their names on the ballots—stars on this page, programs on the opposite one—for either radio or TV, or both. Then mail your choices promptly, in time to be counted for the gold medals!

In the only nationwide poll of America's listeners and viewers
Paul Coates' own story tells why Confidential File touches the heart—and conscience—of a nation

By
BUD GOODE

Paul starts work at his kitchen phone, leaves for the newspaper office at 11 A.M., off on a whirlwind round, which often doesn't end till 2 A.M.—next day.

He gets expert advice for his TV reports—above right, Dr. Robert Stoller, U. C. L. A. psychiatrist.

Face mask protects the identity of a would-be suicide who hoped her story might help save others from despair.

This 14-year-old—name withheld, as always—told Paul a pathetic story of feeling "rejected" by her own parents.
from his heart

The red light over the TV studio door blinked: "Studio in Use." The sign on the heavy double door read: "Closed Set." There was no audience for the show going on inside, and the auditorium with its three hundred empty seats was quiet as a crypt. Besides the half-dozen crew members, there were only two other people in the studio—a neatly dressed, stolid-faced, already-old, young man seated beside a woman in a plain housedress. The woman’s face was covered with a large mask. When the cue came, the young man read the lines which opened the show: "The woman you are about to meet," he said, "didn’t want to wear a mask. She felt she had nothing to be ashamed of...

Thus, Paul Coates, starring in Confidential File, was on the air again. Suicide was the subject under discussion. The woman hidden behind the mask had tried to take her life five times. Five times she had failed. Now under an analyst’s care, she (Continued on page 94)
She loves her dolls—and dreams of dates. Robin Morgan’s growing up—and not too sure she wants to hurry!

Wary of formal dates, Robin prefers casual get-togethers at home, around the piano—or her ‘uke.

Other girls have to watch their weight, as she does—but few of them have Robin’s long tresses!

Robin gets lots of fan mail, as Mama’s Dagmar—much of it concerning teen-age problems now that she’s almost fourteen.

Mama’s
“Little Girl”

By MARY TEMPLE

Just a glimpse of Robin Morgan’s fan mail, through the years, tells a great deal about a talented child who has grown up, on radio and television, into a lovely and lovable teenager. Though Robin won’t be fourteen until her next birthday (January 29), she’s been getting fan mail almost all her life. At three, she was entertaining at hospitals in Lake Worth (in Florida, where she was born) . . . at four, doing children’s fashion-show commentaries and appearing on a TV program (her first) . . . at five, having her own disc-jockey show in New York spinning children’s records and telling little stories (Continued on page 69)

Robin Morgan is Dagmar Hansen on Mama, over CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, for Maxwell House Coffee, Post’s 40% Bran Flakes, Grape-Nuts.

Guided by her mother, Robin has learned that plenty of sleep and proper food are the finest of all beauty secrets.
As Young Dr. Malone, as husband, father and entertainer extraordinary, Sandy Becker gives—and receives—

More than anyone could ask

By FRANCES KISH

Weekdays, Sandy and Ruth Becker live in a reasonably serene household. That is, it's as reasonably serene as any house can be—with three lively children, a huge German shepherd dog, two parrakeets that have the run of the place, a chattering dwarf parrot, and a collection of other animals which may at any time include strange turtles from the Amazon or even a stray duck. Plus at least six tanks of odd tropical fish—including one called a man-eater, and enough guppies to stock a hatchery. Furthermore, there's a hi-fi system installed in the living room and connected up to the master bedroom—plus a grand piano on which eleven-year-old Joyce does her practicing. And a power-tool shop in the basement where Sandy, supervised by six-and-a-half-year-old Curtis, works on do-it-yourself projects. Add winsome five-year-old Annelle, who comes romping in with half the kids in the neighborhood in tow, and you have a pretty good picture of what goes on during any ordinary day at the Beckers'.

Saturday is the really lively day for the Becker family, when Daddy's free from his radio and television chores. Sandy has then completed his five-times-a-week stint, starring as Young

Continued

In their big white house on Long Island, Sandy does one of his impish sketches for his wife, Ruth—whose own artistic tastes run toward antiques, such as that handsome silver pot.
Saturday is "all together" time for the Beckers—Sandy, Ruth, Joyce, Curtis, and little Annelle. One of Sandy's favorite treats then is taking them for a spin in his cherished Mercedes-Benz.

Dwarf parrot Hajji Baba is Sandy's "co-star."
More than anyone could ask

(Continued)

There's a do-it-yourself workshop in the Becker basement. Ruth shops for bargains in antiques. Sandy remolds 'em for home use.

Sandy loves anything mechanical, likes to tinker with his "dream" car. He also loves anything electronic, is a great hi-fi fan.

Dr. Malone over CBS Radio. There's a brief gap in the children's TV programs he does for WABD, Du Mont's key station in New York—The Sandy Becker Show and Looney Tunes, Monday through Friday, Wonderama on Sunday afternoons. And there's no "live" commercial to be done—at least, not at this writing, though he's much in demand as an announcer, too. (For instance, Sandy is the Wildroot "host" on The Adventures Of Robin Hood, Monday nights over CBS-TV.)

Right now, however, Saturday is Sandy's holiday, when he can stay at the big white house out on Long Island, putter around the yard, take Ruth or the children for a run in the Mercedes-Benz sports car which is one of his most exciting dreams-come-true, and point out to them for the several-hundredth time how wonderfully it is designed and constructed—for Sandy is both a sports-car and hi-fi fan, with a taste for the finest in mechanics and electronics.

He can spend hours on Saturday in that workshop of his, finishing off such projects as the window seats he has been building all around the sunroom for the children—or the wiring of one of Ruth's lamp bases, frequently made from a fine piece of crystal she has picked up at auction for a trifling sum. Meanwhile, the music he and Ruth love (much of it definitely long-hair) will be drifting all through the house—and sometimes thundering out, if the composition happens to be one of Sandy's pet
Smallest members of the Becker household—not counting their tropical fish—are Hajji Baba, the dwarf parrot who “acts” on Sandy’s TV shows, and Goldie, the baby parakeet.

percussion recordings or perhaps a real hot jazz number.

Neighbors will drop in for a little conversation. Company will be coming for meals and for Scrabble sessions. Clyde Clem, who used to be Sandy’s roommate when they were both radio announcers in Charlotte, North Carolina—where Sandy and Ruth met, fell in love and were married—now lives about five minutes’ drive from the Beckers and runs in to talk shop and visit. Clyde is now manager of audience promotion for the NBC radio and television networks, and the men are still buddies. Phil Goulding and his pretty wife stop by to say hello. Phil is with local radio station WMGM in New York and is the brother of Ray Goulding of Bob and Ray fame.

But people who have no connection with show business, and only know the Beckers as good neighbors, come by to chat, too. Fred Blahnik, the police captain who lives across the street and is one of Sandy’s best friends, is a frequent visitor. There will hardly be an hour when someone isn’t coming or going from the friendly-looking Georgian house, which is set on an irregular-shaped corner lot that trails off in back to a children’s play area, to gardens and a (Continued on page 89)

Oldest pet is Jocko, Sandy’s German shepherd. Jocko has spent almost all his five years as friend and protector of the young Beckers—Annette, 4; Curtis, 6 1/2; and Joyce, 11.
to Cynthia
WITH LOVE

Mary's now singing to her own
first-born—just as Joanne sings to
Patti, on Search For Tomorrow

By MARY STUART

I wonder, Cynthia, if you will ever realize how much
your coming meant to your father and me. In the first place,
I wanted a girl so much. And so did Richard. Of course,
we would have loved having a little boy, too. In fact, I had
all your layette and your nursery done in blue. As you'll
somehow learn, that's the traditional color for boys. Somehow,
I secretly felt that, if I'd ordered everything in pink, we
just wouldn't have got the little girl we dreamed of having.
We even had a boy's name picked out! Stephen was our first
choice, then we decided on Jeffrey—and we're still hoping
that you'll have a little brother named Jeffrey, before
you're old enough to read this.

But we didn't tempt fate by choosing any girl's names. I'm
not quite sure now, just how we arrived at "Cynthia." It must
have just come to us. It is not a family name. It is not the
name of any character I've ever played in pictures or on TV—
or, so far as I know, that of any favorite (Continued on page 92)

Mary Stuart is Joanne Tate in Search For Tomorrow, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M.
EST, sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem.
Baby Chris was born that fateful autumn when Bob discovered how very much he loved his family—wife Mildred and older sons Robin, 13, and Ronnie, 12.

Now Bob spends all his after-work hours in or near his home and finds that the Smiths' charming little "recreation room" is really a great place to relax.
In the valley of the shadow, Howdy Doody’s Bob Smith learned the things that count

By WARREN CROMWELL

Sometimes it takes a mighty strong blow from fate to make even the happiest man pause to count his blessings. He can be proud of his family, getting a big kick out of success, enjoying the fact that he finally has the money to do the things for his loved ones that he’s always wanted to do—and still lose sight of the many little blessings which make life so rich for all of us.

That's pretty much how it was with Bob Smith, creator and star of the fabulous children’s program, Howdy Doody. In Bob’s case, it was a nearly fatal heart attack, at the height of his career, which made him appreciate many things he had begun to take for granted. And it was during his slow but steady recovery that Bob came to realize so clearly that (Continued on page 86)

Bob Smith’s Howdy Doody Show is seen in color and black-and-white on NBC-TV, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

The grass never looked so green to Bob, the sky so blue, as when he left his sickbed to walk outside his home. And Mil never looked more lovable and dear.

Big hobbies are music and baseball: Bob plays the piano in his home studio, with Ronnie on clarinet, Robin on trumpet. Little Christopher Mayo Smith was named after the manager of the Phillies—no family relation but a sports idol.
By HELEN BOLSTAD

Loyal Louise Thompson and nurse Edna Crichton teamed up to help Beth—and her parents—enjoy Thanksgiving at home.

WELCOME

THANKSGIVING, for Pat Meikle and her husband, Hal Cooper, has become the most important of festive days. "More important than birthdays," says Pat, the gracious and sparkling hostess of Welcome Travelers on CBS-TV, star of the long-beloved children's program Magic Cottage, and currently also a hostess for Wonderama, Station WABD's big children's program in the New York area.

"Thanksgiving is even more important than our wedding anniversary," adds Hal, who directs Search For
Wee Beth's first important holiday gave mama Pat Meikle and papa Hal Cooper an inspiring lesson in love.

Beth attended that first family dinner in her baby carriage. This year, she sits up to the table like a little lady!

**TO OUR FAMILY**

*Tomorrow, over CBS-TV, and is producer of Pat's programs for children.*

"It's the day," she explains, "that Hal and I, after all these years of marriage, stopped being just a man and wife whose personal lives sort of got gobbled up by television, and found out—thanks to little Beth and our helpers—that we're a family."

It began, they recount, at their Madison Avenue apartment one late November day a year ago. Hal tossed down his next morning's script, stretched that good, end-of-the-day stretch and ambled out to the kitchen. At the doorway, he surveyed the scene and remarked, "You girls certainly have the joint jumping."

The kitchen was as busy as three capable women could make it. Pat, switching from glamour girl to devoted young mother, was at the ironing board putting the finishing touches to the lace-trimmed flounce of three-month-old Beth's tiny dress. Beth's nurse, Edna Crichton, was at the stove, preparing formula. Louise Thompson, their maid, was finishing up the dinner.

*See Next Page*
dishes. At Hal’s entrance, each looked up, murmured a polite greeting and went on with her work.

Hal tried again to gain attention. “Pat, have you thought anything about Thanksgiving? Will we go to the folks’ house, or is one of the aunts giving the dinner this year?”

Pat flipped the iron back on its rest. “Dear, I don’t see how we can go either place. It takes so long to get to Far Rockaway, and I don’t think we should keep Beth out that late.”

Hal nodded. He, too, had been adding studio time to travel time and coming out with a dinner hour troublesome to all concerned. Rehearsals and shows would keep both of them tied up until nearly seven o’clock. But the memory of many happy Thanksgivings was so strong that his disappointment showed. “I suppose we’d better just skip the whole thing.”

Reluctantly, Pat agreed. “Even if we just took some of the kids from the show to a restaurant, it would mean that either Edna or Louise would have to baby-sit. We don’t want to keep you girls away from Thanksgiving with your own families. We’ll just have to plan some-thing special next year.” She, too, sounded disappointed.

But Pat reckoned without Edna, that West Indian woman of great heart and strong character who had come into their household “for three weeks” after Beth was born and had remained as permanent nurse and family friend. She had also failed to count on loyal Louise, who had been with them for five years. At Pat’s dismissal of Thanksgiving plans, Edna set down the rack of baby bottles with a rattle. “Do you mean,” she demanded, “that Beth’s going to have no Thanksgiving?”

“She’s so tiny . . .” said Pat.

“We have to work,” said Hal. “That’s show business for you.”

“But it’s not family business,” said Edna.
Said Louise, with five years' knowledge of the Coopers' habits and responsibilities, "They always work. Thanksgiving. Christmas. Fourth of July..."

Edna was indignant. "Maybe that used to be all right for you folks, but it's not right for Beth. You're a family now. Louise and I will see that you have a Thanksgiving."

Pat, recalling the golden-brown turkey and all the trimmings which finally greeted them last year, says: "What a dinner that was!" The girls had worked out a plan and the Coopers' dinner was all ready before they left for their own dinner with their families.

"It was the first Thanksgiving we'd ever had in our own home," Hal recalls, "and it turned out to be quite a party. Ted Walsh, our assistant, was there and we brought Beth to the table in her carriage. She sat propped up against her pillows, laughing and cooing and flirting with Ted. She really seemed to know this was something special."

"It was special for us, too," says Pat. "This was the first time we really understood what it was like to be a family—that we belonged to (Continued on page 91)
dishes. At Hal’s entrance, each looked up, murmured a polite greeting and went on with her work.

Hal tried again to gain attention. “Pat, have you thought anything about Thanksgiving? Will we go to the folks’ house, or is one of the aunts giving the dinner this year?”

Pat flipped the iron back on its rest. “Dear, I don’t see how we can go either place. It takes so long to get to Far Rockaway, and I don’t think we should keep Beth out that late.”

Hal nodded. He, too, had been adding studio time to travel time and coming out with a dinner hour trouble-some to all concerned. Rehearsals and shows would keep both of them tied up until nearly seven o’clock. But the memory of many happy Thanksgivings was so strong that his disappointment showed. “I suppose we’d better just skip the whole thing.”

Reluctantly, Pat agreed. “Even if we just took some of the kids from the show to a restaurant, it would mean that either Edna or Louise would have to baby-sit. We don’t want to keep you girls away from Thanksgiving with your own families. We’ll just have to plan some-thing special next year.” She, too, sounded disappointed.

But Pat reckoned without Edna, that West Indian woman of great heart and strong character who had come into their household “for three weeks” after Beth was born and had remained as permanent nurse and family friend. She had also failed to count on loyal Louise, who had been with them for five years. At Pat’s dismissal of Thanksgiving plans, Edna set down the rack of baby bottles with a rattle. “Do you mean,” she demanded, “that Beth’s going to have no Thanksgiv-ing?”

“She’s so tiny . . .” said Pat.

“We have to work,” said Hal. “That’s show business for you.”

“But it’s not family business,” said Edna.

Pat Meikle is the house on “Eleven Fathoms,” CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 p.m., sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Canopy, Ivory Snow, Oxidyl, Glen, Prell. She is a housewife for “Rocking,” with Station WARD (New York); Sun., 12 noon-4 p.m. “Murphy for Tomorrow” is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 p.m., as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Glen. (All EST)

Said Louise, with five years’ knowledge of the Coopers’ habits and responsibilities. “They always work. Thanksgiving, Christmas, Fourth of July . . .”

Edna was indignant. “Maybe that used to be all right for you folks, but it’s not right for Beth. You’ve a family now. Louise and I will see that you have a Thanksgiv-ing.”

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“It was special for us, too,” says Pat. “This was the first time we really understood what it was like to be a family—that we belonged to.”
As young Toby and his mother, Laura, take delight in Toby's new puppy, Dr. Crane tries to advise and comfort Albert Wexler, who is allergic to dogs but wants to please Toby—his stepson-to-be.
Dr. Crane's experience proves that taking life too seriously is as great a mistake as taking life too lightly

Most people, in all walks of life, are called upon at various times to do more than is expected of them. For a doctor, however, this is not the exception but the rule. A doctor's primary mission in life is to cure the sick. But, at times, he also has to be an adviser, philosopher, mediator and helping hand. In a city hospital, a doctor's complex role is magnified, for—in addition to attending all kinds of patients with all kinds of ills—a doctor often finds himself involved in problems concerning his colleagues and subordinates. . . . Dr. Barton Crane of City Hospital is a man of great talent, patience and wisdom, as well as a successful man of medicine. It is only natural, therefore, that his advice and comfort should be sought by members of the City Hospital staff, as well as its patients. Recently, this occurred with Albert Wexler, one of the hospital's pharmacists. Albert, a serious but often over-anxious young man, was in love with Laura, a nurse at City Hospital, and planned to marry her. But Laura, a widow for ten years, was also the mother of twelve-year-old Toby. Worrier that he was, Albert was afraid to break the news to Toby for fear that it would make the boy unhappy or cause him to resent Albert. . . . The main cause for Albert's concern was that he took matters too seriously and had a tendency to underestimate himself. This was made clear to Dr. Crane after he had lent Albert several books on psychology. For, no sooner had Albert read them, than he began applying what little he had learned to his own relationship with Toby. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," Dr. Crane mused, as he tried to make Albert realize that his situation was not some abstract case history. "Take it easy," he advised Albert. "Toby will be tickled pink to have you for a father—especially if you want to be one." . . . Although Albert found it difficult to "take it easy," he did make an attempt to get closer to Toby. That evening, when he went to see Laura, he brought Toby a present—a baseball mitt—and told the boy that he and Laura planned to marry. Toby accepted the gift and the marriage news courteously, but showed no visible sign of being happy or sad. Albert never had been very interested in baseball—chess was more to his liking—but he assumed Toby would be. Later, when Laura heard about the mitt Albert had given Toby, she explained that Toby didn't care much for baseball because his eyesight was not good enough. Immediately, Albert tried to apologize to Toby for his slight blunder, but again Toby showed no significant reaction. . . . Feeling he was completely to blame, Albert again sought Dr. Crane's advice. Dr. Crane told him, "I know you love Laura, and I'm sure you love her son. You'll get through to the boy. He'll know the way you really do feel about him," Albert brightened a bit as he told Dr. Crane, "I feel a great—affinity for Toby. Because he's so little, and I was always little. And he hasn't had a father, and that's like me, too, in a way, because my father never took any notice of me. I can tell how he feels. . . . I just hope that somehow I can get through to him." . . . The next time Albert visited Laura, he discovered that Toby loved dogs, although he had never had one of his own. This set Albert to thinking and, the following day, when Dr. Crane ran into Albert at the hospital, the young man was brimming over with excitement. Then he showed Dr. Crane why: He had gotten a lively little puppy for Toby. As he told Dr. Crane, "I think this might be the answer to all our troubles," Albert's words were punctuated with sneezes. As long as he was near the dog, he couldn't stop sneezing. Dr. Crane thought it was possible that Albert might be allergic to dogs. Albert, however, was positive that was the case. . . . Once again, Albert felt defeated and worried about what to say when Toby and Laura came to meet him. Dr. Crane sent Albert down to his office and, when Toby and Laura arrived, he took over. When Toby saw the dog, he was overjoyed. "He's the most wonderful dog I ever saw," he enthused. Then Dr. Crane explained about Albert's apparent allergy to dogs. When Albert came in, Toby bravely told him he'd give up the puppy, but Albert insisted that he keep it—he just couldn't stand to hurt Toby again. But Toby, a proud and valiant little fellow, replied, "I don't really need a dog. I've done without one for a long time. And—well, which does a fellow need more—a dog or a father?" As Albert listened, amazed and a bit dumbfounded, Toby went on. "I've been spending a lot of time trying to figure out what I could do for you that you'd like. That we could do together. I mean, you got me that swell glove, but I'm no good at baseball, and I didn't want to be a disappointment to you in everything, and . . . well, I've been learning how to play chess, and—look, Dad, we can give the dog to somebody else. . . ." As Albert tried to choke back a happy sob, Dr. Crane said, "There's no reason why you should be allergic to dogs, Albert. Once we know what your allergy is, it's a pretty simple matter to desensitize you. And once we do . . . well, I agree that a father's a bit more important than a dog. But why shouldn't Toby have both?" . . . With those words, Dr. Crane brought to a happy end one more chapter of the dramatic book of life that forever unfolds at City Hospital.

City Hospital is heard on CBS Radio, Sat., 1 P.M. EST. Pictured here in their original roles, left to right, are Joseph Fallon as Toby, Linda Watkins as Laura, Melville Ruick as Dr. Crane, Ted Osborn as Albert Wexler.
When Sid Caesar, his wife Florence and their two young children moved into their beautiful new home on Long Island last summer, it was the realization of a dream which Sid and Florence had had for many years. The lovely sixteen-room house overlooking the water is the first home Sid has owned in all his thirty-three years, and it is the apple of his eye—as well it might be.

Sid had lived in no less than seventeen different places (not counting the hotel rooms and barracks he occupied while in the Coast Guard). Florence had shared nine of them with Sid. And, during the twelve years of their marriage, their dream had always been of a home of their own. Now they have it. It is truly a “dream home” in more ways than one.

The new house is a far cry (Continued on page 78)

Caesar's Hour, starring Sid Caesar, is seen over NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST. The program is sponsored by Helene Curtis Industries, Inc., Remington Electric Shavers, and the American Chicle Company (for Dentyne Chewing Gum).
After many a move, Sid and Florence Caesar have found the happy haven which once existed only in their dreams.
Much has happened since Helen Trent and Gil Whitney first fell in love. But, as they begin to meet again, they still share the old dream of marriage and a life together.

Hope has flirted with Helen Trent like a carefree Casanova—leading her on with a smile, then heartlessly eloping with someone else, and returning to tease her once more. . . . Although it has played cruel tricks on her, hope is all that has sustained Helen for many years. Ever since her first fateful meeting with Gil Whitney, Helen has dreamed that she and Gil would marry someday. But, when Cynthia Swanson appeared on the scene, Gil had become ensnared in her schemes and tricked into marrying the wealthy, heartless woman. . . . From the beginning, this had been a marriage in name only. But, with a hatred and venom which Helen could never fathom, Cynthia refused to set Gil free so that he could marry Helen.

Believing Gil lost to her forever, Helen turned all her energies to her career as top costume designer at the Jeff Brady Motion Picture Studios. Still, she could not help feeling her life was unfulfilled. . . . Then, Helen found her loneliness eased by the attentions of millionaire Brett Chapman. With him, Helen discovered companionship and common interests and, finally, she and Brett made plans to marry. . . . But, shortly before the intended wedding, Helen's assistant, Loretta Cole, stepped between them, turning Brett's head and alienating him from Helen. Then, a few months later, Loretta was killed in an accident—a grim payment for her marriage to Brett for his money. Realizing how he had been deceived by Loretta, Brett turned again to Helen.
Helen Trent continues to believe in love even as two selfish women plot to destroy her dreams.

2. Cynthia has tricked Gil into marriage—now, out of hatred of Helen, refuses to free him.

3. Helen recognizes Gil's new secretary, Fay Granville, as an adventuress and a rival for Gil.
... But, after her disappointment with Brett, Helen has come to feel that it is Gil alone she really loves. Once more Gil pleads with Cynthia for a divorce, and once more Cynthia refuses. ... Helen also finds she has a rival for Gil’s affections in his beautiful and mysterious secretary, Fay Granville, who has obviously set her mind on marrying Gil herself. ... Suddenly, the divorce Gil has sought all these years is offered him by his wife—on the condition that he marry Fay! Confused, uncertain—knowing only that any life would be better than the one he shares with Cynthia—Gil turns toward Fay. ... Dazzled by the tricks which Fay has used before to ruin other men, Gil accepts Fay for what she seems to be. He even gives her access to his safe and tells Fay that she may use some of the money to cover her expenses. Finally, Fay—who has been busily looting the safe of large sums of money—decides to protect herself by precipitating her marriage to Gil. Al-

5. Suddenly, Cynthia agrees to divorce Gil—if he will marry Fay! Gil is confused, but Fay announces the engagement and toasts Cynthia in the triumph over Helen.
though Gil had not planned to come to a decision so soon, he says nothing when Fay announces their engagement at a party. . . . Meanwhile, Helen has suspected that Fay is not what she pretends to be. When she realizes that Gil is likely to go on being deceived, she sets out to prove her suspicions. . . . Helen’s doubts are confirmed when Brett Chapman tells her that he remembers having seen Fay elsewhere and that she had an unsavory reputation. But Brett has no proof and, hoping to marry Helen himself, he offers little help in her struggle to win Gil. . . . As a lawyer, Gil refuses to condemn anyone without proof. But Helen is hopeful that the meeting she plans between Fay and her former victim will be all the proof anyone could demand. . . . Wily and experienced as she is, does Fay have still another ruse with which to deceive Gil? And, even if Helen succeeds in winning back Gil’s affections, can she cope with Cynthia? Is Cynthia likely to grant Gil his freedom if it means he will marry Helen? . . . Hope flirts once again with Helen, but this is a road that has led her to heartbreak before. Helen wonders if she would be wiser to forget Gil and give Brett Chapman the answer he so obviously wants with all his heart. How should she respond, as hope beckons once again in the romance of Helen Trent?
At "39," Jack Benny shrugs off the years—and revels in the delight his first grandchild has brought him

By FREDDA BALLING

As everybody knows, Jack Benny is only 39. It's one of the enchanting myths which the Waukegan wit has encouraged about himself, and which the American public has gleefully accepted. But Jack's self-proclaimed "ceiling on birthdays" does create some problems in statistics—none greater than that which transpired last summer, when daughter Joan Benny Baker became the mother of a six-pound, four-ounce baby boy named Michael. This somewhat early grandfatherhood fascinated newswriters and amateur gagsters around the land.

It was written that the baby was born with a heavy head of hair about the color and consistency of Jack's "Sunday toupee" (he doesn't wear one any day of the week). The infant's eyes were said to be "mountain lake" blue, and the song that soothed him in moments of distress was, inevitably, "Love in Bloom." But principally Jack was headlined as one of the youngest grandparents in show business—at the age of 39.

Jack and Mary shared their daughter's secret with close friends, George Burns and Gracie Allen—who flew to New York with them and helped while away the hours of waiting.
Baby Michael calmly allows Nurse Eva Blumstein to show him off to mother Joan Benny Baker and grandfather Jack. But Jack was far from calm as he checked to see if Michael also had "baby blue" eyes, then dashed off to buy junior-size golf clubs.

The American public quickly took it up. Letters began to avalanche upon the already crowded CBS-Hollywood office. The mail could be divided roughly into three categories: Boasts from younger-than-Benny grandparents (one precocious type from, naturally, Texas, reported himself a grandfather at 28); boasts from legitimate 39-ers with more than one grandchild (usually acquired in a multiple birth); protests from Jack's authentic contemporaries (he has never made a strict secret of his actual 61 years)—who complained that, if he'd only stress the truth about his age, they would be far and away ahead of him in the grandparent sweepstakes.

A good many of the letters enclosed snapshots of beloved progeny. At length, after having spent a morning in study of letters and pictures, Jack observed thoughtfully, "Mary and I made just one mistake. We should have had a family of six or eight. Just look at these kids! Aren't they great? Wouldn't you love to have every single one?" Jack added, taking on the Benny TV personality, "Of course, there's something special about Michael ... and I'm not saying it because I'm prejudiced. Hmmm... it's true."

Michael started out being "something special" about seven months before he was born. During one of Joan's regular long-distance phone calls, placed to her parents two or three times a week, Joan confided that she had her doctor's assurance she was going to make Jack a grandfather. She added that she wanted to keep it secret as long as possible.

Jack and Mary agreed with their daughter. A secret it would be.

The following day, Jack showed up at Hillcrest Country Club, as usual, for his luncheon date with George Burns and other members in good standing at the Comedians' Table. George, grandparent of almost a year's seniority

See Next Page
at the time, "happened" to have a fistful of his grandson's latest pictures in his wallet, and passed them around.

This was more than mortal man could stand. With quiet dignity, Jack announced that "by this time next year" he would have some pictures of his own to parade. He added, however, that his anticipation was a secret for the time being. After luncheon he joined a foursome for golf and confided his news to them, again with the aside that the information was given in confidence. At the nineteenth hole, Jack joined the usual alibi session and, as soon as he could get a word in, spread the tidings—requesting, of course, that there be no broadcasting of the facts.

All in all, it proved to be a lovely day. Always enthusiastic, Jack had a prize inspiration on his way home and stopped at an out-of-the-way shop which is patronized mainly by musicians of note. After proper deliberation and testing, he tucked his purchase under his arm and hastened home to Mary's welcoming kiss.

"Hi, Doll. Bought a present for the expected," he said, handing the package to Mary.

"Not already!" she moaned, and her expression took on starch. There was no real need for her to remove the wrappings and unfasten the case, but she played out the scene just the same. Nestled in the velvet lining was a quarter-sized violin.

"Oh, Jack!" said his wife, her tone a compound of exasperation, amusement and intense affection.

"Cute, huh?" said Jack, very offhandedly.

Suspicion gradually superseded all other emotions as Mary studied the man to whom she has been married for nearly twenty-nine years. "Jack, you didn't tell anyone at the club, did you?"

Jack said, "Well..." as only he can say it. After a pause he went on, "Naturally, I had to tell George." Jack explained that George had been flashing pictures around the luncheon table, so... And then, out on the golf course, one of the guys had said something about his daughter's youngsters, which reminded Jack... Oh, yes, and then in the locker room there had been a few fellows standing around... .

"Jack! What will Joanie think?" Mary demanded, and this time the inflection denoted shocked reproof and genuine annoyance modified very little by loving understanding.

Jack took refuge in a show-business trick which is his and his alone, because—according to other comedians—no one else has the courage it takes to put it into effect. It goes like this in a theater: Jack tells a joke and then, with a straight face—a face on which cosmic melancholy and quiet command are mingled—he stares at the audience and waits. And he continues to wait, permitting himself no more than a patient sigh. According to show-business experts, this leaves an audience with a choice: To laugh or to leave the theater. They always laugh.

And so, regarding Mary with his life—is-a-bad-joke-on-somebody—but-don't-blame-me expression, Jack waited.

And Mary laughed.

She had no real cause to fear betrayal of the secret. The Hillcrest Country Club takes care of its own. Not one word of the Baker expectancy oozed out of California. Not until Eastern columnists noted Joan's chic maternity outfits did the item appear in the press.

The three Bennys have always been exceptionally devoted. During the war years, when Jack was spending every possible hour doing shows at military installations, there was a gag among his (Continued on page 80)
Mama's Little Girl

(Continued from page 44) for children into the microphone...

"What a cute little girl you must be," said the early fan mail, then mostly from grownups. But, during the next couple of seasons—when Robin was a member of Jack Barry's Juvenile Jury on radio and TV—the letters added: "What a cute, smart little girl you must be!" When Robin was seven—and made her debut as Mama's pigtailed younger daughter, Dagmar, over CBS-TV—the fan mail got bigger and bigger. "What a cute, smart, pretty little girl you are," the letters started saying.

But, in this year of 1955, when both Robin and Dagmar had grown up to celebrate their thirteenth birthdays, there was suddenly a marked change in the mail. Oh, yes, the letters still said, "How cute, how smart, how pretty you are." But some new things had been added. Now the letters began to come in great bags, much of it from other teenagers—loads of it, of course, from the more than forty Robin Morgan fan clubs—and much of it asked Robin's advice. There were such questions as: "Do you think it's all right for girls our age to date boys? Does your mother let you use lipstick? Don't you think we're old enough to wear nylon stockings every day?"

And there were letters from boys, too. Shy, respectful little notes, as a rule, that asked if Robin "just happened" to have a wallet-size photograph for carrying around in a boy's pocket. Letters with the tentative suggestion that she just might be willing to become a "pen pal," though there was small chance they would ever meet in person.

To Robin, all this seems very natural. "These other kids look upon me as their friend, I'm proud to say," she does say. "They know that I being somewhere near their age, probably feel the same way about most things as they do. For instance, girls around my age write me saying they feel sort of 'uncomfortable' about having a real evening date with a boy. Of course, they mean the formal kind of date, where he comes to call for you and takes you out without a grownup along. I feel uncomfortable, too, about such formal dates, so I just don't have any. I wouldn't, even if my mother were to approve, which she doesn't—yet.

"Perhaps I act more grown-up than some other girls my age—or at least people think I do—because I have been an actress all my life and have been around grown people a great deal. But I still remember when I was twelve going on thirteen, and was invited to my first formal teen-age party at a country club. The others were mostly two or three years older than I was, and I have to admit that I was ill at ease, although I covered it up well. Actually, it wasn't until the next year that I had got to the point where I could be completely comfortable and enjoy myself at a formal party. Other girls write to me about similar experiences. We may like to feel grown-up, but we know we're really not."

Robin's young, pretty mother understands these things. "When Robin feels ready to be herself when she goes out alone with a boy—instead of with the usual group or with older people along—then I am ready to have her go. I want her to have a good time. Robin is always with other teenagers and does all the things that normal teenagers like to do. I want her to have fun. But I have watched too many young girls pretending to be something they aren't, in an effort to be popular—trying to act 'way beyond their years and experience, yet at heart

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troubled and self-conscious. I don’t want this to happen to Robin.

“As far as the boys she knows are concerned,” Robin’s mother emphasizes, “they are all boys we know and like. If one comes along we don’t feel satisfied about him, he’s out of Robin’s little circle quickly. When a boy comes to the house, there are such games as Scrabble, there is television to watch, records to play, the tape recorder to fool around with. Robin gets out her violin and strums it, or she plays the piano and they sing. If she feels like baking a batch of peanut-butter cookies (her favorites), or gingerbread or a cake, the boys help, pitches in and helps. Robin has no brothers—she’s an only child—but we have learned that boys like to cook, too, when it’s something they like to eat.

“Robin is never shy with a boy in a comfortable setting. Right now, that means home, or an afternoon neighborhood movie or, occasionally, a theater matinee. When she is ready to form her own opinions about boys—as she will have to, when she meets boys from families we don’t know—then she will be ready for more formal dating. Even now, I find her coming to her own decisions, without my influencing her, and so I know she is growing up emotionally, little by little, as her decisions become more and more mature. I only hope that she will always make good decisions. The kind of boys she knows now, especially when she gets to the age when boys are important to a girl. So far, they are all wonderul kids—and that includes her girl friends, too.”

Not all the problems the mail brings to Robin concern boys and dates. There are other equally perplexing matters. Youngsters write in to ask about her school work and how she manages to continue her education along with her busy work schedule, when they can hardly keep up with their homework. Robin explains that since she graduated from eighth grade at the Wetter School in Mt. Vernon, New York—where she lived until two years ago—she has a tutor for her high school work and has to put in a lot of hours on homework, even as other teenagers do, working it in between rehearsals and broadcasts.

Robin is a junior in high school this year, studies all the regular high school subjects, is excellent at languages (currently, deep in French) and a whiz with dialects (which, of course, isn’t part of her curriculum). Her latest bit is to put her mother’s little black satin beret on at a rakish angle and talk English à la Denise Darcel. Or she draws her face into long, thin lines (the transformation is amazing!) and affects a deep-voiced British clubman’s accent, with the greatest aplomb.

For many years, Robin took ballet lessons and stopped only when she got to the point where she was ready to dance professionally, had she wanted to make her dancing career. On her bookcase now is a little token—ballet slippers—awarded her for being the best in her class. She still practices on the piano, hopes to have more time for it later. Boys and girls who have seen her play, on the Mamma program, ask if she really likes practicing, as she seems to on the show. She has to tell them she’s no more fond of the repetitious drill day after day than they are. But, being easy to do, when it’s the only way to learn? And, while she doesn’t sing publicly, she does sing along with her narration on some of her Columbia records. (Her newest one is “Mother Goose’s Music Box.”)

Although she is a teenager with wisdom even beyond her years, and with a normal desire to be grown up and do grown-up things, she has her own ideas about such things as wearing off-stage make-up. “I don’t use lipstick,” she says. “I don’t happen to like it for myself at this age, and my mother doesn’t like it for me. She thinks there is time enough, later on, and a girl my age shouldn’t need added color unless she is unhealthy. Some girls use make-up to cover up complexion troubles, but everyone agrees that a clear complexion comes from the inside, from good simple food, plenty of water inside and out, and enough sleep and fresh air. I wash my face a lot with soap and water and make wear-up only for my roles on TV.” Then she adds, “But I don’t see anything wrong with using a little make-up—by the time you’re fourteen or so, if you use good judgment about it.”

Robin disapproves of girls letting their weight go up way beyond what it should and then going on fad diets. Her own measurements are: Bust, 32; waist, 20; hips, 32. She’s five feet, one-and-a-half inches tall, and has been getting above the five feet, but not for her, so she has been very stern with herself to nip off the few extra pounds before they get to be too many. “I’m a nibbler at heart,” she explains. “But, when her own determination fails, Faith Morgan reminds her what a job it is to take off even five pounds of excess candy, cake and soft drinks. Now, when Robin is watching TV in the early evening, or doing her homework, and is tempted to reach for the candy dish or the popcorn bowl, she goes to the refrigerator instead and cuts herself a little chunk of meat, or veggie, left over from the dinner roast, or a square of cheese. In summer, she loves to swim. And, all year round, she helps with household chores when the maid isn’t there—which is equally fun and rewarding. She used to ice skate when they lived in the suburbs, but now she uses most of her free time for her appearances at benefits and matinees, to veturywards, bond drives and other patriotic causes. She spent part of her last summer’s vacation making films for the United States Treasury’s bond drive, doing one series of films for the children’s department. She was also other addressed to teenagers—and writing all the scripts herself.

She brushes her long silky hair a hundred times, and it’s never done. Her bobby pins—round, she helps with household chores when the maid isn’t there—which is equally fun and rewarding. She used to ice skate when they lived in the suburbs, but now she uses most of her free time for her appearances at benefits and matinees, to veturywards, bond drives and other patriotic causes. She spent part of her last summer’s vacation making films for the United States Treasury’s bond drive, doing one series of films for the children’s department. She was also other addressed to teenagers—and writing all the scripts herself.

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Young writers ask her about her doll collection and admit they still love some of their childhood dolls. So does Robin. Many of her dolls have come from foreign countries and places, in her front yard during vacations by “Papa” Judson Lair and “Mama” Peggy Wood and other friends. Peggy taught Robin to knit, during rehersals, for a new dress. Robin says, “but, when you learn to do a thing right, you are really proud of you. The day I did my first good purling, she went all around the set asking, ‘Do you see how Robin has learned to punt?” and showing off my work."

Teen-aged girls ask Robin about her clothes, wonder if she still likes the middy shirt she wore so long on the show. She does, but now she prefers more grown-up styles, and goes in for such ensemble effects as coats that match the dresses beneath them, gloves and hats and bags that harmonize. Now that she is almost fourteen, Robin is getting quite different ideas about her own wardrobe and how other girls her age should be dressed. But, anyone else. Not to be overdressed ever, and yet not to be the only one at a party who isn’t a little dressed up.” When girls ask her how she feels about short hair, and whether she has any plans to grow it again, she says, “I don’t think she’s going to cut hers—Robin says she loves it. Then she goes on to explain that being an actress makes her feel she is lucky to have the kind of hair that will vary variety to many different roles by allowing her to dress it in different ways as she grows up.

The question of heels comes up regularly in the mail—whether they should be flat or high. But that she still likes flats for everyday use, and two-inch heels for dress-up clothes. As for nylon stockings—they, too, are mostly for “best.” And, whenever she wears only as “because, let’s face it, I’m too lazy to keep twisting them straight.” She uses her imagination on her clothes as well as in her cooking (she makes a cake or cookies the same way twice). She’ll twist a bright scarf through a belt, or tie a bit of ribbon at a neckline, or scatter a couple of cute little pins on a turned-back cuff. She holds her hat in her hand and twirls about like a French Collector, and only the fact that she doesn’t live in a big place holds her down! There’s her fan collection. “I think fans are feminine, and it must have been nice when ladies always car-
ried them at parties." There's her animal collection, in china, carved wood, copper and bronze. And her dolls. All are kept out on shelves where visitors can enjoy them and where she can handle them lovingly.

Her favorite collection is one she saved for and picked out herself, piece by piece—although, later on, her friends began adding to it when they realized it was what she wanted for birthdays and other special occasions. It is arranged on a lovely little table in the living room for all to admire—an angel wedding in porcelain. The white-winged bride, the entire wedding party—even a winged harpist. And the most adorable cupids to be found anywhere.

Citations and cups and medals line a wall of the apartment in midtown New York where she and her mother live. (Robin's father is a major in the Army Medical Corps and her parents are divorced.) Mother and daughter live well, but not luxuriously for a little girl who has earned a big salary all her life. She is learning the value of saving and planning ahead, and she has all she wants or needs, at the moment, for a happy childhood. It was fun to help her mother pick the furnishings for the New York apartment, after they decided to move into the city to be nearer Robin's work. She helped design the color scheme and do the actual shopping, and the apartment expresses her ideas as much as it does her mother's. This year, they decided to change the colors a little when the apartment was redecorated. Pink for Robin's room, a heart-of-a-rose pink that sets off the light woods. Her dolls are on top of the book shelves; her own TV set is here; and the card table she puts up when she answers her fan mail (except in summer, when she takes it out on the little terrace off the living room).

Last year's living room had cocoa walls, but this year they are going to be the palest pink. Furnishings are blond modern, even to the spinet piano, with wrought iron, tile-top tables for accent. The rugs are now charcoal gray, instead of cocoa. Dining area and kitchen will be a soft mint green.

Along one wall of the dining area is a series of framed pictures of Robin, from early baby photographs . . . through her modeling days as a chubby, endearing three-year-old, her Queen of the May photograph at school in Mt. Vernon, and her early Dagmar days . . . to a brand-new one which makes her look really thirteen-going-on-fourteen and has caught just the right mood of this half-child, half-woman Robin of today.

But the child keeps cropping out, just when you have assured yourself that Robin is really growing too fast, getting too wise too soon. The little girl she still is crops out when her mother, for instance, stops her if she interrupts something she is saying. "Who is telling this story, Robin—you or I?" she asks. Robin laughs a little with embarrassment at her eagerness to help tell it, says "Excuse me." But then she can't resist salamiming three times to the floor, hands extended con-tritely, and then grabbing her mother around the neck and kissing her to show she didn't really mean to be rude. At times like these, Faith Morgan is apt to turn to a visitor and say, half smiling and half in earnest, "You see, it's the mothers who suffer the growing pains, not the teenagers."

Yet Robin is now old enough to realize that work is terribly important. Having been Dagmar for six years—which is close to half her lifetime so far—she feels great affection for this child who is so like herself. But she is constantly being offered other roles on radio and television. This delights her, since she loves doing a variety of parts. The one she has liked the most was the frightened schoolgirl in the Robert Montgomery dramatic show she did last spring, called "The Tall Dark Man," in which her acting ran a steady crescendo to stark, screaming terror and proved she has a flair for drama unusual in a thirteen-year-old. One young admirer was so carried away by Robin's handling of the part that she wrote it had made her "proud it was done by a fellow teenager and an American."

Now Robin wants to make a movie and be in a Broadway stage play, and the fact that she is still young enough to wear braces on her teeth doesn't make any of this sound incongruous. For this is a teenager who can at one moment be initiating a special friend into her own special order of "Martians" (with its own language invented by Robin)—and the next moment be saying quite seriously that, when she was "young," she used to have a new crush every week, usually on actors many times her age (Clark Gable, as Rhett Butler in "Gone with the Wind," was one which lasted longer than the others), but now she believes a girl should be very sure before she admits even to herself that she is in love. She is still young enough—and yet mature enough—to laugh a little when Faith Morgan says that she wants peace of mind for Robin, that she wants her to be sufficiently well adjusted, emotionally, to be happy in her work and her life.

"Oh, Mother," Robin says to this, "You know those are a lot of long words. You just want me to grow up gracefully, and not too fast." And she winks at her teasingly.

Faith Morgan winks back. "Well, isn't that exactly what I said?"

---

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### Monday P.M.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Robin Head—Romantic robbery</td>
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<td>7:40</td>
<td>The Lone Wolf—Louis Hayward howls</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Burns &amp; Allen—Delirious duo</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Fraser Presents—Serious, light, and, except Nov. 14, Producers' Showcase, 8:00-9:30</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Godfrey's Trench Mouth—Variety</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Wake of Firestone—Fine music</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>The Milk—Variety &amp; mimicry</td>
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<td>December Bride—Lovely, lively!</td>
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<td>Jinx Falkenberg—Interviews</td>
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<td>Mortimer Zucko—Fiddle-faddler</td>
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<td>Candid Camera—Fun with Facts</td>
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<td>First Love—Younger years</td>
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<td>Letter From Lee Graham—Human</td>
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<td>&amp; On Your Account—$$50 Quiz</td>
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<td>Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles with Ruggles</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Adventures Of Champion—Giddop</td>
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<td>7:40</td>
<td>Rin Tintin—About a dog</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Mama—Peggy Wood charm</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Line Of Life—Bill Bendix stars</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Let's Love—Very Dusty stuff</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>The Lucy Show—Re-runs</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Beat The Clock—Collyer carries on</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>&amp; Stage Show—The Dorsey's &amp; June Taylor Dancers plus name-guest stars</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>&amp; The Honeymoons—Jackie Gleason &amp; PNG Meadows</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Two For The Money—Shrink</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Gunnsmoke—Thrilling Western</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Durante Show—Comedy</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Damon Runyon Theater—Stories</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>&amp; Your Hit Parade—Musical</td>
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### Sunday

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Camera Three—Multi-award winner</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Hallmark Playhouse—Alternates with Wide Wide World—Travelogue</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Armas 'n' Andy—Tim Moore as Kingfish</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>Omnibus—90-minute variety</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>&amp; You Are There—Vivid</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Lassie—Canine pin-up queen</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>It's A Great Life—Great laughs</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>The Lively Arts—Two hours of culture</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>&amp; You Asked For It—Art Baker</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>&amp; Jack Benny—Nov. 20, Dec. 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Private Secretary—Nov. 13, 27, Dec. 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>&amp; Frontier—Shoot-em-up; Dec. 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Spectacular, starring Maurice Chevalier</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Famous Film Festival—Four-star movies premiere on television</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>&amp; Ed Sullivan Show—Top acts</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Calgate Variety Hour—Comedy</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Dangerous Encounter—Jerome</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>The A-G Hour—Live teleplays</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>&amp; Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Alfred Hitchcock Presents—Drama</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Wreath of Flowers—Lots of laughs</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>Loretta Young Show—Stories</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>&amp; Break The Bank—Bert Parks</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
<td>Studio 57—Half-hour dramas</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>&amp; What's My Line—Job game</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>Justice—Crime stories</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>&amp; District Attorney—David Brian</td>
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Glamour Is a State of Mind

(Continued from page 38)

you're Marjorie Gateson, aren't you?" And
Marjorie, scarcely able to refrain from
kissing them on the spot, somehow man-
ages a grin. "Yes, I am, Mr. X. I'll miss you
if you stop bothering me."

It is not unusual that an actress who
has starred in musical comedies and been
featured in over four hundred plays finds her
greatest fame in television. What
makes it unusual is that the actress was
one of the gayest, most sophisticated light
comedienne of the theater—and television
has typically type-cast the mother in daytime
drama. For three and a half years, she
was Mother Barbour in One Man's Family;
and now, in The Secret Storm, she is Halla
Stoddard's comediennes one
than
she
will
be
in)

"Mama"

experience,

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er

"Fancy

"Mama"—and you'd certainly never call
her "Mama"—would find an individual in her own right. Her duties
are no longer confined to the home alone, they
extend to the whole community. Her
interests extend beyond family to encompass
the world.

But above all, Mother is ageless. In
experience, she's as old as eternity, but in her
heart young, more like her grandchildren. No longer buried in the
kitchen—an old-fashioned homebody who
doesn't know what's going on in the world—
she bridges the gap between the genera-
tions and becomes an inter-generational
leader in her own right. Her duties
are no longer confined to the home alone, they
extend to the whole community. Her
interests extend beyond family to encompass
the world.

As for the astuteness, you're an
actress and so much of your time is
spent waiting for the miracle of the next
part, you can't help looking for signs. So
one day, you go with your friend girl
to your horoscope read and—in spite
of yourself—it's amazing some of the things
that come on.

Not that Marjorie takes it too seriously—not with her background.

"I come from an Episcopal clergyman
family," she reminds you, "My
grandfather was Charles S. Marks, and my brother, the Reverend Dr.
Wilmot Gateson, officiated at The
Church of the Saviour in Philadelphia.

I'm mother of three, despite the
family background, was hopelessly stage-struck. But when Augusta
Virginia Smith married
Daniel Gateson, a Brooklyn contrac-
toonist, and he was also on the
stage, the two of us were out of
the question. But that didn't keep her from
becoming a dramatic coach, as well as a
student of Browning and Shakespeare.

And from her four children came
home actresses. One eventually gave up acting
in order to marry. The youngest, how-
ever, was so busy climbing the grassy
slopes of success, she never did get around to marrying.

"And it's not that I've never been asked,"
Marjorie is quick to interject.

From the very start, she loved the
theater, with all the, I suppose, as young as
that. Most clothes are designed for young
women, so that older women must either
wear copies or slight modifications. But
an older woman always looks younger by
going along with her years and wearing
clothes that are smart rather than friv-
olous.

Marjorie not only wishes that designers
were more creative in the dresses
they design for older women, but if they
don't do something about it, she will.

As for a whole television program,
she says it's a subject for another day.

The program, if she ever gets a chance
to do it, will be more in line with the
real Marjorie Gateson. For while Marjorie
may symbolize the Mother in television,
in private life she has no children, nor has
she ever been married. She lives alone
in a midtown Manhattan hotel—gay, busy, and undernourished—wonder-
ing: Which is the greater role—the one
on-stage or off? In private life, Marjorie
is not only not inspired to her friends but
never to thousands of other women
who can lead a life of beauty and purpose.

"I was born on the seventeenth of Jan-
uary," Marjorie says, trying to explain how
she got to be the way she is. "That's
Capricorn—the goat. And then she
points to the tiniest pair of feet in tele-
vision of the goat and says, 'oh, heeled
détie, and petite, don't they look like
their goat's feet, but they were obviously
designed for dancing and prancing.'

But Marjorie keeps her head in mock
disarray aware that a more man can't
possibly understand.

"Capricorn's an awful sign for a woman
to be born under. It's a guy's life.

You work your whole life through, always
climbing a lot of rocks to get to that
patch of grass on the ledge above. Then,
when you've eaten up all that grass,
you have to climb still higher to get to the
patch of grass on the next ledge. You're
always climbing."

Yet even as she says it, it's clear: Mar-
jorie wouldn't have had it any other way.

As for the astrology—well, when you're
an actress and so much of your time is spent
waiting for the miracle of the next
part, you can't help looking for signs. So
one day, you go with your friend
to your horoscope read and—in spite
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is not only not inspired to her friends but
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who can lead a life of beauty and purpose.
were the first round actors (as opposed to flat actors on motion picture screens) they had ever seen. It was hard for Marjorie herself to go back to being a flat actor again. After the war, she toured the West Coast in a production of "Dear Ruth," then returned to Broadway to appear with Bobby Clark in a revival of "Sweethearts." Since then, except for "The Caddy"—a Martin and Lewis picture she made two years ago—she has concentrated on TV.

And although the theater was to deny Marjorie a husband, television was to give her a family. First, it was One Man's Family. Now it's the cast of The Secret Storm. The characters on the show are very real to her, and she identifies herself with their problems. Her "daughter" may be the villainess, but Marjorie understands her and—"Well, I was a wreck that time I had to denounce her," she recalls.

But most of all, Marjorie is grateful for the close feeling she has with the rest of the cast. "Acting on television is an ulcer-making way of earning a living," she explains. "It's a constant opening night with no second night for improvements. When it's done, it's done." The cast of a daytime television drama not only spend a great deal of time together, but are "under such nervous tension—all at the same time—that they can't help being sympathetic with one another."

But even away from the show, time never hangs heavily for Marjorie. There's too much to do. Every summer, she tours the "citronella circuit"—reminding herself as well as her public that she's still a darned good comedienne. Every winter, she meets each week with Actors Equity—she's been on the Council for the past nine years. And every day, no matter how busy her schedule, she manages to visit a widowed sister who is now hopelessly ill—and for whom Marjorie has assumed complete responsibility. Marjorie also has a pet charity, the White Lily Orphanage in Korea, for which she collects clothing. Among the four hundred children housed in the orphanage that was built originally for one hundred, there is a little girl named Marjorie, after their good friend in America.

In addition, she shares with other women the job of keeping house. Somehow, Marjorie has taken a suite in a midtown theatrical hotel and converted it into a country home. You don't see the department store across the way, you just see the plants in the window. And, relaxing in an easy chair before the open fireplace, it isn't like being in New York—it's like being home. And Marjorie herself is likely to be singing in her well-stocked kitchen, rustling up one of the meals for which she is famous among her friends.

If she seems happier than most women, it's because—as she says—"I have wonderful health and wonderful friends." If there are any personal troubles of her own, she has long since learned to pack them up in her old kit bag and smile, smile, smile. And, even at night, when the friends go home—Marjorie is never really alone. Hanging on the wall above her bed is a gilt statuette of St. Anthony, whom she long ago adopted as her patron saint because—"Well, he's the one who finds things for you."

And what does Marjorie want Saint Anthony to find for her?

Without a moment's hesitation, she replies: "Peace of mind, health for my sister, lots of work, and—if I lose a jewel—to find it for me." She smiles—a dazzling smile straight out of musical comedy. "A jewel can mean anything, you know."

And the dazzling smile, one wonders what it was meant to convey—a role as great as any she ever had... or could it mean a husband?

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The Long Way Home

(Continued from page 60)

from the first home Sid knew. That was the four-room apartment in Yonkers, a suburb of New York City, of his parents, which he lived in until September 8, 1922—the day that Sid made his debut into the world. That apartment was just the first of a series of flats the family lived in during Sid’s youth. When Sid was three, the family moved to a larger place near by, until the Depression came and they were forced to move out.

At that time, in 1929, Sid’s father was running a restaurant. It was called the St. Clair Lunch, and there was a hotel above it. “That was quite a place,” Sid recalls. “For fifty cents a night you got a room without a window. For seventy-five cents, the room had a window and a rope tied to the radiator for use as a fire escape.”

When the Depression hit, the family pre-empted five rooms of the hotel and moved into those. (Sid doesn’t say whether or not the rooms had windows.)

After five years at the hotel, the family lived in at least three more apartments, all very much alike. These were the first homes that Sid Caesar knew. It was in these places that Sid lived and went to school—while he learned to play the saxophone during high school days—and while he took note of the idiosyncrasies of the patrons of his father’s restaurant, memorizing these peculiarities and imitating them for his friends.

Those saxophone lessons, and his antics portraying those unusual characters, were to stand him in good stead later on. The music was to introduce him to his lovely wife—and the comic portrayals were to take him to the top of the entertainment world.

After graduation from high school, in 1940, Sid decided he wanted to continue the study of music. He also wanted to join the New York local of the musicians’ union. But he had to live in New York for six months before he could join, and during that time he could not play professionally. To support himself, he got a job as an usher at the Capitol Theater on Times Square.

“That was quite a job,” Sid says. “I was paid fifteen dollars a week. Then I got a promotion. I was made doorman and got eighteen dollars a week. I got the job because the other doorman quit when it got too cold.”

“At that time, I was living in a room in the apartment of a Mrs. Fuchs, near Madison Square Garden. It was wonderful. She served breakfast and dinner. For twenty cents, you got a breakfast of orange juice, cereal, two eggs and bacon, muffins and coffee. For dinner, you paid fifty cents and got soup, meat course, dessert and coffee. I paid five dollars a week for the room. It wasn’t a bad place! A lot of other students lived there.”

During this period, Sid took more music lessons. He also played with some top names, including Stravinsky, Claude Thornhill and Shep Fields.

But most important to Sid was the fact that during this same period—in the summer of 1942—took his first wife. She was a beautiful girl, a graduate of Hunter College in Manhattan, named Florence Levy. She was a counselor at a girls’ camp and Sid started playing with an orchestra at a nearby summer camp. It was a fateful meeting.

That November, Sid joined the Coast Guard. He describes the living quarters at the boot camp comically, but you get the feeling that it wasn’t particularly funny at the time. “We were living in a regular bungalow like the ones people take for the summer. It was at Manhattan Beach, just outside New York City. There were fifty guys in that house—and there were two bathrooms to take care of us all. You can imagine what it was like. They were private bathrooms, of course, with only one of everything. And fifty guys had to wash in those two bathrooms in the morning and be ready for duty on time!”

In the Coast Guard Sid was assigned to the company of “Tars and Spars,” a service musical show. He was assigned as a saxophone player, of course. But one day during rehearsals—when Sid thought only other members of the band were listening—he did an imitation of one of the Coast Guard officers. Then he branched off into some of his other imitations.

As luck would have it, Max Liebman, the musical director, heard the fun and put Sid into the show as a comedian. That was the start of Sid’s rise to fame.

The following year, 1943, Sid and Florence were married. They couldn’t have too much time together, of course, because of Sid’s duties in the service. But, whenever Sid could get liberty, he spent the time with Florence. And Florence went with the company to Palm Beach, New York, in 1946, Sid and Florence lived in a swank hotel where many Hollywood personalities stayed. Then a sublet apartment in West 68th Street took them in. It was there that Sid first learned he was to become a father—and it was in the next flat they lived in, on West 58th Street, that Michele was born, on July 2, 1947. “It was our first real apartment,” Sid will tell you. “It was in the Walden Apartments in Forest Hills. We had four and a half rooms and the furniture was our own. It was a thrill to sit on a chair and know that it belonged to us, that it wasn’t somebody else’s. I remember giving a New Year’s party there. We didn’t have much furniture. But, boy, were we proud that what was there was all ours! That really meant something to us.”

They lived there for two and a half years, Sid and Florence and baby Michele. During this time, Sid was becoming more and more popular on TV. In the year that they moved into that apartment, Sid appeared on Broadway Revue—and the next year he and Imogene Coca started the fabulously successful Your Show of Shows for Max Liebman, who had discovered Sid in “Tars and Spars.” Those years at the Walden Apartments were really great ones for Sid and Florence Caesar.

But, in 1951, the family moved into New York City, to an eight-room place on Park Avenue. They were to use the first floor for their “apartment” and it was there that their second child, Richard, was born, on February 18, 1952. They were also living there when Sid started his own television show, Caesar’s Hour, which became tremendously successful.

It was in February of this year that Sid and Florence made the great decision. They wanted a house. They were tired of living in apartments, where they were limited in the things they could do. They wanted a place where they could sit down and do whatever they wanted, and yet tear out a wall or make other changes if they wanted to—one where they were free. Also, they wanted more room for the children. But, most important, they wanted a house of their own, their first real, honest-to-goodness home.

They started looking. They looked at a number of places, but had something wrong with it. “One place we looked at,” Sid reports, “had a room completely finished in leather. The ceiling, the floor and all the walls were finished in leather, as well. That sounded fine—but, as Sid adds softly: ‘You know, I don’t like leather.’

The couple were just about determined to buy some property and build their own home when they saw the one they finally bought. “It’s funny,” Sid says, “but that place just hit us right. We knew it was
the right one. You know how it is, you just know. That was the one.

They saw it in the latter part of April. It was unfinished in the interior, although people were living in it, and the grounds had not been landscaped. When Sid and Florence decided to buy it, they wanted it in a hurry, with as little delay as possible.

Sid paid the people who were living in it a little extra to take care of it so they could, and he produced a promise from his contractor to have the house ready for the family by July first—an almost impossible job. But the contractors finished it on June first, and the family was happily with their living arrangements, for the first time in their married life.

The house is large and has many lovely features. It stands on King Point, on Long Island, overlooking the water, and sits on a three-acre plot of beautifully finished ground. There are sixteen lovely rooms, all decorated for a large family in the style of American and modern furniture that makes for gracious and comfortable living.

"It's the sort of place, Sid sums up, "where you're not afraid to sit down.

One of the striking features inside the house is the living room. On the side which overlooks Manhasset Bay, there is a wall of windows thirty feet tall. The ceiling slopes down from those windows to the wall on the other side—which is eleven feet high. The room itself is fifty by twenty feet.

Outside, there is the swimming pool which Sid built. One unusual but very practical feature here is the alarm, which can be turned on when no one is in the pool—and which rings when anything falls in and displaces so much as five pounds of water! The alarm is to protect the children, of course. There is a fence around the pool, too. Another safeguard for the children is a row of small trees planted along the low wall of the terrace, just in case one of the children falls off the wall—twenty young, resilient trees will break the fall.

On the back of the pool there is also a deck, where Sid plans eventually to keep a boat, and a golf course of one hole and two tees—on the roof of the house. Professionally, to help Sid with his game. There is a steam room under the terrace for Sid, and cabinets for his collection of guns—which is quite large and comprehensive. There are two spacious porches, and a lovely patio. There is an office in the house, too.

The house itself is entirely air conditioned, and offers a great deal of wall space for the fine collection of pictures which Sid and Florence have amassed over the years and which no other can be displayed to advantage for the first time.

While all of the rooms are important to the whole family, the most important thing to both Sid and Florence is that the house is theirs, all theirs. There is no more worry about the furniture, making sure that something doesn't get lost or mixed up on it. There is no more "making do" with something, just because they can't change it.

This is their house, and it is their home—the home that they have dreamed of, over all the long years they have lived in rented rooms, in furnished apartments, in other people's homes.

The Sid Caesars have come home at last. It is the culmination of a dream, the fulfillment of a promise, the realization of an ideal that started for Sid as a child in Yorkville, Illinois, and on the day she married Sid "for better or worse" it was a long way home, but the journey's end has been rewarding beyond all their dreams.
toupe that he had to be told a departure hour was thirty minutes in advance of the true time, because he would be shopping until the last minute for keepsakes for Mary and Benny. Some of the finest modern-Marine handcrafting of native outriggers and temple ornaments brought genuine antique prices from a not entirely gullible shopper from their early Hills. It was in India that Jack—according to reports—would have been left behind if it hadn’t been possible to hear by radio and therefore to alerting to the plane. They sell an awful lot of bells in Bombay.

Bearing this family devotion in mind, several book brokers to telephone stock, when they learned that Joan Benny was to marry Seth Baker and live in New York—while Jack and Mary remained on the West Coast. Telephone dividends, the wizards figured, were certain to rise on the basis of fantastically increased long-distance tolls from coast to coast.

When the same shrewd gentlemen heard of Jack’s impending grandfatherhood, they added still further telephone shares to their holdings. Well-informed shares say that this perspicacity has paid off—at least one such “wizard” bought a custom-made Cadillac the other day.

There was a story behind the long-distance telephone enthusiasm of the Benny’s. As is rather well known by now, Jack and Mary met when Zeppo Marx and young Mr. Benny were invited by Mary’s sister and Jack was also in vaudeville and on the same bill with the boys—to enjoy a home-cooked meal in Vancouver, where Mary’s family was then living. Mary was twelve at the time and was overwhelmed by the looks and charm of the “Walter Raleigh” of Waukegan.

It can’t be recorded that Jack reciprocated her interest. Actually, there was in his deportment, a suggestion that—for from tossing down his cloak for her dry-footed comfort—he would have gagged her with it. Sub-teen Mary was stuck at the combination of depressions and was trying hard to impress Mr. Benny—which might have been okay if he could have used any of her lines in his act. Forward. But no such luck. Said Benny to Marx, “Get me out of here. What am I doing with this...this kid?”

Years passed Mary and her family moved south to San Francisco and, once again, Jack was a dinner guest during a San Francisco booking. He excused himself as his manners would allow. By the time Mary was Jack’s third time, the family was living in Los Angeles. By now, Mary had been graduated from high school and was working at the hoarsey entrance of the May Fair, a long-time Benny radio gag which is actually based on truth.

Mary and her family caught Jack’s act at the Orpheum and Mary jumped after him for a post-theater dinner. As Mary remembers, “He sounded a little like a jukebox with the needle stuck. He couldn’t get one subject: ‘My, how you’ve changed!’”

The following day he strolled into the May Company shortly before noon and asked to join him for lunch. She was so excited she didn’t get a chance to ask him for coffee, much less a sandwich. That night they had dinner at what was, in those innocent days—a 1928, one of downtown Los Angeles’ great restaurants, The Victor Hugo. Mary had never been in the place before. Again, she was too thrilled to eat.

The following night Jack took her to the Coconut Grove, and Mary definitely had no appetite. She might have starved along with Jack if it weren’t for his San Francisco cooking, and from there worked his way northward, theater by theater. When he reached Seattle he learned that he had been re-booked in Los Angeles, so naturally he telephoned Mary to ask her to reserve a few dates while he was in town. He had learned—by the secret method of listening to Mary’s conversation—that she had at least one beau who kept her evenings busy, so he felt he should clear the way.

When the long-distance call came in from San Francisco, Mary had expected her mother had received—she was so overcome that she couldn’t think of anything to say. The fact that it was one o’clock in the morning and she had been awakened out of a sound sleep made her have something to do with it. Plus the fact that her parents were having no trouble finding words to say how they felt about it all.

Mary’s second long-distance conversation with Jack resulted from Mary’s placing a call to her sister, Babe, in Chicago to announce that she was going to be married. Babe said Mary was too young, and why didn’t she come to Chicago, where Babe was appearing on the same bill with Jack Benny, to discuss the matter. Jack got on the wire and seconded the motion. So Mary went to Chicago to talk over her "youthful unpreparedness for marriage"—and three days later, in Waukegan, married Jack. The date was January 14, 1927, and it marked the beginning of one of the greatest telephonic relationships on record.

The transition from one generation to the next was easy, in this instance. When Joan Benny was a student at Stanford, an audit of the telephone expense indicated that her annual tuition was only slightly greater than her phone bill in one month. And this was a month’s worth—of essential shopping, not wanting to be away from Joanie at a critical time, but now she could descend on the shops with an ease that was just as bracing as their Sherry-Netherland suite at five.

He was ten minutes late. “Because a fellow can’t do a thing like this in a rush. There are too many details to be checked.” And everything was all right. After their trip to the hospital to meet Michael and to check on Joan’s condition (she was doing wonderfully), Jack and Mary departed to go on separate errands. Jack also had to go into a waiting room when Seth called again at eight to say that Michael had made his debut. All critics’ reviews were raves—Michael looked like a smash hit.

Yet, in March, when he was asked to appear in Florida for a worthy cause—at the height of the radio and TV season, when every moment was precious—he said that it would be able to fly to New York, have a day with Joanie, fly to Florida, do the show, fly back to New York for a day with Joanie, and be home in time for the Sunday show.” He never went.

Originally the long’s visit had been scheduled for July 7, so the Bennys, George and Gracie Allen Burns flew out of Chicago on July Fourth, in order to reach New York in plenty of time. George and Gracie were scheduled to serve as godparents for the infant, and all the ladies and gentlemen in breakdown for corridor-packaging racing.

July fifth passed without incident, except for the record-breaking heat and humidity, which—as George pointed out—would have been a mild reflection of Jack’s blood pressure.

The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth, supplely by marathon trips by the nightly trips of the Bennys, the Burns, and the Bakers to some air-conditioned restaurant where they talked far into the closing hours.

On the night of July fifteen, Paul Hahn (president of the American Tobacco Company) gave a party to which all the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting were invited. Joan had never looked lovelier—nor more remote from the hospital. Jack spent the evening trying to avoid people who wanted to tell him the joke about the twins who refused to be born because they were so polite that neither would go first.

At seven on the morning of a sweltering day, Seth telephoned to say that he and Joanie were at the hospital. Jack and Mary were still trying to get showered, dressed, and breakfasted. Seth walked into a waiting room when Seth called again at eight to say that Michael had made his debut. All critics’ reviews were raves—Michael looked like a smash hit.

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(Continued from page 68)
Just Naturally Jan

(Continued from page 35)
fan magazine and organized a Janette
Davis Fan Club. Over the years she saw
Jan many times. Jan was touched by the
girl's devotion. She tried to do little
things for Grace without being obvious.
Through a third friend, Jan arranged for
Grace to get a little financial help with
her correspondence costs. One day, she
arranged for Grace to get the full glamour
treatment at a beauty salon. Jan tried to
keep her part in it secret, but Grace
cought on and said, "I just know it was
you who did this, Jan."

Jan finally admitted it and added,
"Nothing I've ever done can repay you
for your faith in me."

"I didn't do anything," Grace insisted.

"I just love you."

And that's what Jan meant to one per-
son who got to know her.

It's always been difficult for Jan to find
the time to meet with fan clubs—for, like
the other Little Godfrees, she has a
strenuous time of it with five morning
shows and the big Wednesday-night TV
program. There is rehearsing and groom-
ning and shopping for clothes and listen-
ing to new songs and, finally, doing the
shows.

Jan lives in a comfortable but very
modest apartment in Manhattan during the
work week. She is no show-off. She was
making good money even before she
joined Arthur. But she has never lived
ostentatiously. For years she drove a
moderately priced car. Friends used to
ask why she didn't drive fancy cars or live
in a mansion.

"Why should I?" she asked.

"Other singers in your class do."

"That's no reason," Jan told them.

For many years, Jan wanted a house of
her own. She left her family's home at
sixteen to go to work and thereafter was
always on the move. She constantly
window-shopped for one of her own. As
her income increased, she saved more
money, but she also contributed more to
her family. The oldest of the Davis brood
at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Jan has always
been loyal to the family. Finally, several
years ago, she bought a house.

"Why did you wait so long?" she was
asked.

"I couldn't afford a house before."

"But, in this business, who waits until
they can afford it?"

That remark is pretty much the truth—
and it is one of the things that makes Jan
so different.

But she had one fixation about the home
she had dreamed of for so many years:
Everything had to be new—all of the
furnishings and every drapery and even
the wash rags and tooth brushes. And
that's the way it was, the day she moved
in.

Jan had anticipated that day for years,
but she recalls, "It was too much of every-
thing at one time. It was all that I wanted,
but it took weeks before I got used to
living with it all.

The house, on the north shore of Long
Island, was described in detail in the
February 1955 issue of TV Radio Mmnn.
It is a white brick ranch house with long,
handsome lines. The inside is spacious,
with semi-modern furniture. The deca-
 rating was done by a friend, Dottie
Kendrick, who was once a professional
decorator. The gals were in complete
agreement, from the weather-vane to the
doormat.

Actually, Jan's tastes are simple. She
likes nice clothes and select plain, tailored
dresses. Aqua is her favorite color. When
relaxing, she wears peludo pushers, tweeds

"Whod believe I was ever
embarrassed by PIMPLES!"
Maxie Kendrick, husband of Dottie, has known Jan ever since she first came to New York, a man (song-plugger, in Tin Pan Alley lingo) for one of the biggest music publishers, and that was how he came to meet Jan. He and Dottie and Jan have been friends and confidants for several years, and they spend many evenings and weekends together.

"To me," says Maxie, "Jan has always been one of the most interesting persons in the business. She has a realistic approach to things, and that is rare. She sees things as they are. She has never acquired a celebrity's tastes or airs. If we go out to a night club, Jan insists that we don't sit at a table. When she comes over for dinner, we know that she'll be happy to 'take her shoes off,' and more than satisfied with frankfurters and beans."

He tells another story about Jan which is revealing. She and Maxie were in a jewelry store before Christmas, hard at work gift-shopping. "I want to buy Carol a dinner ring," Maxie announced. "I'd be happier if she picked it out herself. Let's call and see if she can come over."

They phoned and Carol said she would be right over. "In the meantime," Jan told the jeweler, "I think I'm going to buy myself a present."

She studied the tray of rings and picked out one for herself. Then Carol came in, studied the assortment and chose one. At that point, the jeweler nervously called Maxie aside and informed him that Carol's ring cost much more than Jan's—and would Jan like this? Jan was asked, "I like my ring. Carol likes hers," Jan said.

And that settled it. Jan loves the sea and ocean. In summertime, you'll very often find her at Jones Beach, "living it up." After a swim, more often than not, she and her friends will stop in a market, pick up some groceries, and then all go out to the village—where they all take part in a cook-out.

"After a week's work, I live it up by living it down," she says. "I just want to relax and rest and maybe have some friends in. We just listen to records, watch TV, have many laughs—and everybody goes home happy."

Although Jan is feminine and pretty, she's got the strength and courage of a six-foot heavyweight. There's proof of this in her career. She got started as a kid with no one to hold her hand, or put ice packs on her head. She is her own woman. During some of those years, she worked for as little as four dollars a night, and there were a couple of bad days when she went from one couple to a dinner and a quarter. She didn't run home to mother. She kept going.

She is a woman of conviction and proves her faith in people. She goes to bat for friends. She does not accept gossip as the gospel truth.

Jan has a reputation for being outspoken, often blunt, but it is her honesty. She will not play tricks or something dangling if she knows in her heart the answer is no. As cute and fetching as she is, Jan drives her car with the positive assurance of a man. She refuses to observe feminine timidity. If work keeps her in Manhattan late on a weekend night, she's not afraid to head straight for home—an hour's trip—at six in the morning.

Maxie Kendrick tells of another incident concerning Jan. On the day she was robbed, about a year ago, she was ill. Shortly after she arrived at the Kendricks' apartment to visit, Jan was notified that thieves had broken into her home, taking cash, jewelry, clothes and fur.

Jan talked to Carol, calming her, and finally hung up and continued her conversation with Maxie and Dot.

"Aren't you going back to your apartment?" Maxie asked.

"Why? What can I do about it now?"

And she stayed on for two hours, not interrupting the sick call.

Jan sees things and people and situations for what they are, and that goes for herself, too. Perhaps that is why she doesn't like the "glamour treatment." She tries to sing her best at all times. She is always honest, with herself and with her friends. For Jan, this is just doing what comes naturally, so she can quite see why anyone should want to make a fuss over her.

But the other Little Godfrey's—and the Talent Scouts—and a whole coast-to-coast network of official fan clubs and unofficial, loyal friends—they all know why.

What Romance Means to Me

(Continued from page 31)

the enjoyment while disliking it inside. The most important feature of every personality is one's faith. Although I don't dwell on it, I'd want someone who has faith, not necessarily my faith, but a belief in God. I feel that, to be a well-rounded person, there must be a spiritual belief. It tends to be the "cement" which holds the rest of their personality together and gives it meaning.

Some people must be accepted by my friends and family. This is very important to me. We are a close-knit family and can't have complete happiness without one another's love and approval.

I would like to have my girl get the same reaction that my brother George's wife, Janie, receives. Our family and friends say, "Janie is so wonderful and sweet—she is really a doll." They think George is most lucky to have met her (and the other way around). My sister Angie finds the same way. She was recently married to Tom Farrell, but before the wedding she was most anxious that we would all like her prospective husband. She writes, saying, 'I'm in love with Tom and I would like you all to accept him into your hearts ... it's most important to me how you feel.'

But then I don't think we are so much different than Janie in this regard. I think it is important that any family and friends like and approve of a prospective bride or bridgegroom. Sometimes, for years, they practice marriages... to see if they believe they must free to make a choice on their own account in this matter—without group guidance, and even in defiance of odds and relatives.

They think it is nobody's business but their own.

But it is? Our family has always felt that, when you marry, you marry friends and relatives, too. You have here, after all, a loving friendship which has taken years to build. Yet it seems that some young people forget the value of this choice and opt for that at the first opportunity to exchange their family circle for some romantic square.

I can remember my first romance—actually, it was my meeting, for the first time, someone outside our family circle whom I thought was really the greatest. She was the daughter of the Mayor of Williamsburg. But the biggest mistake I ever made in my marriage was pretending that I was a lady and not a girl. I was free to devote all my waking hours to writing her notes and all my waking thoughts to her pigtails and blue eyes.

Then, one day, I very bravely wrote "I love you" on one of the notes and slipped it into her schoolroom desk. I waited breathlessly until she came in. I motioned to her to stay and, during the football recess—for she never opened her desk until then. She then put away her books, saw the note, and picked it out. I thought surely no note, at least, would not get the big girl. I had dated Janie, and I would have to let her know. But no! She was most annoyed, slammed down the desk, and never talked to me again. She was a delicate young lady—in fact, she was sometimes afraid to get a cold and if she got one she would be afraid of the brashness of my note!

Then my music took hold of me and, for many times, I played my piano. In high school, for example, while my friends were busy dating, I was spending eight hours a day at the piano. And after graduation, when others were getting engaged and married, I was traveling with my piano across the country.

When you have a variety of interests, you don't make romance your prime goal in life. Granted that romance and marriage are the greatest things in life—from high school on, all my friends looked forward to marriage and the joys that come to that one great day. But I had a romance of sorts of my own: My music had brought with it a variety of interests—I was an active person, seeing new faces in new places wherever I traveled.

There were a couple of times, during that early period of travel, when my work allowed me to stay in one place long enough to make friends. I found that the girls I knew did not want to compete with the piano for my attentions. Even more important was the fact that they had to share my feelings and relations with a large number of people. They didn't understand that sharing was part of my work and life. They resented it.

For example, I'd be having dinner in a restaurant with a girl. Candles on the table and music in the background—in short, a romantic evening. Then, in the middle of our conversation, some lady or gentleman would come up to say: "Excuse me, but I have a little daughter who adores your piano playing so much—and would you be kind enough to autograph this menu for me?" Or some young man or girl would come up, saying, "Janie, I want to be a pianist, too—I wonder if you could give me a few moments of your time ..." and I would say, "Of course, do sit down and we'll talk it over.

After this happens two or three times in the course of a dinner, my companion has sometimes said, "How can you stand these interruptions? I'm sure I couldn't take it"—or, "I really think these people are nerver." These reactions immediately set up the thought in my mind: I'm sorry that you won't be hearing from me for a while.

This kind of thing is well illustrated in a scene from my Warner Brothers picture, "Sincerely Yours." It is a scene which is very true to life: I'm at a high point in my
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For myself, I've waited this long for a marriage. Dorothy is very sweet and understanding, but marriage that has been a problem. For the longer I wait, the more demanding I become. And I've found so many ideals things in my life, I wonder why I should risk the chance of spoiling them by a marriage that isn't perfect.

And my career still demands so much of my time—it wouldn't be fair to a wife or family to have a home life which was constantly interrupted by long hours of travel and public appearances. In the family that I raise, there will be romance and adventure, and I wouldn't be able to devote the proper time if I were constantly on the road. When it comes, it will be handled in a very sacred and dignified manner—it won't be spread across the pages like some Hollywood romances. It will be done with dignity, with the understanding that a marriage deserves. It won't flourish overnight, like the Hollywood press-agent type of romance. When it comes, it will be a romance that will endure.
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7174—Crochet this doily or centerpiece for a gift, for your own home. Smart combination of filet crochet and regular crochet. Oval doily, 17 x 26 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50; large in bedspread cotton. 25¢

663—He’s 32-inches high—big as a little boy. Your child will love having him for a playmate. Dress him in Size 2 boys’ clothes. Pattern parts, easy-to-follow doll directions included. 25¢

7001—Your little girl will be thrilled with this new-fashion outfit. Easy double-crochet forms the pretty pattern; little lacy scallops the edging on shrug. Directions for Girls’ Sizes 4-6, 8-10, 12-14, included. 25¢

771—Forty-eight colorful birds, each nestling against its own state flower. Easy, fun to embroider on a cozy quilt. Diagrams, transfers of every state bird and flower included. Quilt 72 x 10 inches. Double-bed size. 25¢

7354— Prettiest way to protect a chair or buffet. Roses in filet crochet—leaves in pineapple design. Easy-to-follow directions, charts. Chairback is 14 x 16 inches in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

7358—Pattern-full of pot-holders—all different, gay, easy to make. Perfect for gifts as well as for yourself. Use colorful scraps, bright thread. Seven pot-holders in pattern. Directions, transfer. 25¢

7363—It’s easy to crochet this new cover in any size for your TV set. Pineapples and mesh form the pretty pattern. Crochet TV square 24” in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in bedspread cotton. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 22)

Ogden, himself almost as dangerous a schemer as Sibyl, turn her mental turmoil to his own uses while making her believe she is victimizing him? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT
Just when Helen's long, apparently hopeless romance with Gil Whitney appeared headed for a happy ending, Gil's sudden infatuation with another woman shook Helen so badly that her plans for the future he now so ardently desires. Will she decide it is wiser to accept Brett Chapman's repeated offer of marriage? Or will the new problem looming before her drive all other considerations from her thoughts? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW
The return to Henderson of Joanne and Arthur Tate adds impetus to the situation involving Joanne's friends, the Bergmans, with Melanie Pritchard and her scheming mother. Has Mrs. Pritchard really been succeeded in her coldly vicious plan to get Stu Bergman divorced from Marge and married to Melanie? Will Joanne's old enemies in town somehow lend Mrs. Pritchard a hand, willingly or otherwise? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON
Although Stan Burton has never relished his opposition to his mother's proposed marriage, even he is a little startled when, after a definite date is set, he and Terry are inadvertently placed in the front seat of the whole arrangement. Will Stan be sorrier than ever now that the domineering Mother Burton is free once more to concentrate on running the lives of her children? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM
Long ago, Jane Edwards told Peter Ames that she could bring only trouble, but at the time not even she knew how close her past was to making her prediction come true. How can Peter understand her renunciation of him unless he knows the full story of her former marriage to Skipper Curtis, who has involved Jane along with himself with the FBI? Can Jane bring herself to be honest with Peter in time to save their love? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS
The tragedy Stella has fought for so long to avert has finally climax ed in Dick Grovenor's quick Mexican divorce from her daughter Lauri. But Stella, refusing to recognize the cleavage, desperately tries to keep Dick from burning his bridges by marrying Janice Bennett, hoping there may still be a chance to restore Lauri's har iness. Is Stella wrong to go on hop ing or a reconciliation? Does Lauri want a divorce? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE
The revelation of the truly grim secret in David Brown's past—the murder involving his parents—goes far to explain all the serious mental disturbances David has suffered. But Nora, trained in psychological observation, wonders if even with professional help David will ever free himself from the damaging influence of his sister Loraine, who seems determined to keep the past bitterly alive. CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY
Helen Emerson's position in town seems secure once more as the Children's Fund Board votes confidence in her, despite the ugly vil lifications of Linda Kendall's mother. But what happens when Helen, advised by her daughter Diane, involves Fund money with Whitby Preston, Diane's boss? Will the alert Mr. Norris, so deeply distressed by Helen at first, prove in the end to be her only salvation? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS
Wendy's concern for the situation at the Dalton home deepens as Linda shows definite signs of strain too deep to control, but she is also utilizing the full story behind Linda's marriage to Dr. Peter Dalton. Can Linda sever her association with the people who first put her into Peter's home for their own sinister purposes? Can she find any way to avert the horror she knows hangs over Peter's head? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
Temperamental star Clara Bauer finds herself in a difficult position as, having treated Phil Stanley badly while he was infatuated with her, she is unable to turn to him for the help she suddenly needs so desperately. Will she find Joan and Harry Davis as hostile? Will Joan overcome her instinctive distrust of this woman long enough to make the mistake of extending a helping hand—a hand which is sure to be bitten? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE
James and Jessie Carter have long known that there are times when a child will not listen to a parent's correction but will take it willingly from a brother or sister. For this reason Jessie has watched more or less silently while young Sandy tries to get herself and her marriage to Mike straightened out, hoping that Sandy's twin, Claire will be able to give her the help she feels she cannot risk. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE
Although Jerry has refused to make an issue of it, the contrast between the mature, understanding behavior of his adopted son David and the selfish, trivial preoccupations of his own daughter Jill has given him much recent heartache. His wife Tracey wants deeply to keep family life on a pleasant, constructive keel—but will her own past ever leave her alone? Will Ted Mason further complicate Jerry Malone's life? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN
Dr. Anthony Corning's misguided marriage brought long months of anguish both him and his former fiancée, Ellen Brown as both realized their helplessness to correct the terrible mistake that seemed destined to ruin their lives. Now Millie's murder frees Anthony—but frees him to tragedy that may be even more desperate as, accused of the murder, he is unable to keep Ellen from coming under grave suspicion. NBC Radio.

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85
Got the Sun in the Morning

that being famous and having a lot of money are not necessarily the best things in life.

Bob was thirty-seven years old, and one of the best-known personalities on TV when illness struck and nearly brought to an end the brilliant career which had started back in Buffalo, New York, in 1942. He had been on NBC Labor Day, September 6, 1954," Bob recalls, "that the attack came. I was lying in bed asleep, when I awoke feeling ill, I didn't know what it was, but I knew it was killing me. I could feel something in my chest. But Mil, my wife, knew right away, and she called our doctor. He, in return, called a heart specialist and an ambulance, and then came right out of hospital.

The Smiths live in a three-story, half-timbered home on an acre of well-kept grounds in New Rochelle, a beautiful suburb of New York. City. It was once a New Rochelle hospital that I spent the next twelve days—in an oxygen tent. It was touch-and-go with him for most of that time. Then he began to get better, and healthy.

Throughout the trying time when Bob hovered between life and death, his wife—the former Mildred Metz, also of Buffalo—visited him frequently, and as long as she was permitted to. This was no simple matter—of course, for there were two young boys to look after, at home—and Mil was pregnant. In fact, the Smith's third child was born on November first, just eighteen days after Bob had left the hospital.

As Bob's heart began to mend and he was able to go to the hospital's cardiac ward, his thoughts went back to the kind of life he had led before the attack, and also to his childhood. The two are inextricably mixed.

Bob thought of his father, who had died when Bob was only fifteen. Father had been a strong, muscular man who had worked as a coal miner in Illinois before moving to Buffalo, where Bob was born. There, his father had become a carpenter and, since it was then the depth of the Depression, was unable to get many jobs. He was a broken man. "It was in 1932, when things were bad all over. He would just sit in the house, looking down at all for work, and worry because he couldn't do anything about it. Yes, he just worried himself to death."

When his father died, Bob had been awarded a musical scholarship at Oberlin College in Ohio. It was because of the unexpected blow to the family, Bob was not able to accept, though he had planned to become a high-school music teacher. Now, as he lay in his hospital bed, Bob's thoughts surely went back to the time that he had to give up that ambition and take a job with the male trio called the Hi-Hatters. Bob thought of his work on several Buffalo radio stations. He probably thought, too, of the time that Kate Smith (no relation) brought the trio to New York for appearances on her radio show.

This had been the beginning of Bob's remarkable career. Leaving the trio, Bob went back to Buffalo radio stations in increasingly more important positions until he was again in New York. He was the NBC station there to do a morning show. Bob's popularity with New Yorkers—reputedly the most difficult people in the country—had almost become an-"omous. He went up on the ladder of success quickly until, at the time of his illness, he was doing an hour and three-quarters of radio and television programs including the very popular Howdy Doody—each week five days a week. It was a schedule carried by few other people in the business.

As Bob thought back over the years and the immediate past, he realized why he was lying there in that hospital bed. He had been pushing himself far too hard over far too many hours.

"I remember," he says, "how tired and irritable I used to be when I got home from the studio, silent and slouching. It was work at early morning, working up material for the three shows—and there was always the routine paper work that had to be taken care of, too. It's a wonder to me, looking at it now, that I stayed on my feet as long as I did."

Six weeks to the day after he had entered the hospital, Bob Smith was able to go home, and he stayed there for a long time. He returned to work—these three weeks, leaving it only to visit Mil in the hospital in celebration of the birth of their baby, Bob Jr.

"One of the biggest thrills of my life," Bob says, "was the first time I went outdoors by myself. I remember it was a cool, pleasant day, and the doctor made all sorts of tests on me. I was adjutted well enough. I walked very slowly, of course. And I walked around the grounds, just looking at things in general. It was wonderful. As of now, that was one of the biggest thrills of my life."

Bob continued to take things easy, on doctor's orders, for some time. When he was released from the New Rochelle Hospital, it was decided that the Smiths were planning the usual gathering. Bob's mother and his sister and brother were going to come to spend the holiday with the Smiths. The doctor put Bob down as being all right, and to go away and stay away for the holidays.

So Bob and Mil went to Florida for about a month. When school let out, the boys, Robin, now 13, and Ronnie, 12—

GIVE—

Strike back at CANCER

went down to be with their parents for the holiday, while baby Chris stayed in New Rochelle.

After days after they got back from Florida, Bob Smith went back to work on the Howdy Doody show. But there was a great difference. NBC had installed all the equipment necessary in the cellar of Bob's home, and Bob did the show from there. This meant that he didn't have to drive or take the train all the way to the studio in New York to be on the show.

And on Labor Day of this year, 1955—just one year after the attack—Bob returned to the studio. Bob Smith is back at work.

But there has been a great change in Bob Smith and in his way of life. The change has not been all physical, either. For one thing, Bob has a finer appreciation of the health and the people who are the most to him. He sees to it that he doesn't lose that appreciation. But most important to him are Mil and the three boys. Bob makes it a point to be with them as much as possible.

Bob cannot say too much for the way Mil rose to the situation at the time of his illness. He knows that the days of tragic uncertainty. Bob is well aware that it was largely through Mil's wonderful help that he was able to make the recovery he did—and he treats Mil accordingly. What support between them now than ever before, because they have shared trouble—serious trouble—and have been able to weather the storm.

The children are also closer to Bob. For, nowadays, he has more time to be with them, to follow their interests and help them solve their problems. Both of the older boys are members of a Little League baseball team. "It's been really proud of the fact. He makes it a point to watch them play as often as he can, which is frequent. And you can be sure that Chris, the youngest, takes a great interest in the family, comes in for a great deal of attention, too.

Since Bob has had a chance to change his way of life, he has taken up a sport which is as old as time itself, but which he has never indulged in before. He has taken up fishing. One of the cronies with whom he fishes, as often as possible, is the heart specialist whose work was instrumental in saving his life. Bob now goes out with Bob frequently as Ford Frick, the baseball commissioner.

At his doctor's insistence, Bob has learned to smoke. He is no longer as tense as he had become in the previous years. He doesn't let things upset him as he used to. He has learned to move more slowly, too.

One of the great benefits of Bob's new way of life is that he has been able to appreciate the things around him. He has time now to observe those things which had always been there but which had been overlooked. The trait has added richness to his life.

Another thing that has come into Bob's new way of life is the addition of a job. True, it may have been there all along, but his nearly fatal experience has brought it to the fore.

For instance, Bob has made a study of heart disease—both so that he could understand and help others—of course, but also so that he could help other people who are not familiar with its effects. He likes to explain to those who are interested in the ways that heart attack is a serious illness, it is not something to be feared nearly so much as many people do fear it. He points out that statistics show that a large majority of people suffering their first attacks survive and thereafter are usually able to lead completely normal and full lives.

Bob is much concerned with the public's ignorance of ways to stop or support research into heart disease, one of the most unfortunately-occurring illnesses in the country. He mentions figures showing the public's contributions to polio and heart funds in a given year—when, for every death from polio, the public contributed $13,499, and, for every death by heart disease, the public donations were seven cents. And, of course, he urges regulation of the valleym of the sanitations so the doctor can discover any possible beginnings of heart trouble.

Bob Smith has recovered from his heart attack. But he has a great many things to be grateful for, besides his recovery. He is well aware of them all.

He is grateful for his wife, Mil, and her gentle way as well, and he is grateful for the added closeness that their experience has allowed them to share. He is grateful for his children and their help in his getting better, too.

Of course, he has learned to appreciate the things around him more deeply, the everyday things which other people take for granted in their hurry but which he has now learned he didn't want to be without. He has learned that fame and money are not.

Bob Smith is a happier man today—because of this discovery. He is grateful to the one that laid the shadow. For him, the sun shines with a special brightness, and all the world is new.
He'll Always Be Grateful

(Continued from page 36)

about was the years of grooming, indecision, insecurity and outright poverty his father had to go through before winning a measure of success and recognition. Nor could he anticipate that, within a couple of years of getting "where ever worked" would be one of Hollywood’s busiest actors, under contract to star as Marshal Matt Dillon in the TV version of CBS’s famous radio serial, Gunsmoke.

Produced as a quality show, with a painstaking care almost unheard of in the average "Western," Gunsmoke is keeping Jim Arness on a schedule which requires him to use Saturdays and Sundays for learning his lines, with the rest of the week—from seven in the morning and frequently well past ten—when successful nights (or "ever worked") he found to be many. When he was out camping, sitting in a duck blind in freezing weather, or paddling a canoe across a Minnesota lake, he was happy. But, coming from a respectable middle-class atypical family, he realized that someday he’d have to give up this wild and aimless wandering and settle down to learn a profession or a trade. His father’s father had been a tailor who came over from Norway and settled in Minneapolis. His father was a successful salesman, his mother a journalist. Jim realized that he, too, would have to be somebody in this world, someday he might.

Pearl Harbor gave Jim a chance to postpone his decision. As soon as he was graduated from high school, he enlisted in the Army—after being rejected by the Navy because of his height.

If he was looking for adventure, he certainly got plenty of it while he was in the service. Like most combat veterans, he’s not too talk about it. He was on the Anzio beachhead, saw his company wiped out, narrowly missed death himself three times in a row, had his leg shot up badly by a sniper in the hills of France, and once spent a year and a half in Army and veterans’ hospitals waiting for his leg to mend. Weakened by osteomyelitis, it still bothered him at times, and he recently received government compensation for his injuries.

After his discharge, Jim went back to Minneapolis and enrolled as a student at the University of Minnesota. But his heart wasn’t in his studies. He also took a course in radio announcing, and liked that better, getting a disc-jockey show of his own for a while. At that time he also renewed a high-school interest in the theater, taking parts in several little-theater productions.

None of it, however, captured his imagination. It still wasn’t whatever it was he was looking for. He suggested to a friend in the cast, "California is the place," and Jim joined him without thinking twice about it.

"What really attracted me to California was the climate, the chance to get away from things around me—indifference," he said.

"I had no serious intentions—or delusions—about getting into the movies." The year, however, was 1945, when young Arness talked his scarce as zippers, steak and cigarettes—and Jim landed an acting job, and subsequently a movie assignment, without so much as half trying for it. Cast in a Hollywood starring big moment, "The Condemned Hours Kill," he was spotted by an agent, invited to take a screen test (which flopped), and almost immediately thereafter given a part by George Arness’ brother, Edgar, in the Academy Award-winning film, "The Farmer’s Daughter." By the time he had finished this picture, personable young men were returning to Hollywood in droves. There were a lot of actors from the television world, and producers weren’t exactly hollering for his services any longer. It didn’t particularly bother him. He’d been in California long enough to discover that the Ocean City was a lot of places. Jim approved of it thoroughly. With the money saved from his film debut, he acquired a 1936 Buick, then headed straight for the beaches.

Those other land-locked Midwesterners, Jim Arness is passionately

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fond of the sea. To this day, when he is troubled or upset, he finds something like a spiritual rebirth in the salty waters of the Pacific Ocean. A superb swimmer and a fine diver, he likes to spend entire days in and out of the water, forgetting his worries and returning refreshed and cleansed. Having no responsibilities except to himself, the bearable-betraying Jim, he lived a life of casual ease.

That's how Virginia Chapman, a young actress whom he was to marry, found him in the summer of 1948. Falling in love with Virginia was to be the turning point in his life. Virginia was playing "Candida" at the Pasadena Playhouse when a mutual friend brought Jim around to meet her. As luck would have it, her leading man was forced to drop out of the play on short notice and Jim was drafted to take over the part of her stage husband.

As deeply in love with Jim now as she was when she fell for the big guy eight years ago, Virginia's eyes sparkle as she reminisces about their courtship. "I fell for him the minute I laid eyes on him," she relates. "Aside from his good looks, there was something so clean, decent and kindly about him that it made him stand out as a very unusual person." Jim, however, was no easy quarry, and Virginia had to employ all the feminine wiles at her command before she bagged him. "I knew he was in love with me, too," she says, "when he backed away from embracing me during rehearsals. It showed that it meant something to him, that it wasn't anything he could bring himself to do lightly."

Though he continued to struggle for a while, Jim's fate was sealed, from that moment on. Asking him to hook up the back of her dress each night before they went on stage, Virginia enjoyed the quiver of emotion that passed through Jim whenever his hand touched her shoulder. But she had to pretend to fall asleep on his shoulder one night, when he was taking her home from the theater, before Jim broke down and kissed her.

Overwhelmingly, blissfully, blindly in love though they both were, even to consider marriage took quite a bit of courage at that point. Virginia had a year-old baby from a previous marriage whom she had to support and, at the rate Jim had been going till then, she was afraid she might have to support him, as well. Since his one movie part three years earlier, he'd earned only $5000.

He had no clothes outside of some jeans and T-shirts, some of his better things having come to rest in various pawn shops. Pita and Virginia decided to buy a car to take her to Pasadena, it was touch-and-go whether they had enough gas to make it there. And once, when she asked him to buy her an ice cream cone, Jim had pinned the ice cream to the handle of a streetcar in order to buy himself a ride back home. (There was no salary involved in playing the Pasadena Playhouse.) And Jim still weighed only about 180 pounds, at the time, a condition which Virginia today discerningly attributes to chronic lack of food.

More forbidding than the total absence of money, however, was Jim's apparent lack of prospects. "I was convinced he had a lot of talent," Virginia says, "but he was also a little afraid of the world. He still had no idea what he wanted to do, and there wasn't really anything he could do well. At least, not anything likely to bring in a weekly paycheck."

It finally dawned on the young couple that Jim had been cared for by a considerable number of the young folks, these happily didn't concern Virginia's parents. Recognizing Jim's basic qualities and knowing how deeply these two were in love with each other, they reversed the conventional behavior of prospective in-laws, threw prudence to the winds and did all they could to encourage the couple's romping trip, indulgently chaperoned by Virginia's parents, helped them make up their minds.

They were married shortly thereafter in San Barbara. Jim was working at the studio then, and had bought with funds borrowed from his in-laws. After the honeymoon—a wedding present from Virginia's parents—they set up housekeeping in a small, twenty-dollar-a-month apartment, and Virginia took a job in her father's china-importing firm. Jim, too, tried working there for a while. But, being obviously misplaced in a china shop, he quit shortly and tried his hand at other occupations.

"He really tried," Virginia says, "but he simply wasn't cut out for commerce." He got himself a job selling advertising for a Los Angeles newspaper, switched to door-to-door canvassing and eventually to real estate. "I was a complete flop," Jim admits with a sheepish grin. "I had a pretty good time doing it, though, and meeting people, but I just never sold anything."

After about four months of this, Virginia persuaded him to go back to acting, but with the idea of getting a steady job and treating it as a business proposition. In selling his assets, they decided that he was obviously the rugged he-man type and that this was what was needed to sell to producers. As a result of this, the two of them stopped shaving, grew a luxuriant beard and appeared for interviews wearing a red flannel shirt and jeans.

When this new strategy paid off when Dore Schary, who'd given him his first break in "The Farmer's Daughter"—cast him in his production of "Battle-ground"—Jim had just returned home.

"Every year has been a little better than the previous one," says Virginia. "It's like a business. You stick to it, and it can't help working for you."

Jim gives full credit to his wife for helping him find himself and become successful in his career. Without Ginny I'd probably still be floating on some beach," he says. "I depend on her a lot for just about everything. If it weren't for Ginny, I probably wouldn't have had the drive and incentive to get anywhere."

Through hard work and the considerable incentives for Jim are the children: Craig; eight; Jennie Lee, six; and Rolf, four. He disclaims having any favorite among them, though he can't help noticing the way in which they each take after their father in appearance and manner. All three of them are enthusiastic swimmers, of course, and real companions for their father on his ocean-going trips.

The Arnness house in Pacific Palisades has no swimming pool but is less than a mile from the beach and has a view of the ocean. The Arnness' cars are a few blocks away, that's about the farthest away Jim Arnness would ever want to be from it again.

The Arnnesses moved to Pacific Palisades as soon as they could afford a small home of their own—about five years ago—and stayed within a mile of their original location when they moved to a larger house three years later. Situated on a beautiful piece of land comprised of old elm trees, birches and a towering oak tree, their house is a rambling, three-bedroom arrangement, with rooms sufficiently large to accommodate the big man like Jim from getting claustrophobic. He sleeps in a king-size, seven-by-seven-and-a-half-foot bed—and wears bed socks, just in case his feet should stick out and get cold. When he needs privacy and wants to get away for a while from the hubbub of a busy, happy house, he climbs up into his oak tree, where he has built himself a tree house. He frequently studies his scripts there, too.

Ordinarily, though, there is nothing Jim likes better than to play and roughhouse with the children. Frequently, he takes on as many as a dozen or fifteen children of assorted sizes—including his own youngsters—fighting them in a mock battle. He's long since grown too popular with all the children in his area and, with Gunsmore being shown in the early evening, in the Los Angeles area, he's rapidly becoming something of an expert.

Not quite so impressed with his father's prowess as chief law enforcement officer of Dodge City, Kansas, however, is his son, Craig. As part of getting in trim for his role, Jim had gone around the house for days, practicing quick draws with his gun. Craig decided to get into the act, broke his piggy bank and bought himself a toy. After watching his father for a while and practicing on his own, he one day confronted him and

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More Than Anyone Could Ask

(Continued from page 49)
flagstoned outdoor terrace, and to a large, flat, rectangular pool, the Beckers hope one day to put in a swimming pool.

The house is white, with some green trim. There are Bhuddahs in the basement. Every part of it is well-lived-in, and none of it is off-bounds to the children. Everything in it belongs to the family. Although the hi-fi is really Ruth's, Sandy says, many times, "Her birthday is in January, and I gave it to her for a present. I told her that, for my birthday in February, she could give me some of the dresses that she wanted. And she did!"

The pets belong to everybody—except that Jeb, the blue parakeet, is an independent soul who recognizes no master, and Goldie, the new canary-colored baby parakeet, seems to have adopted Ruth. Jocko, the dog, as gentle as he is huge, is the children's delight.

 Hajji Baba, the dwarf parrot, appears with Sandy on his TV shows for children. "He's the one who works for a living," says Sandy. "He's not nearly so big as the usual parakeet. He knows my name, too. I call him by my name, and he answers me. The name sticks. He won't answer to anyone else, not even Jimmy."

"Hajji rides back and forth from home to studio every day with Sandy, in his own small "cuckoo clock" cage, which Sandy made for him. "Makes him think he's a person," Sandy explains. "Sometimes I suspect he has forgotten he ever was a parrot."

 Hajji always breakfasts with Sandy. Ruth brims with admiration for the birds. And, if the parrot's coffee is too hot, or not sugared sufficiently, or the toast is missing, he sets up a scream. He scolds the children sometimes when they and he don't mean a word of it and that, inside his lovely green plumage, there is a heart full of affection for all the Beckers.

Each child has his collection of fish, besides the four tanks in Sandy's room. Joyce has gone in for guppies in such a big way, they threaten to take over the whole tank in her room. She's a combination of interest in fish, in life, and hobbies, and interests. "Three parts Ruth's soft Southern beauty and good manners, and only one part my foolish ways," Sandy describes Joyce, fondly. Annelle is very much like her laddy boy. He is Sandy's shadow at the days at home, wanting to help with everything he does.

Both Ruth and Sandy are excellent craftsmen, handy at doing dozens of things. The long red sofa in the living room is a piece they picked up at an auction and re-covered, along with some chairs to make a matching set. The inside of the painting in the house, and Ruth made all the drapes. Sandy cut down a big, heavy Italian table which the former owners used. He also made the drapes, and the furniture they liked but couldn't seem to fit in anywhere. He turned it into an unusually lovely coffee table. The cut crystal lamp bases were an old water pitcher and a squat vase, now wired and mounted on silver bases by Sandy. Shaded in red, by Ruth, they are quite gorgeous. Sandy does sculpture, really good things and all self-taught, a hobby he began to develop as a small boy when his parents gave him his first pottery set and he started to carve out new heads for his unexpected moments. Having simple, plain/bleak, self-taught, but his real ambition was to be a doctor, and he had already started a pre-med college when due to stepped-up turn to toward show business. It happened that he was in college and accompanied a stage-struck friend to Station WWR, in Woodside, Long Island, where the friend wanted to audition for FM."

"Somebody thrust an application blank and an audition script in my hand, too," Sandy says. "There I was, expected to do something, and I sat out with a blank, and did a pretty atrocious reading of the script. It had to be atrocious—because what did I know about it? I quickly turned out a script of my own with the voices and interpretations of three different news broadcasters I admired—Edwin C. Hill, Lowell Thomas and Gabriel Heatter! It was some combination, but I got the job, and I thought, 'That's the way I would continue my schooling. So I really fumbled my way into radio, but I
liked it from the first. For a week or more, my parents knew nothing about this, until one day I asked them to listen. I wanted to be sure I was going to last in the job.

When Sandy thought it was time to break away from a local station and get on a network, he took another audition, this time for a CBS executive. He was still a little 'rough around the edges,' so they sent him instead to Station WBT, in Charlotte, North Carolina. There he was required including——the kind of local-station experience which is invaluable for learning the business and preparing for a network job.

He stayed in Charlotte two years, and that's where Ruth became part of the Sandy Becker story. She didn't even see him, the first day she saw her. Her mind was on the ambitions of a friend, a girl who was attending business school with her but had radio aspirations. Ruth herself had done some singing with local bands and hoped to go on with it. When she went along with her friend merely for moral support. Sandy saw them from the control room, and the girls were gone by the third time, practically crying. He had turned to a co-worker and announced that this was the girl he wanted to marry, this striking brunette who walked like a princess. It took several telephone calls to Ruth's family to get the truth out. And, even after Ruth met Sandy, she wasn't impressed, deciding he was too young and boyish for a woman of nineteen. He was thin and, well, boyish-looking, just as Ruth told herself. In fact, Sandy was always trying to put on weight, and always trying to look more mature.

Clyde Clem didn't really believe Sandy when he said that Ruth was going to marry him: "I was always defating him, anything, just the opposite. Of course, he knew he had what it takes for success all along the line, but I liked to kid him. Just to balance things. And when he told me Ruth had said yes, I really did rib him. We used to double-date, and I knew how he felt about her from the first."

When the young-married Beckers went on to New York, the going wasn't completely smooth. Smaller stations got opportunities for which Sandy didn't even have a chance to audition and, for a while, it seemed to him that he was falling behind. He was. But, Ruth used to remind him that he wasn't doing too badly and that his turn was bound to come.

It did come. He began to get some good announcing work on network. He, as Joyce Jordan, the daytime drama, and Theater Of Romance. He did newscasting, got a break when some big news stories came his way and, then, with just the right touch of excitement and drama. He announced some of the Philharmonic concerts, which fostered the love he already had for the other. And, in 1948, he was asked to announce the Young Dr. Malone program—and, not long after, to play the title role!

Gary Merrill had been doing Dr. Malone and, when he left, Sandy was one of the few who had a voice similar to Merrill's. "I could tell a story well, and I had been announcing for a long time," Sandy recalls, "but my acting experience was nil. So I had to get early play in television shows and to school dramatics. I guess I was just lucky. Instinctively, I seemed to know what to do, and to understand about such things as timing and pacing. And my voice was right for it. Besides, there has always been a continuity about my life—maybe you could call it a 'thread of destiny' that has run through my life. Everything I have done has led me along to the next thing. Going to North Carolina, which would have seemed an unlikely place for me, brought Ruth into my life. My interest in sculpture and cartooning has already helped greatly in my shows. My own youngsters have helped me to know that other children like, and working on children's programs has helped me to understand my own youngsters better. Everything has fitted into its place.

Sandy now has some definite ideas about what children, and their parents, like on television. 'Kids like to be amazed,' he says frankly, "but they like to be learning things at the same time." He gets in little scientific lectures and demonstrations, all keyed to young children. He sneaks in a few safety messages, and similar bits of advice. And, always, these are in the form of entertainment, not a bit like preaching, or even like school.

The young Beckers are unhappy if they have to miss one of their daddy's programs, and they assure him he is tops. They can be tearing the place apart, but when he comes on they grow silent and attentive. When Dr. Malone, to which they listen occasionally, was going to get married to Tracey, they were quite upset, insisting that Sandy's 'mommy's' marriage would be missed and wondering how Tracey could be, too.

"I finally explained to their satisfaction that I am Mrs. Becker and their daddy is Mr. Becker, and I'm sorry that any other Mr.--- and Mrs. arrangement was only part of the story on radio, which concerned the Malones themselves and not us. As the Beckers, we would still be intact—Mommy and Daddy and Joyce, Curtis and Annelle."

Actually, this combination of being the young doctor, and of creating new ideas to entertain and teach youngsters on a television screen, is immensely stimulating to a man like Sandy who loves acting, is tremendously interested in and tremendously fond of kids, and himself has a thirst for knowledge which is never quite satisfied. He says he works harder than he might because there is so much happening for him. So many new shows constantly coming up. So many new opportunities to use what he already knows and to learn more.

As Ruth sums it up: "I think the most important thing about Sandy is that he gives his best to everything in which he is sincerely and honestly interested—to his family, to his work, to everything of which he is a part. There just isn't anything too much to ask of him—because he gives so much more than anyone could possibly demand. It's because he really cares about people, and about what happens to them."
Welcome to Our Family

(Continued from page 57)

Beth and she to us. Before that, we'd allways had to put show business first.

Putting show business first was a habit each had developed—Pat in the amateur theater, Hal in the professional.

Somewhat to his parents' surprise, Hal made his theatrical debut as the title character in a self-produced amateur production of "The Vortex." He sang in a show called "Bargain," "I was seeing the usual Saturday-afternoon Westerns," he explains, "when the manager of the theater announced that Wednesday would be amateur night. Any child who brought his music could get up on the stage and sing.

Singing was exactly Master Cooper's dish. He could remember the words and tune of every song he had ever heard. He saved his allowance to buy sheet music and coaxed his parents into taking him to the theater. Making a small boy's usual expenditure, he persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Cooper to see their son, he was on stage, singing. A few minutes later, he collected the twenty-five-dollar first prize and started his professional career.

"The folks didn't know anything about show business—Dad was a coffee broker," Hal says, "but they were real smart about winning. They treated it as my hobby—an extra-curricular activity.

It proved a successful one. At the age of ten, Hal was junior master of ceremonies on Mutual's Rainbow House. He was also on Junior G-Men and occasionally acted in daytime serials. As an eighteen-year-old, he drew out the money his parents had held in trust for him and went to the University of Michigan. It was there he found a room down the street from the rambling house owned by the Meikles.

Music and drama had also kept the Meikle household busy. Hal's father, Daniel, a Scottish-born designer, operated a photographic studio. His mother, tiny, vivacious redhead Maude, belonged to the community theater. Pat, upon finishing high school, had spent a season at the Ogunguit, Maine, summer theater and had airily informed her parents, "Maybe I won't come home in the fall. Maybe I'll be married by then."

With a Scotsman's firmness, her father had insisted that the University of Michigan should come first.

Pat and Hal met during their sophomore years. "Our drama class," says Pat, "was doing a scene from 'The Vortex.' Hal came in as critic. His comment irked Pat. "I let him know how upset I was about being betrayed by New York commercialism."

"And I told her," says Hal, "that, in radio, if it weren't for the commercialism of Our Gal Sunday, she'd not be able to enjoy the art of Toscannini."

Argument became more intriguing than romance. "He'd take another girl home," says Pat. "He'd stop at our house for a cup of coffee."

"Pat dated my roommate," Hal adds. "I was always having to patch up their spats."

When war came, they found absence did make their hearts grow fonder. Hal commissioned a Navy ensign, shipped out and wrote Pat an eight-page letter which ended, "I think I'm in love with you. Will you marry me?"

Pat's reply also ran eighteen pages. The first seventeen were an essay on platonic friendship. The final page ended: "But I think I am in love with you, too. The answer is yes."

Hal was in Panama when he received her letter. Reading the first few pages, he concluded Pat had retested him. "So," says Hal, "I decided to go out and get tight."

At two o'clock in the morning, back on the ship, he felt sufficiently fortified to finish reading the letter. When he reached the last page and saw Pat's "I think I'm in love with you," the cramped quarters of the ship could not hold Hal's exuberance.

"So I climbed to the crow's nest," he says, and I sang every song I knew, at the top of my voice, until the fellow on watch shouted at me to control myself. By day down, Mr. Cooper, or we'll both get into trouble."

They would wait until the end of the war to marry, then Pat, whose college career was over, moved to New York to live at the Rehearsal Club. She found a few parts in off-Broadway shows. Then, thanks to a ruptured appendix, Hal got a convalescent leave. Mrs. Meikle, a virtually barren fantasy, suggested they marry immediately. A phone call summoned Pat's father, and Hal's parents gave them a reception.

"That wasn't what we had intended," Hal says, "but we've been forever glad we did it." For, soon afterward, they learned the reasons for Mrs. Meikle's urgent urging. "Less than a month afterward," says Hal, "she died."

In 1948, Pat and Hal set for themselves a new course of study in a field where few text books then existed. Returning to New York, they opened a small studio. They taught classes in acting, singing, and dancing. In 1948, Pat and Hal set for themselves a new course of study in a field where few text books then existed. Returning to New York, they opened a small studio. They taught classes in acting, singing, and dancing. In 1948, Pat and Hal set for themselves a new course of study in a field where few text books then existed. Returning to New York, they opened a small studio. They taught classes in acting, singing, and dancing. In 1948, Pat and Hal set for themselves a new course of study in a field where few text books then existed. Returning to New York, they opened a small studio. They taught classes in acting, singing, and dancing. In 1948, Pat and Hal set for themselves a new course of study in a field where few text books then existed. Returning to New York, they opened a small studio. They taught classes in acting, singing, and dancing. In 1948, Pat and Hal set for themselves a new course of study in a field where few text books then existed. Returning to New York, they opened a small studio. They taught classes in acting, singing, and dancing. In 1948, Pat and Hal set for themselves a new course of study in a field where few text books then existed.

TV Baby Sitter resulted. Soon, for an older group, Hal and Pat originated Magic Cottage, a program featuring stories which children loved, mothers approved and critics praised. Often, they received 3,000 letters a week. "We had everything but money," says Hal. "No one, in those days, wanted to buy a kids' show."

Their total income from the two shows, which they wrote, produced and performed, wouldn't pay for a ten-second spot on radio. They had received $150 a week. "And out of it," says Pat, "we had to pay the costs of props and handling our mail."

Despite its meager earnings, television was fun in those days. "The gang gathered at our funny little apartment on Third Avenue," Hal recalls. "The floor tilted so much that if you dropped a marble at one side, you would have to use a cafeteria board to balance it."

Pat was an avid stage actor and Hamlet was limited. "I was cast as a menace," she explains, "and the next morning everybody at Du Mont was calling everybody

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From your eyes up, you're like your father. Your hair is dark. I hope it stays that way. I hope you have curly dark hair like Richard's. From your eyes down, you're like me. You look most of all, I think, like my mother—your Grandmother Helen. You're looking much prettier than I am. You "take after" both sides, I'd say—although you're so like one baby picture of me, taken in profile, that I'm scared.

So I've escaped, because I wasn't pretty, when I was a teenager. I was all nose—big nose, big mouth—and gawky. When director-producer Joe Pasternak signed me to write a New Yorker film contract, he said, "You're about the funniest-looking girl I've ever seen, and you can't dance or sing or act, and I don't know what I'm going to do with you."

But, he added, "kind of interesting!" What Mr. Pasternak did was to put me in "This Time for Keeps," which starred Esther Williams. (That was something of a paradox, since I not only couldn't sing or dance or act—I couldn't even swim!) He also cast me in "Ballaterina" and in "No Leave, No Love." And, in all three pictures, I was the other woman.

In due course of time, I made other pictures, but not for long. One day, I just upped and left. Hollywood was not for me. I went to New York, and I guess I'm telling you all this because it proves that lack of beauty need not be a serious handicap—even in the "photogenic" medium of motion pictures. Still, it's nippy for a person like you. I wish you well.}

To Cynthia with Love

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I hope you'll feel, as your father and I, that having a child is about as creative as anyone can be. That, compared with having child—which is creating life itself —painting a picture, creating a song, or any of the arts, is relatively meaningless.

If you must have a career, I hope it will be as nice a one as you've always had as a simple career that fits in, as mine does, with a pleasant and normal life. I do only one show, Search For Tomorrow, on CBS-TV. I go to work one day a week in the morning, get home in the early afternoon, and stay home. I will not take a night-time show. I won't even take a once-in-a-while, free-lance night-time show. I did it just once. Your daddy—who is associate producer on NBC-TV's big show, Today—also gets home early. That one night, he ate alone. We didn't like it that way, and I never tried it again.

I hope that you will never be a slave to ambition. I would hate to have you a "star. Truth is, I really hope you're not an actress at all. Perhaps you won't want to be. It's usually the children of very glamorous parents—such as Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria Riva—who seem most likely to be actors or actresses.

If you do want a career, and if I have any influence, you'll be a writer. Reasons: Writers can be by themselves, are sufficient unto themselves, can fit into any kind of a life anywhere in the world. Once you've learned to coordinate your thoughts on paper, you coordinate better in everything you do! I found that out when I wrote a book, while I was living in Hollywood. An autobiographical book. You will never see it—because once it was completed, I tore it up. It had served its purpose. For, from that time on, I had more confidence as a writer than I ever had before. I became a more immaculate housekeeper than I had ever been before. Since then, everything in my life has been better organized and came easier.

Whatever it is you want to do, I hope that Richard and I will be smart enough to let you go out on your own—as my own parents were, when they let me leave our home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and go off to New York at the age of nineteen.

But my dearest hope for you is that you will marry. And I hope you will marry someone as nice as your daddy. I couldn't wish anything better for you than that. He is kind and understanding and wise and witty and warm, and funny—and he's pretty fond of you!

After four years of being married to him, I still wait for the sound of the rising elevator that tells me Richard has come home. After four years of marriage, he's still romantic, still sends me flowers and gives me presents—seldom on the days you expect presents, but always in commemoration of something significant, like Mother's Day this year, for instance, when he gave me a little pearl and diamond ring, because this Mother's Day had such special significance for me. (My birthday he skipped entirely!) An hour after you were born, your daddy said he wanted to go home and shave. An hour later, he came racing back, through the800,000 square feet of the New York World's Fair, in platinum, for me. He still hadn't shaved, of course. Then, two days after you were born was our fourth wedding anniversary, and there were two dozen long-stemmed red roses in my hospital room, among all the pink and blue "baby" flowers. And, always, we still get dressed up and go dancing as we did years ago, and it is still the way it was in the days when we were dating...

I hope it will be this way, this lovely way, for you.

I hope, too, you will want to live as normal and family-type a life as we—for your sake and for the sakes of the sister and brothers, too.

We always wanted a large family. When we began to fear we were not going to have any family at all, we were going to adopt a child. Then you came. And soon, perhaps, there will be another like you.

Then it will be time to go, to move out of the city and into the country. We love this apartment, into which we moved only three months before you were born. But we feel that city life—a walk in the park in the morning, another walk in the park in the afternoon—is too regimented a life for children to act as.

Our plan is to live in a smallish town where the schools are good. We want our children to go to public schools. And, after public school, we want them to go to college.

We know the kind of house we want to buy. A big, comfortable, old-fashioned kind of house where you can live as undisciplined a life as possible—where you can open the back door, and go out with your friends and play. A house with plenty of room for bikes and scooters and doll-baby buggies and baseball bats and skates and skis and assorted puppies and kittens and white mice and frogs.

And we want to be sort of comfortable, old-fashioned parents. We want to be Scotch-Irish Masters and Den Mothers and all the rest of that wonderful job of being parents.

I hope you'll like us, your daddy and me, as people—not because you should, but because you do want to. At the same time, I hope you'll have some interests we don't share because they'll be all your own. Each of us, I think, must have something that is all our own. I hope you like people, period. If you do, you get that from your father. He loves people, gets along with people, will you, of this I'm sure. You like people now. As long as someone is in the room with you, you lie there, murmuring happily. As for myself, I like to be around my family, but am inclined to feel uncomfortable with strangers.

I hope you love music and books, because they are the faithful things. And they are the things you can share. It's a little easy to know whether you like books, but you seem to love music now. I make children's records—it only takes a few daytime hours a year. I tell stories and sing nursery rhymes, some of which I now sing a a little more than I used to.

I hope you will see the world you live in and are able to appreciate what you see, and to understand it. I hope this says it all—that you will always be happy. I hope you will have as good a time and as good a life as I have. I hope you will always be as rosy with health and as cozy and snug as you look now. And as peaceful.

This above all, I hope that you will grow up in a world at peace.
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Sufferers have written to Secretary. Photo recent results of T R I A L SIZE 
10c V TRIAL SIZE"

(Continued from page 43) 

I felt she was cured and had nothing to be ashamed of. Before the interview, she told Coates that her neighbors all knew her story anyway.

But Confidential File has a responsibility when dealing with emotionally-disordered people. Coates discussed child molesters and homosexuals. Before the show started, it was pointed out to her that they would have to bear the shame if their faces were seen. So, in telling her how to get rid of a realDecode error: ' for some text. 
The shocking story of the woman with suicidal tendencies was only one in the Confidential File series of Guild Films' nation-wide programs. Because of its basic approach to contemporary problems, Confidential File will undoubtedly arouse more comment than almost any other program. The woman who killed herself, sued to wear the mask.

Confidential File is co-written by Paul Coates and Jim Peck, two Los Angeles Mirror-News newspapermen. Coates, the interviewee on File, is described by Peck as a "human personality."

On-camera interviewee Coates, suave, look older than his thirty-four years, addresses well, and is careful about his appearance. There are two reactions to his slick-like visage on-camera: Some of his viewers said he was arrogant—and some think him handsome.

There are two explanations for Paul Coates' video personality: He is, according to his close friend, Jim Peck, a basically shy person. "Once you get to know Paul," says Peck, "he is warm and outgoing." The second reason stems from the nature of Confidential File. As an interviewee, Paul can explain his problems on his show, he can't solve their problems, he has no authority—he is simply an unscrupulous observer. Hence, the slick-like face.

"I promised that, in doing File," says Paul, "I would never have the right at any time to be the authority. I don't attempt to give advice, in areas where I know good and well that I'm talking about. I'm strictly a reporter."

Confidential File is the brainchild of reporter Paul Coates and a marriage of two ideas. The first occurred three years ago when, for a magazine article, Paul wrote a pair of L'agemet scripts, they figured that, if they could do it for Dragmet, they could do it for themselves. The second was the reaction to the people on his show, he can't solve their problems, he has no authority—he is simply an unscrupulous observer. Hence, the slick-like face.

As a reporter," says Paul, "I daily met people that most TV viewers would never meet—drug addicts, petty criminals, juvenile delinquents, and the like. I hoped that, if I brought them back to television, it might stimulate a deeper understanding, it would tend to broaden the acceptance of people for other people, it would break down barriers."

And Jim Peck continues, "Confidential File was designed simply to make people aware of the differences as well as the similarities of people in other walks of life, and to take people, who were discussing them, they would never go otherwise. The show on Buddhism is an example. It certainly was not designed to promote Buddhism, but simply to point out the similarity in men of good will, whether they wear skull caps or Oriental headress."

Confidential File has been accused of sensationalism. This is not surprising, inasmuch as the program has covered such taboo areas as the sexual psychopath and homosexuals, with "live" subjects as interviewees. But, in talking with Coates and Peck, one is forced to defer to their honest approach with the program.

"I think that we have taken some serious chances in television," Paul says. "We've discussed child molesters and homosexuals. We were told by the higher-ups in TV that we would be through if we did these programs. Yet Confidential File gives us a real respect for the viewing audience. The programs which we were told were the most fearful and impossible to do were the ones that got the best public reaction."

"One particular show had to do with sex education," Paul continues. "The fact that we intended to use the scientific words for the gross act of love in a jiffy to a friend of mine who is rather highly placed in the television industry. He told us we would be taken off TV if we used such descriptive words in a program in which children were invited to listen."

And yet it seemed important to Jim Peck and me, because the semantic implications in sex education are critical. If a child is taught love in four-letter words, then he has a sordid idea of what he represents. He is likely to feel guilty about it. But if he is given the proper words, they are not only acceptable, then we say the child is getting a good sex education. He is going to grow up as an adult who is not only highly acceptable in the way he acts out his sexual impulses but also shows so happily. This happy adjustment we consider to be of prime importance."

In terms of the contribution to mental health, and in spite of the accusation of sensationalism, Paul Coates and Confidential File are getting a great amount of recognition for the constructive work they are doing. On September 8, 1955, the Volunteers of Psychiatry of the Los Angeles General Hospital, one thousand strong, presented Paul with an award for the outstanding contribution to mental health in the past year. Speakers included Dr. Rappaport, State Director of Mental Hygiene; Dr. Tarzan, President of Southern California Psychiatric Association; the President of the Los Angeles County Medical Association; and a representative from the Attorney General's office. This was the first time in the history of these joint meetings that anything like this had been done.

This and other awards Paul has received certainly seem appropriate, particularly when one considers the scrupulous detail with which Paul puts into the research on every Confidential File. There are fifteen people on the staff, not counting the crew of twenty-seven technicians and cameramen. Paul was discussed whether the show could be a possible subject for File, Paul went first to Dr. James McGinnis, Chief Psychiatrist of the Los Angeles County General Hospital. Dr. McGinnis told Paul that confidential health, he says Paul, "Dr. McGinnis is the one we go to first. He puts us in touch with the various leaders in the field."

In the case of suicide, we worked with the Menninger Clinic, plus various other
Cooper, leading doctors in the city, interned at the receiving hospitals, and ambulance drivers—the very first people to see attempted suicides—and finally got the reactions of the people themselves who had tried in one way or another to take their own lives.

The detailed research Paul puts into each Confidential File is obvious. "For example," says, "we learned from the doctors and therapists some of the reasons why people attempt suicide—even unknowingly. The ambulance drivers we interviewed said that when they said it was surprising to them how many times they attended for accidental injury. Ambulance drivers, men without medical or psychiatric knowledge, realized these victims were unconsciously trying to hurt themselves.

"The doctors and interns told us the same story. They cited one bit of research which seemed to suggest the majority of all the accidents in a manufacturing plant were committed by only seven percent of the workers.

"In actual suicide attempts, we were surprised to see so much anger on the faces of the recovered victims. After their stomachs had been pumped and they regained consciousness, their most common remark was why didn't you let me die! These people are obviously sick. They need qualified psychiatric help."

Paul recognizes the responsibility that the show forces upon him. In the actual TV presentation of the suicide study, he did not allow the subject to reveal her identity (even though she was willing) because of the embarrassment it would have caused her family.

The additional responsibility and Paul's honest approach to the Los Angeles audience apparent in the Confidential File he did on blind children in the Los Angeles area. This episode received more mail than any other show in the series.

The story came to television one day shortly after Paul heard of the small, independent Foundation for the Junior Blind, dedicated to teaching blind children to live in a sighted world. The foundation was run by Norman Kaplan and his ex-schoolteacher wife. Paul investigated. He found the charitable couple working on the show. Mr. Kaplan went out every day, picking up the children in a broken-down station wagon. Mrs. Kaplan prepared a cold midday meal—there was no stove. When the show was presented to the Los Angeles audience, though a direct appeal was never made, $15,000 was raised for their help. The money went into a trust fund administered by bank.

But Paul's interest in such cases does not end after the show. "I don't mind telling you," he says with a smile, "that we keep checking on the fund ourselves.

"After extensive checking Paul found the Foundation strictly derelict. Paul Coates was born 34 years ago in New York. His father was an architect, and his mother a teacher. Paul lived in the Washington Heights section of New York. "Although it wasn't a poor neighborhood," Paul recalls, "in those days, as now, New York kids lived and played on the streets. We winterers we built a fire in the gutter and roasted potatoes—and if we didn't eat the 'McKies' we threw them.

"When I was a youngster, I always belonged to a gang. I remember gang fights where hundreds of kids from different neighborhoods got together for one big brawl. We did a show recently on kids and gangs—or rather, they are called here in Southern California. I'm sure

"One of the most common questions I'm asked by kids and parents is, 'Why do you do it?' I always answer, 'It's fun!'"
tive to that term because, with it, some people try to pin all our juvenile trouble on one racial group—our Mexican children. And that's a lot of nonsense.

"When I was a kid in New York I remember being afraid of Irish kids and Italian kids, and they were every bit as bad and every bit as good—as children of Mexican ancestry here in Los Angeles. Juvenile delinquency doesn't recognize falsal cultural boundaries."

Even before he learned to read, Paul had earned a reputation as a "story teller." When the grade-school teacher asked, "And what did you do on your vacation?" Paul was always the first one called on. As soon as he learned to read and write at P.S. 115, Paul won the school's "short story" competition. He continued these contests through George Washington High School. Though he was always interested in writing, he says his best subject was always athletics.

During his summers, Paul worked at odd jobs to make money for college—as an office boy in a publishing firm, as a counselor at a summer camp in the Adirondacks. "By then, the gang had become a football club—we were all interested in sports. The kids in the club got jobs as instructors. One of them liked tennis, so Hammy's tennis coach, knowing I liked horses, so I became the riding instructor. The tennis coach didn't know a thing about the game, and I didn't know my saddle from my bridle. But we didn't let that stand in the way of our summer jobs."

Before he entered the Army in 1943, Paul went to Columbia University, studying radio writing with Professor Burrell. As a corporal in the Army, stationed at a reception center, he wrote for the post newspaper and did "handout copy" for the program through the center.

"You know," Paul says, "Pvt. Tom Jones from your home town stuff."

In 1945, Paul was discharged and landed his first professional writing job as publicity writer for the New Dixie Hotel. From there he went into publicity for Station WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal radio station. After a year and a half, he returned to New York hotel publicity.

In 1946, two important events occurred. Paul met the girl who was to be his wife; and he wrote a job-request letter to the editor of the country's largest daily newspaper, The Los Angeles Times, for a column on the horserace.

Paul's wife, Renee, was a dancer at the Copacabana night club when he first saw her. On their first date, Paul took Renee for a ride in a hansom cab around Central Park. "I thought that was very romantic," he says, "but Renee felt it was a little bit silly. I wasn't used to hansom cabs—I got a touch of motion sickness. It didn't turn out too bad.

However, a few months later, Paul and Renee were married. Their family now boasts three children: Joren, 12, Renee's daughter from a previous marriage; Devis 8, and Timmie, 7. "In the hospital waiting room," says Paul, "I'm a floor pacer and a chain smoker. My first reaction when I saw Kornel, the doctor, was to count his fingers and toes. I did it three times because I was sure there were twenty! I was fully amazed that I could have a child with a normal complement of fingers and toes. My mother always said, 'Look how wonderful Mother Nature is!'"

Paul enjoyed New York hotel publicity, but his main ambition was to break into a bigger business, a newspaper column. His letter to the editor of the Los Angeles Mirror carried these hopes. "I knew I couldn't sell him on the idea of my being a general columnist," he says, "because the Mirror didn't know me from Mayor La Guardia."

"So I tried to sell the editor a 'Dining Around Town' column idea. But he wasn't interested. He wrote back saying there weren't enough restaurants in town to warrant such a column. I knew he was embarrassed and didn't feel kind.

A week later the phone rang, the editor had changed his mind and wanted Paul to submit a couple of pages of copy. He did and won the job. Many years later, says Paul, "I was never to be a gourmet. I wanted to. The Mirror, I wanted to write about the paper I could write. As soon as possible, I wanted to do a general reporting column.

"I had a inkling of column he wanted in a matter of weeks—after he wrote a column attacking home cooking. He explains, 'I thought that we had a natural tendency to eat too much at home, cooking and apple pie.' Many of his readers wrote in, disagreeing with him. Paul offered to prove his point by accepting invitations to dinner at the home of any of his readers who cared to invite him. Three hundred and fifty did! He spent the next three months dining in homes around Los Angeles County. 'I forget the exact number,' he says, 'but I had some marvelous meals in those days."

The escape received wide attention in the nation's press, and Paul's column became one of the best-known features in the Los Angeles Mirror-News. His editors and Paul's family says, "Everybody knows Ozzie and Harriet, David and Ricky, through their TV adventures. But you've met more of their relatives than you realize! The whole story will be out, in all its true-to-life colors, in the January TV Radio Mirror Get your copy December 6!"
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